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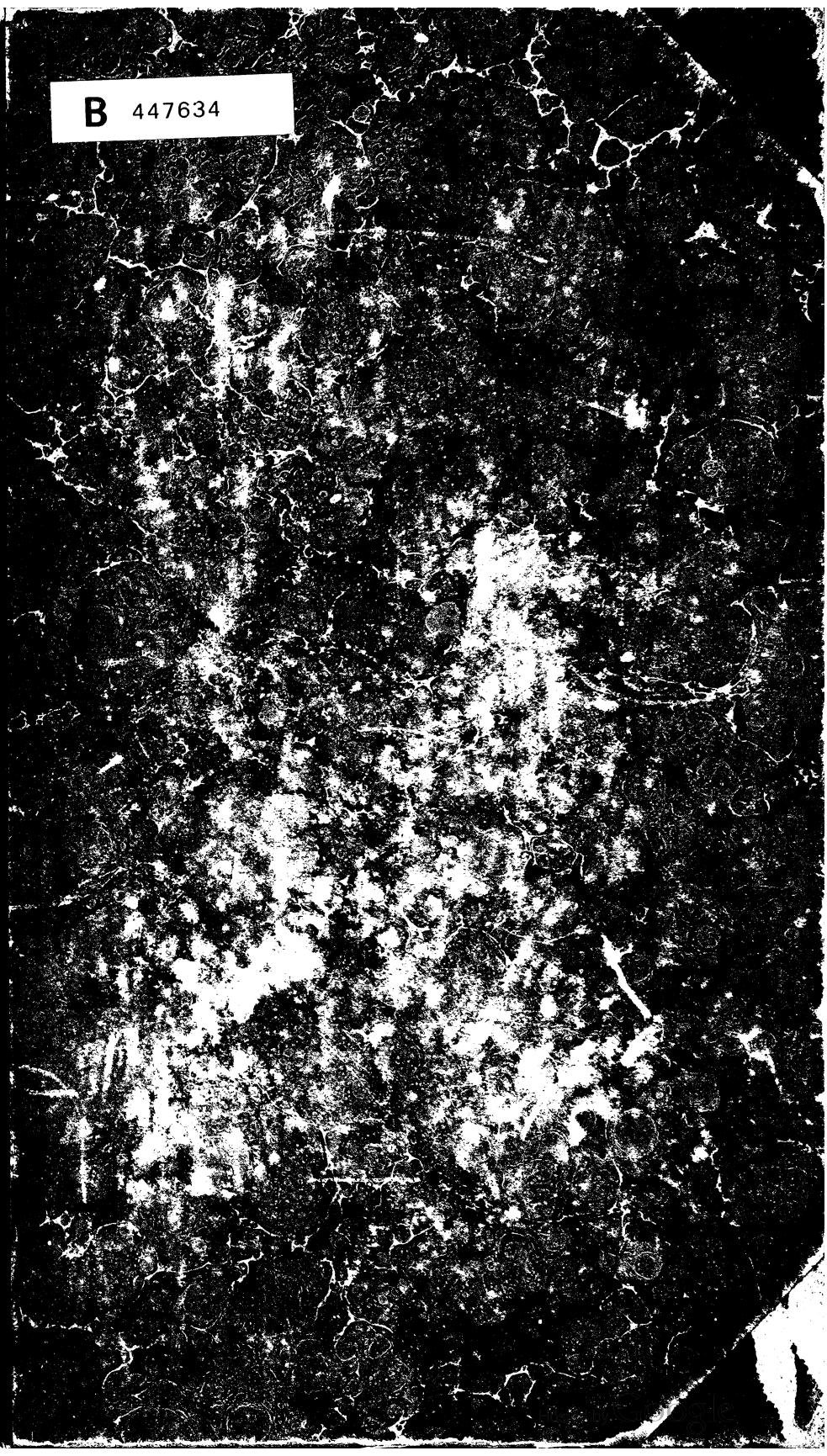
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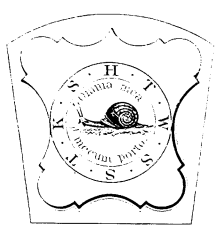
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THE  
AMERICAN FREEMASON;

A MONTHLY

MASONIC MAGAZINE.

---

CONDUCTED BY BRO. J. F. BRENNAN, S.: P.: R.: S.:

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VOLUME I.



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# CONTENTS.—VOLUME I.

## FAMILY DEPARTMENT—TALES AND SKETCHES.

### ROMANCE OF AMERICAN MASONIC HISTORY—*Seven Original Illustrations.*

CHAPTER I.—Searching the Records.....	10
“ II.—Morgan’s Courtship.....	11
“ III.—Morgan’s Elopement and Marriage.....	85
“ IV.—The Pursuit and Interview.....	165
“ V.—The Old Man’s Vow.....	168
“ VI.—New Life—its phases.....	245
“ VII.—The Wages of Disobedience.....	250
“ VIII.—The Deathbed Reconciliation.....	325
“ IX.—The Will of Captain Pendleton.....	329
“ X.—Reverses and Dissipation.....	405
“ XI.—Removal to Canada.....	408

### THE FREEMASON’S DAUGHTER—*Five Illustrations.*

CHAPTER I.—Love and Love’s Trials.....	103
“ II.—An Explanation.....	173
“ III.—Good Intentions frustrated.....	178
“ IV.—The Lover’s Declaration.....	186
“ V.—The Papers secured.....	257
“ VI.—The Private Madhouse.....	264
“ VII.—The Rendezvous.....	267
“ VIII.—Hope and Despair.....	333
“ IX.—The Snare set.....	336
“ X.—Reconciliation of Friends.....	338
“ XI.—The Mysterious Visitor.....	343
“ XII.—Avarice and Vengeance.....	345
“ XIII.—A Wife’s Sorrow.....	413
“ XIV.—Animal Instinct.....	419
“ XV.—A Mother’s Death.....	428
“ XVI.—The Freemason’s Visit.....	430

### MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

ARCHITECTS AND BUILDERS.....	174	
CYRIL DORMER—( <i>in eight parts</i> ).....	22, 97	
HOW BRO. ROB WHITE GOT LECTURED.....	281	
JUSTICE TALFORD AND THE BIBLE.....( <i>Four Portraits</i> ).....	349	
LIVING AMERICAN MASONIC WRITERS—( <i>Four Portraits</i> ).....	196, 275, 350,.....	440
MASONIC INCIDENTS OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.....	173	
MASONIC LEGENDS.....	110	
MASONIC SYMBOLOGY—( <i>Thirty-one Illustrations</i> ).....	192, 276	
THE BLESSED DEAD.....	174	
THE BROKEN COLUMN UNBROKEN.....	114	

(iii)

## MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES—(Continued.)

A GREAT DANGER.....	36
ACTIVE.....	64
AN HOUR IN THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.....	78
A PLEASANT TRADE.....	116
AN EXHORTATION WORTHY OF THE SUBJECT.....	169
AN ANECDOTE OF THE REVOLUTION.....	186
A SON'S REMEMBRANCE.....	431
A MUSIC LESSON.....	432
BRITISH MASONIC CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.....	62
BARNABUS SURD, THE ANTI-MASON.....	268
CULTIVATION OF THE MIND.....	431
DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.....	9
DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE BLESSINGS OF HEALTH AND MONEY.....	410
DIVINE LIGHT.....	31
FOR MOTHER'S SAKE.....	410
GEMS OF THOUGHT.....	271
JYNIN' THE MASONS.....	182
LITTLE THINGS NO TRIFLES.....	432
MORALITY SECURED.....	36
MISFORTUNES.....	192
MASONIC CAUDLE, No. 1.....	267
NOW.....	432
OUR LIFETIME.....	116
ONE DAY MORE!.....	410
PROSPERITY.....	183
PLEASURE.....	409
ROB. MORRIS, PORTRAIT AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF.....	108
RENOUNCING FREEMASONRY.....	191
REMOVE NOT THE LANDMARKS.....	350
SECOND THOUGHTS.....	351
TRUE TEACHINGS OF MASONRY.....	31
THE SCIENCE OF MASONRY.....	107
THE WARNING VOICE OF DEATH.....	107
THE UNION OF THE GRAND LODGES OF NEW YORK.....	141
THE CHURCH TRIAL.....	182
THE NARROW ESCAPE.....	184
THE BROKEN TESSERA.....	186
THE CONQUEROR OF SELF.....	268
THE DIAMOND-CUTTING TRADE.....	272
THE GOOD PRIEST.....	269
THE "RUSTY" MASON.....	351
THE ASSUMED DUTIES OF FREEMASONRY.....	351
TRUE HOSPITALITY.....	351
THE NEW ENGLISH DIVORCE LAW.....	407
UNIVERSALITY <i>vs.</i> CHRISTIANITY.....	59
WILLAM PRESTON, PORTRAIT AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF	32
WILKINS TANNEHILL, do do do do	190
WHAT CONSTITUTES A MASON?.....	64
WORTHY WIFE.....	432

## POETRY.

A HAND TO SHAKE.....	271
AUTUMN.....	351

POETRY—(Continued.)

CHARITY.....	159
FORGIVENESS.....	304
GO TO THE WIDOW'S HOME.....	384
HUMAN PROGRESS.....	272
LEGEND OF THE LADY GODIVA.....	352
LITTLE THINGS NO TRIFLES.....	432
MASONIC SONG.....	113
MASONRY.....	189
NOW.....	432
ONE HOUR WITH YOU.....	114
RUTH.....	112
SONG.....	10
THE EVERGREEN.....	159
THE OLDEN TIME.....	188
THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.....	189
THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.....	192
THE SPIRIT OF UNION.....	224
THE ROYAL ART.....	240
THE CONQUEROR OF SELF.....	268
TUBAL CAIN.....	64

MASONIC DEPARTMENT—MASONIC LAW, HISTORY,  
AND MISCELLANY.

MASONIC LAW.

A COMPENDIUM OF THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF INTERMASONIC COMITY.	
PART I.—A DIGEST OF MASONIC POLITY.....	37
CHAPTER II.—Theocratic Landmarks.....	37
SEC. 1.—Adam's Rules of Life.....	37
" 2.—The Obligations of Seth.....	38
" 3.—The Precepts of Noah.....	39
" 4.—The Covenant of Abraham.....	40
" The Tables of the Law.....	41
" 5.—Corollaries of the Theocratic Landmarks.....	42
CHAPTER III.—The Ritualistic Landmarks.....	117
SEC. 1.—Esoteric Usages.....	117
" 2.—Exoteric Usages.....	119
" 3.—Esotero-Exoteric Usages.....	120
CHAPTER IV.—Pragmatic Landmarks.....	193
SEC. 1.—Esoteric Compacts.....	193
" 2.—Exoteric Compacts.....	195
" 3.—Esotero-Exoteric Compacts.....	195
GRAND PIVOTAL LANDMARKS.	
Masonic Concord—Masonic Development—Masonic Eclecticism.....	203
PART II.—REVIEW OF THE DIGEST OF MASONIC POLITY.....	273
CHAPTER I.—Fundamental Principles, etc.....	273
" II.—Rationale of Divine Revelation—Primitive Jewish and Christian Scriptures.....	353
" III.—Ritualistic Landmarks traced among the Gentile Na- tions—Secrecy—Symbology.....	433

**MASONIC MISCELLANY** (*continued.*)

STEWART AND TYLER.....	62
THE ANTIQUITY AND LAWFULNESS OF AN OATH.....	30
THE ANCIENT LANDMARKS OF MASONRY.....	381
THE ANCIENT MASONIC CHARGES.....	227
THE BURIAL OF A BROTHER.....	386
THE CALM OF DEATH.....	375
THE CONTRIBUTING MASON.....	387
THE GAVEL.....	388
THE HEBREW LAW.....	306
THE LAMENT OF THE AGED CRAFTSMAN.....	63
THE LODGE IMMORTAL.....	388
THE LONELY GRAVE.....	150
THE LORD'S PRAYER ACROSTICIZED.....	376
THE MECHANISM OF MASONRY CONNECTS ITSELF WITH THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION .....	46
THE MORALITY OF MASONRY PRECISELY THE SAME AS THAT OF CHRISTIANITY.....	363
THE PENALTIES OF MASONRY.....	59
THE PARALLELS EXPLAINED .....	223
THE RESURRECTION.....	308
THE UNIVERSAL MASONIC CONGRESS.....	451
THE WISE CHOICE OF SOLOMON.....	308
THOUGHTS FOR REFLECTING BROTHERS.....	466
TO HALE.....	63
UNIVERSALITY <small>VERSUS</small> CHRISTIANITY.....	457
WHY LODGES ARE DEDICATED TO THE SAINTS JOHN.....	25, 117

---

**EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.—RECORD OF MASONIC  
WORK AND EVENTS.**
**MASONIC SUBJECTS.**

A FEW THOUGHTS FOR MASTERS.....	400
BY "THE LIGHTNING LINE".....	324
BY LAWS—SHOULD THEY BE BRIEF OR DIFFUSE.....	474
CELEBRATING STS. JOHNS' DAYS.....	475
FREEMASONRY IN CANADA.....	393
MASONIC COSTUME.....	239
“ EMBLEMS.....	479
MASONRY AND THE BIBLE.....	237
“ AS CONNECTED WITH EDUCATION.....	238
MODERN MASONIC RITES.....	315
MOUNT VERNON AND THE GRAND LODGE OF VIRGINIA.....	396
PRACTICAL <small>VERSUS</small> THEORETICAL MASONRY.....	162
REFRESHMENT IN LODGES.....	401
THE UNIVERSAL MASONIC CONGRESS.....	319
THE TRESTLE BOARD.....	67
THE TWENTY-FOUR INCH GAUGE.....	163

**MASONIC WORK AND EVENTS.**

REPORTS RESPECTING THE SEPARATION OF THE LODGES IN MAINE FROM THE GRAND LODGE OF MASSACHU- SETTS.....	65
---	----

MASONIC WORK AND EVENTS (*continued.*)

REPORTS OF THE CONDITION OF THE GRAND LODGES OF  
Arkansas, 309; Alabama, 309; California, 309; Connecticut, 310;  
Delaware, 310; District of Columbia, 311; Florida, 311; Georgia,  
311; Illinois, 312; Indiana, 313; Kansas, 313; Kentucky, 314;  
Louisiana, 389; Maine, 390; Massachusetts, 390; Michigan, 391;  
Minnesota, 391; Mississippi, 393.

REPORTS OF THE WORK OF SUBORDINATE LODGES IN ALA-  
bama, 152; Arkansas, 152; California, 154; Connecticut, 229;  
Florida, 152; Georgia, 152; Indiana, 153, 230; Kentucky, 230;  
Illinois, 153, 230; Iowa, 153, 231; Louisiana, 152; Maine, 154;  
Massachusetts, 154; Maryland, 229; Michigan, 153, 231; Minne-  
sota, 153; Mississippi, 152; Missouri, 153; New Hampshire, 154,  
229; New Jersey, 154; New Mexico, 153; New York, 229; North  
Carolina, 151; Ohio, 151, 230; Pennsylvania, 151; South Carolina,  
152; Tennessee, 152; Texas, 152; Virginia, 151; Vermont, 154;  
Wisconsin, 153, 231.

REMARKS UPON AND CONDITION OF THE ABOVE.....155, 231

## MASONIC NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

Abraham .....	235	Password .....	484
Abdamon .....	383	Pastmaster's Jewel.....	236
A Masonic Cognomen.....	484	Position of the Lodge .....	237
Andreas.....	483	Powers of the Gr. Master.....	399
Astronomical Masonry.....	236	Privileges of Entered Apprentices..	399
A Sheaf of Wheat.....	397	Recipe to secure Long Life.....	484
Bro. Victor Pepin.....	484	Remains of the Giants.....	398
Cabala.....	483	Reviving Charters.....	398
Candidate .....	481	Seth.....	397
Constantistines.....	482	Spoiling the Materials.....	398
Constitution .....	482	Symbols.....	236
Consummatum est.....	482	Symbols of Masonry.....	234
Dedication of the Lodge.....	237	The Cabalistic Book of Raziël.....	234
Demitting under excitement.....	484	The Cherubim.....	235
Effect of the Confusion of Tongues..	397	The Catholic Religion.....	235
Effects of Noah's Curse.....	398	The Druids.....	482
Form of the Lodge.....	236	The Landmarks.....	396
Hiram Abiff.....	236	The Masonic Coat-of-Arms.....	235
How to interest the Lodge.....	324	The Mystery of Freemasonry.....	234
Jacob's Vow.....	397	The Resurrection Belief.....	233
John Gottlieb Desaguliers .....	483	The Swift Witness .....	484
Lawrence Dermott.....	483	The Two Pillars.....	235
Let the Light shine.....	402	The Third Degree.....	234
Masonic Study.....	397	Thoughts relative to Grand Lodges..	399
Masonry and Quasi Masonry.....	399	Tubal Cain .....	234
Mount Horeb.....	235	Vulgar Origin of Freemasons.....	233
Mustard Seed.....	484		

## MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS.

A NEW POET—THE DYING LAWRENCE.....	70
AN HOUR WITH THE POETS.....	270
BERANGER .....	71
DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.....	68
ENTHUSIASTIC EDITOR.....	404
HOBOKEN NATIONAL GUARD.....	68
HOURS AMONG NEW BOOKS.....	402

---

 MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS (*continued.*)

IN MEMORIAM.....	476
JONATHAN WEDGEWOOD.....	74
JOHN PHENIX AND "FANCY FAIRS".....	403
LOUISVILLE EDITORS.....	69
MRS. AND MR. MCGIBBET, OF SYDNEY, C. B.....	75
MR. WELLER AND SERGEANT BUZFUZ.....	71
ORDAINING WOMEN.....	72
BRO. ROBERT BURNS.....	223
SERENADING IN THE SOUTH.....	77
SETTLING AN INSULT.....	70
SOMETHING TO WORK FOR.....	76
THE ENGINE SONG.....	74
THE LONG VACATION.....	68
THE LAST RESORT.....	77
THE McFLIMSEY TRICK.....	69
THE NEW COMER.....	72
THE OYSTER.....	73
TRIP TO THE ISLAND OF LEWIS.....	72
TO CORRESPONDENTS.....	164, 243

## REVIEWS.

DE QUINCEY'S STRICTURES AND EXPOSITION OF MASONRY...	469
APPLEGATE'S "WEBB'S MONITOR".....	473

# American Freemason

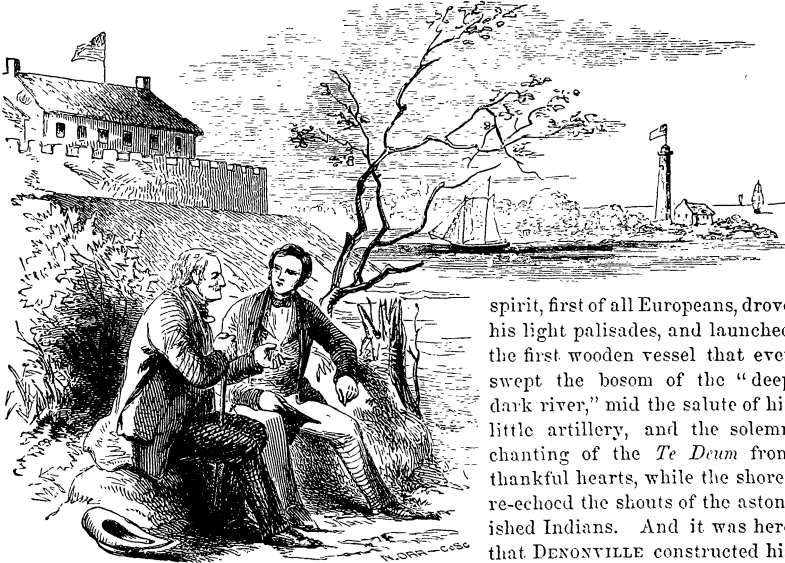


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No. 1.

## Romance of American Masonic History.\*



### A CHAPTER EXPLANATORY.

SOME few years ago, during a northern tour, I was unexpectedly detained for a short time at old Fort Niagara, now Lewiston, a small town on the Niagara river, situate on the American side, about midway between the Falls and Lake Ontario. And most cheerfully did I submit to a detention at a point around which cluster so many historical associations. The old Fort is in ruins now; and a casual looker-on can find nothing of interest or beauty in its present lonely and cheerless aspect. But I remembered that it was here LA SALLE, that wild, adventurous

spirit, first of all Europeans, drove his light palisades, and launched the first wooden vessel that ever swept the bosom of the "deep dark river," mid the salute of his little artillery, and the solemn chanting of the *Te Deum* from thankful hearts, while the shores re-echoed the shouts of the astonished Indians. And it was here that DENONVILLE constructed his fortress, and left his feeble garrison through that winter whose rigors pass description. It was here, too, that the Royal Americans and the British, led by Sir WILLIAM JOHNSON, met and defeated, with untold carnage, the troops of D'AUBRE. But the glory has departed from the old Fort now, and there remains of all its greatness only a small stone building, whose sombre and gloomy aspect tell more of the conquest of time than of the triumph of armies; yet I loved to look upon that quaint old house, lonely and despoiled as it is; for around it gathers a flood of thrilling associations which to me invest it with an interest inspired but by few other spots.

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I love it for its loneliness and deep quiet. I love it for its stirring memories; and often do my thoughts go forth to rest amid its peace, all unbroken, save by the ceaseless moan of "dread Niagara."

It was the second evening of my stay in Lewiston, that I wandered forth towards the old Fort. I went alone; for I have a fancy for solo rambles at eventide, when Nature, with her thousand voices, speaks to the heart, and the heart—undisturbed by the din and strife of life—listens attentively to the words of wisdom, as they fall from the heavens above, and whisper from the passing breeze and gliding stream, and peaceful nooks. I had gained the grounds in rear of the Fort, when my attention was arrested by the appearance of an aged man seated on the sward before me. His bent form and sunburnt face, deep seamed with wrinkles, gave indubitable evidence of the weight of years and of care. One hand grasped tightly, as if for support, a thick walking staff, while the other rested carelessly upon his knee. His whole attitude was one of forgetfulness of self, and earnest contemplation of the scene before him. Approaching to within a few steps of him, my presence was unnoticed. His ear had lost its quickness, and his eyes were fixedly bent upon the old Fort before us. I at first thought he might be surveying the striking landscape that here presented itself to the eye—the bold unbroken front of the Canadian shore, with its sparse crest of hemlock and pine—the smoothly flowing river, whose still deep waters ever wend their way to the lake below—the monument erected to the memory of him who nobly fought and fell—whilst to the left, in the dim distance, uniting the two greatest powers of Earth, as it were, with silken bands, that great achievement of man's skill, and triumph over natural difficulties, hangs—as it were midway between earth and heaven—the Suspension Bridge. But all these the old man noticed not. His eyes were fixed upon the dilapidated building before him, and his thoughts evidently were absorbed in some subject connected therewith. I wished to speak to him, and to learn, if I could without intrusion, the theme of his earnest contemplation. At length he

raised his hand to brush away the timobleached locks which the evening breeze had, in its airy flight, thrown across his forehead. Deeming this a suitable moment to address him, I stepped forward and kindly accosted him. It was evident he had not observed me, for he appeared startled by my voice, and letting fall his staff, he looked quickly up to where I stood. As my "Good evening, my friend," fell upon his ear, he slowly and politely bowed, but made no effort to rise from his seat.

"Do not let me disturb you, sir," I said, motioning to him to retain his seat, as I seated myself upon a jutting rock that protruded itself from the sterile soil near him. After a few moments' pause, I ventured to remark upon the loveliness of the evening and the interest of the view before us, the old man's earnest expression changed to a calmly thoughtful one, and he responded to my remark, saying, "Yes, it is a fine sight, and one that should fill the soul with pleasure and admiration," and he raised his eyes to the high, bold shore opposite, where, after gazing a moment, he directed his attention to the far distant lake, which, like a sheet of molten silver, lay sleeping in the distant view; and, after taking in its beauty, he relapsed again into silence. From the tone of his voice as he spoke of beauty, and the gleam of enthusiasm that in the same moment lighted up his features, I could tell he had been a man of ardent disposition. But that ardor had been tempered either by the fires of affliction or the more consuming flame of care and weary disappointment. It had fed upon its own substance.

I was surprised, as well as somewhat chagrined, at his continued taciturnity. Old age is often garrulous. I felt that my presence had obtruded upon private thoughts. I wished to leave; but that look, together with the manner of the old man, so aroused my interest in him, that I found myself unwilling to go without one more effort to draw from him the cause of his abstraction. Feeling that a direct question would elicit a similar reply, I gently asked him the reason of his earnest gaze at the old building, which, now the hazy shadows of evening were gathering around it, was gradually assuming

a softened outline, that greatly heightened its charms.

"I was thinking of the fate of Morgan, sir," he replied, turning full upon me, and motioning me to be seated nearer to him. "You remember Morgan, sir?" he resumed, as after obeying his wishes I had seated myself near enough to hear his lowest words without difficulty. Then, after scrutinizing me for a moment, he added, as if to himself, "No, you can't remember him; you are too young."

"Morgan, Morgan," I repeated to myself, while a dim, uncertain vision came up through the vista of years long passed, and arrayed itself before me; but it was so vague and intangible, I could not decipher its features, nor measure its form.

"If you cannot remember the occurrence, sir, you must have heard of it since—must have seen some mention of it, surely. It is a wonderful story." He scrutinized me carefully, as he repeated the last words. I felt he was trying to read my thoughts. I feared he might think I was deceiving him, and therefore be less disposed to confide to me his opinion of a matter which, from his warmth of manner in mentioning it, I was induced to believe was of some interest.

"I do remember the name," I said, "and have an impression of something horrible connected with it; but the remembrance is so indistinct that it seems more a dream than a reality. Will you tell me the story? I should be glad to hear it."

"Are you a Mason?" he asked, looking earnestly into my face.

"I am not, my friend; but why the question?"

"Then I can trust your words; and I will tell you the story as well as I can. But I am an old man now, and my memory is failing me, and I may not be able to get it all straight; but if I don't, you can find it all out by reading the old papers and history, if you can find any such. It was all made out and given to the public as it was, a sad mysterious thing, sir stranger," said the old man, slowly shaking his head assentingly, and fixing his eyes upon the ground,—"a singular thing, and hard to understand,"

he continued, soliloquizing, and entirely regardless of my increasing anxiety, which was manifesting itself in a degree of restlessness decidedly boorish.

"Was his fate in any way connected with that old Fort before us? I observed you regarding it very intently as I approached you."

"Why, don't you know, they say he was confined there for several days before he was made away with?"

I protested my innocence of any knowledge of the affair to any extent, and begged him to detail it to me. He gathered up his staff, and held it tight in his left hand. His hat, which had remained in his right during our conversation thus far, was carefully placed by his side; and, as he fixed his eye on the building, I saw that he had determined to tell the story, and that too with a feeling which must make it interesting. I rose from my position beside him, and leaned against a tree hard by—a position which, while it did not obstruct the view of the old Fort, gave me a better opportunity of watching the changes of his countenance, as he proceeded with his tale.

"How long ago did it take place?" I asked, seeing the old man hesitated, as if not knowing where to begin.

"It was about the middle of September, in 1826,—a dark, rainy night, with the wind blowing strong from the lake, when my friend S—, who told me the dreadful story, was sitting in his little front-room. His house then stood near that old Fort, but it is gone now, and he is gone too." And the old man shook his head mournfully, as he recalled the picture of his friend who was no more, and continued: "He was looking over his papers, for he was a man of business, and then was employed by government to attend to land claims somewhere in the far West,—when he heard the noise of a carriage rolling rapidly over the loose stones which were scattered here and there all over this point. It was an unusual thing in that day for a carriage to come to the Fort, and the fast manner in which it was driven, excited my friend's curiosity. He cast his papers aside, and, going to the window, cautiously opened it to see in which direction the carriage was going. He found it approaching his own house;

and, supposing it was some one on business with him, he arranged his papers, and with light in hand made his way to the door. A gust of wind extinguished his light, as soon as the door was opened, and just then the carriage passed on towards another house which stood very near the Fort there. He waited to hear if it would stop, which it did. A man jumped out and gave a loud rap on the door; but nobody answering, it was plain they were all asleep. By this time it was raining hard, and the wind blowing a gale. It was a dreadful night, sir, for travelers to be out in. The man knocked again and again, and at last the door opened, and a dim light appeared. Words passed between those who met at the door—they both went into the house, and in a few minutes returned to the door, but with no lights nor a word spoken. Then the carriage passed at the same rapid gait towards the lake, and my friend, hearing no more, went to bed, with his mind filled with wonder and curiosity, and determined to ask his neighbor all about it the next morning. He did so; but the neighbor did not seem disposed to give him a satisfactory answer, and then the matter ended. But it bore heavily upon his mind. He could not drive it away: for he felt that something must be wrong: but he said nothing. In a few days the news came that 'a man had been stolen;' and, it was said, 'brought to this place.' My friend remembered all he had seen and heard, and suspected there had been foul play; but as he could prove nothing, he kept silent. A few days more and the tale was told. Poor WILLIAM MORGAN had been dragged from the arms of his family and hurried off to prison; but his persecutors, not content with this, had taken him from the jail, and hoodwinking him, had brought him bound hand and foot to this place, and had either murdered him, or cast him into the depths of that dark river. Oh, 'twas a fearful story—"

"And why was he treated thus?" I eagerly asked, breaking in on the old man's narrative.

"Are you a Mason, stranger?" and he looked piercingly into my face, as if to read my answer there. I replied negatively, as I had done heretofore.

"Can I trust your words, sir? Do not deceive me. I am no Mason myself, but they tell me they are a dark people; and since poor MORGAN was made 'way with so secretly, I have been afraid to trust myself to any body but my friends. There is no knowing their hidden ways."

I gave the old man every assurance that I did not belong to the dreaded Fraternity, and he proceeded to answer my question; though I saw that his fears were not entirely removed, for he spoke cautiously:

"MORGAN was a Mason, you see; and they say that he was about to expose their secrets to the world. This is the reason they made 'way with him."

"But you do not believe, my friend, that the Freemasons would perpetrate such an act as this cold-blooded murder? Is it not in direct opposition to the spirit of their institution, which teaches them to do good to all mankind, but especially to their own brethren? Surely they can not be guilty of such a dreadful crime as this? You do not believe this part of the story, do you?"

"Ah, I can not tell, sir, how it is. I am no Mason. Poor *Morgan* was murdered, they say; and I suppose he was, for he has never been heard of from that day to this day; and it is now nigh on to thirty years since he disappeared. 'T must be true."

"But how did the Masons get him?" I asked, rather hesitatingly; for I was ashamed to betray my ignorance of a subject which involved so much, and which the old man told me had appeared in all the papers of that day; though it had become a matter of history before I had entered on life's grand stage, and the little I had heard of it, around the family hearth, had long since passed from my mind.

The old man looked at me dubiously, as I plied my questions. He was not sure that I did not belong to that dark inquisition, as he evidently regarded the Fraternity. It was the distrust of age. But the desire to communicate overcame fear, and he went on.

"You see, sir, he was lodged in jail at Canandaigua for debt; for he was a poor man, and would drink. And the Masons,

when they heard he was going to tell their secrets, went to the jailor's wife, when the jailor was from home, and paying the debt to her, persuaded her to release Morgan. The poor woman was deceived; for they pretended to be his friends,—and as soon as they got him to a convenient place, they gagged him, and confining him in a carriage, hurried him off to this place."

"But would he not have been rescued? The way was through a populous country."

"Ah, you see it is easy to convey a man at a smart drive, gagged and held by others in a close carriage, even through a populous country," answered the old man, with an air of ease that made me blush for my simple question.

"But how did they find out that he was brought to this point, if his fate is so much involved in mystery? How do they know but that he was murdered at Candaigua, or taken to some other place, and there put to death? It seems strange that they can track him to this place and no further. 'Murder will out,' you know; and if he had been thrown into the river, as you say, his body would have been found. I suppose search was made for it."

"Oh, yes," replied the old man, somewhat confused by my many questions and remarks, and answering only the last. "They dragged the river and lake for weeks and months; and a body was found, after a long time had passed, on the shore of the lake, but it was not Morgan's, although many at first thought it was, and the coroner's inquest so decided."

"Or if he had been murdered, and his body buried, they certainly would have discovered some trace of it."

"Yes, it does seem so, sir; but that has never been done. It's all very unaccountable—very mysterious." And he shook his head meaningly, and heaved a long deep sigh. "I can't tell how it is. Some say that he was carried out in a skiff to the middle of the river, and weights fastened to his body, and 'mid cries and groans, the despairing man was cast into the silent waters. Others tell another tale, about his being confined within the gloomy walls of that old Fort until he was

almost starved to death; and then, they say he was murdered by having his throat cut and his tongue torn out, and buried in the sands. Some say he was taken by the Masons of Canada, and borne to some foreign land, where he died amid misery and want. I don't know what tale is true; but it does appear to me if he had not been killed, he would have come home to his family, or something would have been heard of him."

"Then, you think the Masons must have murdered him?"

"I don't know what to think. If they did, they must have kept their secret well, for no trace of it has ever been found. It is all as dark and mysterious now as it was thirty years ago."

"You have greatly excited my curiosity, my aged friend," said I, as the old man rose from his seat to find his home. "I must look into this story. It is a thrilling one."

"You can find it in the newspapers of that day, sir;" but it will be a troublesome business to hunt them up," and the old man bade me a good evening, and moved toward the town.

The sun had sunk to its rest in the "far West." Twilight's gray shadows were resting upon the bare cliff side, and wrapping in mellow beauty hill and plain, and river. There stood the old Fort, in loneliness and decay, invested with a charm doubly great from the wild mysterious tale that I had just heard. The dirge of the Falls was in my ear, as they sent up their eternal requiem over the fated dead. The distant chant of the sleepless lake, mingled with the low plaintive notes of the flowing river, came whispering around me on the wings of the sighing wind. I seated myself on the ground to ponder o'er the fate of him whose unavailing cry for mercy had gone up before God within the noisome walls of that gloomy prison, unheard by mortal ear save that of his cruel murderers; or whose loud, heart-rending shriek had rushed out on the wild wind's breath of that stormy night, to seek redress for the heaven-cursed crime of fratricide, as the body of poor Morgan sunk in the depths of the silent wave to rise no more.

How long I remained absorbed in the hidden fate of the murdered Morgan, I

can not tell; but when I arose to return to my lodgings, the stars had marshaled themselves for their silent night-watches. My resolution was taken: cost what it might, I would find out the history and fate of Morgan. How far I have succeeded, let the following pages tell.

## CHAPTER I.

### SEARCHING THE RECORDS.

ERE forty-eight hours elapsed, I was amid the scenes of Morgan's last known abiding place, and among the people who had mingled in the exciting warfare of 1826 to 1836—the great Anti-Masonic period of American history—and here my search began. Newspapers were sought, old musty records,—well nigh ready to crumble from hard usage and the wear of time, looked into; histories consulted, long-neglected manuscripts painfully deciphered; but all to little purpose. Morgan's early life, up to the time of his marriage, remains almost entirely unknown. 'Tis true, an old family Bible, found among some cast away rubbish, without a back, and falling to pieces, told me that the dawn of his eventful life began in Culpepper County, Virginia, in the year 1776—that year so big with interest to every true American heart. But beyond this, for several years, nothing could be traced. An impenetrable veil envelopes it all, which the powers of the *Obeah* itself can not rend away. But we may well suppose that the stirring scenes which surrounded his early boyhood; the thrilling tales which constantly filled his childish ears; the fearful recital of hardships endured, obstacles overcome, victories won, by the self-sacrificing contenders for liberty, who had offered up there all of earth on freedom's altar—had much to do in the formation of a character which, in after years, often showed itself bold and defiant.

In those days of hard necessity and "perilous war," the advantages for education were few and limited, even to the richer classes; and to the poor scarcely available at all. And we find WILLIAM MORGAN, whose parents were the owners of a small farm, with a large family of children dependent on them for support,

approaching manhood, wholly untaught. But as life opened up before him, and he learned somewhat of the world beyond the limits of his father's little farm, he was unwilling to live on in the ignorance in which he had been reared. He determined to acquaint himself with the essentials of a good education; and by persevering effort, aided by no mean degree of natural tact, he succeeded in acquiring a competent knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and became, it is said, a "fair accountant."

Here we lose sight of him entirely for many years, and have no record of the events of his early manhood beyond the tales that, in all probability, were concocted by partizanship during the early part of the era subsequent to his strange disappearance. One of these was, that he was a captain in Jackson's army in 1812, and fought with distinguished bravery at the Battle of New Orleans. Were this a fact, it would not have passed unnoticed so long. It would at least have been enrolled in the records of the War Department at Washington; but the most diligent search has utterly failed to discover any thing of the kind. And the belief is stronger at this day than it was even then, that the story was invented by those who vilified "the Brotherhood," in order to make Morgan appear of importance in the eyes of the world. So much for that side. On the other, it was urged that Morgan was a land-pirate, and connected with a band of desperadoes whose dark and bloody deeds carried out the spirit of the later Mormon "*letter of marque*" against the Gentiles. He, so the story goes, was arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hung for his murderous deeds, but afterwards pardoned, upon condition of his entering the army. But this tale is, no doubt, as groundless as the first, and we may well conclude them both to be false, seeing they found birth in the developments of the trial for his abduction; and that they have no foundation whatever in truth. But now let us turn from the consideration of mere hearsay to scenes of more reality,

"The vagaries of the wild dead past,  
We waive for present truth."

## CHAPTER II.

## MORGAN'S COURTSHIP.

In 1819, there stood on Shockoe Hill, in Richmond, Va., beyond the capitol, and in the then outskirts of the city, a genteel red brick house, with all the appurtenances of ease and comfort, but without any of the evidences of wealth or elegance. It was well built, with large, airy rooms, partaking somewhat of the old English style of heaviness and strength. The yard in front was set with shrubbery, with a few forest trees interspersed, that had been preserved more for shade than effect. The spacious lots on either side of the house, and in its rear, together with the stables, and the ponderous old barn, all bespoke the systematic, provident farmer; while the neatness and care with which every thing was kept, evidenced that the owner, whatever might be his pretensions to a "better inheritance," was also laying up for himself treasures on earth, which "neither moth nor rust would corrupt," if vigilance could thwart their efforts. The location was an elevated one, overlooking, from its airy height, the creek that steals through the city—dividing with its liquid boundary the two principal hills upon which the city stands. The rear view took in the noble river, as it winds its way among verdant hills, that rise in graceful swells, and sweep in gentle undulations on either side; and, as you looked still beyond these, there met the charmed eye the beauty and variety of a landscape stretching far, far away, and bounded by the hazy hills that shut in the vision and divide the gorgeous scene from the world beyond.

It was mid October, and the silent but busy hand of Autumn had touched with brightest hues the leafy woods and summer verdure of upland and waving plain. Nature, with pathetic sadness, seemed enshrouding herself in robes of beauteous tints, whose blended shades far outvied the regal vestments of the Orient,—robes of beauty that she felt too soon must fade away. The air was mild and pleasant, as it swept along the hill-sides, and disported with the newly-fallen leaves in the valleys, or ruffled with its hoydenish gusts the peaceful bosom of the glancing

river. The calm blue skies smiled down a look of gentle love upon the quiet earth beneath, and a pre-sabbatic peace gathered over all.

In the doorway of the house we have described, and which it must not be forgotten was a suburban residence forty years ago, sat a man apparently about fifty-five years old, holding in his hand the paper from which he had been reading the news of the day. He seemed engaged in thought, perhaps about the current price of grain and tobacco. His crops would soon be ready for the market, and he must estimate their possible income. He had two beautiful young daughters, and he wished to make them rich, or, as he said, "leave them well to do when he should be taken away from them." So he labored in the early morning, and the dewy eve found him at his "close calculation that he might make all ends meet." And this was why he watched so eagerly the market prices, and gloried in his rich harvests. Poor old man! He did not know that, in a few short years, one of the loved ones for whom he thus toiled should be beggared before his eyes, and the other hide herself in the darkness of the tomb. He calculated according to worldly wisdom, forgetting that riches are unstable, and mortal life is frail.

He was a handsome old man, and showed the distinguishing marks of a son of the Old Dominion. His hair, partially gray, was thrown back from a forehead whose outline exhibited close and careful thought. His black, piercing eye had lost but little of its youthful fire, and the aquiline nose still expressed determination unsubdued by the cares and perplexities of a long life. His mouth was pleasing, and the open kindness which it spoke, even when in repose, redeemed full well the severity of the other features. As he sat with one leg crossed over the other in an easy manner, and his head slightly bent forward, he looked the very personification of a prudent Virginia gentleman of the old school.

He was so absorbed in his meditations, that he did not observe a man pass through the front gate and up the brick pavement towards the house, until a voice accosted him. The twilight prevented

him from plainly discerning the form, but the voice must have been a familiar one; for as soon as the "Good evening to you, Captain PENDLETON," was pronounced, he started with surprise, while his dark eye kindled, and his full lip curled in scorn. Without rising from his seat, or deigning a reply to the salutation, he fixed on the speaker a steadfast piercing look. The man cowered beneath the scathing glance of that keen black eye, and slightly averted his head, but otherwise maintained his position. He was rather above medium height and thick set, with shoulders somewhat stooping. A square forehead, made squarer from the manner in which the hair was thrown back, was surmounted by a well brushed hat put on somewhat jauntily, it may be to impart a more youthful appearance to a face and form, both of which told that the wearer had passed the utmost boundary of early manhood. His whole physique denoted power—the full development of muscular strength—while his physiognomy clearly indicated a daring spirit, subject to the control of prudent policy. The dark blue eye was marked by a certain degree of restlessness, which told that however calm and unmoved the exterior might be, there was uneasiness within. The mouth looked grim and choleric, while around the corners lurked an expression of dogged resolution, which was heightened by the curl of the full nostril. The light whiskers which bordered the face were closely trimmed. His plain suit of cloth was without spot or wrinkle, and the bombazine cravat was surmounted by a shirt collar whose whiteness was only equalled by that of the bosom beneath.

For a moment the old man sat eyeing him without speaking. Suddenly the visitor turned a quick full look upon him, in which, had not the twilight been so dim, the old man might have seen the first risings of defiance, and in a tone wherein was no trace of perturbation calmly asked, "Is Miss Pendleton at home, Captain? I wish to see her."

The old man's eye grew darker. "You can not see my daughter, sir; and if this is the object of your visit you can leave."

The visitor changed his position; and as one hand grasped more nervously the

hat which he had lifted from his head as he spoke, the other sought his handkerchief to wipe the perspiration which excitement of mind and feeling had forced to his brow.

"I have an engagement with Miss Pendleton which I must fulfil. You will, therefore, Captain, allow me, if you please, to see her for a few moments." He spoke with as much calmness as he could command; for he was philosopher enough to know that anger stirreth up anger, while soft words turn away wrath. But his frame trembled with the pent-up emotion, and his thin lips grew more compressed and livid.

The flushing of the old man's face grew deeper, and the look of that dark eye more intensely piercing, as he replied:

"I tell you again, sir, you can not see my daughter; so you may be gone."

"I must see Miss Pendleton, if it is but for a moment," and the visitor placed his foot on the first step, as if to ascend.

The old man started to his feet with the vigor and alacrity of youth, and stood erect, his limbs quivering with the fervor of his indignation. He was of the true Virginia chivalry, and the hot blood rushed through his veins impetuously, as he felt himself insulted at his own threshold. "Have I not forbidden you my house, you dastardly coward; and do you come again to force your detested presence upon me. Begone! I tell you. Begone! or you shall suffer the consequences of your rashness," and the old man seized his walking-stick, and raised it over the head of his visitor menacingly.

The intruder retreated a step, and stood gazing at him, as if wondering why he thus acted.

"I would be glad to be permitted to see your daughter, this evening, sir; and after that I promise never again to intrude upon you." This was spoken in a mockingly polite tone and manner, which the old man in his anger did not notice. But the calmness of his visitor's tones under such trying circumstances abated a tithe of his fury.

"And what is your business with my daughter, I would ask, sir? You can certainly confide it to her father."

"No, sir; it is a private engagement."

"And what kind of an engagement is



THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN "FATHER" AND "SON."

that sir, that is private to the father of one of the parties, and she a young lady? Think not to deceive me, sir; I know your villainy, and I say to you again, if you do not get yourself from my house and presence, you will be sorry for it. You shall not see my daughter."

"And why cannot I see your daughter?" he asked in a tone of subdued vexation. "What have I done to make you treat—"

"What have you done? Have n't you tried to run away with my child? Have n't you bribed my servants to carry your infernal notes to her? Have n't you well nigh brought disgrace upon my family? Can't this enough? Will you now add insult to injury by attempting to pass me into my own house against my will. Be gone, sir, and never dare darken my sight again with your detested presence."

Slowly, but defiantly, he turned from the door, walked down the pathway, and out of the gate, whilst the old man, proud in the triumph of his ejection, paced up and down to and from his door, to cool the hot blood that had conquered.

Now that the ejected was on the road and out of hearing of his much-desired father-in-law, the flames of his wrath found vent in curses not loud but deep,

and he swore revenge, cost what it might. The determination to effect his purpose gained new strength from this failure. Another effort must be successful. He loved the young girl as well as a callous dead heart could love. But it was not for this he would risk all things. It was not to gain the untold wealth of a warm, trusting heart, that he swore he would succeed. It was a baser motive—the prospect of her gold—that nerved him on to her possession. He had but little hope of sharing the old man's wealth as long as his opposition to him lasted; but when the old man would be laid with his fathers, then the rich acres would be his. In addition to this, the young girl had property of her own. "Hers in her own right, as soon as she was married;" so read the title of the poor old deceased aunt. In this we find the incentive to all his dark schemes and well laid plans, and the secret of his firm resolve.

IRIS PENDLETON, the second daughter of Captain Pendleton, had but just entered her sixteenth year at the time of her first meeting with William Morgan. It was during a summer vacation, that she had accompanied her older sister and some friends on a visit of some days to



Farmville, where Morgan was then living. So young and retiring, she was regarded but as a child by all who knew her. And, indeed, she was but a child. Her education was not complete by two years' study. Yet, it was that modest girlish manner and sweet face that attracted her no longer youthful suitor, and engaged his company and attentions,—attentions, however, such as king bestows on jester—selfish but winning. He had entertained no idea of marrying her, until, on a subsequent visit to Richmond, he learned that she was heir to a fortune, large for those days, the property of an aunt not many months dead. His resolution was immediately formed, and his plans laid. Fortune had never smiled upon his efforts. At the age of forty-two he found himself dependent upon daily exertion for support. But here was a prospect of future ease and comfort, could he but reach the goal of his wishes. The prize was surely worth the undertaking, and it should be made. Accordingly he gave up his business in Farmville, and locating himself in Richmond, entered as a clerk in the store of a Mr. GARTNEY, at that time a successful merchant in the city. His pleasing address—the fruit of constant contact with good society—together with a passably handsome exterior, and the most unexceptionable conduct, won for him the favor and confidence, for a few months, of all with whom he mingled.

He had occasionally, with other young men of the city, visited the family of Captain Pendleton, and, for a time, the old gentleman had taken pleasure in his agreeable conversation, and quiet, gentlemanly manners. But this manner, which had been assumed as a garment, could not last. Accident rent that which seemed so fair to view, and exposed the sordid hollowness beneath. Presuming upon the kind attentions which had been shown him, and the friendship expressed by the kind old man, in an unfortunate moment he had uttered some sentiments respecting the principles which should influence and guide a young man in his intercourse with the world, which betrayed a morality that, when measured by the captain's standard, fell infinitely below the cypher. From that time he was narrowly

watched. Each subsequent meeting confirmed the awakened fears, and suspicion once aroused, never slumbered until the shadow became substance, and apprehension reality. And when, in a few months, it was discovered that this man was paying court to his daughter, the old gentleman lost no time in unfolding his principles before her, and warning her against his seeming uprightness; whilst to him who sought that daughter's hand, a cold negative was followed by closed doors, and forbidden visits.

Morgan was then in his forty-third, and Miss Pendleton in her seventeenth year. Young, unsuspecting, trusting, and susceptible to an unusual degree, she soon became the victim of his flattery and deceit. The heart of youth, guileless and ardent, is easily won by the show of kindness and love. And a young woman of seventeen once in love, judgment, necessarily immature, yields readily to the dictates of passion, and she becomes the prey of her own uncontrolled emotions.

MORGAN'S attentions, so marked for frequency and delicate intention; his burning words of love, and withal a certain degree of flattery, against which no human heart is proof, all conspired to throw around the object of her admiration an irresistible charm, and soon this admiration on her part passed into love, and she gave to him, unreservedly, the rich stores of her full affection.

She lived but in his smile, and fed but on his words of devotion. A flower, a leaf, a ring, the most trifling memento from him was redolent of beauty, and prized above all earthly possessions. And the notes he sent her, though clandestine, and borne by the hand of a servant, were treasured with care, and their false words and promises bound round her true heart with triple bands. The memories of past hours were green and fragrant with the breath of love, and the promises for the future rose up as gorgeous palaces before her bounding hopes. Poor, unsuspecting one! She had not learned the world's cold, hollow heartlessness. She had put her lips to the dazzling chalice, and the nectar had met them; she did not know the lees thereof was death. The beautiful mirage was before her—the purling brooks, and flowery meads, and cool re-

freshing bowers, and crystal streams giving their spray to the glorious sunlight, and she reveled in its beauty. She did not know that this beauty was as deceptive as fair, and that just beyond there lay the arid parched desert, with its scorching sands and poisonous breath. Hers was the delight of confiding innocence, the wrapt ecstasy of warm young love. Grieve you not, then, that the springing flowers withered, and the blight came—that the bright, joyous anticipations went out in rayless darkness? Alas for weak humanity! who can speak its sufferings!

Morgan, after having been forbidden the house by her father, continued to meet Lucinda at church, where he would exchange meaning glances, and if opportunity offered, slip a billet into her hands or whisper a stealthy word in her ear. Sometimes by appointment he would meet her when on a visit to a friend in the city. Then he would pour into her eager soul such words of impassioned love, as would send the blood leaping wildly to her beating heart, and make her whole nature thrill with delightful ecstasy. Of her father's conduct he rarely ever spoke, and when he did so it was to excuse it on the plea of love for her, and disapproval of her marrying at so youthful an age. This forbearance was a part of his well laid scheme. For he well knew that any censure he might cast upon her father, whom she so fondly loved, would rebound on his own head, and would weaken a cause which he found so difficult to prosecute to a successful termination.

When Captain Pendleton heard of those stolen interviews, he not only prohibited her further meeting him thus, but restricted her intercourse with society, so as to cut off as far as possible all opportunity of her so doing. He warned her against the fraudulent intentions of her supposed lover—unfolded before her the base motives that prompted him to urge his suit in direct opposition to a father's commands: "No honorable man would act so, my daughter; he is a low truckling coward, and would destroy your happiness and bring shame on your good name."

Lucinda would listen to these words with a heart almost breaking. She venerated her father; but she could not think

what he said was true. He surely was mistaken; her lover was the very soul of honor, and would at any moment lay down his life for her weal. So the efforts of the old man to quench the raging flame only served to make it burn with increased intensity, and day by day did it rise higher, and blaze more brightly, till it became an all-devouring passion that brooked not reason nor control.

It was after the edict had gone forth that Lucinda should not see Morgan, that the latter had bribed Joe, the old Captain's body servant, to carry his notes to his young mistress, and bear back hers in return. Things had proceeded in this way for some weeks, when the old man discovered the treachery of his servant and the disobedience of his daughter. The former was pardoned upon a faithful promise that he would sin no more; the latter was again warned in language which only a tender father could utter under such circumstances. Finding from an intercepted note that arrangements had progressed far beyond what he deemed possible, and that but a few weeks more would consummate their plans, he determined to keep a most vigilant watch over his daughter's movements. He limited her visits to such times and occasions as he could accompany her, and guarded his household with the most sleepless anxiety. All correspondence was for the present thus prevented; but it was merely an interruption to the onward progress of things—merely a thwarting for the time being. For Morgan, though aware of all this, with that hardihood which a sordid nature will ever manifest in its pursuit of gain, had ventured—though he felt he risked his life in so doing, for the old Captain's impetuosity was well known—to seek an interview with the young girl at her father's home. A sad defeat, as we have seen, was the result of this attempt.

At the old man's earnest entreaty, Lucinda had pledged her father to discard Morgan, and henceforth take no further notice of him. But when did resolves and promises conquer a young woman's love? With bursting heart and streaming eyes she had implored her father's forgiveness for her past recreancy, and besought his love for the future. And so she felt, as tremblingly she knelt before

him. "Forgive me, my father; forgive me, and I will no more sin against thee," and she clasped his knees, while her broken sobs went out in the still evening air, and pierced, as with barbed steel, her father's doating heart.

Her father, oh, how tenderly she loved him! She would make any sacrifice to reinstate herself in his favor, and to be pressed to his bosom with all his former confidence and affection. She would renounce Morgan—would see him no more! Such were her ejaculations and thoughts. Poor frail child, she knew not her own weakness. The destroyer's net was around her, whose meshes she believed were but delicate thread; but when she came to rend them she found them unyielding as iron. She was entangled, and there was no way of escape! She had ventured within the eddy of the Maelstrom, and each circling wave but bore her onward to the vortex. Would not some kind hand give assistance? Must she perish by her own wantonness? She looked for aid, but none came. Human efforts were all too powerless to extricate her.

### CHAPTER III.

#### MORGAN'S MARRIAGE.

ON the sabbath succeeding the encounter between Captain Pendleton and Morgan, the issue of which we have described, the latter, with that inventive genius and dogged perseverance which often mark such natures, managed to let fall a billet in the church lobby, as Lucinda was passing out, which she hastily picked up and deposited in her hymn book. On reaching her room, she opened it, and read its contents as follows:

MY DEAREST LUCINDA:

Would that I could once more speak to you; but this I can not do. My soul is bursting to assure you once again of my love. The flame is devouring me. I can not live without you. No! death in its worst form would be far preferable. Yes, a thousand deaths—to be ever dying and never dead would not be more misery than I now endure. Will you fly with me? Say will you not be mine? Do not fear consequences. The deed once done your father will forgive; his loving heart will pardon and receive you. Oh let me know that you will grant my request before the light of life goes out in dark despair. Let me know, I beseech you, ere it be too late.

With all the devotion of my stricken heart, I am  
yours,  
W. M.

It can readily be perceived what effect this impassioned language had upon the mind of the young girl. All her promises to her father were swept before the rushing tide of feeling that now controlled her, and overwhelmed. All her good resolves melted away as the morning dew; and there was no trace left to tell of their short-lived existence. She forgot all in the one desire—that of marrying the man she loved. She lost sight of all obstacles in the one hope, that of perfecting her desire. She now determined to fly with him as soon as opportunity offered.

Sedulously keeping her secret from her older sister, Margaret, to whom she had heretofore confided every thought, she locked in the depths of her own bosom this cherished purpose, and no one could suppose, from her walk and deportment, that such a thought had ever found resting there. She avoided pronouncing even the name of the man she loved; and when it was mentioned in her presence, she affected the most perfect indifference. In what school does the human heart so readily learn to deceive as that of love? And her father, kind old man, how rejoiced he was to see the great change. How he congratulated himself on his wisdom and tact in directing the happy issue, and his daughter on her self-conquest. Could he for a moment think that that daughter was a base deceiver, and that "a man's foes are they of his own household?" Ah, no! He felt that the white wing of peace brooded over his household, and the fountains of happiness and love would ever well up in the midst thereof.

On one occasion, however, his suspicions were greatly aroused. It was a few days subsequent to the reception of Morgan's fervid communication. She was sitting in a little bowler in the rear of the house, that overlooked the river, weeping most bitterly. As he approached her, he observed her holding in her hand a bit of paper, which, as soon as she saw him, she thrust hastily into her pocket. He seated himself beside her, and putting his arm kindly around her waist, asked the cause of her tears. She was embarrassed, and hesitated. But, upon his repeating his question, she

briefly mentioned some unpleasant altercation with her sister Margaret.

"And what was that you were reading, my dear? I had thought that note might contain some distressing news. Will you not let me see it?"

Without hesitation, she drew forth from her pocket a slip of paper similar to the one the old man had seen, and handed it to him. Upon examination, he found it was a missive from a female friend. He felt perplexed, and regarding her with a look of strict scrutiny, he asked her if she had spoken truly.

"Do not deceive me, Lucinda, my child. Hide nothing from me. Surely God's blessing will not rest upon you if you deal treacherously with your father."

Being assured that she had spoken truly, and that he had nothing to fear, he forbore further questioning. But his mind was ill at ease, and he could not allay a lurking suspicion that all was not as it should be. This fear led him to doubt his daughter's word. And why should he not feel dissatisfied? Had she not before deceived him, and why not again? Ah! how hard it is to restore confidence to a heart once deceived! We forgive, and at times forget; but trust fully again—*never*.

Days passed by, and all seemed smoothly flowing, as the "well-wed harmony of far-off music." But there was one unquiet bosom—one throbbing, aching heart—one restless spirit. Yet she was as brightly joyous in outward appearing as any of the cheerful group which composed the household;—her brow as smooth, save now and then when the grief shades would cloud it; and her laugh as ringing, save when some old remembrance or future dread would rise up to choke it. Ah, was she not well taught for one so young? The blushings of just seventeen summers mantled her snowy brow. The dream griefs of just seventeen summers shaded her happy heart. Until now she had never known deception; until now had never struck hands with grief. Her guileless heart had given out its wealth of love, and parental care and watchfulness had warded off every barbed point, and no keen piercings had her young soul felt. But now a big grief pressed down her

heart, and weighed heavily upon her spirit. She could not dwell upon the past; its memories were dim, dark specters, haunting her very being. And the present! oh, how fraught with disappointment and dread anxiety. In the future alone was her refuge,—the undying greenness of her love, which she believed to be a supporting power that would bear her up 'neath all life's crushing ills.

It was the night before the one appointed to meet her lover and fly with him beyond her father's cruel persecution, to an asylum of peace and rest. Hours after all were sleeping, she sat by her open window in the cool pale moonlight. The chill, damp air came up from the river, and kissed, with its moist lips, her fevered cheek and aching brow. Oh! it was refreshing; for that cheek burned and that brow throbbled with excitement. It had been a day of intense agitation, for her mind and hands had been busy with the work of preparation for her departure. She leaned upon the window-sill and looked out upon the peaceful earth, and the gentle and solemn stars of midnight shone in softened radiance down upon her from the far-off sky. How lonely she felt as she gazed upon their myriad faces. She was about to sever herself from the tender, loving hearts that had cherished her so long and so fondly. About to give up that dear old home, where she had lived a life of untold happiness, and where in all her life she had known naught but kindness, gentleness, and love.

As she pondered these things her purpose became less and less resolute. How could she tear herself from her father's bosom, where long hours she had lain, and which had ever been to her a retreat from all petty cares and childish annoyances. His had been a father's and a mother's care; for her mother had laid down in peaceful rest, when her infant eyes first caught the light of day. Would she ever again find such sweet repose as she had known while enfolded in his kind old arms? Would ever again a heart beat so warmly against hers as his had done while listening patiently to her queer, childish questions? Would she ever again feel such security as she had

felt around the cheerful hearth of her own dear homestead? With a deep sigh she asked herself these questions, and she pressed her hands upon her throbbing temples and beating heart, and looked wearily forth upon the star-lit world. What phantom was it that stood beside her, and whispered in her ear, "Never! never! These halcyon days come not again!"

Had she heard a mortal voice, or had the wild beatings of her heart taken audible human speech? She strained her eyes to pierce the outer darkness, as she dashed back her tangled black hair from her flushed face. How reprovingly the old silent stars looked down upon her from the voiceless vault of heaven. And the night wind whispered, "beware," as it sped upon its mysterious mission. And the gliding river, whose silvery gleamings met her eye as the moonbeams kissed its bosom, murmured in her ear, "beware! beware!" And her overcharged heart seemed to fashion its tumultuous throbbings into the same ominous words, "beware! beware! beware!"

But then her thoughts turned to him she loved. Had he not sworn eternal fidelity to her, and could he, the noble, mature man, prove false? Ah, no; his words were words of truth; and once his own, no carping care, nor cankering doubt would ever obtrude itself upon the Eden of her happiness. What a halo of joy and gladness would she throw around his pathway, and she would live in the reflected light. How happy she would make the simple cottage home. How deck it with flowers, whose fragrance would go out on every passing breeze! and he would smile so approvingly upon her, and she would live in that smile, and but for him. Her hand should soothe his brow when pain had made its lodgment there; her soothing tones lull his heart to repose when roused by torturing fears; and her care bear up his sinking spirits when sighing beneath the pressure of dark despair. How bright was the picture she thus wove for herself, as she dwelt on the coming; and how silently the dazzling hues came forth and blended themselves into one glorious landscape, which the genial rays of love's sun kindled into life and beauty!

How sanguine is youth, untaught in the school of the world's wisdom! How gorgeous are the palaces it builds for itself in the realm of the "yet to be!" How charming the scenes that spread themselves before its longing, ardent gaze, and how its aspirations tower and its pulses leap, as it looks through eyes imaginative upon the bright prospects which hope, thus glowingly, unfolds before it. But, a few year's experience brings sober reason, and we know we have looked but in vain for the fulfilment of the promises of youth's sunny hours; and it is only when hope has faded like the last faint gleamings of the sunlight, giving place to the twilight darkness, that we learn to live in the present; to be up and doing, with hearts encouraged by necessity, and arms strengthened by the vigor of a firm resolution.

Long hours passed by, and yet Lucinda sat watching; for her spirit could find no rest. Her sister Margaret lay in the bed beside her—all unconscious of the wild waves of passion that were sweeping through Lucinda's soul. And below, in the stillness of sleep and the security of her promises, rested her dear old father. She gazed upon the one and thought upon the other, and a shadow crossed the picture of her but now bright fancy. They two, of all the world, had loved her most sincerely, most devotedly. To them her confidence had been given, and they had prized the sacred trust. To them she had looked for sympathy and consolation, and their hearts had beat responsive to every low sigh of grief or tone of sadness. How could she now leave them, perhaps for ever; and that too for one who, though he promised to be all, and she believed his words, was yet untried. She had read that love sometimes grew cold, that the pledges of human hearts are sometimes deceitful, that lovers sometimes forsake, and husbands are transformed into heartless tyrants; and might it not be possible that she should meet such a fate? Would she not deserve it for her base ingratitude? Shudderingly she shrank from the picture that rose up before her; for its background was one of darkness, while gaunt, miserable, *grief-stricken* forms wandered in the foreground. O that she could lift the veil that shut

in the coming years—could unclasp the book of fate, and read such of its mysterious pages as related to herself. There was one book she had read, whose words were said to be of divine inspiration, and they thus spake: "Children obey your parents, that your days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." What, if He who had given this command should punish her for breaking it?

"No, no! I can not go; it may prove my ruin. He may leave me, and then who will there be to take care of me in all this wide world. My father will not; for he has told me if I become his wife, I shall never see his face again. I will not go! But, then, I have told him I would; and he says we will be so happy, and my father will forgive me when he knows the thing is done. He tells me my father is prejudiced against him, and that is why he forbids our meeting. And I fully believe this. He says he loves me more than all the world beside, and I believe him, or why would he bear such insults from my father, and risk so much to marry me."

Thus she sat, soliloquising till the dawn of day. And it was not until the first faint flashings of the morning came up the hill side, and lighted up the distant plain and flowing river, that she unrobed herself and laid her soul-exhausted frame upon her couch.

(To be regularly continued monthly.)



#### THE MASON'S WIFE.

IN 1830, having arrived at years of manhood, without a fortune or other appliances promising successful competition with business men of my native State, I determined to turn my thoughts toward the far off West and South, as furnishing a more appropriate field for young and enterprising men, who might possess the strength and courage to withstand the hardships and toils incident to a pioneer life. Upon a conference with three other young men in similar circumstances, we determined to wend our way to the wilds of Texas, and immediately set about preparing for our journey for that, then, foreign land; for Texas,

twenty years ago, was thought to be a long way from Louisville.

We all met at Louisville on the first day of July, where we were detained some three days waiting for a boat. On the evening of the third day, a small, low craft made her appearance, bound for New Orleans; and knowing the larger class of boats could not then navigate the Ohio, we lost no time in securing berths. Though small and uncomfortable, the boat was very much crowded with cabin and deck passengers, bound for different points on the Ohio and Mississippi, together with some who were about to expatriate themselves, and take up their abode in the land of promise to which we were bound.

Nothing of much interest occurred after leaving Louisville, until we landed at Smithland, except that our boat formed a familiar acquaintance with the numerous shoals and sand-bars with which the Ohio is well supplied, "ven te vater ish mity low."

At Smithland several passengers came on board, and among the number a very dignified and genteel-looking lady, apparently about forty years old, and her daughter, some eighteen or nineteen. The latter was so beautiful and bewitchingly interesting in appearance, that, for my part, I could not realize the fact that her home was upon this broad earth, as connected with the children of men; and yet, to the astonishment of all, these two interesting beings took a deck passage, bound for the mouth of Red river. On the following morning, the clerk, as usual, went below to collect the passage money. The elder lady informed him that she had about as much money as would meet his demand, but if he took that, she and her daughter would be placed on shore among strangers, penniless. The gentlemanly clerk declined accepting the money until he could state the facts to the captain and receive his orders. The captain, on hearing his statement, desired the clerk to desist, promising to call on the ladies himself; and in a few hours did so, spent some time very agreeably in their company, and took occasion to repeat his call several times during the day. The day following, he also continued his calls,

and made, on one occasion, some advances toward the young lady, which led her to believe his intentions were not of the most honorable kind. Feeling keenly the insult, and reflecting upon her dependent position, she was, for an instant, embarrassed, and uncertain what course to pursue; but being possessed of a strong mind and quick perceptions, she soon recovered self-control, and gave the captain a signal of distress from a degree called masonic, sometimes given to the wives and daughters of Master Masons. The captain recognized the signal, stepped back as if electrified, and, with uplifted hands, beseechingly inquired, "In the name of Heaven, where did you obtain that?" She answered, with a sweet-toned voice, and with all the innocence of an angel, "From my husband, father, and brother." This unexpected answer seemed only to confuse the captain the more; for he certainly had not supposed she was a married woman. Upon inquiry, he learned that both herself and mother were wives of Master Masons. Soon after, the clerk was seen gallanting the two ladies into the cabin, and the porter following with their baggage. The best state-rooms were assigned them, and if the captain had been the brother or son, he could not have been more devoted to their comfort and happiness.

At the mouth of Red river, the captain took the ladies to the only house then at that place, saw them provided for, while waiting for a packet. Before leaving, he told the elder lady that they might be longer detained than they expected, and consequently incur greater expenses than she was able to meet, and handed her a hundred dollar bill. With emotions of deep gratitude, she assured him that though she was almost destitute she was not an object of charity, and hence doubted the propriety of accepting his generous offer. On being informed, however, that the money was tendered as a loan, she said to him, "Captain, I know not that I shall ever have it in my power to see you again; how, then, can I return your money?"

The captain assured her that her son and son-in-law being Freemasons, they would know how to insure his receiving

it, when it was entirely convenient to repay it, and bade them an affectionate adieu. At this moment both ladies were overcome by feelings of gratitude, and tears, not words, responded to his parting farewell.

My companions and myself continued on the boat to New Orleans, not knowing but it was better to proceed by sea from thence to Galveston than by the Red river route. But after remaining some three days in the city, we found a boat bound for Alexandria, and determined to take passage on her, and proceed as far up the river as we could, and thence by land to San Philip d'Austin. On the steamer *Lioness* we had a very pleasant trip to the mouth of Red river, at which point we took on, among several other passengers, the heroines of my narrative. The old lady soon recognized and sent for me. Up to this period I had not spoken to her; but from the intimacy which she had observed between the captain of the other boat and myself, she said she supposed he had told me certain things, and especially if I was, as she supposed, a Mason; adding, "If you are, let me know it; for I have received so many favors from that source unasked, that I desire to know all Masons with whom I may meet." I informed her that I was a young Mason—had never done any good as such—and assured her that I claimed no credit for the favors she intimated she had received from the captain; but that whatever those favors were, the captain had rendered them as all good Masons would do, with no other hope of reward than a consciousness of having discharged his duty.

"I presume, sir," said she, "the Captain informed *you* of his generous and magnanimous conduct, on taking leave of us at the mouth of the river?"

"No, madam," I replied, "I heard the Captain speak in the most respectful terms of yourself and daughter, but in no way did he allude to favors done for either of you."

"And did he not tell you, sir, of our free passage down, and of his noble generosity in urging us to accept the means of defraying our expenses for the balance of our journey."

"No, madam," I answered, "the captain intimated nothing of the kind to me; and I am very certain there was not a passenger on board who did not suppose you paid your passage; nor did one suspect the captain of having given you aid in any way."

She then attempted to give me a detail of events; but her feelings overcame her, and bursting into tears, she retired to her state-room.

Our passage up the river was a protracted one, in consequence of the low stage of water, and I occasionally enjoyed the society of the ladies, and often spent an hour very pleasantly, but no further allusion was made to the captain.

At Alexandria I was informed that the boat could not ascend the river any further, and we were all forced to take our chances by land conveyance. My companions agreed to take charge of our baggage, leaving me at liberty to give my attention to the ladies, and see them provided for. In charge of them, I was about to descend the steps from the boiler deck, when the young lady remembered to have left a small package in the ladies' cabin. I immediately hastened back, and, on my return to resume my charge, I was rather taken aback by beholding a man rather roughly clad, of tall stature, spare built, having long rough hair, sunken black eyes, large mouth, and of general swarthy complexion, actually embracing the innocent, beautiful, tender young lady, whom the moment before I had left beside her mother, and anon seizing an occasion to give the old lady an affectionate salute. The bustle and excitement of such a meeting being over, the young lady turned and introduced me to her husband!

He seemed at once to divine my position, and began in a courteous and gentlemanly manner, little to be expected from such an unprepossessing figure, to tender me his thanks for my attention to his family, and expressed a desire further to cultivate my acquaintance. We were detained at the hotel several days in providing horses, arms, &c. for the further prosecution of our journey, and I embraced the opportunity of knowing more of the gentleman, and so far from finding him repulsive and disagreeable, he proved

to be in all respects the very reverse, a gentleman of highly cultivated mind and polished manners. During my short intercourse I learned his entire history.

His father was a wealthy and influential citizen of Kentucky, who had spared no pains or money in the education of this, his only child. The young man lost his mother when he was about nineteen years old. At the age of twenty, his father put him to the study of medicine. At twenty-four he obtained his diploma from the medical school of Transylvania University, Ky., and returned home only in time to see his father die. He then determined to leave his native State, and endeavor to rise in wealth and usefulness in a new and growing country, and advertised his large estate for sale—except about thirty choice hands—on a six and twelve months' credit.

About this time he made the acquaintance of, and fondly loving this beautiful young lady, married her. About two months afterwards, he took his thirty hands, and leaving his wife with her mother, started for Texas, for the purpose of opening a farm, and providing some comforts for the location of his family. Before leaving, it was understood that his wife and mother-in-law were to collect the proceeds of the first notes due, or a sufficient amount to defray their expenses, and meet him in Nacogdoches by a given time. At the appointed time he repaired to that point, but there learned that no boats could ascend higher than Alexandria, and hence he proceeded to the latter place. His wife and her mother had used every means in their power to collect the money spoken of, but entirely failed, and the old lady, having on hand about forty dollars, determined to keep her promise, by taking the chances of success, and placing full reliance upon that Providence who had never forsaken her, she started on her journey, and, said she, "I thank my heavenly Father, that in this enterprise I had the clearest proof of the fulfilment of all his promises; and I may further add, that another opportunity has been afforded me of witnessing the magic power of Freemasonry."

I have only to add, that the hundred dollars, together with the full price of



passage, were soon placed in the hands of the boat's agent at New Orleans. The captain is still living, and is owner of one of the finest palaces that float upon the western waters, and has an interest in several others. I have met him often, but he never alludes to the foregoing incidents, unless the subject is called up by another. He has assured me that he has received every dollar due him; and more than he would have charged the ladies for their passage under any circumstances.

I have not given this record of facts because I thought there was any thing remarkable or thrilling in it; but mainly for the purpose of showing that the Masonic history of America has certainly its romantic as well as its prosaic side.

—♦♦♦—  
CYRIL DORMER;  
OR,  
THE WIDOW'S SON.

VINCENT DESBOROUGH'S prospects and position in society embraced all that an ambitious heart would seek. He was heir to a large fortune, had wealthy connections, talents his own of no common order, and indisputable personal attractions. But every good, natural and acquired, was marred by a fatal flaw in his disposition—it was largely leavened with CRUELTY. It seemed born with him. For it seemed developed in very early childhood, and bade defiance to remonstrance and correction. Insects, dogs, horses, servants, all felt its virulence. And yet on a first acquaintance it appeared incredible that that intelligent and animated countenance, those glad-some and beaming eyes, could meditate aught but kindness and good will to those around him. But as Lord Byron said of Ali Pacha—one of the most cruel and sanguinary of Eastern despots—that he was “by far the mildest looking old gentleman he ever conversed with,” so it might be said of Vincent Desborough, that never was a relentless and savage heart concealed under a more winning and gentle exterior.

That parents are blind to the errors of their offspring, has passed into a proverb, and Vincent's were no exception to

the rule. “He was a boy,” they affirmed, “of the highest promise.” His ingenuity in causing pain was “a mere childish foible, which would vanish with advancing years; “and his delight at seeing others suffer it,” an eccentricity which more extended acquaintance with life would teach him to discard. *All boys were cruel!*” And satisfied with the wisdom of this conclusion, the Desboroughs entrusted their darling to Doctor Scanaway, with the request that “he might be treated with every possible indulgence.”

“No!” said that learned linguist, loudly and sternly, “not if he was heir presumptive to a throne! Your son you have thought proper to place with me. For that preference I thank you. But if he remains with me, he must rough it like the rest. You have still the power of withdrawing him.”

Papa and Mamma Desborough looked at each other in evident consternation, and stammered out a disjointed disclaimer of any such intention.

“Very well!—Coppinger,” said he, calling one of the senior boys, “take this lad away with you into the school-room, and put a Livy into his hands. My pupils I aim at making *men*, not *milkshops*, scholars, not simpletons. To do this, I must have your entire confidence. If that be withheld, your son's luggage is still in the hall, and I beg that he and it may be again restored to your carriage.”

“By no means,” cried the Desboroughs, in a breath; and silenced, if not satisfied, they made their adieu and departed.

II.

In Doctor Scanaway's household Vincent met with a congenial spirit, in the person of a youth some years his senior, named Gervaise Rolleston. Gervaise was a young adventurer. He was clever, active, and prepossessing; but he was poor and dependent. He discovered that at no very distant period, accumulated wealth must descend to Vincent, and he fancied that, by submitting to his humors and flattering his follies, he might secure himself a home in rough weather. The other had no objection to possess a faithful follower. In truth, a clever coadjutor was often indispensable for the

successful execution of his mischievous projects. Mutual necessity thus proved a stringent bond to both, and between them a league was struck up, offensive and defensive, which, like other leagues on a broader scale, which are supported by wealth and wickedness, was formidable to all who opposed its designs and movements.

### III.

DOMICILED in the little village of Harbury, over which the learned Doctor ruled with undisputed sway, was "a widow, humble of spirit, and sad of heart, for of all the ties of life one son alone was spared her; and she loved him with a melancholy love, for he was the likeness of the lost." Moreover, he was the last of his race, the only surviving pledge of a union too happy to endure; and the widow, while she gazed on him with that air of resigned sorrow peculiar to her countenance—an air which had banished the smile but not the sweetness from her lips—felt that in him concentrated all the ties which bound her to existence.

"Send Cyril to me," said the Doctor to Mrs. Dormer, when he called to welcome her to the village. "No thanks—I knew his father—respected him—loved him. I like an old family—belong to one myself, though I have still to learn the benefit it has been to me!"

"I fear," replied the widow, timidly, for the recollection of very limited resources smote painfully across her, "at least I feel that the requisite pecuniary consideration——"

"HE shall pay when he is a fellow of his college—shall never know it before. You've nothing to do with it—but *then* I shall exact it. It's a bargain, then? You'll send him to-morrow?"

And the affectionate interest which the Doctor took in little Cyril, the pains he bestowed on his progress, and the evident anxiety with which he watched and aided the development of his mind, were among the many fine traits of character which belonged to the warm-hearted but unpolished scholar.

To Cyril, for some undefinable reason, Desborough had conceived the most violent aversion. Neither the youth of the little orphan, nor his patient endurance

of insult, nor the readiness with which he forgave, nor the blamelessness of his own disposition, served to disarm the ferocity of his tormentor. Desborough, to use his own words, was "resolved to drive the little pauper from their community, or tease his very heart out."

His love for his mother, his fair and effeminate appearance, his slender figure and diminutive stature, were the objects of his tormentor's incessant attacks. "Complain, Cyril, complain at home," was the advice given him by more than one of his class-fellows.

"It would only grieve my mother," he replied, in his plaintive, musical voice, "and she has had much—oh, so much—to distress her. I might, too, lose my present advantages; and the good Doctor is so very, very lenient to me. Besides, surely, Desborough will become kinder by-and-by, even if he does not grow weary of ill-treating me."

And thus cheered by Hope, the little martyr struggled on, and suffered in silence.

The 4th of September was the Doctor's birth-day, and was invariably kept as a sort of saturnalia by all under his roof. The day—always too short—was devoted to cricket and revelry and manly sports, and a meadow at the back of the shrubbery, which, from its being low and marshy, was drained by dykes of all dimensions, was a favorite resort of those who were expert at leaping with a pole. The whole party were in motion at an early hour, and Cyril among the rest. Either purposely or accidentally, he was separated from the others, and on a sudden he found himself alone with Desborough and Rolleston.

"Come, you little coward," said the former, "leap this dyke."

"I cannot; it is too broad, and, besides, it is very deep."

"Cannot? You mean you will not. But you shall be made. Leap it, sir, this instant."

"I cannot—indeed I cannot. Do not force me to try it; it is deep, and I cannot swim."

"Then learn now. Leap it, you little wretch! Leap it, I say, or I'll throw you in. Seize him, Rolleston. We'll teach him obedience."

"Promise me, then, that you will help me out," said the little fellow, entreatingly, and in accents that would have moved most hearts; "promise me, do promise me, for I feel sure that I shall fail."

"We promise you," said the confederates, and they exchanged glances. The helpless victim trembled—turned pale. Perhaps the recollection of his doting and widowed parent came across him, and unnerved his little heart. "Let me off, Desborough; *pray* let me off," he murmured.

"No! you little dastard, no! Over! or I throw you in!"

The fierce glance of Desborough's eye, and the menace of his manner, determined him. He took a short run, and then boldly sprang from the bank. His misgivings were well founded. The pole snapped, and, in an instant, he was in the middle of the stream.

"Help! help! Your promise, Desborough—Rolleston—your promise!"

With a mocking laugh, Desborough turned away. "Help yourself, my fine fellow! Scramble out; it's not deep. A kitten would not drown!" And Rolleston, in whom better feelings for the moment seemed to struggle, and who appeared half inclined to return to the bank and give his aid, he dragged forcibly away.

The little fellow eyed their movements, and seemed to feel his fate was determined. He clasped his hands, and uttered no further cry for assistance. The words "Mother! mother!" were heard to escape him; and once, and only once did his long wavy golden hair come up to the surface for a moment. But no human ear heeded the death-cry of that innocent child, and no human heart responded to it, the all-seeing eye of the Great I AM was fixed upon the little victim, and the Great Spirit quickly terminated his experience of care and sorrow by a summons to that world where the heavy laden hear no more the voice of the oppressor, and the pure in heart behold their God.

## IV.

The grief of the mother was frightful to witness. Her softness and sweetness of character, the patience with which she endured sorrow and reverses, the cheerfulness with which she had submitted to the privations attendant on very limited resources, gave place to unwonted vehemence and sternness. She cursed the destroyers of her child in the bitterness of her soul. "God will avenge me!" she cried. "His frown will darken their path to their dying hour. As the blood of Abel cried up from the ground against the first murderer, so the blood of my Cyril calls for vengeance on those who sacrificed him. I shall see it—I shall see it. *The measure meted out by them to others, shall be measured unto them again.*"

It was in vain that kind-hearted neighbors suggested to her topics of consolation. She mourned as one that would not be comforted. "The only child of his mother, and she a widow!" was her invariable reply. "No! for me there is naught but quenchless regrets and ceaseless weeping!"

Among those who tendered their friendly offices was the warm-hearted doctor. Indifferent to his approach, and in appearance lost to everything else around her, she was sitting among Cyril's books, inspecting his little drawings, and arranging his playthings—apparently collecting carefully together every object, however trivial, with which his loved memory could be associated. To the doctor's kind and tremulous inquiries she had but one reply: "*Alone—alone* in the world." His offer of a home in his own house was answered with the remark, "My summer is nearly over—it matters not where the leaves fall." And when he pressed her under any circumstances to entertain the offer made through him, by a wealthy kinsman of her husband, of a shelter under his roof for any period, however protracted — "Too late! too late!" was her answer. "*Ambition is cold with the ashes of those we love!*"

*To be concluded in next number.*

# Best thoughts of Best Writers, Living and Dead, On the subject of Freemasonry.

WHY LODGES ARE DEDICATED TO  
THE SS. JOHN.

BY BRO. GEO. W. OLIVER, D. D.

## I.—WHY TO ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

IN pursuance of the general plan of this inquiry, we will here consider a little in detail the true reasons why the two St. Johns were invested with masonic honors. And first of the Baptist, who is described as the grand patron of Masonry in the charter of Colne, under date of 1535. This ancient document states that "the Masters of our Order took the name of *Initiated Brothers of St. John*, following the footsteps, and imitating the conduct of St. John the Baptist, the forerunner of the Light, and the first martyr of the enlightened." And again, "the brotherhood or Order of Free and Accepted Masons *dedicated to holy St. John*, is not a branch of the Temple, nor of any other spiritual or temporal order; neither is it united to the one or to the other; neither has it derived its origin from them; nor has it the least communion with them in any shape or manner whatever; but it is much more ancient than all those orders of knighthood, and existed in Palestine and Greece, as well as in both divisions of the Roman Empire, before the crusades, and the departure of the above-named knights for Palestine."

Now, although there are reasonable doubts about the genuineness of this charter, yet, if spurious, it was evidently fabricated on principles which were universally believed to be true at the time of its promulgation; because if any new or startling doctrine, which had never before been contemplated, had been attempted to be foisted on the fraternity—such as the expulsion of an ancient patron, and the substitution of another whose name had never yet been connected with the Institution—the document would not have been suffered to circulate amongst the Fraternity as an authentic production. It appears, there-

fore, clear that at the time if its compilation St. John was universally received as the patron of the Order; and the conclusion will be the same whether the document be really as ancient as the date implies, or whether it be an interpolation or forgery of the last century.

St. John the Baptist was probably selected as the Grand Master of Masons,<sup>1</sup> because he heralded the Christian dispensation, as had been predicted by Malachi four hundred years before his birth;<sup>2</sup> bearing witness to the Light;<sup>3</sup> for in the year 26, he emerged from the wilderness, and announced himself as the harbinger of one mightier than he, who would speedily appear as a deliverer, and whose shoe's latchet he was not worthy to unloose.<sup>4</sup> Hence, the Basilidean Christians

<sup>1</sup> In the year 1773, the Brethren at Prague built a large and extensive establishment for poor masonic children, and called it "St. John the Baptist's Hospital." The boys were taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, and the girls spinning, knitting, and every other useful female accomplishment.

<sup>2</sup> Mal. iii: 1.

<sup>3</sup> In an ancient tradition, St. John the Baptist is expected to be an attendant on the Savior at the day of judgment, when Jesus Christ will descend in clouds above the valley of Jehoshaphat, attended by nine orders of angels—the cross, the crown, and other instruments of the passion, being borne round him; the five wounds shining like rubies, with the Virgin Mary on his right hand, and John the Baptist on his left, as they are represented in the paintings and illuminations of the middle ages, accompanied respectively by the saints of the Old and New Testament; the whole forming a vast amphitheater of glory. The Book of Life is then to be opened, and the trumpet blown, summoning mankind to judgment, when their eternal destiny will be finally pronounced.

<sup>4</sup> Mark i: 7. The spurious gospel of Nicodemus, which, however, was esteemed canonical by the Anglo-Saxons, and read in their churches, speaking, in the eighteenth chapter, of the descent of Christ into Hades, and of the wonders he performed there, has the following passage:—"The prophet Isaiah, there present, said, this is the light that proceedeth from the Father, and from the Son, and from the Holy Ghost, of which I prophesied while yet in the flesh, saying, The land of Zebulon, and the land of Naphthali, the people sitting in darkness, have seen a great light. Then came there forward into the midst of them a stranger, an ascetic from the wilderness, and

believed that the spirit of Light entered into John at the baptism of Christ, and that there was consequently some portion of divinity in him, which elevated him above mortality. His great parallel the Evangelist, to vindicate his reputation, repudiated this doctrine by saying "there was a man sent from God whose name was John. The same came for a witness to bear witness of the Light, that all men through him might believe. *He was not that Light*, but was sent to bear witness of that Light. That was the true Light (meaning Christ) which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."<sup>5</sup> And then he gives an account of the mission sent by the Jews to ascertain who John the Baptist really was, when he confessed and denied not, "I am not the Christ."<sup>6</sup> In the following year, Jesus, who had hitherto abode with his parents in obscurity, presented himself to be baptized by John. The prophet of the wilderness recognized him, and told his disciples, "this is the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world."

In this transaction, John appeared in the character of Elias, having been first announced by the prophet Isaiah as "the voice of one crying in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of JEHOVAH;"<sup>7</sup> which

the patriarchs said unto him, Who art thou? And he said, I am John, the last of the prophets, who have made straight the way of the Son of God, and preached to the people repentance for the remission of sins. And the Son of God came unto me, and seeing him from afar, I said to the people, Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world. And with my hand I baptized him in the river Jordan, and I beheld the Holy Ghost descending on him as it were a dove, and I heard the voice of God the Father saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased. And for this cause hath he sent me also unto you, that I may declare how that the only begotten Son of God is coming hither, that whosoever shall believe in him may be saved, but whosoever believeth not shall be damned. Wherefore I warn you all, that ye worship when you see him, for now is your only time of repentance for your bowing down to idols in the upper world of vanity, and for whatever else wherein you have sinned; for from henceforth this will be impossible."<sup>8</sup>

<sup>5</sup> John i: 6-9.—<sup>6</sup> Ibid, 20.

<sup>7</sup> Isaiah xl: 3. "This Angel-Lord of the covenant," says the learned Faber (Eight Diss., vol. ii., p. 7), "is to be preceded by a messenger, who, like the harbinger of a great eastern prince, is to prepare the way before him, by leveling each symbolical mountain, and by filling each symboli-

cal valley. The person thus exhibited under the aspect of a preparatory messenger, is, we are afterwards told, an appearance of the prophet Elijah. For, as the messenger is to prepare the way *before Jehovah*, inasmuch as Jehovah is the speaker, who says, respecting himself, *before Me*, so is Elijah to be similarly manifested before the coming of the great and terrible day of Jehovah. Now, this mystic Elijah, in whom the Jews, adopting the wild speculations of the Gentiles, respecting the metempsychosis, seem to have expected a literal re-appearance of the prophet, is, by our Lord himself, expressly identified with John the Baptist; for John came in the spirit and power, though not in the actual person of Elijah. But the office of the Baptist is declared to be that of a precursor to Christ. And the office of the figurative messenger Elijah, is similarly declared to be that of a precursor to the Angel-Lord of the covenant. Hence the identification of Elijah and the Baptist leads, of plain necessity, to the identification of the Angel-Lord and Christ."

are the exact words used by St. Mark when describing the mission of John.<sup>9</sup> Thus, Elijah the prophet re-appeared in the person of the son of Zecharias, according to the testimony of Jesus Christ; and for a similar reason St. John the Evangelist was classed by the early Christians with Enoch, because he and Elijah were the only two persons who had the good fortune to be translated to heaven without tasting the pains of death; and this idea was confirmed by what Christ said to Peter respecting the other great parallel—"If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee;"<sup>9</sup> whence his disciples concluded that he also would not die.

John was thus divinely commissioned through the angel Gabriel, to go before Christ "in the spirit and power of Elias;"<sup>10</sup> not only to prepare his way, but to remove every obstacle that might tend to impede his mission; to reduce "the highest of hills," and to exalt "the lowest of valleys," that he might make straight the way of Jehovah.<sup>11</sup> In like manner Elias is expected to re-appear, to clear the way before the second coming of Christ to judgment.<sup>12</sup> Hence it was that the Redeemer pronounced respecting John, that "no greater man was ever born;"<sup>13</sup> and for this reason he performed the rite of baptism on the Savior of mankind, and was favored with a vision of the Holy Trinity.<sup>14</sup> And

cal valley. The person thus exhibited under the aspect of a preparatory messenger, is, we are afterwards told, an appearance of the prophet Elijah. For, as the messenger is to prepare the way *before Jehovah*, inasmuch as Jehovah is the speaker, who says, respecting himself, *before Me*, so is Elijah to be similarly manifested before the coming of the great and terrible day of Jehovah. Now, this mystic Elijah, in whom the Jews, adopting the wild speculations of the Gentiles, respecting the metempsychosis, seem to have expected a literal re-appearance of the prophet, is, by our Lord himself, expressly identified with John the Baptist; for John came in the spirit and power, though not in the actual person of Elijah. But the office of the Baptist is declared to be that of a precursor to Christ. And the office of the figurative messenger Elijah, is similarly declared to be that of a precursor to the Angel-Lord of the covenant. Hence the identification of Elijah and the Baptist leads, of plain necessity, to the identification of the Angel-Lord and Christ."

<sup>8</sup> Mark i: 3.—<sup>9</sup> John xxi: 23.—<sup>10</sup> Luke i: 17.—<sup>11</sup> John i: 23.—<sup>12</sup> Mal. iv: 5.—<sup>13</sup> Matt xi: 11, 14.—<sup>14</sup> Mark i: 10.

more than this, he parted with his life rather than forfeit his integrity.<sup>15</sup>

The masonic theosophists of the last century thus explained the mission of John the Baptist—"Elias in the spirit of zeal is John the Baptist's antitype, figuring, as did John the Baptist more eminently and immediately, the Father's fiery zeal in the holy first principle; for Elias and John's administration was in the Father's property. The great confluence of all Judea to his baptism, shows the universality of the Father's applications, convictions, and drawings. Thus the groans of penitent souls proceed from the Father's condemning convictions; whereof John the Baptist's ministry and himself is the representation."<sup>16</sup>

<sup>15</sup> Mark vi: 27. "When John the Baptist came, the Jews were not left to form vague speculations as to the nature of his character and office. His dress and his whole conduct pointed him out to be the mystical Elijah; and his industrious affectation of the wilderness, at the very time (as we learn from pagan testimonies) when all the East expected that person whose appearance had been foretold toward the close of the now rapidly expiring seventy weeks, might well lead them to conclude that he was the predicted harbinger of the Messiah. But whatever doubts they might innocently entertain in the first instance, he himself cut them off from all plea of misapprehending his pretensions. 'I,' said he, '*am the voice of one crying in the wilderness,*' &c.: '*but HE THAT COMETH AFTER ME is mightier than I,*' &c. Here he unequivocally tells them that he was himself the predicted herald of that expected Great Prince, for whom he deemed himself unworthy to perform even the most menial offices; just as the mystical Elijah was to be no more than the precursor of the Messenger-Lord of the covenant, when he was about to come suddenly to his own temple. And now they at least could not mistake his claim of character, whether they chose to allow it or not. They must have perceived that he gave himself out to be the forerunner of the Messiah." (Faber ut supra.)

<sup>16</sup> Few things appear more conspicuously in the gospels than the expectation of the Jews that Elias was to come among them as the harbinger of the Messiah. This expectation was founded on the prophecy of Malachi; which, however, they misunderstood, as they did the prophecies concerning the Messiah himself. Our Saviour explains the sense in which this foretold coming of Elias was to be understood—that is, of one who was not Elias personally, but who should come *in the spirit and power of Elias*, or, who should be the antitype of Elias, as the Messiah was of David. We are further told, that this was accomplished in John the Baptist, who in spirit and in power, and even in some personal circumstances, resembled Elias, and who came to prepare the way of the Lord, as it had been predicted that Elias should come." (Kitto on Mark ix: 12.)

And it is further remarkable, that Elias and John were alike girded with the masonic apron. Thus when the servants of Ahaziah informed him that they had been reproved by a strange prophet for going to consult the idolatrous oracle of Baalzebub in Ekron, he said unto them, "What manner of man was he which came up to meet you, and told you these words?" And they answered him, He was an hairy man, and girt with a girdle of leather about his loins. And he said, "It is Elijah the Tishbite.<sup>17</sup> Thus also we find that John the Baptist, of whom Elijah was the prototype, was distinguished by wearing a *leathern girdle about his loins*.<sup>18</sup>

Again, the origin of the eremitic life was attributed equally to St. John and Elias; and it will be remembered that St. John the Evangelist was also an ascetic in Patmos. From hence sprang the custom of living in sodalities, and performing all the offices of life under certain prescribed rules. This might contribute in some degree to lend a sanction to the appropriation of St. John as the head and patron of the Order of Freemasonry, because in its construction it bears some resemblance to those institutions. Antony, the first Christian hermit, like St. John, penetrated into the deserts lying between the Nile and the Red Sea, and soon found himself the leader or superior of a vast society of devotees, who lived according to the rules which he imposed. The example was followed throughout all Christendom; and the Carmelite monks still acknowledge Elijah, the prototype of St. John, as their patron and head.

Another reason why St. John the Baptist might be considered as the patron of Masonry by our ancient Brethren was because he performed the rite of baptism on the Redeemer of mankind at the passage of the river Jordan, where the Israelites entered the promised land, and where Joshua set up twelve stones of remembrance, that the locality might not be forgotten. And Masonry being a science of light, St. John was pronounced by our Saviour to be "a burning and shining LIGHT,"<sup>19</sup> whence probably origi-

<sup>17</sup> 2 Kings i: 7, 8.—<sup>18</sup> Mark i: 6. — John v: 35.

nated the fires which were lighted up on the festival of the saint;<sup>19</sup> although it is not to be denied that similar fires were kindled about midnight at the very moment of the solstice, by the most ancient nations; it was a religious ceremony, and considered to dispel evil, and to promote the prosperity of states and empires. And this, probably, might be one reason why the St. Johns had two days assigned to them at the summer and winter solstices, being the commencement and completion of the ancient and modern year; for Gebelin says that the first of all years, and the most ancient that we know of, began in the month of June; and, in like manner, St. John the Baptist drew the first line of the Gospel, and St. John the Evangelist lived to see it completely established and prosperous in the world, according to the prediction of

<sup>19</sup> There is a curious passage on this subject worth quoting, in the Homily De Festo Sancti Johannis Baptistæ:—“In worshyp of Saynt Johan the people waked at home, and made three maner of fyres: one was cleue bones, and noo woode, and that is called a Bone Fyre, another is cleue woode and no bones, and that is called a Wode Fyre, for people to sit and wake thereby; the third is made of wode and bones, and it is called Saynt Johannis Fyre. The first fyre, as a great clerk Johan Belletti telleth, he was in certayne countrey, so in the countrey there was soo greate hete, the which causid that dragons to go togyther, in tokenynge that Johan dyed in brennyge love and chartye to God and man, and they that dye in chartye shall have part of all good prayers, and they that do not, shall never be saved. Then as these dragons flew in th' ayre they shed down to that water froth of ther kynde, and so envenymed the waters, and caused moche people for to take theyr deth thereby, and many dyverse sykennesse. Wyse clerks knoweth well that dragons hate nothing more than the stenche of brennyng bones, and therefore they gaderyed as many as they mighte fynde, and brent them; and so with the stenche thereof they drove away the dragons, and so they were brought out of greete dysease. The seconde fyre was made of woode, for that wyl benne lyght, and wyl be seen farre. For it is the chef of fyre to be seen farre, and betokenynge that Saynt Johan was a lantern of light to the people. Also the people made blases of fyre for that they shulde be seene farre, and specyally in the nyght, in token of St. Johan's having been seen from far in the spirit by Jeremiah. The third fyre of bones betokeneth Johan's martyrdome, for hys bones here bent, and how ye shall here.” The homilist accounts for this by telling us, that after John's disciples had buried his body, it lay till Julian, the Apostate Emperour, came that way, and caused them to be taken up and burnt, “and he caste the ashes in the wynde, hopyng that he should never ryse again to lyfe.”

his Divine Master.<sup>20</sup> And for this reason it was that the early Christians, at the instance of Gregory, bishop of Neo-Cæsarea, in Pontus, instituted festivals in honor of these saints, as a substitute for the solemnities used by the heathen at the two solstices.

But, my brothers, there is still another reason why St. John the Baptist is said to have been considered the patron of Masonry, which is drawn from the fact that in passing through the Essenes, by whom Freemasonry was undoubtedly preserved, (and whether they were Jews, or Christians, or both, does not materially affect the argument,) it was governed by this eminent individual, who was certainly a member of that body, as is evident from these considerations. His father and mother died during his minority, and he was adopted by the Essenes, and lived in the wilderness. The Essenes did not go up to Jerusalem at the feasts; and we have no reason to believe that John was ever there. His diet and manner of living were perfectly conformable to the rules of the Essenes. They lived in the country; so did he. They dwelt near the river Jordan, and baptized their disciples. John did the same, and thus acquired the cognomen of the Baptist. The Essenes fed on dates and other fruit, and in many other respects agreed with the character of John, as we find it in the gospels. And such a celebrated character could not long be a member of that community without arriving at the chief dignity of the Order.

It may be remarked, before I finally conclude my observations on St. John the Baptist, that his festival was observed by other communities besides the Freemasons. Stow, in his survey of London, tells us that, “on the vigil of St. John Baptist, every man's door was shadowed with green birch, long fennel, St. John's wort, orpine, white lilies, and such like, garnished with garlands of beautiful flowers, and also lamps of glass, with oil burning in them all night.” He also mentions the custom of lighting fires, which were sometimes called “the blessing fire.” The following curious account I extract from Lewis's *Life of Bishop Poccocke*:—“Whanne men of the cuntree

<sup>20</sup> John xxi: 23.

uplond bringen into Londoun, on Mydsomer Eve, branchis of trees from Bischopis Wode, and flouris fro the feld, and bitaken tho to citessins of Londoun, for to therwith her houses gay, into remembrance of Saint Johan Baptist, and of this, that it was prophesied of him that many shulden joiè in his birth."

"John the Baptist was remarkable for his sincerity or love of truth. It was this which prompted his seclusion in the wilderness from the period of early youth, and his entire devotion, until the close of his life, to his mission, casting utterly behind him and forsaking all the advantages and privileges of his paternal and priestly rank. Nothing greater has ever been or ever will be accomplished by human efforts, unless commenced and prosecuted in sincerity. Sincerity is in general the talisman of success. I define sincerity to be such a conviction of the truth of a fact as causes an earnest belief in it, and an intense interest in it—so intense, that if any thing is to be done in respect to it, the whole powers of the man are at once enlisted in the enterprise. It is the characteristic of the hero, wherever he has been or may be found. Beneath the guiding, inspiring, and life-giving energy of this characteristic, behold the Baptist drawing to his ministry in the desert, forth from out of the luxurious cities of Judea, the proud, cold, and formal Pharisee, the infidel, philosophic, and sneering Sadducee; and forth from Jerusalem and all Judea, and the region round about Jordan, vast multitudes of people. Behold him with only the great fact of the cross erected for the redemption of man before his prophetic vision, in his raiment of camel's hair, and with a leathern girdle about his loins, influencing the great assembly of the learned and unlearned, of the wise and the simple, of the old and the young, that gathered around him, with such cloquence and power, that 'all were baptized of him in Jordan, confessing their sins.' Behold him, 'severe in youthful beauty,' rebuking the Pharisees and Sadducees who had come to his baptism as 'a generation of vipers,' admonishing them 'to bring forth fruits meet for repentance, and not to say within themselves, that we have Abraham for our father, but to regard the truth

that the axe was laid unto the root of the tree, and that, therefore, every tree which did not bring forth good fruit should be hewn down and cast into the fire.' Behold him with the same truthful zeal urging the publicans 'to exact no more than that which was appointed them,' and charging the soldiers 'to do violence to no man, neither to accuse any falsely, and to be content with their wages.' In the same all-absorbing love of the truth, behold him steadily repudiating the spiritual honor, amounting almost to deification, which the admiring and wonder-stricken multitude sought to confer on him; and diverting their attention from himself to Him whom he assured them 'though coming after him, was preferred before him, whose shoe-latchet he was not worthy to unloose,' and who, as the 'Lamb of God taking away the sins of the world,' was the only true object of their religious worship. Behold him at a later period, still the same steadfast and enthusiastic lover of truth, rebuking the illicit connection between Herod and Herodias, and by his martyrdom consecrating this bright and heroic trait of character. The self-denial and love of truth of the Baptist, constitute in him, as in every other finished model, the basis of the superstructure of virtue, which all succeeding generations admire."

Why Lodges are dedicated to St. John the Evangelist will be in like satisfactory manner answered in our next number, by the same author.

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DESCRIPTION OF A MASONIC OFFERING PRESENTED BY THE FREEMASONS OF ENGLAND TO THEIR GRAND MASTER, THE DUKE OF SUSSEX, IN 1838.

THE masonic offering was a Candela-brum, the base being about twenty-eight inches long by twenty-four inches broad; the greatest extent of the branches for the lights is three feet by two feet six inches; and the whole height is three feet seven inches. The principal feature of the design is a circular temple of architecture, formed by six columns of the Corinthian order, supporting an enriched dome, crowned by the figure of Apollo. On the frieze are represented the twelve



signs of the zodiac. In the interior of the Temple, resting on a tessellated pavement, is seen the altar with the volume of the sacred law unfolded, and the square and compasses thereon. The temple is raised on a circular pedestal, which again rests on a square plinth or step; on the projecting angles of which are seated four figures, emblematical of astronomy, geometry, sculpture, and architecture. Astronomy is contemplating the heavens, and holding in one hand a sextant, and in the other a telescope, her head crowned with stars as with a diadem, five in number. Geometry is depicted as contemplating the globe, measuring its parts, and ascertaining its proportions with the compasses; and the mystic triangle is marked on her pedestal correct. Sculpture is represented with the mallet and chisel, having just completed the bust of Socrates, emblematical of the devotion of the fine arts to the promotion of the moral virtues. Architecture is typified by the plan of a temple which she is unfolding to view. The whole of the Temple with its classical accompaniments is placed on a superb base. From the angles spring four branches for lights, the cup to receive the lights being in the form of the lotus leaf. The whole may be used as a candelabrum when artificial light is required, or otherwise without the branches in its more simple form, without appearing imperfect. The base has on each of its four faces an ornamental panel. Three of these are enriched with historical tablets, in low relief, and the fourth contains the inscription. The frames of these tablets are ornamented with the olive, corn, and pomegranate, emblematical of those blessings of Providence which Masonry teaches us to diffuse and employ for the welfare of our fellow creatures. The tablet on the principal face represents the union of the two Fraternities of English Freemasons, so happily accomplished by his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, in conjunction with His Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent, in the year 1813. The two illustrious Grand Masters, surrounded by their respective Grand Officers and other Brethren, are represented as ratifying and completing the Act of Union;

the instrument of which was forthwith deposited in the Ark of the Covenant, the symbol of the Grand Edifice of Union. The all-seeing Eye of Providence is represented as casting its refulgent rays on the deed. The tablet to the left of the above represents Solomon, receiving from his father King David, the plan of the temple to be erected at Jerusalem, according to the instructions which the Almighty had communicated to him in a vision. The third tablet represents the Temple completed, and King Solomon in the act of dedicating it to God's holy service. The fourth tablet contains the inscription, which is as follows:—

TO  
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS  
PRINCE AUGUSTUS FREDERICK,  
DUKE OF SUSSEX, K.G.,  
ETC., ETC., ETC.,  
IN COMMEMORATION OF COMPLETING  
TWENTY-FIVE YEARS  
GRAND MASTER OF ENGLISH FREEMASONS,  
FROM HIS  
AFFECTIONATE BRETHERN,  
1833.

#### THE ANTIQUITY AND LAWFULNESS OF AN OATH.

WE are informed by sacred history, what was the custom of swearing amongst the Hebrews, who sometimes swore by *stretching forth their hands* (as in Gen. xiv. v. 27.) sometimes the party swearing, *put his hand under the other's thigh*, (Gen. xxiv. v. 21. xlvi. 29.) which was the manner of administration used by ABRAHAM and JACOB. Sometimes *standing before the altar*,<sup>1</sup> as we read in Kings; which was also the custom of the Athenians,<sup>2</sup> the Carthaginians,<sup>3</sup> and the Romans.<sup>4</sup>

The Jews chiefly swore by *Jerusalem*, by the *temple*, by the *gold of the temple*, by the *altar*, and by the *gift on the altar*.

The Greeks esteemed it an honor paid their DEITIES to use their names in solemn contracts, promises and asseverations; and call them to witness men's truth and honesty, or to punish their falsehood and

<sup>1</sup> 1 Kings, viii: 31.—<sup>2</sup> Alex. ab. Alex. L. 5. c. 10.—<sup>3</sup> Livius Dec. 3. 1. 1.—<sup>4</sup> Juven. Sat. 3. Val. Max. L. 9. c. 3.

treachery. This was reputed a sort of religious adoration, being an acknowledgment of the omnipotence and omnipresence, and by consequence of the divinity of the Being thus invoked: And the inspired writers, for the same reason, forbid to swear by the Pagan DEITIES, and commanded to swear by the true God. Thus in Deuteronomy (chap. vi., v. 15.) *thou shalt fear the Lord thy God, and serve him, and shalt swear by his name.* And in Jeremiah (chap. vi., ver. 7.) *how shall I pardon thee for this? thy children have forsaken me, and sworn by them that are no Gods; and to forbear other instances, the worshippers of the true God, are, by DAVID, represented to swear by him, i. e. by invoking his name.*

The antiquity of swearing, as well as the manner of administering an oath, having now been sufficiently shown; we will, in the next place, as far as may be necessary, take notice of the fundamental principles of this establishment, as the properest method to form a right judgment of it; and then in answer to the present objection, we will examine how far an oath would, or would not be justifiable, on the initiation of a Mason, and supposing it to be required even under such penal sanctions as have been pretended.

If we examine the laws and regulations of Freemasonry, it will appear that the end and purport of it is truly laudable, being calculated to regulate our passions, to assist us in acquiring knowledge of the arts and sciences, and to promote morality and beneficence, as well as to render conversation agreeable, innocent, and instructive; and so to influence our practice, as to make us useful to others, and happy in ourselves. With regard to the relation we have—as members—to society in general, it will appear equally evident from the said regulations, that a Freemason is to be a peaceable subject, conforming cheerfully to the government under which he lives, is to pay a due deference to his superiors; and from his inferiors is to receive honor rather with reluctance than to extort it. He must be a man of universal benevolence and charity, not tenacious of his abundance, when the exigencies of his fellow creatures lay the justest claim to his bounty.

Masons not only challenge, but have

ever supported that character amongst the honest and candid part of mankind, whose equity and reason would never suffer them to entertain ill-grounded prejudices.

The great Mr. LOCKE appears to have been so delighted with some of our principles, that he tells Lady MASHAM, (to whom he was writing on this subject) "That it was his wish they were communicated to all mankind, since there is nothing more true than what the Masons teach; that the better men are, the more they love one another; virtue having in itself something so amiable as to charm the heart of all who behold it."<sup>6</sup>

And another,<sup>6</sup> speaking of Freemasons, says, "No abuse is tolerated among them, no intemperance allowed; modesty, union, and humility, are strongly recommended." Again, "this society is no ways offensive to religion, good manners, or political government; it has and does still flourish in Great Britain and its dominions, under the protection of the greatest personages, even princes of the royal blood."

Mr. CHAMBERS, in his *Cyclopædia*, also testifies, "That Free and Accepted Masons, are a very ancient society, or body of men, so called either from some extraordinary knowledge of Masonry or building, which they were supposed to be Masters of, or because the first founders of this society were of that profession."

"They are very considerable, both for number and character; being found in every country in Europe, and consisting principally of persons of merit and consideration. As to antiquity, they lay claim to a standing of some thousand years, and 'tis said, can trace up their original as early as the building of SOLOMON'S TEMPLE."

"What the end of the institution is, seems still to be a secret, though as much of it as is known, appears laudable, as it tends to promote friendship, society, mutual assistance, and good fellowship."

"The brethren of this family are said to be possessed of a number of secrets, which have been religiously observed from age

<sup>6</sup> The manuscript from which this and a subsequent quotation are made, is printed in an appendix to Vol. 6, U. M. L.

<sup>6</sup> Vid. Rol. Cast. Vol. 6. fol.

to age. Be their other good qualities whatever they will, it is plain they are masters of *one*, in a very great degree, namely, **SECRECY.**"

Now, let us ask, if a number of persons have formed themselves into a body with a design to improve in useful knowledge, to promote universal benevolence, and to cultivate the social virtues of human life, and have bound themselves by the solemn obligation of an oath, to conform to the rules of such institution, where can be the impiety, immorality, or folly of such proceedings? Is it not the custom of most communities; in the state, amongst the learned bodies, in commerce, &c., a case too commonly known to require a recital of particular instances, I shall therefore content myself with adding this observation, viz.: That Bishop SAUNDERSON, an eminent casuist, in his lectures on the subject of oaths, very judiciously asserts, that when a thing is not by any precept or interdiction, human or divine, so determined, but every man may at his choice do, or not do, as he sees expedient, let him do what he will, he sinneth not. (1 Chron. chap. vii. ver. 36.) As if CARUS should swear to sell his land to TITUS, or to lend him an hundred crowns, the answer is brief, an oath in this case, is both lawful and binding. (Prælect. 3. Sec. 15.)

And as the principles of this institution are truly praiseworthy, containing those valuable requisites which will ever secure the esteem and admiration of all good men (as well as most assuredly the envy of the bad) we will put this plain question; is not the design of it of equal importance to the public, with the lending of an hundred crowns to a private man? The answer and the consequences are both evident; that an oath on the subject of Freemasonry, if required, is both lawful and obligatory.

As for the terror of a penalty, it is a mistaken notion to imagine that the solemnity of an oath adds any thing to the obligation; or that the oath is not equally binding without any penalty at all.

I shall add a few more quotations from the same excellent casuist, and leave the explanation and application to the intelligent.

A solemn oath of itself, and in its own

nature, is not more obligatory than a simple one; because the obligation of an oath arises precisely from this, that God is invoked as a witness and avenger, no less in the simple one than in the solemn and corporal; for the invocation is made precisely by the pronunciation of the words,—which is the same both in the simple and solemn—and not by any corporal motion or concomitant sign in which the solemnity of the oath consists. (Prælect. 5. Sec. 12.)

And it is a matter well worthy the consideration of every man, that as the object of a lawful oath, is God alone, so it contains a solemn confession of his omnipresence, that he is with us in every place; of his omniscience, that he knoweth all secrets of the heart, that he is a maintainer of truth and an avenger of falsehood; of his justice, that he is willing, and of his omnipotence, that he is able to punish those that by disregard to their oaths, shall dishonor him.

It is, therefore, of a very dangerous tendency for persons who have once taken an oath, to trifle and play with the force of it, even supposing the occasion of such obligation was actually of small moment in itself. And this is positively determined by the same writer, in the following words, and ought to be a caution to all not to violate an oath, lest they incur the fatal consequences of real perjury.

"A voluntary oath is the more binding for being voluntary, because there is no stricter obligation than that we take willingly on ourselves." (Prælect. 4. Sec. 11.) And in another place he is more particular, where a matter is so trivial that it is not worth the deliberation of a wise man, nor signifies a straw whether it be done or not done; as to reach up a chip, or to rub one's beard, or for the slightness of it, is not much to be esteemed, as to give a boy an apple, or to lend a pin; an oath is binding in matters of the least moment; because weighty and trivial things have a like respect unto truth and falsehood; and further, because every party swearing is bound to perform all he promised, as far as he is able, and as far as it is lawful: To give an apple to a boy is both possible and lawful, he is bound therefore to perform it: He ought to fulfil his oath." (Prælect. 3. Sec. 15.)

This is likewise confirmed by Moses (Numb. xxx. v. 2.) "If a man swear an oath to bind his soul with a bond, he shall not break his word; he shall do according to all that proceedeth out of his mouth." And (*Zec.* chap. v.) it is threatened that every one that sweareth falsely, shall be cut off by the curse: "I will bring it forth said the Lord of Hosts, and it shall enter into the house of him that sweareth falsely by my name; and it shall remain in the midst of his house, and shall consume it, with the timber thereof, and the stones thereof."



#### A DEFENSE OF MASONIC SECRECY.

WE are condemned for keeping the essentials of our institution from the knowledge of those who are not members of it; which, 'tis said, must sufficiently prove them to be of a bad nature and tendency, else why are they not made public for the satisfaction of mankind.

If secrecy be a virtue—a thing never yet denied—can that be imputed to us as a crime, which has been considered an excellence in all ages? Does not SOLOMON, the wisest of men, tell us, "He that discovers secrets is a traitor, but a man of a faithful spirit concealeth the matter."

In conducting all worldly affairs, secrecy is not only essential, but absolutely necessary; and was ever esteemed a quality of the greatest worth.

Thus we find the great FENELON makes ULYSSES, in the system of the education which he delivers to his friends for his son TELEMACHUS, particularly enjoin them, above all, to render him just, beneficent, sincere, and faithful in *keeping secrets*; a precept that afterwards produced the best of consequences to the young Prince, of whom it is recorded, that with this great excellence of taciturnity, he not only divested himself of that close mysterious air, so common to the reserved, but also constantly avoided telling the least untruth in support of this part of his character. A conduct highly worthy the imitation of every one to whom secrets are intrusted, affording them a pattern of openness, ease and sincerity; for while he seemed to carry his whole heart upon his lips, communicating what was of no

importance, yet he knew how to stop just in the proper moment, without proceeding to those things which might raise any suspicion, or furnish even a hint to discover the purposes of his mind.

If we turn our eyes back to antiquity, we shall find the old Egyptians had so great a regard for silence and secrecy in the mysteries of their religion, that they set up the god HARPOCRATES (*vid. imagines deorum a vicentio chartario*) to whom they paid peculiar honor and veneration, who was represented with his right hand placed near the heart, and the left down by his side, covered with a skin before, full of eyes and ears, to signify, that of many things to be seen and heard, few are to be published.

And among the same people, their great goddess *Isis*, the *Minerva* of the Greeks, had always an image of a *Sphinx* placed at the entrance of her temples, to denote that secrets were there preserved under sacred coverings, that they might be kept from the knowledge of the vulgar, as much as the riddles of that creature.

JAMBLICUS, in his life of PYTHAGORAS, confirms the above opinion, by observing, that from the mysterious knowledge of the Egyptians, that philosopher drew the system of his symbolical learning, and instructive tenets, seeing that the principles and wise doctrines of this nation, were ever kept secret among themselves, and were delivered down, not in writing, but only by oral tradition. And indeed so cautious and prudent were they in these matters, that every disciple admitted to their wise and scientific mysteries, was bound in the most solemn manner to conceal such mysteries from the vulgar, or those whose ideas were not sufficiently exalted to receive them. As a proof of this, we need only recollect the story of *Hipparchus*, a *Pythagorean*, who, having out of spleen and resentment, violated and broke through the several engagements of the society, was held in the utmost detestation, expelled the school as one most infamous and abandoned, and as he was dead to the principles of virtue and philosophy, had a tomb erected for him, according to their custom, as though he had been naturally dead. The shame and disgrace that justly attended so great a breach of truth and fidelity drove the

unhappy wretch to such despair, that he proved his own executioner; and so abhorred was even his memory, that he was denied the rights and ceremonies of burial used to the dead in those times; instead of which, his body was suffered to lie upon the shore of the isle of *Samos*.

Among the Greek nations, the Athenians had a statue of brass, which they awfully revered; this figure was without a tongue; by which secrecy was intimated.

The Romans had a goddess of silence, named *Angerona*, represented with her fore-finger on her lips, a symbol of prudence and taciturnity.

ANNAXARCHUS, who, according to PLINY, was apprehended in order to extort his secrets from him, bit his tongue in the midst, and afterwards spit it in the tyrant's face, rather choosing to lose that organ, than to discover those things which he had promised to conceal.

We read likewise that CATO, the Censor, often said to his friends, of three things which he had good reason to repent, the principal was, *divulging a secret*.

The Druids in our own nation—who were the only priests among the ancient Britons—committed nothing to writing. And CÆSAR observes that they had a head or chief, who exercised a sort of excommunication, attended with dreadful penalties on those, who either published or profaned their mysteries.

Therefore, since it evidently appears from the foregoing instances—among many other—that there ever were secrets amongst mankind, as well respecting societies as individuals, and that the keeping those inviolable, was always reputed an indispensable duty, and attended with an honorable estimation, it must be very difficult to assign a sufficient reason why the same practice should be at all wondered at, or less approved in the Free and Accepted Masons of the present age, than they were among the wisest men, and greatest philosophers of antiquity.

The general practice and constant applause of the ancients, as well as the customs of the moderns, one would naturally imagine should be sufficient to justify Masons against any charge of singularity or innovation on this account; for how can this be thought singular, or new, by

any one who will but calmly allow himself the smallest time for reflection.

Do not all incorporated bodies amongst us, enjoy this liberty without impeachment or censure? An apprentice is bound to keep the secrets of his master; a free man is obliged to consult the interests of his company, and not prostitute in common the mysteries of his profession; secret committees and privy councils, are solemnly enjoined not to publish abroad their debates and resolutions. In courts martial, the members are bound to secrecy; and in many cases for more effectual security an oath is administered.

As in society in general, we are united together by our indigencies and infirmities, and a vast variety of circumstances contributing to our mutual and necessary dependence on each other,—which lays a grand foundation for terrestrial happiness, by securing general amity and the reciprocation of good offices in the world—so, in all particular societies, of whatever denomination, they are all conjoined by a sort of cement; by bonds and laws that are peculiar to each of them, from the highest assemblies to the lowest. Consequently the injunctions of secrecy among Freemasons, can be no more unwarrantable than in the societies and cases already pointed out; and to report, or even to insinuate, that they are, must argue a want of candor, a want of reason, and a want of charity. For by the laws of nature, and of nations, every individual, and every society, has a right to be supposed innocent till proved otherwise.

Yet, notwithstanding the mysteries of our profession are kept inviolable, none are excluded from a full knowledge of them, in due time and manner, upon proper application, and being found capable and worthy of the trust. To form other designs and expectations, is building on a sandy foundation, and will only serve to testify, that like a rash man, their discretion is always out of the way when they have most occasion to make use of it.—*Wellins Calcott, 1769.*

#### SYMBOLICAL CUSTOMS AND CEREMONIES JUSTIFIED.

It is well known, that such symbolical customs and ceremonies are as ancient as the first ages of the world, the philoso-

phers of which practiced the method of inculcating their sublime truths and important points of knowledge by allegory and mythology, the better to secure them from descending into the familiar reach of every inattentive and unprepared novice, from whom they might not meet with the veneration they deserved, and, therefore, become too familiar and contemptible; for which reason they were accustomed to proceed with the utmost care and prudence. And ORIGEN tell us, (*Origen Contra Celsum*) "The Egyptian philosophers had sublime notions which they kept secret, and never discovered to the people, but under the veil of fables and allegories; also other eastern nations concealed secret mysteries under their religious ceremonies, a custom still retained by many of them.

An interpretation therefore of these allegories, &c., as they come under my notice, shall be attended to; and will, I flatter myself, exactly square with the present purpose.

Of all the symbols appropriated to JUPITER, I shall only mention the *crown of rays*, with the *petasus* and *caduceus*, with which he is represented. The first denotes the power of the Supreme Being; the other, that power ought to be accompanied with prudence.

The cock was a symbol peculiar to MERCURY, as expressive of that vigilance which was so very necessary to him, destined to execute many functions; as sometimes this emblem hath an ear of corn in his bill, it may serve to point out to man, that plenty and happiness will be the consequences of care and attention.

The club is the symbol of HERCULES, and denotes strength.

The various symbols belonging to the goddess DIANA, were oxen, lions, griffins, stags, sphynxes, bees, boughs, roses, &c., which signify in a mystical sense, the universe, with all its productions.

The story of MINERVA is entirely allegorical, relating, that JUPITER having devoured METIS,—i. e. prudence,—conceived MINERVA, and was delivered of her. This symbol means plainly that prudence is wholly in God, and that he produces her externally by the wonderful

works constantly manifested in his government of the universe.

It will not be foreign to my subject, to take notice that cities, rivers, regions, and even the various parts of the globe, had their proper symbols, which were so many ensigns to distinguish them. Cities were signified by women with towers on their heads: The east is represented by a woman mounted upon a car, with four horses rising as they go. The west is signified likewise by a woman in a car drawn by two horses: The genius that precedes her, together with the horses falling down, by which the west, or sun setting is denoted.

The symbol of ASIA, was a woman with a mural crown, holding an anchor, to denote that the way thither was to cross the sea. AFRICA was represented by a woman with an elephant's trunk on her forehead. Thus were the different parts of the world represented under their respective symbols and hieroglyphics.

To improve properly on these mystical writings, we must bring them home to ourselves, by way of application.

First, in a physical sense; for under the various names of pagan deities, are concealed the body and substance of natural philosophy: Under allegories, the poets express the wonderful works of nature.

Secondly, in an ethical sense; the scope or intent of mythologists, was not fable, but morality. Their design was to inform the understanding, correct the passions, and guide the will. Examples are laid down to kindle in the mind a candid emulation, leading through the temple of virtue to the temple of honor. They set off in the fullest colors, the beauty of virtue and deformity of vice.

Thirdly, in a theological sense; for let a skillful hand modestly draw aside the veil of poetry, and he will plainly discover the majestic form of divinity. I think it is an assertion of TERTULLIAN, (who lived in the early age of Christianity,) That many of the poetical fictions had their original from the Scriptures. And PLATO is said, by the best authorities, to have derived the sublimest principles of his philosophy, from some writings of MOSES, which he had met with and studied in the course of his travels in

Egypt.<sup>1</sup> Doubtless as the ancients before the invention of letters, expressed their conceptions in hieroglyphics, so did the poets their divinity, in fables and parables.

We also find, that even when they set up stones in order to compose any memorial, there was something expressive either in the number, of which the monument consisted, or in their shape, or in the order and figure in which they were disposed; of the first kind were the monuments of Mount Sinai (Exod. xxiv., v. 4.); and that at Gilgal, erected by JOSHUA, upon the banks of Jordan; they consisted of twelve stones each, because the people of Israel (for whose sake the altar was built, and the streams of Jordan divided themselves, thereby opening a miraculous passage for the whole nation,) were principally classed into twelve tribes, (Josh. iv, v. 8.) the same number of stones; and for the above reason, were set up in the midst of the place where the ark had rested. (Ib., v. 9.)

<sup>1</sup> Likewise the famous pillars<sup>2</sup> before

<sup>1</sup> Whenever it is asserted that the Pagan accounts of things were borrowed from revelation, recorded in the history of Moses, it must not be understood that all the fables and fictions of the heathens were borrowed from thence, but only that the truths which appear amongst their fables and fictions (when stripped of their mythological disguise,) were derived from some traditions they had of a revelation recorded in the sacred history.

<sup>2</sup> As there is a seeming contradiction in the accounts of the height of these pillars, it may not be amiss here to reconcile that matter. It is said, *he set them up in the porch of the temple* (1 Kings vii: 21), and *he made before the house two pillars*. And *he reared up the pillars before the temple* (2 Chron. iii: 15, 17) which expressions, taken together, sufficiently seem to imply the pillars were before the temple, in its porch. But it is not quite so easy to assign the *height* of them. In one place it is said of SOLOMON, *He cast two pillars of brass, 18 cubits high each* (1 Kings vii, v. 15.) In another we read, *he made two pillars of thirty and five cubits high*. (2 Chron. iii, v. 15.) This seeming inconsistency between the two sacred historians may be easily reconciled, but at the same time it serves to prove they did not combine together, or were corrected or amended by each other. To reconcile this seeming inconsistency, let us only suppose the *pedestal* or *basis* of the columns to have been 17 cubits high; this, added to the 18 cubits (1 Kings vii, v. 16; Jer. lii, v. 21), for the *shaft*, will, together, make exactly 35 cubits, the number mentioned (2 Chron. iii, v. 15); lastly, taking (1 Kings vii, v. 16) five cubits, being the height of the chapter, we shall have the true height of the pillars, viz. 40 cubits. It is true, that in another place

SOLOMON'S temple, were not placed there for ornament alone; their signification, use, and mystical meanings, are so well known to the expert Mason, that it would be both unnecessary, as it is improper for me to assign them here; neither are the reasons why they were made *hollow* known to any but those who are acquainted with the *arcana* of this society; though that circumstance so often occurs in Scripture.

And with respect to ASSEMBLIES and ESTABLISHMENTS among men, they ever had signs and words, symbolical customs and ceremonies, different degrees of probation, &c., &c., this manifestly appears from all histories both sacred and profane.

When the Israelites marched through the wilderness, we find that the twelve tribes had between them, four principal banners or standards; every one of which had its particular motto; and each standard also had a distinct sign described upon it. They encamped round about the tabernacle, and on the east side were three tribes under the standard of Judah; on the west were three tribes under the standard of Ephraim; on the south were three tribes under the standard of Reuben; and on the north were three tribes under the standard of Dan (Num. 2d); and the standard of Judah was a lion,

(2 Kings xxv, v. 17) the height of the chapter is said to have been 3 cubits; but here we apprehend we have the dimensions of the chapter only, strictly so called (*Cohereth*, in the Hebrew, or crowning), which is expressed to have been three cubits, but then there is left to be understood, *the wreathing work on it round about*, which was two cubits more, both which sums added, make that of five, the number set down before by the same author.

It is supposed that SOLOMON had respect to the *pillar* of the cloud, and the *pillar* of fire, which went before the Israelites, and conducted them in the wilderness; and was the token of the divine Providence over them: And thus SOLOMON set them up before the temple, hoping and praying that the divine light, and the cloud of God's glory, would vouchsafe to enter in there, and that God and his providence would dwell among them in this house. The pillar on the right hand represented the pillar of the cloud, and that on the left the pillar of fire. The name of the former signifies, *he will establish*, which intimates God's promise to establish the throne of DAVID, and his people ISRAEL. The name of the latter signifies, *herein is strength*; either alluding to the divine promise, in which was all their strength and settlement; or rather, to the ark which was within the temple, and called *the strength of the Lord*, (2 Chron. chap. vi, ver. 42.)

that of Ephraim an ox, that of Reuben a man, and that of Dan an eagle. Whence were framed the hieroglyphics of Cherubims and Seraphims, to represent the people of Israel.<sup>3</sup>

The ancient prophets, when they would describe things emphatically, did not only draw parables from things which offered themselves, as from the rent of a garment, 1 Sam. xv, from the sabbatic year, Isa. xxxvii, from the vessels of a potter, Jer. xviii, &c., but also when such fit objects were wanting, they supplied them by their own actions, as by rending a garment, 1 Kings xi, by shooting, 2 Kings xiii, by making bare their body, Isa. xx, by imposing significant names to their sons, Isa. viii, Hos. i, hiding a girdle in the bank of Euphrates, Jer. xiii, by breaking a potter's vessel, Jer. xix, by putting in fetters and yokes, Jer. xxvii, by binding a book to a stone, and casting them both into Euphrates, Jer. li, by besieging a painted city, Ezek. iv, by dividing hair into three parts, Ezek. v, by making a chain, Ezek. vii, by carrying out household stuff, like a captive and trembling, Ezek. xii, &c., by which kind of types the prophets of old were accustomed to express themselves.—*Cal.*, 1769.

#### PROBATIONARY DEGREES DEFENDED.

The philosophers inform us, that the Egyptian King XOPPER commanded, that the secret of which he was possessed should not be divulged to any but those who were found skillful in every step they advanced: Also the great heathen King XOPHOLET, ordered the grand secret of which he was possessed, to be revealed to none but to those who after thorough examination, were found to be worthy; and inflicted disgrace and severe punishments on those who should transgress this law.

And if we examine the customs of the Jews, we shall see that the Levites had the several degrees of initiation, consecration, and ministrations. And in their grand *sanhedrim*, they had also three

<sup>3</sup> A Cherubim had one body with four faces; the faces of a lion, an ox, a man, and an eagle, looking to the four winds of heaven without turning about, as in Ezekiel's vision, chap. i. And the four Seraphims had the same four faces with four bodies, one face to each body.

chief officers, the principal, vice-principal, and the *chacam*, (i. e. wise man,) the last two were called assistant counsellors. Their pupils were divided into three distinct classes, who, according to their abilities, were from time to time elected to fill up the vacant offices in this great assembly.

About the time of our SAVIOR'S nativity, the eastern schools used a set form of discipline.

The scholar was first termed disciple, in respect of his learning; a junior in respect of his minority; Bachur, (i. e. one chosen or elected) in respect of his election, and co-aptation into the number of disciples. And after he had proved himself a proficient in their studies, and was thought worthy of some degree, by imposition of hands, he was made a graduate.

At the east end of every school or synagogue, the Jews had a chest called Aaron (or ark) in which was locked up the pentateuch in manuscript, wrote on vellum, in square characters, which, by express command, was to be delivered to such only as were found to be wise among them (2 Esdr. c. xiv, v. 16.) This method of proceeding was also observed at the building of SOLOMON'S temple, when we know the craftsmen were not to be made Masters, until that glorious edifice should be completed, that so they might acquire competent skill, and be able to give AMPLE PROOF of their qualifications.

Pythagoras, who flourished above 500 years before Christ, never permitted a pupil to speak in his school till he had undergone a probation of five years' silence.

The Essenes<sup>4</sup> had the following cus-

<sup>4</sup> The Essenes were men of excellent morals, eminent for their justice beyond either Greeks or barbarians, as a virtue that had been a long time their application and study. JOSEPHUS, lib. 13, c. 12.

<sup>5</sup> 'Tis remarkable, that of the three famous sect among the Jews, in the days of our LORD, Pharisees, Sadducees and Essenes, we find, though the first two were censured by him, the Essenes were not.

It is further related of this sect, they were above all others strict observers of the Sabbath-day; on it they would dress no meat, light no fire, remove no vessels out of their places, etc. (Josephus de Bello, lib. i, c. 7.) Nay, more, they observed every seventh week a solemn pentecost. (Philo de vita contemplat.) And if Jews, without any di-



toms, when a person desired admittance into their society: He was to pass through proper degrees of probation, before he could be a Master of their mysteries; when he was received into the class of novices, he was presented with a white garment, and when he had been long enough to give some competent proof of his secrecy and virtue, he was admitted to further knowledge, but still he went on with the trial of his integrity and good morals: And at length, being found worthy in every respect, was fully admitted into their mysteries; but before he was received as an established member, he was first to bind himself by solemn obligations and professions, to do justice, to do no wrong, to keep faith with all men, to embrace the truth, to keep his hand clear from fraudulent dealings, not to conceal from his fellow-professor any of the mysteries, nor to communicate them to the profane, though it should be to *save his life*; to deliver nothing but what he received, as well as to endeavor to preserve the principles that he professed. Every member eat and drank at one common table, and any brethren of the same fraternity, who came from places ever so remote, were sure to be received at their meetings. (Philo. de Vit. contemplat. Joseph. antiqu. l. 8, c. 2.)

And it may be further remarked of the Jews, that, in the feast of the seventh month, the High Priest was not even permitted to read the law to the people until he had studied it seven days,<sup>5</sup> viz., upon the fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth days, being attended by some of the priests to hear him perform, and to judge of his qualification for that purpose. (Vide Sir ISAAC NEWTON'S Observations on the Apocalypse of St. JOHN.)

The above proceeding is so far from

vine injunction in this particular could so religiously observe the Sabbath, how must Christians and condemned who, in flat disobedience to the command of an omnipotent God, will not devote so much as one day in seven to honor Him who gives them all things? All Free and Accepted Masons well know how great a violation of our principles every instance of such conduct is, and every true Brother will be careful not to offend herein. FOR BY THE FRUIT THE TREE IS KNOWN.

<sup>5</sup> These seven days are alluded to by the Lamb's opening the seven seals successively.

being novel, that it is practiced in our own nation, even at this day, in the learned societies of every denomination: For instance, in academical degrees, there are, bachelor, master, doctor; in the church, the several orders of deacon, priest, and bishop; in the municipal law, those of student, barrister, and serjeant; in the civil law and physic, student, bachelor, and doctor; in each of these the disciple, or scholar, undergoes proper examinations, and must, or, at least, ought to be found well qualified prior to his admission to a superior rank.

And as FREEMASONRY is in like manner a progressive science, not to be perfectly attained but by time, patience and application, how necessary is it, that testimonies of proper qualifications should be required for the respective degrees, before the candidate can attain them; both in regard to science and morality; as the honor of the institution should always be a principal object in view to every Free and Accepted Mason, who ought to be well instructed in the scientific knowledge and moral and social virtues peculiar to an inferior,<sup>6</sup> ere he will be admitted to the more sublime truths of the perfect and well qualified MASON.—*Culcott*, 1769.

#### THE NAME OF FREEMASON EXPLAINED.

In the study of this point, we will find that the name which has been adopted by our institution, did not arise merely from our skill in architecture, or the principles of building, but from a more comprehensive acquaintance and knowledge of the sublimest principles of philosophy and moral virtues; which, however excellent they may be in the opinion of the learned and judicious part of mankind,

<sup>6</sup> Was a contrary practice to be adopted in our gradations in the Craft, and subsequent degrees should be conferred without taking due time to make proper trial of the abilities, proficiency and morality of the candidate; no one acquainted with our constitution, would hesitate a moment to pronounce such practice an evident violation of its principles: And should that ever prove to have been the case, it is hoped those who erred therein, will inform themselves of the great impropriety of such proceedings; and think it a duty which they owe to the Society and to their own honor, to discontinue such practice, or they will give cause to suspect that they wish not to regulate their proceedings by the true plan of Masonry.

can not be indiscriminately revealed to every one; lest, instead of that respect which they require, for want of right understanding, and a sound mind, they might not produce their just and necessary consequences; as even the purest morality and wisest systems have been too often ridiculed by the folly or perverseness of weak or wicked men.

Therefore, the name of Mason is not to be considered in the contracted implication of a builder of habitations, &c. But figuratively,<sup>7</sup> pursuant to the method of the ancient society on which this institution is founded; and, taken in this sense, a Mason is one who, by gradual advances in the sublime truths and various arts and sciences which the principles and precepts of Freemasonry tend to inculcate and establish, is raised by regular courses to such a degree of perfection, as to be replete with happiness himself, and extensively beneficial to others.

As to the appendage Free, that evidently owed its rise to the practice of the ancients, who never suffered the liberal arts and sciences to be taught to any but the free-born.—*Calcott, 1769.*

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## INCIDENTS OF MASONIC HISTORY.

### REASON WHY FREEMASONS ARE SO GENERALLY REQUESTED TO LAY THE FOUNDATION STONES OF PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

**I**N all times, from the establishment of Freemasonry in its present form, the Craft has been so far identified with Operative Masonry, as to be requested to afford its assistance at the ceremony of laying the foundation stones of public edifices. This distinction is tacitly conceded to the fraternity as a matter of courtesy if not of right. And it is a custom which has kept Freemasonry constantly before the public, as an institution of general utility connected with the usages and observances of social life. As a body, the fraternity attract attention by the display which is indispensable on these occasions; and inspire

<sup>7</sup> The apostles also frequently made use of this term in the like sense, Acts xx, ver. 32. Ephes. ii, ver. 22.

respect by the order and decorum which characterize their general deportment. The rites of religion always forming a constituent part of the ceremonial, enlist the sympathies of thinking men in our behalf; and the association of prayer becomes indelibly linked with the formality of depositing the stone of foundation, in the mind of the most indifferent observer.

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### A MASONIC PROCESSION BY TORCH-LIGHT TWENTY YEARS AGO.

THE word march being given and repeated along the whole line, the grand battalion of the Brethren of Peace moved forward as one body, preceded by the band of the Queen's Royal Lancers. Thus issuing from the portals of the Royal Exchange at Edinburg, the head of the column was greeted with a loud huzza from the assembled multitude, which, as the rest advanced, gave place to a solemn and admiring silence. This attention and decorous conduct on the part of the spectators was flattering to the Craft, and is a proof of the great moral impression which the character of our glorious institution universally creates; whatever a few prejudiced and unfortunate individuals may say or think. Respect to the ancient Free and Accepted Fraternity of Masons was the sentiment expressed, on this occasion; and no other than a moral force could, in the absence of the military, have kept the crowd in such extraordinary order. The police employed undoubtedly did good service, particularly in repelling the tendency to pressure at the several turnings. But only look what a sight the High Street presents during the procession! Whoever has beheld Edina, with her cloud-capped towers and lofty mansions, rising from eight to ten stories in height—each individual stage of this Babel of buildings inhabited by whole hosts of families, of every kind and calling—may imagine the sublime effect of a multitude of torches, reflected with reddening glare upon the mighty sides of the spacious street which long has formed the pride of "Auld Reekie." Thousands of visages were visible from every tier of windows on either flank, from the lowest to the topmost habitable spot. It was a study

for a lover of the picturesque—a scene of strange grandeur, not unworthy of the magic pencil of a Martin. We have witnessed the religious processions in the capitals of Catholicism, but we will aver that this transcended them all, even as a spectacle. On passing the front of the Theater Royal, Brother Murray, the Manager, testified his fraternal attention by the exhibition of a brilliantly illuminated star over the portico of the house. Blue lights and rockets were discharged from Calton Hill as the procession advanced up the Regent's Bridge, till at last, arriving at the Waterloo Hotel, the music divided right and left, and the grand masonic cortège marched into the great hall, which had been decorated and prepared for their reception.

ADDRESS OF THE DUKE OF SUSSEX IN 1836,  
AT HIS FIRST MEETING WITH THE FRA-  
TERNITY AFTER HIS SIGHT WAS RE-  
STORED.

I RISE under considerable emotion, and hope, if by any chance I should break down in my address, it may be attributed to the extreme sensibility by which I am agitated. There are such a variety of ideas forcing themselves upon my mind, that it is difficult for me to arrange and select them; and I must, therefore, take them as they present themselves, and follow them out as their tide may direct. Sensations of a conflicting nature blend together in my bosom—gratitude and regret, sorrow and enjoyment. In looking round upon this meeting, my first impression is, that, in my own case, something like a miracle has been wrought—by the blessing of Providence, my sight has been restored; and most deeply do I feel the debt of gratitude I owe to the Great Architect of the Universe for its restoration; and next to that Divine power, to the worthy instrument by whose immediate assistance the cure was wrought. Mine is, however, still but a light obscure, the strength of which does not enable me to discern the form of any individual, of that part of our community who highten the value of our proceedings by witnessing them from the galleries, and add to our happiness by their presence. This is a lesson to me, showing me the value of what I have

regained, but admonishing me not to look further than I ought. I am informed, there is hardly a lady in those galleries who is not connected, by blood or sentiment, with some Brother Mason who is present. In this they evince their participation in our happiness and wishes. They come with us to the door of the Holy Temple; there they wait our return, and give us a cheerful and ready welcome when we join them again. Quite sure am I, after our masonic meetings, we are not the less welcome. Turning to those by whom I am surrounded, I earnestly assure them that I feel most sensibly their kindness in meeting me here this day; many, I know, to their extreme inconvenience, and some have even left their beds to meet me with congratulation. I feel the compliment both as a Mason and as a man. In reflecting on the occasion of this Fraternal meeting, I cannot forget that its peculiar feature is the celebration of my natal day, and that at my time of life, and in my situation, I should be warned that the sun is going down, and although I can look at it quietly, still it is a warning. And looking around upon those who are here assembled to greet me, and full as is the Hall, how many are the pleasant faces and warm hearts that have passed away from among us, since I last met the Craft on such an occasion, within the brief period of three years! Darkness overtook me, but the light is restored, and I again address you—to detail what my sufferings have been would be a long story. He who presides over all vouchsafed his protection to me; and this I tell you with thankfulness, that when the operation was performed, and the beautiful flood of light burst upon me, most forcibly was that emphatic expression of Holy Writ brought to my recollection, the instant I regained my sight—“And God said, Let there be light, and there was light.” Nor will the first objects I beheld ever pass from my mind; they are the clouds and the sunshine; the sentiments they produced I will not attempt to describe, because it is indescribable. I feel that I am greeted by many kind faces; my calendar, however, reminds me that many a warm heart and happy face that almost ever presented itself, are not

now here! That is painful to reflect upon; but they have met their reward above. I have now occupied the chair of Grand Master twenty-five years, and am arrived at that age when the recollection of sixty becomes lost in the encounters of sixty-five; but I feel, nevertheless, that my heart is as young and as warm as ever; and as long as it retains your trust, your esteem, your confidence, and your affection, the last drop that flows from that heart shall be devoted and delegated to you. (Long continued cheers.) The worthy Brother who proposed my health, said, that even in sickness I had not forsaken the interests of the Craft; but my regret was ever that I could not be more actively engaged in the service of Freemasonry; and most of all did I lament that I could not aid the M.W.G.M. for Ireland, the Duke of Leinster, one of the most active and honest of Masons, in his successful efforts to prevent a ban being placed on our Brethren in that country, whose loyalty is as undoubted as yours. You have always treated me with confidence and kindness—I think I may say that I never abused them; at least willingly I never did—to err is human—and whenever an error is known to be involuntary, it should always be excused. I have come amongst you with feelings of gratitude and intense anxiety; but they almost unman me. The departure of friends causes an awful blank, and so many other ideas press upon me—such as the remembrance of the great good that has been effected in this room; the spirit of intelligence that has therein advanced—by which vice has been prevented; and let me add also, that no social virtue has been neglected. The entrance into such a place, where such principles reign, causes a holy sensation, which proves that good actions and good works are blessings flowing from the comprehensive examination of Masonry. May the Great Architect of the Universe instil into the heart of every Mason a deep sense of His might and mercy.

I shall thus close my address to you, invoking His blessing upon you all—and when it shall come to your turn to be called away, may you feel that hope which every well-regulated mind can alone rely upon.

EULOGY BY THE DUKE OF SUSSEX, G. M. OF ENGLAND, ON THE MASONIC CHARACTER OF KING WILLIAM IV.

IN the character of a Mason our noble King shone forth in splendor. Young and enthusiastic, when he first wore the Apprentice Apron, he has often declared that the moral impression made upon him at his initiation never could be effaced; and it may safely be affirmed that the principles of our blessed Order were so firmly fixed in his upright mind, that they tended to make clear what without them might have been difficult. As a Brother in Masonry, he acted as a faithful Craftsman; as a Master of his Lodge he protected its interests; and as Patron of the Order, he shed a luster around it the more brilliant from his private conduct, than from the regal splendor which emanated from the crown he wore.

LEVELING THE FOOTSTONE OF THE MASONIC MONUMENT TO SIR WALTER SCOTT, IN GLASGOW, IN 1837.

THE Magistrates of Glasgow, Gorbals, Calton, and Anderton, were in attendance, as well as the entire élite of the country, and the brethren of numerous Lodges, who were formed into a general procession, protected by troops of the 9th Lancers, and the 42d regiment of foot, from the Court Hall to St. George's Square, the site of the intended column. The Brethren, clothed in full masonic costume, and decorated with official and honorary jewels, marched four abreast; each Lodge being preceded by a band of music, and recognized by its appropriate banner. The proceedings were conducted with extraordinary regularity. When the Junior Lodge arrived at the entrance of St. George's Square it halted, and opened right and left, and so on with the other Lodges in succession, according to their seniority, in order to allow the Grand Lodge of Scotland to advance to the sight of the monumental column. On arriving, the Grand Master proclaimed silence, and the Rev. Dr. McLeod mounted a temporary rostrum erected for the occasion, and offered up an eloquent and impressive prayer. After which the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone was completed, with the usual masonic benediction.

The Grand Master (the Lord Provost) caused the Grand Treasurer and Grand Secretary to deposit the papers and coins in the cavity of the stone, the band playing "Great Lights to Shine," during which the stone was let down with three regular stops. The Grand Master, with the Sub-Grand Master, and Grand Wardens before them, then passed down to the stone, the Grand Master on the east, the Grand Wardens on the west, when the Grand Master said, "Right Worshipful Sub-Grand Master, you will cause the various implements to be applied to the stone, in order that it may be laid in its bed according to the rules of architecture." The Sub-Grand Master having then ordered the Wardens to do their duty,

The usual interrogatories were made as follows:—

*Grand Master.*—"Right Worshipful Sub-Grand Master, what is the proper Jewel of your office?" *Answer.*—"The Square." "Have you applied the Square to those parts of the stone that should be square?" *Ans.*—"I have, Most Worshipful Grand Master, and the Craftsmen have done their duty."

*Grand Master.*—"Right Worshipful Senior Grand Warden, what is the proper Jewel of your office?" *Answer.*—"The Level." "Have you applied the Level to the stone?" *Ans.*—"I have, Most Worshipful Grand Master, and the Craftsmen have done their duty."

*Grand Master.*—"Right Worshipful Junior Grand Warden, what is the proper Jewel of your office?" *Answer.*—"The Plumb." "Have you applied the Plumb to the several edges of the Stone?" *Ans.*—"I have, Most Worshipful Grand Master, and the Craftsmen have done their duty."

The Grand Master then said, "Having full confidence of your skill in the Royal Art, it remains with me now to finish our work." He then gave three knocks on the stone and said, "May this undertaking be conducted and completed by the Craftsmen according to the grand plan, in Peace, Love, and Harmony."—The music thereafter playing, "On, my dear Brethren," during which the cornucopia and cups, with the corn, wine, and oil, were given to the Sub-Grand Master, and the Senior and Junior Grand Wardens. These they delivered to the Grand

Master, in turn, who spread the corn, the wine and the oil on the stone, and pronounced the Grand Benediction—"May corn, wine, and oil, and all the necessaries of life, abound among men throughout the world, and may the blessing of the Supreme Grand Architect of the Universe be upon this undertaking, and may it be preserved to the latest ages, in order that it may promote the views for which this monument is to be erected." The Band then played the "Mason's Anthem," and the Grand Master returned to the platform. The music having ceased, the assembly was addressed by the P. G. M., who said:—

"Principal Macfarlane and Gentlemen: We have performed an act which, while it honors the dead, at the same time honors the living. By erecting a monument to departed genius, we leave to our posterity a tangible proof that the generations among whom Sir Walter Scott lived were in so far worthy of him, that they could appreciate his merit. We have been doing what, more perhaps than any other act, helps society forward in the road of social improvement. Every monument erected to a great and good man, is an ever fresh moral lesson to the public. We have been doing what tends to cement society—in all that concerns men—in the matters of public and domestic life—in the certainties of this world and the hopes of the next. There are, and in our nature there ever must be, a diversity of opinions and affections. Experience seems to teach, that in the society where these are most freely expressed—where men most freely emulate each other in endeavors to promote their favorite views—the greatest discoveries are made, and the greatest actions are performed. But rivalry and emulation alienate men and cultivate the less amiable passions. It is good, therefore, to seize on all those occasions which can reunite us in that love which is one of the best attributes of our nature; and what occasion can there be so well fitted for this purpose, as when men of every creed and every opinion which divide society, unite in common homage to the memory of some distinguished fellow-citizen. Their common administration teaches them that, however widely they may differ, they still

have one common nature, and that their points of resemblance form exactly what is noblest about them. There could not be a mind more admirably constituted for producing this desirable effect, than that of the great man whose memory we meet to honor. Those of his works which will live with the nation's language, are not controversial, stirring up strife; they are pictures of life, around which all men gather to derive enjoyment. Their distinguished features are the power of noting and expressing the peculiarities of character, as well as the fertility of invention. We, from whose fire-sides—from the living inmates of whose domestic circles his characters were drawn—can feel and attest their identity with nature. We have sat at table with—we have shaken hands with—we have quarrelled and been friends with—his Dandie Dinmonts, his Cuddie Headriggs, and last, though not least, his Baillie Nicol Jarvies. There can be no testimony to the truth of his portraits so strong and credible as ours. But it is from those less familiar with his prototypes that testimony must be borne of the power and originality of his genius. It has been left to posterity to bear this testimony. Already his fame has been echoed back to us by distant lands, in which a differently constituted society judges as impartially of his merits as the latest posterity will be able to do. It must be pardoned us if we indulge in a feeling of self-gratulation, that, while every anxiety has been expressed to pay a tribute to the memory of Sir Walter Scott, Glasgow has been first to realize the honorable intention. He has deserved it at our hands—his heart and imagination were wedded to the old chivalrous times—and yet no man has delineated with a more graphic hand, the peculiarities of the founders of that state of society in which we of this country live—the originators of that self-reliance and persevering enterprise which has changed the face of the whole country around us, and which will change it to something nobler and better still. Gentlemen, I return my sincere acknowledgments to all who have assisted me in the discharge of this pleasing and important duty. To the Brethren of the Grand Lodge: to the

Committee of management: to the members of the various Public Bodies who have favored us with their company: to the whole of my Fellow-Citizens, with whom solemnities like this draw closer the cords of love, first knit by more onerous, and therefore, more anxious ties: to all, this monument, when completed, must be an interesting object. To me it must be eminently so from the gratifying recollections it will ever awaken in my mind."

The very Rev. Principal Macfarlane returned thanks in an appropriate speech, at the conclusion of which the band struck up the Mason's Anthem, and the Brethren moved off to their respective Lodge-rooms.

DESCRIPTION OF A MASONIC FESTIVAL IN DUBLIN, JN 1842.

A GRAND Masonic fête was this year given in Dublin, by the Brethren of St. Patrick's Lodge, No. 50, to upwards of a thousand of the élite of that city, including the Viceroy, and her Excellency the Countess of Mulgrave and suite, who arrived at the Rotunda, where the entertainment was given, in six carriages, escorted by the 8th Hussars; and were received by Past Masters Baldwin, Tension, Wright, and Fitton; and a procession was formed to conduct the vice-regal party to the throne room. The apartments for dancing and refreshments were beautifully decorated with masonic banners and devices, and brilliantly illuminated with or-molu lusters, disposed with great taste and magnificence. The band of the Royal Fusileers, in full uniform, was in attendance. When the doors were opened, the throng of carriages commenced setting down their company in Cavendish Row, where a covered canopy, curtained with light blue mooreen, and carpeted with scarlet, had been erected for their reception.

When the rooms were filled, the scene was very gay and imposing. The radiant array of white and blue plumage; the exquisitely wrought dresses of every tint and hue which varied taste could suggest; the sparkling of diamonds, and eyes still brighter, flashing from the countless beauties whose presence graced this gorgeous assembly, combined with the various military uniforms, and the

costly insignia of the brethren, rich in "the grandeur and glory of jeweled gold," tended to lighten the effect and throw a pleasing variety over a scene which looked like a fairy festival in an Eastern romance.

The members appeared in the new uniform of the Lodge No. 50. The coat black, velvet collar and cuffs, lined in the skirts and breast with white satin; the button silver, having on it, in raised characters, the square and compasses surmounting the letters *S. P. L.* (St. Patrick's Lodge,) and underneath, the figures 50. The Brethren not departing from the cherished principles of Freemasonry, but, on the contrary, being anxious to promote employment amongst the impoverished weavers, appeared in tabinet or poplin vests of various colors, for the most part embroidered in gold or silver of the most elaborate workmanship. The Brethren of 50 being the hosts, in order to distinguish them from those enrolled under other warrants, wore rosettes of blue satin ribbon on their right arms.

The vice-regal party promenaded during the intervals of dancing; when an orchestral band, which was also in attendance, performed a *melange*, consisting of selections from Rossini's *Guillaume Tell*, the Overture of *Tancredi*, Mozart's *la Nozze di Figaro*, and other pieces of an equally popular description.

The banquet was conducted on a principle of unusual splendor, regardless of expense; and accommodations were made for a thousand persons. The Throne for the Master was placed on a platform one foot above the level of the chief table, and covered with crimson cloth. At the back were the Lodge banners crosswise, supporting a canopy of blue velvet, trimmed with gold bullion, etc. The figure of St. Patrick was emblazoned in the center of the frieze, which was conspicuously surrounded by the rose, thistle, and shamrock; descending from the proscenium, which was supported by allegorical figures, was a radiating star of seven points, in the center of which, in royal purple, were the initials *W. R.* most beautifully emblazoned, and presenting a complete *chef-d'œuvre* of art. In the center table was a marble bust of the Queen,

canopied with exotics, and surrounded with masonic and mythological devices, arches of confectionary, and *pieces montees* of burnished gold. The utmost order and regularity prevailed on this memorable occasion; and the most beautiful remark of Lord Mulgrave, after his health had been proposed by the W. M., merits the notice of every Free and Accepted Mason. His Excellency rose and said:

"He certainly must plead guilty to the charge of not being a member of the time-honored Order of Masonry. I regret," he added, "that I am obliged to admit this; my only consolation, and it is a great one, is, that I suffer under this defect in common with the entire of that part of the creation which is generally admitted to approach nearest to perfection; and no Irishman can venture to pronounce that to be a great error which is committed by all those lovely ladies around, whom it would be high treason against the laws of gallantry to deny to be faultless."

Having already exceeded the space which, in a brief and general history of the Craft can be appropriated to the proceedings of an individual lodge, we close our account of this most gratifying display. But it reflects credit to Freemasonry in general, and to the Members of "Fifty" in particular, to have thus succeeded in uniting the honors of Masonry and hospitality, by assembling together, under the masonic banner, not merely "the high and lofty ones of the earth," but also, as Bro. Ellis, who officiated as Chairman on this interesting occasion, very felicitously observed, in proposing the concluding toast:—

"A lovely band of ladies, culled from the garden of Irish beauty, and conducted by our fair and noble guest, the Countess of Mulgrave. To attempt a description of the leader, or of the band, were alike futile. To paint in words the bright eyes—the lips steeped in loveliness, and the golden hair in whose flowing locks love has this night spread a thousand nets, is altogether impossible, unless I were that favored fairy who spoke pearls; and to express our feelings towards the possessors of those beauties is equally impossible, unless my lips were touched with fire. To her Excellency, and to that lovely band, we owe every sentiment of pleasure and delight which we have this night experienced. They have spread happiness on every

side around them—they have poured upon our festival the very rosy light of beauty, and have made our banquet-hall (like the sea whence Venus sprang) to teem with all the graces. To say that Her Excellency's virtues and accomplishments render her worthy to be the leader of that band of beauty, is as high a compliment as can be paid, in my opinion, to any body; and yet not more than truth; and to declare that we desire to see Her Excellency often filling that distinguished station, is only to give utterance to a sentiment which is swelling at the heart, and bursting to the lips of every brother of the Order."

DESCRIPTION OF THE MASONIC TEMPLE AT  
CAPE OF GOOD HOPE, IN 1838.

In Table Valley, in a beautiful grove, stands the Dutch Lodge, consisting of two elegant buildings; one (the Temple,) appropriated entirely to the mysteries of the Craft. It contains a very spacious and elegantly adorned hall, something resembling Freemasons' Hall in London. In this room it is customary, on the death of a Brother, to invite the friends of the deceased. The Lodge is assembled, and the orator delivers an address, in which he sets forth the merits of the departed Brother. This is considered a mark of great respect towards the memory of the deceased. In this building are also rooms set apart for each Degree, and containing every requisite for each. The other building, separate from the former, consists of an elegant suite of banqueting room, committee rooms, and apartments for the housekeeper. From the walls of the banqueting-room are suspended portraits of the different Grand Masters and Past Masters. In this room, which is capable of accommodating from five to seven hundred guests, our Dutch Brethren give frequent entertainments to the fair sex, thus permitting the gentler portion of the human race to participate, if not in the mysteries, at least in the sweets of Freemasonry. In this Lodge there is a fund, amounting to several thousand pounds, from which the son of any member (indeed, we believe, any Mason, wishing to complete his edu-

cation in Europe, but whose circumstances will not admit of it, on forwarding an application to the Lodge, will, under certain regulations, be allowed an annual sum to enable him to carry out his intentions. On the return of the individual to the colony, and after having established himself in his profession, the sums received from the Lodge are repaid. There is also a school supported by the Lodge, for the instruction of the children of Masons. Our correspondent states that, some time ago, a letter was forwarded to the Grand Lodge of Holland, conveying the request of the Cape Masons to be relieved from their allegiance, as it was their intention to frame a constitution for their own government, and appoint their Grand Master.

OPENING OF A MASONIC BALL, IN 1840.

A FANCY dress ball is annually celebrated by the Lodge at Cork, for the benefit of the Masonic Female Orphan Asylum. In the present year, it was conducted on a scale of superior splendor, and was attended by the nobility and gentry for many miles round; and the military and naval officers assembled in great numbers. The opening of the ball was attended by a ceremony of great interest. The Master, Wardens, and Members of the First Lodge of Ireland, covered with their various medals, ornaments and jewels, emblematic of the Ancient Craft, having on their collars, aprons, and decorations of the Royal Arch and Knights Templar, marched in procession to the top of the room, the Scot's Greys playing the favorite air, "The Freemason's March." On arriving at the end of the room, the Master took the Chair, and the Senior and Junior Wardens at either side. The Members of the Lodge then formed a circle, and the Master having saluted the company with all the honors, dancing immediately commenced. The amusements were kept up with great spirit till five o'clock in the morning, when the company separated, highly delighted with their treat. The ball realized for the charity, after all expenses were paid, upwards of two hundred pounds.



THE MECHANISM OF MASONRY IS  
SYMBOLICAL OF ITS CONNECTION WITH  
THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.—BY BRO.  
G. W. OLIVER, D.D.

ENTER on this subject with extreme circumspection, aware that the nature of our peculiar ceremonies cannot be exhibited in a printed form. The meager outline only of masonic mechanism can be described, and that with the utmost care and delicacy; and therefore, if my subject should fail to produce conviction, it will not be attributable to the inadequacy of its merits,—because our mechanism is the sacred fountain whence the stream of its morality flows—but from the contracted limits by which the argument must be necessarily bounded. I shall perhaps, however, be able to show, even from the scanty use of these forbidden materials, that Masonry is a religious institution; for each individual ceremony, how insignificant soever it may appear when standing alone, is still a star which sheds its luster on religion, and the whole united system is a bright and burning constellation, which blazes amidst the darkness with unfading splendor, and proclaims with the voice of angels, Glory to God, peace on earth, good will towards men!—So mote it be.

The first important act which takes place at the establishment of a masonic lodge, is the business of dedication and consecration. This act is a solemn appropriation of Masonry to God; as the lodge is, at the same time, inscribed to St. John the Evangelist, who finished by his learning what the Baptist began by his zeal; and these are the two burning and shining Lights on earth, which illuminate our journey as we travel on to attain the third Great Light in heaven.

The ceremonies which are technically termed opening and closing<sup>1</sup> the lodge, come next to be spoken of. These are solemn rites, and derive their excellence from the name of that Being whose blessing is invoked, and whose assistance is humbly supplicated, before we can engage in any of the important business of Masonry with a rational hope of success. After the lodge is closed, the Brethren

<sup>1</sup> For a description of these ceremonies, vide Preston's Illustrations, Book 2, Sec. 6.

are dismissed with a prayer of gratitude, as the incense of an evening sacrifice, for the protection afforded by the great Author of Good, not only to the few individuals present, but to the Fraternity at large, wheresoever dispersed under the wide and lofty canopy of heaven.

The Lodge being opened with solemn prayer, and impressed with the conviction that the *All-seeing Eye* above observes and notes our actions, we proceed to the initiation of candidates by progressive steps or degrees. This plan of gradual admission to our privileges is sanctioned by the practice of every system of true religion which has flourished in the world. The patriarchal scheme had its three separate degrees of perfection. The Jews had their three sorts of proselytes, and three orders of the priesthood; and the early Christians their Rulers, Believers, and Catechumens, each corresponding with the three degrees of Masonry.

The admission into the first degree is on a certain text of Scripture, sanctified by a firm reliance on the protection of God. The reception is by prayer; the candidate is bound by solemn obligations to keep faith with his Brethren;<sup>2</sup> and the

<sup>2</sup> The oaths of ancient nations differed in their nature and tendency. A most solemn oath was confirmed by an appeal to Jupiter, or any other celestial god; but on ordinary occasions they swore by the living or the dead; by their hands, feet, or head; by the thigh, which was an emblem of Noah's ark; by these members in any other person; and an oath sanctified by an appeal to the head of a king, or a hero, was considered most solemn and binding; for the head being esteemed the seat of reason, it was deemed impious to violate a deliberate appeal to so noble a part of the human frame. Some think the appeal was made to the head because it was the symbol of health. The soldier, the artificer, the husbandman, each swore by an implement of his calling.

These oaths were variously confirmed; by lifting up the hands to heaven, by placing them on the altar, or on a stone, or in the hands of the person administering the oath, etc.; and a most solemn method of confirming an oath was by placing a drawn sword across the throat of the person to whom it was administered, and invoking heaven, earth, and sea to witness the ratification. "It was very usual," says Potter, (*Arch. Græc.* c. 2, l. 6.) "to add a solemn imprecation to their oaths, either for the satisfaction of the person by whom the oath was imposed, or to lay a more inviolable obligation on themselves, lest they should at any time repent of their purpose, and take contrary measures to what they then resolved

*Illumination* is performed in the name of the Divinity. The aspirant, with his face to the East, fancies he beholds, in succession, the place where Adam enjoyed the happiest period of his existence; the place where Christianity was revealed to man; the place where the star proclaimed the birth of Jesus; the place where Christ was crucified, and the place where he ascended into heaven. The East was always accounted holy;<sup>3</sup> and hence, our Savior was termed ORIENS,

upon." And the same author gives the following examples.

This penalty is taken from Sophocles—

"Curses attend you if e'er false you prove;  
Your days in bitter sorrows may you live,  
And when Fate calls (but may that lingering  
come!)

*May your dead corpse no fit interment find,"* etc.

And this from Homer—

"While streams of pour'd-out wine dye all the way,  
Thus they address the gods—  
'Great, mighty Jove, and all ye Powers divine,  
Whose justice suffers no unpunished sin,  
Bear witness to the solemn vows we make,  
And grant the party which them first shall  
break,  
Whoe'er it be, as now the ground wine stains,  
May so o'erspread it with their dashed-out  
brains.'"

The memory of a great and good man was, in ancient times, distinguished with a splendid funeral, and a tumulus of extraordinary magnitude, surmounted by a pillar, on which the name and good qualities of the deceased were usually inscribed; whilst criminals, or perjured persons, were denied the rights of sepulture; and as an eternal mark of disgrace and infamy, their bodies were cast into the ground unburnt, and thus exposed to putrefaction; a calamity more dreaded than death itself, *their bowels being first taken out and burnt, and the ashes scattered to the four winds of heaven.*

<sup>3</sup> The East was considered a fortunate quarter by all the world, because of the light, heat, and vigor which the sun communicates to mankind from that part of the heavens; and the West unfortunate, because of the Sun's departure. The Scholiast upon Sophocles (Ajæc. v, l. 84) says that the right hand, or the East, signifies Prudence, and the left hand, or West, Folly. *Αρίστερα οί παλαιοί τῶ μὲρῶ ἐκάλουν, δεξία δὲ τὰ συνετά.*

All omens were deemed propitious which appeared in the East, and the contrary if exhibited in the West.

"I am told by a learned friend," says Sir John Malcolm, in his History of Persia (c. 7.) "that the Hebrew term for EAST, means *before*; WEST, *behind*; SOUTH, the *right*, and the NORTH, *obscure* or *concealed*. The three first of these terms denote the position of an adorer of the sun; the last describes the *darkness* with which the first inhabitants of the earth believed the northern part of the globe to be enveloped."

from an impression of the superior sanctity of his person.<sup>4</sup> A white apron, made of the purest lamb-skin, is presented to him, which, he is told, derives its distinction from the purity of its color, emblematical of innocence; which is an affection of the mind that all human honors are ineffectual to bestow. But it possesses a still higher and more glorious reference; it is a symbol of the innocence and perfection of the Christian life, which makes *the Lamb without a spot*, a model for its imitation, and looks to futurity for a *crown* of glory, and a *scepter* of peace. The early catechumens, when they were admitted to the first degree of Christianity, were invested with a white garment, accompanied by this solemn charge: "Receive the white and undefiled garment, and produce it without spot before the tribunal of our Lord Jesus Christ, that you may obtain eternal life." And this is made a distinguished reward, even to the saints in heaven,<sup>5</sup> for their success in combating the three great earthly powers, the world, the flesh, and the devil.

The candidate is taken by the right hand, as a proof of friendship and faithfulness; for the right hand was always esteemed an eminent symbol of fidelity. In all compacts and agreements it was usual to take each other by the right hand, that being the manner of plighting faith; and this was done, either out of the respect they had to the number ten, as some say, there being ten fingers in the two hands; or because such a conjunction was a token of amity and concord; whence, at all friendly meetings,

<sup>4</sup> The East or dayspring—Oriens, *Ανατολή*, was a term used to designate the Redeemer of mankind. In the application of this word, some distinctions have been made, *απο ανατολων*, means from the East; by *ανατολαί*, the rising of stars in general is signified; and by *ἡ ανατολή*, the rising of a particular star in the East. *Ανατόλη*, however, with the Cabalists, denoted the *eternal Wisdom of God*, which is, indeed, the same as the *eternal Word of God*, or Christ. And thus the Fathers, when they prayed, turned their eyes toward the East, or in other words, toward the Savior, who was crucified with his face toward the West. Clemens Alexandrinus says, we pray toward the East, *προς την εσθινην ανατολην αι ευχαί*; and gives as a reason for the custom, that the East is the birth of the day, and the source of light, *γενεθλιου ημερας εικων η ανατολη.*

<sup>5</sup> Rev. c. iii, v. 5.

they joined hands, as a design of the union of their souls; and the right hand seems to have been used rather than the left, because it was more honorable, as being the instrument by which superiors give commands to those below them; whence Crinagoras, in an epigram, saith, it was impossible that all the enemies in the world should ever prevail against Rome,

“While godlike Cæsar shall a *right hand* have  
Fit for command.”<sup>6</sup>

The aspirant is then shown the three *greater and lesser lights* of Masonry;<sup>7</sup> the former as rules of faith and practice, and the latter to express the regularity and usefulness of the creatures which God has graciously formed for the use of man.<sup>8</sup> The *form and dimensions* of the lodge now engage his attention, while he is taught the invaluable lessons which they inculcate.<sup>9</sup> “When we look into a Mason’s lodge, we behold it ex-

tending from the heavens to the center of the earth. High as the heavens, we behold Him who is the Manager of all creation, in the exercise of His wisdom and power. Deeper than hell, we see him carrying on redemption, beyond the narrow limits of all human philanthropy, saving not only a part, but the whole; saying unto Death, ‘I will be thy plagues;’ and unto hell, ‘I will be thy destruction;’ breaking all its massy doors, and setting its despairing prisoners free. Look we *from the East to the West, from the North to the South*, we see the seasons roll their usual round of uninterrupted variety. First comes smiling Spring, in all her tender softness; the fostering sun, the moistening shower, all the pleasing promises of plenty. Next shoots the Summer’s sun in full perfection, to bless the ripening year; which Autumn, with her full-fed fatness, showers upon the earth for man’s enjoyment; and even when surly Winter blows, we lose its essence of intention, if, even in that inclement moment, we ever lose sight of a *God of Love*.”<sup>10</sup>

There are innumerable ceremonies attached to this degree, which have a similar reference, but I am withheld from introducing them here, for obvious reasons; but it will be plainly perceived that they are calculated to promote the glory of God, as well as the happiness of man, from the specimen already given; for they leave an impression of peculiar solemnity on the candidate’s mind, which is seldom effaced to the latest hour of his existence. Our ceremonies embrace such a wide extent of illustration, that their full import cannot be wholly developed within the limits of a single lecture: much appropriation of talent, and much deliberate investigation, must be used by the Mason who would become master of the science, or even elucidate the hidden meaning of all our forms, symbols, and ceremonies. The comprehensive nature of Masonry affords full scope to exercise the abilities of any friend of scientific research; while all its illustrations are accompanied with a warm glow of devotion which will penetrate the most indolent, and make him feel and acknowledge his dependence on the gracious Author of his being.

<sup>6</sup> Potter’s Arch. Græc., l. 2, c. 6.

<sup>7</sup> “As the golden candlestick,” says Hutchinson, “in the Tabernacle of Moses, was at once emblematical of the Spirit of God, whereby his chosen people were enlightened, and prophetic of the churches; or otherwise, as Josephus says, representative of the planets and the powerful works of God; so our *Three Lights* show to us the three great stages of Masonry, the knowledge and worship of the God of Nature in the purity of Eden, the service under the Mosaic law, when divested of idolatry, and the Christian revelation. Or otherwise, our Lights are typical of the Holy Trinity.”

<sup>8</sup> The Sun, the Moon, and the Master of the Lodge. The Sun, as the ruler of the day; the Moon, as the silver queen of night; the regularity of whose appearance, with the uniform course of the Sun, converts them into parts of a triangular type, which is completed by the addition of the W. M., whose stated periods of attendance to discharge the important duties of his office, ought to be formed on the model of those two luminaries, never deviating, but always punctual and correct.

<sup>9</sup> The form of the lodge is an oblong square, or double cube, of extensive dimension. The double cube was esteemed sacred all over the world, as an expressive emblem of the powers of light and darkness, proceeding from the chaotic egg. The Chinese adored the Divinity under this form; and the inhabitants of Stony Arabia worshiped a black cubical stone. The oracle at Delphos recommended doubling the cubical altar of Apollo as a means of stopping a destructive pestilence which raged amongst the people; and even the true religion had its cubical altars, by the express direction of God himself, for the ark and the altar of incense were *double cubes*. (*Exodus*, c. xxxvii., v. 1, 25).

<sup>10</sup> Inwood.

Masonry, like all other sciences, can not be attained without assiduous and diligent labor; for the signs and tokens of external communication are but the keys of the cabinet in which all our valuable knowledge is stored up. Without initiation, this knowledge is unattainable; and initiation, without subsequent research, is an acquisition which can scarcely be pronounced desirable; but he who uses the keys of our treasure with *freedom, fervency, and zeal*; or, in the language of Masonry, he who keeps them highly polished with *chalk, charcoal, and clay*, will find a precious jewel at every step he takes; and while he presses on with ardor in the pursuit of knowledge and virtue, he may be certain of attaining the rich prize he has in view.

The Fellow Craft, like the entered Apprentice, is admitted in the name of God; and is received and consecrated by prayer. He enters between the two great pillars, which are emblems of the *strength of mind and stability of disposition* which he must display in his new character as a Mason; not only to promote his own ultimate benefit, but that the Order in which he has enrolled himself may not be exposed to public censure from the licentiousness of his propensities, or the irregularity of his conduct. Before he can participate in the privileges of this degree, the candidate must ascend a winding staircase, after having safely passed the pillars of strength and stability. This staircase consists of *eleven* steps, and *five* divisions. As he ascends the *first* step he is taught the unity of the Godhead, who created the world by his power and governs it by his wisdom and justice. At the *third* step he is reminded that this one sacred Being comprehends three distinct persons, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. He is instructed also in the nature of the three dispensations, the Patriarchal, the Jewish, and the Christian. At the *fifth* step his progress is again arrested to explain the goodness of Providence in man's behalf, by the distribution of the five external senses; hearing, seeing, feeling, tasting, and smelling; all of which he has also bestowed on the brutes; but to stamp a decided ascendancy on the lord of the creation, he

endowed him with the attribute of reason, that he might be enabled to convert the gifts of Heaven to his own eternal welfare. Hence the necessity of a diligent application of his inestimable present, to the service equally of such human sciences as are placed by the Almighty within the reach of his capacity, and of the study of religion, and the worship of God. To keep the reasoning faculty in exercise, the five noble orders of architecture are proposed as subjects of contemplation and research; and this being a progressive study, if carried to perfection, will fill the mind with lofty and comprehensive ideas of God and his works. Here, too, the candidate is reminded of the five remarkable points in the ever-blessed career of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. A regular series of consequences, affecting our temporal and eternal welfare, are deduced from his birth, his life, his death, his resurrection, and his ascension. Bending in reverence before the awful subject, the candidate proceeds to the *seventh*<sup>11</sup> step, where his instructor points out the seven liberal sciences as objects of his rational ambition; and acquaints him that a perfect knowledge of grammar, rhetoric, logic, arithmetic, geometry, music, and astronomy, will lead him "through Nature up to Nature's God," and elevate his mind to the contemplation of heavenly

<sup>11</sup> The number SEVEN has been considered, in every age of the world, as possessing extraordinary qualities; and this belief was most probably derived from the creation being completed in seven days. The patriarchal sacrifices were usually offered by sevens; and the number of many things recorded in the Apocalypse are seven. This number, among the Cabalists, denoted universality; and amongst the Pythagoreans it was termed *σάββατον ζήσιος, worthy of veneration*. They pronounced it perfect, and most fit for religious purposes. And Bishop Horsley says, "I am persuaded that the choice of the number seven was a solemn and significant appropriation of the offerings of the Supreme God, the Maker of the world." (*Dis. on Proph.*)

On the seventh day of each lunar month, in Greece, says Archbishop Potter, was a festival in honor of Apollo, to whom all seventh days were sacred; because one of them was his birthday, whence he was sometimes called *Εβδομαχνης*. The story we have in Hesiod—

. . . . . και εβδομη ιερον ημερ  
Τη γαρ Απολλωνα χρυσασορα χρινατο Λητω.  
. . . . . "the seventh day is sacred,  
'Cause Phœbus then was of Latona born."

things; preparing him, by gradual approaches to perfection here, for a full display of light and knowledge in a future state. When the candidate has arrived at the summit of the winding staircase, by ascending the *eleventh* step, he is reminded of the miraculous preservation of Joseph, who preceded his eleven brethren into Egypt under the direction of God, that he might be the means of preserving his whole race from the effects of the seven years' famine, which raged with unaccustomed violence throughout all the East. He is further put in mind of the treachery of Judas Iscariot, who betrayed his Master; and being seized with an agonizing remorse of conscience, which rendered life insupportable, he violently terminated his own existence, and reduced the number of Apostles to eleven. The closely-tiled door of the middle chamber then gives way at his word, and he enters to behold the superb illumination of that blazing central star, which refers to the God of his creation; and the mystical application of the successive numbers of 3, 5, 7, and 11, is explained to signify the GREAT JEHOVAH, who is so brilliantly represented in the chamber to which that staircase leads; for in the Hebrew notation, I represents 10, the sum of 7+3, A 5, and H 11.

A certain part of the mechanism attached to this degree cannot be exposed; in fact, it requires years and experience, patient industry and laborious toil, to become acquainted with all the subjects embraced by this comprehensive step; and he whose various talent shall allow him to conquer all the impediments opposed to his advancement in the knowledge of Fellow-craft Masonry, will be eminently entitled to the honorable distinction of a master of science, and a perfect moralist.

The ceremonies of the third degree are introduced by a prayer expressive of the feeble and inefficient nature of man without the blessing of God's assistance; and the duration of that eternity to which death is the avenue, is depicted by circumambulation. The candidate is burdened with ceremonies, to denote the galling nature of the Jewish dispensation, even when at its highest stage of perfection. The surrounding idolaters,

envying privileges which appeared to insure the favor of the Deity, determined to become possessed of these invaluable secrets, or to extirpate the Jewish nation. The Jews, refusing to abandon their religion to the profanations of idolatry, finally suffered a moral death in the extermination of their polity. The three assassins were the Assyrians, the Chaldeans, and the Romans. The first *blow* which this dispensation received was inflicted by Shalmanezzer, who carried the ten tribes into captivity, from which they never returned. The second *blow* was still more severe. It was inflicted by Nebuchadnezzar, who utterly destroyed their city and temple, and carried the two remaining tribes to Babylon. Weakened, but not destroyed by these attacks, they rebuilt their temple, and assumed the semblance of their former system of worship, though much deteriorated, from the loss of many valuable privileges. At length came the ruffian band, more determined than either of the former, under the command of Herod, who gave the *death-blow* to their civil and religious liberties by the conquest of Jerusalem, and the reduction of Judea to the state of a Roman province, over which this tyrant, not of their own regal line, nor even a Jew, was appointed king. The old law was now *dead*, and was become perfect *rotteness*; *her tomb was in the rubbish and filth cast forth of the temple, and accacia wove its branches over her monument. They attempted to raise her from the dead, but she fell from their grasp, a mass of putrefaction*; until at length the resurrection of Jesus cemented the bands of Christian fellowship, and formed an indissoluble chain of connection, of which Christianity was the basis, amongst all mankind who were inclined to comply with the terms of initiation into the covenant of grace.

Here, then, the perfected Mason feels and acknowledges the power of Religion over the soul, by a full and striking proof of that resurrection from the dead, which is the precursor to a new accession of light and knowledge, that bursts upon him like an ethereal flood, and leaves him astonished at his own acquisitions.

The symbols, the tokens, the landmarks of the Order, are now fully entrusted to

his care; but lest he should be too highly elated by his newly-acquired privileges, a most solemn charge is delivered, reminding him that though he is now ranked with those distinguished few to whom the appellation of Master-Mason may with propriety be applied, yet he is still, in the sight of God, only a weak and fallible mortal; that death may in an instant deprive him of that knowledge which it is his province to improve; and that the talent committed to his charge cannot, without danger, be hid in a napkin, but must be profitably and actively employed to the salvation of his soul.

This is the mechanism of three degrees of Masonry most admirably constructed to enforce the great truths of morality and Religion; and I see not how it can fail to produce that salutary impression on every mind, except it be distorted by innovations, prostituted by a deviation from the ancient landmarks, and thus converted into the mere shibboleth of a sect or party. But Masonry, in its broad and permanent acceptation, is the handmaid of Religion, and if practiced with this fundamental principle in view, may assist us in profitably running our race on earth, that at the final consummation of all things we may receive the reward of our faith, even a joyful exaltation to the blessed mansions of eternal felicity.



OF THE QUALIFICATIONS OF CANDIDATES.

BY A. G. MACKAY, M. D.

**T**HE qualifications of a candidate for initiation into the mysteries of Freemasonry, are four-fold in their character—moral, physical, intellectual, and political.

The moral character is intended to secure the respectability of the Order, because, by the worthiness of its candidates, their virtuous deportment, and good reputation, will the character of the institution be judged, while the admission of irreligious libertines and contemners of the moral law would necessarily impair its dignity and honor.

The physical qualifications of a candidate contribute to the utility of the Order,

because he who is deficient in any of his limbs or members, and who is not in the possession of all his natural senses and endowments, is unable to perform, with pleasure to himself or credit to the fraternity, those peculiar labors in which all should take an equal part. He thus becomes a drone in the hive, and so far impairs the usefulness of the lodge, as “a place where Freemasons assemble to work, and to instruct and improve themselves in the mysteries of their ancient science.”

The intellectual qualifications refer to the security of the Order; because they require that its mysteries shall be confided only to those whose mental developments are such as to enable them properly to appreciate, and faithfully to preserve from imposition, the secrets thus entrusted to them. It is evident, for instance, that an idiot could neither understand the hidden doctrines that might be communicated to him, nor could he so secure such portions as he might remember, in the “depository of his heart,” as to prevent the designing knave from worming them out of him; for, as the wise Solomon has said, “a fool’s mouth is his destruction, and his lips are the snare of his soul.”

The political qualifications are intended to maintain the independence of the Order; because its obligations and privileges are thus confided only to those who, from their position in society, are capable of obeying the one, and of exercising the other without the danger of let or hindrance from superior authority.

Of the moral, physical and political qualifications of a candidate there can be no doubt, as they are distinctly laid down in the ancient charges and constitutions. The intellectual are not so readily decided.

These four-fold qualifications may be briefly summed up in the following axioms.

*Morally*, the candidate must be a man of irreproachable conduct, a believer in the existence of God, and living “under the tongue of good report.”

*Physically*, he must be a man of at least twenty-one years of age, upright in body, with the senses of a man, not deformed or dismembered, but with hale and entire limbs as a man ought to be.

*Intellectually*, he must be a man in the full possession of his intellects, not so young that his mind shall not have been formed, nor so old that it shall have fallen into dotage; neither a fool, an idiot, nor a madman; and with so much education as to enable him to avail himself of the teachings of Masonry, and to cultivate at his leisure a knowledge of the principles and doctrines of our royal art.

*Politically*, he must be in the unrestrained enjoyment of his civil and personal liberty, and this, too, by the birthright of inheritance, and not by its subsequent acquisition, in consequence of his release from hereditary bondage.

The lodge which strictly demands these qualifications of its candidates may have fewer members than one less strict, but it will undoubtedly have better ones.

But the importance of the subject demands for each class of the qualifications a separate section, and a more extended consideration.

#### SECTION I.

##### *Of the Moral Qualifications of Candidates.*

The old charges state, that "a Mason is obliged by his tenure to obey the moral law." It is scarcely necessary to say, that the phrase, "moral law," is a technical expression of theology, and refers to the Ten Commandments, which are so called, because they define the regulations necessary for the government of the morals and manners of men. The habitual violation of any one of these commands would seem, according to the spirit of the Ancient Constitutions, to disqualify a candidate for Masonry.

The same charges go on to say, in relation to the religious character of a Mason, that he should not be "a stupid atheist, nor an irreligious libertine." A denier of the existence of a Supreme Architect of the Universe cannot, of course, be obligated as a Mason, and, accordingly, there is no landmark more certain than that which excludes every atheist from the Order.

The word "libertine" has, at this day, a meaning very different from what it bore when the old charges were compiled. It then signified what we now call a "free-thinker;" or disbeliever in the divine revelation of the Scriptures. This

rule would therefore greatly abridge the universality and tolerance of the Institution, were it not for the following qualifying clause in the same instrument:—

"Though in ancient times Masons were charged in every country to be of the religion of that country or nation, whatever it was, yet it is now thought more expedient only to oblige them to that religion in which all men agree, leaving their particular opinions to themselves; that is, to be good men and true, or men of honor and honesty, by whatever denominations or persuasions they may be distinguished."

The construction now given universally to the religious qualification of a candidate, is simply that he shall have a belief in the existence and superintending control of a Supreme Being.

These old charges, from which we derive the whole of our doctrine as to the moral qualifications of a candidate, further prescribe as to the political relations of a Mason, that he is to be "a peaceable subject to the civil powers, wherever he resides or works, and is never to be concerned in plots and conspiracies against the peace and welfare of the nation, nor to behave himself undutifully to inferior magistrates. He is cheerfully to conform to every lawful authority; to uphold on every occasion the interest of the community, and zealously promote the prosperity of his own country."

Such being the characteristics of a true Mason, the candidate who desires to obtain that title, must show his claim to the possession of these virtues; and hence the same charges declare, in reference to these moral qualifications, that "The persons made Masons, or admitted members of a lodge, must be good and true men—no immoral or scandalous men, but of good report."

#### SECTION II.

##### *Of the Physical Qualifications of Candidates.*

The physical qualifications of a candidate refer to his sex, his age, and the condition of his limbs.

The first and most important requisite of a candidate is, that he shall be "a man." No woman can be made a Mason.

This landmark is so indisputable, that it would be wholly superfluous to adduce

any arguments or authority in its support.

As to age, the old charges prescribe the rule, that the candidate must be "of mature and discreet age." But what is the precise period when one is supposed to have arrived at this maturity and discretion, cannot be inferred from any uniform practice of the craft in different countries. The provisions of the civil law, which make twenty-one the age of maturity, have, however, been generally followed. In this country the regulation is general, that the candidate must be twenty-one years of age. Such, too, was the regulation adopted by the General Assembly, which met on the 27th Dec., 1663, and which prescribed that "no person shall be accepted unless he be twenty-one years old or more."<sup>1</sup> In Prussia, the candidate is required to be twenty-five; in England, twenty-one,<sup>2</sup> "unless by dispensation from the Grand Master, or Provincial Grand Master; in Ireland, twenty-one, except "by dispensation from the Grand Master, or the Grand Lodge"; in France, twenty-one, unless the candidate be the son of a Mason who has rendered important service to the craft, with the consent of his parent or guardian, or a young man who has served six months with his corps in the army—such persons may be initiated at eighteen; in Switzerland, the age of qualification is fixed at twenty-one, and in Frankfort-on-Mayn, at twenty. In this country, as I have already observed, the regulation of 1663 is rigidly enforced, and no candidate, who has not arrived at the age of twenty-one, can be initiated.

Our ritual excludes "an old man in his dotage" equally with a young man under age." But as dotage signifies imbecility of mind, this subject will be more properly considered under the head of intellectual qualifications.

"The physical qualifications, which refer to the condition of the candidate's body and limbs, have given rise, within a few years past, to a great amount of discussion and much variety of opinion.

The regulation contained in the old charges of 1721, which requires the candidate to be "a perfect youth," has in some jurisdictions been rigidly enforced to the very letter of the law, while in others it has been so completely explained away as to mean any thing or nothing. Thus, in South Carolina, where the rule is rigid, the candidate is required to be neither deformed nor dismembered, but of hale and entire limbs, as a man ought to be, while in Maine, a deformed person may be admitted, provided "the deformity is not such as to prevent him from being instructed in the arts and mysteries of Freemasonry."

The first written law which we find on this subject is that which was enacted by the General Assembly held in 1663, under the Grand Mastership of the Earl of St. Albans, and which declares "that no person shall hereafter be accepted a Freemason but such as are of *able body*."<sup>3</sup>

Twenty years after, in the reign of James II., or about the year 1683, it seems to have been found necessary, more exactly to define the meaning of this expression, "of able body," and accordingly we find, among the charges ordered to be read to a Master on his installation, the following regulation:

"Thirdly, that he that be made be able in all degrees; that is, free-born, of a good kindred, true, and no bondsman, and that *he have his right limbs as a man ought to have*."<sup>4</sup>

The old charges, published in the original Book of Constitutions in 1723, contain the following regulation:

"No Master should take an Apprentice, unless he be a perfect youth having no maim or defect that may render him incapable of learning the art."

Notwithstanding the positive demand for *perfection*, and the positive and explicit declaration that he must have *no maim or defect*, the remainder of the sentence has, within a few years past, by some Grand Lodges, been considered as a qualifying clause, which would permit the admission of candidates whose physical

<sup>1</sup> Oliver's Preston, p. 163, note (U. M. L., vol. iii, p. 135.)

<sup>2</sup> Such is the provision in the modern constitutions of England, but the 4th of the 39 Regulations required the candidate to be at least twenty-five.

<sup>3</sup> See these regulations in Preston, p. 162, Oliver's ed. (U. M. L., vol. iii, p. 135.)

<sup>4</sup> Oliver's Preston, p. 72, (U. M. L., vol. iii, p. 59.)



defects did not exceed a particular point. But, in perfection there can be no degrees of comparison, and he who is required to be perfect, is required to be so without modification or diminution. That which is *perfect* is complete in all its parts, and by a deficiency in any portion of its constituent materials it becomes not, less perfect, (which expression would be a solecism in grammar,) but at once by the deficiency ceases to be perfect at all—it then becomes imperfect. In the interpretation of a law, “words,” says Blackstone, “are generally to be understood in their usual and most known signification,” and then “perfect” would mean, “complete, entire, neither defective nor redundant.” But another source of interpretation is, the “comparison of a law with other laws, that are made by the same legislator, that have some affinity with the subject, or that expressly relate to the same point.”<sup>6</sup> Applying this law of the jurists, we shall have no difficulty in arriving at the true signification of the word “perfect,” if we refer to the regulation of 1683, of which the clause in question appears to have been an exposition. Now, the regulation of 1683 says, in explicit terms, that the candidate must “*have his right limbs as a man ought to have.*” Comparing the one law with the other, there can be no doubt that the requisition of Masonry is and always has been, that admission could only be granted to him who was neither deformed nor dismembered, but of hale and entire limbs as a man should be.

But another, and, as Blackstone terms it, “the most universal and effectual way of discovering the true meaning of a law” is, to consider “the reason and spirit of it, or the cause which moved the legislator to enact it.” Now, we must look for the origin of the law requiring physical perfection not to the formerly operative character of the institution, (for there never was a time when it was not speculative as well as operative,) but to its symbolic nature. In the ancient temple, every stone was required to be *perfect*, for a perfect stone was the symbol of truth. In our mystic association, every Mason represents a stone in that spiritual

temple, “that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens,” of which the temple of Solomon was the type. Hence it is required that he should present himself, like the perfect stone in the material temple, a perfect man in the spiritual building. “The symbolic relation of each member of the Order to its mystic temple, forbids the idea,” says Bro. W. S. Rockwell, of Georgia,<sup>6</sup> “that its constituent portions, its living stones, should be less perfect or less a type of their great original, than the immaculate material which formed the earthly dwelling-place of the God of their adoration.” If, then, as I presume it will be readily conceded, by all except those who erroneously suppose the institution to have been once wholly operative and afterwards wholly speculative, perfection is required in a candidate, not for the physical reason that he may be enabled to give the necessary signs of recognition, but because the defect would destroy the symbolism of that perfect stone which every Mason is supposed to represent in the spiritual temple, we thus arrive at a knowledge of the causes which moved the legislators of Masonry to enact the law, and we see at once, and without doubt, that the words *perfect youth* are to be taken in an unqualified sense, as signifying one who has “his right limbs as a man ought to have.”<sup>7</sup>

It is, however, but fair to state that the remaining clause of the old charge, which asserts that the candidate must have no maim or defect that may render him incapable of learning the art, has been supposed to intend a modification of the word “perfect,” and to permit the admission of one whose maim or defect was not of such a nature as to prevent his learning the art of Masonry. But I would respectfully suggest that a criticism of this kind is based upon a mistaken view of the import of the words. The sentence is not that the candidate must have no such maim or defect as might, by possibility,

<sup>6</sup> In an able report on this subject, in the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Georgia, for 1852. In accordance with the views there expressed, Bro. Rockwell decided officially, as District Deputy Grand Master, in 1851, that a man who had lost one eye was not admissible.

<sup>7</sup> Potter, 184.

<sup>6</sup> Blackstone, *Com. I.*, *Introd.*, § 2.

prevent him from learning the art; though this is the interpretation given by those who are in favor of admitting slightly maimed candidates. It is, on the contrary, so worded as to give a consequential meaning to the word "that." He must have no maim or defect *that* may render him incapable; that is, *because*, by having such maim or defect, he would be rendered incapable of acquiring our art.

In the Ahiman Rezon, published by Laurence Dermott in 1764, and adopted for the government of the Grand Lodge of Ancient York Masons in England, and many of the Provincial Grand and subordinate lodges of America, the regulation is laid down that candidates must be "men of good report, free-born, of mature age, not deformed nor dismembered at the time of their making, and no woman or eunuch." It is true that at the present day this book possesses no legal authority among the craft; but I quote it, to show what was the interpretation given to the ancient law by a large portion, perhaps a majority, of the English and American Masons in the middle of the eighteenth century.

A similar interpretation seems at all times to have been given by the Grand Lodges of the United States, with the exception of some, who, within a few years past, have begun to adopt a more latitudinarian construction.

In Pennsylvania it was declared, in 1783, that candidates are not to be "deformed or dismembered at the time of their making."

In South Carolina the book of Constitutions, first published in 1807, requires that "every person desiring admission must be upright in body, not deformed or dismembered at the time of making, but of hale and entire limbs, as a man ought to be."

In the "Ahiman Rezon and Masonic Ritual," published by order of the Grand Lodge of North Carolina and Tennessee, in the year 1805, candidates are required to be "hale and sound, not deformed or dismembered at the time of their making."<sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> Page 18. In December, 1851, the Committee of Correspondence of North Carolina, unregardful of the rigid rule of their predecessors, decided that maimed candidates might be initiated, "pro-

Maryland, in 1826, sanctioned the Ahiman Rezon of Cole, which declares the law in precisely the words of South Carolina, already quoted.

In 1823, the Grand Lodge of Missouri unanimously adopted a report, which declared that all were to be refused admission who were not "sound in mind and all their members," and she adopted a resolution asserting that "the Grand Lodge cannot grant a letter or dispensation to a subordinate lodge working under its jurisdiction, to initiate any person maimed, disabled, or wanting the qualifications established by ancient usage."<sup>9</sup>

But it is unnecessary to multiply instances. There never seems to have been any deviation from the principle that required absolute physical perfection, until, within a few years, the spirit of expediency<sup>10</sup> has induced some Grand Lodges to propose a modified construction of the law, and to admit those whose maims or deformities were not such as to prevent them from complying with the ceremonial of initiation. Still, a large number of the Grand Lodges have stood fast by the ancient landmark, and it is yet to be hoped that all will return to their first allegiance. The subject is an important one, and, therefore, a few of the more recent authorities, in behalf of the old law may with advantage be cited.

"We have examined carefully the arguments 'pro and con,' that have accompanied the proceedings of the several Grand Lodges, submitted to us, and the conviction has been forced upon our minds, even against our wills, that we depart from the ancient landmarks and usages of Masonry, whenever we admit an individual wanting in one of the human senses, or who is in any particular maimed or deformed."—*Com. of Correspondence G. Lodge of Georgia*, 1848, page 36.

vided their loss or infirmity will not prevent them from making full proficiency in Masonry."

<sup>9</sup> Proceedings of the G. L. of Mo. for 1829, p. 5. The report and resolution were on the petitions of two candidates to be initiated, one with only one arm, and the other much deformed in his legs.

<sup>10</sup> When the spirit of expediency once begins, we know not where it will stop. Thus a blind man has been initiated in Mississippi, and a one-armed one in Kentucky; and in France, a few years since, the degrees were conferred by sign-language on a deaf mute!

"The rationale of the law, excluding persons physically imperfect and deformed, lies deeper and is more ancient than the source ascribed to it.<sup>11</sup> It is grounded on a principle recognized in the earliest ages of the world; and will be found identical with that which obtained among the ancient Jews. In this respect the Levitical law was the same as the masonic, which would not allow any 'to go in unto the veil' who had a blemish—a blind man, or a lame, or a man that was broken-footed, or broken-handed, or a dwarf, &c. \* \* \*

"The learned and studious Freemasonic antiquary can satisfactorily explain the metaphysics of this requisition in our Book of Constitutions. For the true and faithful Brother it sufficeth to know that such a requisition exists. He will prize it the more because of its antiquity. \* \* \* \* No man can in perfection be 'made a Brother,' no man can truly 'learn our mysteries,' and practice them, or 'do the work of a Freemason,' if he is not a man with body free from maim, defect and deformity."—*Report of a Special Committee of the Grand Lodge of New York, in 1848.*<sup>12</sup>

"The records of this Grand Lodge may be confidently appealed to, for proofs of her repeated refusal to permit maimed persons to be initiated, and not simply on the ground that ancient usage forbids it, but because the fundamental constitution of the Order—the ancient charges—forbid it."—*Committee of Correspondence of New York, for 1848, p. 70.*

"The lodges subordinate to this Grand Lodge are hereby required, in the initiation of applicants for Masonry, to adhere to the ancient law (as laid down in our printed books), which says he shall be of entire limbs."—*Resolution of the G. L. of Maryland, November, 1848.*

"I received from the lodge at Ashley a petition to initiate into our Order a gentleman of high respectability, who, unfortunately, has been maimed. I refused my assent. \* \* \* \* I have also re-

fused a similar request from the lodge of which I am a member. The fact that the most distinguished Masonic body on earth has recently removed one of the landmarks, should teach us to be careful how we touch those ancient boundaries."—*Address of the Grand Master of New Jersey, in 1849.*

"The Grand Lodge of Florida adopted such a provision in her constitution, (the qualifying clause permitting the initiation of a maimed person, if his deformity was not such as to prevent his instruction), but more mature reflection, and more light reflected from our sister Grand Lodges, caused it to be stricken from our constitution."—*Address of Gov. Tho. Brown, Grand Master of Florida in 1849.*

"As to the physical qualifications, the Ahiman Rezon leaves no doubt on the subject, but expressly declares that every applicant for initiation must be a man, free-born, of lawful age, in the perfect enjoyment of his senses, hale, and sound, and not deformed or dismembered; this is one of the ancient landmarks of the Order, which it is in the power of no body of men to change. A man having but one arm, or one leg, or who is in any way deprived of his due proportion of limbs and members, is as incapable of initiation as a woman."—*Encyclical Letter of the Grand Lodge of South Carolina to its subordinates in 1849.*

Impressed, then, by the weight of these authorities, which it would be easy, but is unnecessary, to multiply—guided by a reference to the symbolic and speculative (not operative) reason of the law—and governed by the express words of the regulation of 1683—I am constrained to believe that the spirit as well as the letter of our ancient landmarks require that a candidate for admission should be perfect in all his parts, that is, neither redundant nor deficient, neither deformed nor dismembered, but of hale and entire limbs, as a man ought to be.

### SECTION III.

#### *Of the Intellectual Qualifications of Candidates.*

The Old Charges and Ancient Constitutions are not as explicit in relation to the intellectual as to the moral and physical qualifications of candidates, and,

<sup>11</sup> Namely, the incorrectly presumed operative origin of the Order. The whole of this report, which is from the venerable Giles F. Yates, contains an able and unanswerable defense of the ancient law in opposition to any qualification.

<sup>12</sup> See proceedings of New York, 1848, pp. 36, 37.

therefore, in coming to a decision on this subject, we are compelled to draw our conclusions from analogy, from common sense, and from the peculiar character of the institution. The question that here suggests itself on this subject is, what particular amount of human learning is required as a constitutional qualification for initiation?

During a careful examination of every ancient document to which I have had access, I have met with no positive enactment forbidding the admission of uneducated persons, even of those who can neither read nor write. The unwritten, as well as the written laws of the Order, require that the candidate shall be neither a *fool* nor an *idiot*, but that he shall possess a discreet judgment, and be in the enjoyment of all the senses of a man. But one who is unable to subscribe his name, or to read it when written, might still very easily prove himself to be within the requirements of this regulation. The Constitutions of England, formed since the union of the two Grand Lodges in 1813, are certainly explicit enough on this subject. They require even more than a bare knowledge of reading and writing, for, in describing the qualifications of a candidate, they say:

"He should be a lover of the liberal arts and sciences, and have made some progress in one or other of them; and he must, previous to his initiation, subscribe his name at full length, to a declaration of the following import," etc. And in a note to this regulation, it is said, "Any individual who cannot write is, consequently, ineligible to be admitted into the Order." If this authority were universal in its character, there would be no necessity for a further discussion of the subject. But the modern constitutions of the Grand Lodge of England are only of force within its own jurisdiction, and we are therefore again compelled to resort to a mode of reasoning for the proper deduction of our conclusions on this subject.

It is undoubtedly true that in the early period of the world, when Freemasonry took its origin, the arts of reading and writing were not so generally disseminated among all classes of the community as they now are, when the blessings of a common education can be readily and

cheaply obtained. And it may, therefore, be supposed that among our ancient Brethren there were many who could neither read nor write. But, after all, this is a mere assumption, which, although it may be based on probability, has no direct evidence for its support. And, on the other hand we see throughout all our ancient regulations, that a marked distinction was made by our rulers between the Freemason and the Mason who was not free; as, for instance, in the conclusion of the fifth chapter of the Ancient Charges, where it is said: "No laborer shall be employed in the common work of Masonry, nor shall Freemasons work with those who are not free, without an urgent necessity." And this would seem to indicate a higher estimation by the fraternity of their own character, which might be derived from their greater attainments in knowledge. That in those days the ordinary operative masons could neither read nor write, is a fact established by history. But it does not follow that the Freemasons, who were a separate society of craftsmen, were in the same unhappy category; it is even probable, that the fact that they were not so, but that they were, in comparison with the unaccepted masons, educated men, may have been the reason of the distinction made between these two classes of workmen.

But further, all the teachings of Freemasonry are delivered on the assumption that the recipients are men of some education, with the means of improving their minds and increasing their knowledge. Even the Entered Apprentice is reminded, by the rough and perfect ashlar, of the importance and necessity of a virtuous education, in fitting him for the discharge of his duties. To the Fellow Craft, the study of the liberal arts and sciences is earnestly recommended; and indeed, that sacred hieroglyphic, the knowledge of whose occult signification constitutes the most solemn part of his instruction, presupposes an acquaintance at least with the art of reading. And the Master Mason is expressly told in the explanation of the forty-seventh problem of Euclid, as one of the symbols of the third degree, that it was introduced into Masonry to teach the Brethren the value of the arts

and sciences, and that the Mason, like the discoverer of the problem, our ancient Brother Pythagoras, should be a diligent cultivator of learning. Our lectures, too, abound in allusions which none but a person of some cultivation of mind could understand or appreciate, and to address them, or any portion of our charges which refer to the improvement of the intellect and the augmentation of knowledge, to persons who can neither read nor write, would be, it seems to us, a mockery unworthy of the sacred character of our institution.

From these facts and this method of reasoning, I deduce the conclusion that the framers of Masonry, in its present organization as a speculative institution, must have intended to admit none into its fraternity whose minds had not received some preliminary cultivation, and I am, therefore, clearly of opinion, that a person who cannot read and write is not legally qualified for admission.

As to the inexpediency of receiving such candidates, there can be no question or doubt. If Masonry be, as its disciples claim for it, a scientific institution, whose great object is to improve the understanding and to enlarge and adorn the mind, whose character cannot be appreciated, and whose lessons of symbolic wisdom cannot be acquired, without much studious application, how preposterous would it be to place, among its disciples, one who had lived to adult years, without having known the necessity or felt the ambition for a knowledge of the alphabet of his mother tongue? Such a man could make no advancement in the art of Masonry; and while he would confer no substantial advantage on the institution, he would, by his manifest incapacity and ignorance, detract, in the eyes of strangers, from its honor and dignity as an intellectual society.

Idiots and madmen are excluded from admission into the Order, for the evident reason that the former from an absence, and the latter from a perversion of the intellectual faculties, are incapable of comprehending the objects, or of assuming the responsibilities and obligations of the institution.

A question here suggests itself whether a person of present sound mind, but who

had formerly been deranged, can legally be initiated. The answer to this question turns on the fact of his having perfectly recovered. If the present sanity of the applicant is merely a lucid interval, which physicians know to be sometimes vouched to lunatics, with the absolute certainty, or at best, the strong probability, of an eventual return to a state of mental derangement, he is not, of course, qualified for initiation. But if there has been a real and durable recovery (of which a physician will be a competent judge), then there can be no possible objection to his admission, if otherwise eligible. We are not to look to what the candidate once was, but to what he now is.

Dotage, or the mental imbecility produced by excessive old age, is also a disqualification for admission. Distinguished as it is by puerile desires and pursuits, by a failure of the memory, a deficiency of the judgment, and a general obliteration of the mental powers, its external signs are easily appreciated, and furnish at once abundant reason why, like idiots and madmen, the superannuated dotard is unfit to be the recipient of our mystic instructions.

#### SECTION IV.

##### *Of the Political Qualifications of Candidates.*

The Constitutions of Masonry require, as the only qualification referring to the political condition of the candidate, or his position in society, that he shall be *free-born*. The slave, or even the man born in servitude—though he may, subsequently, have obtained his liberty—is excluded by the ancient regulations from initiation. The non-admission of a slave seems to have been founded upon the best of reasons; because, as Freemasonry involves a solemn contract, no one can legally bind himself to its performance who is not a free agent and the master of his own actions. That the restriction is extended to those who were originally in a servile condition, but who may have since acquired their liberty, seems to depend on the principle that birth, in a servile condition, is accompanied by a degradation of mind and abasement of spirit, which no subsequent disenfranchisement can so completely efface as to ren-

der the party qualified to perform his duties, as a Mason, with that "freedom, fervency, and zeal," which are said to have distinguished our ancient Brethren. "Children," says Oliver, "cannot inherit a free and noble spirit except they be born of a free woman."

The same usage existed in the spurious Freemasonry or the Mysteries of the ancient world. There, no slave, or men born in slavery, could be initiated; because the pre-requisites imperatively demanded that the candidate should not only be a man of irreproachable manners, but also a free-born denizen of the country in which the mysteries were celebrated.

Some masonic writers have thought that, in this regulation in relation to free birth, some allusion is intended, both in the Mysteries and in Freemasonry, to the relative conditions and characters of Isaac and Ishmael. The former—the accepted one, to whom the promise was given—was the son of a free woman, and the latter, who was cast forth to have "his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him," was the child of a slave. Wherefore we read that Sarah demanded of Abraham, "Cast out this bondwoman and her son; for the son of the bondwoman shall not be heir with my son." Dr. Oliver, in speaking of the grand festival with which Abraham celebrated the weaning of Isaac, says, that he "had not paid the same compliment at the weaning of Ishmael, because he was the son of a bondwoman, and, consequently, could not be admitted to participate in the Freemasonry of his father, which could only be conferred on free men born of free women." The ancient Greeks were of the same opinion; for they used the word *δουλοπρεπεια*, or, "slave manners," to designate any very great impropriety of manners.

The Grand Lodge of England extends this doctrine, that Masons should be free in all their thoughts and actions, so far, that it will not permit the initiation of a candidate who is only temporarily deprived of his liberty, or even in a place of confinement. In the year 1782, the Master of the Royal Military Lodge, at Woolwich, being confined, most probably for debt, in the King's Bench prison, at

London, the lodge, which was itinerant in its character, and allowed to move from place to place with its regiment, adjourned, with its warrant of constitution, to the Master in prison, where several Masons were made. The Grand Lodge, being informed of the circumstances, immediately summoned the Master and Wardens of the lodge, "to answer for their conduct in making Masons in the King's Bench prison," and, at the same time, adopted a resolution, affirming that "it is inconsistent with the principles of Freemasonry for any Freemason's lodge to be held, for the purposes of making, passing, or raising Masons, in any prison or place of confinement."

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#### THE PENALTIES OF MASONRY.

THERE are extremes of opinion on all subjects, and around each extreme is grouped a series of errors which often go far to destroy the good that is in the subject itself. This is true of Masonry in a peculiar degree. The *good* of Masonry, like that of religion, consists in its *good use*. If taken in extremes, it is so far from beneficial that it is a curse, and a tremendous one, too, to a community. For only consider that its votaries are bound in it *for life*, and engaged to one another and to the common cause by the most sacred bonds; the importance of this *right use* will thus appear plain.

The Penalties of Masonry are those punishments due to transgressors of its peculiar laws. It is our purpose in this article to inquire what those punishments may lawfully be.

The enemies of the Institution have likened it to a Pirate's League, whose sanction is blood, and blood only. Such persons overlook, intentionally or ignorantly, it matters not which, the declaration so clearly laid down in our organic law, (The Ancient Constitutions of Masonry,) that "a Mason is a peaceable subject to the civil powers wherever he resides or works, and is never to be concerned in plots and conspiracies against the peace and welfare of the nation, nor to behave himself undutifully to inferior magistrates, etc.," a declaration which is brought to the knowledge of every pledge to which he is made to listen, that the

engagements into which he is about to enter, do not interfere with his duties to God, his country, or himself. But how could a Mason shed blood without violating the laws of his country against murder? Or, how take any revenge of a physical character upon the betrayer of Masonic secrets, when the statutes of his government forbid laying violent hands upon any save by legal process? He could not; and this answers the charge so long and so perseveringly made against the Institution for its share in the abduction (if there was an abduction) of William Morgan. Masonry is no more chargeable with that offense (if any such offense was committed) than religion is chargeable with the last edict issued by the Papal See against Secret Societies.

On the other extreme, the friends of Masonry have endeavored to engraft upon it a penalty of so unworthy and degrading a character as to weaken its bonds and disgust its more thoughtful votaries. We allude to the penalties of *finer*—borrowed from societies whose whole code glitters with the hue of metallics—whose end and aim is to provide funds for benefits, which are recommended to take the place of the ancient and wholesome penalties of former days. The system has not yet taken deep root, for at first sight it is calculated to shock the moral sensibilities of men not accustomed to the practice in other fraternities, yet there is always danger to be apprehended from the spreading of *weeds*—and such is the character of this innovation—it is nothing but a *weed* in the garden of Freemasonry.

The only penalties that accord with the spirit and genius of Freemasonry, are those of a moral character. They are of three sorts—reprimand, suspension, expulsion; and, as a general rule, they should be used in the order mentioned. But few first offenses merit severer punishment than a reprimand; for we must remember that the part of Masonry is to *heal* rather than to *amputate*. If the offense, or one of a similar character, be repeated, and it becomes necessary to exclude the offending brother from membership, the punishment, at first, is suspension, and, for a definite term, should be entered against him. The term hav-

ing expired, and the offender not being healed of his iniquity, there is nothing left for it but expulsion, and this is the highest penalty known to Masonry. It is a solemn declaration on the part of the Fraternity, that the offender is unfit for their working tools, and can not be reformed by all their skill; and that he is left, henceforth, to other instrumentalities for reformation.—*Morris*.

#### INSTRUCTION IN MASONRY.

WE have read, in the course of business, many score of Masonic addresses, and listened to many others, written and unwritten—and we have been struck with the sameness, almost amounting to monotony, which pervades the majority of them. There is a dreariness of treatment manifested in them. A barren wilderness of words is spread out, where there might be, and ought to be, a flowery and a variegated scene. And why is this? How has Masonry deserved such treatment at the hands of its friends?

The answer is—its friends overlook its beauties when they disregard its venerableness. Take away its antiquity, and it falls at once to the level of modern societies, of which the name in this age and country is *Legion*. Masonry must be treated as a link connecting the dead with the living, as a remnant of the otherwise wrecked and almost forgotten past, and not as a mere association of like-minded men united for a purpose. Overlooking this, Masonic orators run into the very center of dullness and monotony.

We are not unaware that a certain class of speakers ridicule this very feature of the Institution, jeer at its wrinkles and flout its grey hairs. It was our misfortune once to listen to an address, otherwise brilliant and forceful, before a Grand Lodge, in which the question was boldly propounded: "What to us is the antiquity of Masonry? What matters it to us whether Solomon and Zerubbabel and St. John were or were not Masons? So that the principles of the Order are sound and correct, it matters not whether it be a creation of three-score or three thousand years!" To all such extravagant flights, we would interpose our protest—and if our orators can only find

subjects of declamation in the *ruins* of Masonry, let them be silent.

What to us is the antiquity of Freemasonry? Why, it is the same to Masonry that long experience and a venerable aspect are to a statesman or jurist—they *make their words heard, and give their arguments weight!* If it can be proved that Freemasonry has survived the wrecks of empires and every influence that time could bring to bear against it, then it follows that its principles are exactly those that endure and will brook no change. Let the innovators upon the body of Masonry reflect on this.

Instruction in Masonry, whether by lectures, public addresses, or through the columns of Masonic journals, should be based upon the antiquity and unchangeableness of the Institution. In other words, it should be taught that one thing is *right* in Masonry, because it is a part of ancient masonry; another thing is *wrong* because it is not. This, to us, is the Alpha and Omega of Masonic instruction.—*Morris*.

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#### HON. MRS. ALDWORTH.

##### THE FEMALE FREEMASON.

WE can not join in the usual language with which the initiation of this woman into Masonry, and the subsequent enthusiasm with which our Irish brethren acknowledged her as a member in their ranks, are treated. We think the whole case a gross and inexcusable infraction of Masonic principles; and were it to happen in this country, and this age, every Mason concerned in it would be expelled. The American Masonic press has copied laudatory paragraphs from the English papers on this subject, until the real demerits of the affair are overlooked. But let us try it by a plain test. Suppose a Lodge in America were, by gross carelessness, to suffer a young girl to witness the initiation of a candidate;<sup>1</sup> the girl, endeavoring to escape, is caught by the Tyler and threatened with death;<sup>2</sup> but her life is

<sup>1</sup> This carelessness alone would subject a Lodge to the severest reprehension, and well nigh forfeit its Charter.

<sup>2</sup> To threaten a young, giddy girl with death! inexcusable outrage.

spared on condition<sup>3</sup> of her taking the other two degrees immediately;<sup>4</sup> subsequently she is allowed to join in Masonic processions,<sup>5</sup> and to wear the badges of the Order!<sup>6</sup> Here is a pretty case to boast over! And we have seen full-length portraits of this "Female Freemason," dressed in the full regalia of a man! For goodness' sake, if we can not hide our shame, let us not glory over it. But we clip the article that our readers may read it for themselves.—*Morris*.

##### THE LADY FREEMASON.

"Hon. Elizabeth St. Leger, was the only female who was ever initiated into the ancient and honorable mystery of Freemasonry. How she obtained this honor, we shall lay before our readers, premising that our information is derived from the best sources. Lord Doneraile, Miss St. Leger's father, a very zealous Mason, held a warrant, and occasionally opened lodge at Doneraile House, his sons and some intimate friends assisting, and it is said, that never were Masonic duties more rigidly performed, than by the brethren of No. 150, the number of their warrant. It appears that previously to the initiation of a gentleman to the first steps of Masonry, Miss St. Leger, who was a young girl, happened to be in an apartment adjoining the room generally used as a Lodge-room; but, whether the young lady was there by design or accident, we can not confidently state. The room at the time was undergoing some alteration; among other things, the wall was considerably reduced in one part, for the purpose of making a saloon. The young lady having heard the voices of the Freemasons, and being prompted by the curiosity natural to all, to see the mystery so long and so secretly locked up from public view, had the courage to pick a brick from the wall with her scis-

<sup>3</sup> This should have expelled them all, for all shared in it. If but a single one had objected, this outrage upon Masonry could not have been committed.

<sup>4</sup> Conferring all these degrees at the same meeting, save by dispensation from the Grand Master, is highly unmasonic.

<sup>5</sup> Look at our Manuals and see the direction to Marshals for forming processions. Where shall the "Female Freemasons" be stationed?

<sup>6</sup> This is the crowning-point of the iniquity.



sors, and thus witnessed the two first steps of the ceremony.

"Curiosity gratified, fear at once took possession of her mind, and those who understand this passage, well know what the feelings of any person must be who could unlawfully behold that ceremony; let them then judge what were the feelings of a young girl under such extraordinary circumstances. There was no mode of escape, except through the very room where the concluding part of the second step was still being solemnized, at the far end, and the room a very large one. Miss St. Leger had resolution sufficient to attempt her escape that way, and, with light and trembling steps, glided along unobserved, laid her hand on the handle of the door, and opening it, before her stood, to her dismay, a grim and surly Tyler, with his long sword unsheathed.

"A shriek, that pierced through the apartment, alarmed the members of the Lodge, who, all rushing to the door, and finding that Miss St. Leger had been in the room during the ceremony, resolved, it is said, in the paroxysm of their rage, to put the fair spectatress to death; but, at the moving and earnest supplication of her youngest brother, her life was spared on condition of her going through the two remaining steps of the solemn ceremony she had unlawfully witnessed. This she consented to, and they conducted the beautiful and terrified young lady through those trials which are sometimes more than enough for masculine resolution, little thinking they were taking into the bosom of their craft, a member that would afterwards reflect a lustre on the annals of Masonry."

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#### STEWARD AND TYLER.

IT is the duty of the Steward and Tyler—usually both offices, in small Lodges, are conferred upon the same person—to remain behind when the Lodge closes, and see that every thing is made safe, secure, and orderly: *Safe* by extinguishing fires and lights; *secure* by closing all locks and fastenings; *orderly* by gathering up aprons, jewels, &c., from the places where impatient hands have strewed them, and depositing each in its proper receptacle.

For want of this, books become prematurely torn and defaced; jewels bruised, bent, and broken; aprons soiled to absolute defilement. It is not the *wearing* that brings these things to such a speedy end, it is the careless manner in which they are used. Our observation of Lodges brings us to the conclusion that nothing is so extravagant as neglect.

Visiting a certain Lodge one morning early, the meeting having closed about midnight before, we remarked the aprons all lying, white and clean, in the wardrobe; the jewels hanging on a hook in proper order, the square outwards; the candlesticks in a row on a shelf; the books closed and neatly piled; the Masonic carpet covered by its curtain; the spittoons in the corner; chairs set back against the wall; By-Laws gathered up on the Secretary's table; and the whole as fresh and systematic as a lady's parlor. Inquiring of the Steward and Tyler how he found time for all this last night, he very sensibly remarked: "That he was *paid* by the Lodge to perform certain duties, and whenever he found that he could not get *time* to be honest, he would resign his office." Thinks a friend who stood by, "what a difference there is between men!"

And so there is. For on a visit to another Lodge, we observed every thing in disorder and running to waste. The aprons were lying like autumn leaves, wherever they happened to fall—on tables, chairs, and floor. Some of them were defiled with the contents of the spittoons, all of them were in a condition disgraceful to the curator or the wearers. The jewels lay in higgledy piggedly confusion, as extravagant in its results as it was discreditable to the Lodge, for some of them were bent, one was broken, and all were rusty and dingy. The bits of candles lay here, there, and every-where, smearing books and furniture. The good old Bible having been left open, had received a thick deposit of dust, which contrasted painfully with its sacred character. The spittoons in the darkened room formed capital stumbling-blocks, which we happily took advantage of, and found a corresponding horizontal benefit. In fact, the whole scene resembled "a banquet hall deserted," from which the

guests had all retired intoxicated, and the servants had incontinently locked the door.

And yet, that Tyler was paid a dollar a night to do the duties of the office of Tyler and Steward. His *not* doing those duties cost his Lodge not less than fifty dollars a year in damages. Was he a faithful steward of the mysteries? Certainly not. Soon as the Lodge was declared closed, he barely took time to blow out the lights and was off to bed, leaving the costly paraphernalia of his Lodge to the moles and the bats. Such conduct is reprehensible. Who is responsible for such waste of property?

The policy is to select a careful, experienced man for Tyler—one to whom the fees of the office are an object, and one who will conscientiously *earn* those fees. Many such an one have we found in our journeys. One in New York has served for twenty years as Tyler—one in Boston for forty. Such men are beyond all price, and when they pass beyond the dark valley they are honored as the best of the Brotherhood.—*Morris*.

#### THE LAMENT OF THE AGED CRAFTSMAN.

BY ROBERT MORRIS, K. T.

THE attachment of old age to the objects of the past, is no where seen more clearly than in the experience of aged Masons. In a recent visit to one who had numbered his fourscore years and seven, the writer was touched with the decided manner in which the old man upheld the Freemasonry of the last century in contrast with the present. With many anecdotes that went to show the Masonic spirit of our fathers, the venerable Brother declared "there's nothing in modern Masonry to compare with that!" Retiring for the night we noted down his sentiment, and have ventured to throw it, though imperfectly, into verse.

There's tenfold Lodges in the land  
Than when my days were few;  
But none can number such a band,  
The wise, the bright, the true,  
As stood around me on that night,  
When first I saw the Mystic Light,  
Full fifty years ago.

There's Brother Love and Brother Aid,  
Where'er the Craft is known;  
But none like that whose twinings made  
The mighty chain that's gone—  
Ah, none like that which bound my soul,  
When first my eyes beheld the goal,  
Full fifty years ago.

There's emblems green to deck the bed  
Of Masons where they rest,  
But none like those we used to spread  
Upon the Mason's breast;  
When yielding up to death, they fell,  
Who'd battled with the monster well,  
Full fifty years ago.

Oh, how my heart is kindled now,  
When round me meet again,  
The shadows of the noble few,  
Who formed the mystic train  
In which my feet were proud to tread,  
When through admiring crowds we sped,  
Full fifty years ago.

They're fled, that noble train,—they're gone,—  
Their last procession 's o'er,—  
And I am left to brood alone,  
Ere I too leave the shore;  
But while I have a grateful tear,  
I'll praise the bright one's that were here,  
Full fifty years ago.

#### TO HALE.

THE meaning of this Masonic phrase is often misapprehended by our Brethren. Dr. Mackey, under head of "Hail or Hale," in his Lexicon, says:

"This word is used among Masons with two very different significations. 1. When addressed as an inquiry to a visiting brother, it has the same import as that in which it is used under like circumstances by mariners. Thus: 'Whence do you hail?' that is, 'of what Lodge are you a member?' Used in this sense, it comes from the Saxon term of salutation, 'HÆL,' and should be spelt 'hail.' 2. Its second use is confined to what Masons understand by the 'tie,' and in this sense it signifies *conceal*, being derived from the Saxon word 'HÆLAN,'<sup>1</sup> to hide. By the rules of etymology, it should be spelt 'hale.' The preservation of this Saxon word in the Masonic dialect, while it has ceased to exist in the vernacular, is a striking proof of the antiquity of the order and its ceremonies, in England.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> E, in Anglo-Saxon, is to be pronounced as a in the word *fate*.

<sup>2</sup> "In the western parts of England," says Lord King, "at this very day to *hale* over any thing signifies amongst the common people to cover it; and he that covereth an house with tile or slate is called a helliard." — *Critical History of the Apostles' Creed*, p. 178.

## A PSALM OF LIFE.

TELL me not in mournful numbers  
Life is but an empty dream;  
For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
And we are not what we seem.

Life is real! life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal;  
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"  
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way;  
But to act that each to-morrow  
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long and time is fleeting,  
And our hearts though stout and brave,  
Still like muffled drums are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,  
Be a hero in the strife.

Trust no Future, how'er pleasant,  
Let the dead Past bury its dead;  
Act—act in the living Present,  
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing, leave behind us  
Foot-prints on the sands of time—

Foot-prints that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,  
Seeing, shall return again.

Let us then be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate,  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait.

## PRECEDENTS vs. LANDMARKS.

MANY of our Brethren, and not a few of our legislators, do not seem to understand the difference between Precedents and Landmarks.

A precedent is the thing that has been done, whether right or wrong; a landmark is the thing that should have been observed, and is necessarily right. A landmark is a part of the Masonic sys-

tem, a precedent is often but an excrescence. The latter is the basis of what is sometimes derisively styled "Grand Lodge Masonry;" the former is the foundation of universal Masonry.

The study of Precedents in Masonry leads to few good results; that of Landmarks is the necessary preliminary and essence of a bright Mason.

## TRUST IN GOD, AND PERSEVERE.

BROTHER, is life's morning clouded,  
Has the sunlight ceased to shine?  
Is the earth in darkness shrouded,  
Would'st thou at thy lot repine?  
Cheer up, brother, let thy vision  
Look above, see! light is near,  
Soon will come the next transition,  
"Trust in God, and persevere."

Brother, has life's hope receded,  
Hast thou sought its joys in vain?  
Friends proved false when mostly needed,  
Foes rejoicing at thy pain?  
Cheer up, brother, there's a blessing  
Waiting for thee—never fear;  
Foes forgiving, sins confessing,  
"Trust in God, and persevere."

Brother, all things round are calling  
With united voice, "be strong!"  
Though the wrongs of earth be galling,  
They must lose their strength ere long.  
Yes, my brother, though life's troubles  
Drive thee near the dark despair,  
Soon 't will vanish like a bubble,  
"Trust in God, and persevere."

He, from His high throne in Heaven  
Watches every step you take,  
He will see each fetter riven  
Which your foes in anger make,  
Cheer up, brother, He has power  
To dry up the bitter tear,  
And though darkest tempests lower,  
"Trust in God, and persevere."

Brother, there's a quiet slumber  
Waiting for thee in the grave;  
Brother, there's a glorious number  
Christ in mercy deigns to save;  
Wait, then, till life's quiet even  
Closes round thee, calm and clear,  
And, till called from earth to Heaven,  
"Trust in God, and persevere."

# A Record of Current Masonic Work and Events.

The Statistics supplied by the Secretaries of Lodges as named.

IN this our initial number, we found it impossible to make this Record complete, for the following reason. For the first time in eleven years an opportunity favored us to make a pilgrimage to the land of our birth, and look upon the faces of friends and (only) relations whose hands we had not grasped in the sixth of a century; and to avail ourselves of this opportunity we had to complete the copy for this work, and leave here the first day of September. In consequence we failed to receive, save to a very limited extent, from our Bro. Secretaries the reports solicited, in time to embody them in this record. The few received will be found standing out, like jewels in the gold of their setting, in the following pages. And if the setting aforesaid may be adjudged, by the *few* who are learned and fastidious in such things, to be more antique than original, we can only hope that the *many* will enjoy an examination of its composition with as much delight as he to whom its arrangement was truly a labor of love. In our second number, this Record will be much more full and complete, as ample time will be afforded all to contribute as requested.

The article adjoining will be found to be a most interesting account, from the pen of a loving antiquarian of Masonic History, our W. Bro. JOSEPH COVELL, W. M. of Oriental Star Lodge, No. 21, Jay Bridge, Maine, detailing the circumstances attending and form of separation from the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, thirty-seven years ago, of the Lodges subsequently composing the Grand Lodge of Maine. Bro. Covell promises to continue his contributions, detailing the earlier history of his G. L., and bringing down the same to within the memory of the comparatively young member. We trust that this paper, emanating from the far East of our constellation of Grand Lodges, may prove but the first of a series of such interesting articles that we may be enabled to lay before our readers. What

Brother, who has the leisure and facilities, in Massachusetts, will give us a like history of his G. L.? Shall we not, ere the copy for another number of our Magazine be made up, have a response?

## REPORTS

RESPECTING THE SEPARATION OF THE LODGES IN MAINE, FROM THE GRAND LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

IN CONVENTION AT MASONS' HALL,  
Portland, May 31st, A. D. 1820.

The committee appointed by the Masonic Convention at Portland, Oct. 14th, 1819, to present a memorial to the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, praying for a separation of the Lodges in Maine from the parent Grand Lodge, and for a just proportion of its funds, have the honor to offer the following Report:—

In execution of their commission, the committee presented to the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, at its annual communication in December last, the memorial of this convention, and advocated its object before a committee of the Grand Lodge, to whom the memorial was referred. Your committee were happy to observe among the members of the Grand Lodge, the prevalence of feelings the most friendly and generous towards the fraternity in Maine; and a disposition, not only to yield to our wishes on the general question of separation, but to grant us our just proportion of the funds. These dispositions appear in the report of the committee of the Grand Lodge, made at their communication in March last, a copy of which is herewith submitted; and by the unanimous acceptance of which, the Grand Lodge has, in a manner highly honorable to itself, granted all which this Convention sought to obtain. This object being effected, your committee addressed letters to the several Lodges in Maine, inviting them to meet at this place on Thursday, the first day of June, A. D. 1820, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, by their masters and wardens, or proxies, for the purpose of organizing the Grand Lodge of Maine, and transacting such other business as may regularly come before them. A copy of this letter is submitted herewith. Your committee have also contracted for a suitable set of jewels for the use of the new Grand Lodge.

In conclusion, the committee congratulate the Convention on the happy accomplishment of the great purposes of their first assembling, and humbly invoke, on the fraternity in Maine, the continued blessings of the Grand Master of us all.

SIMON GREENLEAF, per order.

GRAND LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Your committee, to whom was referred the memorial subscribed by sundry Freemasons, Delegates from Lodges in the District of Maine, requesting that their connection with the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts may be dissolved, have attended to the duty assigned them, and ask leave respectfully to report:

A meeting of Delegates from all the Lodges in Maine, except from Eastern Lodge, at Eastport, was holden in Convention at Masons' Hall, in Portland, on the evening of the day of the fourteenth of October, 1819, and continued by adjournment to the evening of the 19th of the same month, when it was voted that a respectful memorial be

addressed to the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, expressing the views and wishes of the convention on the subject of the separation of the Lodges in Maine, from the Grand Lodge, and that the same be signed by all the Delegates present; that a committee of five be chosen to present said memorial to the Grand Lodge, with power to agree upon and arrange in behalf of the Lodges there represented, all things proper to be done as to the terms of separation, and the formation of a Grand Lodge of Maine.—In pursuance of said votes, the memorial referred to your committee was subscribed by all the Delegates in Convention assembled, and R. W. Brothers Simon Greenleaf, Nathaniel Coffin, Josiah Calef, John Dickenson, and Nathan Cutter, were duly appointed a committee to present said memorial, and conclude with the Grand Lodge the terms of separation. After this, the members of Eastern Lodge addressed a communication to R. W. Brother Greenleaf, Chairman of said committee, expressive of their approbation of the doings of said Convention, and uniting with them in the object of said memorial. This memorial and communication were presented to this Grand Lodge at the quarterly communication in December last by R. W. Brothers Simon Greenleaf, Nathaniel Coffin and Josiah Calef.—Your committee would here observe, that the language and sentiments contained in this memorial are highly respectful to the honor and dignity of this Grand Lodge, and characteristic of the honorable and high-minded gentlemen who subscribed it.

Your committee had no authority to conclude with the committee from Maine upon terms of separation, only to bear their wishes and proposals, and to report the whole subject matter.—It was the wish of that committee, that the Grand Lodge should give the Lodges in Maine its approbation to be formed into a separate Grand Lodge as soon as Maine should become a separate State, and that when the Grand Lodge of Maine should be duly organized, the Grand Lodge should transfer to it a portion of the charity fund, and other property. Your committee find this Grand Lodge to have acknowledged the necessity of creating separate Grand Lodges in every independent State Government where a sufficient number of Lodges have rendered it expedient. This principle is a correct one. Masons are bound to submit to the laws and authority of the government under which they live.

If amenable to a Grand Lodge existing under a separate and independent republic, they might be compelled to violate the laws of the civil government or some of their most solemn masonic obligations. Your committee believe the District of Maine will soon become a separate and independent State; and when that event takes place, it is proper and expedient that this Grand Lodge consent that the Lodges in Maine form themselves into a separate and independent Grand Lodge, and receive a portion of its property. Although it may be desirable that the District of Maine should become a separate State, and the Lodges there constituted an independent Grand Lodge—still it is to be lamented, that the happy connection which has so long subsisted between Maine and Massachusetts should be broken; that cords which have so long united them in one common interest, should be severed; that the fountain of charity which they have mutually contributed to fill, should be diminished; still, however, it is the duty of Masons to yield their private feelings and interests to disinterested benevolence.

The private benefits the Grand Lodge derives from a connection with the Lodges in Maine, it is bound to surrender to the more extensive advantages they will derive from being a Grand Lodge. Your committee are of opinion that the Lodges in Maine are well skilled in the principles of Freemasonry, zealously engaged to preserve and promote the honor and respectability of this ancient institution, and sufficiently extensive in number to compose a separate Grand Lodge; and from the exalted Statesmen and exemplary Christians, who will adorn the counsels of that Grand Lodge, they

believe it will maintain an elevated standing among its neighboring Lodges, and reflect light and intelligence to all around. Your committee would therefore recommend the following resolves to be passed by this Grand Lodge:—

1. *Resolved*, That as soon as the Congress of the United States shall declare the District of Maine a separate and independent State, and it shall be organized as such, the Lodges there shall have the approbation and authority of this Grand Lodge to form a Grand Lodge, and when duly organized, it shall be recognized as such.

2. *Resolved*, As the Lodges in Maine have contributed to the charity fund, as soon as a Grand Lodge is formed and its officers duly installed, it shall be entitled to receive the sum of Ten Hundred Dollars, from said charity fund, to form a permanent charity fund for the Grand Lodge of Maine, to be appropriated to the same objects as the charity fund now is, and to no other.

3. *Resolved*, That the Grand Treasurer be directed to pay to the Grand Lodge of Maine, or to any Mason or Masons it shall appoint, the sum of ten hundred dollars out of the charity fund, to be appropriated in the manner aforesaid; and also that he transfer and assign to said Grand Lodge, or to any such Mason or Masons, all notes of hand and securities for money which this Grand Lodge now have or hold against the Past District Deputy Grand Masters in Maine, and each of them, with power to collect the same to its own use.

4. *Resolved*, That when and as soon as the Grand Lodge of Maine shall be duly organized and its officers legally installed, said Lodge be, and the same is hereby empowered to collect of the D. D. G. Masters in Maine, and each of them, their predecessors in office, and each of them, all such sums of money as now are or shall then appear to be remaining in their hands, due to this Grand Lodge; and also from the respective Lodges there, all such sums of money as shall then appear to be due from them; and on payment thereof, the said D. D. G. Masters and their predecessors in office, and each of them, said Lodges, and each of them, shall be discharged from any liability to pay the same to this Grand Lodge, and all such sums of money as the Grand Lodge of Maine shall so receive, it shall have a right to appropriate to its own use without any manner of account thereof to be given to this Grand Lodge. *Provided*, the Lodges in Maine pay this Grand Lodge for all Diplomas they shall hereafter receive.

5. *Resolved*, That the Grand Secretary and Treasurer be directed to furnish the Grand Lodge of Maine with copies of all such papers and records as shall be necessary and useful for said Lodge, and not inconsistent with the interest of this Grand Lodge.

All which is respectfully submitted.

ELIJAH MORSE, per order.

Boston, March 8th, 5820.

Committee to whom the Memorial from a Convention of the Lodges in Maine was referred, were R. W. Elijah Morse, Andrew Sigourney, Joseph Baker, Henry Punkitt, and Robert Lash.  
Attest, JOHN SOLEY, Grand Secretary.

GRAND LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

March 8th, 5820.

The original of the foregoing report having been read and fully considered, was unanimously adopted.

Copy of Record.

Attest, JOHN SOLEY, Grand Secretary.

TALLALOOSA LODGE, No. 128, working at town of same name, Mississippi, over signature of its secretary, Bro. Wm. M. Compton, reports one initiation, as the work of his Lodge for the month.

Bro. — reports no lectures, public or private; says he don't know what we mean by this division

of our blank form. Supposes the *private* lectures should not be published, even if they had any. We will enlighten him by the production of a little one on the "Trestle Board," gotten up impromptu to show our meaning, and premise that it is perfectly legal for the Master of his Lodge to deliver such either to his Lodge or to the public.

THE TRESTLE BOARD.

*"The Tracing or Trestle Board is for the Master to draw his plans and designs on, that the building, whether moral or literal, may be conducted with order and regularity."*—OLIVER. *"And as the operative workman erects his temporal building in accordance with the designs laid down upon the Trestle Board by the master workman, so should we endeavor to erect our spiritual building in accordance with the design laid down by the Supreme Architect of the universe in his great book of nature and revelation, which is our moral, spiritual, and masonic Trestle Board."*—LECTURES.

The manifest superiority of mankind over the inferior animal creation, consists in that decided difference that must ever exist between the possession of soul, body, and speech, sustained by intellect, reason, and dexterity, on the one hand, and body and appetite, sustained by desire and brute force, on the other. Without wisdom to contrive, we can not have that harmonious support of strength, or adornment of beauty.

The first attempts of man to construct dwellings to shield him from the inclemencies of the weather, were rudely characteristic of his ignorance, but as he became more enlightened, the instinct desire of his soul was a love of the bold, the grand, and the beautiful. With reason to guide him, and the beautiful proportions of created nature before him, his second step showed the genius to adopt and to copy. The noble palm tree that rose in natural majesty, and bathed its topmost spray in the gorgeous tints of the setting sun, was a grand object from which to design both supports and roof of his temporal edifice. Its strong roots, as they approach the surface of the earth, gathering themselves from afar into solidity to support their superincumbent weight, what model more perfect for his base? The massive trunk, tapering gradually as it ascended, in the most naturally correct manner, what shape more desirable for his shaft? Its jutting branches, each supporting their quota of foliage, and forming, as a whole, the crowning glory of the product, what form more artistic for his capital? And when together in number sufficient to flank the outline of an edifice, their interlacing boughs, with foliage thick and green, clasped each other, and protected the panting beast who sought their shelter from burning ray of midday sun, what more perfect conception could man devise for roof to shield his uncovered head from the fury or oppression of the elements?

If we will examine the earliest forms of architectural design, we will find them composed of natural objects in almost every instance. In the Egyptian order, the most ancient of which we have any record, we discover the fret or labyrinth, the wave scroll, the spiral, the zigzag, the lotus or water lily, the palm, and the star, all natural objects, and in their arrangements almost exclusively evincing a merely symmetrical progression, and very simple order, though of gorgeous character. In the frieze we find generally the commonest forms of decoration; yet, in the details are exhibited some of the more important symbols,

as the lotus or water lily of the Nile, typifying the inundation of that river, and from which the land of Egypt derived its fruitfulness; and the zigzag, the type of water itself. Whilst mixed up with these more characteristic details, we find every natural product of Egypt conventionally treated; not mere crude imitations from nature, but *natural types*, selected by symbolism, and symmetrically fashioned into ornamental decoration.

What further testimony is necessary to prove that the Master Workman, the Grand Architect of the universe, gave to man, in the natural objects before, above, below, and around him, the first and greatest of all Tracing Boards? And without following him through his incipient stages of constructiveness, or allowing ourselves to dwell on the process of his gradual adaptation of the more airy forms of graceful vine and leaf to purposes of adornment, let us rest content in our conviction that his first ideas of strength and beauty were inspired by those perfect forms of natural grandeur and sublimity—the first efforts of his constructiveness were but the embodiment and adaptation to his own use of the images of these creations, mobile or inert, delivered at the beginning from the hand, and bearing the impress of their great Creator.

The wide, wide world, with all it contained, rejoicing in the newness and vigor of its strength, and the freshness and grace of its beauty, was his Tracing Board; and even to this hour we can but say we know nothing beyond. It was full and complete. Its plans were plans of wisdom; its forms were forms of strength; its lines were lines of beauty. And man's was but the task to apply his reason and ingenuity to work out these designs in accordance with the will of their Great Designer. But here, dear Brother, failure was to be stamped upon his efforts. Unaided by the light that cometh from on high, seeking it not, but vainly depending upon his own strength, he fell. That ever-glorious spiritual Trestle Board—that first great light of Masonry, vouchsafed to us of a later and more favored era—was not his. That "Light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world" he never saw. With the light of that blessed book—without which all desire is but destruction, all hope despair—our guide, let us, in this our day, be warned by his failure. With that great light open before us, and the experience of our own weakness when unassisted by that strength which cometh from on high, let us beseech aid to walk in the straight and narrow path of duty toward our Brethren, and love and reverence for Him who laid down his life through love for us. And when, after that repose that surely follows duties well performed and trials overcome, we will quietly sink to that everlasting rest on which neither morning nor the night goeth down or breaketh, may the designs by which we have wrought be all accomplished; and in the hour that our temporal building fadeth from our mortal sight, may the glories of that spiritual one, that house not made with hands, gladden our longing and immortal eyes for evermore. So mote it be. Amen.

Western Star Lodge, No. 61, Monroe, La., over signature of its secretary, Bro. Chas. Deleny, reports 2 affiliations, 2 applications, 1 initiation, 1 passing, 1 rais-

ing. Materials good. Had one public and three private lectures, and buried a Bro. mason, not a member, name not given.

Bro. — was in Troy on the 4th of July, and heard Clark R. Cochrane, of Schenectady District, deliver an oration. He is particularly pleased with this passage of it, and well he may be, for it is as full of sense as of spirit.

The Declaration of Independence is no flourish of rhetoric. It is the joint and genial product of the solemn sincerity and profound judgment of the most thoughtful, the most earnest, the most tried age of the Republic. Vacaries became not the hour. It was matured and announced amid scenes of perilous grandeur. The earth shook with the tread of invading armies, and the heavens resounded with the din and death of the conflict. It was a period that tried men's souls. It was a time of self-denial, self-sacrifice, profound convictions, of unselfish and earnest purposes; and it is the distinguishing glory of the 4th of July, 1776, that the cardinal truth in the whole logic of human rights, without circumlocution or useless ornament, first found natural expression in the Declaration of Independence. He who at that day would have ventured publicly to denounce that instrument as mere sounding and glittering generalities, would have found but one place of safety — *a retreat behind the British lines.*

Denmark Lodge, No 154, Denmark, Tenn., over signature of its secretary, Bro. G. B. Wray, reports 2 applications and 2 initiations, and the Lodge made up of as good materials as any, and in good condition, meeting regularly on the 1st Wednesday of each month.

With Peter Proteus, Bro. — don't believe in calling such a good time as is set forth in the account given below of the doings of the Hoboken National Guard "actual service." Though strongly averse to soldiering, he says if there is nothing more wearisome or body exhausting in that "arm of the service" than portrayed in the following, he wouldn't mind taking a turn at it himself. We agree with him fully.

On Monday morning last, the "National Guard" of Hoboken, Capt. G. Van Houten, numbering 45 muskets, and headed by a fine band of music, started for Hackensack, for the purpose of getting their first taste of actual service in a three days' out-door encampment. The field selected for the purpose is located about a mile north of the Hackensack, and the tents were pitched upon an elevation commanding a beautiful view of the surrounding country. After making the necessary provisions for the encampment, the remainder of Monday was passed in a variety of field exercises, and with the night came the performance of duty as picket guard, and as strict an enforcement of army discipline as though they were in war service, and in the constant expectation of an attack from the enemy. During the night, those not on duty engaged themselves in the pastimes and enjoyments common to a soldier's life, and when this is said it is necessary to add that the wide-awake spirit of fun presided over the many. The night being pleasantly spent, the sunrise of Tuesday brought the usual routine of exercises, and the day was the grand gala day, devoted to the reception and entertainment of other companies, military officers, and the friends of the *corps*—(must be somebody killed, by the wide-awake spirit of fun maybe,) generally. The Hackensack Continentals and about half of the Jersey City Continentals, besides

numerous delegations from the military organizations of other counties in New Jersey and the city of New York, a large number of personal friends, and a crowd of citizens of the surrounding country—among whom were scores of the fair women of Bergen—visited the camp-ground during the day. At the marquee, where Capt. Van Houten, assisted by Lieuts. Dewey and Bernard, received the guests, there was a constant flow of pertinent toasts and speeches over a liberal supply of sandwiches and champagne. A review by Col. Alex. Shalter took place in the afternoon, and the exercises (of the 45 muskets) elicited much praise from the assemblage. There had been a flooring laid in front of the marquee, and at the conclusion of the review the dance was commenced, and kept up with much spirit until interrupted, about 8 o'clock, by a shower of rain. Next day the Guard were the guests of the Hackensack Continentals, with whom they dined at Van Saun's Hotel, where they had a happy time. All was satisfactory, and with the exception of the rain aforesaid, they met with nothing to mar their pleasure, but returned home on Wednesday night, highly pleased with their first field encampment.

Bedford Lodge, No. 14, Bedford, Ind., over signature of its secretary, Bro. Andrew Gelwick, reports 1 affiliation, 1 passing, and materials good. Has "no doubt but the Lodge is exercising a happy influence on town and neighborhood."

Bro. — was immensely tickled when he read the following. It was so good he could not keep it all to himself, but desired us also to enjoy it.

It is the long vacation in the regions of Chancery Lane. The good ships Law and Equity, those teak built, copper bottomed, iron fastened, brazen faced, and not by any means fast sailing clippers, are laid up in ordinary. The Flying Dutchman with a crew of ghostly clients imploring all whom they may encounter to peruse their papers, has drifted for the time being Heaven knows where. The courts are all shut up; the public offices lie in a hot sleep; Westminster Hall itself is a shady solitude where nightingales might sing, and a more tender class of suitors than are usually found there, walk. The Temple, Chancery Lane, Sergeant's Inn and Lincoln Inn even unto the Fields, are like tidal harbors at low water; where stranded proceedings, officers at anchor, idle clerks lounging on lopsided stools that will not recover their perpendicular until the current of Term sets in, lie high and dry upon the ooze of the long vacation. Outer doors of chambers are shut up by the score; messages and parcels are to be left at the Porter's Lodge by the bushel. A crop of grass would grow in the chinks of the stone pavement outside Lincoln's Inn Hall, but that the ticket porters, who have nothing to do beyond sitting in the shade there, with their white aprons over their heads to keep the flies off, grub it up and eat it thoughtfully. There is only one Judge in town. Even he only comes twice a week to sit in chambers. If the country folks of those assize towns on his circuit could only see him now? No full bottomed wig, no red petticoats, no fur, no javelin men, no white wands. Merely a close shaved gentleman in white trousers and a white hat, with sea bronze on the judicial countenance, and with a strip of bark peeled by the solar rays from the judicial nose, who calls in at the shell-fish shop, as he comes along, and drinks iced ginger beer! The bar of England is scattered over the face of the earth. How England can get on through four long summer months without its bar—which is its acknowledged refuge in adversity, and its only legitimate triumph in prosperity—is beside the question. Assuredly that shield and buckler of Britannia are not in present wear. The learned gentleman who is always so tremulously indig-

nant at the unprecedented outrage committed on the feelings of his client by the opposite party, that he never seems likely to recover from it, is doing infinitely better than might be expected, in Switzerland. The learned gentleman who does the withering business, and who blights all opponents with his gloomy sarcasm, is as merry as a grig, at a French watering place. The learned gentleman who weeps by the pint, on the smallest provocation, has not shed a tear these six weeks. The very learned gentleman who has cooled the natural heat of his gurgery complexion in pools and fountains of law, until he has become great in knotty arguments for Term time, when he poses the drowsy bench with legal "chaff" inexplicable to the uninitiated and to most of the initiated too, is roaming with a characteristic delight in aridity and dust, about Constantinople.

Other dispersed fragments of the same great Palladium are to be found on the canals of Venice, at the second cataract of the Nile, in the baths of Germany, and sprinkled on the sea sand all over the English coast. Scarcely one is to be encountered in the deserted region of Chancery Lane. If such a lonely member of the bar do flit across the waste, and come upon a prowling sutor who is unable to leave off haunting the scenes of his anxiety, they frighten one another and retreat slinking into opposite shades. It is the hottest long vacation known for many years. All the young clerks are madly in love, and according to their various degrees pine for bliss with the beloved object, at Margate, Ramsgate, or Gravesend. All the middle-aged clerks think their families too large. All the unknown dogs who stray into the Inns of Court, and pant about staircases and other dry places, seeking water, give short howls of aggravation. All the blind men's dogs in the streets lead their masters against pumps or trip them over buckets. A shop with sun-blind, and a watered pavement, and a bowl of gold and silver fish in the window, is a sanctuary. Temple Bar gets so hot that it is to the adjacent strand and Fleet Street what a heater is to an urn, and keeps them simmering all night. There are offices about the Inns of Court in which a man might be cool, if any coolness were worth paying for at such a price in dullness; but the little thoroughfares outside those retirements seem to blaze. In Mr. Krook's Court it is so hot that people turn their houses inside out, and sit in the street on chairs, Mr. Krook included, who then pursues his studies with his cat (who is never too hot) by his side.

Aberdeen Lodge, No. 149, at Aberdeen, Ohio, over signature of its Secretary, Bro. Geo. B. Bailey, Jr., reports one Brother reinstated, and \$302.00 in Treasury.

Bro. — has "served a time" in the customs' service, and wants to know if the following is true. In his time they could not come it over the customs' officers in that wise. Miss McFlimsey and Mrs. Harris have been to Paris and selected "a few goods."

— The last trip their goods, shipped by Steamer Arago,

Formed, McFlimsey declared, the bulk of her cargo, Not to mention a quantity kept from the rest, Sufficient to fill the largest sized chest, But which did not appear on the ship's manifest, Yet for which the ladies themselves manifested, Such particular interest that they invested Their own proper persons in layers and rows Of muslins, embroideries, worked underclothes, Gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, and such trifles as those,

Then wrapped up in great shawls, like Circassian beauties,

Gave good-bye to the ship and go-by to the duties. Her relations at home all marvel'd, no doubt, Miss Flora had grown so enormously stout,

AM. FREE. VOL. 6. JAN. 1858.—5

For an actual belle and a possible bride;  
But the miracle ceased when she turned inside out,  
And the truth came to light, and the dry goods  
beside,  
Which in spite of Collector and Custom-House  
sentry  
Had entered the port without any entry.

Delaware Lodge, No. 46, at Muncie, Ind., over signature of its Secretary, Bro. Fred. E. Putnam, reports 2 applications, 2 initiations, and materials excellent. Had one public lecture, and the Lodge in a very prosperous condition. Granted five demits to form a new Lodge, to be called "Whitney Lodge, U. D."

A good brother regards with pity and compassion the stern fortunes of Louisville editors. A church militant is bad enough, but a newspaper militant must be a most uncomfortable thing to manage. He says:

Just to think that the point of every paragraph must be a pistol—that every personality involves powder—that the slightest slip of the pen may be followed by a shot—that the penalty of recklessness must be a revolver—and that ye best hits of fun and criticism may be rewarded with percussion caps and ball cartridges. Should it ever be my fortune to conduct a newspaper in Louisville, (which Heaven forefend) I should fancy every step heard on the stairs to be that of an assassin—a bullet-proof barricade should guard the entrance to my sanctum, and like the first and last Napoleon, I should think it my duty to wear secret armor. And even with the barricades and armor, my fortifications should not cease. I should keep two bulldogs, with the squarest chops and the shortest tails, always at the door. In short, I should go in for war, and prepare to fight for my position with as much alacrity as if I expected to be a candidate for Gen. Jackson's gold snuff-box. Those who think such preparations unnecessary, ought to read the account of the great Prentice and Durrett monomachy that occurred last July. I have perused such with reverence and awe. I had always supposed Mr. Prentice to be a successful "joker of jokes." Who has not heard of "Prentice's last" and who has not devoutly wished it might be such? Well, behold this funny man transformed into the fighting man. The punster turned pug-nacious. How this metamorphosis occurred can be related in a few words. A certain Mr. Elliott was running for Congress in Kentucky upon the Buchanan interest. Mr. Prentice, with that light and elegant pleasantry for which he is so well known, declared that the said Elliott was an unreformed inebriate, inordinately given to whisky skins and other beverages of like nature. Upon this the *Louisville Courier* resorted to the *arg. ad hominem*, and made very distinct allusions to the bacchanalian propensities of Mr. Prentice. He had been seen in a mellow condition in the streets of Louisville. He had been noticed availing himself of the legs of his friends, his own being temporarily unserviceable. Ergo, as the *Courier* with some show of justice argued, it did not lay in the boots and breeches of Mr. P. to taunt any man with alcoholic indulgences. The reply of Mr. Prentice to this charge fills me with as wholesome a degree of dread as admiration. Supposing a certain Mr. Durrett to be the author of the accusation, he wrote that gentleman an agreeable *billet-doux*, informing him that if he would be at a certain corner, at a certain hour, it would give him (Mr. P.) the utmost satisfaction to shoot him. Now I should, unlike Mr. D., have kept at the longest convenient distance from that corner. 'Tis true I never was shot, but my impression, derived from reading and observation, is, that the violent entry of a leaden bullet into any part of the human system is invariably succeeded by acute



pain, and which, according to position, may end in that shortening of life alluded to of old by the patriarchs and prophets. But it seems Mr. Durrett, too, had his little idiosyncrasy, and was the victim of a monomania for being shot; for most assuredly he went to the given corner, at the given hour, when he was met by Mr. Prentice, who lost no time in popping at his maligner, and who in turn popped at Mr. P. They made targets of each other for some time, but neither was hit. Each gentleman was actuated, no doubt, by a benevolent desire to send the other to the shades of the dark valley, but each, agitated by his emotions, took very bad aim. A poor Mr. Hinkle, who tenanted the office on the fatal corner, hearing the pistols and the whizzing of the bullets, got up and passed out of his door to see the affray, but returning with more haste than gracefulness, as Mr. D., his ammunition being exhausted, rushed by him to enter, he, poor Mr. H., received a plumbous deposit in the calf of his leg. Was ever there such a ridiculous blunder? It was of course necessary to shoot somebody, but why should poor Mr. Hinkle be made the victim? The wrath of Prentice and Durrett was great, but why should Mr. H. be made a burnt offering to appease it? However, after this innocent man was shot, the champions had the good sense to suspend their explosions *pro tem*. More letters, however, passed between them, in one of which Mr. Durrett, with great consideration, invited Mr. Prentice to go to some unfrequented place, with two witnesses, and take another bout at popping, until one or the other be put past that healthful exercise. But Prentice responded by saying, that he had such an overwhelming contempt for Durrett's worthless life, that he did not consider it worth shooting out of him. "It is," says Mr. P., "perfectly immaterial to me whether your life is taken or not." Here is a magnanimity which I think I should appreciate were I the foe of Mr. P. And certainly I hope, that should any thing in this sketch prove offensive to him, he will be generously influenced by the same benevolent feeling. Like the boy and the frogs, what was fun to him might be death to me.

Harrison Lodge, No. 17, at Harrison, Ohio, (Indiana side,) over signature of its secretary *pro tem*, and W. M., Bro. George Bowlby, reports 27 affiliations, 4 applications, 2 initiations, 2 passings, 2 raisings, material fair; 2 suspensions, and 1 expulsion. On 6th June expelled Lawson Cloud, for *ample* cause. Town is divided by the State line. Another Lodge in it, on Ohio side, called Snow Lodge, No. 193, numbering 40 members.

Bro. — thinks they have a new way of settling insults to ladies in St. Louis, if the following from the "Republican" is true:

A day or two ago, a Mr. Conelly made some remarks in regard to Mrs. Wildey, reflecting upon her virtue, which coming to her ears, she communicated the same to her husband. He immediately informed her that if she did not go down to his store and cowhide Conelly, *he would not live with her!* In obedience to this command, Mrs. Wildey went to Conelly's store armed with a cowhide, which, no sooner had she got a favorable position by the side of her slanderer, than she applied to his head, shoulders, and back, with an amount of nerve and resolution which it is possible her husband don't possess the counterpart of.

Conyersville Lodge, No. 145, Conyersville, Tenn., by hand of Bro. John Landis, secretary, reports 1 application, 2 initiations, materials fair, Lodge in pros-

perous condition. We entirely agree with Bro. L. in his opinion. "Guard well the needle's eye" has ever been the true motto.

A new poet has dawned on the eastern horizon. At last commencement of Yale College, Mr. Finch (he ought to be called Gold Finch,) read the following spirited and stirring words, supposed to be uttered by the dying Lawrence, as his shipmates watched his last moments:

I am dying, comrades!  
Paint and slow  
Like the beating  
Of an eagle's broken wing  
Is the fleeting  
Footstep of the artery king,  
So the crimson currents flow;—  
Carry me below.

Lift me gently, comrades!  
Do not mind—  
Lest the gunner  
Deem the panic in your tread  
Sure forerunner  
Of a leader shot and dead  
Ere the victory wreath is twined;  
I am growing blind!

Not a murmur, comrades!  
Not a tear!  
Death is gentle  
When the prayer is pray'd—  
When the rental  
Due for life and health is paid,  
And the conscience-glass is clear,  
Rest and sleep are near.

Leave me, leave me, comrades!  
Climb the stair;  
Blood and battle,  
Crash of splinter'd yard and spar,  
Musket rattle,  
Tell the terrible tale of war.  
Till our banners victory wear  
Not one blood-drop spare.

Up and leave me, comrades!  
Ashen lip  
Marks the craven.  
Think not now of curse and cry,  
Home or haven.  
Till the lion pennon fly  
Let not one red moment slip—  
Don't give up the ship!

Bury me, my comrades,  
On the shore,  
'Neath the willow:  
I am tired of wind and storm,  
Cloud and billow,  
And the battle's crescent form—  
Glory, danger, strife are o'er,  
Lawrence sails no more.

Lay me, gentle comrades,  
Where the dripping of the fountain  
Sings its long and lulling song!  
Where the mountain  
Casts its quiet shade along,  
Thought is lying on my lip—  
Don't give up the ship!

Spring Hill Lodge, No. 124, Spring Hill, Tenn., by hand of its secretary, Bro. R. E. Thompson, reports 3 applications, and expects to expel three or four of its membership for *non-payment of dues*. The remainder are good material, and the Lodge works well.

Bro. — has been lately indulging in what he calls a little of the *risiblist* reading he ever met with. He gives us a few points. The immortal Sam Weller is put on the witness stand in the notorious case of Barriell vs. Pickwick, and the following takes place:

"Now, Mr. Weller," said Sergeant Buzfuz. "Now, sir," replied Sam. "I believe you are in the service of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant in this case. Speak up, if you please, Mr. Weller." "I mean to speak up, sir. I am in the service of that ere gentleman, and a very good service it is." "Little to do and plenty to get, I suppose." "Oh, quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said when they ordered him three hundred lashes." "You must not tell us what the soldier said," interposed the judge, "it is not evidence." "Wery good, my Lord," replied Sam. "Do you recollect any thing particular happening on the morning when you were first engaged by the defendant, eh, Mr. Weller?" said Sergeant Buzfuz. "Yes, I do, sir," replied Sam, with animation. "I have the goodness to tell the jury what it was." "I had a regular new fit out o' clothes, that mornin', gen'l'm'n of the jury," said Sam; "and that vos a wery partickler and oncommon circumstance with me, gen'l'm'n, in those days." Here there was a general laugh, and the little judge, looking over his spectacles and his desk with an angry countenance, said, "You had better be careful, sir." "So Mr. Pickwick said at the time, my Lord," said Sam; "and I was very careful o' that 'ere suit o' clothes; wery careful, indeed, my Lord." The judge looked sternly at Sam for fully two minutes, but Sam's features were so perfectly calm and serene that he said nothing, and motioned Sergeant Buzfuz to go on. "Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller," said Sergeant B., folding his arms emphatically, and turning half round to the jury, as if in mute assurance that he would bother the witness yet—"Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller, that you saw nothing of this fainting on the part of the plaintiff in the arms of the defendant, which you have heard described by the witnesses?" "Certainly not," replied Sam. "I was in the passage 'till they called me up, and then the old lady was not there." "Now attend, Mr. Weller," said Sergeant Buzfuz, impressively, dipping a large pen into the inkstand before him, for the purpose of frightening Sam with a show of taking down his answer. "You were in the passage and yet saw nothing of what was going forward. Have you a pair of eyes, Mr. Weller?" "Yes, I have a pair of eyes," replied Sam, eagerly, "and that's just it. If they was a pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power, p'raps I might be able to see through a flight o' stairs and a deal door; but bein' only eyes, you see, my wision 's limited." At this answer, which was delivered without the slightest appearance of irritation, and with the most complete simplicity, the spectators tittered, the judge smiled, and Sergeant Buzfuz looked particularly foolish. After a short consultation with Dodson & Fogg, the learned Sergeant again turned towards Sam, and, with a painful effort to conceal his vexation, said, "Now, Mr. Weller, I will ask you a question on another point, if you please." "If you please, sir," responded Sam. "Do you remember going up to Mrs. Bardell's house one night in November last?" "Oh, yes, wery well." "Oh you do remember that, Mr. Weller," said Sergeant B. "I thought we should get at something at last." "I rayer thought that, too," replied Sam; and at this the spectators tittered again. "Well, I suppose you went up to have a little talk about this trial, eh, Mr. Weller," said Sergeant Buzfuz, looking knowingly at the jury. "I went up to pay the rent; but we *did* get a talkin' about the trial," replied Sam. "Oh you did get talking about the trial," said Sergeant B., brightening up with the anticipation of some important discovery, "Now what passed about the trial; will you have the goodness to tell us, Mr. Weller?" "Vith all the pleasure in life, sir," re-

plied Sam. "Arter a few unimportant hobservations, from the two virtuous females as has been examined here to-day, the ladies gets into a wery hexcited state o' admiration at the honorable conduct o' them two gen'l'm'n as is settin' near you." This of course drew general attention to Dodson & Fogg, who looked more virtuous than ever. "The attorneys for the plaintiff," said Sergeant Buzfuz, inquiringly. "Well, they spoke in high praise of the honorable conduct of Messrs. Dodson & Fogg, the attorneys for the plaintiff, did they?" "Yes," said Sam, "they said a wery generous thing it vos o' them to have taken up the case on spec, and to charge nothin' at all for costs unless they could make 'em off Mr. Pickwick." At this very unexpected reply, the spectators tittered again, and Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, turning very red, leant over to Sergeant Buzfuz, and, in a hurried manner, whispered something in his ear. "You are quite right," said that learned individual, aloud, with affected composure. "It is perfectly useless, my Lord, attempting to get any evidence through the impenetrable stupidity of this witness. I will not trouble the court by asking him any more questions. You may go down, sir." And Sam went down accordingly, after doing Dodson & Fogg as much harm as he conveniently could, which was just all he intended."

Marlborough Lodge, No. 88, working at Bennettsville, S. C., over signature of its Secretary, Bro. S. J. Townsend, reports 55 members, 2 applications, 3 initiations, 1 passing, 1 raising. Materials first-rate, mostly men of position and influence—planters, lawyers, and physicians. Had one private lecture this year. Our Lodge now numbers fifty-five members in full and good standing, generally first-rate men,—men of influence and character, but all young in the cause, and with but little knowledge about Masonry. This Lodge was established about four years ago, and has steadily increased since; every meeting brings in petitions, many of which are rejected. One new Lodge has branched off from us during the past year; to-wit, the Clio Lodge, and one is now working under a dispensation, branched off, that of Adamsville, both in this District. We have never had occasion to expel a member. Society is moral in this rural, sparsely settled section; our members, some of them, are public men, but our Lodge never meddles with politics. We rarely ever have occasion to pay out any thing for charitable purposes. Bro. J. T. Barentine died about one year ago, the last death among us; funeral not come off yet.

Bro. — mourns, but not as those without hope, at the death of that sweet poet, Béranger who, having crowned his life with years beyond the limit of the Psalmist, has passed to his rest. His life was one of usefulness, and his place among the letters of his country, may long remain unfilled. From an excellent resumé of his life and writings, the following, its closing paragraph, is taken:—

"Béranger has been surpassed by no modern writer in the freshness, vivacity, and exquisite grace of his songs. They are admirable specimens

of the flowing melody of which the French language is capable. Inspired by a noble love of freedom, an indignant scorn of baseness, hypocrisy, and oppression, and a generous sympathy with the cause of human progress, they are, at the same time, models of felicitous versification, alternating between the gayest flights of an exuberant imagination, and the melting touches of a gentle and tender pathos. They are doubtless open to the censure of fastidious readers, on the ground of an excessive levity, and they sometimes border on an indelicacy that is repugnant to refined taste. But they are always animated by the true spirit of humanity, and contain few lines at war with the highest instincts of genius. The first collection of his poems was made in 1815, the second in 1821, and the fifth and last in 1833. A fine edition of his complete works was published in Paris in 1847, with illustrations. Two hundred of his lyrical poems have been admirably translated into English by Mr. William Young, a distinguished member of the press of New York City."

Jerusalem Lodge, No. 99, at Clinton, Indiana, over signature of its secretary, Bro. Andrew King, reports one application, material excellent.

### THE NEW COMER.

#### A POEM FOR MOTHERS ONLY.

The hour arrives, the moment wish'd and fear'd,  
The child is born, by many a pang endear'd;  
And now the mother's ear has caught his cry;  
Oh! grant the cherub to her asking eye!  
He comes, she clasps him, to her bosom press'd,  
He drinks the balm of life and drops to rest.  
She, by her smile, how soon the stranger knows;  
As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,  
What answering looks of sympathy and joy!  
He walks, he speaks, in many a broken word,  
His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard;  
And ever, ever, to her lap he flies,  
Where rosy sleep comes on with glad surprise,  
Long in her arms, his arms across her flung,  
That name most dear forever on his tongue.  
As with soft accents on her neck he clings,  
And cheek to cheek her lulling song she sings;  
How blest to feel the beating of his heart,  
Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart;  
Watch o'er his slumbers like the brooding dove,  
And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love.

Bellair Lodge, No. 267, at Bellair, O., over signature of its secretary, Bro. J. M. Spangler, reports 1 application, 1 raising, material excellent. The Lodge is young, and being located in a neighborhood where the moral law is respected, is valued as the character and standing of its membership comes up to or falls short of that standard, "We take none but those who are *worthy*."

It seems that Bro. — has been searching up authority for ordaining women to preach the Gospel. He has been unsuccessful, as the following proves:

"Where is the scriptural or ecclesiastical authority for licensing or ordaining *women* to preach the Gospel? I have endeavored to examine the Bible prayerfully on the subject, and can find no authority or warrant for any such order of ministers or bishops. I should suppose the *male* ministers would need more information before they can *fellowship* any such order. Paul said that a

'bishop must be the husband of one wife.' I fear this text was not duly considered by the association that licensed the candidates referred to."

Ah! Brother, you must look to a later dispensation than any afforded by the Bible, for authority to license the Rev. Antoinette Brown, and other lady apostles.

Rising Sun Lodge, No. 115, Hainesville, Ill., over signature of its Secretary, Bro. S. W. Marvin, reports its affairs being wound up, having ceased work for want of a suitable room, and the dispersion of the members out of the jurisdiction.

As a good accompaniment to the sketch of the long vacation, we give the following. A brilliant barrister whom no country attorney had smiled upon in his hermitage up three pair of stairs in "Pump Court," is invited by a kindly erratic, but peppery Highlander, to accompany him to his native place in "the Lews" or Island of Lewis. He descants upon the glories of that Isle of the Blessed, until our barrister is won, and two days after sees them steaming on board the little "Islay" down the muddy canal from Glasgow to Greenock:

The morning was fine and bright, but no sooner had we shot out on the full bosom of the river, than a "thick horror" fell upon us, and land, sea, and sky, were wrapped in a mantle of pea soup, with a lining of fleecy clouds any thing but water proof. It was pleasant to know that "Dumbarton was over there," and the Kyres of Bute were "close here," as it exercised the imagination, and encouraged fancy to fly under difficulties, but all we could see with the physical eye was a wall of fog around us, and a drab colored sea-gull wallowing about in the air, half in doubt whether it was sky or water, and the big burly luoyts tied by the tail, using desperate efforts to set themselves at liberty. We turned to our fellow passengers for some ray of ghostly comfort, but turned in vain. There were two students from Edinburgh "Free Church," and of a serious turn of mind, who were rendered prematurely unhappy at the awful prospects that await the great mass of humanity in the other world, on account of their not belonging to that small but select Christian community; a laird with a tendency to a short pipe and a long black bottle, and a very drunken "doctor" who was apologizing to every one for insulting them, and inviting them soon afterwards to "have it out on deck," and some "merchants" of the isles. On all these, myself included, the Mull of Cantire soon exhibited its magical effects at reducing to a common level. The very expressive name of this marine county may teach one what he may expect, and the wailings for the steward, who when his victims became unable to shout lustily, had wisely retired to bed, soon composed me under a monomaniacal disregard for the first law of nature. Next day was wet, foggy and blowy, instead of simply being foggy and wet, and the strong-winged gannet sprang past us or dashed down like a plummet into the sea just by the ship, and arose presently with a herring, mackerel, or pollock to his bill. At intervals of three or four hours we rushed into an island harbor, got a glimpse of some white-washed houses on the shore—saw the face of a few natives—the women always washing or "beeding" clothes, and the men looking as if they would be benefited by undergoing the same process; disembarked a couple of merchants and a load of herring barrels, took in more of same sort, and having "hove to" for "the lady in the boat," who is always late, and renders the very existence of marine commanders wretched on that account, rushed out on the sea into the fog again. Skye and Mull and many places of note were thus visited, but

their beauties were lost upon us, while we were very nearly lost on their *disjecta membra* which ran out like the fangs of some hungry beast, to seize upon us. Once, as we slowly backed away from one of these long black teeth, a huge mass of brown roundness heaved itself above the water for an instant, with a lazy roll and with a mighty breath up-spirited a blast of air and water from the end of it, full two fathoms high. "A whale!—a whale! And a monster too!" But he had no mind to be made into train-oil, and with a sullen angry plume, down he dived again right across our bows, giving a graceful wave of his tremendous tail by way of parting salute, and as an indication of his general sentiments on the subject of steamboats and the mercantile marine. We heard the fellow puffing and blowing like an olderman running after the last bus to the city, for some time, and a strong impression was left on my mind as to the undesirableness of being a herring, or indeed any thing smaller than a whale in these seas, if one had to become a subject of King Proteus. Seals now and then shoved up their knowing heads to take a glimpse at us, and with one glance of their lovely mild eyes, saw all they wanted, and returned to the pursuit of salmon as ardently as ever Mr. Scrope himself did; but notwithstanding all these interesting incidents, I was not sorry when on the third day of the fog and our trip, we felt our way into Stornoway, the capital of the Northern Hebrides. It must be admitted that Stornoway, notwithstanding the notion of the natives, that in regal splendor it is superior to the great metropolis itself, is not possessed of much natural or artificial beauty. There is an absurd-looking castle, bran new, with the usual allowance of crenelated turrets, donjons, and embrasured parapets, (placed at a moderate distance from the mud-bank, which is left high and dry twice in twenty-four hours, for the use of the inhabitants,) with a little lawn in front, and an air of *pareva* impudence about it, strangely contrasting with the great white-washed blocks of houses, perched highgly piggledy up and down the openings called streets. This is the mansion of the proprietor of the island, and is of his own manufacture. The whole island, which belonged in the good bad times to the Mackenzies of Seaforth, is as big as many a German principality, being about forty miles long, and from ten to twenty-four wide, is now the property of a gentleman who is at the head of a large mercantile house engaged in the Chinese trade. Stornoway, the capital, is its sole town, but I am becoming statistical, and was very near entering on the kelp question, emigration, education, straw plaiting, crofters and tacksmen, and the reclamation of land.

Poor, dear, dirty, hospitable, busy, herring-curing, cod-drying, ling splitting, fish selling and smelling Stornoway! with your institutions, and countere, and mermaid population, and old tower, and nasty suburbs, and your floating hulks fitted up as shops and habitations, so that one may see on the stern of a quondam herring-boat "Dougal Mackenzie, Merchant, licensed to sell Snuff, Whisky and Tea," or read on the bows of a former cobbler "Angus Mackenzie, Potato merchant and Shoemaker;" I leave you with pleasant memories of jolly evenings, good grog, and kind friends!

The fiery Highlander was driving his fiery little horse at a great pace. We had traveled over some miles of road, bounded on the one side by the sea, and on the other by a wide expanse of bog, which rose in the distance into rounded hills all impurpled with the rich heather bells. Now and then we had passed a clump of wigwags built of mud, the smoke issuing from holes in the roofs, the latter being composed of great flakes of straw, tossed on in bundles, blended with squares of turf, and fastened down with straw ropes ballasted with heavy stones. It was wonderful to see what healthy young Celts rushed out to gaze on us, and what clean faces we could see peeping out modestly from the door-ways, while the strong frames of the men we met showed that health was rife in their unpromising abodes. Patches of fine oats

and potatoes were scattered at intervals over the vast sea of moor-like little islands, but not a tree or shrub was to be seen. Even in the most miserable parts of Ireland one could scarcely find such apparent desolation. The worst culins in Kerry were as good as the crofters' huts, but I am bound to say that the dress and aspect of the people of "The Lowes" were much better, and exhibited signs of comfort unknown to their Celtic brethren in the western kingdom of Erin's Isle. The young grouse flew cheeping across the road, roused by the noise of the wheels, and the curlew and whimbrels got up from the dykes, as we passed, with a wild startled cry; huge flocks of plover, sandpipers and sea-larks whirled about with whistle and scream over the face of the dark bog; the snipe flashed up from the rills and piped a shrill treble for their long-billed partners in the rushes. Now and then you caught sight of an orderly line of mathematical wild geese, flying in an isosceles triangle, as if bent on doing the "Bridge of Asses," and making as much noise as if Rome was in danger; whilst mallard, and teal, and widgeon quacked and pattered around in all directions. Altogether, it seemed as if it were a capital country for a man to live in, if he could only turn his mouth into a bill, and get water-proof leggings and a swimming-belt.

"I must get out," quoth I. "For what, man? Ye're miles from the place." "Nevertheless, cross this stream, O, child of the mist! I will not till I have one whip of my Martin Kelly over that water, and try the attractions of a green-bodied wren on Lewes's trout." The stream in question was about six feet broad, so brown you could not see the bottom, and flashing from pool to pool, till it flowed into the sea about a hundred yards from the spot where we had stopped, which was close by a line of stones that served as a bridge at high water. At present they were useless, for I had just seen a wee lassie run across like a red-shank, and scarcely covering her ankles in the water; but I had seen, too, the whirls of the fish up and down the stream. "De'il tak' me, but ye're just mad, there is not a trout the size of a sprot in the whole burn." But I was not to be intimidated. My little rod was together in a minute, reel put on, and in two points the gut casting-line flashed brightly in the sunshine. "Saw you ever the like o' that?" The flies had not touched the water ere splash, splash!—two yellow-bellies were fixed hard and fast. The eyes of the Highlander were big indeed—not half so big, however, as those of a shock-headed boy, who had joined him in a grin of derision, and had pronounced in the vernacular, which was translated by my friend into, "He says you will not catch one; there's not a fish." At this point, however, I had two, small, to be sure, but in a minute more they were kicking about the turf. Another cast. "By Allah, see this! here's a fellow—a white trout, as I live—in the air, founce, dash, dive, up again! you'll soon be tired, my fine fellow; and the pool not being bigger than the wash-basins in Trafalgar Square, I must kill you, for spoiling sport." The fight was a short one; the Limerick still held fast; and a two pound trout wallopped about on the gravel; and in a few minutes I tried a little pool close at hand, out of which I tossed trout after trout until I had *thirteen*. I am not proud, I hope; but I must admit I felt very much as I suppose heroes feel as I tucked them away in the gig, and heard the wondering remark: "Well, how the de'il you managed it, I can't tell."

That night, in a low-browed, comfortable room, with the clear peat fire burning cosily, good tobacco, and unrivaled whisky at hand, after a glorious dinner of real Scotch broth, real fish—firm and crisp, yet tender as rame—with hare and venison and grouse pies, recondite compounds of cream, bitter marmalade, honey and jams, we caroused after the fashion dear to our forefathers. Had Ossian been wandering past, he might have heard the strains of a Highland song, by a gillie in the corner; smelt a deal of tobacco and toddy,

and seen a great deal of gun washing and flask filling for the morrow; as it was, the witnesses of the scene were two large dogs, two or three bare-footed gillies, an "own-man" and a pet sea-gull, the latter of whom seemed to take a great interest in a bag of shot and some Eley's cartridges.

"Back from the moors." Here's a bag of game!—three and a half brace of ducks, three widgeons, a curlew, two whimbrels, a leash of hares, a gerfacon, six and a half brace of grouse, fifty golden plovers, thirty-two sand-larks (killed in three shots), a nondescript (hit in a pool, and taken out by a dog, said by the gillie to be a "choragh-chagh," as near as I can spell it—to pronounce it I did not care to try), a field-fare, and a brace of snipes; besides stalking a deer, and putting a dose of No. 3 into his stern, as he went away from me, and firing at the place where another had dived! Glorious sport! Dinner's ready, your whiskey—a dram—and hot water up-stairs. To-morrow we'll try for a salmon; and let the pool rest for a day."

Bro. G. Miller, of Huntingdon, Pa., reports the reception there, by a sufficient number of Brethren, of a Dispensation to re-open Mount Moriah Lodge, closed twenty-five years ago. Had I application that would not wait, but went to Hollidaysburgh, some forty miles distant. All of the best men in the county were members of that old Lodge, yet they couldn't stem the storm of anti-masonry.

We have here a picture that we would more fully imitated by those who have the means to improve the public taste. Were it not for the appreciation by Mr. Wedgwood of the genius of the poor student of art, Flaxman, one of the glories of England's manufactories, the Wedgwood Porcelain, would never have taken the position it holds:

The enterprising Josiah Wedgwood was a most energetic man, possessed of great public spirit. He desired to push his trade, and while he benefited himself, he sought also to improve public taste. Before his day, the designs that figured on our china and stoneware were of a most hideous description, bad in design, bad in drawing, and bad in execution. Josiah Wedgwood found out Flaxman. "Well, my lad," he said to him, "I hear you are a good draughtsman and a clever designer. I'm a pot manufacturer named Wedgwood. Now, I want you to design some models for me, nothing fantastic, you know, but simple, tasteful, and correct in drawing. I'll pay you well. Do you understand? You don't think the work beneath you, eh?" "By no means, sir," answered young Flaxman; "indeed the work is quite to my taste. Give me a few days—call again, and you shall see what I can do." "That's right—work away. Mind I am in want of them now. They are for pots of all kinds; teapots, jugs, teacups, and saucers. But, especially, I want designs for a table service. Begin with that. I mean to supply one for the royal table. Think of that, young man. What you design is meant for the eyes of royalty!" "I will do my best, sir, I assure you." And the kind gentleman bustled out of the shop as he came in. Flaxman did his best. When Mr. Wedgwood next called he had a numerous series of models prepared for various pieces of earthenware. They consisted chiefly of small groups in very low relief; the subjects taken from ancient verse and history. Many of them are still in existence, and many of them are equal to his after designs in marble. The youth soon saw he was laboring in a great work—no less than the promotion of popular education; and he was proud in after life to dwell on the incident which formed so agreeable a beginning to the diffusion among the people of a taste

for art, and to the replenishment of his own lean purse, while he greatly promoted the character and prosperity of his friend and benefactor.

Bristol Lodge, No. 25, Bristol, Pa., reports by hand of its Secretary, Bro. A. W. Gelkeson, 3 applications, 7 initiations, 5 passings, 4 raisings, materials good, membership 96, and stands among the best Lodges in the State.

In another page we give the name of the new poet, who, through some unfortunate error in the arrangements at last Yale commencement, failed to read the following. Hood's Stoker's song is tame to it:

#### THE ENGINE SONG.

With a clang!  
 With clank and a clang!  
 With a clamor, a clank and a clang!  
 With clatter and clamor, a clank and a clang!  
 With veins full of fire,  
 And the artery, steam,  
 Roused to the pulse  
 Of a feverish dream;  
 With a gray plume trailing,  
 Fleecy and pale,  
 Like mist boats sailing  
 To sea with the gale;  
 With the ring and the rattle  
 Of lever and wheel,  
 And the blow and the battle  
 Of track and of steel;  
 With a tremulous spring,  
 Like the launch of a wing  
 From the condor's cliff, where the wild vines cling.  
 An eagle of iron, with sinews of steel,  
 And blow of a pinion like avalanche peal—  
 With talons of flame and a blaze in the blood,  
 I tunnel the mountains and compass the flood.  
 I startle the morning and shiver the noon,  
 And splinter the radiant eyes of the moon!  
 From pine and from granite to orange and palm,  
 From storms of sleet fury to zephyrs of balm;  
 From Alleghan summit to Michigan wave,  
 From the life of the East to the pioneer's grave,  
 Dragging a train  
 As a flying prisoner drags his chain;  
 Climbing the grade,  
 Panting and sullen, but undismayed.  
 Then away to the prairie with antelope speed,  
 Belting the forest and skimming the mead!  
 Awaking the bear from his underwood lair,  
 And startling the deer to a leap in the air!  
 Breaking the Indian's solitude rest,  
 Pushing the buffalo far to the west;  
 Skirting the current with spur and with thong,  
 Where the drain of the continent thunders along  
 Mixing and mingling  
 The races of men,  
 Bearing the Now  
 In advance of the Then!

Then ceasing the rattle  
 Of lever and wheel,  
 And parting the battle  
 Of track and of steel,  
 And ending at last  
 The roll and the race,  
 And checking the fight  
 Into gradual pace—  
 With clatter and clamor, a clank and a clang;  
 With clamor, a clank and a clang;  
 With a clank and a clang;  
 With a clang!

Missisquoi Lodge, No. 9, at East Berkshire, Vt., over signature of its Secretary, Cassius Butler, reports 1 affiliation, 1 application, 2 initiations, 1 passing, 1 rais-

ing, materials good. Had I public and I private lecture. This Lodge is located five miles south of the Canada line, and its supply of material has been lately much lessened by a law of Vt. G. L. forbidding the reception of candidates from across the line.

Who has not read, "A Month with the Blue Noses" in that prince of magazines, *Auld Knick?* We have, any how; and though we have no personal acquaintance with Mr. Frederick S. Cozzens, its author—never saw him in our life—so well do we appreciate the following, that we could hug him to our heart for putting it into print. He and his companion being "brought to" of a Sunday, for the want of a conveyance to take them on to Sydney, C. B., they approach the only house in the place where such is to be had:

How much human features could be modified by eating oatmeal was plainly visible in the countenances of McGibbet and his lady love. Both had an unmistakable equine cast; McGibbet, wild, scraggy, and scrubby, with a tuft on his poll that would not have been out of place between the ears of a plow-horse, stared at us, just as such an animal would naturally over the top of a fence; whilst his gentle mate, who had more of the amiable draught-horse in her aspect, winked at us with both eyes from under a close crimped frill, that bore a marvellous resemblance to a headstall. The pair had evidently just returned from Kirk. To say nothing of McGibbet's hat and his wife's shawl on a chair, and his best boots on the hearth, (he was walking about in his stockings,) there was a dry, precess air about them, which plainly betokened they were newly stiffened up with the moral starch of the conventicle, and were therefore well prepared to drive a hard bargain for a horse and wagon to Sydney. But what surprised me most of all was the imperturbable coolness of Picton. Without even looking, scarcely, at the persons he was addressing, he stalked in with an—"I say, we want a horse and wagon to Sydney; so look sharp, will you, and turn out the best thing you've got here!" The moral starch of the conventicle stiffened up instantly. Like the blacksmith of Cairnvrackan, who, as a professor, would drive a nail for no man on the Sabbath or Kirkfast, unless in a case of absolute necessity, and then always charged an extra saxepece for each shoe; so it was plain to be seen that McGibbet had a conscience which required to be pricked both with that which knows no law and the saxepece too. He turned to his wife and addressed her in Gaelic. Then I knew what was coming. Mrs. McGibbet opened the subject in a leisurely way, by saying that they were both accustomed to the observance of the Sabbath, and she "didn't think it was right for man to transgress when the law was so plain——" Here McGibbet broke in, and said that "he was free to confess he had connected a great menny theengs kwich were a great deal worse than Sabbath breaking." Upon which Mrs. McG. interrupted him in turn with a few words, which, though in Gaelic, a language we could not understand, conveyed the impression that she was not addressing her liege lord in the language of enlacement, and again continued, in English, that it was "held sinful in the community to wark, or do any thin' of the sort; or to fetch or carry even a sma' bundle——" "For kwich," said McGibbet, "is a fine to be paid to the mearister, of five sheellins currency——" Here Picton turned to me, and observed, "About a dollar of your money." And again facing the lady, said, "We'll pay the fine." Or to travel the road," continued Mrs. McG., "on foot, to say nothing of a wagon and horse." "But," interrupted Picton, "my dear madam, we *must* go on, I tell you; I must be in Sidney to-morrow to

catch the steamer for St. John's." At this observation the pair fell back upon their Gaelic for awhile, Picton taking the opportunity to whisper me, "I see they want to raise the price on us; but we won't give in; they'll be sharp enough after the job by-and-by." The pair turned towards us, and both shook their heads. It was plain to be seen the conference had not ended in our favor. "Ye see," said the guid wife, "we are accustomed to the observance of the Sabbath, and wad na like to brake it, except——" "In a case of necessity; you are perfectly right," chimed in Picton, "I agree with you myself. Now this is a case of necessity; here we are, we must get on, you see; if we don't get on, we miss the steamer to-morrow for St. John's—she only runs there once a fortnight—its plain enough a clear case of necessity; its like,——" continued Picton, with a bewildered air, evidently trying to corner some authority in his mind, "it's like—let me see—it's like a—pulling—yes, a pulling sheep out of a ditch—a—which is always done on the Sabbath, you know—to get us on to Sydney." Both McGibbet and his wife smiled at Picton's ingenuity, but straightway put on the equine look again. "It might be so; but it was clean contrary to their prenciples." "I'll be hanged," whispered Picton, "if I hear them more than the usual price, which I offered at Lew-isbury was one pound ten, and the fine extra. I see what they are after." There was an awkward pause in the negotiations. McG. scratched his poll, and looked wistfully at his wife, but the kirk frill kept stiff as ever. Suddenly Picton looked out of the window, "By Jove," said he, "I think the wind has changed, and we may, after all, get round in the schooner." McGibbet looked somewhat anxiously out of the window, also; and grunted out a little more Gaelic to his love. The kirk frill relented a trifle. "Perhaps, the gentlemen would like a glass of milk after theae long walk? and Robert (pronounced Robbut,) a bit of the corn cake." Upon which Robbut, with great alacrity, turned toward the bedroom, from whence he brought forth a great, white disk, that resembled the head of a flour barrel, but which proved to be a full grown griddle cake of corn meal. This with the pure milk from the cleanest of scoured pans, was acceptable enough after the long walk. "Do you like this as well as the oat-cake?" said I to Robbut, as I filled my mouth with the dry, husky provender. "Nae," replied that worthy, "it's not sae fellin'." Not so filling! Think of that, oh, ye pampered minions of luxury, who prize food not as it is useful, but as it is tasteful; who enjoy meats, fish, and poultry only as they minister to your palates: who flirt with spring chickens and trifle with sweet-breals without a thought of your cubic capacity—without a reflection that you can live just as well upon so many square inches of oatmeal a day as you can upon the most elaborate French kickshaws. "Then you like oatmeal better than this?" said Picton, worrying down a husky lump with a cup of milk. "Ay," responded McG. "And you always eat it whenever you can get it, I suppose?" continued Picton, with a most innocent air. "Ay," responded Robbut. "I should think some of you Scotchmen would be afraid of contracting a disease that is engendered in the system by the use of this sort of grain? I hope, Mr. McGibbet," said Picton, with the most imperturbable coolness, "you keep clear of the bots, and that sort of thing, you know?" "Kwat?" said Robbut, with the most startled horse-like look he had yet put on. "The gastrophilii," replied Picton, "which I would advise you to steer clear of, if you want to live long." As this was a word of too many sharp points for Robbut's comprehension, he simply responded by a sickly bitter smile, and turning to Mrs. McG. addressed her, as the conversation had wandered from the main point, in the vernacular again. "We wad like to obbeege you," said the lady, "if it was not for the transgression; and we do na like to brake the Sabbath for any mon." "Although" interposed Robbut, "I am free to confess I have done ae mony things worse than

breakin' the Sabbath." "But if to-morrow would do as well, Robbut would take ye to Sydney—" Picton shook his head. "Or to-night; I wad na mind that," said the pious Robbut, "*if it was after dark*;" and that will bring ye to Sidney before to-morrow's morn." "That will do," said Picton, slapping his thigh. "Lend us your horse and wagon to go down to the schooner and get our luggage; we will be back this evening, and then go on to Sidney, eh? That will do; a ride by moonlight;" and the traveler jumped up from his seat, walked with great strides toward the fire-place, turned his back to the blaze, hung a coat-tail over each arm, and whistled "Annie Laurie" at Mrs. McGibbet.

The suggestion of Picton meeting the views of all concerned, the diplomacy ended. Robbut put himself in his Sunday boots, and hitched up a spare-ribbed horse before a box-wagon without springs, which he brought before the door with great complacency. Picton and I were soon on the ground-floor of the vehicle, seated upon a log of wood, by way of cushion; and with a chirrup from McGibbet at the door, off we went. At the foot of the first hill our horse stopped; in vain Picton jerked at the rein and shouted; not a step further would he go until Robbut himself came down to the rescue. "Get along, Boab!" said his master, and "Boab," with a mute, pitiful appeal in his countenance, turned that portion of his well marked anatomy towards salt water. At the foot of the next hill Boab stopped again, when the irascible Picton jumped out and gave Boab such a jerk to get on, that it was a wonder three of his ribs were not broken in the effort. And Boab did get on, only to stop at the ascent of the next hill. Then we began to understand the animal's tactics. For many years Boab had been the only horse power between Lousburgh and Sydney, and as he was usually overburdened, made a point to stop at the upside of every hill on the road, to let part of his freight get out and walk to the top of the hill with him. So, by way of compromise, we made a feint of getting out at every rise of ground, and Boab, who always turned his head towards us at each stopping-place, seemed to be satisfied with the letter of the ceremony, and didn't notice our getting in again, as he trotted gaily forward. At last we came to a place we had in the morning named Sebastopol—a great sharp edge of rock, high as a man's waist, that cut the road in two, over which we lifted the wagon, and were soon in view of the bright little harbor, and the "Balaklava" at anchor. . . . And now the labor of packing up commenced, of which Picton had the greatest share, by far; we shook hands with all on board, and were rowed in silence to the land. I have had some experience in traveling, and have learned to bear with ordinary firmness the incidental discomforts one is certain to meet with on the road, but I must say, my experience was not sufficient to enable me to view with unconcern the appearance of our wagon after Picton's luggage was on it. First, two immense English sole leather trunks filled the bottom of the vehicle, and rose a foot above its sides; next the traveler's Minie rifle, life-preserver, strapped up blankets and hand-bag; over these again were piled my trunk and Picton's valise (itself a monster of straps and sole leather); then again, his portable secretary, and the hand-organ in a box. These, with the cordage to keep them stayed, made such a pyramid of luggage that riding ourselves was out of the question. To crown all, it began to rain steadily. "Now, then," said Picton, climbing up on his confounded traveling equipage, "let us get on." With some difficulty I made a half seat on the corner of my own trunk; Picton shouted at Boab, the Newfoundland sailors who rowed us ashore, put their shoulders to the wheel, and waving our hats, in answer to the cheers of the sailors, away we went. It was down hill to the first bridge, and so far we had nothing to care for save to keep on our roost; but at the foot of the first hill, Boab stopped! In vain Picton shouted at him to get on; in vain he jerked the rein and

made a feint of getting down from the wagon. Boab was not intractable, but he was sagacious—he had been fed on that kind of chaff too long. Picton and I were obliged to humor his prejudices and dismount in the mud, and, after one or two feeble attempts to get up again, gave it up, walked down hill and up, lifted the wagon by inches over Sebastopol, and finally arrived at McGibbet's, wet, tired, and hungry. That Sabbath-breaker received us with a grim smile of satisfaction, put on the half-extinguished fire the smallest possible bit of wood he could find in the pile beside the hearth, and then went away with Boab to the stable. "Gloomy prospects ahead, Picton!" The traveler answered never a word. Now I wish to put this fact on record, that there is no place, no habitation of man, that cannot be lighted up with the smile of welcome, and the right hand of hospitality. McGibbet, after leading his beast to the stable, returned, and warming his wet hands at the fire, grunted out, "It rains the night." "Yes," answered Picton hastily, "rains like blue blazes: I say, get us a drop of whisky, will you?" "I never keep that thing i' the hoose," answered the equine, folding his hands over each other with a saintly look. "Picton," said I, "if we could unlash our luggage, I have a bottle of capital old brandy in my trunk, but it's too much trouble." "Ou na," quoth Robbut, with a most accommodating look, "it will be nae trouble to get to it." "Well, then," said Picton, "look sharp, will you?" and our host moved off to the wagon, and very soon returned with the trunk, as directed, on his shoulder. "But," said I, taking out the bottle of precious fluid, "here it is, corked up tight, and what is to be done for a corkscrew?" "I've got one," said the saint. "I thought it was likely," quoth Picton; "look sharp, will you?" And Robbut did look sharp, and produced the identical instrument before Picton and I had exchanged smiles. Then Robbut spread out three green tumblers on the table, and following Picton's lead, poured out a stout half glass, at which I shouted "Hold up!" for I thought he was *filling* the tumbler for my benefit—but it proved a mistake. Robbut stopped for a moment, then instantly recovering himself, covered the tumbler with his four fingers, and, to use a Westernism, got "outside the contents quicker 'n lightning." Then he brought from his bedroom a coarse sort of worsted horse blanket, and with a "Ye'll may be like to sleep an hour or twa," threw it down beside us, and retired to the arms of Mrs. McGibbet. Picton gave a great crunching kick with his boot-heel at the back-stick, and laid on a good supply of fuel. We were wet through and through, but we wrapped ourselves in our traveling blankets like a brace of clausmen in their plaids, put our feet towards the now cheerful blaze, and were soon bound and clasped in sleep.

Seventy-Six Lodge, No. 14, at Swanton, Vt., over signature of its Secretary, Bro. H. N. Drury, reports 21 affiliations. Had one private lecture. Numbers 60 membership.

The author of the following, we must believe, has a bountiful measure within him of that (now-a-days) unmarketable commodity, the milk of human kindness:

Something to work for  
 Something to do to:  
 Here's reformation  
 Lasting as true;  
 Here's the reformer  
 For poor and for rich,  
 In old or new countries  
 It matters not which.

Work for all ages,  
 Good food and prompt pay:

Fair time and fair wages,  
And fair chance to play:  
Pick up the vagrants,  
Cheer them to toil,  
Learn them the fragrance  
And taste of the soil.

Up by the cataract,  
Out on the prairie,  
Rally the vagabonds,  
Be not too chary:  
True there is land for man  
Rolling and wide:  
Land for the husbandman,  
Land for his bride.

Up with the tattered rags  
On the fresh breeze,  
Unfurl their matted flags  
Under the trees:  
Locks from the gutter thaw  
In fountains new,  
With something to work for  
And something to do.

Bid the lone child of woe  
Countryward come,  
Give him the pick and hoe,  
Deed him a home:  
Show him the temperate  
Virtuous man,  
May be independent  
As any one can.

Gather the erring ones  
From every den,  
From the enticing ones,  
Slayers of men:  
Rouse up the heart and will  
Of every poor rover:  
Here's the world's ransom still  
All the world over.

Mount Carmel Lodge, No. 133, working at Warrenton, Va., over signature of its Secretary, Bro. N. F. Powers, reports a lack of zeal among its members, and a cessation from work. The Lodge will probably not survive. Material good (!)

Here is the last resort of the man whose name, Mr. Green, "was good for sore eyes," but who couldn't stand fun, nor be funny:

In the territory of Nebraska, far to the west thereof, lies a tract of land, which the early French trappers, with shrewd fitness, called the "Mauvais Terres." It is a region of rocks, petrefactions, and other pre-Adamite peculiarities. In a paper written by Dr. Leidy, of Philadelphia, and published by the Smithsonian Institute, we are assured that there once lived, in these bad lands, turtles six feet square, and alligators, compared with which the present *squatter sovereigns* of the neighboring Territory are lovely and refined. The fossil remains of these ancient inhabitants still encumber the earth of that region, and make it unpleasant to view with an agricultural eye; but here and there the general desolation is relieved by a fertile valley, with a running brook and green slopes. White men, whisky, and funny fellows have not yet penetrated there. I will go to this sanctuary. A snug cabin will contain my household gods, to wit,—twelve shirts and a Bible. I will plant my corn and tobacco, and grape vines on the fertile slope that looks to the south; my cattle and sheep shall browse the rest of the valley, while a few agile goats shall stand in picturesque positions upon the rocky monsters described by Dr. Leidy. My guests shall be the grave and wise red men, who never try to joke bad jokes. I do not think that they ever try to be funny; but to be certain thereof, I will not learn their lan-

guage, so that any melancholy attempts of that kind they may possibly make will fall on unappreciating ears. By day I will cultivate my crops, and tend my flocks and herds; and in the long evenings smoke the calumet with the worthy aborigines. If I should find some dusky maiden, like Palmer's Indian Girl, who has no idea of puns, polkas, crinoline, or eligible matches, I will woo her in savage hyperbole, and she shall light my pipe with her slender fingers, and beat for me the tom-tom when I am sad.

Oriental Star Lodge, No. 21, at Jay Bridge, Maine, over signature of its W. M. Bro. J. Covell, reports 3 applications, 2 raisings. Materials good.

The practice of serenading is among the first acts, in Southern cities, of a would-be successful lawyer. To get in position to appreciate the feelings of the young gentleman who so well describes both below, the reader must assume to be in a spacious garden at midnight, the young gent in the first fork of a big alanthus tree; bull-dog at foot of same, vibrating his short continuation solemnly, and gazing steadfastly at young gent's boots. Young gent, *lequitor*:

Well! here's a situation  
For a young man, "up a tree,"  
With a bull-dog standing under  
Looking lovingly at me!

Treed! by all the darts of Cupid!  
Like a 'possum or a 'coon!  
What an aspect for a lover,  
By the dim light of the moon!

Came to serenade my Julia;  
Lightly climbed the garden wall;  
Tuned my guitar 'neath her window,  
Yonder where the shadows fall;

Got as far as "Sleep, my darling,"  
When a deep base "bow, wow, wow!"  
Out of time and tune salutes me—  
I hear its echo now.

And a snapping close behind me  
Warned me that a foe was near;  
So I bent a quick retreat from *there*  
And found a lodgment here!

As I climbed this smooth Alanthus  
I felt a-something tear;  
Let us see—yes, here's a rent behind—  
I know how it came there!

Plague take the canine creature  
Wagging his stiff bobtail,  
As though he thought *his* narrative  
Would finally prevail!

But such dogmatic arguments  
Have no effect on me,  
And such vaggish illustrations  
With my temper don't agree.

Yonder where the snowy curtain  
In the mellow moonlight shines,  
Unconscious of my sad mishap,  
My Julia dear reclines.

I would not now for all the world  
That she should see me here,  
Dangling in this old Alanthus,  
With a white flag in my rear!

Oh, for a bit of strychnine,  
Or some poison of *some* sort,  
I'd stop the wagging of that tail  
And all this canine sport.

The merry stars seem laughing  
In their places up afar,



But I am looking downward  
On a dangerous dogstar.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Hark, what is that?—an old tom cat  
Around the porch is crawling;  
Poor Tom, I've a fellow-feeling  
For your sad caterwauling!

Now Bowser hears him!—see, he turns;  
Seek! catch him! bite him, Bowser!  
Confound the twig! 'tis fastened in  
The behind of my trowser!

He's gone! and dog and cat are seen  
In mad and desperate chase:  
'Tis a very proper time, I think,  
For me to leave this place.

Oh, Julia, sleep!—sleep sound, my love!  
Oh do not wake just yet.  
To view the rent in my trowserloons,  
Made by your canine pet;

And if you never wake, until  
My soft guitar you hear,  
You'll slumber till old Gabriel's horn  
Shall break your sleep, my dear!

TITUS A. PEEPS.

Now it is our opinion, that about the time Mr. Peeps uttered his closing refresher, he was, like the Frenchman who had his white investition spattered with the gravy from his neighbor's clumsy carving, "vera mooch *disgus*" with that method of wooing.

Laporte Lodge, No. 41, working at La Porte, Indiana, over signature of its Secretary, Bro. W. B. Biddle, reports 1 initiation, 1 passing, materials good. This Lodge was chartered in 1838, and until one and a half years since, has been the only one in our flourishing town. After demitting quite a number to form a new Lodge, we reported 54 members to our Grand Lodge at its last Communication. From time to time we are receiving accessions, and in many instances these are the most valuable material. Though our membership is not perfect, yet, the united effort of such men as compose our Lodge, cannot fail to exert the most benign influence on the community in which they live. This power to do good has not been inactive. The fraternity has so borne itself before the world, as to silence persecution, and to convert opposition in almost every instance where good-will is desirable.

Who would ever have believed that so learned a history, and one extending to so great a distance into the dim ages of the past, could have been written about the oyster. Yet, strange to say, the man has been and did it; and the thing is done. In witness:—

"The Oyster is a creature that perambulateth the bottom of the sea, and absorbeth nutriment from the limosity thereof," saith the venerable Alfredus, in his treatise "De Prodigis"; and farther, "It hath for its muniment and protection two conches or *valvulae*, and therein advtantage the *Testudo* or shell crab, which is mighty vulnerable between the joints of his belly." The oyster hath been most frequently the subject of inquisition and comment by learned writers, both neoterick

and ancient; and hath been the comfort and solacement of the people of all times, and ever held in high dignity and repute. This creature was known of old to the Phillistaci, and to the Sidonians, and to all the people that did skirt the Mediterranean. The Colchians also did fetch them from the Euxine, and the Samothracians from the shores of the *Ægean*. They were matter of great savor and relish (*grati saporis*), it is also reported, among the inhabitants of Cyprus; and because the Jews did hold them, as well as all shell-fish, as an abomination, the Cypriots did make a law, that if any Jew should be cast on their coast, he should be straightwise knocked in the head; which showeth that they did rate and repute this fish even beyond the life of man. But especially were they held in esteem among the Romans, who did bestow wondrous pains on the procreation and fattening thereof. The shores of the Hellespont were mainly fruitful therein. "*Ora Hellespontia ceteris aostroasiot oris.*" We read also of the "*Ostriferi fauces Abidi.*" But above all were they famed that were raised in the *Lacus Lucrinus*, of which Horatius speaketh as "*Lucrina Conchylla,*" and which he did use to wash down with his Lesbian wine—

"*Capaciores, after, huc, puer, scyphos,  
Et chia vina, aut Lesbia.*"

To which lake they were brought and fed from Brundisium, also in great repute therefor; as also, from Baie, where were planted the first oyster beds by one Sergius, as Pliny telleth: "*Sergius, Orata, primus, ostrea in Bajano locavit.*"

In the ancient time, in England, were they also in great liking and store; whereof it is said—"*Les gent; du royaume sont uscz plus que nul part ailleurs;*" and also, on the southern coast of Scotland, where they were planted and forwarded, and of the right to the beds, whereof great dissension and differences did arise, and for the settlement whereof it is stated in the *Rapport Majestatem*, that "When ye twelve royal men compeer and pass ye ye assise, they shall proceede and trye quuik of ye parties, ye persewer, or ye defendant, hath best right to ye londs *clamed*" (evidently meant *oystered*, a misprint.) Grdlldwgd, the learned Welshman, as his name imports, also extolleteth them, in his "*Lho rhythw Eroll;*" as, also, Salvianus, in his work, "*De Piscium natura et preparatione;*" although he addeeth this caution, that if much partaken of, they doth dispose to melancholy, and to the seeing in one's self of phantoms and incubi. It is related by Pontipidan, that Elsholm, one of the kings of the West-Saxons, did ordain that three-score should be fattened daily for his wife, who did mightily affect them; and also of one Og, a tyrant of the Ichthyophagi, that he did use to regale himself with a thousand fricasseed daily, for his breakfast. Peter of Banbury relateth that he did merrily feast at Chester, upon Christmas, with the ancient fraternity of the wax-chandlers, of oysters and Hyppocras. Alexander ab Alexandro relateth of a certain Duke of Muscovy, that he did use to keep one to sport withal, as others used to do with a lap dog; and that, when angered, it would quaver with its chops, as Jackanapes are wont to do when in choler.

There, that will do. We "don't know as we ever knowed a man who know'd as much" as this learned author knows about oysters.

—◆◆◆—  
OCTOBER 1, 1857.

Have returned in safety, and with a thankful heart, from our pilgrimage; met friends we long hoped to meet, made new acquaintances and saw sunny spots, we dreamed of making and seeing, ere the

scythe of the arch destroyer had mowed us down, and gathered our remains with those who have gone before. Found on our arrival a perfect host of Reports from our Bro. Secretaries, and the copy for this Department unexpectedly "short" some six pages. Decided we could not do better than fill it with said Reports so far as the space permitted. Without further preface we begin.

Cataract Lodge, No. 2, at St. Anthony, M. T., over signature of its Secretary, Bro. W. G. Bradford, reports 1 affiliation, 1 passing, 1 raising.

Amicable Lodge, No. 25, working at Baltimore City, Md., over signature of its Secretary, Bro. Jno. Van Tromp, reports nothing done whatever. Membership twenty-five. State of the Lodge unsatisfactory, for want of good officers. Have many old members of excellent standing in the community, but cannot induce them to attend the meeting. The Lodge was "called off" on fourth Monday of July to resume labor on the 28th September.

Jacksonville Lodge, No. 108, working at town of same name, Texas, over signature of its Secretary, Bro. Harmon Wynne, reports one affiliation, three applications, one initiation, and one passing. Materials good. The Lodge was doing a good work, and stood high in the community for its usefulness.

Evening Star Lodge, working at Lee, Mass., over signature of its Secretary, Bro. Geo. W. Burt, reports 50 affiliated, 3 applications, 1 initiation, and 2 raisings. Materials excellent. Had one private lecture.

Merrimack Lodge, working at Haverhill, Mass., over signature of its Secretary, Bro. John Edwards, reports 4 applications, 3 initiations, 1 passing. Materials excellent. Had two private lectures. In 1842 this Lodge surrendered her charter, and reclaimed the same ten years afterwards, when, on the 9th November, 5852, with only nine members, the first meeting was held. Since that time up to the commencement of the last year, the Lodge has steadily increased in membership and usefulness, when a system of black balling began to be practiced by two or three of its members, and men have been rejected who stood high in the community for every thing that could recommend them as members of any Lodge any-

where. As a consequence, no more material has been added to the Lodge during the past year. Since its reorganization but one death, the acting Master, and one withdrawal have occurred, leaving the present membership 100 men.

Aurora Lodge, No. 22, working at Montpelier, Vt., over signature of its Secretary, Bro. Loomis Palmer, reports 1 application, 1 initiation. Material good. The Lodge is in a healthy condition, but in consequence of two new Lodges having been organized within a circuit of eight miles distant, within the last few years, is not increasing in numbers as fast as formerly.

United Brethren Lodge, No. 21, working at White River Junction, Hartford, Vt., over signature of its Secretary, Bro. J. W. French, reports 1 affiliation, 1 application, 1 passing, 1 raising. Material good. Are doing but little, as there are three Lodges within a few miles distant. The influence of the Lodge upon society was good.

Mount Anthony Lodge, No. 13, working at Bennington, Vt., over signature of its Secretary, Bro. Alfred Robinson, reports 2 applications and 1 passing. Materials excellent. The Lodge is in a flourishing condition, and the door of admission sought zealously by those who will be a credit to the inner chambers of the temple.

Franklin Lodge, No. 4, working at St. Albans, Vt., over signature of its Secretary, Bro. S. R. Day, reports nothing done for the month. Bro. Augustus Young died on the 17th June, and was buried with Masonic honors.

Masonic Union Lodge, No. 16, working at Troy, Vt., over signature of its Secretary, Brother Nahum Orcutt, reports 2 applications. The Lodge enjoys a fair degree of prosperity — its doors being alarmed by some of the best men in community.

Rising Sun Lodge, No. 7, working at Royalton, Vt., reports over signature of its Secretary, Brother Stephen H. Pierce, one private lecture.

Woodstock Lodge, No. 31, working at Woodstock, Vt., over signature of its Secretary, Bro. O. H. Mackenzie, reports 1 application, 1 initiation, 2 passings, 1 raising. Materials fair. In January

5853 this Lodge commenced work under Dispensation with only 7 members. It was chartered in 5854, and has steadily gone on increasing its membership until at the present time it numbers a membership of 70. There has not been an expulsion or suspension, it being deemed more advisable to examine closely the material before the tools are applied, than to have to cast it amongst the rubbish after labor is spent upon it.

Golden Rule Lodge, No. 32, working at Putney, Vt., over signature of its Secretary, Bro. H. H. Barton, reports 18 affiliations. Materials very good (except Secretary!) "Golden Rule" under its old Charter was in 5832 in a flourishing condition, but when the sirocco of anti-masonic malevolence swept over this section of the country, this Lodge, with most of the Lodges in the State, resigned its charter and ceased work. "Some four years since," the Secretary adds, "some few of us 'old fogies,' who had retained our love and attachment to the venerable institution, decided to attempt the resuscitation of old Golden Rule; and as the jewels and furniture were disposed of when the Lodge disbanded, we were necessitated to procure at considerable expense an entire new outfit, which we have at this time. Our location in a thinly populated country town, with two sister Lodges within ten miles of us, north and south, tends to render our chance for work rather limited; but we have reason to be thankful that our labors have been blessed thus far. We have paid all our debts, and have a small balance in the Treasury. Have conferred the degrees on fourteen candidates, of whom some have gone West, and others have joined the new Lodge in Brattleboro.

Moriah Lodge, No. 15, working at West Killingly, Conn., over signature of its Secretary, Bro. Rufus Robinson, reports 100 affiliated, 2 applications, 2 initiations, 1 passing, 1 raising. Materials excellent. Had one public lecture. This Lodge is in a most flourishing condition, and no Lodge in the State has a better name or exerts a more healthy influence on the community. During the anti-masonic warfare it was located at Canterbury, Vt., where in common with five-sixths of the Lodges then in the State it stopped work, and was disbanded; but in 5853, a few of the old members, whose love for Masonry was still green in their hearts, united with a number of newly made Masons in a petition to the Grand Lodge for the restoration of the charter. The prayer was

granted, and the Lodge commenced work, with the above gratifying results.

Jerusalem Lodge, No. 49, working at Ridgefield, Connecticut, over signature of its Secretary, Bro. Hiram K. Scott (W. M.), reports nothing for the month of August. This Lodge is looked upon by the public with respect, although the members are few.

Union Lodge, No. 40, working at Danbury, Conn., over signature of its Secretary, Bro. Roger Anvill, reports 1 application. Material good.

Columbia Lodge, No. 25, working at South Glastenbury, Conn., over signature of its Secretary, Bro. W. Thrall, reports 19 applications, 15 initiations, 15 passings, and 15 raisings, as the work for twelve months. Masonry is exciting more and more distinguished attention on the part of the best men in this locality.

Asylum Lodge, No. 57, working at Stonington, Conn., over signature of its Secretary, Bro. John F. Trumbull, Jr., reports 3 applications, 3 initiations, 3 passings, 2 raisings. Materials good. Benj. F. Pendleton died on the 2d August, and was buried with Masonic honors by the members of his own and the neighboring Lodges. The Lodge is in a prosperous condition.

Trenton Lodge, No. 5, working at Trenton, New Jersey, over signature of its Secretary, Bro. John O. Raun, reports 2 applications, and 1 raising. Material excellent. This Lodge is in a prosperous condition, and the membership can not be surpassed in the State. The attendance at the regular meetings is good.

Mystic Brotherhood, No. 21, working at Red Bank, N. J., over signature of its Secretary, Bro. Wm. Child, reports 1 application, 1 passing, 1 raising. Material excellent. This Lodge is exerting a very favorable influence upon the public mind, judging from the number and respectable standing of those who have joined us during the past eight months.

St. Andrew's Lodge, No. 56, working at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, over signature of its Secretary, Bro. Albert H. Hoyt, reports 16 applications, 15 initiations, 12 passings, 10 raisings. Materials good. Had 1 public and 8 private lectures. "Masonry exerts" says our intelligent

Bro. Sec'y, "a quiet, but substantial and visible influence upon this community. There are two Lodges here, and they are composed of some of the most desirable people in our midst, and the character of the membership, by the potent force of example, exerts a telling influence upon the community generally."

North Star Lodge, No. 8, working at Lancaster, New Hampshire, over signature of its Secretary, Bro. Henry O. Kent, submits to the Fraternity the following facts:

This Lodge, one of the oldest in N. H., was instituted A. L. 5797, at Northumberland, N. H., a point on the Connecticut river, six miles above its present location. The country surrounding was then new, and the little Lodge was indeed the "North Star" of the Order in its jurisdiction. It however, confident in the integrity of its mission, worked steadily on; after a few years the demands of the community caused its removal to Lancaster, the Shire town of Coos; here its growth was more rapid—the leading men of the vicinity gladly joining its ranks. Men who have since held high honors under our state government—men who were the working and energetic motive power of the region, were embraced in its membership. At the time of trouble and doubt for the Craft, when Lodge after Lodge went down before the waves of misdirected zeal, the "North Star" shone steadily above the horizon to cheer the Craft in the hour of trouble. Not until the storm was passed—until the Order began to recover from its reverses did she suspend her labors, and then by consent of her members. In 5852, the Charter was again placed upon the wall of the Lodge and work again commenced. From that time the progress of the Order has been rapid; favored by excellent officers and zealous and upright brethren, the Lodge has maintained its old repute and now ranks well, exerting a salutary influence throughout the community. Our numbers are 56 affiliated members, 10 unaffiliated. In the year ending with the Grand Communication of 5856, 21 masons were made. No deaths have occurred the present year. This month we have received 3 applications, have passed 2, and raised 2, the materials good. We have had no occasion for administering reprimands, or causing suspensions, or of making expulsions.

No stated times are assigned for lectures, yet the Craft are frequently assembled for that purpose by the W. M., who is also District Grand Lecturer of the State.

Hiram Lodge, No. 9, working at Claremont, New Hampshire, over signature of its Secretary, Bro. Lewis Woodman, reports 1 application, who was received, initiated, passed, and raised. Materials good. During the year this Lodge made a membership of seventeen good and true brethren, and peace and love reigns within its walls.

King Solomon's Lodge, No. 14, working at Wilmot Flat, N. H., over signature of its Secretary, Bro. D. M. Hazen, reports 4 applications and 1 initiation. Materials good. This Lodge for the past year has done but little, but at the present time an interest has been excited by the applications for degrees of some of the best citizens in the locality, which will have a happy effect upon her for good.

Mount Vernon Lodge, No. 15, working at Newport, N. H., over signature of its Secretary, Bro. Nathan White, reports over 100 affiliated, 9 applications, who were all initiated, passed, and raised. Materials "best men in town." Deaths 4, all buried with Masonic honors in due form. Had 1 public and 12 private lectures. This is a good working Lodge. On funeral occasions, the turn out is gratifying, some 300 M. M's, with a fair compliment of F. C's and E. A's. The membership is composed of the best and most influential men in the place, ministers, lawyers, merchants, doctors, mechanics, and farmers. Quite a large number of Masons made here have emigrated West and South, from whence we hear good accounts of them, much to our gratification, either as helping to organize new Lodges, or working in such already organized.

Humane Lodge, No. 21, working at Rochester, N. H., over signature of its Secretary, Bro. F. McDuffie, reports 1 application, and 2 initiations. Materials good. This Lodge has been gradually increasing in prosperity and exerts a good influence upon the community. It numbers among its members many of the best men in the vicinity, and is in a flourishing condition.

Bethel Lodge, No. 24, working at New Ipswich, N. H., over signature of its Secretary, Bro. N. Y. Oliver, reports 2 initiations, 2 passings, 1 raising. Materials good. Has private lectures weekly. This Lodge was established nearly fifty years ago, and in that time many a hoary head from among its fraternal ranks has been gathered to take a place in the G. L.

above, and the sons now fill the places once so honorably occupied by the sires. Trials, or their consequences for anti-masonic conduct are unknown, and the monthly meetings are marked with naught but love and harmony.

Rising Sun Lodge, No. 39, working at Nashua, N. H., over signature of its Secretary, Bro. Wm. White, reports 42 applications, 35 initiations, 34 passings, 34 raisings, for the year ending May, 5857. During 5856, there occurred 3 deaths: Bro. Perley Foster, (at Dubuque, Iowa,) buried at Nashua by the Lodge; Bro. Wm. Boardman, at home, Sept. 18.; and Bro. Chas. F. Goor, Oct. 11. The latter Brother bequeathed to the Lodge \$800 for the purpose of erecting a Lodge Monument to mark the resting place of her deceased sons. On the 24th June, 5857, this Lodge celebrated the festival of St. John Baptist, at which 22 Masonic bodies participated.

Portland Lodge, No. 1, working at Portland, Maine, over signature of its Secretary, Bro. Moses Dodge, reports 2 affiliations, 2 initiations, 2 passings, 2 raisings. Materials good. This is the oldest Lodge, as its number imports, in the State. It was chartered by the Grand Lodge of Mass., in 5762. Among its members are the oldest and most respectable citizens of this beautiful and thriving city.

Cumberland Lodge, No. 12, working at New Gloucester, Maine, over signature of its Secretary, Bro. Moses Plummer, reports as the work for the year, 30 affiliations, 4 applications, 3 initiations, 2 passings, 1 raising. Materials fair. The members of this Lodge having pursued amid all the opposition that has existed, the even tenor of their way, acting upon the square toward all, they have outlived all the slanders that have been aimed at them, personally, or through them, at Masonry. The Bro. Secretary well adds, "The nearer we live up to the principles inculcated by our time-honored institution, the less opposition will Masonry have to contend with."

Ancient Landmark Lodge, No. 17, working at Portland, Maine, over signature of its Secretary, Bro. Ira Berry, reports 2 applications, 2 raisings. Materials good. Died, Bro. George Johnson, aged 83 years, on 14th August, 5857.

Oriental Star Lodge, No. 21, working at North Livermore, Maine, over signa-

ture of its junior P. M., Bro. Joseph Co-vell, reports, as the work for August, but one affiliation. Our Bro. furnishes some statistics of the membership of this Lodge, which we will take pleasure in working into an article in a future number.

Harmony Lodge, No. 38, working at Gorham, Maine, over signature of its Secretary, Bro. John C. Card, reports 1 application, 3 passings, and 1 raising. Materials excellent. This Lodge is doing a good work.

Limerick Lodge, No. 42, working at town of same name, Maine, over signature of its Secretary, Bro. Samuel B. Philpot, reports 26 affiliated, 1 initiation, who was also passed and raised in August, '57. Material good. Many of the membership of this Lodge are in the Western country; but the above number we return as being present with us

Vassalboro Lodge, No. 54, working at town of same name, Maine, over signature of its Secretary, Bro. Edward Gray, reports 2 initiations, 2 passings, 1 raising. Materials good. This Lodge has fitted up a new Hall at an expense of some \$500, and is in a healthy, thriving condition, the influence on the popular mind being good, and is favored with love and unity.

Star in the East Lodge, No. 60, working at Old Town, Maine, over signature of Secretary, Bro. Solomon Moulton, reports 1 affiliation, 17 applications, 9 initiations, 8 passings, and 8 raisings. Materials good. A good Report.

We find it impossible, in our limited space, to give a tithe of the numerous reports on our table in detail; yea, are compelled to forego even a list of them. The respond to our circular has been, indeed, gratifying, and corroborates our belief, that this description of knowledge would be interesting to the brethren, wherever dispersed. From 29 Grand Lodge jurisdictions have we been furnished the information we solicited; and that, too, with a cordiality that speaks well for the disposition of the donors.

From Ohio, we have 164 reports. This is the largest list from any one State. From Indiana proceeds our next largest list, numbering 135 reports. Then follow, besides those already given from Massachusetts, Maine, Vermont, New Hamp-

shire, New Jersey, and Connecticut, numerous reports from Pennsylvania, Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Florida, and Texas, together with less in number from Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, Arkansas, and Tennessee, making a total of 2214 reports of the work of Lodges principally for the month of August, 5857, to print which in the way we are doing, would take a magazine twice as large as ours. In our next number, however, a new arrangement will be made of this matter, by which, and the use of smaller type, this department will be fully given.

By an extraordinary decision of the Grand Master of Massachusetts, the Bro. Secretaries in that good and noble old State, are prohibited from furnishing us with the information solicited. While we truly deprecate such an act, we can only look upon it as a part of that shortsighted policy which prohibits the publication of the Annual Returns of the Subordinate Lodges in that State to the Grand Lodge, and which prohibited in Pennsylvania, for twenty-five years, the publication of any thing that transpired either in Grand or Subordinate Lodges. Such a policy, we are happy to believe, will soon be counted among the things that were; and that the better and more enlightened practice which prevails in the very large majority of our Grand Lodges, will entirely obtain.

The sparseness of work detailed by reports given, can easily be accounted for by the fact that, of all months in the year, August is the least active among the fraternity. Meeting, as the majority of our Lodges do, in the upper stories of public buildings, apart and beyond the reach of the cowan, they are necessarily subject to the intolerable heat of a mid-summer sun; and, as a general thing, less work is done in this month than in any other of the twelve.

A fund of varied and most interesting information, in these reports, we leave with reluctance for another month and number. If the Brethren, and particularly the Secretaries, could only appreciate how much they were adding to that stock of Masonic events that is all too small—and ever we fear will remain so—of kindly acts, of brotherly deeds, of man

elevated with that simple but pleasurable pressure of a good and worthy brother's hand, to consider himself something higher in the scale of humanity than he thought a moment before he could be; of widow and orphan relieved by acts they hardly know the source of—how much, oh, how much would such brethren feel they were rewarded by seeing the aggregate of such simple jottings of trivials—when taken alone—before them. And here let us take the opportunity to again request them to add in their reports, in the smallest space they can put such, the record of some act of loving-kindness like unto these named, within their experience, although held by them perhaps of but little merit. Be ours the task to handle such with loving hands, and put it in its best light before those loving eyes and fraternal hearts that can best appreciate it.

Some interesting articles by Masonic writers of known celebrity, we are reluctantly compelled to omit in this number. One by our T. L., Bro. GILES F. YATES, of New York, entitled *Masonic Legends*, in particular, we must promise in our second issue, to be published in January, but bearing the date of February next.

For faults and failures in the arrangement of this, our initial number, to be perceived by our brethren learned in such an operation as the putting together of a work like this, we cry *peccavi*. And our only excuse is, the operation was somewhat new to us, and the materials not the most manageable. We hope to improve, and as we become better acquainted with the timber and the tools, we are free to believe we shall do better, both in the matter and the manner of our literary edifice.

In addition to our leading Romance, in which, as the story progresses, will be found an agreeable and faithful history of one who has caused more excitement in the Masonic world, than any other single man,—a most interesting and highly wrought Romance from the pen of a talented English Brother, will be commenced in our next number, to be entitled "THE FREEMASON'S DAUGHTER." It will be illustrated with engravings by one of the best New York artists, Bro. N. ORR,

of 52 John street, whose genial acquaintance we had the pleasure of making a short time since. This Department of the *American Freemason* will, we cannot but believe, particularly recommend itself to the fair portion of our readers, the wives and sisters and daughters of our Brethren. To cater for them, as well as for the Brotherhood, is no less our pleasure than our duty; and we hope that ere the next twelve months are gathered as another sheaf by the scythe and hand of Time, and placed in his largely increasing garner of the Past, we will have afforded by this style of composition, a fund of pleasure as healthy as it will be enduring.

And here it will not be out of place to say, that at no time more than the present, is a healthy and correctly moral style of agreeable Romance called for. Flooded as our country is, with the sentimental, the profligate, the corrupt and deceitful productions of a cheap press, its ravages on a reading community, and in a free country—and such community and country ours eminently is—are incalculable. For character and private peace, for honesty and morals, for the domestic charities, and for life itself, there remains no asylum on earth, when such a press is allowed to run a tilt against the victims that its caprice, its interest, or its pique may select. There are newspapers and cheap pamphlet literature circulating in Christian America, that would have been hailed in the Cities of the Plain, on the day ere the avenging fires fell from heaven, as the utterings of no uncongenial spirit. There have been seen as Editors, men whose hearts seem to have become first ossified, then carious, in the exercise of their vocation; alike hardened in feeling and corrupted in principle—men who knew not mercy, conscience, nor shame.

Ours are in the aggregate the most intelligent people on the face of the globe. Let us not, through the influence of a demoralized and demoralizing literature, become profligate. A profligate people soon ceases to be intelligent, and the lite-

rature of a dead past is soon all that remains to a vicious community; whilst a profligate literature destroys itself and the community who patronize it. There were days in the history of revolutionary France, when it would be difficult to say which had been the most destructive engine, the press, as worked by Marat, or the guillotine, as managed by Robespierre. If the one was reeking continually with fresh blood, the other exuded at every pore a more deadly venom, that corroded the hearts of the living.

In conducting this Magazine, we shall aim to exclude any and every thing that would call a blush to the cheek of the most delicate. To "hold the mirror up to nature," may be satisfactory to those who take as much pleasure in the deformities as they do in the beauties of a people; but ours is not that disposition. We have as instinct a repugnance to the one as we feel peace and joy in the other; and hence it will be the loves, not the hates of mankind, the beauties, not the deformities of humanity, that shall receive attention at our hands and space in our pages.

One word more on a point upon which we desire to be distinctly understood, and we close our valedictory for this number. Touching the matter of Masonic Law and Jurisprudence, we plead a total inability of becoming an expounder. We pretend to no knowledge of that sort whatever. We believe now, fully, that a great deal less law, and a great deal more love, would make better Masons and better men. And we desire to assure all who may seek knowledge upon nice points of Masonic law, that their labor is lost in writing to us on that subject. Our late *confrere*, our respected (as a gifted man), and beloved (as a kind and generous Brother), Robert Morris, is still alive and well. He can be addressed on this subject, or on any other, at Lodgeton, Fulton Co., Ky., the home of his family; from which point he will answer any questions bearing on Masonic Jurisprudence, in his former satisfactory and clear-headed manner.

# American Freemason



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No. 2.

## Romance of American Masonic History.\*



MORGAN'S ELOPEMENT.

HOW long it seemed before the hour for rising! How heavily and gratefully did the ticking of the old family clock at the head of the stairway fall upon her restless ear! How wearily wears the time when sorrow keeps watch! How slowly sweeps its leaden wing! We sigh for the night shades, that we may find rest, and the night shades gather around us, but they hide us not from the sorrow we had so hoped to escape. Turn as we will, it is still there, frowning down upon us with its dark,

oppressive looks. And we long for the sunlight of the morning to drive away the grim and grizzly phantom; but the sunlight comes, and it is still with us. The gladness of outward things seems such a bitter mockery to us; and the song of joy and gleeful laugh fall cold and dead upon the grief-bowed heart.

When the usual rising hour came, Lucinda left her troubled pillow in such a state of nervous excitability as threatened every moment to betray her secret. She endeavored to hide it beneath a

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cheerful exterior, but the step would falter and the hands grow listless, with such a big grief tugging at the heart-strings. And had the scrutinizing eye of age and experience fallen upon her, worse than abortive would have been her every effort to conceal her grief. But Margaret, young and inexperienced, scarcely two years older than her troubled sister, had not the keenness to pierce beyond the surface.

And if she had, why should she have been suspicious? Had she not been the *confidante* of her sister, since the time Morgan had whispered his first words of love. And often had the midnight hour witnessed their grave and sober *seances*, when she would afford words of consolation and encouragement to her sister, who she loved with a mother's affection, and whose *amour* she had watched with the most tender and loving regard.

"How pale you look this morning, sis," said she to Lucinda, who stood before the mirror combing over her marble forehead the richness of that raven hair, which but a few hours before she had so wildly flung back from her burning brow. "I am afraid, child, you did yourself injustice in your work of yesterday. You should not have undertaken so much. You are not used to such business, and it has affected you beyond your strength. I must not leave you to keep house any more. You don't understand it."

"See here," she added, after a moment's pause, "you must come and bathe your face in this pure cold water, to bring back the color to your cheeks, and if that will not do, you must take a morning walk. Papa will be sad when he sees you looking so pale and worn; and then I will have to tell him that you have lost your beauty and strength 'preserving.' And then he will want to know why you will do such things—why Rachel does not look after them, and—"

"Rachel did do all the work, sister, I only helped her a little."

"Well, well, sis, that will be no excuse to papa. He always expects to see you looking well, you know, and poor Rachel will have all the blame to bear. So make haste, and get the morning air before breakfast is ready."

Lucinda smiled a faint forced smile, like the fruitless effort of a sunbeam to break through the denseness of a dark overshadowing cloud.

"I do feel weary, sister. I don't know why it is. I did not help Rachel long; but then I worked pretty hard, and the kitchen was so warm."

"Why, how tired you does look dis mornin', Miss 'Cindy,'" exclaimed Jane, the dining-room servant, as she came up to announce breakfast. "Workin' over de fire don't 'gree wid you, shuah. I tell'd you so, yesterday, when you kept skimmin' dem *preserves*, and wouldn't let Rachel do it. Declar', Miss Marget, Miss 'Cindy aint made for sich work, is she? She can't stand it like you does, at all."

"Hush, Jane," said Lucinda; "I can keep house just as well as sister, and you will say so one of these days."

She took her accustomed seat at the breakfast-table, to the right of her father, tremblingly. Never did superstitious Neapolitan dread the "jettatora" more than did she his dark piercing eye. She felt that he must read the secret of her heart in her changed appearance; or if not, it would lead him to ask such questions as must eventuate in her exposure.

The blessing asked, the old man fixed his eyes upon her reddening face, in a look of most searching inquiry. She preserved her composure as well as she could, but her eye bent beneath his glance.

"Are you not well, this morning, my daughter?" he asked, tenderly; "you look very pale."

She replied that she had headache, asserting as its cause, the reason suggested by her sister and the servant, Jane, but the words seemed to thicken as she uttered them. She was not an adept in deception, and her better feelings wrung her heart with accusation, in thus deceiving her dear old father. She swallowed her coffee in silence, and with downcast countenance, almost unconscious of what she did. The bread almost choked her, and the steak remained untouched on her plate.

"You had better take another cup of coffee this morning, my child, it will

strengthen your nerves, and do your head good. Come, Margaret, pour your sister another cup. She has not tasted her steak, and she needs something to make her strong."

The coffee was poured and handed her, and she sat sipping it through the remainder of the meal, though every taste was as repugnant as if the decoction was one of the deadly hemlock.

After breakfast, she retired to her room, and Margaret leaving her there to refresh herself by sleep, accompanied her father to the city, to spend an hour or two in making some necessary Fall purchases.

No sooner were they lost beneath the hill, than Lucinda set about the review of her past day's work. She examined that portion of her wardrobe designed to be taken with her, and so arranged it, that it could readily be made into packages—for carpet-sacks and valises had no existence then. The letters she had received from Morgan, together with the little gifts he had made her, one by one, were deposited in a box, which had been her mother's, and carefully locked and placed in a drawer. There was only one thing that he had given her that she choose to bear away, and this was a plain gold ring, which he had slipped upon her finger when they last met at her father's house. She had not dared to wear it publicly, but often when alone in her own room, had she taken it from its hiding place, gazed on it with feelings akin to rapture, tried it on the finger where it had been tremblingly worn the evening it was given, and as she did so, with emotion full and deep, she thought of the absent loved one.

Feeling that she must, by note, explain to her father the cause of her cruel desertion of him, she took her pen and seated herself by a table near the window. Leaning her head upon her hand, she essayed to collect her widely-scattered thoughts, and arrange them into language. Her pen shook in her hand, as she brought it near the sheet before her. Steadying it with an effort, she wrote "My dear kind father," and stopped. A tear gathered in her eye, rolled slowly down her cheek, and fall-

ing upon the words, blotted them. She tore the strip off, and cast it from her, a worthless effort. Ah! little did she know how, when she was far away, the torn, bleeding heart of her dear kind father would prompt the gathering up of this fragment, and prize it above all gold, because it was the tear-blotted autograph of his petted child, his darling Lucinda.

She made another, and yet another effort, but all failed; she could not get beyond the four first words. The image of her father rose up before her, as she had known him in her girlish innocence, when long hours she had rested on his bosom, or wandered by his side, through the meadows, or combed his hair—then silver growing—or kissed him a "good-night," with her pouting lips, or bade him "good-morning," as she ran with tripping feet to his outstretched arms. And then she saw with acutest mental vision, that dear old father prostrate beneath the grief that she was about to bring upon him, comfortless as was the patriarch, when in despairing agony he exclaimed, "All these things are against me! Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and you will take Benjamin also away!" Was she not bringing his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave? She knew that she was his heart's idol—that nought on earth was so loved by him as she; and when she was gone, home would be a dark dull void, and life's fitful dream would find no awakening, but in that life which ends not. And Margaret, too, who, though so little older than herself, had been both mother and sister to her, how could she give up her sweet society for that of strangers, and leave her tender arms and loving bosom for those of one untried and unknown? Big scalding tears fell thick and fast, and her bosom heaved convulsively. She could *not* fly! no, she could not! But then, there whispered in her ear a voice that said, "He loves you better far than father or sister, and why not trust yourself to him? And your father will relent, and take you again to his embrace. Risk all, and the consequences will be success and happiness."

She listened to these words affirmatively, and putting her pen aside, consummated her arrangements, just as the

old clock struck the hour of ten—the time appointed for her to display the signal.

It had been agreed that should things go on smoothly, and without any show of interruption, she should at this hour stand at the window and wave a handkerchief which, seen by a friend of Morgan, one who had been admitted into the whole secret, and who would be passing at that time, would be assurance that no danger brooded, and none was to be apprehended.

This young man, JAMES ELSTON, was to accompany them in their elopement, and with all the impetuosity and fire of youth kindled into its wildest flame by an adventure of this nature, he had entered into the planning and execution of the affair with far more zest than prudence. It was well for the schemers that Capt. Pendleton was from home at the designated hour, or most certainly the whole project must have proved a signal failure; for the constancy Elston exhibited in passing and repassing the house, must certainly have, had he been at home, attracted the notice of the old captain, while the known intimacy of that young man with Morgan, would have been sufficient to stamp with the seal of certainty, the suspicions once aroused by his peculiar conduct.

Lucinda approached the window, and after assuring herself by the most careful scrutiny, that no one was in the front-yard to discover her, she gave the appointed signal, as she saw young Elston riding slowly by, and gazing at the house, as if he was determined to count its every brick and shingle. He nodded recognition and approval, and putting spurs to his horse, rode back to the city, where Morgan was eagerly expecting his return.

Being assured that all was safe, they hastened themselves to make such arrangements as were yet necessary, such as the procuring horses properly accoutered, and the services of a servant, who would ride after with the necessary luggage. This last item was the most difficult one with which they had to contend. Some one must be engaged whose absence from the city would not be missed. It would not do to bribe a servant to

leave his master, for that would only subject them to additional pursuit, and the strong interruption of the law; and to go without so necessary an appendage was impossible. By one of those happy promptings of thought, that come to men in great straits, young Elston recollected a negro, named Dick, who had acted as shoe-black to himself and some half dozen other young men, upon his first stay in the city. Dick was free, had long resided in Richmond, and by his uprightness and industry had won for himself the confidence of all who had employed him, and thus, at the time we make his acquaintance, had secured a condition in life, that rendered it unnecessary for him to act as street-jobber and boot-black. In consideration of the promise of a good round sum, he consented to do as Elston required him, although it must be confessed, that the glitter of the money alone, was scarcely inducement enough to win Dick's consent to become a party to the theft of an old man's daughter, even if she was willing to go.

Once during their ineffectual efforts to secure this desideratum of a traveling servant, Capt. Pendleton and his daughter Margaret, were met by Morgan and Elston. The recognition was not agreeable to either party, the former throwing an eagle glance of ill will into the eyes of his would-be son-in-law, as the latter stepped hastily by, which was not unnoticed by his companion.

"It will be well for you, Morgan, to keep clear of that keen-eyed old man, I tell you," said Elston to him, as soon as they were beyond hearing. "If you don't fare badly, should you fall into his clutches, after stealing his daughter, then I'll give you my head for a football. I tell you, he is vindictive looking."

"Oh, no, Jim; you are wholly mistaken in the man. He is as quick and as scathing as the lightning's red bolt; but then he has one of the tenderest hearts in the world, and is devoted to his daughter. The deed once consummated, I have nothing to fear; he will receive us both with welcome arms. And then, too, he has family pride, like a mountain, and this, if nothing else,

would make him receive his daughter, and treat her kindly. I know my man; and I have no fear but that this affair will end most advantageously to me. I know enough of human nature to be willing to risk all Lucinda is worth upon it; and if it does not turn out just as I say, I'll give you a fee simple to all of Mrs. Morgan's estate. It is this, my boy, that has kept me in good spirits, when fortune frowned darkest. It is this, that has enabled me to bear all the old man's indignities and scoffs. Do you think I would have been silent under his treatment, if I did not hope to conquer in the end? No, no, my boy, I am not so tame. Trust me, to have my revenge."

"And do you flatter yourself, that you will be met on your return, and treated with that respect and confidence due to, and expected by a son-in-law? How can you? You have forfeited all claims to both, and such a man as Capt. Pendleton will be slow to forgive or to forget. So I advise you, if you are building such fancy castles, to tear them down quickly, and proceed to re-construct on a more substantial foundation than your own desires exclusively. You may rest assured, that not even for his daughter's sake, will he pardon you the cruel wrong you contemplate."

"You don't think that marrying a girl that loves you, even if her father aint willing, a cruel wrong, Jim, do you? You must have peculiar notions."

"Notions not peculiar to myself, at all events. I venture ninety-nine men out of every hundred in the city, would agree with me, in my peculiar notions."

"How can it be wrong? or how, if you think it is, can you agree to assist me in it?"

"Why, just to help you along, my old boy; seeing that you are determined to do the thing. I do it on the score of friendship to you, do you understand that?"

"Pshaw, Jim, stuff! But how can it be wrong, I should like to know? Does not the girl love me, and aint she willing to become my wife? And doesn't her old father say she shan't, just because he has hatched up in his old noddle a prejudice against me. Now, I should like for you to tell me where the wrong

is, of gratifying the young girl, even if it is counter to her father's groundless wishes. I contend, that people shall marry when they feel like it, and who they like, and that parents have no right to interfere."

"Well, you may think so, but the law tells a different story. It says a father has the right to manage such business for his daughter, until she is of age."

"But I don't care what the law says, nor what the father says. I am going to marry Lucinda Pendleton, in spite of both," and he clenched his fist and his teeth, in confirmation of his intention.

Margaret made haste to dispatch her morning business. She felt restless and uneasy—felt that she must be at home. She could not tell why; Lucinda was not well, 'twas true, but judgment told her that her indisposition was merely fatigue, produced by over-exertion, and that a few hours' rest, would restore her to her wonted buoyancy. But despite this decision of her reason, her heart urged her to return. She felt an indefinable dread, a vague mysterious influence, which she could neither drive away nor subdue. So, leaving her father to complete his business in town, she gathered together her packages, and set out toward home.

Do you believe in presentiments, reader? Do you subscribe to the opinion, that there are hidden mystic influences pervading all nature, which operate on the mind through media not understood? "Believe in presentiments? why, no," methinks I hear you answer, with eyebrows elevated with wonder, and lip curled in disdain. "Believe in presentiments? You certainly don't think I am silly enough for that. Nobody but crones and simpletons believe in such stuff as that!" Well, I will not take issue with you on a subject, which, if we believed in, can not be explained in the present state of natural science. And yet, whether the truth, "that coming events cast their shadows before," shall ever be made tangible, according to the laws of esthetics, psychology, or "spiritualism," you must admit that there sometimes come over us feelings strange and dread, for which we can find no obvious reason. The "Middle Age" had its occult sciences; the present age has its occult causes. Dis-

cerning minds will doubtless sooner or later find and unfold them; but, as yet, they are recondite matters to us.

Margaret found her sister listlessly wandering about among the shrubbery, in a nervous unquiet state of body and mind. Being rallied about her want of obedience, she answered, that she had vainly endeavored to sleep, and thought the air and sunlight would prove a speedier remedy. Margaret led her into the dining-room, and declaring that she must take something to recruit her, before papa came home to dinner, prepared a nice brandy toddy, which she forced her reluctant patient to swallow, and, seating her in a large arm-chair, before the cheerful fire, threw a shawl around her, and bade her be quiet until dinner. In the meantime, she looked into the kitchen, and prepared for dinner.

At one o'clock, the long established hour for dining in the captain's household, dinner was upon the table. A savory dish of soup, which Margaret had ordered for her sister, hoping that it might tempt her appetite, and be beneficial to her, was untouched. Aromatic thyme and marjoram, proved but indifferent persuaders, and the dinner passed away as little relished as was the breakfast.

How laggard were the hours, as tick, tack, they were measured by the staid and sober old chronometer, that had been marking their footsteps for many a long year. A leaden weight seemed clogging all the machinery of the household. A gloom, gathering and portentous, pervaded every nook and corner. The old gentleman had his easy shoes brought forth, for he could not leave the house while his pet seemed so dull and spiritless. He made every attempt to revive her, by relating anecdotes of his boyhood and the Revolution; and reading to her from a book of "Amusing Incidents." She would laugh when her father and sister laughed, and then sink into silence, apparently interested in the recital, but a critical observer would have seen that her mind was far away. She stitched on a little light sewing that her sister was doing, although Margaret insisted on her lying still, on the old red cushioned sofa, which had been

drawn before the fall fire for her repose.

The day wore heavily by; at last the evening came. It had been a day of feverish anxiety, and wearing dread to Lucinda, and one of gloom and apprehension to her father and sister. When bed-time came, the old man knelt between his daughters, and offered up earnest supplication, that the blessing of God might rest upon his little family; that the lives of his loved ones might be spared to watch over his declining years, as he journeyed to the grave. When the prayer was ended, he kissed each a "good-night," and a "God bless you, my daughters," fell from his doting heart as he pressed their fresh warm lips.

As the girls passed to their room, they paused at the front door to see if it was securely fastened. This was a precaution they always took; for their sleeping room was considerably removed from their father's, and communicated with it through a stairway and hall. As was oftentimes the case, they found that the servant had neglected to lock it. Margaret turned the key, and carried it to her room.

After a few words with each other, the sisters prepared for bed. Margaret tucked the cover round Lucinda, and, placing a glass of water on a stand by the bed, prepared to take a place by her side.

"You must call me, sis, if you wish any thing," said she to her, as she bent over her and imprinted a fervid kiss upon her slightly flushed cheek. "Remember, I am very sleepy-headed at best, and my walk this morning fatigued me much, so you will have to call pretty loud, and perhaps several times. You appear to have fever to-night; your face is quite flushed," she added, passing her hand over the forehead of the guilty girl. "Does your head ache much?"

"Oh, no! it is almost well. My nap this evening refreshed me very much, so you need not feel at all uneasy about me. I shall be well by morning," she replied cheerfully; and in tone evincing feeling, continued: "Poor papa, I am afraid he will trouble about me, sister. He is always so uneasy, if we look the least sick. I hope he won't distress him-

self, and keep awake. I have told him all day it was nothing but headache, and I would soon be well, but he has appeared uneasy all the time."

These remarks were made to elicit from Margaret her opinion of the cause of her father's evident uneasiness. She feared it might have some other source than her slight ailment, and she knew her sister, wholly unsuspecting of her plan, would speak out her mind fully.

"Papa feels a mother's care for us, Lucinda, and it always troubles him to see us suffering. He is always so fearful of losing us, which, now since mother is gone, would almost break his heart. We ought to be the best daughters in the world, sis, for we have the best father."

Like molten lead fell every word upon the self-accusing heart of the disobedient girl. "Yes, it was true," she mentally exclaimed; "they had the best father in the world, and she was going to requite all his life-long kindness and affection, by an act which would break his heart. And long after Margaret had fallen asleep, and every thing was wrapped in the repose of quiet and still night, did she ponder on this great sin of ingratitude. She thought of the bounteous love her father had lavished upon her ever since she slept in a cradle-bed; of his watchfulness and sympathy; of the great happiness it always gave him to make her and Margaret happy, by administering to their every want; and then, of her cruel ingratitude, in deceiving and forsaking him in his old age, and her purpose was shaken. She was almost ready to give up her undertaking, and throwing herself into her father's arms, tell him all, and beseech his pardon. The angel of her better nature prompted to this course, but her love and fear plead nobly before the tribunal of feeling, and triumphed. Her father would relent. Yes, she knew he would. He could not cast her off for ever. He might hold out a few weeks, perhaps months, but he loved her so dearly, that his wrath could not always endure. And then, when he did forgive, how happy she would be, with her husband to love, and her father reconciled. But, should he not forgive? She cast the thought from her—it was impossible!

Despite all her efforts to the contrary, the somnolent quiet of all nature around her would assert its sway, and she fell into a troubled slumber, in which forms pursued her through dark lanes, and over sharp pointed rocks, which pierced her naked feet until they bled great drops of blood; and fierce, savage men tore her from her father's bosom, to which she had clung shrieking and despairingly, while their glittering daggers flashed in the light, and strange, hideous creatures filled the room, from which there was no escape, save through an open window far above the earth, and she screamed and shouted for help, but none came, for the house stood by itself in a forest land, far away from human habitation.

She awoke almost dead from fright, and was about to call out to her sister, when the recollection of her true condition flashed upon her. Perhaps she was too late. She knew not how long she had been sleeping. She cautiously whispered "Sister! Sister!" but that sister was basking in the blissful beauties of the dream-land of the innocent and pure of heart—of sylvan bowers, and verdurous groves, and purling brooks, 'mid glinting sunlight, and grotto shades.

Lucinda lay for some time—it was to her a long, weary time—in breathless suspense, waiting for the clock to strike. Could it be too late? She almost wished that it might. She shrank—oh, how fearfully! from the thought of leaving her father's home at the dark, chill midnight hour, and that too, perhaps, to return no more for ever. In order to divert her mind from this disagreeable impression, she endeavored to count the beating of the heavy pendulum, as it swayed to and fro in its ceaseless work. While doing so, she might as readily have counted the beatings of her own anxious heart; for they were nearly as audible.

At length the striking of the old clock sounded out in the still air. She started! Slowly and solemnly it told the tale, one—two—three—'till it had struck eleven peals. Eleven was the hour appointed. Would it strike another! The blood dashed wildly through her veins as she hushed her heart to hear. The sound

died out from the pulsating hour solemn and slow, like the warning wail of some departing seer, and all was still. Yes! the hour had come, and her lover was awaiting her at the front stile. The thought nerved her. What good spirit had inspired her with such sudden courage? Ask those who have loved as she loved! There is a mightier spell and power in the "tender passion" than in all other passions beside. What will not love do? It will scale the highest heights, pierce the deepest depths, and overcome the most formidable obstacles. It will dare, do, and suffer in such a way as to put to the blush the feats of armies, the achievements of heroes, and the tortures of the doomed.

She arose quietly, and passed to the bedside of her sleeping sister. Bending over her, she, by the pale moonlight, took one last passionate look at the still, calm features. How beautiful they appeared in their deep repose. She would have given much to kiss that soft peachy cheek, and pure saint-like brow; but she dared not, lest it might disturb the sleeper. She stepped away, then turned again for a last look, and passed into the adjoining room, where she hastily made the necessary preparations for her departure. Throwing around her a dark cloth cloak, and placing on her head a dark bonnet, she then, taking the packages of clothing she had previously prepared, passed stealthily down the stairway and through the hall to the front door. It was locked and the key in her sister's room! Just then she heard the preconcerted signal, a loud shrill whistle. What must she do! There were but two other points of egress—one the dining-room door, and the other the door of her father's room. It would have been certain discovery to have attempted passing through the latter; for her father did not sleep soundly. And the former she knew was locked and bolted; for this was always attended to by the old man before retiring.

She stood bewildered for a moment, and then, with the courage of desperation, chose the last alternative. It was but the work of a moment to drop her parcels, ascend the stairway, take the key from the dressing stand, where she

had luckily observed her sister place it, descend, gather up her packages, stealthily unlock the door and pass out. Hastily, yet noiselessly, she shut the door, and casting a farewell look at the old house in its frowning stillness, bent her trembling steps towards the front stile. She heard a noise to her right. Her first impulse was to retrace her way; but pausing, she turned, and there, just emerging from his ambush, beneath a thick cedar, she saw in the moonlight, him who of all men she wished most to see.

"Lucinda! my dear Lucinda, is it you?" Unable to answer, she fell into his outstretched arms. Bearing his precious burden to where Elston and Dick stood, with the horses, awaiting them; the packages were then secured where Miss Pendleton had dropped them, and transferred to the crupper of Dick's saddle. And Elston assisting, the young lady was seated securely upon her horse, and the girths tightened, the parties moved off slowly at first, so as not to attract attention, by the hasty tramp of horses' feet, as they passed through the outskirts of the city, proceeding toward Petersburg.

After clearing the suburbs of the town, however, the horses were urged into a swift gallop, and thus they rode for a few miles, slackening their speed occasionally, but for Miss Lucinda's sake, to whom the swift movement was too fatiguing. Morgan and Elston riding on either side of her, alternately assured her, with words of encouragement and hope, while Dick brought up the rear, with saddle-bags and bundles, at a fast trot.

Lucinda spoke but little. Her situation was so new, so peculiar, she could but think and wonder. The novelty kept her spirits from drooping, and the assurances of her escort calmed her anxious heart with something like the natural strength which she needed, to bear her up under the unusual exertion.

On they went at irregular gaits. The moon went down, and the stars faded out in the gray dawn of morning. Lucinda's heart grew more and more confident, as she became familiarized with the strange new circumstances around her. The fearful dread, which, as a

hideous specter, had haunted her timid heart, was gone; and the wonder and apprehension that had followed it, had in their turn given place to a pleasurable excitement, which threw a charm never to be forgotten, over her wild nocturnal ride. This, too, passed away, and as the first faint streamings of daylight came up the sides of the morning, and threw themselves over the yet still earth, revealing to her the hoar landscape and the jaded forms of her companions, she sobered down into a matter of fact feeling, engendered by her mental and physical incapacity for deeper emotions.

At daylight, they halted for breakfast at a road-side inn, about ten miles from Petersburg. A loud call from Morgan soon brought the burly landlord, who seemed not yet to have shook himself quite clear of the drowsy god's embrace, to the door, shouting in turn, "Get down, gentlemen, get down, and walk in."

"You travel early, gentlemen," he continued, as he assisted Lucinda to alight. "The young lady looks cold. Pretty chilly morning, Miss," addressing the tired girl, who merely reddening assent, drew the veil more closely over her face, to shield her from his keen inquisitive glance. It was evident, the old man's curiosity was aroused.

"And where do you hail from, if I may be so bold as to ask," said he, turning to Morgan.

"From Manchester," was the quick, stern reply.

"And where are you going, my friend, if I may be allowed the question," and he adjusted for the third time, his slouched hat.

"To Petersburg," was the curt answer.

"Yes, yes; walk in, gentlemen—walk in, Miss. Will you have your horses taken? Come here Sam, and take these horses."

"Only feed them, boy," said Morgan to the servant. "Do not take off the saddles. We will ride on as soon as we breakfast."

"Very well, massa," said Sam, touching his broad-brimmed straw, and bowing as politely as his idea of the act permitted. "I'll 'tend to dem, sar."

"Come, come, walk in, Miss; it's too cold for you, standing here. Come in,

gentlemen," and the stout landlord led the way up the pavement to the little front room, into which, all callers were ushered, and drawing some chairs around the fire, struggling to send up a blaze, bade his guests be seated.

Lucinda took the old high-backed green rocking-chair, whose faded bombazet cushion, with its deep heavy fringed ruffle, fully attested its age, and bespoke it a relic of bygone grandeur. She kept her veil partially over her face, to shut out the inquisitive glances cast upon her by the over-curious innkeeper, who seemed determined to know the whole truth. She looked and felt pale and weary, but made an effort to appear cheerful, thereby hoping to divert suspicion. Her old fears were returning, but she drove them back, and choked down the swelling emotion.

While the men, grouped near the door, were engaged in conversation on general topics, she partly threw aside her veil, and recovering her self-possession as the landlord was called out of the room, she diverted her thoughts by looking around the little room, where she was seated. On one side of the large old-fashioned fire-place, in its frame of cherry, hung a sampler worked in silk, whose colors had long ago been stolen out by the ruthless hand of time. On it she read, worked in the largest-sized capitals, "Jemima Williams, September 12, 1789," which she supposed to be the maiden name and birth-date of the proprietor's better-half. Over the mantelpiece at each end, in small black frames, were two silhouettes, one of which, she recognized as the old gentleman, whose curiosity cost her so much perplexity; and the other she perceived, was the lady who had once gloried in the cognomen of Jemima Williams. A few books, apparently undisturbed for many months, and evidently placed there for ornament, rested beneath the pictures, while between them, lying on the mantel, were some specimens of minerals, which the old people prized greatly, because they were the collections of their eldest son, who now slept quietly beneath the apple-tree at the back of the garden. A few heavy chairs and a small table standing beneath the curtainless window, com-



prized the entire furniture of the room, while the maculate carpet, threadbare beneath her feet, attested the good service it had done, and also the parsimony of the owner of "Dougherty's Inn."

From the mantelpiece the transition to the outward view was most natural. It was a dreary prospect that there met her gaze. She stepped to the window, and looked out. The excitement that had nerved her thus far began to give place to the sense of physical weakness, and the thoughts of home and its comforts at such a time, stood forward in strong contrast to her present position. A suppressed sigh escaped her heaving bosom, as she leaned on the sill for support.

Oh! had she but known the undertaking was so serious—the accomplishment of it so hazardous. Had she but known her own weakness, and the great trial before her, would she have torn herself from home and loving hearts? would she have thus made herself an outcast from her father's hearth—thus have exposed herself to the scrutinizing gaze of the rude and unfeeling? No, no! Had she but known all, no words of endearment would have won her away. She would have remained sheltered beneath the sure wing of safety—have nestled close in the warm bosom of love. Her dear old father and Margeret, how cruel to deceive them. Would she ever see them again? Perhaps not. Her father was loving, but firm, very firm. As the images of the forsaken ones rose up before her, grief bowed and inconsolable, the tears which had gathered in her eyes, and which resolution had kept trembling on the lids, burst their bounds and coursed rapidly down her cheeks. They were hot and scalding tears—like burning lava they left their trace behind. And he to whom she had trusted herself, for whom she had sacrificed every thing, how could she rely on his good faith and permanent protection?

She pressed her hand upon her throbbing heart, while the pulses leaped wildly in her swelling veins. She felt that the eyes of all were upon her, reading her inmost soul. What should she do—where should she go to hide herself from the eye of suspicion? Nowhere, nowhere could she find refuge. She dropped her

pocket handkerchief, and stooping to pick it up, Morgan observed her agitation; and knowing that her purpose was not strong enough to cover her feelings, arose suddenly from his chair and moved toward the door, saying as he did so, to the landlord, "I should like my saddle-bags, sir; I believe they were carried to the stable on the saddle. Will you call the servant to bring them?"

The landlord, who was just in the act of addressing a pointed question to Mr. Elston, got up, and passing through a side door, went to attend to the request of his guest. Taking advantage of the opportunity, Morgan stepped quickly to the side of the trembling girl, and whispered in her ear, "Be firm, Lucinda; there is nothing to fear. It will be all over soon. Do compose yourself. We will leave here soon as breakfast is over." Then taking Elston by the arm, he walked out into the front yard, and in the direction of the stables.

Lucinda looked tremblingly around as they left the room. She was alone. Then burst forth the pent up emotion which had heaved her bosom like the tumultuous waves of the surging sea. Tears are a relief. Ah, sometimes a luxury! Who has not known it? The overcharged heart will find outlet. The eyes, those "windows of the soul," are also the flood-gates of the heart. How wise, how beautiful the arrangement. She wept unrestrainedly—violently, for a few moments. Then gathering up the remnant of her determination, she wiped her eyes, and placing herself before the faded sampler, seemed studying very attentively its fast perishing records.

She was thus engaged when the mistress of the house, in brown bombazet dress and neatly crimped frill, ushered herself through the side door into her presence. She bade her a confused "good morning;" and took the seat pointed out to her. If the landlord had a share of curiosity, his "help-meet" had a double share. She plied Lucinda with questions so rapidly for a moment, that she could not answer; so she remained silent, steadfastly gazing into the fire. At length the volley was well-nigh spent, and the replies evoked failed to satisfy the questioner, as Lucinda had followed in the

footsteps of Morgan, and told the same story to the old lady that he did to her husband, viz: that they had been hastily summoned to Petersburg, to see a sister, who had been taken very ill quite suddenly. The entrance of the servant to announce breakfast, very opportunely interrupted this impromptu relation.

Following the old lady into the little back dining room, she found Morgan and Elston already entered, and awaiting her arrival, with ill-concealed impatience; and breakfast being dispatched with more haste than comfort, although the viands were as savory as good appetites could require, they were in a short time ready to leave the table.

"Come, my daughter," said Morgan to Lucinda, as they arose, "get on your bonnet as quick as you can, and let us journey on; I feel very anxious about your sister."

She obeyed submissively. The horses were brought out, and they were soon on their way. During their further ride Lucinda made several fruitless endeavors to rally her spirits, but the weight that pressed them down could not be removed, so she relapsed into silence; and, while the gentlemen kept up a pretty lively chat, she was busy with her own thoughts for the remainder of the journey.

The morning darkness had faded away, and the sun shone brightly from the depths of the blue heaven above on the busy earth beneath, as the runaway party defiled through the streets of Petersburg, in search of a suburban inn. As the beautiful Appomattox, dancing and sparkling in the sunlight, burst full upon their view, Lucinda, who had passed the latter part of the journey in almost unbroken silence, threw aside her veil, and gazed on its silvery brightness. How like her own James river, as she had so often beheld it from the window of her room at home! And often, at the still calm evening hour, had she and Margaret beheld the roll of its glorious waters, and looked enraptured on the beautiful landscape beyond, and promised themselves in subdued accents, that "yonder, beneath the old tree, where the morning sunlight falls so gloriously and evening gathers so peacefully around," would they rest when life was done, and to

that spot would the survivor come, and hallow with her thoughts of the departed, the beauty and peacefulness of it.

How vividly now, did these hours and these conversations rise up before her. And again was the arm of her sister wrapped lovingly around her, and her warm breath upon her cheek, until, absorbed in these pleasant memories, her new position is forgotten, the rein drops from her nerveless hand upon her horse's neck, and an expression of languor overspreads her countenance, which, almost ere it can be noticed, is succeeded by a look of mortal fear.

A horseman suddenly rushed by, and brushing in his speed her own horse and person, would inevitably have forced her from her saddle, but for the firmness of position she retained in it. So sudden a surprise interrupted her sad train of thought, and was the occasion of some complimentary remarks upon her horsemanship from the gentlemen now close at her side.

Without further interruption or seeming notice from those they met, they quietly gained the house of entertainment they sought, where, giving their horses to the servants, the party entered the drawing-room, wherein to arrange their plans of future action. After some minutes conversation, Elston remarked that the greater difficulty was to prevail on the clerk to give them a license. Without it a marriage in that place could not be legal, and it would never do to try to convince that functionary of the law that Miss Pendleton was of lawful age to give herself away. But Morgan was equal to the emergency. He had not gone through so much and so nearly attained the consummation of his deeply-laid and well-matured plans, to be stopped at this point by so trifling an obstacle. There was no need, he said, of Miss Lucinda going to the clerk's office. Elston would apply for the license in the name of William Morgan, and he, Morgan, would personate the father of the bride elect, and consent to the obtaining of the necessary official document.

"Be ready, Lucinda, we shall be back soon. You must put on your plainest and most tawdry clothing, so as to effectually personate the character you are to

represent, that of a country-farmer's daughter, and Elston, as your brother, will give you away, when the minister, before whom we shall all soon appear, is ready to pronounce the marriage ceremony."

With her thoughts dwelling on the facility of deception her husband elect could so readily assume and effect, and the lessening prospect of truth or sincerity the future could afford with such a companion, Lucinda sought the chamber in which she was to make the necessary changes in her apparel. She opened the door, and almost started back with emotion. There was the bed so like her mother's. Fain would she have thrown herself upon it, and, burying her face in its snowy pillows, poured out the flood of feeling that was pent up in her bursting heart. But stranger eyes were upon her, and with a struggle she choked down her great sorrow, and strove to appear composed. She recalled her lover's commands, and hastened to obey them. So dismissing the servant, she set about unpacking her clothes.

The first thing she took out was the beautiful calico wrapper which herself and Margaret had finished but two days before. As the neatly hemmed ruffle, which edged the wristbands and gave finish to the neck, met her eye, she felt that it would be desecration to wear it while performing an act which would rend that loving sister's heart, and estrange herself from her beloved home. She looked further—further, but could find nothing that did not bear the impress of her sister's kindly hand. She hesitated, and could not choose. But the parting injunction of Morgan rang in her ears, and, seizing, from among the dresses she had laid upon the bed, the purple wrapper, with the desperation of energy, she set about making her unaccustomed toilet. With trembling hand she selected and put on such other articles as she deemed most incongruous, so that, when dressed, she might illustrate an entire ignorance of all good taste. She removed the comb from her hair, and it fell in wavy darkness over her chilled shoulders. Then throwing back its abundance from her brow and temples, and, giving it a few strokes of

the comb, she caught it in her hand, and formed a plain twist behind. She had never, in all her life before, looked so intensely interesting,—not beautiful; the expression was beyond the meaning of this most expressive word. The traces of freshly fallen tears were on her cheeks, a flush on her burning brow, and a look of soul, grief-laden and fearful, in her large eyes, which would have awoken to sympathy and compassion the blood-stained heart of the Roman tyrant. Poor girl! She was making every effort to disguise that attractiveness which every successive attempt but served to enhance. Adjusting the last article of her apparel, with the entrance of the servant to inform her of her friends' arrival below, she hastily put on her bonnet and cloak, and, drawing down her veil, at once departed.

"All ready, Miss Pendleton?" inquired Elston, rising at her entrance into the drawing-room, and, taking the license from his pocket, exhibited it to her. She bowed, and replied, "Yes."

The parsonage was near by, only two squares distant, and thither the party immediately proceeded.

"I would offer you my arm, Lucinda," whispered Morgan, as he noticed her, as they stepped from the door, timid and irresolutely walking between himself and Elston, "but that would be entirely too cultivated for the characters we have assumed. We must support our rough exteriors by our uncouth manners. This above all things will divert suspicion from us."

Murmuring a response, they proceeded in a straggling walk to the parsonage, and having reached it, a loud, unceremonious knock at the door brought a servant, who, hardly able to suppress his merriment, ushered them into the neat little parlor where the minister usually received his visitors.

"We wish to see the parson," said Elston to the boy. "Is he at home?"

"Massa Fields you mean, sar? Yes; he be in missus' room."

"Go and tell him some gentlemen from the country wish to see him."

Just then a quick footstep was heard treading the nicely polished floor, and an old man with silver hair, yet erect

and firm in his carriage, entered, and, approaching the party, asked if they desired to see him. Receiving from Elston an answer in the affirmative, as also a confused account of the object of their visit, he responded:

"Yes, yes, from the country, I presume?"

"Yes, sir, some distance. Fifteen miles or thereabouts."

"You are somewhat tired, are you not, Miss?" inquired the old man of Lucinda, as if with the intention of relieving her from the embarrassment and coyness. "You had better go to my wife's room, take off your bonnet, and rest awhile. Won't you go?"

She looked timidly at Morgan, who shook his head, and, addressing the minister, said:

"If you please, sir, we will have the matter over, as we want to get back home as soon as we can."

"Oh, then, in that case, I will just call my wife and sister as witnesses;" and he, stepping from the room, soon returned with those ladies.

"Come, sister," said Elston to Lucinda in an undertone, but loud enough to be heard by all present, which was his intention, "put up your veil and make ready for gettin' married. The parson is waitin'."

She passively obeyed the command; and, taking her place on the left of Morgan, they stood before the venerable man, who, after enunciating a short prayer, united them in the holy bonds of marriage.

(To be continued.)

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## CYRIL DORMER:

OR,

THE WIDOW'S SON.\*

**B**UT the feelings of the mourner had been painfully exasperated by the result of a previous inquiry. An inquest was indispensable, and rumor—we may say facts—spoke so loudly against Desborough, that his parents hurried to Horbury, prepared at any pecuniary sacrifice, to extricate him from the obloquy which threatened him. Money, judi-

ously bestowed, will effect impossibilities; and the foreman of the jury—a bustling, clamorous spouting fellow—who was always eloquent on the wrongs of his fellow-men, and kept the while a most watchful eye to his own interests—became on a sudden, "thoroughly satisfied that Mr. Vincent Desborough had been cruelly calumniated," and that the whole affair was "*a matter of ACCIDENT altogether!*" And a verdict to that effect, was accordingly returned.

The unhappy mother heard the report of these proceedings, and it seemed to scorch her very soul. "The covetous, craving earthworm!" she cried. "He thinks he has this day clenched a most successful bargain! But no! from this hour, the face of God is against him! Can it be otherwise? *He that justifieth the wicked, and condemneth the just, are they not both equal abominations in the sight of the Lord?* For years, the wickedness of this hour will be present before the Great Spirit, and will draw down a curse on his every project. I am as confident of it, as if I saw the whole course of this man's after-life spread out before me. *Henceforth God fights against him!*"

It was a curious coincidence, the solution of which is left to better casuists than myself, that from the hour in which he was bribed to smother inquiry and throw a shield over crime, misfortune and reverses, in unbroken succession, assailed him. His property melted away from his grasp with unexampled rapidity. And when, a few years afterward, the kinsman already alluded to, left poor Dormer's mother a small annuity, it so chanced, that as she quitted the vestry with the requisite certificates of birth and marriage in her hands, she encountered this very juror in the custody of the parish officers, who were bringing him before the proper authorities, to swear him to his settlement, and then obtain an order to pass him forthwith to the parish workhouse!

## V.

In a fair and fertile valley, where the nightingales are to be heard earlier and later in the year, than in any other part of England; where the first burst-

\* Continued from page 24 (January Number.)

ing of the buds is seen in spring; where no rigor of the seasons can ever be felt; where every thing seems formed for precluding the very thought of wickedness, lived a loved and venerated clergyman, with his only daughter.

He belonged to a most distinguished family, and had surrendered brilliant prospects to embrace the profession of his choice. And right nobly had he adorned it! And she, the companion of his late and early hours, his confidante, guide, almoner, consoler, was a young, fair and innocent being, whose heart was a stranger to duplicity, and her tongue to guile.

His guide and consoler was she, in the truest sense of the term. He was blind. While comforting in his dying moments, an old and valued parishioner, Mr. Somerset had caught the infection, and the fever settling in his eyes, had deprived him of vision.

"I will be your curate," said the affectionate girl, when the old man, under the pressure of this calamity, talked of retiring altogether from duty. "The prayers and psalms and lessons you have long known by heart, and your addresses, as you call them, we all prefer to your written sermons. Pray, pray accept of me as your curate, and make trial of my services in guiding and prompting you, ere you surrender your beloved charge to a stranger."

"It would break my heart to do so," said the old man, faintly.

The experiment was made and succeeded; it was a spectacle which stirred the heart, to see that fair-haired, bright-eyed girl steadying her father's tottering steps, prompting him in the service, when his memory failed, guiding him to and from the sanctuary, and watching over him with the truest and tenderest affection—an affection which no wealth could purchase, and no remuneration repay, for it sprung from heartfelt and devoted attachment.

Satiated with pleasure and shattered in constitution, a stranger came to seek health in this sheltered spot. It was Vincent Desborough. Neither the youth, nor the beauty, nor the innocence of Edith availed her against the snares and sophistry of this unprincipled man. She fell,

but under circumstances of the most unparalleled duplicity. She fell, the victim of the most tremendous perfidy, and the dupe of the most carefully veiled villainy. She fell, and was deserted! "Importune me no more as to marriage," was the closing remark of the deceiver's last letter. "Your own conduct has rendered that impossible!" That declaration was her death-blow. She read it, and never looked up again. The springs of life seemed frozen within her; and without any apparent disease she faded gradually away.

"I am justly punished," was the remark of her heart-broken father, when the dreadful secret was disclosed to him. "My idol is withdrawn from me! Ministering at His altar, nought should have been dearer to me than His triumphs and His cause! But lead me to her, I can yet bless her!"

The parting interview between that parent and child will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The aged minister wept and prayed—and prayed and wept—over his parting child, with an earnestness and agony that "bowed the hearts of all who heard him like the heart of one man."

"Is there hope for me, father?" said the dying girl. "Can I—oh! can I be forgiven? Will not—oh! will not our separation be eternal?"

"Though sin abounded," was the almost inarticulate reply, "grace did much more abound. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

"We shall not long be parted," was his remark, when those who watched around the dying bed told him he had no longer a daughter. "The summons has arrived, and the last tie which bound me to earth is broken." Acting upon this conviction, he commenced and completed the arrangements for the disposition of his little property with an earnestness and alacrity they could well understand who had witnessed his blameless career.

The evening previous to that appointed for the funeral of his daughter, he said to those who had the management of the sad ceremony, "Grant the last, the closing request of your pastor. Postpone the funeral a few hours. I ask no more.

A short delay, and one service and one grave will suffice for both."

His words were prophetic. The morrow's sun he never saw; and on the following Sabbath, amid the tears of a bereaved people, father and daughter were calmly deposited in one common grave.

## VI.

In the interim how had the world sped with Gervaise Rolleston? Bravely! He had become a thriving and a prosperous gentleman. "There are two modes," says an old writer, "of obtaining distinction. The eagle soars; the serpent climbs." The latter mode was the one adopted by Rolleston. He was an adroit flatterer; possessed the happy art of making those whom he addressed pleased with themselves; had a thorough knowledge of tact, and always said the right thing in the right place. All his acquaintances called him "*a very rising young man.*" And for a very rising young man, he held a most convenient creed. For "to forget all benefits, and conceal the remembrance of all injuries," are maxims by which adventurers lose their honor, but make their fortunes. In a happy hour he managed to secure the acquaintance of a moody but amiable valetudinarian, who, without resources of enjoyment in himself, was entirely dependent upon others for pleasure. Rolleston was the very man for him. He was a fair punster; told a good story; sang a capital song; played well at chess and billiards, and most unaccountably, was always beaten at both by his good-natured opponent; could read for hours together aloud; and never took offence. To all these accomplishments he added the most profound respect for his patron; which last was indeed the crowning point of his success. Ah! how true it is that "we love those who admire us, more than those whom we admire!"

Rolleston's advice, presence, and conversation became to Lord Meriden indispensable. And when ordered abroad, by those who foresaw that he would die under their hands if he remained at home, the sick nobleman's first care was that Rolleston should accompany him. He did so, and played his part so suc-

cessfully that "in remembrance of his disinterested attentions," Lord Meriden bequeathed to him the whole of his personal property. His carriages, horses, plate, yacht, all were willed by the generous noblemen to his pliant favorite.

In the vessel which had thus become his own, Rolleston embarked for England. It was a proud moment for his aspiring spirit. He was returning, an independent and opulent man, to those shores which he had quitted fifteen months before, a penniless adventurer. His family, apprized of his good fortune, hurried down to Ryde, to receive him on his arrival. They vied with each other in the length and ardor of their congratulations. The "Fairy Queen" was telegraphed, hove in sight, was signalled, passed gallantly on, and all the Rollestons, great and small, pressed down to the pier, to welcome this "dear, good, worthy, accomplished, and excellent young man."

At the very instant of nearing the pier, in the bustle and confusion of the moment, Rolleston went overboard. Some said he was overbalanced by a sudden lurch of the vessel; and others that he was struck by the jib-boom. One staid and respectable spectator positively affirmed that he had observed a sailor rush violently against him, as if with the intention of injuring him; and in the onset, he went over the side. The fact, however, was indisputable that he was amid the waves struggling manfully for a few moments with the eddy that swept round the pier, and then waiving his hand in recognition of his agonized family, sank to rise no more.

For many days his agonized mother lingered at Ryde, in the hope of rescuing the body from the deep; and large was the reward offered to those who should succeed in bringing her the perishing remains. So many days had elapsed in fruitless search, that hope was fading into despair, when one morning, a lady, in deep mourning, inquired for Mrs. Rolleston. On being admitted to her presence—

"I am the bearer," said she, "of welcome intelligence: I have this morning discovered on the beach, at some distance, the body of your son, Gervaise Rolleston."



"How know you that it is he?"

"I can not be mistaken!"

"Are his features, then, familiar to you?"

"Familiar!" I am the mother of Cyril Dormer!"

### VII.

It is painful to observe how soon the dead are forgotten. The tide of fashion, or business, or pleasure, rolls on—rapidly obliterates the memory of the departed—and sweeps away with it the attention of the mourner to the ruling folly of the hour.

"There poesy and love come not,  
It is a world of stone:  
The grave is bought,—is closed—forgot,  
And then life hurries on."

Engrossed in the all-important duty of securing the property which had been bequeathed to their son, and which, as he had left no will, there was some probability of their losing, the Rollestons had completely forgotten him by whose subservience it had been acquired. At length it occurred to them, that some monument was due, or, at all events, that a head-stone should be raised over him who slept beneath the yew tree in Brading church-yard; and directions were given accordingly. But their intentions had been anticipated. A head-stone had been erected—when, or by whom, no one could or cared to divulge. But there it was. It bore the simple inscription of the name of the departed—the day of birth and the day of death; with this remarkable inscription, in large and striking letters:—

"WITH THE SAME MEASURE THAT YE METE  
WITHAL, IT SHALL BE MEASURED TO YOU  
AGAIN."

### VIII.

Some years after this event, a gentleman, in military undress, was seen riding slowly into the village of Beechbury. The size and architecture of the village church had apparently arrested his attention, and he drew bridle suddenly, to make inquiries of a peasant who was returning from his daily toil.

"Ay! its a fine church, though I can't say I troubles it very much myself," was the reply. "There's a *mort* of fine *munniments* in it beside. All Lord Somerset's

folks be buried there; and it was but four years last Martinmas that they brought here old parson Somerset and his daughter all the way from a church-yard 'tother side of Dartmoor, because, ye see, they belonged to 'em; and these great folks choose to be all together. It's a grand vault they have. But here's Moulder, the sexton, coming anent us, and he'll tell as much and more than you may care to hear."

The name of Somerset seemed to jar harshly on the stranger's ear; and, dismounting hastily, he demanded of the sexton, "whether he could show him the interior of the church at that hour?"

"Certainly," was the reply; "turn to the right, and I will overtake you with the keys before you can reach the west door."

The church was one of considerable magnitude and surpassing beauty. It was built in the form of a cross, and had formerly been the chapel of a wealthy monastic order, suppressed at the period of the Reformation. Near the altar was a shrine, once the resort of pilgrims from every clime, from its inclosing a fragment of the true cross. You approached it by an aisle, which was literally a floor of tombstones, inlaid in brass with the forms of the departed. Meters and croziers, and shears and shields, and helmets were all mingled together, emblems of conquests, and honors, and dignities, which had long since passed away. The setting sun cast his mellow radiance through the richly painted western window, and tipped with living luster many of the monuments.

"I wish," said the stranger, when he had traversed the church, "to descend into the Somerset vault. It is a sickly, foolish fancy of mine, but I choose to gratify it. Which is the door?"

"Nay, that's no part of our bargain," said the sexton, doggedly; "you go not there."

"I am not accustomed to refusals when I state my wishes," said the soldier, fiercely and haughtily. "Lead the way, old man!"

"Not for the Indies! It is as much as my place is worth. Our rector is the most particular man that ever stood in a pulpit. He talks about the sanctity

of the dead in a way that makes one stare. Besides, it is the burial place of all his family."

"The very reason for which I wish to see it."

"Not with *my* will," said Moulder, firmly. "Besides, there is nothing to see; nothing but lead coffins, on my life!"

"Here," cried the stranger, and he placed a piece of gold on the sexton's trembling palm.

"I dare not, sir; indeed, I dare not," said the latter, entreatingly, as if he felt the temptation was more than he could resist.

"Another," said his companion, and a second piece of the same potent metal glittered in the old man's grasp.

"Well," cried Moulder, drawing a deep and heavy sigh, "if you *must*, you must! I would rather you would n't—I am sure no good will come of it; but, if you *insist* upon it, sir—if you *insist* upon it"—and slowly and reluctantly he unclosed the ponderous door which opened into the vault.

The burial-place of the Somersets was large and imposing. It was evidently of antique construction and very considerable extent. Escutcheons, shields, hatchments and helmets were ranged around the walls, all referring to those who were calmly sleeping within its gloomy recesses; while coffins, pile upon pile, occupied the center. One single window or spiracle of fifteen inches in diameter passed upwards through the thick masonry, to the external air beyond, and one of those short, massive pillars, which we sometimes see in the crypts of very ancient churches, stood in the center and supported the roof.

"Which — which is the coffin," — and the stranger's voice seemed hoarse of agitation, — "of Edith Somerset?"

"Edith?" cried old Moulder, carelessly, and the indifference of his tone formed a strange contrast to the eagerness of the young soldier — "Edith! ough, ay! the young girl that last came among us, with her father, from beyond Dartmoor? Ah, yes! here she is — the second coffin on your right."

"Well, sir, you are about satisfied, I take it," said the sexton, coaxingly to his companion, after the latter had taken a

long, minute, and silent survey of the scene around him.

"No!"

"No? why, how long would you wish to remain here?"

"At least an hour."

"An hour? I can't stay, sir, really I can't, all that time. And to leave the church, and, what's worse, the vault open—it's a thing not to be thought of! I can not; and, what is more, I will not."

"Then lock me in, dotard, I say! Do what you will; but leave me."

"Leave you? Lock you in? And *here*? God bless you, sir, you can't be aware —?"

"Leave me,—leave me!" said the stranger impetuously; and he drew the door towards him, as he spoke.

"What? would you be locked up and left alone with the dead? —"

"Go,—go, I say, and release me in an hour."

In amazement at the stranger's mien, air of command, courage and choice, Moulder departed. "The Jolly Beggars" lay in his way home, and the door so invitingly open, and the sounds of mirth and good-fellowship which thence issued so attractive, that he could not resist the temptation of washing away the cares of the day in a cool tankard, were it only to pledge the stranger's health. This indulgence Moulder repeated so frequently, as at length to lose all recollection of the stranger, of the vault, and of his appointment; and it was not until late on the morning of the following day, when his wife asked him "*if he had come honestly by what was in his pocket?*" that, in a spasm of agony at his conduct, he remembered his prisoner. Trembling in every limb, and apprehending he knew not what, he hurried to the church and unlocked the vault.

The spectacle which there met his horrified glance haunted the old man to his dying-day. The remains of the stranger were before him, but so marred, so mutilated, so disfigured that no feature could be recognized even by the nearest relative.

Rats in myriads had assailed him, and, by his broken sword and the multitudes which lay dead around him, it was plain his resistance had been gallant and pro-



tracted. But it availed not. Little of him remained, and that little was in a state which it was painful for humanity to gaze upon.

Among the many who pressed forward to view the appalling spectacle, was an elderly female, much beloved in the village for her kindly, gentle, and compassionate heart; her name was Dormer; to her the sexton handed a small memorandum-book which he picked up from among the remains of the victim. Upon the papers which it contained, the old lady looked long and anxiously, and, when she spoke, it was in a low and trembling tone.

"These," said she, "are the remains of Colonel Vincent Desborough. I have deep cause to remember him. May he meet with that mercy on high which on earth he refused to others!" The old lady paused and wept, and the villagers did homage to her grief by observing a respectful silence. They all knew and loved her. "This spectacle," she continued, as soon as she could master her emotion, "opens up fountains of grief which I thought were long since dry, but chiefly and mainly does it teach me that '*the measure that we mete to others is measured to us again.*'"



### SOULS, NOT STATION.

What shall judge a man from manners?

Who shall know him by his dress?

Paupers may be fit for princes,

Princes fit for something else.

Crumpled shirts and dirty jacket

May beclothe the golden ore

Of the deepest thoughts and feelings—

Satin vest could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar

Ever swelling out of stone,

There are purple buds and golden,

Hidden, crushed and over grown,

God, who counts by souls, not dresses,

Loves and prospers you and me,

While he values thrones, the highest,

But as pebbles in the sea.

Man, upraised above his fellows,

Oft forgets his fellow, then;

Masters—rulers—lords—remember

That your meanest hands are men!

Men by labor, men by feeling,

Men by thought and men by fame,

Claiming equal rights to sunshine

In a man's ennobled name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans;

There are little wood-clad rills;

There are little inch high saplings,

There are cedars on the hills;

But God, who counts by souls, not stations,

Loves and prospers you and me,

For to him all vain distinctions

Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders

Of a nation's wealth and fame;

Titled laziness is pensioned,

Fed and fattened on the same.

By the sweat of others' foreheads,

Living only to rejoice,

While the poor man's outraged freedom

Vainly lifteth up its voice.

But truth and justice are eternal,

Born with loveliness and light,

And sunset's wrongs shall never prosper

While there is a sunny right;

And God, whose world-heard voice is

ringing

Boundless love to you and me,

Will sink oppression, with its titles,

As the pebbles on the sea.

# THE FREEMASON'S DAUGHTER.

BY AN ENGLISH BROTHER.



“THE MYSTERY.”

## CHAPTER I.

### LOVE AND LOVE'S TRIALS.

ON a gloomy day in that gloomiest of all gloomy months, November, the streets of Manchester, generally so thronged with busy faces, were deserted by all but the pale sickly crowd of shivering artizans hurrying to their unhealthy labor in the ill-ventilated factories of the city—marts in which the grasping spirit of gain speculates alike on the strength of manhood and the weakness of infancy.

Here and there a solitary clerk, but-toned to the chin, his hat pulled reso-

lutely over his brows, his hands thrust into the pockets of the rough over-coat, which scarcely protected the weaver from the fine penetrating rain that fell incessantly, might be seen hurrying along the wet and greasy pavement. The day was detestable. The pitiless shower fell with that persevering steadiness, which, like a sullen temper, forbids all hope of accommodation, and the thick black smoke from a hundred chimnies hung like a heavy veil over the busy hive of human industry, impregnating the atmosphere with pestilence and death.

But why compare Manchester to a hive when humanity proclaims that simile a false one? The bee toils in pure air

and sunshine, breathes the rich odors of a thousand flowers, and rests its wings on their enamelled breasts; its labor is healthful exercise, cheered by the music of its merry song; the bee receives no injustice from its fellow-bee, and is suffocated when its task is ended, and the rich hoard laid up. But for the poor artisan, condemned to waste his days in the unhealthy, over-heated factory, life has no sunshine—labor no music; he works for another's gain, and, like the silk-worm, while weaving a fortune for his master, is gradually suffocated weaving a shroud for himself.

Despite the inclemency of the day, a young man of gentlemanly appearance might be seen slowly making his way toward Canon street. He was thin almost to emaciation; the pedestrian who followed him might have taken him for a youth who had outgrown his strength, while on the contrary, the one who met him face to face, would have detected in the hectic of his cheek, and the glassy luster of his eye, a victim of that curse of our English climate—consumption in its advanced and almost latest stage.

Richard Lawrence, from the early age of sixteen to two-and-twenty, had been the sole support of his widowed mother, and a sister six years younger than himself. Close confinement and incessant labor at the desk had gradually undermined a constitution naturally feeble, but which fresh air and a mind at ease might probably have strengthened. The desolation of poverty, even while a boy, had shadowed his existence, broken his spirit, chilled his youth, poisoned his opening manhood, and in his two-and-twentieth year the lamp of life already burnt with that sickly glare which precedes its extinction. Still there were moments when he felt almost happy—when, after a day of toil or close confinement at the desk, he sat of an evening by the fireside of his humble home, listening to the fresh pure voice of his sister Amy, as she sang the songs of their childhood, or read the tender melancholy verse of his favorite poet, Kirk White, whom Richard used to say he loved, because he died so young—words which filled the eyes of the grateful, affectionate girl with tears, and caused

his mother's heart to beat with all a mother's apprehensions.

The counting-house to which Richard was slowly making his way, was situated, as we before stated, in Canon street, a narrow, damp, money-making looking locality, on which the sun, as if ashamed of the mercenary spirit of its inhabitants, seldom deigned to shine; in fact it was only at its meridian height that its beams could penetrate between the tall black roofs and smoky gables.

The firm of Grindem and Small, in which Richard Lawrence was a junior clerk, was one of the oldest established houses in Manchester; its signature was as good as a Bank of England note on the Exchange, although some hinted that its transactions were not always of the fairest character. The partners were even benevolent in their way—ever ready to assist their embarrassed correspondents, by purchasing at forty per cent. under cost the consignments for which, by a strange fatality, they seldom found a market till they had exchanged the character of agent for owner, when by a coincidence equally strange, the articles in question were sure to rise in demand. It is true that their correspondents did, as soon as they could, emancipate themselves from their ruinous agency; but many a rising firm found itself crippled for years by its early connection with Grindem and Small; nevertheless, as the latter used to say, while rubbing his hands over an account wound up, "God prospers the industrious;" and the firm of Grindem and Small was *very industrious*.

Gilbert Grindem, the head of the establishment, was a bachelor, in the sixtieth year of his age. When young, he was far too prudent to marry: a wife, he used to say, distracts the attention from business; children were but so many pledges given to poverty and servitude. It was upon the last principle, most probable, that, in his fifty-fifth year, he took as junior partner, the cringing, indefatigable Mr. Small, who was too poor to be scrupulous as to the nature of the transactions in which he engaged, and of which, the wealthy head of the firm began to feel ashamed. Small's family of three sons, and as many daugh-

ters, were guarantees of his subservien-  
cy; a partner without capital, he was  
forced to be content with what remained  
after the lion's share.

The counting-house was entirely under  
the direction of the junior partner, for  
the principal was too wealthy and too  
great a man to occupy himself with the  
mere details of the firm. During busi-  
ness hours, he remained in his own  
room, giving audiences only to such of  
his correspondents as were to a certain  
extent, independent of him. Once en-  
tangled in the inextricable web of diffi-  
culties which the partners knew so well  
how to weave around them, they were  
contemptuously turned over to Small;  
and the next stage was a compromise,  
or a bankruptcy.

The senior clerk was a drunken, dis-  
sipated man, named Gridley, who had  
been employed from boyhood in the firm;  
a fellow, who, for a well-regulated es-  
tablishment, gave himself strange liber-  
ties—came when he liked, went when he  
liked, and did only what he liked. Small  
had repeatedly tried his influence with  
Grindem to get him discharged, but in  
vain; the old man mocked at his anger,  
and continued his usual course. There  
was evidently a feeling in the breast of  
the head of the house which pleaded for  
him; but whether with love or fear, time  
will show.

Next, in the commercial hierarchy, was  
the three sons of Mr. Small—Matthew,  
Mark and John. Their respectable pa-  
rent often regretted—for he was a religi-  
ous man, and gave all his children scrip-  
tural names—that their brother, Luke  
had not survived, else he had the four  
Evangelists for godfathers in his family.  
His daughters were named Judith, Mary  
and Ann—prim, matronly-looking girls,  
who had each set their hearts on becom-  
ing the wife of Henry Beacham, the  
nephew and presumed heir of Gilbert  
Grindem, a young gentleman nominally  
employed in the firm; we say nominally,  
for his uncle, who, at the request of his  
dying sister, had received the orphan,  
at first treated him with coldness and  
discontent, but had gradually become so  
attached to him, that he did pretty much  
as he liked, always provided that he  
made his appearance at Gilbert's dinner

hour, to enliven, with his rattling con-  
versation and cheerful smile, the solitary  
meal of his wealthy relative. Perhaps  
the uncle had a less selfish motive of  
indulging his nephew's distaste for busi-  
ness; he loved the frank, open-hearted  
young man—loved him like his own  
son—and did not wish him to obtain too  
clear an insight into the nature of the  
transactions of the firm; which, though  
perfectly legal in themselves, were like  
those moral felonies which human jus-  
tice can not reach, but which sooner or  
later, the source of all justice seldom  
fails to punish.

The person of Richard Lawrence, the  
junior clerk, we have already described.  
He had been received into the firm upon  
the sudden death of his father—for many  
years fellow clerk with Gridley—long  
before Small's connection with the house.  
Indeed, it was chiefly through the influ-  
ence of the former that the youth had  
been employed.

Not a sound was to be heard in the  
counting-house, except the scratching of  
the pens of Gridley and the three junior  
Smalls, as they made out the different  
invoices, or copied the correspondence of  
the day. The tail of the firm, as Henry  
Beacham used to designate Small, was  
standing with his back to a cheerful  
fire, contemplating with a parent's satis-  
faction his industrious boys, or perhaps  
mentally congratulating himself upon  
the conclusion of a more than usually  
delicate affair, when the door was slowly  
opened, and Richard Lawrence, wet to  
the skin, and shivering with cold, made  
his appearance. A satirical smile passed  
over the features of the junior Smalls,  
as the poor fellow entered the office.

"You have been a long time absent,"  
said Small senior, sharply.

"I had to wait," observed the young  
man, mildly, "for Mitchell's securities.  
Brown's bills are dishonored, and there is  
no advice from Mackinlay of New York."

The speaker drew from his side-pocket  
a huge leather case, took from it several  
papers, and handed them to Small. He  
was about to take his usual position at  
the desk, when the latter personage sud-  
denly recollected there was another affair  
to regulate at Salford. He was sorry,  
very sorry, to give Mr. Lawrence the

trouble of returning. He had forgotten it, in the hurry of business, when he first sent him out, but the errand was important.

This time, the smile of the three junior Smalls amounted to a grin.

"I am ready, sir," said the young man, with a look of resignation.

"Take my place," said Gridley, jumping off his stool; "I'll go."

"You have not finished the invoices."

"Richard can finish them as well as I can," observed the old clerk, doggedly.

"But I insist."

"Would you murder him?" whispered Gridley. "Look at him, wan, pale and suffering! It is not a day to send a dog into the streets, unless," he added, "a worthless dog like me! Come, Mr. Small, you are a father yourself—show some consideration."

"Business is business," said the junior partner, coolly. "It is not my fault, if my clerk chooses to fall into consumption. The affairs of the firm ought not to suffer."

"I am quite ready, sir," exclaimed Richard, eagerly; for he trembled for his situation. "My health is better, much better than it was. I begin to feel quite strong again."

A cough interrupted him. He placed his handkerchief to his lips; when he removed it, Gridley saw that it was stained with blood. The sight at once determined him, and he advanced with a firm step toward the door of Grindem's room.

"Where are you going?" demanded Small, pale with suppressed anger.

"To talk to your master," replied Gridley, coolly.

"Impudent scoundrel!"

"Scoundrel?" repeated the old man.

"And who, pray, gave Ebenezer Small the right to call me scoundrel? Is it because from shoeblick he rose to be clerk, from clerk to be a partner in the firm? Had I kept sober I might have been a partner, too. But, like a fool, I drank at all hours; like a wise man, he only when business hours were ended. He has reaped the advantage of his prudence, but it gives him no right to call me scoundrel!"

The speaker, whom the state of the

weather had prevented from leaving the office in search of his usual stimulant, was, like an opium-eater deprived of his favorite drug, in a state of fearful excitement; in his anger he had raised his voice to a pitch approaching a scream, and consequently made himself distinctly heard by the head of the firm, who had been seen more than once to turn pale whenever Gridley gave way to one of his bursts of passion. The old clerk's influence with Grindem was one of those mysteries which Small never could understand, and he had tried a hundred times to penetrate it. The old clerk's salary was moderate even for his services, and he had never been known either to express dissatisfaction or solicit an advance. Gilbert Grindem, so proud, overbearing and despotic in his dealings with mankind, was quiet, and, at times even humble with Gridley.

Decidedly there was a mystery.

The door of the apartment opened, and the head of the firm, followed by his nephew, made his appearance. The pens of the three junior Smalls flew with increased rapidity over the invoices, day-book and ledger; while poor Richard trembled at the inconsiderate conduct of his well-meaning friend.

"What is the meaning of this tumult?" demanded Grindem, in a voice of unusual mildness.

"It means, sir, that I have been grossly insulted," replied Mr. Small, "by your clerk."

"Impossible!" replied his partner, dryly.

"It means, sir," exclaimed Gridley, with an air in which defiance and respect were strangely blended, "that Mr. Small presumed to call me a scoundrel before his three sons and Mr. Lawrence; *you know*," he added, "whether I deserve that appellation or not."

"*Certainly not*," said Gilbert, biting his lips to conceal his anger, and, perhaps, to repress the inclination he felt to kick the old clerk out of the counting-room. "I can not conceive why Mr. Small should take such a liberty. Have you any accusation," he added "turning coldly towards his partner, "against the probity of Mr. Gridley?"

"None."

"I thought not."

"But he is a drunkard."

"We have all our faults, Mr. Small. A man may be a drunkard, and yet not a scoundrel."

"Exactly the difference between your partner and myself, sir," observed Gridley with a sneer; "I did but offer to replace Mr. Lawrence, who is already wet to the skin, in an out-door course which Mr. Small suddenly found it necessary to send him on, when the latter lost his temper and his manners. Had it been one of his own precious cubs, the affairs of the firm might have waited long enough before he had sent him out on a day like this."

"Richard, my dear fellow," exclaimed Henry Beacham, stepping forward and seizing the poor fellow by the hand, "you are ill,—very ill; my uncle, I am sure, would not wish you to expose your health on such a day as this. I am surprised, sir," he added, turning to Mr. Small, "that you had not more humanity than to think of such a thing."

"Both the partners winced. The senior at the expressions of friendship of his nephew for the poor clerk; and the junior at the reproach which his conscience told him was well merited.

"I regret," said Richard Lawrence mildly, "that I should have been the involuntary occasion of this dispute. I thank Mr. Gridley for his offer, but I am capable, quite capable, of executing the orders that I have received."

"You are nothing of the kind," interrupted his friend, struck by the sudden paleness of the speaker. "Uncle," he added, "I am sure you can spare Mr. Lawrence for a few days, till his health is re-established?"

Grindem hesitated.

"Impossible," said Small, emboldened by his partner's silence; "there is so much out-door work to do, which, as junior clerk, falls to —"

"I will replace him!" said Henry Beacham; "it is a long time since I took my turn at business; Lawrence, I am sure, is seriously ill; would you," he added, "murder him?"

This was exactly the same question which Gridley had asked; and the old man, struck by the coincidence, fixed

his eyes inquiringly, nay, even menacingly, upon the head of the firm. The gaze produced its effect, for, suddenly turning to its clerk, he graciously gave him a month's leave of absence, to re-establish his health, and then retired to his room without exchanging a word with any of the rest.

"Humph!" muttered Gridley, as he returned to his stool; not so bad as I thought."

"Take a fly," whispered Henry, as he pressed his friend's hand; "send for advice. I will see you as soon as my uncle leaves the office. Remember me to your sister and your kind mother.

Despite the presence of Small, Richard Lawrence went and shook hands with old Gridley, thanking him warmly for the interest he had taken in his welfare.

"I have now," he said, "thanks to the kindness of Mr. Grindem, a month's rest before me,—it was all I required. I shall return to my desk, strong and healthy,—oh, so strong!" The hollow cough, which interrupted him seemed to belie his words. "But you will come and see me?"

"Willingly," replied the old man; that's if—" he hesitated.

"If what?"

"You know my habits; they have been my ruin!—no matter for that,—but, perhaps your mother and your sister might not excuse my manners and appearance, although you are kind enough—"

"No fear of that," said Richard, shaking him by the hand; my mother often inquires after you; she will be rejoiced to see you, for you were my poor father's friend."

"Yes, yes," murmured the old man hastily. "I was his friend."

"He entrusted you with everything."

"Everything! He had no secret concealed from me."

"How, then," resumed Richard, "should my mother be otherwise than glad to see you? And Amy shall sing to you one of her merry songs. Good-bye,—Good-bye."

With a warm grasp of the hand the young man left the office, full of anticipation and the hope of re-establishing his health, and the pleasure which his month's holiday would afford his mother and sister. A month's repose to his tired

spirit seemed an eternity of leisure—a harvest of strength. Poor fellow, it was but the prelude of the grave!

As his attenuated form passed the threshold of the counting-room, a tear from old Gridley's eye fell upon the ledger and blotted the figures; it was the purest record on the pages of that book, for the tear was one of pity and repentance.

No sooner was Richard gone, than Mr. Small, who had been meditating during his brief conversation with the old clerk, seemed inspired with an air of sudden resolution, and approaching the private room, found his partner and Henry Beacham very quietly sipping their wine.

"Ah, Small!" exclaimed Mr. Grindem, "take a chair; you will find a fresh glass on the tray. Port or Madeira?"

The speaker was extremely choice of the latter wine, which had twice made the voyage to the East Indies and back. He offered it as a matter of politeness only, which being well understood, it was invariably declined. The junior filled his glass with port.

"Anything particular," demanded Grindem, after a pause.

"Nothing more than the regulation of the office. I would not take upon myself the responsibility of intrusting Gridley, during the absence of Mr. Lawrence, to collect for the house."

"Oh! he is honest," interrupted his partner, bitterly.

"But a drunkard!" added Small.

"True, true. It has been the poor devil's ruin. But for that one fault, Small, he would be now sitting in your place, and you at his desk. He is a strange compound," he added, "and has lost more than one occasion. Let Matthew take the out-door department for a month."

"Matthew's health is delicate," observed the father drily.

"Mark or John, then, which you will," exclaimed the head of the firm, impatiently; "surely for a month you can arrange it among you."

"It is not that, sir; thank heaven, neither I nor my sons shrink from toil where the interests of the firm are concerned!"

"I know—I know."

"But at the end of the month?"

"At the end of the month Lawrence will return, and things resume their usual course," said Mr. Grindem, with an air of impatience, for he began to feel annoyed, and had not the slightest reason for managing the susceptibility of his partner.

"Lawrence never will return!" observed Small, emphatically.

"And why not?"

"Because," resumed the heartless man of figures, "he has not another month to live. Dr. Curry, who attends my wife and youngest daughter, told me so."

"And you knew this," exclaimed Henry Beacham, indignantly. "Knew it, and sent him on a day like this, dragging his emaciated form along the cold damp streets of Manchester?"

"Business is business, young gentleman," replied Small, with a peculiar smile.

"You forget, sir, he has a mother?"

"And a sister," added the partner, sarcastically.

"Both depended on his exertions," resumed the young man, without seeming to notice the tone in which the last remark was made. "Uncle," he added, "I am afraid I shall never make a merchant."

"Why so?"

"I lack the coldness and self-possession of your partner, Mr. Small," added Henry, with an expression of intense disgust.

"And what do you propose?" demanded Grindem, without replying to the observation of his nephew.

"Gripe and Holdfast are about to part with their junior clerk, a young man of excellent character, well acquainted with the business and the transactions of the firm where he has been employed. Added to which, Mr. Bainton has the advantage of being——"

"The accepted suitor of Miss Judith Small," interrupted Henry Beacham, turning to his uncle, "You can not do better, uncle; the counting-house will then become quite a family affair."

"Dear me!" said the parent of the amiable Miss Judith, who in despair of the conquest of Henry Beacham, had accepted the offer of the clerk, Bainton,

whose grandfather had lately left him four thousand pounds: "Mr. Bainton the suitor of my girl! what could induce you to imagine so improbable a circumstance?"

"Seeing them together at the theater."

"At the theater! My daughter in the devil's hot-house!" exclaimed Small, with pious horror.

"I am not in the habit, sir," said the young man, gravely, "of uttering a falsehood. I repeat I saw your daughter and the young man in question at the theater. I learnt his name by accident."

"May I ask by what accident? demanded the mortified Small, who, with intent to mortify in turn, suspected that there was probably some circumstances connected with the speaker's own visit which he did not wish his uncle to become acquainted with.

"You really wish to know?"

"Certainly."

"Well, then, I and my friend Lord Somers went bail for him and your son Matthew at the police court. There had been a dispute—a fight, or some such low affair—at the house where they had supped, after having, as I presume, seen your daughter home."

A groan of mortification and rage broke from the breast of the overwhelmed and astonished Mr. Small, who was much more annoyed at the exposure than at the hypocrisy of his children. The day was decidedly unfavorable to his views; he almost regretted that he had been tempted to make the proposition to his principal, to whom, although nominally a partner, he was as much subjected as the merest clerk in the office.

"I shall make no change, said Grindem, until the expiration of the month. Mr. Small, those letters are of importance. You had better look to them yourself."

He pointed to a packet lying on the table. The junior partner took the hint and retired; a smile upon his face, but bitterness and hate overflowing his heart.

"What!" he murmured, "treated with less consideration in the firm than that drunken old rascal, Gridley! There is a secret—I am sure there is. I'd give my soul, almost, to find it out. We shall see," he added, repeating the words of

his principal. "Let me but obtain the clue from old Gridley, and we will see."

"Henry," said his uncle, as soon as the door was closed, and Mr. Small installed in the outward office, "you take a strange interest in this Richard Lawrence."

"He is my friend."

"Friend? Bah!"

"Brother, then, if you will."

"Brother?" repeated the old man, with a fearful expression of countenance, for his thoughts reverted to Richard's sister, "What mean you?"

"Simply that we are members of the same Lodge. My friend, Lord Somers, whose society you wished me to cultivate, has long been a member. Had I thought you had the least objection——"

"Objection!" repeated his uncle, breathing freely, "not the least. Lord Somers is a most unexceptionable acquaintance. And so Lawrence is a mason?"

"Aye, and a distinguished one. His father was so before him."

"And his sister," demanded Mr. Grindem, "have you seen her?"

"Oh frequently," replied the young man, without the least exhibition of embarrassment. "She is a little fairy, and sings like a nightingale."

"And how old is this nightingale?" demanded the uncle, curiously.

"A mere child, sir—fifteen, or thereabouts."

"Humph!" said the old man, not quite satisfied. "Mind what you are about, Henry. To seduce her would be a folly. To marry her a crime—never to be forgiven by me."

"Rest satisfied, sir, I shall do neither the one or the other. Marry her," he added to himself: "ridiculous! Seduce her—oh never, never!"

"The secret of old Gridley's influence over his master is soon told. Fourteen years previous to the commencement of our tale, led by his love of wine, he had concealed himself in the vast cellars of the firm, where, like a true bacchanal, he had drank till memory and reason tottered on their seat. Indeed the old man, were it not for certain papers in his possession, would have doubted whether what followed was real or the result of that mental phantasmagoria which delirium tremens presents. He saw his



master, Gilbert Grindem, the head of the firm, bearing a dead body down the narrow staircase which led from the counting-house to the vaults beneath. From that hour, the firm, which previously had been in great difficulties, suddenly became prosperous, and Gilbert Grindem a rich man.

Our readers will perceive, as Mr. Small said, when he left the private room of his partner:

"There is a mystery. I am sure there is a mystery."

(To be continued monthly.)

## MASONIC LEGENDS.

BY G. F. YATES.

"Apples of gold in pitchers of silver."—SOLOMON.

IF certain legends which are pure inventions, are invested with a sublimity and a fascination which render them popular vehicles of instruction, surely truth, which is often "stranger than fiction," can not be devoid of the like sublimity and fascination, when properly presented under the guise of instructive legend, allegory or parable.

Lord Bacon's opinion is doubtless correct, that the fables related by Homer, Hesiod, and other writers of antiquity, are not the inventions of those authors. They merely reproduced and perpetuated in immortal verse, legends handed down from earlier ages, reaching far back beyond that "dim point where records fail," obscured and corrupted, it is true, yet received and cherished by the people. The reason he gives for esteeming them, is most worthy of note. I receive them, says he, "not as the product of the age, or invention of the poets, but as sacred relics, gentle whispers, and the breath of better times, that from the traditions of more ancient nations, came at length into the flutes and trumpets of the Greeks."

It must be clear to every reflecting mind, that many of these fables, which superficial investigators hold up to ridicule, have, notwithstanding their apparent absurdity, a hidden, yet important meaning, and "proclaim an allegory, even afar off," of most edifying moral.

Instance the fiction of Saturn devouring his own children, of Jupiter eating up his wife Metis, when he found her pregnant; whereby he himself conceived, and out of his head brought forth Pallas in full armor. When the legend of the golden ass of Apulcius, which has been denounced as ridiculous, receives its proper explanation, it will be found to embody truths most sublime; and the figure of the same animal made of massive gold, preserved in the temple of Jerusalem by the Jews,<sup>1</sup> has connected with it a legend of equal sublimity.

Apparent inconsistencies and anachronisms at times occur in these legends; as for example, like those in which Moses and Solomon, Euclid and Pythagoras figure in the same narration. Events which occurred, as well as persons who appeared at different and distant times and places, are brought together, as if cotemporaneous. The hypercritic who would condemn this, should bear in mind, that the God of the true freemason is identical with the God of the true Christian. "He is not the God of the dead, but of the *living*." The sacred personages of our Order, who lived centuries apart, and occurrences furnishing a portion of our landmarks, which took place at different periods of the world's history, possess a *cotemporaneousness* which is IMMORTAL! Holy truths inculcated a thousand years ago, are the self same truths we venerate to-day; "for them there is no longer time or place." The fellowship of the true Israel of God, is the same yesterday, to-day and for ever.

Whatever many masons may think of ancient mythology,<sup>2</sup> as it is generally termed, from it we have inherited some of our principal allegories and symbols. A legend of high importance was com-

<sup>1</sup> Josephus against Apion, Tacitus, Plutarch, Suidas, etc.

<sup>2</sup> We must be permitted to record the opinion of a learned professor, not a member of our Order, Taylor Lewis, on the subject of mythology. "A myth," says he, "is not a fable, neither is mythology the history of fables. This branch of knowledge, extravagant and unsatisfactory as it may seem to some, does actually offer *more important* truth to the contemplative mind, than is often furnished by the most accurate annals belonging to later periods of national life." The Greek word for fable, is *Muthos*, *anglice* Myth, which means nothing more than a *discourse*, by way of eminence, unassociated with any idea of fiction.

municated in the mysteries of ADONIS (or Dionysius,) cultivated by the sodalities of scientific artisans generally known as the DIONYSIAN ARCHITECTS of Asia Minor, which flourished in Syria, Persia and India,<sup>1</sup> and from thence, they extended to Greece and Rome. The legend we refer to, was embraced by Solomon, when he introduced the holy mysteries among the artists and masons engaged in erecting the sacred structures he was divinely inspired to build to the honor and glory of the great Jehovah. He received the legend from Hiram, King of Tyre, who must have been the Grand Master of these Dionysiacs, at least throughout Phœnicia. Two profound masonic antiquaries<sup>2</sup> have expressed their conviction, that Solomon took advantage of several real occurrences which transpired in Jerusalem, while his famous temple was being erected, and substituted these for analogous occurrences commemorated in the Dionysian legend. Both legends taught the same truth, involving the interests of mortal man beyond the grave. This substitution could only have taken place about the time of the completion of the temple, and must have signalized the teachings of "the wisest man," when he charged the architects, on their departure from the holy city, after they had completed their labors in it.

We think we would be culpable were we to omit an allusion to the three Grand Architects of the Holy Temple, conveyed in the old masonic metrical toast, commencing with the words:

"To him who all things understood,  
To him who furnished stone and wood,  
To him who nobly shed his blood  
In doing of his duty."

"I would here say much more, were I not afraid of being heard by those who are uninitiated; because men are apt to deride what they do not understand; and the ignorant, not being aware of the weakness of their minds, condemn what they ought most to venerate."<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Lawrie.—<sup>2</sup> Archdeacon Mant, and R. W. Bro. Thomas Fryer, F. S. A.

<sup>3</sup> Cyril Alexander, quoted by our late Rev. Bro. T. M. Harris, in a posthumous work of his, under the "nom de plume" of Theodore Temple, entitled "Disciplina Arcani," or "Discipline of the Secret."

As before intimated, many of our masonic emblems, as well as allegories, can be traced to mythologic symbols. The *crown* and *scepter* denote the power of the Deity, whom the brother invested with them represents. *Time* has ever been depicted with *wings* to his feet to denote his rapid flight, a *scythe* in his hand, a *lock of hair* on his forehead, and his head *bald* behind; *Justice* has ever her *sword* and *scales*; *temperance* her *bridle* (not a water-pot, to illustrate the "one-idea principle" of some modern masons;) *firmness* and *hope* have the *anchor* in common; *love* an *inflamed heart*; *death* his *hour-glass*; *plenty* her *horn*; *faith* and *piety* a *blazing torch* or a *shield*; heavenly *wisdom* her children, faith, hope and charity, or love, etc.

The allegories of the old Jewish Scriptures, and the parables of our Savior, were not all of them, as is well known, relations of facts, but beautiful fictions of a significance, in general easily understood, though in some cases abstruse, and requiring in their explanations a degree of wisdom not attained to by every pretentious sage of modern days. We have said fictions, but we ought rather to have said narratives founded on something real or apparent in nature or history, or common life; and they are in words what emblems are in painting, the former being addressed to the ear, the latter to the eye. The literal meaning of "legend," (from "legendo,") is simply a *reading*—in this respect being synonymous with *lecture*, (from "lectio,") also a masonic term. Who but a narrow-minded sectary would think of repudiating the beautiful allegorical legend of Bunyan?

There are not a few Arabian, as well as Jewish legends, which serve to illustrate many points in masonry. And the same may be said of certain Christian legends recorded in LEGENDA AUREA, and elsewhere. Legends, such as those here referred to, deserve to be studied by every member of our mystic craft, who aspires to illustrate, in his own character, as it is his bounden duty to do, the BEAUTY of our Order!

It appears from the writings of Bede and Usher, that Christian legends were read on set occasions in the course of

public worship in the olden time. One of the books found among the ruins of Verulam in the tenth century, contained a history of St. Albans, written in the ancient British character and dialect.

COSMO AND DAMIAN.—As a counterpart to the mythological legend of Castor and Pollux, for which, as we think, modern masons have substituted the two Saints John, we have several legends of Cosmo and Damian, Arabians by birth, but dwellers in the city of Ægiæ. They spent their lives in ministering to the poor, the sick, and the afflicted—all “for charity and the love of God.” They suffered martyrdom as Christians, whose faith they professed. Of the many legends of them extant, we shall refer to one only, illustrated in an Italian picture, representing the Savior in the disguise of a sick pilgrim, ministered unto by these holy brothers—a beautiful allegory truly, literally illustrating the text, “Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.”

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.—There is a legend of St. John the Evangelist, related by Calmet, which indeed should not be called a legend, since every word of it is true. In his old age he made no longer any set discourses, but uniformly without variation iterated and reiterated, in all assemblies, the simple exhortation—“my dear children, love one another.” At length the people grew weary of this short exhortation so often repeated. Like the Athenians they wished for something new. When he was informed of this, his answer was, “This is what the Lord commands you, and this, if ye do it, is sufficient.” As if he had said, “No new commandment give I unto you, but that which you had from the beginning, that ye love one another.” The true test of love to God is love to the brethren.

Clement of Alexandria relates, that St. John, while at Ephesus, previous to his exilement to Patmos, had adopted a young man of much promise. He committed him to the guardianship of a bishop during his absence. On his return to Ephesus, he called on the bishop to deliver up his charge; which he was unable to do, as the young man had, during the

absence of St. John, taken to evil courses, and had become the leader of a band of robbers, the terror of the circumjacent country. The sequel of the legend illustrates what moral suasion can effect, when used by a man who is himself an exemplar of virtue and goodness, over an erring brother. St. John visited the rendezvous of the robbers, and had a conference with their chief, who at length burst into tears, and asked forgiveness. His blood-stained right hand which he tried to hide under his robe, St. John seized, kissed, and bathed with his tears. He remained with him exhorting and praying, and left him a re-convert, reconciled with himself and Heaven!

St. John owned a tame partridge, which he played with and fed. “A certain huntsman, passing by with his bow and arrows, was astonished to see the great apostle, so venerable for his age and sanctity, engaged in such an apparently trivial amusement. The apostle asked him if he always kept his bow bent? He answered, that would be the way to render it useless. ‘If,’ replied St. John, ‘you unbend your bow to prevent its being useless, so do I unbend my mind for the same reason.’” A similar lesson is taught in every well regulated Lodge, by the observance of the time-honored custom of calling the craft from labor to refreshment, and remanding them to labor again on all proper occasions. Occasional indulgences in innocent hilarity and temperate refreshments, are not only allowable but necessary for the mind as well as the body, and are not inconsistent with, but of use to sustain such a life of industry in his vocation, and of beneficent action as should characterize every “brother of the mystic tie.”

In old works of art, St. John is usually represented as holding a radiant circle in his hand, with an *Eagle* in the center, and accompanied with the mottoes, “Quasi aquila ascendit, et avolabit.” (Jer. xlix : 22,) and “In primo est verbum,” (John i : 1,) and others of a similar nature.

It would not come within the scope of our design in this article to narrate, ever so briefly, the many Christian legends we deem to be of masonic import. Yet our references would not have that completeness we desire, were we to omit an allu-

sion to the legends of St. GEORGE, St. NICHOLAS, and St. PAUL. The first has a more immediate connection with the chivalric orders of masonry, and that of St. Nicholas, with active charity. The legend of St. Paul, touching his ascension to the third heavens, where he saw things it is "unlawful for man to utter," is supposed by the professors of the "Ineffable degrees" to be of use only in expounding their great "QUARTEBNARY;" while the legend describing his descent into hell, is claimed by the Rosycrusians as explanatory of an important point in their mysteries. We can, however, regard it only as a Christian version of the descent of Æneas into the infernal regions, which Virgil gives us. This last, like portions of the Apocalypse of St. John, is believed to be an allegorical account of initiation into the mysteria of antiquity.

What with the ingenious expositions of the learned Faber, and the explanatory lecture of one of the superior degrees in masonry, we have all that can be expected or desired of a masonic interpretation of a book so pregnant with profundity as the Apocalypse of St. John the Evangelist and Seer, "the beloved disciple" of our Lord.

ST. THOMAS.—We commenced this article for the purpose of introducing a legend of St. Thomas, whose name has never in any way heretofore been associated with our Order; a fact to us inexplicable, as this legend is brimful of masonry. No sainted Christian Patriarch has stronger claims to be ranked among the worthies of the craft, or placed in the masonic calendar of saints, than ST. THOMAS. We think our readers will coincide with us in this opinion, when they come to examine his legend, in the light of the well known fact, that the union which existed at and previous to the building of the glorious HEKAIL ADONAI, or palace of Jehovah, between *operative* and *spiritual* masonry, was not fully dissolved till the latter part of the seventeenth century.

The author of "Disciplina Arcani"<sup>1</sup> refers to an interesting circumstance in the life of St. Thomas, when he had an

interview with his Lord and Master, Jesus of Nazareth, after his resurrection. The legend this author alludes to, though not, as we think, in the most orthodox manner, in regard to what occurred when the veil of the temple was rent in twain<sup>2</sup>, will not be understood by the professors of the popular masonic degrees cultivated in this country; and it is not the legend we are about to introduce to our readers.

The same author gives us an opinion which we can not forbear to mention, (though not exactly germane to our subject,) on account of its originality and importance, if it can be sustained. He says, that by a singular *lapsus linguæ*, the modern masons have substituted "*Tubalcain*," one of our cabalistic words for the Greek<sup>3</sup> word ΤΥΜΒΟΧΕΙΝ, (Tumbochein,) signifying to be entombed,—a word of mystic import among the early Christian masons.

At feet of Jesus, *loving* Thomas knelt;  
At word of Jesus, *doubting* Thomas felt,  
The Martyr-tokens in his hands and side—  
With perfect *faith*, "MY LORD, MY GOD" he cried!

We shall close our remarks with an account of the legend of St. Thomas; premising, that, although neither a carpenter or mason, but a fisherman, in all pictures of him he is represented as carrying in his right hand a builder's rule or SQUARE, with its angle near his right shoulder. He was chosen among the saints as "patron of architects and builders."

A spiritual architect he was,  
In his own heart erecting palaces.

We quote from the *Legenda Aurea*. "When St. Thomas was at Cesaria, our Lord appeared to him, and said, 'The king of the Indies, Gondoforus, hath sent his provost Abanes to seek for workmen well versed in the science of architecture, who shall build for him a palace finer than that of the emperor of Rome. Behold, now, I will send thee to him.' And Thomas went, and Gondoforus commanded him to build for him a magnificent palace, and gave him much gold and silver for the purpose. The king went into a distant country, and was absent for

<sup>2</sup> See Rose Cross degree for an explanation.

<sup>3</sup> Was the Greek language spoken in the days of Solomon?

<sup>1</sup> Alluded to in a note, *ante*.

two years; and St. Thomas, meanwhile, instead of building a palace, distributed all the treasures intrusted to him among the poor and sick; and, when the king returned, he was full of wrath, and commanded that St. Thomas should be seized and cast into prison, and he meditated for him a horrible death. Meantime the brother of the king died; and the king resolved to erect for him a most magnificent tomb; but the dead man, after that he had been dead four days, suddenly arose and sat upright, and said to the king, 'the man whom thou wouldst torture is a servant of God: behold, I have been in Paradise, and the angels showed to me a wondrous palace of gold and silver and precious stones; and they said, 'This is the palace that Thomas the Architect hath built for thy brother, King Gondoforus.' And, when the king heard these words, he ran to the prison and delivered the apostle; and Thomas said to him, 'knowest thou not that those who would possess heavenly things, have little care for the things of this earth? There are in heaven rich palaces without number, which were prepared from the beginning of the world for those who purchase the possession through faith and charity. Thy riches, O King, may prepare the way for thee to such a palace, but they can not follow thee thither.'



#### THE BROKEN COLUMN UNBROKEN.

BY ROB. MORRIS, K. T.

THE "Morgan Affair," as it is popularly termed, or rather the Anti-masonic *boil*, which come to a head—a bad sore it was for all parties—between 1826 and 1836, was the *experimentum crucis* of Freemasonry in America. It was "the time that tried men's (Mason's) souls." The Institution of Freemasonry had previously stood all manner of persecutions from the *ruling powers*, political and religious, and stood them well; but now it was doomed to encounter a persecution from the *people*. It had met *argument* and defeated it, now it must meet *ridicule*. It had buffeted opposition in countries where the light of the press had

never been diffused, and in countries where the press is muzzled—now it must buffet it in a land of free press, and its old, but not decayed hulk must endure the full broadsides of missiles, large and small, from pellets to forty-two pounders, poured upon it in the full blaze of an organized *scientific war*. It was the *experimentum crucis*, we repeat, of the system. It answered the queries often enough propounded—has Masonry a use in this free country? can it withstand the indignant opposition, however erroneously based, of an outraged people?

And it is because this Anti-masonic warfare of 1826 to 1836 was the *experimentum crucis* of the system, that we write so much about it. When, by the kindness of the Ancient Fraternity, we were first encouraged to turn our pen to Freemasonry, and seek from its inexhaustible fields subjects for Essay and Sketch, we at once saw how available was this department of the great subject to our purpose. We saw that as the Revolution of 1776 was to the United States, as the Exodus to the Israelites, as the Hegira to the Moslem, so was this strife to Freemasonry—a date from which future historians will reckon, and a treasury from which will be drawn proofs of its adamant powers of resistance, the invincibility of its inertia, the undying nature of its principles, the genial character of its attachment to the soul of its votaries, and its perfect adaptedness, as well to the citizens of a free country in an enlightened age, as to the subjects of despots in the days of darkness.

Among the incidents of that gloomy, yet triumphant period, we transcribe from our memorandum book the following, furnished us by one of the actors, who yet lives to tell it with an enjoyment that age seems never to lesson:

In Eastern Ohio, there are places where to this day, (1854,) a man can not be popular, if he is a Freemason. The circuit-rider, sent by his Bishop to a twelve-months' work in that "neck of woods," must say nothing of his Masonry, if, per-adventure, like the rest of his enterprising company, he is a Brother among us. Two to one, the petition will go up to "Annual Conference," for a preacher "who is not connected with any of the

Secret Societies," and unless they get him, they grumble.

Lest our readers may think we exaggerate, read what "The Committee on Secret Societies" reported June 13, 1854, (not 1654, as a person would suppose, from the bigoted, behind-the-age tone of the recommendation,) to the "Joint Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Ohio and adjacent States," which met in Thompson's township, Seneca County, Ohio. The Committee reported as follows: "The Synod regards as unchurchly, all societies out of the Church, and particularly Secret Societies, whenever they aim to accomplish those objects which the Christian Church, according to the Word of God, has and ever must have in view—because they are not only rendered unnecessary by the establishment of the Church, but because they are calculated to produce indifference toward the kingdom of Christ, and, in many cases, entire estrangement from Christianity, and even gross infidelity. In future, we will admit no one into our connection who belongs to said Societies." This report was adopted, only two members, to their honor be it recorded, the Revs. Henkel and H. Heincke, entering a protest, particularly against the last clause. We should think the citizens of Seneca County, Ohio, would think twice before they would invite "The Joint Evangelical" to sit among them again.

But to the story. In one of the villages of Eastern Ohio, there was a peculiarly malignant spirit of Anti-masonry manifested, and about the year 1830 it gained its light. It amounted to as much as its votaries dared to do. To deface the outside of the Lodge-hall with obscene emblems (the symbology of Anti-masonry—foul as Baal-peor's, and very much the same figures, too;) to blacken the character of Masons; to buy up Giddings' Almanacs by the cart-load and give them away to all who would read them; to vote against all "who had the mark of the beast in their foreheads," (as the Rev. Mr. Slidel elegantly expressed it, in his memorable sermon from Rev. xix., 20;) to separate father and son, pastor and people, husband and wife, partner senior and partner junior, the upper and lower mill-stone, the an-

tagonistic blades of scissors, and all other separable things upon this important question; these and similar acts were the fitting works of the crew that ruled, and the sheep that were ruled in \_\_\_\_\_ County, Eastern Ohio, about the year of grace, 1830.

A few years before that period, about the time that Lafayette visited the United States, and the Masonic Fraternity generally were roused up to extraordinary feeling by his sentiments of approval and attachment to Masonry, one of the most zealous and enlightened members of *the Order*, (there was but one Secret Society in the United States at that time, so that the adjective, Masonic, was seldom used and never necessary,) died suddenly and under circumstances that awakened the profound sensations of the Brethren, his co-members. They built a costly monument to his memory, and selected the highest point in the burial-ground as its site. It was the broken column upon a platform of three steps—in fact, the same figure that Cross gives in his Chart in the Third Degree.

There the beautiful monument stood undisturbed for several years, and glittered in the sunlight, or glowed under moonbeams to the eye of every traveler, early or late, who journeyed from the South-west toward the county-seat of \_\_\_\_\_ County. It became the center of various other Masonic graves. Death is ever at work; and as his works thinned out the ranks of the Lodge to which the deceased had belonged, processions were seen to wind slowly thitherward with melancholy loads, and around "the weeping Virgin" stout-hearted men were seen to weep, and by the side of the broken column they laid other columns, broken in like manner, until a group, silent but suggestive, was formed of the Fraternal dead.

This elegant monument became the scene of the incident we are so long in describing. During the crisis of the fever so often referred to, it was a standing eye-sore, a stench in the pure nostrils of Anti-masonry. To tower so high, to glare so brightly, to cry out its lessons so loudly that every beholder was in a manner *compelled* to hear them, and

all this, too, in a time when their honest, disinterested efforts had almost rendered Freemasonry a broken column—the thought was insupportable. An order of court was petitioned for to remove it, but the presiding judicial was too conscientious to grant that, though he had been elected as an anti. Then the parties consulted a lawyer to know the damage of openly tearing it down, but that proving several figures too high for their pecuniary ability, they decided at last upon convening under the shadow of night for the purpose. The plot came to the ears of a Brother Mason, through the instrumentality of an old lady, who, though she had been in the chimney-corner too deaf for twenty years to hear much, had her auditory nerves wonderfully keen when anything was stirring in regard to a society to which all three of her deceased husbands had belonged. The Brother Mason, of course, communicated it to the rest, and a counter-plot was devised, as ingenious as any thing in the strategy of Bro. N. Bonaparte of Corsica.

The malignant Anti-masons met to the number of three, one wet, dark, cold night, and, with masons' tools, went together to the grave-yard. The very nature of their errand demanded silence; and a silent party in a dark night is, necessarily, a superstitious one. By the time they got half-way from the grave-yard gate to the doomed monument, every grave had its ghost perched upon it, and every puff of wind its sigh. If the reader will try the plan of entering a well-peopled grave-yard after midnight, upon an unholy errand, he will exactly realize the pleasant feeling of these three ruffians. They soon found themselves walking so close together as actually to impede one another's steps, whereupon one of them fell headlong and screamed as his hand came in contact with something cold as a dead man's forehead. It was no fancy, as the result proved, that made the other two hear a subdued chuckle in response from behind a gallows-looking oak hard by.

The party had barely arrived at the Broken Monument, and settled their hats upon their heads, which had been pushed off by their electrified hair, when blank-

ets were thrown over them, and, in spite of their agonizing attempts to scream, they were silenced, thrown down, gagged, and bound, in a space of time quite miraculous in its brevity.

Who committed the act was not known for ten years afterwards, but those three night-walkers were found by their anxious friends next morning in the Court House, with corn-cobs arranged horizontally in their open jaws, their hands and feet tied with their own suspenders, and their bodies completely tattooed with all the emblems of seven degrees of Masonry, (vide Cross' Chart aforesaid,) done in monochromatic—that is, in lunar caustic. The color came out by a few weeks' vigorous rubbing, but no second attempt was ever made upon the integrity of the monument, and the BROKEN COLUMN stands UNBROKEN yet.

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#### TRUE PHILANTHROPY.

I saw a pale mourner stand bending over the tomb, and his tears fell fast and often. As he raised his humid eyes to heaven, he cried:

"My brother! O, my brother!"

A sage passed that way and said:

"For whom dost thou mourn?"

"One," replied he, "whom I did not sufficiently love while living; but one whose inestimable worth I now feel."

"What wouldst thou do if he was restored to thee?"

The mourner replied, "that he would never offend him by an unkind word, but he would take every occasion to show his friendship if he could come back to his fond embrace."

"Then waste no time in useless grief," said the sage, "but if thou hast friends, go and cherish the living, remembering that they will one day die also."

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BROTHER.—The term which Freemasons apply to each other. Freemasons are brethren, not only by common participation of the human nature, but as professing the same faith, as being jointly engaged in the same labors, and as being united by a mutual covenant or tie, whence they are also emphatically called "Brethren of the Mystic Tie."—*Mackey's Lexicon.*

# Best Thoughts of best Writers, Living and Dead, On the subject of Freemasonry.

## WHY LODGES ARE DEDICATED TO THE SS. JOHN.

BY BRO. GEO. W. OLIVER, D. D.

### I.—WHY TO ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

I FLATTER myself that the arguments contained in the preceding letter have satisfactorily proved that the name of St. John the Baptist was connected with speculative Masonry at a very remote period; and that a doubt was never entertained that the parallelism was inappropriate. It is equally true that St. John the Evangelist was considered one of the patrons of Masonry by the universal consent of our Brethren of the last century, and is so denominated in their authorized publications.<sup>1</sup> His pretensions to masonic honors were probably founded on the fact, that the machinery of the vast and important prophecies contained in the Apococalypse, bear a great resemblance to the plan of the third degree of Masonry before the introduction of the Royal Arch. And a masonic writer, under date A. D. 1737, speaks of the Revelation of St. John as "the process of spiritual Masonry."<sup>2</sup> This may appear a startling assertion to those who have never given the subject a momentary consideration. Your Lordship will understand, however, that I am speaking simply of the dramatic construction of the book, without the slightest reference to the interpretation of the prophecies. With this explanation in view, we will examine how far the ceremonies described in the Book of Revelation agree with those which are observed in speculative Masonry.

First, then, we are presented with the representation of a candidate for admission, knocking at a door,<sup>3</sup> and waiting patiently till he receives an answer. After some delay, he is invited to enter, by a voice from within saying, "Come up hither." Being thus introduced into the

celestial lodge, he beholds a new and very imposing scene; the chief object in which is a person splendidly arrayed, occupying a throne in the east, canopied by a prismatic arch. It is subsequently called, "a great white throne;"<sup>4</sup> great, to show its extent from east to west, from north to south, from earth to heaven, and from the surface to the center;<sup>5</sup> and white, as an emblem of purity and innocence, justice and equity.

When he looks round he beholds many other persons seated, and *clothed in white raiment*. The magnificent Temple, where this glorious scene was displayed, was lighted by seven lamps, burning with great effulgence.<sup>6</sup> This is an unequivocal representation of the camp of Israel, which was the great prototype of a Mason's Lodge. The G. A. O. T. U. is seated on the throne, as Ezekiel has described him in the Tabernacle or Temple. Near to the tabernacle the priests and Levites were encamped, and next to the throne were four-and-twenty elders sitting, answering to the princes of the four-and-twenty courses of the Jewish priests, clothed in white raiment, as emblems of their purity and sanctity; and they had on their heads crowns of gold.

The candidate is represented as turning to see who it was that spoke to him; for he had said, "I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last." And, being turned, he saw "seven golden candlesticks, and in the midst of them one like the Son of man, clothed with a garment down to his feet, and girt about with a golden girdle."<sup>7</sup> Commentators are agreed that this was a representation of the seven-branched candlestick of the Tabernacle and Temple, which was formerly used to illuminate our Lodges, but was transferred to the Royal Arch, about the middle of the last century. If this be correct, and the authorities for it are unexceptionable, then it will be easy to

<sup>1</sup> See Golden Remains, vol. i.

<sup>2</sup> Ibid. vol. iv, Sermon. 15. — <sup>3</sup> Rev. iii: 20.

AM. FREE. VOL. 6. FEB. 1858.—8.

<sup>4</sup> Rev. xx: 11.—<sup>5</sup> Ibid. xx: 8.—<sup>6</sup> Ibid. iv: 1-5.—<sup>7</sup> Ibid. i: 11-13.



imagine, that as each of these branches turned about on hinges, for the convenience of keeping in order, a person in the act of bringing them forward to trim their wicks, would appear to a spectator to be strictly *in the middle* among these lamps. It is probable, too, that this very situation is further implied, and expressed, in the following particulars:—"He had in his right hand seven stars," *i. e.*, his arm being extended to trim the wicks of the lamps, in order to improve their splendor, they seemed by that operation to be brightened into so many stars, while, by their position, they appeared to be held in his right hand, thus put forth among them, and which they surrounded.

Now light is the emblem of excellence, discerned, acknowledged, and admired *by the world*. A material lamp is an instrument formed to yield an artificial light, which being sustained by oil, the pabulum of light is really nothing but oil kindled into the flame. When a lamp is taken for the emblem of spiritual and intellectual excellence, Truth must be its oil; which, in reality, is nothing else than truth displayed, and showing itself to the world. Accordingly the oil, which is the food of the symbolical lamp set before us in this part of the vision, is truth, divine, moral, religious, or saving truth. When the truth is received by any man, he has then the mystic oil in himself; and when that oil is kindled into a flame, not only is he internally enlightened, but he conducts himself accordingly, and becomes truly wise and good.<sup>8</sup>

The fraternity will be able to judge, without any further commentary, how far the above dignified representation of the opening ceremonies of the Apocalypse agrees with the preliminary rites of the Masonic Institution.

A sacred book is then produced, which is sealed with *seven seals*, every one of which must be broken before the secrets can be disclosed; and St. John wept because no man was found worthy to open them, it being a task reserved for the G. A. O. T. U. alone. He is then passed through a series of interesting ceremonies, attended by his angel-guide,

as the process of unsealing the book advances. Several symbols are displayed before him; among which he particularly observed a *bow*, a *white horse*, and a *crown*, as emblems of victory, triumph, and royalty;<sup>9</sup> and also a *balance*<sup>10</sup> and a *chaenix*,<sup>11</sup> emblems of justice and hospitality; and at length he is shown the representation of a blazing star, and *three* monsters, or *assassins*, who destroyed *one man out of every three*,<sup>12</sup> by inflicting a deadly wound in the forehead.<sup>13</sup> The candidate, having been at length regenerated, is clothed in white,<sup>14</sup> and receives the sacred book, open, the seals being all removed. This book he is desired to swallow,<sup>15</sup> or, in other words, to digest the contents as an attestation when the O. B. is sealed upon the open volume. The uncontaminated twelve, figured by the twelve thousand of each of the twelve tribes, that had received the divine *mark* on their foreheads, are described as entering the Holy Temple in solemn procession, and presenting themselves before the throne of the Grand Master, bearing *sprigs of the palm tree* as tokens of their innocence.<sup>16</sup> Then follow the mourning of the witnesses,<sup>17</sup> the healing of the wounded forehead, and the raising of the dead.<sup>18</sup>

After these ceremonies had been solemnly performed, light is introduced: the heavens are opened: <sup>19</sup> the great red dragon, with his agents and emissaries, represented by unclean beasts like frogs, are expelled by the influence of light.

<sup>8</sup> Rev. vi: 2.

<sup>9</sup> This was a Pythagorean symbol, and was explained as an emblem of justice, equality, and mediocrity. "Justice," said they, "is the most perfect virtue, and without which all other virtues will profit nothing; neither must we know it superficially only, but by theorems and scientific demonstration. This knowledge is the work of no art or science, but only of philosophy." (Iamb. Protrept., cap. ult.)

<sup>11</sup> Χαινίξ (Rev. vi: 6.) This was also a Pythagorean symbol, and is explained by Iamblichus thus:—"As food ought not to be measured by the chaenix alone, but by corporiety and animality, so man ought not to lead his life without being initiated into the mysteries of philosophy; but applying himself thereto, he will learn how to take care of that which is the most divine, *i. e.* the soul, whose food is not measured by the chaenix, but by contemplation and discipline."

<sup>12</sup> Rev. ix: 18.—<sup>13</sup> Ibid. xiii: 3.—<sup>14</sup> Ibid. iii: 5; vi: 11.—<sup>15</sup> Ibid. x: 10.—<sup>16</sup> Ibid. vii: 9.—<sup>17</sup> Ibid. xi.—<sup>18</sup> Ibid. xx: 4.—<sup>19</sup> Ibid. xix: 11.

<sup>8</sup> Taylor's Calmet.

"Wickedness being restrained, the reign of righteousness succeeds, and the administration of justice and judgment is given to the saints of the Most High. And the martyrs and confessors of Jesus, not only those who were beheaded, or suffered any kind of death under the heathen emperors, but also those who refused to comply with the idolatrous worship of the beast and of his image, are *raised from the dead*, and have a principal share in the felicities of Christ's kingdom upon earth."<sup>20</sup>

The regenerated candidate having overcome, and by keeping his faith uncontaminated, and his fortitude unshaken by probation, escapes the "depths of Satan,"<sup>21</sup> and is presented with a *white stone*, in which a new name is written, that no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it;<sup>22</sup> which is no other than the SACRED NAME *which had been lost but now was found*,<sup>23</sup> the destroyers are apprehended, and subjected to condign punishment.<sup>24</sup> The empire of Light in the New Jerusalem is established, and it requires neither the sun nor the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.<sup>25</sup> The proceedings are closed with the formula of admission and exclusion. "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last. Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city; for without are dogs (cowards, *κύνες*), and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie."<sup>26</sup>

The above theory may be imaginary; but it can not be denied that its leading features bear a marked resemblance to

certain interesting ceremonies, of which, it is presumed, St. John was not ignorant. And it affords an indirect proof that the rites of speculative Masonry were not unknown in his day, and that he considered their preservation of sufficient importance to merit a place in these august and comprehensive prophecies.

There is another reason assigned for the claims of St. John the Evangelist to be received as the patron of the Craft, derived from the assimilation of the doctrines which he taught to those of Freemasonry — BROTHERLY LOVE, being the great design of both. It was, indeed, peculiarly a Christian virtue. Neither the Jewish nor the heathen laws inculcated this divine quality, by which Freemasonry is particularly distinguished. The former recommended strict retaliation for injuries received. Thus it was enacted "Thou shalt give life for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot, burning for burning, wound for wound, stripe for stripe."<sup>27</sup> These laws, which are extensively enunciated in the Jewish code, appear to have had the effect of legalizing and tolerating revenge; for the Jews sought, on all occasions, to avenge themselves, as a proceeding perfectly just and honorable; because the doctrine of forgiveness of injuries was not inculcated in the Mosaic law. Hence it was that Jesus Christ was so eloquent on the divine quality of brotherly love. "Ye have heard that it hath been said, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you, that ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. For if ye love them only which love you, what reward have ye?"<sup>28</sup> Thus teaching them a benevolent doctrine, which was so foreign to their usual practice, that it constituted a principal reason why he was rejected by the Jews.

Neither did the heathen possess any just notion of the duties springing from brotherly love. In the Roman law of the twelve tables, it was provided, "*Si membrum ruperit, talio est.*" And in practice, revenge was considered one of the virtues; and to forgive an injury, the

<sup>20</sup> Newton on the Apocalypse, chap. xx.

<sup>21</sup> These were the mysteries of the Nicolaitans, who concealed their errors under deep abstruseness, and spoke of certain intelligences which created the world in opposition to God the Creator. They taught a profound knowledge of the nature of angels; but these were communicated only in the recesses of their midnight conclaves. They had also secret books written in a mysterious manner, which were called "the Depths of Satan."

<sup>22</sup> Rev. ii: 17. — <sup>23</sup> Compare Rev. xix: 12, with verse 16. — <sup>24</sup> Rev. xx: 3. — <sup>25</sup> Ibid., xxi: 23.

<sup>26</sup> Ibid., xxii: 13, 14, 15.

<sup>27</sup> Exod. xxi: 23, 24, 25. — <sup>28</sup> Matt. v: 38, 39, 40.

height of pusillanimity. The precepts of heathen philosophy were addressed to the reason; and however that might be convinced, the heart remained untouched. Hence the vilest of human passions prevailed; blood was shed in torrents, under the plea of glory; private animosity was indulged, and colored by the sacred name of justice; and thousands of murders produced a hero, who was received with the loudest acclamations by the people, and honored by the state with a public triumph.<sup>29</sup>

St. John the Evangelist, in imitation of the doctrine of his divine Master, gave mankind a very different view of the mutual obligations which ought to subsist between man and man, under the Christian scheme. Thus he said, "Whosoever doeth not righteousness, is not of God; neither he that loveth not his brother. For this is the message that ye have heard from the beginning, that ye should love one another. He that loveth not his brother abideth in death. Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the Brethren. But whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"<sup>30</sup>

<sup>29</sup>Des Etangs has used a very extraordinary method of proving the catholicity of the Order. He has absolutely put Christian precepts into the mouths of heathen philosophers. He makes Pythagoras say, "Love your neighbors, succor them, and pardon their offences;" and ascribes to Confucius the maxims, "love your neighbor as yourself; do unto others as you would have them do to you; forgive your enemies and pray for them." (Lien des peuples.)

<sup>30</sup>1 John iii: 10-17. "I know not how it is," says a talented American W. M., "but never, during the ministrations of the station I have been so long honored with among you, have I been called upon to give a charge to my Brethren in Masonry, without a lively appreciation of the loveliness of his character who was permitted to lean upon his Master's breast; and, perhaps, to catch a double portion of the benignity of the Master's spirit. You all know to whom I allude—HIM of the Apocalypse—the patron saint of our Order. While sojourning amid the magnificent scenery of the celestial city, and holding commune with the masterful beings who thronged its golden streets; listening to the uninterrupted tide of adoration that swelled up around the rainbow throne, like the sound of 'many waters,'—there passed upon him the same infusion of spirit and heavenly unction that animate the blessed intelligences who

And so thoroughly was he impressed with this truly masonic dogma, that he extended it to refreshment after labor; and Thomas Aquinas has recorded of him, that when some of his disciples, seeing him amuse himself with a childish game, thought he was doing wrong, he bade one of them draw a bow to its utmost extent, and shoot away the arrow, and after that another, and another, asking him if he could do so continually. He answered that he could not, because if the bow was continually bent, it would break. "So," said he, "would the mind of man be broken if it should never have intermission from serious study; *si nunquam ab intentione sua relaxaretur.*" And it is also told of him, that after his return from Patmos, being upwards of ninety years of age, he became so infirm, that he could scarcely go to the assembly of the church without being carried by his disciples. Being now unable to make long discourses, his custom was to say, in all assemblies, to the people—"My dear children love one another." At length they grew weary of this concise exhortation, and when he was informed of it, his answer was—"This is what the

swept across the mystical panorama of his lofty vision; and hence his sweet epistles breathe the sentiments, while they speak the dialect of the 'Upper Sanctuary.' Surely no more enduring eulogy could be written for our Institution, than the simple statement, that upon the burden of his every discourse there is personified the embodiment, and poured out the very soul of Masonry. We emblazon his name, and record his actions, upon the proudest page of our associated history—we are accustomed to set apart a solemn festival to commemorate his anniversary; and we plant our altars and dedicate our lodge-rooms to the memory of the 'HOLY ST. JOHN.' We are all of us, therefore, most imperatively bound to respect and revere his opinions. Will you, then, permit me, in addition to what I have so imperfectly but affectionately advised, to invoke his honored presence among you, and thus to catch, as it were, from his own lips, his own most beautiful teachings? And I would to heaven, my companions, that the noble lessons were graven upon our gates and upon our door-posts—that they were bound as a sign upon our hands, and as frontlets between our eyes; and so to be taught diligently to our children forever. Hear him then:—"Brethren, I write no *new* commandment unto you, but an *old* commandment, which ye have had from the beginning: *that ye love one another.* He that loveth his brother abideth in the *light*, but he that hateth his brother walketh in *darkness.* GOD IS LOVE; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him!" (Moore's Mag., vol. iv.)

Lord commands you; and this, if you do it, is sufficient."

Brotherly love is the true masonic chain, indefinitely extended, of which every individual Mason forms a link; and it is practically illustrated at the close of the E. A. P. song. It is a chain of indissoluble affection, cemented by St. John the Evangelist, who hence acquires an indefeasible right to have his name attached to the institution; and the practice of this virtue can not fail to distinguish us among those who are unacquainted with the beauties and requirements of our moral and religious principles.

Such was the teaching of St. John, and hence his memory has been justly exalted by the fraternity; for the language of Freemasonry embodies the same sentiments as he taught his disciples, according to the uniform evidence of the writers of the last century. Thus a distinguished Mason said—"Those who are possessed of this amiable, this godlike disposition, (brotherly love,) are shocked at misery under every form. The healing accents that flow from the tongue, not only alleviate the pain of an unhappy sufferer, but make even adversity, in its most dismal state, look gay. When a brother is in want, every heart is prone to ache; when he is hungry, we convey him food; when he is naked, we clothe him; and when he is in trouble, we willingly fly to his relief. Thus we evince the propriety of the title we assume, and demonstrate to the world that the word BROTHER, among Masons, is not merely a name.



## THE RIGHTS OF FREEMASONS.

BY A. G. MACKAY, M. D.

### OF THE RIGHTS OF ENTERED APPRENTICES.

**I**N an inquiry into the history of Entered Apprentices, we shall not be much assisted by the Ancient Constitutions, which, leaving the subject in the position in which usage had established it, are silent in relation to what is the rule. In all such cases, we must, as I have frequently remarked before, in settling the law, have recourse to analogy, to the general principles of equity, and the dictates of common sense, and that,

these three as our guides, we shall find but little difficulty in coming to a right conclusion.

At present, an Entered Apprentice is not considered a member of the Lodge, which privilege is only extended to Master Masons. This was not formerly the case. Then the Master's degree was not as indiscriminately conferred as it is now. A longer probation and greater mental or moral qualifications were required to entitle a candidate to this sublime dignity. None were called Master Masons but such as had presided over their Lodges, and the office of Wardens was filled by Fellow Crafts. Entered Apprentices, as well as Fellow Crafts, were permitted to attend the communications of the Grand Lodge, and express their opinions; and, in 1718, it was enacted that every new regulation, proposed in the Grand Lodge, should be submitted to the consideration of even the youngest Entered Apprentice. Brethren of this degree composed, in fact, at that time, the great body of the craft. But, all these things have, since, by the gradual improvement of our organization, undergone many alterations; and Entered Apprentices seem now, by universal consent, to be restricted to a very few rights. They have the right of sitting in all lodges of their degree, of receiving all the instructions which appertain to it, but not of speaking or voting, and, lastly, of offering themselves as candidates for advancement, without the preparatory necessity of a formal written petition.

These being admitted to the rights of an Entered Apprentice, few and unimportant as they may be, they are as dear to him as those of a Master Mason are to one who has been advanced to that degree; and he is, and ought to be, as firmly secured in their possession. Therefore, as no Mason can be deprived of his rights and privileges, except after a fair and impartial trial, and the verdict of his peers, it is clear that the Entered Apprentice cannot be divested of these rights without just such a trial and verdict.

But, in the next place, we are to inquire whether the privilege of being passed as a Fellow Craft is to be enumerated among these rights? And, we

clearly answer, No. The Entered Apprentice has the right of making the application. Herein he differs from a profane, who has no such right of application until he has qualified himself for making it, by becoming an Entered Apprentice. But, if the application is granted, it is *ex gratia*, or, by the favor of the lodge, which may withhold it, if it pleases. If such were not the case, the lodge would possess no free will on the subject of advancing candidates; and the rule requiring a probation and an examination, before passing, would be useless and absurd—because, the neglect of improvement or the want of competency would be attended with no penalty.

It seems to me, then, that, when an Apprentice applies for his second degree, the lodge may, if it thinks proper, refuse to grant it; and that it may express that refusal by a ballot. No trial is necessary, because no rights of the candidate are affected. He is, by a rejection of his request, left in the same position that he formerly occupied. He is still an Entered Apprentice, in good standing; and the lodge may, at any time it thinks proper, reverse its decision and proceed to pass him.

If, however, he is specifically charged with any offense against the laws of Masonry, it would then be necessary to give him a trial. Witnesses should be heard, both for and against him, and he should be permitted to make his defense. The opinion of the lodge should be taken, as in all other cases of trial, and according to the verdict, he should be suspended, expelled, or otherwise punished.

The effect of these two methods of proceeding is very different. When, by a ballot, the lodge refuses to advance an Entered Apprentice, there is not, necessarily, any stigma on his moral character. It may be, that the refusal is based on the ground that he has not made sufficient proficiency to entitle him to pass. Consequently, his standing as an Entered Apprentice is not at all affected. His rights remain the same. He may still sit in the lodge when it is opened in his degree; he may still receive instructions in that degree; converse with Masons on masonic subjects which are not beyond his standing; and again

apply to the lodge for permission to pass as a Fellow Craft.

But, if he be tried on a specific charge, and be suspended or expelled, his moral character is affected. His masonic rights are forfeited; and he can no longer be considered as an Entered Apprentice in good standing. He will not be permitted to sit in his lodge, to receive masonic instruction, or to converse with Masons on masonic subjects; nor can he again apply for advancement until the suspension or expulsion is removed by the spontaneous action of the lodge.

These two proceedings work differently in another respect. The Grand Lodge will not interfere with a subordinate lodge in compelling it to pass an Entered Apprentice; because every lodge is supposed to be competent to finish, in its own time, and its own way, the work that it has begun. But, as the old regulations, as well as the general consent of the craft, admit that the Grand Lodge alone can expel from the rights and privileges of Masonry, and that an expulsion by a subordinate lodge is inoperative until it is confirmed by the Grand Lodge, it follows that the expulsion of the Apprentice must be confirmed by that body; and that, therefore, he has a right to appeal to it for a reversal of the sentence, if it was unjustly pronounced.

Let it not be said that this would be placing an Apprentice on too great an equality with Master Masons. His rights are dear to him; he has paid for them. No man would become an Apprentice unless he expected, in time, to be made a Fellow Craft, and then a Master. He is, therefore, morally and legally wronged when he is deprived, without sufficient cause, of the capacity of fulfilling that expectation. It is the duty of the Grand Lodge to see that not even the humblest member of the craft shall have his rights unjustly invaded; and it is therefore bound, as the conservator of the rights of all, to inquire into the truth, and administer equity. Whenever, therefore, even an Entered Apprentice complains that he has met with injustice and oppression, his complaint should be investigated and justice administered.

The question next occurs—What num-

ber of black balls should prevent an Apprentice from passing to the second degree? I answer, the same number that would reject the application of a profane for initiation into the Order. And why should this not be so? Are the qualifications which would be required of one applying, for the first time, for admission to the degree of an Apprentice more than would subsequently be required of the same person on his applying for a greater favor and a higher honor—that of being advanced to the second degree? Or do the requisitions, which exist in the earlier stages of Masonry, become less and less with every step of the aspirant's progress? Viewing the question in this light—and, indeed, I know of no other in which to view it—it seems to me to be perfectly evident that the peculiar constitution and principles of our Order will require unanimity in the election of a profane for initiation, of an Apprentice for a Fellow Craft, and of a Fellow Craft for a Master Mason; and that, while no Entered Apprentice can be expelled from the Order, except by due course of trial, it is competent for the lodge, at any time, on a ballot, to refuse to advance him to the second degree. But, let it be remembered that the lodge which refuses to pass an Apprentice, on account of any objections to his moral character, or doubts of his worthiness, is bound to give him the advantage of a trial, and at once to expel him, if guilty, or, if innocent, to advance him when otherwise qualified.

#### OF THE RIGHTS OF FELLOW CRAFTS.

In ancient times there were undoubtedly many rights attached to the second degree which have now become obsolete or been repealed; for formerly, the great body of the fraternity were Fellow Crafts, and according to the old charges, even the Grand Master might be elected from among them. The Master and Wardens of Subordinate Lodges always were. Thus we are told, that no Brother can be Grand Master, "unless he has been a Fellow Craft before his election," and in the ancient manner of constituting a lodge, contained in the Book of Constitutions,<sup>1</sup> it is said that

<sup>1</sup> Edition of 1723, page 71 (U. M. L., vol. xv, book i, p. 71).

"the candidates, or the new Master and Wardens, being yet among the Fellow Crafts, the Grand Master shall ask his Deputy if he has examined them," etc. But now that the great body of the Fraternity consists of Master Masons, the prerogatives of Fellow Crafts are circumscribed within limits nearly as narrow as those of Entered Apprentices. While, however, Apprentices are not permitted to speak or vote, in ancient times, and up, indeed, to a very late date, Fellow Crafts were entitled to take a part in any discussion in which the lodge, while open in the first or second degree, might engage, but not to vote. This privilege is expressly stated by Preston, as appertaining to a Fellow Craft, in his charge to a candidate, receiving that degree.

"As a Craftsman, in our private assemblies, you may offer your sentiments and opinions on such subjects as are regularly introduced in the Lecture, under the superintendence of an experienced Master, who will guard the landmark against encroachment."<sup>2</sup>

This privilege, is not now, however, granted in this country to Fellow Crafts. All, therefore, that has been said in the preceding chapter, of the rights of Entered Apprentices, will equally apply, *mutatis mutandis*, to the rights of Fellow Crafts.

#### OF THE RIGHTS OF MASTER MASONS.

When a Mason has reached the third degree, he becomes entitled to all the rights and privileges of Ancient Craft Masonry. These rights are extensive and complicated; and, like his duties, which are equally as extensive, require a careful examination, thoroughly to comprehend them. Four of them, at least, are of so much importance as to demand a distinct consideration. These are the rights of membership, of visitation, of relief, and of burial. To each, I shall devote a separate section.

#### SEC. I.—Of the Right of Membership.

The whole spirit and tenor of the General Regulations, as well as the uniform usage of the craft, sustain the doc-

<sup>2</sup> Preston, p. 48 (U. M. L., vol. iii, p. 40).

trine, that when a Mason is initiated in a lodge, he has the right, by signing the by-laws, to become a member without the necessity of submitting to another ballot. In the Constitutions of the Grand Lodge of New York, this principle is asserted to be one of the ancient landmarks, and is announced in the following words: "Initiation makes a man a Mason; but he must receive the Master's degree, and sign the by-laws, before he becomes a member of the lodge."<sup>1</sup> If the doctrine be not exactly a landmark (which I confess I am not quite prepared to admit), it comes to us almost clothed with the authority of one, from the sanction of universal and uninterrupted usage.

How long before he loses this right by a *non-user*, or neglect to avail himself of it, is, I presume, a question to be settled by local authority. A lodge, or a Grand Lodge, may affix the period according to its discretion; but the general custom is, to require a signature of the by-laws, and a consequent enrollment in the lodge, within three months after receiving the third degree. Should a Mason neglect to avail himself of his privilege, he forfeits it (unless, upon sufficient cause, he is excused by the lodge), and must submit to a ballot.

The reason for such a law is evident. If a Mason does not at once unite himself with the lodge in which he was raised, but permits an extended period of time to elapse, there is no certainty that his character or habits may not have changed, and that he may not have become, since his initiation, unworthy of affiliation. Under the general law, it is, therefore, necessary that he should in such case submit to the usual probation of one month, and an investigation of his qualifications by a committee, as well as a ballot by the members.

But there are other privileges also connected with this right of membership. A profane is required to apply for initiation to the lodge nearest his place of residence, and, if there rejected, can

<sup>1</sup> Const. New York, 1854, p. 13. The Constitutions of the Grand Lodge of England (p. 64) have a similar provision; but they require the Brother to express his wish for membership on the day of his initiation.

never in future apply to any other lodge. But the rule is different with respect to the application of a Master Mason for membership.

A Master Mason is not restricted in his privilege of application for membership within any geographical limits. All that is required of him is, that he should be an affiliated Mason; that is, that he should be a contributing member of a lodge, without any reference to its peculiar locality, whether near to or distant from his place of residence. The Old Charges simply prescribe, that every Mason ought to belong to a lodge. A Mason, therefore, strictly complies with this regulation, when he unites himself with any lodge, thus contributing to the support of the institution, and is then entitled to all the privileges of an affiliated Mason.

A rejection of the application of a Master Mason for membership by a lodge, does not deprive him of the right of applying to another. A Mason is in "good standing," until deprived of that character by the action of some competent masonic authority; and that action can only be by suspension or expulsion. Rejection does not, therefore, affect the "good standing" of the applicant; for in a rejection there is no legal form of trial, and consequently the rejected Brother remains in the same position after as before his rejection. He possesses the same rights as before, unimpaired and undiminished; and among these rights is that of applying for membership to any lodge that he may select.

If, then, a Mason may be a member of a lodge distant from his place of residence, and, perhaps, even situated in a different jurisdiction, the question then arises, whether the lodge within whose precincts he resides, but of which he is not a member, can exercise its discipline over him should he commit any offense requiring masonic punishment. On this subject there is among masonic writers, a difference of opinion. I, however, agree with Brother Pike, the able Chairman of the Committee of Correspondence of Arkansas, that the lodge can exercise such discipline. I contend that a Mason is amenable for his conduct, not only to the lodge of which he may be a member,

but also to any one within whose jurisdiction he permanently resides. A lodge is the conservator of the purity and the protector of the integrity of the Order within its precincts. The unworthy conduct of a Mason, living as it were immediately under its government, is calculated most injuriously to affect that purity and integrity. A lodge, therefore, should not be deprived of the power of coercing such unworthy Mason, and by salutary punishment, of vindicating the character of the institution. Let us suppose, by way of example, that a Mason living in San Francisco, California, but retaining his membership in New York, behaves in such an immoral and indecorous manner as to bring the greatest discredit upon the Order, and to materially injure it in the estimation of the uninitiated community. Will it be, for a moment, contended that a lodge in San Francisco can not arrest the evil by bringing the unworthy Mason under discipline, and even ejecting him from the fraternity, if severity like that is necessary for the protection of the institution? Or will it be contended that redress can only be sought through the delay and uncertainty of an appeal to his lodge in New York? Even if the words of the ancient laws are silent on this subject, reason and justice would seem to maintain the propriety and expediency of the doctrine that the lodge at San Francisco is amply competent to extend its jurisdiction and exercise its discipline over the culprit.

In respect to the number of votes necessary to admit a Master Mason applying by petition for membership in a lodge, there can be no doubt that he must submit to precisely the same conditions as those prescribed to a profane on his petition for initiation. There is no room for argument here, for the General Regulations are express on this subject.

"No man can be made or *admitted a member* of a particular lodge," says the fifth regulation, "without previous notice one month before given to the said lodge."

And the sixth regulation adds, that "no man can be entered a Brother in any particular lodge, or *admitted to be a member* thereof, without the unanimous consent of all the members of that lodge then present."

So that it may be considered as settled law, so far as the General Regulations can settle a law of Masonry, that a Master Mason can only be admitted a member of a lodge when applying by petition, after a month's probation, after due inquiry into his character, and after a unanimous ballot in his favor.

But there are other rights of Master Masons consequent upon membership, which remain to be considered. In uniting with a lodge, a Master Mason becomes a participant of all its interests, and is entitled to speak and vote upon all subjects that come before the lodge for investigation. He is also entitled, if duly elected by his fellows, to hold any office in the lodge, except that of Master, for which he must be qualified by previously having occupied the post of a Warden.

A Master has the right in all cases of an appeal from the decision of the Master or of the lodge.

A Master Mason in good standing, has a right at any time to demand from his lodge a certificate to that effect.

Whatever other rights may appertain to Master Masons will be the subjects of separate sections.

#### SEC. II.—*Of the Right of Visit.*

Every Master Mason, who is an affiliated member of a lodge, has a right to visit any other lodge as often as he may desire to do so. This right is secured to him by the ancient regulations, and is, therefore, irreversible. In the "Ancient Charges at the Constitution of a Lodge," formerly contained in a MS. of the Lodge of Antiquity, in London, and whose date is not later than 1688,<sup>2</sup> it is directed "that every Mason receive and cherish strange fellows when they come over the country, and set them on work, if they will work as the manner is; that is to say, if the Mason have any mold-stone in his place, he shall give him a mold-stone, and set him on work; and if he have none, the Mason shall refresh him with money unto the next lodge."

This regulation is explicit. It not only infers the right of visit, but it declares

<sup>2</sup> Preston, Oliver's Ed., p. 71, note (U. M. L., vol. iii, p. 60.)



that the strange Brother shall be welcomed, "received, and cherished," and "set on work," that is, permitted to participate in the work of your lodge. Its provisions are equally applicable to Brethren residing in the place where the lodge is situated as to transient Brethren, provided that they are affiliated Masons.

In the year 1819, the law was in England authoritatively settled by a decree of the Grand Lodge. A complaint had been preferred against a lodge in London, for having refused admission to some Brethren who were well known to them, alleging that as the lodge was about to initiate a candidate, no visitor could be admitted until that ceremony was concluded. It was then declared, "that it is the undoubted right of every Mason who is well known, or properly vouched, to visit any lodge during the time it is opened for general masonic business, observing the proper forms to be attended to on such occasions, and so that the Master may not be interrupted in the performance of his duty."<sup>3</sup>

A lodge, when not opened for "general masonic business," but when engaged in the consideration of matters which interest the lodge alone, and which it would be inexpedient or indelicate to make public, may refuse to admit a visitor. Lodges engaged in this way, in private business, from which visitors are excluded, are said by the French Masons to be opened "*en famille*."

To entitle him to this right of visit, a Mason must be affiliated, that is, he must be a contributing member of some lodge. This doctrine is thus laid down in the Constitutions of the Grand Lodge of England:

"A Brother who is not a subscribing member to some lodge, shall not be permitted to visit any one lodge in the town or place in which he resides, more than once during his secession from the craft."

A non-subscribing or unaffiliated Mason is permitted to visit each lodge once, and once only, because it is supposed that this visit is made for the purpose of enabling him to make a selection of the one with which he may prefer per-

manently to unite. But, afterwards, he loses this right of visit, to discountenance those Brethren who wish to continue members of the Order, and to partake of its pleasures and advantages, without contributing to its support.

A Master Mason is not entitled to visit a lodge, unless he previously submits to an examination, or is personally vouched for by a competent Brother present; but this is a subject of so much importance as to claim consideration in a distinct section.

Another regulation is, that a strange Brother shall furnish the lodge he intends to visit with a certificate of his good standing in the lodge from which he last hailed. This regulation has, in late years, given rise to much discussion. Many of the Grand Lodges of this country, and several masonic writers, strenuously contend for its antiquity and necessity, while others as positively assert that it is a modern innovation upon ancient usage.

There can, however, I think, be no doubt of the antiquity of certificates. That the system requiring them was in force nearly two hundred years ago, at least, will be evident from the third of the Regulations made in General Assembly, December 27, 1663, under the Grand Mastership of the Earl of St. Albans,<sup>4</sup> and which is in the following words:

"3. That no person hereafter who shall be accepted a Freemason, shall be admitted into any lodge or assembly, until he has brought a certificate of the time and place of his acceptance, from the lodge that accepted him, unto the Master of that limit or division where such a lodge is kept." This regulation has been reiterated on several occasions, by the Grand Lodge of England, in 1772, and at subsequent periods by the Grand Lodges of this and other countries. It is not, however, in force in many of the American jurisdictions.

Another right connected with the right of visitation is, that of demanding a sight of the Warrant of Constitution. This instrument it is, indeed, not only the right but the duty of every strange

<sup>3</sup> See Oliver, note in Preston, p. 75 (U. M. L., vol. iii, p. 61.)

<sup>4</sup> Oliver's Preston, p. 162 (U. M. L., vol. iii, p. 135.)

visitor carefully to inspect, before he enters a lodge, that he may thus satisfy himself of the legality and regularity of its character and authority. On such a demand being made by a visitor for a sight of its Warrant, every lodge is bound to comply with the requisition, and produce the instrument. The same rule, of course, applies to lodges under dispensation, whose Warrant of Dispensation supplies the place of a Warrant of Constitution.

SEC. III.—*Of the Examination of Visitors.*

It has already been stated, in the preceding section, that a Master Mason is not permitted to visit a lodge unless he previously submits to an examination, or is personally vouched for by some competent Brother present. The prerogative of vouching for a Brother is an important one, and will constitute the subject of the succeeding section. At present let us confine ourselves to the consideration of the mode of examining a visitor.

Every visitor, who offers himself to the appointed committee of the lodge for examination, is expected, as a preliminary step, to submit to the Tiler's Obligation; so called, because it is administered in the Tiler's room. As this obligation forms no part of the secret ritual of the Order, but is administered to every person before any lawful knowledge of his being a Mason has been received, there can be nothing objectionable in inserting it here, and in fact, it will be advantageous to have the precise words of so important a declaration placed beyond the possibility of change or omission by inexperienced Brethren.

The oath, then, which is administered to the visitor, and which he may, if he chooses, require every one present to take with him, is in the following words:

"I, A B, do hereby and hereon solemnly and sincerely swear, that I have been regularly initiated, passed, and raised to the sublime degree of a Master Mason, in a just and legally constituted lodge of such, that I do not now stand suspended or expelled, and know of no reason why I should not hold masonic communication with my Brethren."

This declaration having been given in the most solemn manner, the examina-

tion must then be conducted with the necessary forms. The good old rule of "commencing at the beginning" should be observed. Every question is to be asked, and every answer demanded which is necessary to convince the examiner that the party examined is acquainted with what he ought to know, to entitle him to the appellation of a Brother. Nothing is to be taken for granted—categorical answers must be required to all that is deemed important to be asked. No forgetfulness is to be excused, nor is the want of memory to be accepted as a valid excuse for the want of knowledge. The Mason, who is so unmindful of his duties as to have forgotten the instructions he has received, must pay the penalty of his carelessness, and be deprived of his contemplated visit to that society whose secret modes of recognition he has so little valued as not to have treasured them in his memory. While there are some things which may be safely passed over in the examination of one who confesses himself to be "rusty," or but recently initiated, because they are details which require much study to acquire, and constant practice to retain, there are still other things of great importance which must be rigidly demanded, and with the knowledge of which the examination can not, under any circumstances, dispense.

Should suspicions of imposture arise, let no expression of these suspicions be made until the final decree for rejection is pronounced. And let that decree be uttered in general terms, such as, "I am not satisfied," or, "I do not recognize you;" and not in more specific terms, such as, "You did not answer this inquiry," or, "You are ignorant on that point." The visitor is only entitled to know, generally, that he has not complied with the requisitions of his examiner. To descend to particulars is always improper, and often dangerous.

Above all, the examiner should never ask what are called "leading questions," or such as include in themselves an indication of what the answer is to be; nor should he, in any manner, aid the memory of the party examined by the slightest hint. If he has it in him, it will come out without assistance, and if

he has it not, he is clearly entitled to no aid.

Lastly, never should an unjustifiable delicacy weaken the rigor of these rules. Let it be remembered, that for the wisest and most evident reasons, the merciful maxim of the law, which says, that it is better that ninety-nine guilty men should escape, than that one innocent man should be punished, is with us reversed, and that in Masonry *it is better that ninety and nine true men should be turned away from the door of a lodge than that one cowan should be admitted.*

#### SEC. IV.—*Of Vouching for a Brother.*

AN examination may sometimes be omitted when any competent Brother present will vouch for the visitors masonic standing and qualifications. This prerogative of vouching is an important one which every Master Mason is entitled, under certain restrictions, to exercise; but it is also one which may so materially affect the well-being of the whole fraternity—since by its injudicious use impostors might be introduced among the faithful—that it should be controlled by the most stringent regulations.

To vouch for one, is to bear witness for him; and, in witnessing to truth, every caution should be observed, lest falsehood should cunningly assume its garb. The Brother who vouches should, therefore, know to a certainty that the one for whom he vouches is really what he claims to be. He should know this not from a casual conversation, nor a loose and careless inquiry, but, as the unwritten law of the Order expresses it, from "*strict trial, due examination, or lawful information.*"

Of strict trial and due examination I have already treated in the preceding section; and it only remains to say, that when the vouching is founded on the knowledge obtained in this way, it is absolutely necessary that the Brother, so vouching, shall be *competent* to conduct such an examination, and that his general intelligence and shrewdness, and his knowledge of Masonry shall be such as to place him above the probability of being imposed upon. The important and

indispensable qualification of a voucher is, therefore, that he shall be competent. The Master of a lodge has no right to accept, without further inquiry, the avouchment of a young and inexperienced, or even of an old, if ignorant, Mason.

Lawful information, which is the remaining ground for an avouchment, may be derived either from the declaration of another Brother, or from having met the party vouched for in a lodge on some previous occasion.

If the information is derived from another Brother, who states that he has examined the party, then all that has already been said of the competency of the one giving the information is equally applicable. The Brother, giving the original information, must be competent to make a rigid examination. Again, the person giving the information, the one receiving it, and the one of whom it is given, should all be present at the time; for otherwise there would be no certainty of identity. Information, therefore, given by letter or through a third party, is highly irregular. The information must also be positive, not founded on belief or opinion, but derived from a legitimate source. And, lastly, it must not have been received casually, but for the very purpose of being used for masonic purposes. For one to say to another in the course of a desultory conversation: "A B is a Mason," is not sufficient. He may not be speaking with due caution, under the expectation that his words will be considered of weight. He must say something to this effect: "I know this man to be a Master Mason," for such or such reasons, and you may safely recognize him as such. This alone will insure the necessary care and proper observance of prudence.

If the information given is on the ground that the person vouched has been sitting in a lodge by the voucher, care must be taken to inquire if it was a "Lodge of Master Masons." A person may forget, from the lapse of time, and vouch for a stranger as a Master Mason, when the lodge in which he saw him was only opened in the first or second degree.

SEC. V.—*Of the Right of Claiming Relief.*

ONE of the great objects of our institution is, to afford relief to a worthy, distressed Brother. In his want and destitution, the claim of a Mason upon his Brethren is much greater than that of a profane. This is a Christian as well as a masonic doctrine. "As we have therefore opportunity," says St. Paul, "let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith."

This claim for relief he may present either to a lodge or to a Brother Mason. The rule, as well as the principles by which it is to be regulated, is laid down in that fundamental law of Masonry, the Old Charges, in the following explicit words, under the head of "Behavior towards a strange Brother:"

"You are cautiously to examine him, in such a method as prudence shall direct you, that you may not be imposed upon by an ignorant, false pretender, whom you are to reject with contempt and derision, and beware of giving him any hints of knowledge.

"But if you discover him to be a true and genuine Brother, you are to respect him accordingly; and if he is in want, you must relieve him if you can, or else direct him how he may be relieved. You must employ him some days, or else recommend him to be employed. But you are not charged to do beyond your ability, only to prefer a poor Brother, that is a good man and true, before any other people in the same circumstances."

This law thus laid down, includes, it will be perceived, as two important pre-requisites, on which to found a claim for relief, that the person applying shall be in distress, and that he shall be worthy of assistance.

He must be in distress. Ours is not an insurance company, a joint stock association, in which, for a certain premium paid, an equivalent may be demanded. No Mason, or no lodge, is bound to give pecuniary or other aid to a Brother, unless he really needs. The word "benefit," as usually used in modern friendly societies, has no place in the vocabulary of Freemasonry. If a wealthy Brother is afflicted with sorrow

or sickness, we are to strive to comfort him with our sympathy, our kindness, and our attention, but we are to bestow our alms only on the indigent or the destitute.

He must also be worthy. There is no obligation on a Mason to relieve the distressed, however real they may be, of an unworthy Brother. The claimant must be, in the language of the charge, "true and genuine." True here is used in its good old Saxon meaning, of "faithful" or "trusty." A true Mason is one who is mindful of his obligations, and who faithfully observes and practices all his duties. Such a man, alone, can rightfully claim the assistance of his Brethren.

But a third provision is made in the fundamental law; namely, that the assistance is not to be beyond the ability of the giver. One of the most important landmarks, contained in our unwritten law, more definitely announces this provision, by the words, that the aid and assistance shall be without injury to oneself or his family. Masonry does not require that we shall sacrifice our own welfare to that of a Brother; but that with prudent liberality, and a just regard to our own worldly means, we shall give of the means with which Providence may have blessed us for the relief of our distressed Brethren.

It is hardly necessary to say, that the claim for relief of a worthy distressed Mason extends also to his immediate family.

SEC. VI.—*Of the Right of Masonic Burial.*

After a very careful examination, I can find nothing in the old charges or General Regulations, nor in any other part of the fundamental law, in relation to masonic burial of deceased Brethren. It is probable that, at an early period, when the great body of the craft consisted of Entered Apprentices, the usage permitted the burial of members, of the first or second degree, with the honors of Masonry. As far back as 1754, processions for the purpose of burying Masons seemed to have been conducted by some of the lodges with either too much frequency, or some other irregularity; for, in November of that year, the

Grand Lodge adopted a regulation, forbidding them, under a heavy penalty, unless by permission of the Grand Master, or his Deputy.<sup>6</sup> As there were, comparatively speaking, few Master Masons at that period, it seems a natural inference that most of the funeral processions were for the burial of Apprentices, or, at least, of Fellow Crafts.

But the usage since then, has been greatly changed; and universal consent, the law, at first committed to writing, by Preston, who was the author of our present funeral service, is now adopted.

The Regulation, as laid down by Preston, is so explicit, that I prefer giving it in his own words.<sup>6</sup>

"No Mason can be interred with the formalities of the Order, unless it be at his own special request, communicated to the Master of the Lodge of which he died a member—foreigners and sojourners excepted; nor unless he has been advanced to the third degree of Masonry, from which restriction there can be no exception. Fellow Crafts or Apprentices are not entitled to the funeral obsequies."

This rule has been embodied in the modern Constitutions of the Grand Lodge of England; and, as I have already observed, appears by universal consent to have been adopted as the general usage.

The necessity for a dispensation, which is also required by the modern English Constitutions, does not seem to have met with the same general approval, and in this country, dispensations for funeral processions are not usually, if at all, required. Indeed, Preston himself, in explaining the law, says that it was not intended to restrict the privileges of the regular lodges, but that, "by the universal practice of Masons, every regular lodge is authorized by the Constitution to act on such occasions when limited to its own members."<sup>7</sup> It is only when members of other lodges, not under the control of the Master, are convened, that a dispensation is required. But in America, Grand Lodges or Grand Masters have not generally interfered with the rights of the

lodges to bury the dead; the Master being of course amenable to the constituted authorities for any ideorum or impropriety.

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EVERY EVENT ALLUDED TO IN THE HISTORICAL PART OF THE MASONIC LECTURES, HAS A DIRECT REFERENCE TO JESUS CHRIST, OR THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.—BY BRO. G. W. OLIVER, D. D.

THE system which is now practiced under the denomination of Freemasonry was originally an intellectual pursuit, which had God and his worship for its sole object of meditation, and consequently was not by any means connected with a mechanical craft. Its name corresponded with its nature, for it was designated by a term signifying LIGHT,<sup>1</sup> purity, or perfection. To trace the origin of its present appellation through all its various ramifications, amidst the gloomy days when ignorance and barbarism had overrun the world, were a forbidding and almost an useless task. We know that those ages abounded in operative architects, who, taking advantage of the inanity of the few specu-

<sup>1</sup> "The Star," says Hales, (Chron., vol. i, fo. 73,) "seen by the eastern Magi, could not have been an ordinary star or meteor; for when it reappeared on their way to Bethlehem, it conducted them till it came and stood over the house where the young child was. It was probably the same glory of the Lord which, on the night of the nativity, shone round about the pious shepherds near Bethlehem; and might, therefore, have been of a globular form, which ascended into the heavens, along with the celestial choir, and might have been seen in its ascent by the Magi, at the distance of five or six hundred miles, diminished to the size of a star or meteor, and rising from the land of Judea, in the south-west quarter of the horizon; an unusual region, which must have strongly attracted their notice and attention. And if, according to Theophylact, these Magi were the descendants of Balaam, the celebrated Chaldean divine, who prophesied of the Star to rise out of Jacob, and the Scepter from Israel; and also of the school of Daniel, the prophet at Babylon, who was appointed Archimagus by Nebuchadnezzar, and foretold the precise time of the coming of the Messiah the Prince; we may naturally account for their journey to Jerusalem; their inquiry—their excessive joy on the reappearance of the Star; and their adoration of the Divine child, who was indeed a 'LIGHT to enlighten the Gentiles, and a glory to his people Israel;' the dayspring (ἡ ἀνατολή) from on high; the bright and morning star; the day star which rises in our hearts."

<sup>6</sup> See Anderson's Const., 3d Edit., 1755, page 303.

<sup>6</sup> Preston, Oliver's Edit., p. 89 (U. M. L., vol. iii, p. 72).

<sup>7</sup> Preston, Oliver's Edit., p. 90 (U. M. L., vol. iii, p. 73).

lative Masons who continued to practice our science in its native purity, boldly pronounced *themselves* the sole conservators of Masonry;<sup>2</sup> while the unassuming Essenes were incompetent to unmask the pretenders, or to refute their confident assumption of our peculiar privileges.

The historical part of our lectures has an undoubted reference to something of a higher and more exalted nature than the mere construction of sumptuous edifices;<sup>3</sup> something which embraces the vital part of religion, and points to an exaltation from the grave of sin, and redemption from eternal death. Privileges which

<sup>2</sup> I extract a passage from an article in the Freemasons' Quarterly Review, by Bro. Goodwyn, of Taunton, which bears on this subject: "Grand Masters Alfred and Athelstane induced a number of them (the Freemasons) to come into this country, in order to build their castles, churches, and convents, and to re-establish the operations of the craft. The foreign artists who accepted these invitations, were some of those who had survived the ravages of the barbarous tribes, and who were Christians, and most of their leaders and directors were Clergymen; which fact is one of the most substantial proofs that can be offered, that it was not for their assistance in the Operative art alone that they were invited to England: but also, that the Masters and Wardens being clergymen, and as must be thereby inferred, men of morals and learning, they might be the more eminently qualified to teach and instruct the Speculative science, whilst the Operatives were engaged in the erection of those edifices which the propagation of Speculative Masonry, and the establishment of those laws which will ever throw the brightest luster on the pious and learned Alfred's reign, rendered necessary." (Vol. iii, p. 287.) It will be unnecessary for me to express my opinion that this is a correct view of the case.

<sup>3</sup> Calcott informs us that "in the minority of King Henry VI, a very respectable Lodge was held in Canterbury, and that a coat of arms, much the same as that of the London Company of Free-men Masons, was used by them; whence it is natural to conceive that the said Company is descended from the ancient fraternity; and that in former times, no man was made free of that Company, until he was initiated in some Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, as a necessary qualification. And it not only appears, that, before the troubles which happened in the reign of this unfortunate prince, Freemasons were universally esteemed, but even King Henry himself was made a Mason in the year 1442, and many lords and gentlemen of the court, after his example, solicited and obtained admission into the fraternity. And, by what follows, we find how very intent this prince was to acquire some knowledge of the fundamental principles, history, and traditions of the Royal Art, even before he was initiated; and from whence may also be gathered many of the original principles of the ancient society, on which the institution of Freemasonry was engrafted."

were wrought out by the great Author and Finisher of our faith, and which consequently refer to him as the object of their illustration and fulfillment.

The first great event to which our lectures refer, (for I shall take them in chronological order, and not as they occur in the illustrations,) is the creation of the world.<sup>4</sup> This work was performed by Jesus Christ, and therefore its reference to the Christian religion need scarcely be insisted on. Like the initiation into the first degree of Masonry, there was nothing before the creation but *darkness*, a void space and undistinguishable confusion. But, from this darkness, at the all-powerful word of Christ, sprang a *light* of inconceivable brightness, which illuminated the newly-created universe; like the light which bursts on the aspirant's soul, when the bandages of ignorance are removed, and he beholds the first cheering ray of truth emanate from the shining light of integrity and devotion.

"Abel offered a more acceptable sacrifice than his brother Cain."<sup>5</sup>

The institution of sacrifices at the fall, was intended to keep alive the great sacrifice of atonement by which Jesus Christ should expiate the consequences of Adam's sin. These sacrifices were, therefore, ordained to be bloody, as more expressly typical of that great event. And this was the sole intention of an ordinance which, abstractedly considered, could possess no efficacy whatever. For what is there in the simple act of killing a beast, and offering certain parts of its body and blood on an altar, that is capable of appeasing the just wrath of an offended God? The sacrifice of Abel derived its merit, principally, from the expression of *faith* in the antitype, and *obedience* to the commands of God. And these, accordingly, have been essential conditions of salvation from the origin of terrestrial things; and will remain so to the end of time. Hence, at the emigrations from Shinar, we find that every tribe which colonized any other part of the globe, preserved the

<sup>4</sup> F. C. Lect., Sec. 2. Freemasonry would make us acquainted with this important fact, if all existing records were destroyed.

<sup>5</sup> E. A. P. Lect., Sec. 3.

rite of sacrificing, pure and uncontaminated with the adulterations of religion; and thus with the type an indistinct knowledge of the antitype was preserved in every nation of the world; and the idea of one dying as an expiation to the gods, was not only believed, but practised in every system of religion which prevailed among mankind, whether Jew or Gentile; and the only reason why Abel's sacrifice was approved, and that of Cain rejected, was because the former being bloody, retained the typical reference to the great atonement, and the latter being unbloody, was offered in disobedience to God's commands. But Abel himself was an eminent type of Christ. Abel was a shepherd; Christ styles himself the good shepherd. Righteous Abel was the first martyr for religion, and was offered to God as a pure and holy sacrifice; Christ, too, was offered without spot, as a martyr for the sins of the world. Abel was slain through envy, so was Christ; and as the offering of Abel was acceptable to God, so also was the offering of Christ.

"Noah was a just and upright man, and obtained salvation in the ark, when all the human race perished in the flood, except himself and righteous family."<sup>6</sup>

This event refers to the salvation which arises by virtue of Christ's sacrifice, and the admission to it by the rite of baptism. The punishment which God has threatened to inflict on a guilty world, may be averted by taking refuge under the meritorious atonement of Christ, as Noah avoided the deluge by entering into the ark, which floated on the waters of destruction; while they overwhelmed all the faithless and unbelieving, who rejected the ark of safety which God had provided, under the deceitful expectation that his threatenings would never be executed.

The terrible nature of this judgment has induced the unbelievers of the present day to pronounce it fabulous. But there is no fact better attested, equally from the testimony of sacred and profane writers, and from the deductions of reason. Many heathen authors have recorded the circumstances of that tre-

mendous display of God's power and justice; and St. Peter refers to it as expressly typical of our admission into the Christian covenant.<sup>7</sup> There exists a tradition of it in every nation under heaven;<sup>8</sup> and the memory was preserved among the ancient idolaters in their mysteries; all of which bore an undoubted reference to this fact.

"At the grand festival which Abraham gave at the weaning of his son Isaac, Sarah detected Ishmael, the son of Hagar, the Egyptian bondwoman, in the act of teasing and perplexing her son. She, therefore, remonstrated with Abraham, saying, 'Cast out this bondwoman and her son, for the son of this bondwoman shall not be heir with my son, even with Isaac.' She spake under the impulse of Divine inspiration; well knowing that from Isaac's loins should issue a mighty people, who should serve the Lord with freedom, fervency, and zeal; and fearing that from too familiar an intercourse with a person of Ishmael's slavish extraction, the pure stock set apart for the preservation of God's true

<sup>7</sup> 1 Pet. iii, 21.

<sup>8</sup> "It will appear from many circumstances in the more ancient writers, that the great patriarch, Noah, was highly revered by his posterity. They looked up to him as a person peculiarly favored by heaven, and honored him with many titles; each of which had a reference to some particular part of his history. They styled him Prometheus, Deucalion, Atlas, Theuth, Zuth, Xuthus, Inachus, Ociris. When there began to be a tendency towards idolatry, and the adoration of the sun was introduced by the posterity of Ham, the title of Helius, among others, was conferred upon him. They also called him *Mis* and *Mxv*, which is the Moon, the secret meaning of which name I shall hereafter show. When colonies went abroad, many took to themselves the title of *Minyadæ* and *Minyæ* from him; just as others were denominated *Achæmenidæ*, *Auritæ*, *Helidæ*, from the Sun. People of the former name are to be found in Arabia, and in other parts of the world. The natives of Orchomenos were styled *Minyæ*; as were also some of the inhabitants of Thessaly. It was the ancient name of the Arcadians, interpreted *Σελήνηται*, *Lunares*; but grew obsolete. Noah was the original *Zeus* and *Dios*. He was the planter of the vine, and the inventor of fermented liquors; whence he was denominated *Zeuth*, which signifies ferment; rendered *Zeus* by the Greeks. He was also *Dionusos*, interpreted by the Latins *Bacchus*, but very improperly. *Bacchus* was *Chus*, the grandson of Noah; as *Ammon* may be in general esteemed *Ham*, so much revered by the Egyptians." (Bryant, *Anal.*, 8vo., vol. iii, p. 7.)

<sup>6</sup> E. E. P. Lect., Sec. 3.

worship might become contaminated with the degenerate vices of slavery."<sup>9</sup>

This transaction is said by St. Paul to be allegorical of the two covenants of Judaism and Christianity. Ishmael was born after the flesh, Isaac after the spirit, by the immediate agency of God himself, which shows the superiority of the Christian over the Jewish, or any other religion: the latter generate to bondage, and are merely ceremonial; the former is perfectly spiritual, and leads to everlasting life.

"Abraham offered his son Isaac in sacrifice, when it pleased the Lord to substitute a more agreeable victim in his stead."<sup>10</sup>

As Isaac was an express type of Christ, so this event pointed out the great atonement; Isaac was named by a celestial messenger before he was born, so was Christ; Isaac carried the wood on which he was offered, and Christ bare the cross on which he was crucified; Isaac was offered on Mount Moriah; Christ was offered on an adjoining mountain; Isaac was to suffer by his father's hand; and whose sword was it that pierced Christ? Isaac was redeemed from death three days after Abraham was commanded to offer him up; and Christ was raised from the dead three days after his actual crucifixion. And lastly, Isaac became the father of the Jews, as Christ is the universal father of Christians. How can these very extraordinary coincidences be accounted for, on any other principle than type and antitype? And who can sit in a Mason's Lodge and hear them expatiated on, without feeling a conviction that the lectures of Masonry have a clear and indissoluble connection with the sacred truths of religion?

"Jacob was the beloved son of Rebecca, the wife of Isaac, etc., etc. To escape from the fury of his brother Esau, etc., etc., he was sent by his mother into Mesopotamia, etc. Fatigued with his journey he lay down to rest, etc., and dreamed a remarkable dream. A LADDER, whose foot was planted on the earth, and whose top reached to the heavens, was filled with angelic messen-

gers ascending and descending, and surmounted by the majesty of God, etc., etc. In this place the Lord entered into a solemn league and covenant with Jacob, etc., etc."<sup>11</sup>

This ladder, which thus connected heaven and earth, had a plain reference to that religion which conveys to man the privilege of unrestricted communication with God, by means of prayer and meditation; and the ministration of angels, as messengers of heaven, is plainly pointed out. The angels attended our Savior in every step of his divine mission. His incarnation was announced by an angel; his birth was carolled by choirs of angels; they watched with intense interest every gradation of his great mediatorial undertaking. They were continually *ascending* or *descending*, to convey tidings or to bring consolation; while his heavenly Father, from the summit of the ladder, beheld his conflict with the powers of darkness; saw him lead captivity captive; rejoiced in his transcendent victory over death and hell; and at length received him amidst the triumphant acclamations of the heavenly host.

"Jacob wrestled with an angel, and his successful contention was crowned with a blessing for himself and his posterity."<sup>12</sup>

The perseverance of Jacob in his contest with the *Son of God*—for the holy personage who appeared to him at Peniel was no other than the second person in the Trinity—shows the necessity of continual application for mercies by prayer, if we expect to receive an answer to our petitions; for it was to this principle that Jacob was indebted for the blessing of God.

"Moses took off his shoes by the command of God, at the burning bush in Mount Horeb, that he might be ready to offer up his prayers to the Almighty; to thank him for mercies received, crave pardon for past offences, and implore his aid and protection in all future endeavors."<sup>13</sup>

This extract carries with it its own interpretation. Prayer is an act of re-

<sup>9</sup> E. A. P. Lect., Sec. 6. <sup>10</sup> E. A. P. Lect., Sec. 3.  
AM. FREE. VOL. 6. FEB. 1858.—9.

<sup>11</sup> E. A. P. Lect., Sec. 3. <sup>12</sup> *Ibid.*  
<sup>13</sup> R. A. Lect., Sec. 2.



ligion; our lectures recommend prayer; we practise it in every step of our proceedings; and, therefore, it is preposterous to argue that religion is excluded from our institutions.

"A great and mighty wind blew, first from the east, to facilitate the passage of the Israelites over the Red Sea in their escape from Egyptian bondage; and then from the opposite point of the compass, which overwhelmed Pharaoh and his host in their attempt to follow them."<sup>14</sup>

This deliverance, which was preceded by the sacrifice of the passover, prefigured the deliverance of mankind from sin, by Jesus Christ, denoted by the sacrifice of the immaculate paschal Lamb, of which a bone was forbid to be broken. The passage through the Red Sea refers to baptism; for as the Israelites were obliged to pass through the water before they could receive possession of the promised land, so it is necessary for Christians to be purified with the waters of baptism before they can obtain a title to the kingdom of heaven.

"The pillar of a cloud and of fire are thus represented in a Mason's lodge: \* \* \* They were a light and a guide to the Israelites in their escape from the protracted oppression of Egypt; and also preceded Pharaoh and his host to destruction in the Red Sea."<sup>15</sup>

The Israelites, who followed this pillar of a cloud by day, and of fire by night, represent the whole community of Christians following Jesus, the Captain of their salvation; and were they to forsake the path which he has marked out for them, they would soon be left to the uncertain guidance of their own inventions; and, like Pharaoh and his host, would perish in the sea of destruction.

"The Israelites were a rebellious and disobedient people; and were sentenced to wander in the wilderness forty years. Here they were miraculously sustained by the mighty power of God. Bread was given to them from heaven, and water issued from the dry rock at the word of Moses," etc., etc.<sup>16</sup>

The checkered scenes of good and evil

to which Christians are subject in this probationary state, are aptly compared to the miseries and fluctuations of the Israelites during their sojournings in the wilderness; and should make us anxious for a better country, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. The *manna* pointed to Jesus the true bread of life; the *rock* from which water was extracted by the agency of the miraculous *rod* of Moses, had a reference to that fountain of living waters, of which he who drinks shall thirst no more; the stretching out of Moses' arms while the Amalekites were subdued, was an emblem of the conquest of sin and Satan, by the extension of Christ's arms upon the cross; the *brazen serpent* elevated on a pole, that the Israelites might look thereon and be healed, was symbolical of Christ's body exposed on the cross for the salvation of sinners; and the blood of the sacrifices signified the blood of Christ, the seal of the covenant, by which our sins and iniquities are purged and done away.

"Moses caused a tabernacle to be erected in the wilderness as a repository for the tables of the law, as well as a place for the solemnization of divine worship," etc., etc.<sup>17</sup>

The erection of the tabernacle, as well as the services of Jewish worship, having already been explained as typical of Christianity, I pass on to the building of the temple by Solomon.

On the spot of ground where this famous edifice was afterwards erected, "King David offered up his prayers to God, who was pleased to put a stop to the pestilence which then raged among his people, as a punishment for his own imprudence, in having ordered them to be numbered; and gave him a *TOKEN* of reconciliation," etc., etc.<sup>18</sup>

This is an undoubted act of genuine religion; and, as it forms *one* fundamental basis of our Lodge's consecration, it holds out something more than an equivocal proof of the existence of religion within our walls; it shows that our illustrations have a tendency to elevate the heart to that sublime object who hath raised us from the grave of sin by the sacred points of Christian fellowship;

<sup>14</sup> E. A. P. Lect., Sec. 1.    <sup>15</sup> F. C. Lect., Sec. 2.

<sup>16</sup> M. M. Lect., Sec. 3.

<sup>17</sup> E. A. P. Lect., Sec. 3.

<sup>18</sup> *Ibid.*, Sec. 2.

hath instructed us in the terms of reconciliation; and given us the glorious Gospel, which points out the resurrection from the dead, and everlasting life in the paradise of God.

"There was neither ax, hammer, nor metal tool used at the building of King Solomon's temple, so that nothing was heard among the workmen of Zion, save harmony and peace."<sup>19</sup>

This arrangement of the Most High, emblematically pointed out that *peace, harmony, and brotherly love*, were to be characteristic signs of the Gospel dispensation. The temple was built on Mount Moriah, one of the hills of *Zion*, which is the name given to the Christian Church; and Christ is the foundation-stone on which it is erected.<sup>20</sup>

"The stones were carved, marked, and numbered in the quarry from whence they were hewn; the timber was prepared and marked in the forest; and, when brought to Jerusalem and put together, each part fitted with such perfect exactness, as made it appear rather the work of the great Architect of the universe, than an exertion of human skill."<sup>21</sup>

Every Christian is a stone in this spiritual edifice, which, when properly modeled and polished by the exercise of religion, and the practice of morality, and fitted for translation to a celestial building, he is cemented with his perfected brethren, by charity, into a beautiful temple prepared on earth, and put together in heaven.

I might notice many other particulars in this division of the lectures, which point out the intimate connection between Masonry and religion; but enough has been said to prove the truth of the proposition, that the historical part of

<sup>19</sup> E. A. P. Lect., Sec. 2.

<sup>20</sup> It is asserted by the Rabbins, that King Solomon received a secret from Asmodeus, an evil spirit, mentioned in the book of Tobit, who had usurped his throne, and afterwards became his prisoner. By the use of this he was enabled to finish the temple without the use of ax, hammer, or metal tool; for the stone *schamir*, which had been presented to him by the dæmon, possessed the property of cutting any other substance as a diamond cuts glass. This, however, is wholly fabulous. Metal tools were used in the forest and the quarry, and it was by a very natural process that the building was constructed without the pollution of these instruments.

<sup>21</sup> E. A. P. Lect., Sec. 2.

Masonry consists purely of unmixed religion; and contains a regular series of undoubted references to Christianity.

ON THE NATURE AND NECESSITY  
OF THE MASONIC SOCIETY, AND THE DUTY  
INCUMBENT ON MASONS TO ACT AS UPRIGHT  
AND HONORABLE MEN.—BY JONATHAN  
ASHE, D. D.

IF we duly consider Man, we shall find him a social being; and, in effect, such is his nature, that he cannot well subsist alone: for out of society he could neither preserve life, display nor perfect his faculties and talents, nor attain any real or solid happiness. Had not the God of Nature intended him for society, he would never have formed him subject to such a variety of wants and infirmities. This would have been highly inconsistent with divine wisdom, and the regularity of divine omniscience: on the contrary, the very necessities of human nature unite men together, and fix them in a state of mutual dependence on one another. For, select the most perfect and accomplished of the human race,—a Hercules or a Sampson, a Bacon or a Boyle, a Locke or a Newton; nay, we need not except Solomon himself,—and suppose him fixed alone, even in this happy country, where Nature, from her bounteous stores, seems to have formed another Eden, and we should soon find him deplorably wretched; and, by being destitute of social intercourse, deprived of every shadow of happiness.

Therefore, for the establishment of our felicity, Providence, in its general system, with regard to the government of this world, has ordained a reciprocal connection between all the various parts of it, which cannot subsist without a mutual dependence; and, from the human species down to the lowest parts of the creation, one chain unites all nature. This is excellently observed, and beautifully described, by a celebrated poet, in the following lines:

God in the nature of each being founds  
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds;  
But as he formed a whole, the whole to bless,  
On mutual wants built mutual happiness.  
So from the first eternal order ran,  
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.

Pope

Under these circumstances, men must of necessity form associations for their comfort and defense, as well as for their very existence. Had revelation been altogether silent on this point, yet we might, by the mere light of nature, have easily discovered it to be our duty to be kindly affectioned one to another. No system can be more agreeable to the common sentiments of mankind, nothing built upon surer terms of equity and reason, than that I should treat my fellow-creature with the same candor and benevolence, with the same affection and sincerity, I should expect myself. It is true this was not delivered in express words till the time of Moses, nor so fully explained and understood as at the coming of the prophets. Yet we have great reason to believe that this was the first law revealed to Adam, immediately upon his fall, and was a genuine precept of uncorrupted nature. That every one is naturally an enemy to his neighbor, was the malevolent assertion of the late philosopher Hobbs, one, who, vainly thinking himself deeper versed in the principles of man than any before him, and, having miserably corrupted his own mind by many wild extravagancies, concluded, from such acquired corruption, that all men were naturally the same. How to reconcile a tenet of this kind with the justness and goodness of a Supreme Being, seems a task too difficult for the most knowing person to execute; and the author himself was contented barely to lay it down without the least show of argument in its defence. That God should be a being of infinite justice, creating us in a necessary state of dependence on, and at the same time bring us into the world with inclinations of enmity and cruelty toward each other, is a contradiction so palpable as no man can assert consistently with a reverential notion of his Maker. And were there no sufficient proofs against it, even from our imperfect ideas of the Creator, the very laws of nature would confute it. By the law of nature, I would be understood to mean, that will of God which is discoverable to us by the light of reason, without the assistance of revelation. Now nothing is more evident than this grand maxim: that whatever principles

and actions have an inseparable connection with the public happiness, and are necessary to the well-being of society, are fundamental laws of nature, and bear the stamp of divine authority.

This will more evidently appear from the following consideration. When the Grand Architect of the universe had, with the greatest wisdom, and most exact proportion, formed this globe, and replenished it with every thing necessary for life and ornament, he, last of all, created man, after his own image, endowing him with rational and immortal powers, adequate to the present and future happiness, for which he was designed.

But though he found himself in Paradise, where every thing abounded for his sustenance and delight, yet, for want of a creature of the same rational nature with himself, his felicity was incomplete; so much did the innate ideas of society possess and influence the human mind from its first existence, that the highest enjoyments, without participation, were tasteless and unaffecting; a strong proof that, even in the original state of human nature, selfish and narrow principles had no share; and that to communicate blessings was to increase them. To gratify his wishes, enlarge his mind, and establish his before imperfect happiness, God created an help-mate for him, "Woman, his last, best, gift;" thereby enabling him to exchange the solitary for the social life; an imperfect for a perfect bliss! Now the human mind began to expand; a new train of ideas and affections succeeded; its joys were increased, and its wishes accomplished. These dispositions were continued with the species, and man has ever since had recourse to society as an essential means to humanize his heart, and ameliorate the enjoyments of life.

But, alas! he being created free in the exercise of the faculties, both of body and mind, and these faculties being vitiated by sin in our first parents, the taint became hereditary, and soon broke out in symptoms which foreboded destruction to the peace and happiness of the world. Cain furnished an early and terrible instance of the truth of this assertion, when, of the first two brothers

that ever were on earth, one fell a victim to the envious fury of the other, and demonstrated that a train of new passions had taken possession of the human heart. Envy, hatred, and revenge now made their appearance, and bloodshed and discord followed. Ties of consanguinity first cemented mankind; but after the sons of Noah had rendered the earth more populous, and the confusion of languages had separated one family from another, vice and impiety boldly reared their heads. Therefore, to remedy these dreadful evils, and avert their consequences, the uniting various men, and different orders, in the bonds of friendship, seemed the best and surest method; and was, indeed, the greatest and most effectual defense against the universal depravity of corrupted human nature: it was here alone protection could be had from the attacks of violence, or the insinuations of fraud, from the force of brutal strength, or the snares of guilty design.

Further to promote these ends, and secure such blessings, laws were now necessarily introduced for the safety and advantage of every individual; and of their good effects, we, in this nation, ought to be better judges than the whole world besides, for ours we may extol, as St. Paul expresses himself, "in confidence of boasting."

If we confine ourselves to particular parts of society, and treat the bodies of men, who, though members of, and subordinate to the general system, unite themselves into distinct communities, for their own immediate advantage, and relatively for the public benefit, we shall find some entering into such associations upon different views to answer various purposes. We, of this nation in particular, fear no enemy at our gates, no violence from our neighbors, and I hope no treachery from our friends; but assemble with men of similar opinions and manners, not out of necessity for the preservation of our lives, but to render them more beneficial to others, and pleasing to ourselves; by enabling us to perform those duties, and afford that assistance to each other in a united capacity, which, as individuals, we were unable to do.

To this kind of associations I shall

confine myself in the following work; and shall treat on the ancient institution of Free and Accepted Masons in particular, an establishment founded on the benevolent intention of extending and confirming mutual happiness, upon the best and truest principles of moral and social virtue.<sup>1</sup>

For, among many instances of the above truth, apparent to every intelligent person, let us reflect that in all societies and governments there are some indigent and miserable, whom we are taught to regard as objects of our compassion and our bounty; and it is our indispensable duty to aid such with our counsel, commiserate their afflictions, and relieve them in their distress.

'T is what the happy to th' unhappy owe,  
For what man gives, the gods on him bestow.

POPE.

This principle is the bond of peace, and the cement of Masonic affection. Freemasons esteem it a virtue of the most diffusive nature, not to be confined to particular persons, but extended to the whole human race, to administer assistance to whom it is their highest pride, and their utmost wish, establishing friendships, and forming connections, not by receiving, but conferring benefits. As soon might the builder alone work through each tedious course of an edifice without the assistance of his fellow-craftsmen, as poor, helpless, unassisted man toil through each chequered stage of human life.

The Almighty has, therefore, furnished men with different capacities, and blessed them with various powers, that they may be mutually beneficial and serviceable to each other; and, indeed, wherever we turn our eyes and thoughts, we shall find scope sufficient to employ those capacities, and exercise those powers, agreeably to the celebrated maxim of the great Socra-

<sup>1</sup> To use the words of an elegant writer, Freemasonry is an institution, not as the ignorant and uninstructed vainly suppose, founded on unmeaning mystery, for the encouragement of bacchanalian festivity, and support of mere good fellowship; but an institution founded on eternal reason and truth, whose deep basis is the civilization of mankind; and whose everlasting glory is to have the immovable support of those two mighty pillars—science and morality.—EDITOR.

tic disciple, that we are not born for ourselves alone.

That we may not be too much elevated with the contemplation of our own abundance, we should consider, no man comes into this world without imperfections; that we may not decline being serviceable to our fellow-creatures, we should reflect, that all have their portion for improvement; that we may not be remiss nor reluctant in good offices, we should remind ourselves, however affluent our fortune, we are not entirely independent of others, and where much is given much will be required. We are commanded to be fruitful in good works; and throughout the whole creation we shall find no precedent for inutility or indolence, for he that contributes neither study, labor, nor fortune to the public, is a deserter of the community. All human affections, if directed by the governing principle of reason, tend to promote some useful purpose. Compassion, if properly exerted, is the most beneficial of all human virtues, extending itself to a greater number of objects, exciting more lasting degrees of happiness, than any other. Some affections are, indeed, more fierce and violent, but their action, like a sudden explosion of combustibles, is no sooner begun than its force is spent.

The rational, the manly pleasure, which necessarily accompanies compassion, can only be known to those who have experienced its effects; for who ever relieved the indigent, and did not at the same time receive the highest gratification? To see a fellow-creature laboring in agony and pain, or struggling under the oppressive burthen of helplessness and want, presently raises pity in the human breast, induces us to sympathise with the object in his distress, and inspires us with the tender dispositions of charity and assistance.

If our pleasure were to be estimated in proportion to its extent and duration, that of doing good must rival and outshine all others of which the mind is susceptible, being both from its nature, and the variety of objects on which it acts, greatly superior to the fleeting and unsatisfactory enjoyment arising from the gratification of our sensual appetites.

Hence compassion, both on account of its duration, from its pleasing effects, and its unbounded utility to the world, ought to be highly valued and duly cultivated by all who consult their own felicity, or the prosperity and interest of that country or people to whom they belong.

It would be absurd to dwell longer on this head, as I am addressing a body, who in every age, from the earliest times to this present day,<sup>2</sup> have been justly celebrated for their disinterested liberality, and whose proceedings have been constantly directed by the desire of doing good to, and promoting the happiness of, every individual.

From the foregoing considerations, the necessity of constituting particular societies is strikingly obvious; for, next to the veneration of the Supreme Being, the love of mankind seems to be the most promising source of real satisfaction; it is a never-failing one to him who, possessed of this principle, enjoys also the means of indulging it; and who makes the superiority of his fortune, his knowledge, or his power, subservient to the wants of his fellow-creatures. It is true, there are few whose abilities or fortunes are so adapted to the necessities and infirmities of human nature, as to render them capable of performing works of universal beneficence; but a spirit of universal benevolence may be exercised by all: and the bounteous Father of Nature has not proportioned the pleasures to the greatness of the effect, but to the greatness of the cause. Here let not my meaning be mistaken. I would not be understood to insinuate that we are so obliged to be bountiful that nothing will excuse us; for it is a universal maxim among Masons, that "justice must precede charity;" and, except where the exigencies of the distressed call for immediate relief, we should always recollect our natural connections, and debts to the world, whenever our disposition may

<sup>2</sup> "Solon, Plato, and Pythagoras, and from them the Grecian literati in general, were obliged for their learning, in a great measure, to Masonry, and the labors of some of our ancient Brethren. They fetched their knowledge from afar, and borrowed their philosophy from the inscriptions of Egyptian columns, and the hieroglyphical figures of the sacred pillars of Hermes." (Sermon at Gloucester, 1752.)—EDIRON.

prompt us to bestow any singular bounty. And, give me leave to observe, it is not the idle, indolent, or extravagant, but the industrious, though distressed Brother, who has a just title to our extraordinary beneficence; a circumstance that ought always to direct the exertion of the above virtue.

Having thus, in some measure, deduced the nature and necessity of society, and in part shown the duties incumbent upon us as members of it, may we, as upright men and Masons, faithfully discharge the duties of our various stations; and above all, be ever ready to do to others as we would in their circumstances reasonably wish to be done unto!<sup>3</sup>

They who move in a higher sphere, have, indeed, a larger province wherein to do good; but those of an inferior degree will be as eminently distinguished in the mansions of bliss, if they move regularly, if they are useful members of society, as the highest. He who performs his part best, not he who personates an exalted character, will meet with applause. For the moon, though it borrows its light from the sun, also sets forth the glory of God; and the flowers of the field declare a providence equally with the stars of the firmament.

To conclude, then, let me exhort all my worthy Brethren to be diligent in the cultivation of every moral and social virtue; for so long do we act consistently with the principles of our venerable Institution. Then what has been said, though on an occasion far more important to mankind, may not improperly be appropriated as the badge of our respectable Order, "By this shall all men know that you belong to the Brethren, if your hearts glow with affection, not to Masons alone, but to the whole race of mankind." And well, indeed, may ours be called a happy Institution! whose supreme wish is founded on the truest source of felicity,

<sup>3</sup> Baron Biefeld, Chancellor of the Prussian Universities, when considering the propriety of becoming a Mason, says: "One reflection that dissipated my scruples, and hastened my reception, was, that I knew this order to be composed of a great number of very worthy men; men who, I was sure, would never have twice entered a Lodge, if anything had passed there that was in the least incompatible with a character of the strictest virtue."—EDITOR.

and whose warmest endeavors are ever exerted in cementing the ties of human nature by acts of benevolence, charity, and social affection; and who, amidst the corruption and immorality of the latter ages, have maintained in our assemblies the genuine principles and unsullied reputation acquired and established in the first.

While qualities like these direct your proceedings, and influence your actions, Freemasonry must ever be revered and cultivated by the just, the good, and the exalted mind, as the surest means of establishing peace, harmony, and goodwill among men.

### MASONIC HISTORY.

ARTICLES OF UNION BETWEEN THE TWO GRAND LODGES OF ENGLAND.—IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN.

THE Most Worshipful His Royal Highness Prince EDWARD, Duke of Kent and Strathearn, Earl of Dublin, Knight Companion of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, and of the Most Illustrious Order of Saint Patrick, Field Marshal of his Majesty's Forces, Governor of Gibraltar, Colonel of the First or Royal Scots Regiment of Foot, and Grand Master of Free and Accepted Masons of England, according to the *Old Institutions*; the Right Worshipful THOMAS HARPER, Deputy Grand Master; the Right Worshipful JAMES PERRY, Past Deputy Grand Master; and the Right Worshipful JAMES AGAR, Past Deputy Grand Master; of the same Fraternity: for themselves and on behalf of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons of England, according to the *Old Institutions*: being thereto duly constituted and empowered:—on the one part.

The Most Worshipful His Royal Highness Prince AUGUSTUS FREDERICK, Duke of Sussex, Earl of Inverness, Baron Arklow, Knight Companion of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, and Grand Master of the Society of Free and Accepted Masons under the *Constitution of England*; the Right Worshipful WALLER RODWELL WRIGHT, Provincial Grand Master of Masons in the Ionian Isles; the Right Worshipful ARTHUR TEGART, Past Grand Warden; and the Right Wor-

shipful JAMES DEANS, Past Grand Warden; of the same Fraternity; for themselves and on behalf of the Grand Lodge of the Society of Freemasons under the Constitution of England: being thereunto duly constituted and empowered:— on the other part,

Have agreed as follows—

I. There shall be, from and after the day of the festival of Saint John the Evangelist next ensuing, a full, perfect, and perpetual Union of and between the two Fraternities of Free and Accepted Masons of England above-described: so as that in all time hereafter they shall form and constitute but one Brotherhood; and that the said community shall be represented in one Grand Lodge, to be solemnly formed, constituted, and held, on the said day of the festival of Saint John the Evangelist next ensuing, and from thenceforward for ever.

II. It is declared and pronounced, that pure Ancient Masonry consists of three degrees, and no more; viz., those of the Entered Apprentice, the Fellow Craft, and the Master Mason (including the Supreme Order of the Holy Royal Arch). But this article is not intended to prevent any Lodge or Chapter from holding a meeting in any of the degrees of the Order of Chivalry, according to the constitutions of the said Orders.

III. There shall be the most perfect unity of obligation, of discipline, of working the lodges, of making, passing, and raising, instructing and clothing Brothers; so that but one pure, unsullied system, according to the genuine landmarks, laws, and traditions of the Craft, shall be maintained, upheld, and practiced, throughout the Masonic World, from the day and date of the said Union until time shall be no more.

IV. To prevent all controversy or dispute or to the genuine and pure obligations, forms, rules, and ancient traditions, of Masonry, and further to unite and bind the whole Fraternity of Masons in one indissoluble bond, it is agreed, that the obligations and forms that have, from time immemorial, been established, used, and practiced, in the Craft, shall be recognized, accepted, and taken, by the members of both Fraternities, as the pure and genuine obligations and forms

by which the incorporated Grand Lodge of England, and its dependent Lodges in every part of the World, shall be bound: and for the purpose of receiving and communicating due light, and settling this uniformity of regulation and instruction (*and particularly in matters which can neither be expressed nor described in writing*), it is further agreed, that brotherly application be made to the Grand Lodges of Scotland and Ireland, to authorize, delegate, and appoint, any two or more of their enlightened members to be present at the Grand Assembly on the solemn occasion of uniting the Fraternities; and that the respective Grand Masters, Grand Officers, Masters, Past Masters, Wardens, and Brothers, then and there present, shall solemnly engage to abide by the true forms and obligations (*particularly in matters which can neither be described nor written*), in the presence of the said Members of the Grand Lodges of Scotland and Ireland; that it may be declared, recognized, and known, that they are all bound by the same solemn pledge, and work under the same law.

V. For the purpose of establishing and securing this perfect uniformity in all the warranted Lodges, and also to prepare for this Grand Assembly, and to place all the members of both Fraternities on the level of equality on the day of Re-union, it is agreed, that, as soon as these presents shall have received the sanction of the respective Grand Lodges, the two Grand Masters shall appoint, each nine worthy and expert Master Masons, or Past Masters, of their respective Fraternities, with warrant and instructions to meet together at some convenient central place in London; when, each party having opened (in a separate apartment) a just and perfect Lodge, agreeably to their peculiar regulations, they shall give and receive mutually and reciprocally the obligations of both Fraternities, deciding by lot which shall take priority in giving and receiving the same; and, being thus all duly and equally enlightened in both forms, they shall be empowered and directed, either to hold a Lodge under the warrant or dispensation to be entrusted to them, to be entitled "The Lodge of RECONCILIATION"

tron;" or to visit the several Lodges holding under both the Grand Lodges for the purpose of *obligating*, instructing, and perfecting the Master, Past Masters, Wardens, and Members, in both the forms, and to make a return to the Grand Secretaries of both the Grand Lodges of the names of those whom they shall have thus enlightened. And the said Grand Secretaries shall be empowered to enrol the names of all the members thus re-made in the register of both the Grand Lodges, without fee or reward: it being ordered, that no person shall be thus obligated and registered whom the Master and Wardens of his Lodge shall not certify, by writing under their hands, that he is free on the books of his particular Lodge. Thus, on the day of the Assembly of both Fraternities, the Grand Officers, Masters, Past Masters, and Wardens, who are alone to be present, shall all have taken the obligation by which each is bound, and be prepared to make their solemn engagement, that they will thereafter abide by that which shall be recognized and declared to be the true and universally accepted obligation of the Master Mason.

VI. As soon as the Grand Masters, Grand Officers, and Members, of the two present Grand Lodges, shall on the day of their Re-union, have made the solemn declaration in the presence of the deputation of grand or enlightened Masons from Scotland and Ireland, to abide and act by the universally recognized obligation of Master Mason, the Members shall forthwith proceed to the election of a Grand Master for the year ensuing; and, to prevent delay, the Brother so elected shall forthwith be obligated, *pro tempore*, that the Grand Lodge may be formed. The said Grand Master shall then nominate and appoint his Deputy Grand Master, together with a Senior and Junior Grand Warden, Grand Secretary, or Secretaries, Grand Treasurer, Grand Chaplain, Grand Sword-Bearer, Grand Pursuivant, and Grand Tyler, who shall all be duly obligated and placed; and the Grand Incorporated Lodge shall then be opened, in ample form, under the style and title of "The UNITED GRAND LODGE OF ANCIENT FREEMASONS OF ENGLAND."

The Grand Officers who held the several offices before (unless such of them as may be re-appointed) shall take their places, as Past Grand Officers, in the respective degrees which they held before; and in case either or both of the present Grand Secretaries, Pursuivants, and Tylers, should not be re-appointed to their former situations, then annuities shall be paid to them during their respective lives out of the Grand Fund.

VII. "The UNITED GRAND LODGE OF ANCIENT FREEMASONS OF ENGLAND" shall be composed, except on the days of festival, in the following manner, as a just and perfect representative of the whole Masonic Fraternity of England; that is to say, of

The GRAND MASTER.

Past Grand Masters.

Deputy Grand Master.

Past Deputy Grand Masters.

Grand Wardens.

Provincial Grand Masters.

Past Grand Wardens.

Past Provincial Grand Masters.

Grand Chaplain.

Grand Treasurer.

Joint Grand Secretary, or Grand Secretary, if there be only one. Grand Sword-Bearer.

Twelve Grand Stewards, to be delegated by the Stewards' Lodge, from among their Members existing at the Union; it being understood and agreed, that from and after the Union, an annual appointment shall be made of the Stewards, if necessary.

The actual Masters and Wardens of all Warranted Lodges.

Past Masters of Lodges, who have regularly served and passed the chair before the day of Union, and who have continued, without secession, regular contributing Members of a Warranted Lodge. It being understood, that of all Masters who, from and after the day of the said Union, shall regularly pass the chair of their respective Lodges, but one at a time, to be delegated by his Lodge, shall have a right to sit and vote in the said Grand Lodge; so that after the decease of all the regular Past Masters of any regular Lodge who had attained that distinction at the time of the Union, the representation of such Lodge shall be by its actual Master, Wardens, and one Past Master only.



And all Grand officers in the said respective Grand Lodges shall retain and hold their rank and privileges in the United Grand Lodge, as Past Grand Officers, including the present Provincial Grand Masters, the Grand Treasurers, Grand Secretaries, and Grand Chaplains, in their several degrees, according to the seniority of their respective appointments; and where such appointments shall have been contemporaneous, the seniority shall be determined by lot. In all other respects the above shall be the general order of precedence in all time to come; with this express provision, that no Provincial Grand Master, hereafter to be appointed, shall be entitled to a seat in the Grand Lodge, after he shall have retired from such situation, unless he shall have discharged the duties thereof for full five years.

VIII. The Representatives of the several Lodges shall sit under their respective banners according to seniority. The two first Lodges under each Grand Lodge to draw a lot in the first place for priority; and to which of the two the lot No. 1 shall fall, the other to rank as No. 2; and all the other Lodges shall fall in alternately; that is, the Lodge which is No. 2 of the Fraternity whose lot it shall be to draw No. 1 shall rank as No. 3 in the United Grand Lodge, and the other No. 2 shall rank as No. 4, and so on alternately, through all the numbers respectively. And this shall forever after be the order and rank of the Lodges in the Grand Lodge, and in Grand Processions, for which a plan and drawing shall be prepared previous to the Union. On the renewal of any of the Lodges now dormant, they shall take rank after all the Lodges existing at the Union, notwithstanding the numbers in which they may now stand on the respective rolls.

IX. The United Grand Lodge being now constituted, the first proceeding, after solemn prayer, shall be to read and proclaim the Act of Union, as previously executed and sealed with the great seals of the two Grand Lodges; after which, the same shall be solemnly accepted by the Members present. A day shall then be appointed for the installation of the Grand Master, and other Grand Officers,

with due solemnity; upon which occasion, the Grand Master shall, in open Lodge, with his own hand, affix the new great seal to the said instrument, which shall be deposited in the archives of the United Grand Lodge, and to be the bond of union among the Masons of the Grand Lodge of England, and the Lodges dependent thereon, until time shall be no more. The said new great seal shall be made for the occasion, and shall be composed out of both the great seals now in use; after which, the present two great seals shall be broken and defaced; and the new seal shall be alone used in all warrants, certificates, and other documents, to be issued thereafter.

X. The Regalia of the Grand Officers shall be, in addition to the white gloves and apron, and the respective jewels or emblems of distinction, garter-blue and gold; and these alone shall belong to the Grand Officers, present and past.

XI. Four Grand Lodges, representing the Craft, shall be held for quarterly communication in each year, on the first Wednesday in the months of March, June, September, and December; on each of which occasions the Masters and Wardens of all the warranted Lodges shall deliver into the hands of the Grand Secretary and Grand Treasurer a faithful list of all their contributing Members; and the warranted Lodges in and adjacent to London shall pay towards the grand fund one shilling per quarter for each Member, over and above the sum of half-a-guinea for each new made Member, for the registry of his name; together with the sum of one shilling to the Grand Secretary, as his fee for the same; and that this contribution of one shilling for each Member shall be made quarterly, and each quarter, in all time to come.

XII. At the Grand Lodge to be held annually on the first Wednesday in September, the Grand Lodge shall elect a Grand Master for the year ensuing, (who shall nominate and appoint his own Deputy Grand Master, Grand Wardens, and Secretary,) and they shall also nominate three fit and proper persons for each of the offices of Treasurer, Chaplain, and Sword-Bearer; out of which the Grand Master shall, on the first Wednesday in the month of December, choose

and appoint one for each of the said offices; and, on the festival of St. John the Evangelist, then next ensuing, or on such other day as the said Grand Master shall appoint, there shall be held a Grand Lodge for the solemn installation of all the said Grand Officers, according to ancient custom.

XIII. After the day of the Re-union, as aforesaid, and when it shall be ascertained what are the obligations, forms, regulations, working, and instruction, to be universally established, speedy and effectual steps shall be taken to obligate all the Members of each Lodge in all the degrees, according to the form taken and recognized by the Grand Master, Past Grand Masters, Grand Officers, and Representatives of Lodges, on the day of Re-union; and, for this purpose, the worthy and expert Master Masons, appointed as aforesaid, shall visit and attend the several Lodges, within the bills of Mortality, in rotation, dividing themselves into quorums of not less than three each, for the greater expedition: and they shall assist the Master and Wardens to promulgate and enjoin the pure and unsullied system, that perfect reconciliation, unity of obligation, law, working, language, and dress, may be happily restored to the English Craft.

XIV. When the Master and Wardens of a warranted Lodge shall report to the Grand Master, to his satisfaction, that the Members of such Lodge have taken the proper enjoined obligation, and have conformed to the uniform working, clothing, &c., then the Most Worshipful Grand Master shall direct the new great seal to be affixed to their warrant, and the Lodge shall be adjudged to be regular and entitled to all the privileges of the Craft; a certain term shall be allowed (to be fixed by the Grand Lodge) for establishing this uniformity; and all constitutional proceedings of any regular Lodge which shall take place between the date of the Union and the term so appointed, shall be deemed valid, on condition that such Lodge shall conform to the regulations of the Union within the time appointed; and means shall be taken to ascertain the regularity, and establish the uniformity of the Provincial Grand Lodges, Military Lodges, and

Lodges holding of the two present Grand Lodges in distant parts; and it shall be in the power of the Grand Lodge to take the most effectual measures for the establishment of this unity of doctrine throughout the whole community of Masons, and to declare the warrants to be forfeited, if the measures proposed shall be resisted or neglected.

XV. The property of the said two Fraternities, whether freehold, leasehold, funded, real, or personal, shall remain sacredly appropriate to the purposes for which it was created; it shall constitute one grand fund, by which the blessed object of masonic benevolence may be more extensively obtained. It shall either continue under the trusts in which, whether freehold, leasehold, or funded, the separate parts thereof now stand; or it shall be in the power of the said United Grand Lodge, at any time hereafter, to add other names to the said trusts; or, in case of the death of any one Trustee, to nominate and appoint others for perpetuating the security of the same; and, in no event, and for no purpose, shall the said united property be diverted from its original purpose. It being understood and declared, that at any time after the Union, it shall be in the power of the Grand Lodge to incorporate the whole of the said property and funds in one and the same set of Trustees, who shall give bond to hold the same in the name and on the behalf of the United Fraternity. And it is further agreed, that the Freemasons' Hall be the place in which the United Lodge shall be held, with such additions made thereto as the increased numbers of the Fraternity, thus to be united, may require.

XVI. The fund appropriated to the objects of masonic benevolence, shall not be infringed on for any purpose, but shall be kept strictly and solely devoted to charity; and pains shall be taken to increase the same.

XVII. A revision shall be made of the rules and regulations now established and in force in the two Fraternities; and a Code of Laws for the holding of the Grand Lodge, and of private Lodges, and, generally, for the whole conduct of the Craft, shall be forthwith prepared, and a new book of Constitutions be

composed and printed, under the superintendence of the Grand Officers, and with the sanction of the Grand Lodge.

Done at the Palace of Kensington, this 25th day of November, in the year of our Lord 1813, and of Masonry 5813.

- EDWARD, G. M.
- THOMAS HARPER, D. G. M.
- JAMES PERRY, P. D. G. M.
- JAMES AGAR, P. D. G. M.

In Grand Lodge, this first day of December, A. D. 1813. Ratified and Confirmed, and the Seal of the Grand Lodge affixed.

EDWARD, G. M.



- ROBERT LESLIE, G. S.
- AUGUSTUS FREDERICK, G. M.
- WALLER RODWELL WRIGHT, P. G. M.  
Ionian Isles.
- ARTHUR TEGART, P. G. W.
- JAMES DEANS, P. G. W.

In Grand Lodge, this first day of December, A. D. 1813. Ratified and Confirmed, and the Seal of the Grand Lodge affixed.

AUGUSTUS FREDERICK, G. M.



WILLIAM H. WHITE, G. S.

A meeting of the two Grand Lodges, in pursuance of Article V., was held on the 1st of December, 1813, at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, in the Strand. The articles of Union were laid before these Lodges, and received with masonic acclamation; the Articles were unanimously ratified and confirmed. THE LODGE OF RECONCILIATION" was then constituted; the Royal Grand Masters, respectively, having nominated the following Brethren to form the same:

*Old Institutions.*

- R. F. Mestayer, . . . of the Lodge No. 1
- Thomas Harper, Jun., . . . . . 1
- J. H. Goldsworthy, . . . . . 2
- W. Fox, . . . . . 4
- J. Ronalds, . . . . . 16

- William Oliver, . . . of the Lodge No. 77
- Michael Corcoran, . . . . . 194
- R. Bayley, . . . . . 240
- James M'Cann, . . . . . 244
- And Brother Edwards Harper, Secretary thereof.

*Constitution of England.*

- Rev. Samuel Hemming, D. D., of the Lodge No. 384, R. W. M.
- William Meyrick, P.M. . . No. 1, S. W.
- William Shadbolt, G. Stewards' Lodge J. W.
- Stephen Jones, P. M., . . . Lodge No. 1
- Laurence Thomson, . . . . . 54
- Joseph Jones, . . . . . 66
- Jacob Henry Sarratt, . . . . . 118
- Thomas Bell, . . . . . 180
- J. Joyce, . . . . . 453
- And Brother William Henry White, Secretary thereof.

Their Royal Highnesses the Grand Masters then signed the Articles of Union, and each affixed the Great Seal thereto in Grand Lodge; and the same was countersigned by the Grand Secretary of each of the two Grand Lodges respectively.

GRAND ASSEMBLY OF FREEMASONS, FOR THE UNION OF THE TWO GRAND LODGES OF ENGLAND.

*On St. John's Day, 27th December, 1813.*

The important event of the Re-union of Ancient Freemasons of England, after a long separation, took place, with great solemnity, this day.

The following order of proceedings, which had been previously settled, was strictly observed:

Freemasons' Hall having been fitted up agreeably to a plan and drawing for the occasion, and the whole house tiled, from the outer porch; the platform on the East was reserved for the Grand Masters, Grand Officers, and Visitors.

The Masters, Wardens, and Past Masters of the several Lodges, who had been previously re-obligated and certified by the LODGE OF RECONCILIATION, and provided with tickets, signed and countersigned by the two Secretaries thereof, were arranged on the two sides in the following manner; that is to say: The Masters were placed in the front. The Wardens on benches behind. The Past Masters on rising benches behind them.

And the Lodges were ranked so that the two Fraternities were completely inter-mixed.

The Masters, Wardens, and Past Masters, all dressed in black, (regimentals excepted,) with their respective insignia, and in white aprons and gloves, took their places by eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

- Grand Usher with his Staff.
- The Duke of Kent's Band of Music, 15 in number, all Masons, three and three.
- Two Grand Stewards.
- A Cornucopia, borne by a Master Mason.
- Two Grand Stewards.
- Two Golden Ewers, by two Master Masons.
- The nine worthy and expert Masons, forming *The Lodge of Reconciliation*,  
In single file, rank opposite to rank, with  
The Emblems of Masonry.
- The Grand Secretary bearing the Book of Constitutions, and Great Seal.
- The Grand Treasurer, with the Golden Key.  
The Corinthian Light.
- The Pillar of the Junior Grand Warden on a Pedestal.
- The Junior Grand Warden, with his Gavel.
- The Deputy Grand Chaplain, with the Holy Bible.  
The Grand Chaplain.
- Past Grand Wardens.  
The Doric Light.
- The Pillar of the Senior Grand Warden on a Pedestal.
- The Senior Grand Warden with his Gavel.
- Two Past Deputy Grand Masters.
- The Deputy Grand Master,  
His Excellency the Count de Lagardje, the Swedish Ambassador, Grand Master  
of the first Lodge of the North, Visitor.
- The Ionic Light.
- The Grand Sword Bearer.
- THE  
GRAND MASTER OF ENGLAND,  
His R. H. the DUKE of KENT,  
with the Act of Union, in duplicate.  
Two Grand Stewards.  
Grand Tyler.

The Grand Masters, Past Grand Masters, Deputy Grand Masters, Grand Officers, and distinguished Visitors of the two Fraternities, assembled in two adjoining, rooms, in which they opened two Grand Lodges, each according to its peculiar solemnities, and the Grand Procession moved towards the Hall of Assembly, in the following order:

- Grand Usher with his Staff.
- The Duke of Kent's Band of Music, 15 in number, all Masons, three and three.
- Two Grand Stewards.
- A Cornucopia, borne by a Master Mason.
- Two Grand Stewards.
- Two Golden Ewers, by two Master Masons.
- The nine worthy and expert Masons, forming *The Lodge of Reconciliation*,  
In single file, rank opposite to rank, with  
The Emblems of Masonry.
- The Grand Secretary, bearing the Book of Constitutions, and Great Seal.
- The Grand Treasurer, with the Golden Key.  
The Corinthian Light.
- The Pillar of the Junior Grand Warden on a Pedestal.
- The Junior Grand Warden, with his Gavel.
- The Grand Chaplain with the Holy Bible.  
Past Grand Wardens.
- Provincial Grand Masters with their Gavels.  
The Doric Light.
- The Pillar of the Senior Grand Warden on a Pedestal.
- The Senior Grand Warden, with his Gavel.
- Two Past Deputy Grand Masters.
- The Acting Deputy Grand Master.
- His Excellency the Count de Lagardje, the Swedish Ambassador, Grand Master  
of the first Lodge of the North, Visitor.
- The Royal Banner.
- The Ionic Light.
- The Grand Sword Bearer.
- THE  
GRAND MASTER OF ENGLAND,  
His R. H. the DUKE of SUSSEX,  
with the Act of Union, in duplicate.  
Two Grand Stewards.  
Grand Tyler.

On entering the Hall, the Procession advanced to the Throne, and opened and faced each other, the music playing a march composed for the occasion.

The Two Grand Masters then proceeded up the center, followed by the Grand Master Visitor, the Deputy Grand Master, &c., all in the order reversed; those the most advanced returning in single file, to turn, re-advance, and take their places. The musicians ranging themselves in the gallery over the Throne. The Brothers bearing the Cornucopias, Vases, &c., placing themselves in the seats assigned them.

The two Grand Masters seated them-

selves, in two equal chairs, on each side of the Throne.

The Visiting Grand Master, and other Visitors of distinction, were seated on each side.

The other Grand Officers and Visitors all according to degree.

The Director of the Ceremonies, Sir George Nayler, having proclaimed silence, the Rev. Dr. Barry, Grand Chaplain to the Fraternity under the Duke of Kent, commenced the important business of the Assembly with holy prayer, in a most solemn manner.

The Act of Union was then read by the Director of the Ceremonies.

The Rev. Dr. Coghlan, Grand Chaplain to the Fraternity under the Duke of Sussex, proclaimed aloud, after sound of trumpet—"Hear ye: This is the Act of Union, engrossed, in confirmation of Articles solemnly concluded between the two Grand Lodges of Free and Accepted Masons of England, signed, sealed, and ratified, by the two Grand Lodges respectively; by which they are to be hereafter, and for ever known and acknowledged by the style and title of **The United Grand Lodge of Ancient Freemasons of England**. How say you Brothers, Representatives of the two Fraternities? Do you accept of, ratify, and confirm the same? To which the Assembly answered, "We do accept, ratify, and confirm the same." The Grand Chaplain, then said, "And may the Great Architect of the Universe make the Union perpetual!" To which all the Assembly replied, "So mote it be." The two Grand Masters and six Commissioners signed the Instruments, and the two Grand Masters then affixed the Great Seals of their respective Grand Lodges to the same.

The Rev. Dr. Barry, after sound of trumpet, then proclaimed—"Be it known to all men, That the Act of Union between the two Grand Lodges of Free and Accepted Masons of England is solemnly signed, sealed, ratified, and confirmed, and the two Fraternities are one, to be from henceforth known and acknowledged by the style and title of **The United Grand Lodges of Ancient Freemasons of England**; and may the Great Architect of the Universe make their Union perpetual!" And the Assembly said, "Amen." Brother Wesley, who was at the organ, performed a symphony.

The two Grand Masters, with their respective Deputies and Wardens, then advanced to the Ark of the Masonic Covenant, prepared under the direction of the W. Brother John Soane, R. A., Grand Superintendent of the Works, for the Edifice of the Union, and in all time to come to be placed before the Throne.

The Grand Masters standing in the East, with their Deputies on the right and left; the Grand Wardens in the West and South; the square, the plumb, the level, and the mallet, were successively delivered to the Deputy Grand

Masters, and by them presented to the two Grand Masters, who severally applied the square to that part of the said Ark which is square, the plumb to the sides of the same, and the level above it in three positions; and, lastly, they gave it three knocks with the mallet; saying, "May the Great Architect of the Universe enable us to uphold the Grand Edifice of Union, of which this Ark of the Covenant is the symbol, which shall contain within it the instruments of our brotherly love, and bear upon it the Holy Bible, square, and compass, as the light of our faith, and the rule of our works. May He dispose our hearts to make it perpetual!" And the brethren said, "So mote it be."

The two Grand Masters placed the said Act of Union in the interior of the said Ark.

The cornucopia, the wine, and oil, were in like manner presented to the Grand Masters, who, according to ancient rite, poured forth corn, wine, and oil, on the said Ark, saying—"As we pour forth corn, wine, and oil, on this Ark of the Masonic Covenant, may the bountiful hand of Heaven ever supply this United Kingdom with abundance of corn, wine, and oil, with all the necessaries and comforts of life; and may He dispose our hearts to be grateful for all his gifts!" And the Assembly said, "AMEN." The Grand Officers then resumed their places.

A letter was read from R. W. Brother Lawrie, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, transmitting Resolutions of that Grand Lodge, in answer to the letter of the M. W. the Grand Masters of the two Grand Lodges, announcing to them the happy event of the Union, and requesting them to appoint a deputation, agreeably to Art. IV. of the Act of Union. And it was ordered that these Resolutions be inserted on the minutes of this day.

A letter was also read from the W. Brother W. F. Graham, Deputy Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Ireland, transmitting resolutions of that Grand Lodge, in answer to a similar communication from their Royal Highnesses, the two Grand Masters of the respective Fraternities in England. It was ordered that these resolutions be entered on the minutes of this day.

In consequence of its having been found impracticable, from the shortness of the notice, for the Sister Grand Lodges to send deputations to this Assembly, according to the urgent request of the two Fraternities, conferences had been held with all the most distinguished Grand Officers and enlightened Masons resident in and near London, in order to establish perfect agreement upon all the essential points of Masonry, according to the ancient traditions and general practice of the Craft. The Members of the Lodge of reconciliation, accompanied by the Most Worshipful his Excellency Count de Lagardje, Grand Master of the First Lodge of Freemasons in the North, the Most Worshipful Dr. Van Hess, of the Grand Lodge of Hamburg, and other distinguished Masons, withdrew to an adjoining apartment, where, being congregated and tiled, the result of all the previous conferences was made known.

The Members of the Lodge of Reconciliation, and the distinguished Visitors, on their return, proceeded slowly up the center in double file; and as they approached the two Grand Masters, they opened, and the Grand Visitors advanced; when his Excellency the Grand Master of the First Lodge of the North audibly pronounced that the forms settled and agreed on by the Lodge of Reconciliation were pure and correct. This being declared, the same was recognized as the forms to be alone observed and practised in the United Grand Lodge, and all the Lodges dependent thereon, until time shall be no more.

The *Woly Bible*, spread open, with the square and compasses thereon, was laid on the Ark of the Covenant, and the two Grand Chaplains approached the same. The recognized obligation was then pronounced aloud by the Rev. Dr. Hemming, one of the Masters of the Lodge of Reconciliation; the whole Fraternity repeating the same, with joined hands, and declaring, "By this solemn obligation we vow to abide, and the Regulations of Ancient Freemasonry now recognized strictly to observe."

The Assembly then proceeded to constitute one Grand Lodge; in order to which, the Grand Masters, Deputy Grand Masters, Grand Wardens, and other act-

ing Grand Officers of both Fraternities, divested themselves of their insignia, and Past Grand Officers took the chairs; *viz.*, the R. W. Past Deputy Grand Master Perry in the chair, as Deputy Grand Master; the R. W. Robert Gill, as Senior Grand Warden; and the R. W. James Deans, as Junior Grand Warden.

His Royal Highness, the Duke of Kent, then, in an eloquent address, stated that the great view with which he had taken upon himself the important office of Grand Master of the Ancient Fraternity, as declared at the time, was to facilitate the important object of the Union which had been that day so happily concluded. And now it was his intention to propose his illustrious and dear relative to be the Grand Master of the United Grand Lodge; for which high office he was, in every respect, so eminently qualified. He therefore proposed his Royal Highness, the Duke of Sussex, to be Grand Master, of the United Grand Lodge of Ancient Freemasons of England for the year ensuing. This was seconded by the R. W. the Hon. Washington Shirley; and being put to the vote, was unanimously carried in the affirmative, with Masonic honors.

His Royal Highness was placed on the Throne by the Duke of Kent and the Count Lagardje, and solemnly obligated. The Grand Installation was fixed for St. George's Day.

Proclamation was then made, that the most Worshipful Prince Augustus Frederick, Duke of Sussex, Earl of Inverness, Baron Arklow, Knight Companion of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, was elected and enthroned Grand Master of the United Grand Lodge of Ancient Freemasons of England. And his Royal Highness received the homage of the Fraternity.

H. R. H. the Grand Master then nominated the Grand Officers for the year ensuing; and, as it will be interesting to all our masonic readers to know who were the first officers under the Union, we shall here insert their names:

Bro. the Rev. Samuel Hemming, Sen. G. Warden.  
Isaac Lindo, Esq., Junior Grand Warden.  
John Dent, Esq., Grand Treasurer.  
William Meyrick, Esq., Grand Registrar.  
William Henry White, Edwards Harpor, Grand Secretaries.  
Rev. Edward Barry, D.D., Rev. Lucius Ooghlan, D.D., Grand Chaplains.

Bro. the Rev. Henry Isaac Knapp, Deputy Grand Chaplain.

John Soane, Esq., Grand Superintendent of the Works.

Sir George Naylor, G. Director of the Ceremonies.

Captain Jonathan Parker, Grand Sword Bearer.

Samuel Wesley, Esq., Grand Organist.

Benjamin Aldhouse, Grand Usher.

William V. Salmon, Grand Tyler.

It was then solemnly proclaimed, that the two Grand Lodges were incorporated and consolidated into one, and the Grand Master declared it to be open in due form according to ancient usage.

The Grand Lodge was then called to refreshment; and the cup of Brotherly Love was delivered by the Junior Grand Warden to the Past Deputy Grand Master, who presented the same to the Grand Master; he drank to the Brethren—"Peace, good will, and brotherly love all over the world;"—and he passed it. During its going round the vocal band performed a song and glee.

The Grand Lodge was re-called to labor; when, as the first act of the United Fraternity, his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, after an elegant introduction, moved—"That an humble Address be presented to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, respectfully to acquaint him with the happy event of the Re-union of the two Grand Lodges of Ancient Freemasons of England—an event which can not fail to afford lively satisfaction to their illustrious Patron, who presided for so many years over one of the Fraternities, and under whose auspices Freemasonry has risen to its present flourishing condition.

That the unchangeable principles of the Institution are well known to his Royal Highness, and the great benefits and end of this Re-union are to promote the influence and operation of these principles, by more extensively inculcating loyalty and affection to their Sovereign—obedience to the laws and magistrates of their country—and the practice of all religious and moral duties of life—objects which must ever be dear to his Royal Highness in the Government of his Majesty's United Kingdom. That they humbly hope and pray for the continuance of the sanction of his Royal Highness' fraternal patronage; and that they beg leave to express their fervent gratitude for the many blessings which, in common with all their

fellow-subjects, they derive from his benignant sway. That the Great Architect of the Universe may long secure these blessings to them and to their country, by the preservation of his Royal Highness, their illustrious Patron!" This motion was seconded by the honorable Washington Shirley, and passed unanimously, and with masonic honors.

This was followed by a motion,—“That the grateful thanks of this United Lodge be given to the Most Worshipful their Royal Highnesses the Duke of Kent and Duke of Sussex, for the gracious condescension with which they yielded to the prayer of the united Fraternities to take upon themselves the personal conduct of the negotiation for a Re-union, which is this day, through their zeal, conciliation, and fraternal example, so happily completed. To state to them that the removal of all the slight differences which have so long kept the brotherhood asunder, will be the means of establishing in the Metropolis of the British Empire one splendid edifice of Ancient Freemasonry, to which the whole masonic World may confidently look for the maintenance and preservation of the pure principles of the Craft, as handed down to them from time immemorial under the protection of the illustrious branches of the Royal House of Brunswick; and may their Royal Highnesses have the heartfelt satisfaction of long beholding the beneficent effects of their work, in the extension and practice of the virtues of loyalty, morality brotherly love and benevolence, which it has been ever the great object of Masonry to inculcate, and of its laws to enforce.”

This was also unanimously approved; and was followed by a motion of thanks to the six Commissioners appointed by the two Fraternities to assist the illustrious Princes in the said negotiation, for the zeal, conciliation, and ability, with which they discharged their important trust therein.

The following Resolutions were also severally put, and carried in the affirmative unanimously.

That Books be opened by the Grand Secretaries for the regular entry and record of the proceedings of this *United Grand Lodge*; and that there be inserted therein, in the first instance, an account of all the Resolutions and Proceedings of

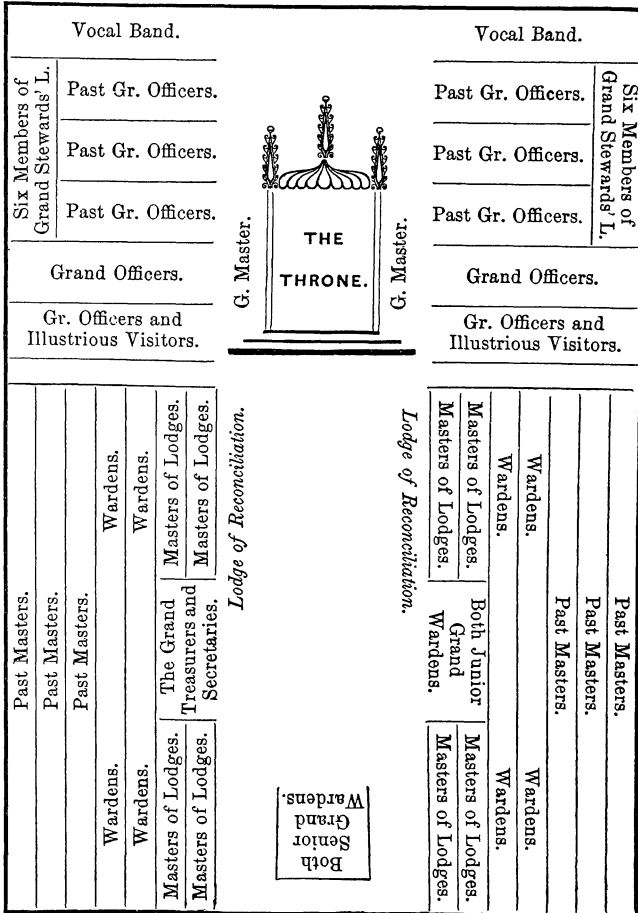
both Grand Lodges with respect to the negotiation for the Union, and of the conferences of the Commissioners thereon; together with a copy of the Articles of Union, and the confirmation thereof; also copies of letters written by their Royal Highnesses the two Grand Masters, and Grand Secretaries, addressed to the Most Worshipful the Grand Masters and Grand Secretaries of Scotland and Ireland, announcing the same, together with the Resolutions of the Grand Lodges in reply.

That the proceedings of this day be communicated to the Grand Lodges of Scotland and Ireland, and to express to them that this United Grand Lodge feels

with the most sensible satisfaction, the fraternal interest which they take in the important event of this day. To assure them that it is the anxious desire of this Grand Lodge to maintain the most constant, cordial, and intimate communion with the sister Grand Lodges of the United Kingdom; to which end they are persuaded that nothing is so essential as the preservation of one pure and unsullied system, founded on the simple and ancient traditions of the Craft.

Several other Resolutions were also passed relative to the internal management of the Fraternity; after which the United Grand Lodge was closed in ample form, and with solemn prayer.

PLAN OF FREEMASON'S HALL, on the occasion of the Grand Assembly of Masons, for the Union of the Two Grand Lodges of England, December 27, 1818.





## THE LONELY GRAVE.

[Near Bagdad, in Asia, is a tombstone raised to the memory of one who fell there, far away from home. Its symbols are all masonic.]

Tread softly here, or pause to breathe,  
A prayer o'er him who sleeps beneath,  
Though savage hands in silence spread  
The nameless sand that hides the dead;  
Yet here, as wandering Arab's tell,  
A guardian spirit loves to dwell!  
Tis said such gentle spirits seek  
The tears on widowed beauty's cheek,  
And bring those precious drops to lave  
The sainted pilgrim's secret grave.

Tread softly! though the tempest blows  
Unheeded o'er his deep repose,  
Though now the sun's relentless ray  
Has parched to dust this holy clay,  
The spirit in this clay enshrined,  
Once mounted swifter than the wind—  
Once looked, oh Sun! beyond thy sphere,  
Then dared to measure thy career,  
And rose above this earth as far  
As comets pass the meanest star.

Tread softly! midst this barren sand  
Lie relics of a bounteous hand!  
That hand if living would have pressed  
The wandering stranger to his breast,  
And filled the cup of gladness here,  
Thy dark and dreary path to cheer:  
Oh spare this dust! it once was part  
Of an all-kind, all-bounteous heart;  
If yet with vital warmth it glowed  
On thee its bounty would have flowed.

Tread softly! on this sacred mound  
*The badge of brotherhood* is found!  
Revere the signet! in his breast  
In holiest virtue 'twas confessed!  
He only lived on earth to prove  
The fullness of a Brother's love:  
If in *thy* bosom dwells the sign  
Of charity and love divine,  
Give to this grave the duteous tear,  
A friend, a Brother slumbers here!

## THE TRUE OLD-TIME FREEMASON.

BY ROB. MORRIS, K. T.

AIR—"The fine old English Gentleman."

Ho, Brothers of the Mystic Tie,  
Come round me if you please;  
Lay down the Gavel and the Square  
And let the Trowel cease;  
The work may stop a little while—  
The Master will not blame,  
While I from memory sing of one  
Right worthy of the name—  
A true old-time Freemason  
Of the days of Washington.

Of every superfluity  
He did his mind divest;  
He would not set a timber up  
Unless it was the best;  
He plumed and squared and leveled well  
The blocks and set them true,  
Then turned his apron Master-wise  
And spread the mortar due!  
This true old-time Freemason  
Of the days of Washington.

When bloody war from foreign bands,  
His country threatened sore,  
He thought it right to take the sword  
And guard his native shore;  
He stood where bravest hearts are found,  
He struck for liberty,  
But when the conquered foemen sued,  
A man of mercy he!  
This true old-time Freemason  
Of the days of Washington.

Upon his girdle was no stain,  
His work had no defect—  
The Overseer accepted all  
And nothing did reject,  
He lived in peace with God and man,  
He died in glorious hope,  
That Christ the Lion, Judah's pride,  
Will raise his body up—  
This true old-time Freemason  
Of the days of Washington.

## LIGHT FROM THE EAST.

BY ROB. MORRIS, K. T.

Light from the East, 'tis gilded with hope;  
Star of our faith, thy glory is up!  
Darkness apace, and watchfulness flee;  
Earth, lend thy joys to nature and me.

*Chorus.*—See, Brothers, see yon dark shadow flee,  
Join in His praise, whose glories we be!  
Now, let these emblems ages have given,  
Speak to the world, blest Savior, of thee.

Lo, we have seen, uplifted on high,  
Star in the East, thy rays from the sky!  
Lo, we have heard what joy to our ear,  
Come, ye redeemed, and welcome Him here!  
*Chorus.*—See, Brothers, see, etc.

Light to the blind, they've wandered too long;  
Feet to the lame, the weak are made strong;  
Hope to the joyless, freely 'tis given;  
Life to the dead, and music to heaven.  
*Chorus.*—See, Brothers, see, etc.

Praise to the Lord, keep silence no more!  
Ransomed, rejoice from mountain to shore!  
Streams in the desert, sing as ye stray!  
Sorrow and sadness, vanish away.  
*Chorus.*—See, Brothers, see yon dark shadows flee;  
Join in his praise, whose glories we be!  
Now, let these emblems ages have given,  
Speak to the world, blest Savior, of thee.

# Record of Masonic Work and Events.

*Reports of the WORK of Lodges in the United States for the month of August, 1857. Supplied by the Bro. Secretaries whose names are given.*

OHIO.											
i	ii	iii	iv	v	vi	vii	viii	ix	x	xi	xii
3 E. H. Goodell,	0	0	2	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
17 Ewan Davies,	0	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
23 W. D. McPherson,	0	3	1	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
46 W. F. McMasters,	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
48 R. A. Muncaster,	0	3	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
48 W. H. Raynor,	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
55 H. Crampton,	0	1	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
70 T. B. Fisher,	0	2	2	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
73 J. C. Frankeberger,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	12	
74 E. D. Wilson,	0	0	2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
83 S. M. Burnham,	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
85 B. F. Spencer,	0	5	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
91 M. W. Merrill,	2	5	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	13	
93 Alpheus Cook,	0	1	1	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
101 John W. Kees,	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
102 J. W. Van Briggles,	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
105 D. S. Thurston,	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
106 D. F. Woofter,	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
111 Geo. M. Scott,	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0
113 J. F. Spain,	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
119 Wm. H. Cummins,	0	6	2	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
135 H. Runyan,	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
137 P. Merrifield,	4	3	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
143 Wm. Smidt,	0	2	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	14	
150 John C. Reakirt,	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
156 Richard Simms,	0	2	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
163 Wm. Mannington,	0	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
168 J. R. Shuman,	1	3	2	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
169 J. W. Oyler,	0	1	3	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
172 Jacob Diehl,	0	2	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
173 W. M. Stanley,	0	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
190 Hamilton Young,	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
191 Wm. P. Wolf,	0	2	1	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
197 J. F. Nickey,	1	4	3	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
199 J. H. Miller,	0	2	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
201 Jas. L. Tyler,	8	2	3	1	3	0	0	3	1	25	
203 H. S. Reynolds,	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
212 J. F. Conine,	0	16	11	9	7	2	0	1	0	0	0
221 Jacob McNeal,	0	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

<sup>1</sup> Explanation of Heading in Roman Numerals.— I. Represents the number of the Lodge. II. The Secretary's name. III. Affiliated, or become members by admission. IV. Applicants for the degrees. V. Entered as Apprentices. VI. Passed as Fellow Crafts. VII. Raised as M. Ms. VIII. Tried for misdemeanors and offences. IX. Reprimanded by the proper officer. X. Suspended for a definite period. XI. Expelled from all rights and privileges. XII. Died and buried with Masonic honors.

We have adopted this mode of heading these Reports for the sake of convenience, and the saving of space, and for same reason only report Lodges that have done any work so far as known.

<sup>2</sup> Bro. M. Baily; buried 31st July, 1857.

<sup>3</sup> Bro. K. Morford; buried 10th August, 1857.

<sup>4</sup> Geo. W. Coover, 5th June, 1857.

<sup>5</sup> David Smiley, 12th April, and Bro. J. H. Brown, on the 12th April, 1857.

PENNSYLVANIA.											
224 R. L. Baker,	1	1	1	2	1	0	0	0	1	0	0
226 G. McCulloch,	0	3	2	1	0	0	1	0	1	0	0
229 D. E. Field,	0	2	0	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
233 Joel F. Martin,	3	3	2	2	3	0	0	0	0	1 <sup>9</sup>	
238 Ira W. Drake,	0	0	2	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
240 John G. Edwards,	0	2	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
246 Francis Strong,	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
248 Jas. K. Newcomer,	0	1	4	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
249 G. W. Baxley,	0	2	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
250 John H. Kelly,	0	6	4	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
251 R. Hamilton,	0	0	2	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
252 Alfred Ellis,	0	3	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
253 M. J. Turrill,	2	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
254 Isaac Weltz,	0	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
256 H. Allen,	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
263 Jacob T. Morrill,	0	4	2	2	1	2	1	1	0	0	0
265 James L. Mounts,	2	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
268 C. B. Winder,	1	1	1	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0
269 W. H. Chandler,	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
270 L. M. Reeves,	0	11	9	8	7	0	0	0	0	0	0
271 Wm. H. Nixon,	0	1	1	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
276 Geo. Lamb,	10	6	2	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
277 Geo. W. Lawton,	0	23	23	21	20	0	0	0	0	0	0
278 John L. Brown,	1	1	0	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
281 Samuel Gordon,	0	1	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
282 J. C. Ferris,	0	3	4	5	6	0	0	0	0	0	0
286 C. Peterman,	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
289 A. J. Gardner, j.w.	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

VIRGINIA.											
220 R. L. Martin,	0	5	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	17
239 J. K. Rupp,	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
243 John N. Dickson,	1	3	3	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
244 John W. Rohrer,	3	1	3	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
249 J. L. Gore, j.w.	0	2	1	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
254 J. Umstead,	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
261 H. Hollister,	0	2	1	1	3	0	0	0	0	1 <sup>9</sup>	
265 C. F. Knapp,	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
268 J. D. Wingate,	0	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0

NORTH CAROLINA.											
1 Thos. B. Carr,	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
31 John M. Springs,	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

<sup>6</sup> Parker T. Bell, 18th August 1857, in Wisconsin.

<sup>7</sup> Bro. John E. Johnston, died 7th June, 1857.

<sup>8</sup> Alonzo Ellis, buried 4th August, 1857.

<sup>9</sup> Joseph R. Bailey, formerly of 112, died on the 28th August, 1857.

i	ii	iii	iv	v	vi	vii	viii	ix	x	xi	xii	i	ii	iii	iv	v	vi	vii	viii	ix	x	xi	xii	
97	John H. Norwood,	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	218	E. F. Dougherty,	0	5	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	
118	J. B. Rankin,	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	220	R. B. Tucker,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1 <sup>7</sup>	
115	S. M. Utley,	0	1	2	2	2	2	0	0	2	0	224	L. W. Daniel,	0	1	1	0	0	1	0	1	0	1	0
131	L. L. Clement,	0	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	227	J. W. Gilbert,	0	1	2	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
159	Jas. M. Terrell,	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	229	L. McEwen,	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
167	W. T. Robertson,	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	230	Sam Douglas,	0	1	1	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
SOUTH CAROLINA.												ALABAMA.												
29	Z. J. DeHay,	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	36	John N. Green,	1	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
64	T. V. Walsh,	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	91	A. M. Gordon,	2	1	1	1	1	2	1	0	1	1 <sup>8</sup>	
68	J. B. Clark,	0	1	1	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	114	J. M. Jones,	0	2	1	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
73	S. H. King,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	21	119	E. W. B. Bayzer,	0	1	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
74	S. G. N. Ferguson,	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	143	Chas. Womble,	0	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
76	Chas. Calvo,	0	8	7	9	0	0	0	0	0	0 <sup>2</sup>	ARKANSAS.												
GEORGIA.												2	John H. Newbern,	1	12	7	5	4	0	0	0	3	0	0
24	L. Patillo,	0	11	2	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	9	B. F. Hershey,	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	0	0	0	0
34	Wm. C. Smith,	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	10	A. Hirsch,	0	1	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
36	W. L. Marter,	0	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	16	P. R. Claiborne,	0	6	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
38	Z. H. Mason,	0	2	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	1 <sup>3</sup>	32	Geo. Williams,	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
69	C. M. Payne,	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	41	W. N. Mary,	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
74	W. L. Mobley,	2	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	58	N. A. Ewing,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1 <sup>9</sup>	
106	B. J. Graddy,	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	60	A. J. Smith,	3	0	7	5	3	0	0	3	0	2	
109	John B. Knowles,	0	1	4	4	4	1	0	0	0	0	67	John W. Morris,	0	0	1	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	
112	C. Pitts,	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	69	J. Brump, <sup>10</sup>	6	22	10	5	4	0	0	0	0	0	
114	F. G. Hughes,	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	MISSISSIPPI.												
140	W. D. Ducan,	0	2	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	25	Morris Cook,	0	0	2	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
146	J. D. Binns,	0	3	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	43	John Terry,	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
TENNESSEE.												53	Wm. Eggerton,	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
5	W. B. Mitchell,	0	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	54	N. F. Ferguson,	0	2	0	0	2	2	0	0	1	0	
13	O. M. White,	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	62	C. W. Henderson,	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	
14	Q. C. Sanders,	0	4	2	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	85	J. B. Baskin,	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	
31	O. H. P. Bennet,	1	5	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	86	F. R. Streeter,	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
57	Wm. P. Nelson,	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	95	Henry Gilliam,	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	
64	Jas. M. Shepherd,	0	2	0	0	5	0	0	0	0	0	98	C. J. Broom,	0	3	2	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	
87	W. L. Farmer, s w. 0	2	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1 <sup>4</sup>	102	J. Everitt,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1 <sup>11</sup>	
97	J. B. Cording,	0	4	1	1	3	1	3	1	2	0	112	G. A. Cameron,	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
102	John H. Herring,	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	145	G. W. Stallans,	0	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
106	Ashton Hawkins,	0	2	2	2	1	0	0	0	0	1 <sup>5</sup>	153	A. B. Lowe,	0	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	
107	E. B. Martin,	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	165	G. W. Osborne,	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
111	J. T. Sparkman,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1 <sup>6</sup>	172	J. G. Lowry,	0	1	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	
117	G. W. Craig,	0	2	1	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	176	W. W. Lumbly,	0	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
115	H. R. Reed,	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	180	C. G. Harris,	1	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	
118	F. M. E. Faulkner,	2	3	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	LOUISIANA.												
119	Wm. West,	1	0	2	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	31	W. W. Leake,	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
130	N. Porter,	0	2	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	51	A. Landsberg,	0	5	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
134	C. Schwartz,	2	6	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	63	G. W. Burgess,	0	1	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	
147	D. St. John,	0	2	1	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	103	W. G. Calloway,	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	
148	W. M. Johnston,	1	6	3	2	2	5	0	4	0	0	104	James C. Rogers,	0	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	
150	T. W. Winn,	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	108	H. N. Dubose,	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	
164	John P. Fewell,	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	109	W. T. Nettles,	2	6	3	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	
170	J. C. Prewitt,	0	0	3	4	3	3	1	1	1	0	TEXAS.												
172	M. A. White,	0	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	45	G. W. Copeland,	1	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
173	W. B. Smith,	0	3	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	108	Harmon Wynne,	1	3	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	
178	Enoch Reynolds,	0	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	FLORIDA.												
183	H. Clagett,	4	7	6	6	1	0	0	0	0	0	11	S. H. Bunker,	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	
194	H. J. Brown,	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	21	Wm. L. Spear,	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	
197	John T. Havis,	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	Footnotes:												
198	E. H. Stiger,	0	4	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	<sup>1</sup> Geo. Burke, of N. Y., and J. McCauley, of Ga.												
199	J. R. Taylor,	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	<sup>2</sup> This report is from Jan. to Aug. 1857, inclusive.												
203	W. J. Ball,	1	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	<sup>3</sup> Chas. J. Thompson, died 1st August, 1857.												
214	J. E. Jackson,	1	3	3	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	<sup>4</sup> A. McNeil, buried 30th August, 1857.												
												<sup>5</sup> Robt. F. Drinkard, buried 23d August, 1857.												
												<sup>6</sup> Sydney C. Cook, buried 10th August, 1857.												
												<sup>7</sup> E. A. Allen, died 25th August, 1857.												
												<sup>8</sup> Jesse W. Corbitt, buried 1st August, 1857.												
												<sup>9</sup> Sanford Harbin, buried 23d August, 1857.												
												<sup>10</sup> This report is for the year ending August, 1857.												
												<sup>11</sup> W. A. D. White, our W. M., on 6th Aug., 1857.												



i	ii	iii	iv	v	vi	vii	viii	ix	x	xi	xii
142 H. C. Porter,	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0
144 Eli B. Gilbert,	0	1	3	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
146 Truman L. Pratt,	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
148 O. P. Wilson,	0	1	1	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
150 A. Harvick,	0	6	2	5	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
162 Wm. P. Askins,	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
163 Thos. Tefft,	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
179 A. H. Chapman,	1	8	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0

CALIFORNIA.

5 H. S. Soames,	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
33 J. M. Montgomery,	1	0	0	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
40 C. D. Hossack,	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
66 Geo. Perkins,	0	1	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
75 Jas. H. Hinkson,	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
81 E. Giddings,	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
83 W. R. Longley,	0	6	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
85 J. B. Carter, w. m.	0	3	2	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
104 J. H. Maddox,	1	3	1	2	4	0	0	0	0	0	0

VERMONT.

19 C. N. Burleson,	17	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0
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*Reports of the WORK of Lodges in the United States for the months of September and October, 1857. Supplied by the Bro. Secretaries whose names are given.*

MAINE.

1 Moses Dodge,	4	7	3	6	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
21 Joseph Covell, P. M.	0	3	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
38 John C. Card,	6	1	0	1	4	0	0	0	0	1	1
60 Sol. Moulton,	0	2	2	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

18 Ethan Cutter,	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2
21 F. McDuffie,	2	3	2	2	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
49 Geo. W. Balloch,	2	1	2	4	4	0	0	0	0	0	0

MASSACHUSETTS.

Merrimac, <sup>3</sup> J. Edwards,	4	0	1	3	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Even'g Star, G.W. Burt,	0	3	2	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0

NEW JERSEY.

5 John C. Baum,	0	2	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
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VERMONT.

31 O. H. McKenzie,	0	1	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
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PENNSYLVANIA.

220 R. L. Martin,	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
236 Wm. H. Flavill,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
239 J. K. Rupp,	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
243 John N. Dickson,	0	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
249 J. L. Gore,	0	0	0	2	5	0	0	0	0	0	0
254 J. Umstead,	0	1	0	2	1	1	1	0	0	0	0

OHIO.

3 Edward Spear,	0	0	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
17 Evan Davies,	0	4	0	1	0	1	0	0	1	0	0
23 W. D. McPherson,	1	2	1	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0

<sup>1</sup> Bro. James P. Jordan, died in Iowa, September 12th, 1857.

<sup>2</sup> Hon. Levi Fisk, died on the 17th August, aged 82 years.

<sup>3</sup> The Lodges in this State are not numbered.

i	ii	iii	iv	v	vi	vii	viii	ix	x	xi	xii
45 W. F. McMasters,	0	2	2	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	1
55 H. Crampton,	0	1	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
74 E. D. Wilson,	0	1	2	2	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
85 J. J. Kelly,	0	31	8	11	10	0	0	0	0	0	0
91 M. W. Merrill,	0	0	6	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
93 Alpheus Cook,	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
101 John W. Kees,	0	1	1	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
102 J. W. Vanbriggles,	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
105 D. S. Thurston,	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
106 D. F. Woofter,	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
109 D. C. Bryan,	0	2	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
111 G. M. Scott,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
113 J. F. Spain,	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0
135 H. Runyan,	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
168 J. R. Shuman,	0	2	2	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
172 Jacob Diehl,	0	0	2	2	0	1	0	4	0	0	0
190 H. Young,	1	5	3	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
191 W. P. Wolf,	0	3	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
196 Geo. W. Roby,	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
197 Jer. F. Nickey,	1	3	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
238 Ira W. Drake,	0	2	2	1	3	0	0	7	1	0	0
240 J. G. Edwards,	0	1	2	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
246 F. Strong,	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
249 G. W. Baxley,	0	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
250 John H. Kelly,	0	4	4	3	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
251 R. Hamilton,	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
253 M. S. Turrill,	0	3	0	2	0	0	1	0	0	0	0
268 C. B. Winder,	3	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
271 Wm. A. Nixon,	0	6	4	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	1
276 George Lamb,	0	2	2	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
289 A. J. Gardner,	0	3	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

VIRGINIA.

28 John C. Byrer,	0	4	2	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
35 W. D. Nottingham,	0	0	1	2	1	1	0	1	0	0	0
61 John H. Harvey,	0	1	0	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
66 J. Ellis Francis,	0	4	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
69 J. F. Jordan,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
77 W. A. Butler,	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
94 H. C. Catlett,	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
106 H. J. Hale,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
124 John J. Reilly,	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

NORTH CAROLINA.

1 W. A. Walker,	0	4	4	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
31 I. M. Springs,	0	4	4	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	5
97 J. H. Norwood,	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
131 L. L. Clements,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
145 J. Y. Siler, w. m.	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
165 W. T. Robertson,	0	2	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0

SOUTH CAROLINA.

29 Z. J. DeHay,	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
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GEORGIA.

34 Wm. C. Smith,	0	3	2	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
38 Z. H. Mason,	0	3	2	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0
108 A. M. Colton,	0	2	2	2	2	2	1	1	0	0	0
114 F. G. Hughes,	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
146 J. D. Binns,	0	2	1	4	4	0	0	0	0	0	0

ALABAMA.

114 J. M. Jones,	0	1	3	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
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TENNESSEE.

5 W. B. Mitchell,	2	1	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
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<sup>4</sup> Bro. J. T. Morgan, died on the 31st Oct., 1857.

<sup>5</sup> Bro. Wm. Davidson, Sr., on the 16th Sept., 1857.

i	ii	iii	iv	v	vi	vii	viii	ix	x	xi	xii
13 O. M. White,	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0
14 Q. C. Sanders,	0	3	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
102 I. H. Herring,	0	5	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
106 A. Hawkins,	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	1 <sup>a</sup>
115 H. R. Reed,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
117 Geo. W. Craig,	0	3	1	1	4	0	0	0	0	0	1 <sup>b</sup>
118 F. M. E. Faulkner,	0	2	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
130 T. W. Winn,	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
140 B. M. Bray,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
141 O. S. Ewing,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
163 J. M. Collinsworth,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
170 J. C. Prewett,	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1 <sup>c</sup>
172 M. A. White,	0	2	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
173 W. B. Smith,	0	2	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
178 Enoch Reynolds,	0	2	2	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
195 B. F. Mitchell,	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
199 J. R. Taylor,	0	5	3	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0
214 J. E. Jackson,	0	3	1	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
220 R. B. Tucker,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

MISSISSIPPI.

53 W. W. Egerton,	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1 <sup>d</sup>
88 J. H. Presley,	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
95 H. Gilliam,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
165 G. W. Osborne,	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
179 R. T. Atkins,	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0
180 C. G. Harris,	0	2	0	2	3	0	0	0	0	0	0

LOUISIANA.

51 A. Landsberg,	0	4	1	2	0	1	0	1	0	0	0
63 G. W. Burgess,	0	0	1	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
108 H. N. Dubose,	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	0

FLORIDA.

11 S. H. Bunker,	0	0	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	1 <sup>e</sup>
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MISSOURI.

54 Syl. C. Griswold,	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
91 R. W. Rayland,	0	1	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
113 W. J. Biggerstaff,	0	2	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
133 G. Russell,	0	8	3	6	3	0	0	0	0	0	0

IOWA.

18 T. T. Wright,	0	2	1	1	2	2	0	0	0	2	0
25 P. W. Reeder,	0	3	2	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
30 W. B. Langridge,	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
59 G. W. Carter,	1	1	2	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
60 P. C. McLane,	0	3	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
93 J. B. Keeler,	0	2	1	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0

WISCONSIN.

31 C. M. Perry,	0	2	1	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
32 E. Blakesley,	0	2	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
50 DuRay Hunt,	0	3	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

MINNESOTA.

2 W. G. Bradford,	1	5	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1 <sup>f</sup>
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<sup>1</sup> Bro. B. S. Allen, died on the 5th Oct., 1857.  
<sup>2</sup> Bro. J. B. Rosch, died on the 30th Sept., 1857.  
<sup>3</sup> Bro. E. O. Humphrey, died on the 18th Oct., 1857.  
<sup>4</sup> Bro. John M. White, died on the 11th September, 1857.  
<sup>5</sup> Bro. W. A. Brinson, M. D., buried on the 25th October, 1857.  
<sup>6</sup> Bro. N. E. Morey, died on the 9th Oct., 1857.

MICHIGAN.											
i	ii	iii	iv	v	vi	vii	viii	ix	x	xi	xii
12 J. Babcock,	1	3	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
44 G. W. Hunt,	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
54 J. A. Demill,	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0
55 H. Walton,	0	4	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
57 D. M. Bateman,	3	1	1	1	3	0	0	0	0	1	0
70 John H. Sayers,	0	4	3	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
u.d.W. S. Robinson,	17	5	4	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0

ILLINOIS.

4 B. C. McQuestion,	1	1	4	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
42 J. P. Phillips,	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
53 E. S. Pennell,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
56 J. F. Hyde,	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
68 T. C. Keener,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
93 J. G. Armstrong,	0	1	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
98 T. Taylor,	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
135 P. C. Smith,	0	2	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
142 H. C. Porter,	0	2	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0
146 T. L. Pratt,	0	1	3	5	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
150 A. Harvick,	0	5	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
157 John Thompson,	0	3	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
162 W. P. Aikin,	1	2	2	1	1	0	0	0	1	0	0

INDIANA.

63 R. M. Thomas,	0	3	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
74 J. J. Deakins,	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
80 J. W. Egelston,	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
93 C. Richmond,	0	1	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
97 H. Baldwin,	0	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
137 D. A. Salyer,	0	4	2	3	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
143 J. D. St. John,	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
157 J. H. Luther,	0	1	2	4	5	1	0	0	0	0	0
162 A. D. Roberts,	0	3	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
166 T. Johnson,	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	3	0	0	0
170 E. L. Chittenden,	0	4	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
171 W. G. Sutton,	0	4	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
182 C. A. Fitch, s. w.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
187 T. W. Webster,	0	2	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
190 S. McMillan,	0	2	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0

REMARKS AND EVENTS.

OHIO. — Bro. Spear of No. 3 reports unity and peace. No. 23 is in a flourishing condition; has 52 excellent members. No. 45 is in a prosperous condition, having worked up the best material in the vicinity. No. 48 expects to increase during the winter; its doors are well guarded. No. 48, at Portsmouth, is engaged in erecting a new hall; has 82 members ardently engaged in the work. No. 55 has had to contend with anti-masonry for years, but has lived it down. No. 70 is in a healthy and flourishing condition, with 60 members, — a large proportion of them the most influential and talented men in the county, — and a fine hall, well furnished. No. 73 has conferred the degrees on the best men in the neighborhood, and derives great benefit from the lectures of Past Gr. M. Fielding, which are freely given.

No. 83 having fitted up and moved into a commodious hall, every indication of future usefulness is apparent. No. 85, the old Jackson, (Ohio,) afterwards removed to Brownsville, has and is still doing a good work. No. 91 buried Bro. K. Morford on the 10th August. No. 93 numbers 30 members, young men principally, and exerts a good influence on the public mind. No. 101 is among the strongest Lodges in the State, having 120 members, among which are the best men in the county; there are some twenty-five demitted brethren in this locality. No. 102 is in a thriving condition, located in a healthy country-town, free from vicious habits and places; has 45 members. No. 105 has a membership of 48, composed of the best men in the place. No. 106 enjoys the public favor, and looks for a continuation of prosperity. No. 111 is in trouble, caused by the intrigue and vexatious cunning of an evil disposed member. No. 112 has worked in some bad materials, which must be plastered over or removed; but otherwise is in a good condition. No. 119 is harmonious; was organized in 1844, and has worked up the best material in the vicinity; was visited by Bros. Reed and Kyle, Gr. Lecturers, until the work was correctly received. No. 135 exerts a good influence on community. No. 143 is in a flourishing condition. No. 150 having rid itself of some very bad materials worked in hastily, is now in a better condition than for years; and, the too free use of profane language aside, the brethren as a whole are moral and good men. It is passing strange that men who take the holy bible for the guide, can violate its most sacred requirements; but, alas! the celestial halo of the H. of H. seems to impress their minds but for the time present. No. 156 is in a prosperous condition. No. 163 is doing a good work, and expects to do better. No. 168 has just finished and entered a new and well arranged hall. No. 169 has just done likewise, and is receiving applications for membership at every meeting, but is determined to guard well the outer door. No. 173 has had to contend with anti-masonry of the most violent character, but has conquered by living down the prejudice, and is now exerting a good influence, with flattering prospects. No. 191 has been opposed by a church-organization for some time with success, but has lived down this opposition, and are now enjoying the fruits of peace and prosperity. No. 187, organized in 1850, encountered and overcame strong anti-masonic prejudices; and now, after affording a membership of twenty to a new

Lodge in the same jurisdiction, is enjoying a healthy and prosperous condition. No. 201 has three or four among its members that could be well spared, but, as it is a strong and healthy lodge, it can afford to have this fester in its side. No. 203 is a young lodge, but quite healthy, and receives satisfaction in the visits of its neighbors' genial society. No. 212 has expelled Owen Baker for gross immorality. No. 221 is steadily progressing in numbers and moral influence. No. 224 expelled J. H. Williams, on the 30th July, for gross unmasonic conduct, and has been well nigh destroyed by the flagrant conduct of Phineas Inskeep, by which the brethren lost their hall, and were swindled out of sums of money each from five to a thousand dollars. The conduct of these parties has provoked a spirit of inquiry into the characters of applicants, that will be of great benefit, and it is hoped the Lodge will now gain by care what it has lost by carelessness. No. 226 has built a new hall, and is in a healthy condition, exerting a favorable influence in society. No. 233 is in good heart. No. 238 numbers fifty-seven members, and is exerting a good influence on community. No. 246 numbers forty members, and as they are anxious seekers for light, have recently purchased Bro. Morris' Library of masonic books, and we greatly edified thereby. They recommend the Library to all Lodges, and believe, every purchaser thereof will be thankful for the suggestion. No. 248 exercises great care in its selections of material, and exerts in consequence a good influence. No. 250 has met with opposition, but is gradually conquering a peace and great usefulness in its labor of love. No. 251 fears destruction by demission for the purpose of organizing a new lodge six miles off, at a better locality than that of itself. No. 252 has had to contend with Quaker anti-masonry since its organization, yet has lived down even this to a great extent, and gathered some of those immediately under such influence into its fold. No. 254 is in a prosperous condition, and fast gaining the good and true of its neighborhood. No. 256 has lived down prejudice, and produced a revulsion in its favor so great, that the difficulty is to keep applicants out rather than to get them in. No. 263 exerts a considerable influence upon the local popular mind. No. 265 is located in a Quaker neighborhood, and has a continuous warfare with the "Friends" since its organization, which has resulted in its favor, by winning several opponents to its ranks, to their loss, however, of position among the antis, and all rights

and privileges of religious communion; but this they cheerfully stand and abide by: "Not that they love their church less, but that they love Masonry more." No. 268, located in a somewhat like neighborhood, has lived down the brunt of prejudice and opposition, and is now in a healthy condition. No. 269 is doing well, and working up good materials. No. 270 is doing a good work, with a membership of thirty. No. 271 is in a healthy condition, and harmony prevails. No. 276 has a membership of fifty-four of the best men in the neighborhood, and meets with little opposition, save from men who lack common sense. No. 277 expelled Jno. W. Adgate, on the 6th May, for gross unmasonic conduct. No. 278 made a mistake or two at the start, but has recovered ground lost then, and is doing a good work at present. No. 281 is in good heart and prosperous. No. 286 is located in a neighborhood where masonry is popular, and is increasing in numbers and usefulness as fast as a regard for healthy existence requires. No. 289 is striking ahead securely.

PENNSYLVANIA.—No. 220 is in fine heart, and ranks among the first in the State. The work of resuscitating lodges that went down during the anti-masonic warfare, is briskly going on at present in this State. No. 239 is believed to be doing a good work. No. 243 has been laboring to rid itself of the evils of intemperance, with good success, although room yet exists for improvement. No. 244 is working up unusually good material, and, as a consequence, exerts a beneficial influence. No. 249 was organized in 1850, and has 120 members, mostly middle-aged men, who take a strong and abiding interest in its proceedings, success and work, and, as a consequence, the lodge is in excellent heart, and exerts a commanding influence upon the population. No. 250 is situated in a county containing two other lodges, but is doing a good work, and exerts a healthy influence. No. 261 is reported by the Gr. officers as one of the best working lodges in the State, and in public its influence for good is apparent to all. No. 265 is composed of charitable and good men, whose influence is more effective outside than inside the lodge. No. 268 is at this time enjoying much popular favor, the consequence of a strict discipline, that it is hoped no mock benevolence may weaken.

VIRGINIA.—No. 27 is in a more flourishing condition than it has been for some time, in consequence of the action of the G. L., with regard to non-affiliating masons. No. 35 is suffering for want

of a good place of meeting, although otherwise in a healthy condition. No. 61 promises to be one of the most flourishing lodges in the State. No. 66 is, with few exceptions, composed mostly of church members, among which are nine preachers of the gospel, and is, in consequence, exerting a powerful influence for good upon the community. No. 69 has purchased a fine hall, and nearly paid for it, and this, too, in the face of numerous demissions to form two new lodges in adjoining jurisdictions; and now anticipates a pleasant and profitable existence. No. 77 is appreciated by all within its influence, as is evinced by the constant flow of applicants to its door of admission. No. 94 is doing a good work, its membership being moral and religious men. No. 109 is working slowly, selecting with great care its materials, and numbering a membership of thirty, all good and true, but one, an erring brother, who has become addicted to drinking, and must soon be dealt with. No. 124 is a thriving and estimable lodge, doing a good work.

NORTH CAROLINA.—No. 31 is in a flourishing condition, and doing good; numbers eighty members. No. 97 rejoices in the services of a good and skillful Master, and, as a consequence, the brethren are interested in the work. No. 118 has always been one of the best in the State, although internal faults and dissensions have taken place, and impaired its moral usefulness. No. 115 is exercising a decided influence for good upon the inhabitants of its locality, evinced in the reception of applicants for its mysteries from among the most intelligent and virtuous citizens in its locality. No. 145 has a membership of 49 good and true men, and is doing good. No. 156 has a regular attendance of its whole membership, some 28 brethren, among whom are eight past masters. This is a very unusual thing, and we are not surprised that peace and harmony prevails. No. 167 is doing well.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—No. 29 numbers thirty-one members in good standing, and is in a sound and healthy condition. No. 64 is prospering. No. 68 is in good heart, and needs but a warmer evidence of friendship and less use of profane language among its members, to extend its usefulness far beyond its present range. No. 71 is gaining in honor and usefulness, a high position above its traducers, and its influence is as healthy as triumphant. No. 74 is a young lodge that has just changed its location, and is prospering finely, much benefited by the change. No. 76 is composed of young



men, who take great interest in the work, and have an intense desire to put their lodge among the first in the State.

GEORGIA.—No. 34 is in a very flourishing condition, and eminently cautious in the selection of its materials. No. 38 is sharing with others popular favor. No. 68 is working out its bad material, and improving its moral condition. No. 74 is in good heart, and guards the door of admission with jealous care. No. 106 has had a season of continued interruption and consequent idleness, but the cause being removed, the work will again commence. No. 109 is in a more prosperous and healthy condition than at any former period. No. 114 has recently erected an excellent building for a hall and business stores, and although the members are a little slack in regular attendance, is in good heart, and influential. No. 112 has got into a difficulty, but hopes are entertained that things will be straitened shortly, to the satisfaction of all concerned. No. 140 has a membership of ninety, many of them bright masons and influential men. No. 146 is in a flourishing condition.

TENNESSEE.—No. 13 has built a Female Institute, and furnished it with apparatus to the amount of \$1000. Much good, it is anticipated, will flow from this work. No. 57 is in embarrassed circumstances at present, caused by its care of orphan children, and purchase of scholarships in educational seminaries, but ardent hopes are entertained of relief and future usefulness. No. 87 is in a healthy condition, with plenty of work on hand, and good material. No. 97 expelled J. G. Martin, for begging money under false pretenses, and J. W. Christian, for habitual drunkenness and vice. No. 102 is in good condition. No. 106 has connected with it a Masonic Female Institute, under the superintendence of Dr. A. Hawkins, and anticipates a wide sphere of usefulness, and great benefit to the cause of education from this source. No. 107 is well thought of, and doing good. No. 117 is expending itself in deeds of charity and brotherly love. No. 115 is in a healthy condition, discountenancing vice and profanity; its example is looked upon with favor and affection. No. 118 numbers 88 members, and is doing well. No. 119 is also in a prosperous condition, having connected with it a Female School, numbering sixty scholars, under the superintendence of Rev. Wm. M. Steele, formerly Master of this Lodge. The present Governor of the State, Hon. A. Johnson, was made a Mason in this Lodge. No. 134 numbers 100 members, and has been intrusted by the Legislature of the

State with the control of a flourishing Female Institute at this place, for the erection of which, the brethren are yet partially in debt. No. 130 has been purging itself lately, and is now in a more healthy condition. No. 140 is in rather a lukewarm state at present, though a change for the better is anticipated soon. No. 141 works in peace and harmony, and numbers in its ranks some of the most influential citizens in the town. No. 148 is in a very healthy condition, and well attended, and much caution is exercised in its selection of materials. No. 163 has had difficulties between some of its members, which have caused several to demit, and the peace of the lodge to be interrupted. An academy, under the charge of this lodge, is doing a good work, and promises much usefulness to community. No. 164 is in a healthy state, and has 46 members. No. 170 expelled J. B. Crawford, for gross unmasonic conduct. No. 172 is in a better condition at present, than at any former period. No. 173 has erected a neat brick edifice, at a cost of \$2500, to be used for academic purposes, and masonic hall. The Lodge numbers 51 members, and although men of moderate means, are doing men's parts for the moral and intellectual improvement of community. No. 178 is exerting a happy influence on the locality of its situation. No. 183 has had to contend with opposition and prejudice, but is fast gaining ground. No. 185 has 41 members, in good worldly circumstances, and is looked upon as a moral and intellectual institution. No. 194 has built a masonic edifice, at a cost of \$1200; pays liberally each year for refreshments, and never fails to dispense charity to proper worthy objects, and yet retains a good treasury. The officers and brethren work well, and have sustained always a happy and cheerful existence. No. 195 during last spring, had several private lectures on masonic obligations, that excited a good deal of interest, and in connection with No. 31, has agreed to keep up Lodges of Instruction twice a month, which are being well attended. No. 197 has made itself felt and acknowledged for good, by every man and woman of sense in the locality, notwithstanding the drawback of "Pine Knot Masonry," which has its devotees in the mountains—fellows, who, calling themselves masons, meet in "still houses," and not unfrequently bind themselves together, by oaths, for illegal purposes, to the destruction even of their neighbors' peace, property and happiness. No. 198 is in good condition, and has put out to contract a new hall. No. 199 numbers 30 members, and is exerting a healthy

influence. No. 203 expelled B. F. Thompson, for petty larceny. No. 214 is prosperous, and is building a commodious masonic edifice. No. 218 is doing a good work, and is greatly respected. No. 220 failed to meet in August, an event which never before happened. No. 224 expelled B. H. Nunn, for notorious drunkenness and profane swearing. No. 233 is in a prosperous condition, having lived down opposition.

ALABAMA.—No. 36 has thirty members of fine moral character, and generally intelligent. No. 91 is in trouble. Charges are pending against a member, and the brethren refuse to obey the summons to try him. Light is needed by this Lodge. No. 114 is in good condition, numbering fifty members, chiefly men of high social standing. No. 119 has been favored with a lecture from P. G. M. Clopton, to its great benefit. No. 143 has been effectively lectured by G. Lect. James M. Brundage, who was in attendance three days, and is exerting a salutary influence on community. No. 168 is in a flourishing condition; all things working harmoniously, and a bright and useful future is hoped for.

ARKANSAS.—No. 16 has been in existence ten years, to the great benefit of the rising generation. The members are the men who build churches and school-houses, and are looked up to by all as the chief men in the county. No. 41 is doing great good, peace and harmony prevailing. No. 58 has been benefited by a visit from the Gr. Lect. E. H. Whitfield.

MISSISSIPPI.—No. 25 is in good condition. No. 53 is exerting a salutary influence upon society in its locality. No. 54 is in trouble financially. No. 62 is going to have a regular weekly private lecture, which it is believed will do great good. No. 85 is in a prosperous condition, though in a bad locality for accessions to its numbers: a change of place is anticipated. No. 95, like the militia at Bladensburg, "do n't take no interest." Times of meeting pass without the regard or attention of the members, and as a consequence the popular mind can not be favorably affected by an institution that the members themselves give so little of their attention to. No. 98 is getting over the low ground of sorrow in peace and harmony. No. 102 buried their W. M. on the 5th of August. No. 112 is going to build a house for Lodge and business purposes, at a cost of \$100 a member. No. 165 flourishes in a locality where the ladies are warm advocates of Masonry. No. 170 exults in the possession of hosts of

friends, and is erecting a substantial hall, which, when finished, will add, it is believed, much to the prosperity of the Lodge. No. 176, by the good behavior of its members, has removed prejudices existing against the institution at date of its organization. No. 179 is doing a good work within the whole sphere of its influence. No. 180 has been in existence three years and eight months, and has done a vast amount of good.

LOUISIANA.—No. 51 is going to have regular lectures three or four times a week, from which much benefit, it is believed, will be derived. No. 113 has been in a dormant condition up to the last year. It has now however got to work, and it is expected will do well. No. 104 is very rigid in its rules for applicants; hence its position is very respectable, and its influence salutary on behalf of the order. The brethren are possessed of a handsome and well-furnished hall. No. 109 admits very "promiscuous" material, and thus makes work for itself both inside and out, that a little less mock benevolence and good fellowship would deprive it of, to the ultimate satisfaction of all concerned.

TEXAS.—No. 45 has been afflicted with a like complaint, and taken into the works blocks that can neither be plumbed, squared, nor leveled; but now they are in, they can not be got out, but must remain to mar the more perfect work, and establish a lesson of future carefulness.

FLORIDA.—No. 11 has sixty members, and is exerting a good influence.

MISSOURI.—No. 21 is held in high esteem by the citizens generally, as harmony and good will prevails among the members. No. 33 is composed of the best men in the county, and have a commodious hall for the use of the Lodge. No. 34 has since its organization in 1841 been instrumental in doing much good, benefiting the condition of and affording aid to all who came within the sphere of its usefulness. No. 39 is but few in numbers, but what they lack in quantity they make up amply in quality, and the public knowing that the Lodge is composed of the best men in the community, are favorably impressed with the institution. No. 44 has been tolerating politics, and dissensions have followed as day follows night, to the dissatisfaction of all concerned. No. 62, although young and feeble, possesses the good will of the public. No. 71 is progressing fast as desired, and is exerting a healthful influence on community. No. 91 is progressing in the even tenor of its way without opposition, and is doing well.

No. 113 has a membership of forty brethren, and exerts a happy influence in its locality. No. 129 subscribed for a copy of the dollar American Freemason for each of its members who would pay up their dues in 1856 and 1857, as a premium. The project had a very happy effect, that other Lodges would do well by imitating. We will let them have the present work low for this purpose.

IOWA.—No. 5 is in danger of suffering from excess of popularity. No. 6 is doing well, and exerting a sensible influence for good. No. 14 is looked upon as the only respectable secret institution in the locality. No. 25 has lately evinced an interest in itself as gratifying as unexpected. Light is being sought for, and this inquiry will not cease until the object is attained, and newness of strength will be rejoiced in. No. 30 is in good condition, not so much besieged as formerly by men who expect to reap by their membership twenty per cent. on their investment, and as a consequence more peace and harmony prevails. No. 60 is enjoying a steady increase, and the accessions are from among the best class of citizens in the locality. No. 63 is enjoying prosperity and fitting abundance of sound material into its portion of the edifice. No. 68 is doing a good work, living down opposition and enmity.

MINNESOTA.—No. 2 is exerting a most beneficial influence in its locality.

NEW MEXICO.—No. 109, (G. L. Mo. register) considering its locality, is in a thriving and prosperous condition. The moral influence of the Lodge is such, that the most prominent citizens, U. S. officers, civil and military, are daily enrolling themselves among its members.

MICHIGAN.—No. 6 has been disbanded and changed into Mt. Clemens, U. D., is doing a good work, and making many warm friends and advocates. No. 12 has a membership of seventy, is doing an excellent work, and enjoying the favor of the entire female community. No. 44 is composed of good men and true, and exerts a healthy moral influence. No. 46 had a little opposition at the start from anti-masonry, but that has died out, and the Lodge is now enjoying popular favor. No. 52 is growing more popular daily. No. 55 is working up all the good material that is offered, but discards that to which the tools can not be applied. No. 61 is in good working order, and caution is exercised in the selection of materials. No. 63 stands high in the estimation of the community, and is enjoying a season of marked prosperity. No. 67, although located on the extreme outskirts of civilization, 600 miles from the nearest

Lodge, is enjoying a happy state of success, and making a name for itself second to none in the State. No. 70 is in a healthy and satisfactory condition, with a bountiful supply of material of the right quality on hand.

WISCONSIN.—No. 6 is located in a mining country, in a village on the wane, but once the most thriving Lodge in the State. It is in good circumstances at present, nevertheless, and select in the choice of its materials. No. 3 is steadily increasing its membership and doing good. No. 32 is exciting much attention, and exerts a happy effect upon the minds of the community. No. 71, composed principally of farmers, enjoys a season of repose during the summer months, but is in a flourishing condition. No. 52 is in a prosperous condition, with a membership of thirty-three of the best men in the place, and a good hall to meet in.

INDIANA.—No. 16 is exerting a beneficial influence; its careful attendance upon the sick brethren is a marked point in its favor. No. 18 expelled F. J. Krack for gross unmasonic conduct. This Lodge is held in high repute by the citizens in its locality. No. 32 has purchased a hall in the second story of a building just erected, and will do well. No. 38 is a good working Lodge, and its business has greatly increased. No. 39 possesses a membership of eighty generous and liberal brethren. Intellectually, socially and morally this Lodge ranks high. No. 45 has eighty-six members, men of mark in the locality, who exercise a powerful influence on the public mind for good. No. 63 is a small but useful Lodge, composed principally of farmers, and is beneficial in its effects upon the country around. No. 64 has taken quite a start forward in the last six months, and is now in a thriving condition. No. 69, since the last public celebration, has gained in popular favor. No. 71 is in a prosperous condition, and regarded by the public as a good institution. No. 74 has met much opposition from ignorant anti-masonry, but has gone steadily forward and lived it down. No. 80 has appropriated money to send the daughter of a deceased brother to a High School in the neighborhood, and it is hoped more interest will be taken in the meetings and work of the Lodge than has lately been evinced. No. 86 is in a most thrifty condition. No. 93 stands fair in the locality, having recently expelled a brother for intemperance. No. 100 pursues a course calculated to elevate it in the opinion of the people of its locality, and has some of the brightest young members in the State. No. 103 is composed of the

best class of citizens, and has to contend but with general objectors to all secret societies,—a class of opponents who are as narrow-minded as their creed. No. 108 rejects improper materials with a promptitude and decision that will be valuable to its future prosperity. No. 110 is in a happy and prosperous condition, and works up first-class material. No. 111 has ten members who are always ready, but the remainder do not take the interest they ought to in the success of the Lodge. No. 112 is in fine heart, numbering among its membership the best men in the county. No. 122 has good prospects of success in its future labors. No. 126 numbers 37 members, and, although a small jurisdiction, is healthy and valued by the people living within its bounds. No. 127 is in a flourishing condition, and the citizens maintain that a man to be a mason *must* be a good man. No. 137 is bound to be the guiding star of the community, its influence being entirely for good. No. 157 sacredly maintains the rights of its members at the ballot-box, and the result is a salutary influence upon society at large. No. 160, although as yet in its infancy, is exerting a salutary influence upon the public mind. No. 161 is not so well posted as it might be. No. 163 is in a good condition. No. 166 is composed of influential men, and the community at large seem well disposed towards the brethren. No. 170 is progressing finely, and, having a beautiful and tastefully ornamented room, the brethren take great interest in the meetings and work. No. 189 takes the lead in this locality. Its members are men of mark and influence. No. 190 has some "antis" to contend with, but they are becoming weaker daily, and the lodge is doing a good work. No. 191 has a majority of the best citizens in the locality among its members, and is doing good. No. 213 has lived down all old prejudices, and exercises the public mind healthfully.

ILLINOIS.—No. 4 has been, during the summer months, refitting and cleaning their rooms, and are now going ahead prosperously. No. 23 is in a healthy condition, gradually increasing in numbers and usefulness, and has one of the best rooms in the State. No. 24 is doing a good work for its members and community. No. 42 is eleven years old, and, having passed triumphantly through the fire of malpractice within, and opposition without, is now enjoying a season of prosperity and peace. No. 49 is one of the oldest in Henry county, and, being possessed of a comfortable building, is enjoying the reward that follows labors

well performed and trials overcome. No. 50 is a good Lodge and works well, having had various fortunes, it is now exerting a peaceful influence on the popular mind. No. 51 is composed of good materials, and, at peace with itself and all mankind, is quietly supplying the workman from among its ranks for the erection of like useful edifices in the neighborhood. No. 53 is recovering from previous carelessness, in admitting bad men, and making of them worse masons. No. 55 exerts a wholesome influence upon the neighboring county, and is generally respected. No. 56 has 61 brethren in good standing, and six under trial for non-payment of dues. No. 61 has steadily progressed during the past year, and ranks in its membership some of the best citizens in the locality. No. 70 is in a healthy and flourishing condition. No. 83 has given place to a new Lodge working under dispensation, which is destined to become highly respectable and useful in its locality. No. 93 exerts a salutary influence on community, and is growing quite rapidly. No. 94 is held in high repute; the membership is all good and sound to the core. No. 98 has a respectable attendance, and, being composed of good and true men, is exercising an influence for good which will eventually win the hearts of all. No. 111 has healed dissensions and soothed bickerings and heart-burnings in its locality, and its benign and healthy influence is marked by the community. No. 131 has experienced much opposition from that intolerant church whose motto is, "oppose all Protestant, missionary, charitable and secret societies;" but upon the minds of the people generally it has impressed its character for good. No. 135 has a membership of thirty-three good and true men, who, in honoring Masonry, honor themselves and their relations. No. 137 is in the midst of peace and harmony. No. 112 is blessed with an intelligent and reading membership who is not afraid of knowing too much, and, as a consequence, exercises a sound and healthy influence upon the public mind. No. 122 is sustained by the best of generous and brotherly feeling within, and genial friendship without. No. 136 is in a healthy condition. No. 142 is in the enjoyment of peace and harmony, the conduct of the members being unexceptionable. No. 144 has a few members who are of the fault-finding order, and, although the Lodge could do a handsome business in its rich locality, healthy progress is checked by these "grunters." No. 146 is in a sound and healthy condition, and is looked up to by the citizens generally. No. 148 enjoys peace and har-

mony, and some of the best citizens of the county compose its membership. No. 150 has grown up since 1853 into a large and useful Lodge of sixty members, with a good hall. No. 162 is steadily increasing its membership of good and true men, and, in the face of opposition from Christian denominations, has done well. No. 163 has its most faithful workmen in charge, and believes that the faults and follies of former bad work will be conquered and removed, and that the true light will be sought for hereafter with more avidity.

CALIFORNIA.—No. 66 has a membership of seventy good and true men, many of whom think it no labor to travel six or eight miles over the mountains after their day's work is done, to attend the meetings, and this, too, in the winter months, with snow ten or twelve feet deep. It is no wonder the work of this Lodge is performed well, and masonry is valued. No. 73 lost its hall by fire last June, but is in a most prosperous condition, and, composed of the best men in the locality, exerts a fine influence upon society in its jurisdiction. No. 81 is composed of a scattered, but faithful and thrifty membership, and is enjoying a fair share of popularity. No. 83 is in a flourishing condition, although sometimes imposed on by foreigners, one of whom is at present under trial for rascality of various kinds and measures. No. 104 has done much good since its organization, in relieving distressed worthy brothers, and otherwise exhibiting strong proofs of the genial character, aims and objects of Freemasonry.

IN preparing our work for the month, we have had occasion to glance through the various issues of the Masonic press, and in doing so, we could not avoid noticing the evidences of a fast-growing ambition, on the part of our masonic writers, great and small, to be *profound* in their essays, rather than to be *practical*. And it seemed to us worthy of a passing remark, that in a fraternity so vast as ours, with its world of incident, event and story, the fact did not present itself to the minds of these brethren, that it is something practical—something of every-day use—that the great mass of the fraternity required, rather than labored disquisitions on what these writers fain would lead us to believe, was the masonry of two thousand years ago.

While we will give place to no man in our veneration for the antiquity of our institution, we are constrained to believe that a greater regard for its *present*, and a less regard for its past, would conduce greatly to its temporal advantage. But, taking our profound MACKAY for their model, there is scarcely a masonic writer, occasional or professional, whose best productions at the present day do not evince a desire much greater than their success, to emulate that learned brother, in their delvings into Eleusinianism, Gnosticism and Cabalistics, Egyptian antiquities, mysteries and hieroglyphics, Hebrew and Greek roots, and heathen mythology, and, from their researches therein, educing some better reason for the existence of the Masonic Fraternity, and some better derivation of the Masonic name.

If these brethren expect to eventually become all Mackeys, we are free to believe they will be disappointed. A more peculiar cast of mind and a larger share of concentrativeness, love of inquiry and aptitude of research, than is vouchsafed to mankind generally, is believed to be necessary to insure success in the acquirement of any abstruse knowledge; and we can not satisfy ourselves that because a man chooses to enter the lists of Masonic mysteries and logic, he must necessarily, without the possession of extraordinary talents, excel in becoming a successful teacher of its applications, or deliver into its mystic lore.

If the majority of our masonic writers, leaving the cultivation of the antique and hidden to the few who do excel in that department, would take Masonry as it is, and expend their ability in putting it in the most practical and beneficial light before those whom they address, to the end, that its present, not its past, might come in for a due share of recognition and respect, their efforts, we are assured, would meet with more decided approbation. With the researches of those who have gone before, so free of access as they now are to all, it is quite as easy to be complex and profound in writing about Ancient Masonry, as it is to be abstract and practical. But it is Masonry as it is, that we would talk about and make use of, and not Masonry

as it was in the days of Enoch, Noah, Moses, or Pythagoras. It is not the efforts of the ancients, but the efforts of ourselves that are now needed to render the institution as useful and practical in this our day, for the requirements of humanity, as it was efficient in the time of these worthies in preserving knowledge, that, but for it, would have been for ever lost.

When but a very imperfect, because entirely esoteric, knowledge of the origin and history of the institution obtained, Masonry lived and flourished in a remarkable degree. It is true, its private affairs were not so well known by the world, but the benefits arising from connection with it, were more highly valued. To be a Freemason forty years ago, was an honor second to none, within the franchise of respectability. And it is even yet, with many, a question, whether its later and more extended publicity has made its benefits more effective or otherwise, than a greater regard for its exclusiveness would have done. Be this as it may, it is not our own belief that the negative of the question will bear out its supporters in their sophism; but we are fully convinced, that a greater desire to disseminate the practical benefits of the three grand tenets of Masonry—Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth—in their broadest and most effective sense, would be at the present time, far more effective in fostering a love for the institution itself, than the most learned dissertations or surprising elucidations of the cause, that called into being the necessity for these tenets.

Freemasonry, from its very magnitude, must necessarily rank within its organization, the infants, the children, the youths in intellect, as well as the strong men; and most assuredly it is the duty of those who have assumed the responsible position of providing aliment for this diversity of appetite to take this fact into consideration. The mental pabulum that would enrich an active and vigorous mind, would prove entirely too solid for the weaker and more naturally slothful or immature; and while the continual spread of profound dissertations upon the origin of Freemasonry may be gratifying and satisfactory to the few

Masonic students who have leisure to digest, and natural capacity for their reception and consumption, such offering can no more satisfy the mental appetite of the great mass of the brotherhood, than a sumptuous banquet of train oil and bran bread could satisfy their corporal cravings.

With such opinions ours, we have endeavored to make the contribution to Masonic literature, which we have undertaken monthly to provide, as much diversified and palative, as a due regard for such opinion would dictate. And if we fail to cover the ground before us, as well as some of our contemporaries, it is more the want of ability to do so, than the absence of a knowledge of what is required.

Bro. — believes he has improved, in the following, upon our little lecture of the "Trestle Board" in our January No. To have brought him out has compensated us for our effort; and, although in places he runs somewhat into the "Chadband" style of argument, nevertheless the effort, as a whole, is not bad. Hear him:

#### THE TWENTY-FOUR INCH GUAGE.

*"The twenty-four inch guage is to measure and ascertain the extent of any building, that the expenses may be accurately computed. Hence we derive a lesson of instruction. It recalls to our mind the division of the day into twenty-four hours, and directs us to apportion them to prayer, labor, refreshment, and repose. It may be further considered as the scale which comprehends the numerical apportionment of the different degrees, according to the several Lodges."*—OLIVER.

*"The twenty-four inch guage is an instrument made use of by operative masons to measure and lay out their work; but we, as free and accepted masons, are taught to make use of it for the more noble and glorious purpose of dividing our time. It being divided into twenty-four equal parts is emblematical of the twenty-four hours of the day, which we are taught to divide into three equal parts, whereby we found eight hours for the service of God and a distressed worthy brother, eight hours for our usual avocations, and eight hours for refreshment and sleep."*—LECTURES.

"ORDER is Heaven's first law." This well-known sentence can never be expressed without impressing the auditor with its truth. A world without order would be a world in chaos—a world before its creation. In six days God made Heaven and Earth and all that in them is. To the almighty hand and mind was these six days work but pleasure—pastime; yet the inspired recorder of this fact informs us further that He—yes, even God rested on the seventh day; and to commemorate that rest sanctified that seventh day and hallowed it. Here have we the first lesson of order and division of time for purposes of labor, refreshment, and repose given by the Almighty himself.

To prepare ourselves for labor we must have refreshment and rest, and let that rest be in proportion to the labor performed or to be performed.

By the instrument before us, we are informed by our lectures, three divisions of our time of eight hours each, are measured to us. Yet while we are at liberty to vary these as suits our individual temperament or conditions, mentally and physically, we are sternly confined to the length and measurement of the whole, and from this bound we can not pass. If we take eight hours for labor, and eight hours for refreshment and repose, we have eight hours remaining not called for by either. To what purpose then, are we to devote these hours? The lectures tell us "to the service of God and the relief of our brethren." True, most true; but ah! my brethren, how many are there among us who thus appropriate their limit! How many of these precious hours are devoted to the service of God, and how many to the relief of our brethren? How many of us is there who give two whole hours out of the twenty-four to the serious worship of God? And can we lay our hands on five out of fifty of our number who devote as much as one whole hour daily to the efficient relief of our distressed worthy brothers? I fear not.

And why, it may reasonably be asked, that knowing this requirement of duty, is it so generally neglected and evaded? Why is it that while we willingly devote the eight hours measured to us for that purpose to our usual vocations, and other eight allowed to us, to refreshment and repose, we do not devote the remaining measure to the purpose for which it is apportioned? Because, dear friends, by the first two divisions *self* is sustained, and for the sustenance of self the last division is not believed to be required. Yet, oh! how great this mistake! What! can we defraud God of his due, and be richer for the act? Can we appropriate His time to our own use, and believe that He, the all-seeing, will not note the action and its selfish prompting? Rest assured, no. He is just, just to himself, and just to us. And as we sow, so shall we reap. If we sow dishonor by dishonoring our Father and Creator—denying to and defrauding Him of that which is his, we shall certainly reap our reward, and our harvest shall be sure. "God is not mocked."

Oh my brethren, how few of us, when exhausted in body and mind, with labor extended for selfish purposes far beyond the assigned limit, we cast ourselves upon our couches, and relinquish ourselves to sleep, find that repose we seek? How many of us, in such condition, delay our thoughts from their lethargic longings, to ask forgiveness of God, or even think of Him without whose bidding sleep cometh not? "He giveth his beloved sleep;" and notwithstanding we, ungrateful and hardened from the beginning, make no acknowledgement for this most precious boon, He, most benignant and blessed, does generously afford us the sleep of his beloved. Ah! how can we fail to remember this? How can we not determine to devote to him the quota of time which is his due, and fixedly resolve never again to be so abominably selfish as to steal from Him, our great Father and friend, lest he stay not his hand, but "bring down our strength in our journey, and shorten our days?"

But, brethren, His service, though first—His worship, by prayer and praise alone, is not suffi-

cient to pay the debt we owe Him. We must relieve the distress of our fellows and brothers also; and this devotion of our time is looked upon by Him with the greatest favor—this self-denial rises to his throne as a sweet-smelling savor. "The Lord careth for strangers. He defendeth the fatherless and the widow; but as for the way of the ungodly He turneth it upside down."

How many of us, brothers, take with our sixteen hours apportioned to labor, refreshment, and sleep of that other portion, and devote it to the relief of our brethren, or their dependents, in distress? How many of us stop to think, or go out of our way to inquire if we have a Brother in distress? Is there a stranger within our gates, and do we seek to know it? Is the fatherless and the widow the constant recipients of our care and provision? Oh my brothers, I fear we delude ourselves. We are not the chosen instruments of God's providence, else would the Scripture just quoted be all unfulfilled and a lie. He who covereth the heaven with clouds and prepareth rain for the earth, and maketh the grass to grow upon the mountains and herb for the use of man, must look to others than us to provide for his meek and distressed ones. Our hearts are hardened against His ways. Our souls are full of selfishness, and we cultivate not the beauties nor the beatitudes of His holy way. The battle of life, the strife for power temporal—not eternal—the soul and body-exhausting labor of mammon-acquiring, engrosses the third division of our twenty-four inch guage. That beautiful division of our time so carefully incalculated, we constantly outrage, and truly are we rewarded by a shortened length of days, and a premature death. Oh my brothers, as you go to your homes this night, and prepare to rest your lives upon your beds, think of these words, and ponder well this saying: "He that now goeth on his way weeping, yet beareth good seed, shall come at that day with joy, and bring his sheaves with him."

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our wish has been, and will be, to give place to nothing in the pages of our magazine of a purely temporary character; and influenced by this desire we have declined publishing many articles furnished us on various topics somewhat connected with Freemasonry.—To this rule we must rigidly adhere. Articles of a permanent character will, if suitable as to length and found worthy, be cheerfully paid for at a reasonable price; but once and for all we say we have neither room nor appetite for the great number of tolerable essays that since the publication of our first number have found their way to our desk. Being carefully stereotyped, this work is designed for preservation, and, we hope, as much usefulness ten years from now as at present; and with this object in view, we have made certain rules for our guidance, of which this is one.

# American Freemason

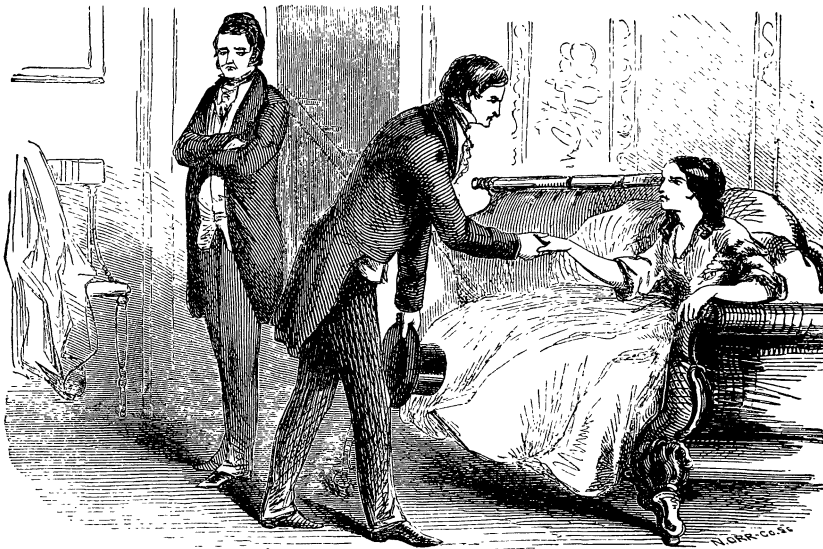


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No. 3.

## Romance of American Masonic History.\*



INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE BRIDE AND HER COUSIN.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### THE PURSUER.

"Too late! too late! alas too late!!  
The moment 's passed, the prize is gone."

IN hot haste rode two men towards Petersburg. They were both at the hight of their horses' speed, but one was a little in advance of the other. He was a tall, noble form, well-proportioned and finely developed, with a countenance expressive of the greatest determination.

His very position in the saddle, as, with clenched bridle-rein he bent slightly forward, with every nerve strained to the utmost tension, bespoke a will not to be overcome by any thing short of impossibility. Hellenian at the Olympic game drove not forward toward the goal with more desperation than did he in his pursuit.

And why this dreadful energy, this breathless haste?

\* Entered, according to Act of Congress, by J. F. BRENNAN, on the 5th day of October, 1857, in the Clerk's Office of the U. S. District of Kentucky.



"Oh bring her back, Mourdant!—my child!—for God's sake, bring her back, untouched by the hands of the villain!"

"I will, uncle, God being my helper."

The promise was given; and the young man struck his rowels deep into his horse's sides, and hallooing to his companion to "come on," started off to redeem it at the sacrifice of his life. On, on he pressed, until his horse sunk beneath him. Procuring a fresh one for himself, and one for his friend, he had not ceased to urge his course forward until he reached the outskirts of the city.

The party were just leaving the parsonage as the horsemen swept by. Lucinda recognized the form of her cousin, and staggering with sudden alarm, fell into the arms of her husband. She was borne back to the little parlor, and laid on the cushioned settee, while every thing was done, by the parson's wife and her sister, to restore her to consciousness. Morgan, completely unnerved by this sudden and unexpected occurrence, stood over her beseeching them to save his wife. Elston, with a boy to show the way, was despatched for the nearest doctor. The parson looked on with strange misgivings; all seemed wild and suspicious to him. Yet it was no time for questioning, and he wisely forbore remark.

The physician came, and after examining the patient, and eliciting such information as he could from the alarmed company, pronounced the sudden attack the result of physical debility and a continued state of high mental excitement.

Some moments elapsed before she was aroused to any degree of consciousness; and then, as the light of the dreadful present flashed in upon her mind, revealing the momentousness of the step just taken, unable to brave the horrid vision, she recoiled from its contemplation—her soul sunk within her, and the heart refused to perform its accustomed office.

"For dreadful doubt and keen remorse  
Were rending hard that bursting heart."

How appalling were the consequences of that one act which could *never* be undone. The sentence was irrevocably pronounced—the die cast—the seal for ever set.

"She must be kept very quiet, sir, or the result may be serious," said the doc-

tor, as he felt her pulse and passed his hands over the pallid temples.

At the sound of the strange voice she opened her eyes and gazed upward into the doctor's face with a wild bewildered look painful to behold.

"Oh take me to my father, my dear father; let me go home!"

"Can she not be taken to the hotel, doctor? once there she could have uninterrupted quiet."

"I must see the effect of the medicine I have given her before I can decide. The dose was a powerful one, and will act in a short time."

"Let her remain with us until she is better. We will take good care of her."

"Thank you, madam, for your kindness, but if it is possible, I would prefer to remove her to the hotel. She can be very comfortable there."

Morgan and Elston had forgotten their assumed characters, and were acting out themselves. The parson saw and read it all, but it was too late to recall the deed, so he solaced himself with the hope that the worst effects had already been realized, and determined within himself never again to be duped into a similar act.

"I am better now, let me go from here," whispered Lucinda to her husband, as he bent over her.

The physician was consulted, who decided she could go, laying the strictest injunction upon them to keep her from all excitement.

Almost borne in the arms of her husband and his friend, Lucinda reached her room at the hotel. Morgan bent over her with solicitude and care. Her distress had awakened and aroused to the highest height all the better feelings of his nature. He smoothed back the jetty tresses from the pallid brow with the tenderness of a woman, pressed her feeble hand in his, and spoke words of affection and hope. Her spirit was soothed. The delicate hand relaxed its hold; the languid eye closed gently, and she sunk into peaceful slumber.

Leaving her in charge of the servant, Morgan descended to apprise the physician of the improvement. As he opened the front door to pass out, a hand was firmly placed upon his shoulder, and a severe voice accosted him.

"And I have found you at last! Where is my cousin? Where is Lucinda Pendleton?"

Morgan started back with the suddenness of surprise, and stood eyeing his interrogator with a mingled expression of wonder and defiance.

"Do you not know me? I am Mourdant Chester, and I have come to demand my cousin. I come in the name of her father, from whose arms you have so villainously torn her. Tell me, where is she?"

Defiantly and scornfully the answer came from the contemptuous lip.

"And what is that to you? You *can not* see her!"

The indignant man, fired by the bold answer, advanced a step, while the blood rushed in wild fury to his broad, high forehead, and crimsoned his earnest face.

"Where is Lucinda Pendleton? Tell me, man! I must and will see her!"

Conscious of his advantage, Morgan cast a cold, sneering look upon him, and replied not.

Losing all self-possession beneath that insolent look, Chester seized upon him, to remove him from his way.

"Tell me where she is! I ask you for the last time."

"She is safe, and beyond the reach of your control."

"What do you mean, man, is she dead? Tell me, tell me, and relieve me of this killing suspense," and he dashed Morgan from him and started forward.

"She is my wife, and as such I shall protect her."

He stood transfixed, riveted to the spot, for a moment speechless.

"Your wife! Oh God! Your wife!—Impossible! You wish to deceive me."

"I do not deceive you, she is my wife," and Morgan looked at the frenzied man with an air of heartless triumph.

As a lion caught in the toils, the brave, bold man stood defeated, powerless in the presence of his jeering enemy. It were but rashness to use further threats. It were but to bring upon himself the contumely of one whom he despised, whose heartlessness and treachery had brought misery to warm, loving hearts, and disgrace on the proud name of his uncle. Aye, and more than all this, had snatched

from him his heart's cherished idol. Her for whom he would have died that he might shield her from the shade of sorrow, and protect her fair name from the breath of obloquy.

"You must produce your evidences, Morgan, or I can not believe you," he added, in a voice somewhat less imperative.

"Will you not take my word for it, Mr. Chester? I tell you it is so."

"Your word! *your word!* Take the word of a dastardly coward; one who would betray the innocent heart of a young trusting girl, and bring sadness and despair to the bosoms of her friends? No, no! never, never! You must produce your witnesses. This I have a right to demand, sir, and I do demand it."

Morgan started toward him, but he measured his strength and paused.

"I refer you to this man," said he, turning to Elston, who just then came up on the stoop, "and if you can not believe him, he will show you to the parson who performed the ceremony, and perhaps you will then be convinced."

"And may I not see your wife, Mr. Morgan, if it be but for a few minutes? I would deliver to her her father's message. I now ask as a favor what I have just demanded as a right."

"She is sleeping now, and can not be disturbed."

"What! is she sick?"

"Well—no—only broken down. The fatigue and excitement have been too much for her, and the doctor says she must have rest."

"And must I go back to her father with this heart-rending intelligence," he said, soliloquizing, "without seeing her, that I may bear to him one word of contrition or love? Poor man! poor man! his old loving heart will break. It can not bear this heavy trial;" and the young man sighed heavily as he contemplated the rayless picture.

Morgan was touched. "You may see her a few minutes when she awakes, if you wish it, but she must not be disturbed."

"And what shall I say to your father, Lucinda?" asked Chester, as he pressed her hand in his in a farewell! His poor old heart is almost broken. Shall I not bear to him some message of consolation? just one word of penitence and love?"

She gazed at him with a mingled look of wonder and fear, as if uncertain what to say. Her husband stood by, and his face wore a frown. She caught the expression. A look of unutterable sadness overspread her flushed countenance, her lip quivered, with the upheaving emotion a sigh burst from her rent soul.

"Just one word, Lucinda, one word to stay him under this heavy blow. You can not tell how he is bowed to the earth, your poor old father."

Convulsively she clasped his hand: "Oh, tell him I love him, cousin Mour-dant! tell him I love him!" and she withdrew her hand suddenly, and pressing her throbbing brow, burst into a wild agony of tears.

"You must be gone, sir; this excitement will kill her;" and Morgan sneered on the suffering pair as he spoke—"Ah, perfidious man! oh, heart of stone!"

Chester bent down and kissed the quivering tear-washed cheek. What a pang of unutterable despair drove through his soul, as its pure velvet softness met his lips. She had been his heart's divinity. With rapt adoration he had worshiped at the shrine. But the temple had crumbled—the altar was prostrate—the vestal-fire gone out, and never again to be relighted. 'Twas the last fond kiss of hopeless, despairing love.

Morgan followed him to the door.

Turning upon him a look of scathing, searching ire, he said, "I go now to bear to Captain Pendleton intelligence which must for ever blast his hopes and wrap his heart in the blackness of despair; and all the work of your hands, the consequence of your dastardly treachery, your fiendish baseness. But beware, false man, beware! The day of retribution will come; and when you bow beneath the relentless stroke of destiny, when *your* cup of anguish shall be full, remember, then remember her whom you have shamefully betrayed, him whose heart you have vilely broken."

#### CHAPTER V.

##### THE OLD MAN'S VOW.

WITH phrenzied brain and wild sad look, the old man paced the hall with rapid strides. Fitfully and with search-

ing gaze he peered into the deepening gloom, to discover, if possible, the messenger of his daughter's destiny. He was pale and worn, for no food had passed his lips since he had ascertained the flight of his daughter. At first he had raved with the fury of a madman, imprecating heaven's vengeance upon her deceiver, and vowing never again to see the wayward child that had made his name a reproach and a by-word. Then the father triumphed, and he gave violent vent to the full, deep feelings of his heart, imploring God's protection upon his poor misguided one, and making to her fancied presence the most earnest promises of forgiveness and eternal love.

How wearily were the hours of that fearful day, as with unspeakable dread and soul-wearing languor he counted the scarcely moving minutes. His heart was the seat of pent-up volcanic fires, struggling for escape, but finding none, and burning with that terrible intensity which utterly consumes and destroys.

How bitterly he cursed the murderer of his heart's best hopes, the cowardly destroyer of his once fair name. "Dastard! villain!" burst from his compressed lips, as with clenched hand he seemed to be wreaking vengeance on the object of his wrath. "Thou seducer of my child! thou destroyer of my peace! how can you hope to escape the reward of your treachery!" Then his heart would turn to his daughter, his own darling Lucinda, his poor misled, innocent child. How vividly came back to him the prattle of childhood, the first lisplings of love, the look of angel beauty that dwelt in the childish wondering eyes, as hand in hand, she had wandered with him the live-long day through the green meadows and by the river side, wreathing with innocence and grace wild flowers round his whitening locks, and kissing away the pain from his aching head. Then rushed upon him the vision of after years, when she and Margaret were the sole companions of his desolate heart. With kindling eye and grateful swelling bosom he had watched the developing maturity of mind and form; the glorious opening of the rich, full bud into the fair flower of unsurpassed loveliness, where beauty fixed the admiring gaze, and enchained

in wrapt devotion the heart of the worshiper. Now his eyes wore the father's look, the dark, fierce vengeance was gone from them, and the big tears, welling up from the heart's deep fountain of inexhaustible love, flowed down his sunken cheek. "Oh, my daughter! my dear, dear daughter! my poor Lucinda! my darling, my child!" broke forth from his overflowing soul, as imagination brought back to him her faultless form and radiant face, and he would fling his arms wildly out as if to clasp her to his bosom.

Margaret essayed to calm him. She had sorrow enough of her own, poor child; but with that fortitude and forgetfulness of self, which characterize the woman's heart, she bound her own great griefs within her bosom, that she might the better assuage those of her kind old father. Oh, this immolation of self on the altar of filial love! Has earth a brighter beacon light to lure the soul to heaven, a more priceless gem with which to set the diadem of life?

"She has been deceived, father, I know she has; she loves us yet, and she will come back to us as pure and innocent as when she left. She will not be misled. She will not marry him, I know she will not, when she comes to her senses and thinks what she is doing."

"Oh, my child! my child! she will marry that villain, and be lost to me for ever! Oh! she will, my daughter, she is so young and trusting! and she is in the hands of that fiend! gone, gone from me; I never more shall see her! Would to God she had gone with her mother, or laid herself down in these old arms to die, before that vile deceiver had won her. But now—"

"Oh, she will not marry him, father; I am sure she will not. She will be so frightened when she finds herself away from us, she will not know what to do. And then, you know, cousin Mourdant may overtake them before they have time to get married. I know he will; for did he not say he would bring her back to us unharmed?"

Thus the noble girl, with the great load of sorrow knocking at her own shattered heart, strove, with words of hope, to soothe the violence of her father's sorrow, and save him from despair.

But, like the mourning Hebrew mother, he "would not be comforted."

"Ah! my poor, dear child, you know not what you say. You know not the wily arts of that base villain. And they got so much the start of Chester, that, even if he gets on their track, he can not overtake them before the dreadful deed is done! Oh! had I my darling back again, I would give worlds, worlds! But she is gone—gone forever!" and the old man wept convulsively.

"Oh! say not so, father. Cousin Mourdant said he would bring her back; and you know he is brave, and he loves Lucinda, too. I know he will."

But Margaret heaved deep sighs of distrust, even while her tearful voice spoke words of hope.

He pressed her gentle hand in speechless grief, and turned his brimming eyes sadly upon her. "Oh! that her words might be true! but no, they could not."

He sprang from his seat beside her, and strode the hall in hopeless agony.

The whole household was wrapped in gloom. Its light, its joy, was gone. The old family servants moved listlessly about, with restless, vacant air, as in search of something, they scarce knew what. Thus the day wore on, and brought the evening; but there came no smile of hope, no cheering word, no mitigation of the deep, dark grief.

"Taste this tea, father; it will do you good. You are worn, and it will give you strength, and ease your aching head. Do take some."

"Oh! I can not, my dear, good child; I can not."

"But it will soothe you, dear father; and you need something to compose your agitated nerves."

"No, no; I do not want it."

"But you will be sick, father, if you do not take something; and I have made it with my own hands. It is very good. Do take some."

"Scarcely conscious of what he did, he took the cup from her hand, and raised it to his lips. He tasted it, and pushed it from him."

"I can not drink it, Margaret. It is very nice; but how can I eat when my child is in the hands of that ruthless villain!"

He sat a moment longer at the little tea-table, when, looking up, he asked, "Is it not time they were back, Margaret?"

"Not yet, father; see, it is only six o'clock. They have not had time to return."

"Hark, my child. I hear a noise as if of horses' feet. I'll go and see. It may be Mourdant, with my daughter."

He sprang, and rushed to the door, and gazed wildly out into the darkness.

'Twas but the idle wind, mocking him, as it swept by, freighted with the sighs of many a burdened heart, the wailings of many a despairing bosom. The stars looked down, deriding him with their bright, cold smile. The heavens were un pitying above him; the earth drear and unsympathizing beneath him; while the low, dull murmur of the winding river fell on his ear like the funeral dirge of the loved one lost.

Again he thrust his searching glance far out into the night, and hushed the beatings of his heart that he might hear their coming. Yet they came not.

"Not yet! not yet! Oh, God! how long!" and with the desperation of a man pursued and mocked by a hideous specter, he paced the hall again and again, ever and anon pausing, in breathless stillness, to catch the faintest noise.

Hours elapsed, and yet he pursued his fitful walk. With that energy and superhuman strength imparted by intense mental excitement, he went on, on, and thought not of weariness nor rest.

How strange a mechanism is man in his two-fold nature! How powerful, how unconquerable the will! How undying the hope and trust of that ethereal essence—that offshoot of Divinity—we call soul! How varied and astonishing its workings, as made manifest through the body! Who can comprehend them? The finite enclosing the infinite! the mortal encasing the immortal! the eternal fettered by and subservient to the perishable—the "to-day is, and to-morrow is not!" The thoughts of years are crowded into a moment! the feelings of years are intensified into a point—a span! The hoary horologe marks the *hour*—the heart its lifetime. "We live in feelings, not in figures on a dial!"

Once again the old man looks forth.

He can not be mistaken; for, by the dim light of the cold, bright stars, he sees the forms of approaching horsemen; and his ear, a thousand times alive, catches the sound of their onward footsteps. He can not wait. With superhuman strength, he bounds to the stile to meet them.

"My daughter, Mourdant! my daughter! have you found her?" he cried, ere the young man reaches the block. "Tell me, tell me, boy, is she safe? My child! my poor, lost child!"

The despairing cry fell on the young man's ear like the knell of hope for ever dead, and froze the life-blood in his veins. How could he answer that father's call for his lost one? Spurring onward, he reached the stile, hastily dismounted, without a word, and gained his uncle's side.

"Oh! tell me," said the old man, as he grasped his arm, "my daughter! where is she?"

"She is safe, uncle."

"Thank God! thank God! But where is she? Why didn't you bring her with you? Say, Mourdant, why didn't you bring her to me?"

"She will come," he answered, fearing to break the matter to him too suddenly, lest he should lose his reason.

"Will come? Chester, what do you mean? My son, tell me. "Oh! do not sport with my feelings."

"Yes, she will come, uncle."

"Oh! why did you leave her? Why didn't you bring her with you?"

He hesitated to answer, as he felt, not saw, the wild excitement of his uncle's feelings.

"Say why didn't she come with you, Chester? Why didn't you bring her?"

"I could not, uncle."

"Why, why?"

"She was beyond my power. I could not."

"Then she is dead: the villain has killed her!" exclaimed the old man, as he leaned heavily on the arm of his nephew.

"No, no, uncle, she is not! I left her well."

"Oh, Chester, why did you leave her?"

"I could not bring her, uncle! The laws of the land prevented me. She is Morgan's wife; I could not touch her."

The old man reached the step and sunk upon it.

"His wife, Mourdant,—his wife? Oh, you mock me, boy! His wife? It can not be so." And the old man turned his pallid face to his, and fixed upon him a gaze of painful, searching inquiry; but the night shut it out from the young man's vision.

"It is as I have told you, uncle. I am satisfied of the truth of what I assert. It is hard, hard to bear it; but there is no alternative left. Lucinda is the wife of Morgan, and we must submit."

A deep groan was the only reply; and the old man leaned more heavily on the shoulder of his informant.

"Take me to my room, Mourdant, and call Margaret. I am faint."

They bore him to his room and laid him on the bed. Margaret bent over him and bathed his face, and applied the stimulating salts. Mourdant chafed his hands and feet, and endeavored by every means to restore the interrupted circulation.

"I am composed now," said he, opening his eyes and fixing them on Mourdant. "I can bear it all. Here, come sit by my side, Chester, and tell me."

The young man obeyed.

"You tell me they are married: that she is his wife. Did you see them married?"

"I did not witness the ceremony;" but"—

"Then, may it not be a mistake? May not the villain have deceived you, Chester? God grant it!" Then, remembering himself, he added with a groan: "But it would be of no avail now. She is in his power—in his power! Oh, God! Oh, God!"

"She is his wife; and there can be no doubt of this. I have it from her own lips."

"She said so, Chester? Did you see her? The poor, dear one! Tell me all about it—all! How did you find them?—where were they?—how did she look?—what did she say? asked the old man, eagerly, as if he would know it all,—as if the knowledge of it all would bring any relief to his aching heart.

"You had better rest now, uncle. You are exhausted with your long watching

and anxiety; and I will tell you to-morrow."

"No, no, boy! I must hear it now. I must know it all,—how she looked and what she said,—or my heart will break. How did you get on their track? Where did you overtake them? I must know it all. I can not live in this suspense. Come, sit down by me, that I may hear you."

The young man understood the command, and seated himself by the bedside.

"After I left here, and as I passed through the city, I met a horseman, who I judged had been traveling, and I asked him if he had met such a party, describing them as well as I could. He told me that four horsemen had passed him about an hour before day, at full speed, but it was dark, and he could not distinguish them sufficiently to describe them. Indeed, he would not have noticed them at all had it not been for the rapid gait at which they were traveling. From the information I gained from him, and the circumstances of the case, I decided they were taking a circuitous route to Petersburg; and thence Wright and I bent our way. We pushed on until our horses gave out beneath us, when we procured others, and dashed forward until we reached Petersburg."

"Did you overtake them, Chester?" interrupted the old man, unable in his great anxiety to wait for the young man's story.

"No, uncle, we could not overtake them; but as soon as we reached the city, I proceeded to the Clerk's office to ascertain if he had issued any license for marriage that day, and to whom? He informed me that two gentlemen—countrymen, evidently: one of them a young man, whose name was Morgan, he believed; and a middle-aged man, father of the intended bride, whom the young man called Mr. Pendleton,—were in his office, about two hours after breakfast, to obtain a license for the young man. I examined his books and found his statement correct."

"Who is this young man, Chester, that would dare to aid the villain in robbing me of my daughter?"

"It is young Elston, uncle, a young

man of the city, who has been quite intimate with Morgan."

"Ah, the wretch!"

"I hastened from the clerk's office, to prevent, if possible, the marriage; but my heart sunk within me as I pursued my fruitless search from place to place. I knew Morgan's will and tact; and every moment rendered my success less and less certain."

The old man clenched his hands and groaned, as Mourdant related his efforts to save his child from ruin.

"And did you find them in time?" he gasped out, convulsed with agitation.

"No, I did not; or Lucinda never would have been his wife. I went from one hotel to another, but could gain no tidings of them. At last I heard of a "stopping house" in the upper end of the city. I hastened to it, and there I learned that two gentlemen and a lady—travelers—had called there early that morning and had taken rooms. I asked to be shown to them. A boy led the way to the front door. Just as I was in the act of entering I met Morgan coming out."

"The wretch! The coward!" cried the old man, starting from his pillow.

"Be composed, dear father," said Margaret, taking his hand in hers, and motioning to Mr. Wright for the water. He looked at her sorrowfully, and sunk back again.

"Go on, go on, Mourdant. Let me hear it all."

"I asked him for Lucinda,—told him I must see her. He defiantly placed himself before me and said I should not."

"The villain!"

"I then demanded it, and was about to deal summary vengeance upon him, when he told me she was his wife, and he would protect her.

"I feared it was but too true; but I would not rest satisfied on his word. I demanded the proof of his assertion. I was about to drive him from me and seek my cousin, when young Elston stepped up and added his testimony to that of Morgan's, and offered to conduct me to the minister who had performed the ceremony. I was convinced that the fatal step had been taken—that all was lost. I then besought Morgan to permit me to

see his wife. He said she could not be seen,—that she was sick, and the physician had commanded that she should be kept quiet."

"Oh, my poor child!—sick and away from me in the hands of that fiend! What will become of her! She will die! I know she will!"

"At last his heart seemed to relent before my earnest persuasions, and he consented I might see her as soon as she was sufficiently composed to meet me. I went to her room, and found her lying upon a lounge, overcome by the torture of mind and body through which she had passed and was then passing. She was greatly moved when she saw me. I asked her if she was married; she told me she was; I then delivered your message, and asked her if she had any word to send to you in return. "Tell him I love him yet," she could say no more."

"Did she ask my forgiveness, Mourdant, for her great sin?"

"No, this was all she said."

"Didn't she say she was sorry for what she had done?"

"No, she did not, she—"

With a sudden, fearful energy the old man raised himself from his pillow. In an instant the whole man was changed. A fierce, demonic expression seized his countenance. His tears of pity and love were gone. Passion had triumphed over affection. A sense of injury and ingratitude on the part of his daughter, swallowed up every other emotion. He knew no love, no pity, no forgiveness! His eyes rested with a fixed and frightful determination upon his nephew, and his distended nostrils bespoke the coming wrath. Raising his right hand, and bringing it down again energetically into the palm of his left, he pronounced, with a slow emphasis, which all present understood as the seal of an irrevocable vow.

"I NEVER WILL FORGIVE HER THIS ACT. NEVER! NEVER!"

"Oh say not so, father," exclaimed Margaret, falling upon the old man's neck, "remember she is our darling Lucinda."

"I never will forgive her!" repeated the old man, with stern, deliberate determination.

Mourdant besought him to retract his

fearful vow; plead with him by all the love he had borne her mother—by all the deep affection he had felt for her—by her youth and innocence—her helplessness in the hands of him who had vilely won her from her father's home—by all his duties as a parent—a christian man, he conjured him to recant. "Oh, uncle, call back those fearful words, I pray you. Remember your daughter and relent."

But the once doting father was inexorable against her whom he had loved with the strongest earthly passion. Resentment had triumphed over all—judgment, love, reason, pity—every better feeling of the human bosom lay prostrate before it.

"Plead not with me, Mourdant. Ask not for forgiveness for one who has set at naught my authority, trampled upon my counsel, forgotten my watchfulness, and mocked my love! Ask not my pardon. She has deceived and disobeyed me! Has broken all her promises to me, and brought a blight upon my name and a sorrow upon my heart, which death alone can wipe out. And, oh, that this best friend of man would come soon and rid me of this galling burden!"

"But her"——

"Speak not, boy, I command you. I will not relent! I repeat my words, I never, never will forgive her!"

It was enough; Capt. Pendleton once fixed in a belief or resolve, was not to be moved. This they knew, this they felt, and the only thing that remained to them was to submit to his will and bear the consequences.

The misery of that night with the three devoted hearts who had truly loved the fated one, can not be spoken. It beggars description. Let a fond parent whose soul has clung wildly to his heart-idol, and has had it snatched from him by the grasping hand of death, or worse, by the fiendish machinations of one who should claim kindred with the lost of the dark city abyss, speak it. Let that sister who has loved with a sister's and a mother's love, a pure and innocent being, speak it. Let that rayless, hopeless heart who has offered up its being, its all, at the altar of the adored divinity, and found the sacrifice rejected, spurned, speak it. These, and these only, can measure the heights and fathom the depths of such anguish.

But said He not, "The day of retribution shall come! And who shall stand its coming?"

(*To be continued.*)

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### AN INCIDENT.

DURING the first half of the sixteenth century, a civil war broke out in Switzerland, the Waldstettes against Zurich and Berne. The latter, by blockading the five cantons of the Waldstettes, and denying them any food, had produced a considerable famine. The Waldstettes having declared war, and made ample preparations for the same, with the most profound secrecy, had intended to march into Zurich and take it by surprise. The Waldstettes assembled their army at Zug.

"On the 4th of October," says the historian, "a little boy, who knew not what he was doing, succeeded in crossing the frontier of Zug, and presented himself with two loaves at the gate of a reformed monastery situated in the farthest limits of the canton of Zurich. He was led to the Abbot, to whom the child gave the loaves without saying a word. The Superior, with whom there chanced to be at that time a councilor from Zurich, Henry Reyer, turned pale at the sight. If the five cantons intend entering by force of arms into the free bailiwicks, had said these two Zurichers to one of their friends in Zug, 'You will send your son to us with one loaf, but you will give him two, if they are marching at once upon Zurich.' *The lad knew nothing of the matter.*"

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SURMISE WITH CHARITY.—A kind-hearted lady was once reproved quite sharply by her friend for giving money to a stranger, who seemed to be very poor, when he asked for charity in the streets of Boston. "Suppose he spends that money for rum?" said the censorious and suspicious friend. The quick and noble answer was, "If you must 'suppose' at all, why not 'suppose' that he will spend the money for bread? Why suppose evil when you are at liberty to suppose what is good?" That lady had the true christian spirit.



## ARCHITECTS AND BUILDERS.

THE late Mr. Alexander, architect of Rochester Bridge and other fine buildings in Kent, was once under cross-examination in a special jury case at Maidstone, by Sergeant, afterwards Baron Garrow, who wished to detract from the weight of his testimony. After asking his name, the sergeant proceeded:

"You are a builder, I perceive?"

"No sir, I am not a builder, I am an architect."

"Ah! well! builder or architect, architect or builder, they are much the same, I suppose?"

"I beg your pardon, sir, I can not admit that. I consider them totally different."

"Oh, indeed! perhaps you will state wherein the great difference consists."

"An architect, sir, prepares the plans, conceives the designs, draws out the specifications—in short, supplies the *mind*: the builder is merely the brick-layer or the carpenter, the builder, in fact, is the *machine*; the architect the *power* that puts the machine together and sets it going.

"Oh, very well, Mr. Alexander, that will do; and now after your very ingenious distinction without a difference, perhaps you can inform the court who was the architect of the Tower of Babel?"

The reply for promptness and wit is, perhaps, not to be rivalled in the whole history of rejoinder:

"There was no architect, sir—and hence the confusion!"

THE death of Zwingle, the great Swiss Reformer of the sixteenth century, and who was cotemporary with Luther in Germany, fell in the civil war of Switzerland which sprung up between the Roman Catholics and Protestants. Zwingle was at the post of danger; the battle was raging around him; and while stooping to console a dying fellow-soldier, a stone from the strong arm of a Waldstette hit him upon the head, and brought him to the ground. He fell beneath a pear tree (called Zwingle's Pear Tree,) with these his last words—"They may indeed kill the body, they can not kill the soul." The Waldstettes prevailed—the victory was complete. The field of

blood was now traversed by the straggling soldiery with burning torches, for it was night and dark. Poor Zwingle was found by the cruel Fockinger, and slain by the sword. Next day the body of Zwingle was drawn and quartered by the cruel Waldstettes and burned to ashes, and the ashes scattered to the four winds of heaven.

## THE BLESSED DEAD.

THE blessed dead, how free from stain is our love for them. The earthly taint of our affections is buried with that which was corruptible, and the divine flame, in its purity, illumines our breast. We have now no fear of losing them. They are fixed for us eternally in the mansions prepared for our re-union. We shall find them waiting for us in their garments of beauty.

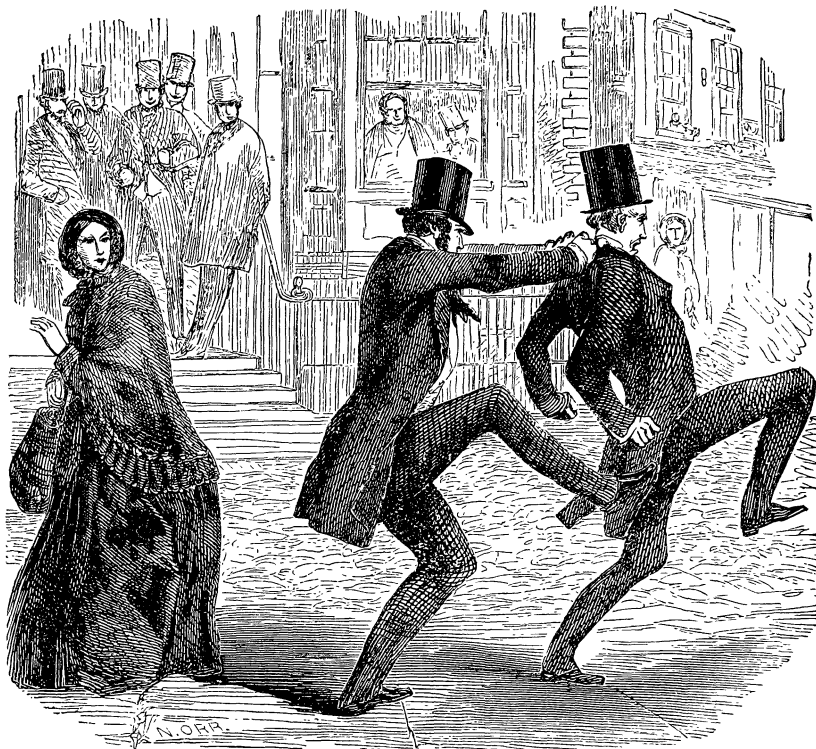
The glorious dead, how reverently we speak their names. Our hearts are sanctified to their words which we remember. How wise they have now grown in the limitless fields of truth. How joyous they have become by the undying fountains of pleasure.

The immortal dead, how unchanging is their love for us. How tenderly they look down upon us, and how closely they surround our being. How earnestly they rebuke the evil of our lives.

Let men talk pleasantly of the dead, as those who no longer suffer and are tried—as those who pursue no longer the fleeting, but have grasped and secured the real. With them, the fear and the longings, the hope and the terror, and the pains are past; the fruition of life has begun. How unkind, that, when we put away their bodies, we should cease the utterance of their names. The tender-hearted dead who struggle so in parting from us, why should we speak of them in awe, and remember them only with sighing? Very dear were they when hand clasped hand, and heart responded to heart. Why are they less dear, when they have grown worthy a higher love than ours, and their perfected souls might also receive our adoration? By their hearth-side and by their grave-side, in solitude and amid the multitude, think cheerfully and speak lovingly of the dead.

# THE FREEMASON'S DAUGHTER.

BY AN ENGLISH BROTHER.



MATTHEW SMALL'S DISCOMFITURE.

## CHAPTER II.

I love thee more, my own fireside,  
Than lofty halls of stately pride.

THAT same evening Richard Lawrence was seated by the cheerful fire in the neat, comfortable parlor of the cottage, so many years inhabited by his widowed mother and sister. The unexpected intelligence that Mr. Grindem had given her son a month's rest, in order to reëstablish his health, had brought the long absent smiles to his sister's and his parent's cheek. A month! what did it not promise. From the day he first entered the counting-house, during the six years of his slavery, Richard had never had more than a three days' holiday, and that only once a year—eighteen days in six years. Certain his moments of recreation had not been many, and yet he felt grateful for them.

"Only think, mother," he exclaimed,

as soon as he had changed his wet clothes, and was installed in the comfortable easy chair, "a month's rest! You will scarcely know me—I shall get so strong."

"Heaven grant it!" thought the widow, for her heart was too full to answer, except by a smile. "Would it had been summer!" she mentally added; "would it had been summer!"

Amy was seated at her work table, plying her needle with unwearied industry. Unknown to her brother, for months past she had added to their scanty means by taking in needlework: it enabled her to supply the poor invalid with many comforts and delicacies which he must otherwise have been deprived of; and the affectionate girl blessed the means which enabled her to administer to his wants, who had so long contributed to hers.

Amy Lawrence was just at that interesting period of life, when, like spring

(175)

and summer, girl and womanhood are blending. The graceful, sylph-like outline began to fill, her form became more round, and her step, without losing its elasticity, firmer. She was not, perhaps, what the world term regularly beautiful: her features were neither Grecian nor Italian, but partook something of the character of both. Her eyes were of that quiet, deep blue, which poets love, and which, in the purity and depth of their expression, answers for the soul which glows through them; her brow was lofty and shaded by clustering curls of soft black hair, which clung around her polished temples, or fell upon her finely-rounded shoulders, as the clematis, or the purple vine, clings round some graceful column, waving, playful and beautiful—adorning and adorned. The mouth was finely formed, except, perhaps, in the center of the lips, which pouted like a cherry, or as if some wandering bee had stung them when he found them closed to guard the fragrant breath.

The attention of Henry Beacham, who made part of the circle that night, had been excited by the words of his uncle, and, for the first time, he felt that Amy was really beautiful. Hitherto, from her quiet, unobtrusive manners, he had considered her as a child; he now felt that she was a woman, and his heart beat at the discovery.

When, as a mere boy, Henry Beacham first became an inmate of his uncle's house, he was treated with coldness, not to say harshness, by his selfish relative, who looked upon him as an incumbrance, which the opinion of the world would not allow him to shake off. Time gradually changed the feeling, and the heartless man of business became proud of his handsome nephew—he found, to his astonishment, that he could love something else besides his money-bags.

It was during the period when all thought they might safely treat the orphan with neglect, that the father of Richard and Amy Lawrence showed himself most kind. His house became his second home, Richard and Amy, his brother and sister—at least, he loved the former as such; his feeling for the latter he had scarcely found time to analyze.

"What are you thinking of?" de-

manded Henry, addressing his friend, who, reclining on his easy chair, seemed lost in a pleasing reverie.

"I was trying to understand old Gridley's influence over your uncle," replied the young man; "Mr. Grindem is not often induced to act against his partner's wishes."

"And I," said Henry, "how the old gin-bibber all of a sudden took such a warm interest in your welfare; he is not often troubled with benevolent fancies, I imagine."

"He was my poor husband's friend," sighed the widow; "intrusted by him with every thing; he had no secrets from Gridley."

"Nor from his wife, I should suppose?" added Beacham, inquiringly.

"Perhaps not; but I had always imagined, or rather hoped, that my husband's circumstances were better than they appeared. He had frequently hinted at our children being provided for: at his death there was nothing—absolutely nothing."

"Perhaps you misunderstood him?"

"No," said Mrs. Lawrence; "for it was only the week before he died, when I objected that the pianoforte he had bought for Amy was too expensive, that he laughingly assured me he could well afford it. And ten days after," she added, with a sigh, "I was obliged to part with it to pay the expenses of his funeral. I can not understand it; perhaps it will be explained one day."

"I thought," said her guest, pointing to an open instrument, "that Amy had preserved her father's gift."

"That," added the widow, "is the strangest part of all. Three days after the sale, it was returned to us by the man who had bought it, at the request, he said, of a friend."

"It could not have been my uncle?" said Henry Beacham, musingly.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed at once both Amy and her mother.

The young man colored to the temples.

"Mr. Grindem," timidly added the daughter, "showed his kindness in a different manner. Although young, he gave my brother a situation in his counting-house, and paid, I have heard, several of my poor father's debts."

"It could not have been Gridley," added Richard, "for he has never, since I have known him, been the possessor of a guinea at any one time."

A knock at the door announced the arrival of the subject of their conversation. The old man was placed in a seat opposite Richard, in whose cheek, flushed by the fever of disease and the fire, he read, as he thought, the sign of renovated health.

"Yes," said the invalid, coughing, for Gridley's clothes were impregnated with tobacco, and the mere odor excited the irritability of his lungs; "I am better; a month's rest will see me strong again. We were just wondering," he added, "when you entered, who could have been kind enough to re-purchase and send back the piano, which my mother was forced to sell when my poor father died."

"How should I know?" demanded the old clerk, with an uneasy look.

"Some friend, doubtless," observed Beacham.

"Spoken like one who has not studied the world!" exclaimed Gridley. "Pardon me, young gentleman, but here we are no longer the clerk and nephew of the wealthy Mr. Grindem, but youth and age—boy and man. When I say boy," he added, "of course I speak figuratively, and perhaps abuse my privilege; but I knew your mother, sir, when she was no higher than my knee. God! how time runs—how time runs!"

"If not from a friend," observed Henry, without being in the least offended at the familiarity of the speaker's language, "who could the gift be from?"

"An enemy."

"An enemy!" they all repeated; "you jest!"

"I don't often do so. I repeat it—an enemy. Honest friendship has no reason to hide its acts: crime only fears inquiry into the motive. I repeat, it is my opinion the gift was sent as an atonement—a sort of dose to lull the conscience of the donor."

"You have strange ideas," said Amy, with a laugh, observing that both her mother and Beacham were plunged in reflection at the singular view which the old man had taken of the gift.

"Aye, and dull ones too," observed

Richard, beckoning his sister to his side, and whispering in her ear to sing him his favorite song before he retired to rest.

There was no affectation in the compliance. Amy knew that she sang well: nature had endowed her with an extraordinary voice and exquisite sensibility—it afforded her dear brother pleasure—and, seating herself at the instrument, she accompanied herself to the following song:—

I love thee more, my own fireside,  
Than loit' halls of stately pride;  
The love I meet there knows no change,  
The hearts around it never range.  
All my hopes are garnered there,  
For every wish and every care,  
Though fortune frowns or good betide,  
Are centered round my own fireside.

There oft, too, solemn dreams will come,  
Of those who shared my cheerful home;  
The young—the good—the early dead,  
Who round our hearth a blessing shed.  
Thoughts that ring the heart with pain,  
Hopes that bid us smile again,  
Kind looks, more dear than all beside,  
Are centered round my own fireside.

"I don't wonder at its being your favorite song," said Beacham; "the verse came from the poet's heart, and the melody is beautiful."

"And Amy sang it divinely," added her proud and gratified brother, drawing her to him, and thanking her for her compliance with a kiss, which, for the first time in his life, his friend Henry envied. "But how is this?" he added; "tears! Do you think me, then, so very ill?" he demanded, fixing his eyes upon her's with mournful earnestness.

"No, Richard—no. But——"

"But what?"

"The words of the song always affect me, and I am more than usually impressed with them to-night. The weather has made me dull," she added; "dull and stupid; don't be angry with me, Richard? I shall be cheerful to-morrow."

And the poor girl, overcome by the feeling which the last portion of the song had conjured up, hid her face upon her brother's shoulder, and wept bitterly.

The invalid was so much affected that Gridley and his mother were obliged to lead him from the room. When the former returned, he found his young master and Amy standing close to the

piano, hand-in-hand, so absorbed that they paid no attention to his entrance.

"Your brother has inquired for you," said the old man, drily. "I am afraid he is more seriously indisposed than we imagine."

"Good night!" said Amy, starting from her reverie. "I will not ask you to remain. Perhaps we shall see you to-morrow?"

"Certainly," replied Beacham, pressing her hand.

"Good night, Mr. Gridley!" she added, addressing the clerk.

"Good night!" he murmured; "you don't ask me to call to-morrow?"

"I thought," said Amy, confused at the observation, "that your time would be too much occupied to——"

"I shall come without being asked," continued the strange visitor, kindly. "Good night!"

Beacham lingered a few moments behind the speaker, but whether to look for his gloves or steal a kiss from Amy, I leave my readers to guess. Gridley was waiting for him at the door.

"You love that girl?" said the old man, suddenly stopping and fixing his eyes upon his companion.

"I do."

"And what then?"

"What then!" repeated the young man; "the question implies a doubt of my honor and Amy's virtue."

"Both may be in danger."

"No, by heavens! I should scorn—loathe myself, were I capable of a thought of ill toward her. It was not till this evening that I was fully aware of the nature of my feelings. How I shall act I know not; but this I know—that Amy Lawrence may become my wife, but never my mistress: the memory of the dead and dying alike forbid it."

"Master Henry," said the old man, "you have a generous heart. Forgive me: if you really love the girl, tell me candidly—I'll find the way to make her yours."

"You?"

"I."

"And my uncle?"

"Curse him!" exclaimed the old man, passionately.

"Gridley!"

"I know not what I say," resumed the clerk; "the sight of that poor boy dying has quite unmanned me. There, I am calm now—listen to me. If you really love Amy Lawrence, and can win her affections, I promise you that your uncle, the rich, proud, overbearing Mr. Grindem himself, shall give her to you. I am neither drunk nor mad," he added, in reply to Beacham's look of astonishment; "if you doubt my word take a master mason's pledge."

A warm shake of the hands was exchanged, and the speakers recognized each other as brothers.

### CHAPTER III.

Rocks melt with years, and stones are worn  
By hermit knees in prayer. The human heart,  
Harder than rocks or stones, alone remains  
Insensible to prayers or tears.

At an early hour the following morning, as soon as Mr. Gilbert Grindem was seated in his private room, the old clerk, with an air of calm resolution, widely different from his usual nervous, excited manner, tapped at the door.

"Come in," exclaimed his master.

Gridley did as he was requested, carefully closing the green-baize door after him.

For a few moments the principal of the firm and his subordinate gazed on each other in silence. The man of money felt intuitively that a disagreeable explanation was about to take place between himself and his servant; and bitterly did he curse the weakness which had yielded to a first temptation, and placed his reputation and liberty in the power of so indiscreet a confidant. The sum, at the present distance of time, appeared every way unworthy of the risk: he would have gladly paid it three times over to have cancelled the past, had such an arrangement been possible. The millionaire felt that he had sold himself too cheaply: his regret should have been that he had sold himself at all. Character was to him a thing to be valued only at its worth; like every thing else, with his commercial ideas, he regarded it as a marketable commodity.

"Ah, Gridley, is that you?" said his employer, trying to look unembarrassed.

"Even I, sir."

"Well, what is it you require? Come in; shut the door."

In his nervousness he had not observed how carefully the old man had closed it.

"I have a question to ask," replied the clerk.

"A question," replied Grindem, breathing freely; "why don't you ask it, then? what is the use of fidgeting there? Remember this is our foreign correspondence day, and that Mr. Small will be coming in a few minutes with the letters."

"Mr. Small can wait for once."

"Well, man, the question—the question!" impatiently demanded the head of the firm.

"Have you a conscience?"

"Conscience!" faltered Gilbert, his florid, rubicund countenance changing to a sickly, wax-like complexion; "conscience! of course I have a conscience—every gentleman has one."

"I know," continued the clerk, "that the question is a foolish one—an old man's babble—a childish hope—a lingering confidence in human nature. I have seen you progressing in wealth from day to day; where others failed, you have thriven; difficulties have only led to your advancement—panics have proved your harvests—famine a source of successful speculation—shipwrecks a double gain; all that you have touched has turned to gold; you have lived so long within its atmosphere, that it has impregnated your very nature—your sluggish blood is but the liquid Mammon: all but your heart is gold, and that remains of iron—iron!"

"And what has called forth this tirade?" demanded his employer, with difficulty restraining his passion; for it was a bitter humiliation to a man like him, whose nod was looked up to on the Exchange, and whose signature would pass current for a million, to be thus catechised by a drunken clerk.

"Conscience," replied the old man.

"Conscience!" repeated Grindem with a sneer.

"Pshaw! you have not had sufficient time to sleep off last night's debauch: the fumes of gin and tobacco still ferment within your brain. Go to your lodgings, and in the afternoon you will return quite sober."

"I am sober—for the first time for many a long year; four-and-twenty hours have passed since the liquid devil passed my lips."

"Your credit at the tap, then, I suppose is stopped?" said his master; "name the amount and let us end this folly. You know," he added, "that it is your own fault if ever you want the means of making yourself comfortable—that is in reason."

The merchant, perfectly assured that Gridley had only sought the interview for the purpose of obtaining money, drew out his purse as he spoke, and began counting out the gold: he had proceeded as far as ten, fully expecting that the clerk would stop him with the usual "That will do, sir;" indeed, the old man's demands upon his generosity seldom exceeded five. Finding that he remained silent, Gilbert looked up in his visitor's face, and was struck by its altered expression. He felt this time that money was not the object of his visit, and his heart sank within him; he had rather, much rather, it had been for gold, dearly as he loved it, and deeply as it grieved him to part even with a small share of his vast accumulation.

"In the devil's name," he exclaimed, thrusting his purse into his pocket, "what is it you require?"

"A simple answer to a simple question,—have you a conscience?"

"Rascal!" said Gilbert, raised to perfect fury by the question; "had I had not a conscience, I should years since have rid myself of a drunken, extortionate villain, who has been the plague of my existence, whose maudlin remorse slumbers when the tap runs freely, and is troublesome only when his credit is stopped. What fresh demand have you to make either on my forbearance or my purse?"

"Rid yourself of me," repeated the old man; "aye a clever plan that, to hide the first murder by committing a second!"

"There I defy you!" said his master; "the testimony of the first medical men in Manchester will prove if necessary, that the infernal fellow from India died a natural death."

"And are there no murders," demanded Gridley, doggedly, "save those which are committed by the knife and bludgeon?"

no moral assassinations, by which the victim is slain through the bitter pangs of poverty and hope deferred? Had not the father of Richard Lawrence not been robbed of the wealth his uncle left him in India—wealth which saved the firm of Grindem from utter ruin, and formed the foundation of its wealth—his life might have been saved, or at least prolonged; and his son, instead of being in the last stage of consumption, in the enjoyment of health and life, and the full, fresh hopes which youth is heir to.

“And who witnessed the deed by which old Lawrence, when he signed, as he thought, a receipt for an advance of his quarter’s salary, gave me power to receive the money which sustained the sinking credit of my house?” said the merchant, with a sneer.

“I did,” replied the old man, mournfully.

“Who received a thousand pounds as the price of a secret which he had obtained while in the act of robbing his employer!”

Gridley hung his head.

“And who has used the power which the knowledge of our mutual delinquency gives him to extort, get drunk, insult and bully his employer at his pleasure? The same conscientious, honest, moral Simon Gridley! Go to, man—the devil himself must grin at such repentance. Once more, if you want money, take it; if you have debts at the tap-room, pay them; but cease to annoy me with qualms which last only while the fumes of the last debauch are expiring, and which the next one will bury in oblivion. But if,” he added, “you have really any thing serious or worthy of my attention to state, do so at once—I hate beating about the bush.”

“Poor Lawrence is dying,” said the clerk.

“Well?”

“Well!” repeated Gridley; “I should have thought that the death of that poor boy might have caused a pang even to your iron heart; you see it was not for the gratification of an idle curiosity I asked if you had a conscience.”

“I can’t save him,” observed the merchant, brutally.

“You might have done so!”

“How so?”

“By atonement.”

“Humph!” ejaculated Gilbert; “who knows? wealth is not always a means of health—many a man ruins his constitution from having the means of dissipation at his command; though some,” he muttered, “have temperaments that no excess can shake.”

“Mine for instance?” said the old man, with a bitter smile, for he doubted not that the indulgence in his irregular habits, and the means of excess, had for many years been permitted him, in the charitable hope that he would gradually destroy his constitution; but unfortunately for his employer’s hopes, it seemed like his own sordid heart, of iron.

“Perhaps,” added the merchant, impatiently, for he was too much excited to conceal the pleasure which the mere anticipation of the clerk’s death gave him; “but once for all speak out, and let’s see which way the wind sits in that weathercock head of thine!”

“Atonement to Richard Lawrence is out of the question—he will soon be beyond the reach of human retribution; but he has a sister!”

“She shall be provided for.”

“How?”

“I’ll send her out to my correspondent in Russia, he will soon provide for her as a governess, find her a husband, or something of that sort.”

“Does it not strike you that a husband might be found for her nearer home?”

“Whom!” demanded Grindem, fixing his keen gray eye upon the speaker, with an expression which showed that he had anticipated the reply; for Mr. Small’s hint upon the subject of his nephew and Richard Lawrence’s sister had not been thrown away upon him.

“Your nephew, Mr. Henry Beacham,” replied the old man, firmly.

Although his employer half expected this reply, the hardihood of the proposition perfectly astounded him. Rage, pride, disdain, and avarice, were struggling in his breast. ‘Tis true he loved his nephew—not for his virtues or manly qualities, courage, and nice sense of honor—these were things he cared little about, for he could not appreciate them. He loved him as the stepping-stone to his ambition. Like most *parvenus*, he had a

slavish love of the aristocracy, and doubted not but Henry, backed by the immense fortune which it was in his power to leave him, would ally himself by marriage with one of those noble families who were the secret objects of his hatred and envy.

"My nephew marry the daughter of Richard Lawrence!" he slowly repeated; "sooner would I see him dead—the firm of Grindem in the bankrupt list."

"Better there than in the assize calendar," was the reply.

Gilbert winced, but disdained to notice the retort.

"And so this is the precious scheme you have concocted? Fool! do you think me a child, to be terrified into my consent? What," he added, "have I toiled, sinned, reaped curses, read the sneers of the world behind its hollow smile, and heaped up wealth to enrich a beggar's brat?"

"Better that than exposure."

"Scoundrel, I defy you! do your worst. I am rich—rich," he added, striking his knuckles upon the desk before him, "and will melt my last guinea ere I yield to such dictation—ere I consent to be made the tool of a doting boy and a gray-headed old rascal, who would have starved, rotted in the poor-house, but for my mistaken confidence. As for my nephew, I cast him off—discard him—curse him—curse——"

"I am the only person you ought to curse," interrupted Gridley, anxious to ward his employer's anger from the head of his young master; "Henry Beacham knows nothing of this."

"Liar!" said Grindem, doubtfully.

"You know," continued the clerk, "that I am neither a liar nor a flatterer; neither am I fool enough to trump up an accusation against you without the means to substantiate it. You remember the night I found you in the cellar with the body of old Hanwell's servant?"

"Aye—yes," answered Gilbert, shudderingly.

"After you had returned to the counting-house to see that all was secure, I examined the corpse, to ascertain if possible the cause of death; and found—what, in your haste, you had neglected to secure—his master's letters to his nephew, in which the writer explained why, in—

stead of making his will, he had sent his nephew a power of attorney to draw the savings of his long miserly existence from the Bank of England."

"And what were those reasons?" demanded the merchant.

"Simply to avoid the legacy duty on so large a sum. Like yourself he was an earthworm—a true worshipper of mammon; a man who would have starved himself to replace a sixpence extorted by charity, to keep up appearances. I still keep the letters."

"The invention is a poor one."

"I never invent. The proof, the sum—the exact sum in the Bank was named!"

Grindem turned deadly pale. This time it was not the sickly, waxen hue of a man who had received a heavy blow, which came over his countenance, but the pallor of a corpse.

"Name it?" he faltered.

"One hundred and twenty thousand pounds, seventeen shillings, and three-pence. I have never forgotten the sum, and have no need to reproach my memory. And now, master, one of two courses opens to you: consent to the marriage of your nephew with Amy Lawrence, or restore the fortune of which you robbed her father—for which you have gradually murdered his son. I give you three days to reflect—during that time my lips are sealed; at the expiration of the term, I confess every thing—mark me—every thing."

"Gridley," said his employer, "I have undervalued your services; but it is not too late, and if an annuity of five hundred a year——"

"No! Were you to count me down the ill-won gains of your misspent life, they would not tempt me. In three days I shall demand your final answer. Then I know my course."

With these words the old man opened the door and entered the outer office, where the three Smalls, to all appearance, were busily occupied at their desks. The father of the hopeful youths was standing in his favorite position—his back to the fire, his thumbs stuck in his waistcoat-pockets. His curiosity was excited to the highest pitch by the lengthened interview between Gridley and his principal; but the closing of the baize door



rendered all attempts to listen to the conversation of those in the private room impossible; since it was so contrived, that any attempt to open the outward door, caused a corresponding movement with the inward one. The contrivance was his own, and for the first time in his life, he bitterly cursed it. He would have given much to have learned the secret—for secret he felt convinced there was; with his genius he could have turned it to account. Vainly he tried to read it in the countenance of the clerk—its expression was imperturbable.

"Three days!" muttered Grindem, as soon as the door was closed, and he was fairly alone; "it is not much; but when a man has a mind resolved, wealth at his command, and a soul free from the ridiculous scruples of what the world calls conscience, it is every thing. Three days," he repeated with a sinister smile, "In half the time I would undertake to lay a storm more violent than this. Three days! We shall see, Gridley—we shall see!"

At this moment his nephew, Henry Beacham, made his appearance. The young man had not attached much importance to the old clerk's promise the overnight; although the tone of solemnity with which it was made at first had startled him, he felt that he must trust to himself for the accomplishment of his marriage with Amy.

"Did you meet Gridley!" demanded Gilbert, "as you came into the office?"

"No, sir; but I believe he is in the counting-house. Shall I call him?"

The merchant fixed his eyes upon him, but the young man met his glance steadily; not dreaming of any secret influence which the clerk possessed, he was far from suspecting the nature of the interview which had just taken place.

"Humph!—no," replied his uncle, more than half satisfied that Henry, at least, was unacquainted with the secret of the past, whatever his secret inclinations toward Amy Lawrence might be. "I think the old fool is getting more and more eccentric every day. I scarcely know what to make of him."

"Nor I," added the young man, with a suppressed sigh; for the observation confirmed his previously conceived opinion,

that the promise of the clerk, to procure his uncle's consent to his union with Amy, was but an idle boast. "Drink and dissipation have ruined his mind—he is but the wreck of what he once was. Do you know, sir," he added, after a moment's thought, "I have often imagined that the old man has something heavy upon his conscience—the expression of his countenance at times is fearful."

Despite his habitude of self-command, Mr. Grindem started—eyed his nephew for a few moments suspiciously—hemmed, as if about to speak—then suddenly stopped, took up the letters lying upon the table, and began reading them earnestly. That morning the conversation was pursued no further. The merchant during the remainder of the day maintained a moody silence. There was nothing positively unkind in his manner toward his nephew, but the young man felt instinctively that for the first time a cloud had passed between them; it was the first time for years, and Henry Beacham regretted it.

On Grindem's arrival at the counting-house on the following morning, he was informed by his partner, Mr. Small, that intelligence had been brought from his lodgings that the old clerk, Gridley, who had indulged in more than his usual potations, had been seized the preceding night with a fit of the delirium tremens. The eyes of the head of the firm flashed with an expression which his subordinate did not fail to notice. He was an observing man, the quiet Mr. Small.

"I have already been down to his lodgings," he added, trying to look unconcerned as he said so; "but can make nothing of him."

"And what did you expect to make of him?" drily demanded his principal.

"Oh, nothing—that is, I thought I might have been useful to him."

"You are wonderfully charitable!" said Gilbert, with a sneer, for he was not the dupe of his partner's pretended benevolence. "You had better attend to the affairs of the firm—I can see to my old clerk's condition myself."

"You?" repeated Small, with an expression of ill-disguised astonishment.

"I—unless you see some very particular objection."

The little man tried to look indifferent.

"Or pretend to engross all the humanity of the firm yourself."

The carriage was ordered round the narrow lane to the residence of the widow Bentley, at whose house the old clerk for the last twenty years had been a lodger. As the vehicle drove off, Mr. Small muttered to himself:

"Decidedly there must be a secret!"

Great was the astonishment in Manton Lane, when the elegant equipage of the rich merchant drove up to the door of the poor widow; for it was seldom that any vehicle more aristocratic than a cab traversed the dark, narrow precincts, inhabited chiefly by factory hands, and one or two clerks of the old school, whose limited means did not permit of their migrating to a more genteel atmosphere. A group of women and children were gathered round the widow's door, for her lodger was generally loved in the humble neighborhood from the benevolence of his disposition, and the readiness he at all times evinced to render a service to those who were even poorer than himself.

"Oh, sir," said the widow, curtsying to the ground, "I am so glad you are come. I always said, despite ill reports, that you must have a kind heart, or you would never have put up with Mr. Gridley's failings for so many years. Poor man, it's all over now!"

"What! is he dead?" demanded Gilbert, in a tone of ill-suppressed joy.

"Not yet, but worse—worse than dead—he is mad!"

"Drunk, I suppose?"

"No, sir, mad—downright, staring mad. He fancies that he sees all sorts of things and people in the air; talks to nobody, and answers himself; shouts out 'Murder!' shrieks, and buries his face in the pillow, to hide himself from the hideous faces which he says are grinning at him through the curtains. And I am sure," added Mrs. Bentley, "there are no other faces than mine, Tim's Dick's, and the children's, near him."

"And who is Tim's Dick?" demanded the visitor, uneasily.

"A loom-hand, a great speaker at the hall—a 'cute, clever man. We call him Tim's Dick because his father's name

was Tim. I am sure if he had been the poor man's own son, he could not have taken greater care of him. He has sat up with him half the night, and given him brandy every time the fit came on him."

"Brandy!" repeated the merchant, with an air of surprise.

"Yes, sir; it could do him no harm, could it?"

"How should I know—I am no doctor?"

And here her visitor chuckled to himself. The attack, which, under ordinary circumstances, would in all probability have exhausted itself, had been heightened by the indiscreet kindness of the sufferer's friend, who, like most ignorant men, entertained a vague idea that brandy was a specific for every thing.

When his employer entered the narrow, ill-ventilated room, he found his clerk lying exhausted upon the narrow, humble couch. The paroxysm had just subsided, and his eyes were closed. Tim's Dick, a shrewd-looking fellow, whose wiry frame and cat-like expression of countenance, indicated both intelligence and activity, was seated on a broken chair by his side, holding his hand, and endeavoring to persuade the sufferer to take another glass of brandy.

"Take it, man," he said, "and it will make thee as right as twenty 'poticaries."

Gilbert smiled. He felt that ignorance was doing the work of cunning. At the sight of the great Mr. Grindem, the poor weaver, whose friendship had induced him to give all that was in his power to bestow—his time—which, after all, was his own and his children's bread, rose from his rickety seat, and saluted the merchant with a smile.

Tim's Dick was a philosopher in his way, and it did his heart good to see wealth fulfilling its duty to humanity—and in the guilelessness of his heart, he suspected no other motive.

"How is he?" demanded the visitor.

"Better now; but he has been mortal bad, sir. Once or twice I thought he would have died; but the brandy revived him. Gridley," he added, slightly shaking the hand of the sick man, "look up! here be Squire Grindem come to see thee."

A deep groan was the only answer.

"Shall I give him some more brandy?" said the weaver.

"It may do him good," was the cold-blooded reply. "I don't understand these things."

The poor fellow, unconscious of the evil he was occasioning, carefully raised the sick man on his arm, and poured the contents of the wine-glass of the destroying spirit down his throat. The effect was fearful—like a giant who had been suddenly restored to animation by a galvanic shock, the old man half sprang from the mattress, dashed the weaver to the ground, twined his arm in the tattered chintz curtain of the bed, and fixed his eyes upon his master, with an expression which made even his nerves quail—and he was not a man to be moved by trifles, as we have already shown.

That day poor Gridley was the inmate of Mr. Crab's private madhouse.

On the third morning, the clerk, who was perfectly recovered, was permitted, by the carelessness of one of the keepers, to make his way into the general yard; he had not the slightest idea where he was, or recollection of the means by which he had been brought there.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, "where am I," as his eye fell on the strange figures that surrounded him, shut in by high walls.

There was an old man playing on a broken fiddle; others attired with fantastic head-dresses, composed of paper caps, feathers, and parti-colored rags; some with that sullen, repulsive looking countenance which characterizes idiocy in its most hopeless expression. A grave looking personage, in a long, black, faded coat, advanced toward him; his features were sad and pitiful, and he appeared the most likely of the company to return a proper answer.

"I beg pardon," said Gridley, "but will you tell me where I am?"

"Certainly—in Mr. Crab's madhouse."

"And how long have I been here?"

"About three months."

"Is it possible?"

"Very."

The poor fellow, who had no recollection of his being brought there, or the time which had intervened, believed,

from the gravity with which the assertion was made, that it was really the case—that he had been mad. Claspings his hands, he looked piteously in his companion's face, and exclaimed:

"But I am sane now."

"We shall see—we shall see! Do you see that man with a cap and feather?"

"Yes."

"That is the doctor of the establishment. He disguises himself in that way to watch his patients. And the man with a fiddle?"

"I see."

"He is Orpheus, the Greek musician; but mad as a March hare! But there," added the speaker, with an air of pity, pointing at the same time to a dull-looking idiot; "there is the most remarkable case in the entire establishment. Would you believe it? That wretched-looking—in fact, I may say, extremely plain—individual fancies himself the Archangel Gabriel."

"Impossible!"

"Now, sir, I," shrieked the maniac—for such poor Gridley's companion really was—I am the Archangel Gabriel—I bear the sword of heaven—the bolt of Jupiter. Down, Satan!" he added, stamping his foot firmly on the ground; "down, Satan, I hold thee fast!"

Gridley was overwhelmed with terror; but before he could express his astonishment, Mr. Crab entered the courtyard. He paused, on perceiving the clerk.

"Who let that man out of his cell?" he demanded.

"I did, sir," replied one of the keepers.

"You acted wrongly, then, without my orders," said his master, mildly; "he is extremely dangerous—remove him."

It was in vain that the clerk remonstrated. The owner of the establishment received his assurances that he was perfectly sane with a bland smile. Rendered desperate by the sight of the keepers gathering round him, he resisted, and a violent struggle ensued, in which the fiddle of the poor old musician was broken, and his friend, the archangel, knocked to the ground. Just as one of the keepers was about to level a blow at him, a little girl, the daughter of one of the men, entered the yard. The child

had been in the habit of visiting the house of the widow, knew the old man, had sat on his knee hundreds of times, and was not in the least afraid of him. Springing on one of the benches, she threw her arm round his neck, and with the other warded off the blow.

"You know me, Lizzy," said the old clerk, bursting into tears. "I am not mad—not mad!"

"Don't hurt him," said the child; "he is not mad. You see he knows me. I am not in the least afraid of him."

At this moment Lizzy's mother, a stout, bustling, active woman, wife to the head keeper, and governante of Mr. Crab's domestic establishment—for that gentleman was a bachelor—rushed into the yard. Some one had told her that the new patient was in a state of violent excitement, and had seized hold of the girl as a protection, threatening to dash her brains out if the keepers approached him.

"Secure him," she exclaimed, addressing the man. "Why do you stand like a pack of curs, when you should use your hands? Where is my child?" she added, "where is Lizzy?"

"Here, mother," replied the girl; "here, with my poor old friend, Mr. Gridley."

The woman's astonishment and terror were instantly calmed. She saw the speaker, instead of being, as she expected, in the hands of a raving maniac, quietly standing by a poor, weak, gray-headed old man, who was weeping bitterly, whom she was trying to soothe.

"Mad!" said the old man, "or treated like a madman!"

"No, no," said the girl, innocently, "you are only tipsy."

Mr. Crab whispered something to the mother of the speaker—doubtless a hint to remove her from the yard, for although so young, Lizzy possessed an intelligence beyond her years.

"Aye," repeated the old clerk, "drunk, drunk. My sin has found me—drunk has been my ruin! It hath beggared my youth, dishonored my manhood, and consigns my age to the horrors of a madhouse! But I am not mad!" he added, with a sudden burst of energy. "God will not permit the feeble light of reason

to become extinct till I have made atonement! By what right, sir," he said, addressing himself to Mr. Crab, "do you detain me here?"

"Poor fellow! poor fellow!" exclaimed that benevolent gentleman, with an air of commiseration, which threw Gridley into a paroxysm of passion, for he began to fear that he should have some difficulty in proving his sanity.

"Lizzy, come away," said her mother.

The child, terrified at the expression of the old man's countenance, crossed over to her parent, still keeping her eyes fixed with a look of commiseration upon the clerk.

"I tell you I am not mad!" he vociferated.

"Of course not," replied Crab, winking to his assistants.

"There has been a mistake," added Gridley.

"No doubt."

"Or villainy?" he added, fixing a searching glance upon his tormentor.

"Most likely the medical men who signed the certificate know nothing about it. Oh, no, your worthy employers, Messrs. Grindem and Small, have been imposed upon. I, too, have been imposed upon," added Crab. "You are not mad; you have not been for the last three days raving in your cell; certainly not."

The cool, sarcastic tone in which the keeper of the madhouse spoke, at any other time would have excited the old clerk to a fearful state of passion; in the present instance it produced the contrary effect: it calmed him; for he learned that, instead of three months, as the maniac who imagined himself to be the Archangel Gabriel informed him, he had only been three days an inmate of the asylum.

"At least," he submissively replied, "I am sane now?"

"That the doctors will decide."

"When can I see them?"

"In a day or two."

"No," said the old man, "to-day—to-day! if you have any humanity in your nature. I can not—will not remain here!"

"Won't you, indeed!" sarcastically demanded Mr. Crab.

"I dare not!" added the clerk; "if

you keep me here another day I shall indeed go mad. The sight of these pale, wretched beings—their idiot laughter, which sounds like mirth's echo issuing from a tomb—the shrieks which pierce my brain, and render night so terrible! I recollect them all—all now!"

"He knows when the fit is coming on," observed the director to a young keeper, who, not having been sufficient time in his service perfectly to understand his system, he deemed it advisable to mystify. "Poor fellow! in an hour or two, at most, he will be raving mad. He must be removed," he added, "to his cell; nothing like solitude in a case like his."

Seeing that the old man was calm, two of the keepers walked up to him, and taking him by the arms, attempted to lead him away.

"Yes!" said Gridley, with a violent effort mastering his anger, for he felt how necessary it was to avoid even the appearance of excitement. "I am quite calm and reasonable. I make no resistance. You will send the doctor to me?"

"Certainly."

"To-day?"

Crab bowed his head in token of assent, and the clerk suffered himself to be led to his cell, in the hope of being visited by the medical men. He even permitted the door to be barred upon him without a word of remonstrance; but no sooner was he alone than the horror of his situation broke upon him, and he burst into tears. At times he imagined that he was really mad, or labored under the frightful anticipation of becoming so. The nameless dread—the creeping horror—which the consciousness of the approach of insanity conveys, is far more terrible than insanity itself.

Days rolled on, and still the keeper of the mad-house failed to perform his promise. No medical attendant was admitted to see him, and Gridley became convinced at last that he was the victim of a scheme of villainy of which Grindem was the author. With the iron resolution of despair, he resolved, if possible, not to give way to the influences by which he was surrounded—to close his ears to the shrieks which at intervals broke the silence of the night,—the effort was too

much for his mind to bear. From gradually listening, with nervous excitement, for the cries of the maniacs who were confined near him, he began to feel an irresistible desire to shriek too; and at last howled with them, re-echoed their idiot shouts of laughter and despairing yells, broken alternately by tears, by prayers, or blasphemies, as hope or despair predominated.

His prayers at last were answered. Before reason became extinguished the angel of mercy sent a minister to his relief to console and strengthen him. That minister was a child—the kind-hearted and intelligent daughter of the keeper—his young friend Lizzy.

#### CHAPTER IV.

*Her breath, like balm at evening's close,  
Playfully fond, it seemed to fear thee,  
As though some zephyr kissed the rose,  
And gently blew its fragrance near thee.*

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

No doubt but our female readers are anxious to learn what passed between Beacham and Amy, after Richard had retired to his room, accompanied by Gridley and his mother, and they were left alone. Till that evening Henry had never analysed the nature of his feelings toward the lovely being whom he had seen gradually advance from girl toward womanhood, without being aware, as it were, of the change. Since the hour he first knew her, he had loved her as a fairy, graceful thing, whom it was delightful to feel hovering about one. Her voice at first breathed music to his ear. As time rolled on, it imperceptibly made melody to his heart; still, but for the sneer of Mr. Small, and the observations of his uncle, he might for a long time have remained ignorant of the true nature of his feelings toward her. At his age it is astonishing how soon the heart becomes enlightened: a word—a look—and its inmost recesses are suddenly revealed to its astonished owner. Amy, as we before stated, at the conclusion of her song, had burst into tears: she had turned toward the piano, at the departure of her brother, to hide her sorrow; there was no affectation in the act—it was the sensitiveness of wounded feelings, the sacredness of grief, which,

like solitary sanctity, gives vent to its yearnings alone.

She had not remained long in the position we have described, before she felt an arm stealing gently and timidly round her waist. Her very heart trembled, for she knew that it could be no other arm than Henry Beacham's; in childhood it had often been there; yet never had the simple act produced such an emotion before. How truly has it been observed that when two beings love, there is something electrical in the contact; at least, it was so in the present instance.

"Amy," he whispered, "you must not hide your tears from me. I have too often shared your smiles not to claim as a right to partake your sorrow. Richard may recover."

The poor girl shook her head, and her tears flowed the faster.

"Besides," added the young man, "the excitement caused by your grief can not fail to produce an unfavorable influence upon your brother. Till this night he was full of hope. Why should you not share it with him?"

"Because," sighed Amy, "I have watched his fading cheek day after day—the increased glassy brightness of his eye, his hollow cough, and attenuated form. I have no hope," she added, bitterly; "and the sense of loneliness, the desolation, the void in my heart which the bare anticipation of his loss causes me, came suddenly over me. It was wrong—weak—foolish; but if ever you feel yourself as wretched as I do, you will understand, and forgive me."

"And even suppose your worst anticipations should be realized, Amy," whispered the young man, "would the world really be so hopeless a desert? Have you forgotten me?"

"You would be kind, very kind," she answered; "indeed, you have always been so; but not even your friendship could replace the void caused by a brother's loss."

"Friendship!" repeated the young man, gently drawing her closer toward him; "perhaps not—but love?"

"Love!"

"Hear me, Amy. You can not have mistaken the deep, the true, the disin-

terested passion which exists between us—for women, where the heart is concerned, are far more quicksighted than men. I love you—not with the light passion of a boyish love, but with the deep fervency of the heart's freshest feelings. If I have hitherto been silent on the subject, it was that the growth of the passion has been so gradual, so entwined with my years, so like a thing of course, that it required the aid of circumstance to reveal it to myself. Tell me," he added, gazing ardently upon her blushing features, "tell me that the discovery is mutual—that I am not indifferent—that you will allow me to protect you from the cold frowns and insults of the world, by offering you a home—by changing, in time, the name of lover for that of husband?"

Twice did the agitated girl endeavor to reply to his impassioned declaration—the words faded on her lips. With a confidence which the familiarity of their early years warranted, the blushing Amy hid her face in the bosom of her manly suitor, who felt the warm tears—the proofs of his happiness—fall upon his breast. It was, perhaps, the most delicious moment of his life. For dearer far than the intoxicating kiss of beauty, or the triumph of its possession, is to the heart of man the first avowal from woman's lips that he is loved.

For a few moments the lovers remained enfolded in the embrace of virtuous love—a love so pure, that the angel who bore to heaven the record of their vows, smiled on them as he winged his flight, and cast a lingering look of fondness on the scene.

Amy was the first to recover from the delirium into which they had been thrown, and gently disengaged herself from his embrace.

"Henry," she faltered, "although in age almost a woman, I am but a child in worldly knowledge. Think me not forward for my frankness; but truth has ever appeared to me more beautiful than deceit, and I am too happy to disguise it—too weak even if I would. I love you, Henry—from childhood loved you. Oh, did you know," she added, with a tearful smile, "how long your image has been treasured in my heart, you would not blame me for my boldness!"

"Blame you," exclaimed the young man, "for the confession which makes me happy—for that truthfulness of character which is life's best ornament! Oh, never, Amy—never! I should be unworthy of your love did I not appreciate its frankness."

"But your uncle?"

"Is but my uncle. His opposition may retard, but can not prevent our happiness. I confess, Amy, that even your love would find an alloy, were it encountered by a parent's opposition. Fortunately, we have no such misery to dread. Your mother already loves me like her son."

"And Richard—dear Richard," interrupted Amy, "will rejoice in the prospect of his sister's happiness."

It was at this moment, as the two lovers were standing, hand-in-hand, by the piano, that the old clerk entered the room. Beacham's departure, and what took place between him and the clerk, is already known to our readers.

That very evening the happy girl confided to her brother the secret of her love, and the poor fellow felt a weight removed from his breast by Beacham's declaration; for, with the keen-sightedness of fraternal affection, he had long been aware of the state of Amy's heart.

The next morning, as Amy was hastening home after having taken back the work on which for the last three days she had been so industriously employed, she encountered the eldest of the three Smalls—Matthew—a tall, liquorice-looking youth, who, despite his suit of black and white cravat, had that rakish, licentious look, from which female delicacy instinctively shrinks. He had often observed our heroine, and vainly sought to become acquainted with her. The idea of annoying Henry Beacham, whom he honored with particular dislike, especially since his splitting, as he elegantly termed it, on the affair of the police, was an additional incentive. The illness of her brother this time gave him a fair excuse for addressing her.

"Beg pardon, miss!" he exclaimed, with insolent familiarity; "but how is Dick?"

"My brother, I suppose, you mean?" quietly replied Amy.

"Exactly so."

"I thank you, sir, but he is better; at least, we trust so. Good morning, sir!"

"Whew!—stop—don't be in such a devil of a hurry. Dick's a good fellow, only a little precise. His *quid* is not over high, especially when there are three to keep; so, if you want any thing, only say the word—I shall be happy to oblige you."

"Thank you, sir," replied the indignant girl, with difficulty suppressing her tears; "but my brother requires nothing more than his means, humble as they are, to enable us to procure him—I will not detain you, sir."

"Do you know me, miss?"

"Oh, yes—you are the son of Mr. Small, Squire Grindem's partner."

"And so I am!" chuckled the precocious libertine. "Do you know," he added, with a patronising air, "I have frequently noticed you?"

"Indeed!"

"Do you ever go to the theater?"

"Never!"

"Nor the concerts?"

"Sir!"

"Oh! that's all very well; but you are a devilish fine girl, and can't be angry at being told so. Do you know I've taken a fancy to you? so, if you feel disposed for a new dress or —"

Before he could finish, the young lady had resumed her walk, trembling with indignation and anger, at being so coarsely insulted; but Matthew Small was not a fellow to be easily put off; he was nettled at the cool disdain with which Amy treated him, and he determined, if he could not bend her spirit, at least to bruise it. Quickening his steps, he followed, and was just renewing his impertinence, when, to Amy's great relief, she encountered Henry Beacham.

"Miss Lawrence!" exclaimed the latter, raising his hat, "and thus accompanied?"

"Say rather followed. Oh, Henry," she added, in a lower tone, "I have been so insulted!"

"Insulted!" repeated the young man; "by whom?"

A glance at Matthew, who scarcely knew whether to retreat or advance, sufficiently indicated the aggressor.

Bowing gravely to the lady, Henry Beacham quietly advanced toward the heir of the house of Small, drew off his glove, seized him by the collar, turned him round with a half-pirouette on the curb-stone, and kicked him into the middle of the street.

A loud laugh from a party of gentlemen, who, from the door of the Royal Hotel, witnessed the transaction, added to the discomfiture of the puppy, who, like most men who insult the weaker sex, was too great a cur to fight. Hastily rushing down the lane by the side of the infirmary, he escaped from the sneers of those who had seen the punishment inflicted, muttering curses as he made his escape.

"Allow me, Amy," said Henry Beacham, offering his arm, "to see you safely home?"

"Oh! Henry, what have you done?"

"My duty—you forget I have the right to protect you now," said the young man, coolly; "would you have me despise myself?"

"No; but pray—pray be prudent! should your uncle hear of this?"

"Pshaw! the fellow, for his own sake, will be discreet; besides, my uncle, Amy, has about as great a contempt for the entire family of the Smalls as I have; added to which, he is a gentleman, and must feel that my first duty, as his nephew, was to protect the daughter of a man who died in his service."

"Grant me one favor?" whispered the trembling girl.

"Name it."

"Not to mention this to Richard."

"Not for worlds! in his present excitable state, it might be fatal to him. And you, Amy, promise me that, for the future, you will not take these walks alone. Manchester is not the safest place in the kingdom for an innocent, unprotected girl."

The promise was given—Amy secretly resolving for the future to employ a young friend in her transactions with the house for which she worked.

When Henry Beacham arrived at the counting-house, after having seen Amy home, he found Matthew Small seated, as usual, at the desk, driving away with his pen as if nothing had occurred. A

close observer might have detected a malignant glance from his little, gray eye, as the young man entered, but nothing to denote the humiliating castigation he had so lately received.

"Has my uncle arrived?" he demanded.

One of the three Smalls nodded in the affirmative, and pointed to the private room, as much as to say that he was occupied: but Henry, not heeding the intimation, entered without being announced, and found the two partners in earnest conversation.

"So," said his uncle, as soon as he saw him, "What is this I hear—a broil in the open street?"

"Is Mr. Small your informant, sir?" demanded the young man.

Grindem nodded in the affirmative.

"I thought as much; and pray, did he inform you, sir, why I felt myself obliged to kick his son, Mr. Matthew Small, in the public streets of Manchester?"

Small the elder's face turned almost crimson with rage. He had not named to his partner that his own son was the person with whom Henry Beacham had had a dispute about a girl—as he contemptuously termed the object of his eldest son's impertinence.

Gilbert smiled at Small's discomfort; bad as he was himself, he could still despise his partner.

"And, pray, who was this girl?" he demanded.

"Girl!" repeated Henry, with difficulty mastering his indignation; "it was poor Richard Lawrence's sister, who, while her brother, her natural protector, is lying, most probably, on his death-bed, Matthew found courage and manhood to insult. Tell him from me, sir," added the young man, "that if he presumes to address that young lady again—unless, indeed, it be to apologise for his ruffianly conduct—I'll horsewhip him in the most public street in Manchester."

"Humph!" ejaculated Grindem, with the air of a man not altogether satisfied; for he had rather that the quarrel had been about any other rather than Amy. "This comes of boys being suffered to run wild. I beg, Small, I may be annoyed no further with these quarrels:



if your son is uncomfortable in the counting-house, of course he can quit it. The affair is clear enough—Matthew acted like a blackguard, and my nephew kicked him."

"Of course," said Harry.

The cool, matter-of-course way in which Gilbert treated so serious an affair as the kicking of Matthew, was more galling to the pride of that worthy gentleman's father than all he had yet endured. Without a word, he bowed and withdrew, for even his servility could stand the thing no longer."

"I shall pay him yet," he muttered, as he closed the door. "I am sure I shall. Drop by drop he shall digest the venom he has made me swallow! I should not die like a christian in my bed," added he, "if I died unrevenged. Patience—patience—if I could only get old Gridley's secret, we shall see, then, who most excels in the art of tormenting!"

"Henry," said his uncle, as soon as they were alone, "how came you to have an appointment with Amy Lawrence?"

"An appointment with Amy Lawrence!"

"I did not ask you to repeat my words but to answer them," dryly observed the merchant, regarding him as if he would read him through.

"I had no appointment with the young lady, sir, and thought no more of meeting her at the moment when she solicited my protection, than I did of encountering the Queen of Sheba."

"You would deceive me?" said Grindem, shaking his head.

"Did I ever do so?"

"No."

"And why imagine I am trying to do so now? You know," said the young man, "that for several years the house of Mrs. Lawrence was my second home—Richard like a brother—Amy like a little sister to me. Is there anything extraordinary in my resenting an insult to her? I should have done the same," he added, "had I never exchanged a word with her."

"You love her," said his uncle.

"I told you, when last we spoke of the subject, that I considered her as a child—as a child, had I been let alone, I should still consider her; but, faith, since

you force the conviction on me, I am beginning to think she is really a very lovely young woman."

There was a frankness in the young man's tone and manner which allayed his uncle's suspicions, if it did not entirely disarm them. Although, strictly speaking, a mercantile man, he knew something of the human heart—knew that nothing was more likely to create a feeling of interest in the breast of a young man than being continually tormented about a girl; he therefore wisely resolved to drop the subject, to Henry's great relief, who was too ingenuous to have denied his love, had the question been closely pressed.

"Bad boy—foolish boy!" said his uncle; "I must one day think of providing you with a wife, to put an end to those follies."

"With all my heart, as soon as you please, sir," replied the young man; mentally adding, "provided it be the object of my choice—the only woman I can ever really love—my own sweet Amy Lawrence!"

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said Gilbert.

Mark Small made his appearance, for his father was too much offended to trust himself in the presence of his partner, and announced that the person Mr. Grindem had sent for was waiting without.

"Send him in," was the laconic reply.

In a minute Dick—or Tim's Dick, as he was familiarly called—stood bowing and scraping at the door, requesting to know in what way he could have the honor to serve the wealthy Mr. Grindem.

"Oh! ah! have you seen your friend Gridley?"

"No, sir. The widow and I have been twice to the 'sylum, but doctor says he is in a paroxysm. "I hope," he added, "it bean't worse. He were only in straight-waistcoat at fust, and that were bad enough."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Henry, "is Gridley ill?"

"He be mortal bad, sir! His honor and the doctor took him to Mister Crab's 'sylum; he did nothing but rave and tear all night. It took five on us to hold un down. I had no idea mad folk were so strong!"

"Mad!"

"Even so, Henry," said his uncle. "Dissipation and drink have done their work. I could not suffer the poor old fellow to go to the hospital. His absence and Lawrence's at the same time will sadly inconvenience the firm. I am afraid I must get you to undertake the foreign correspondence.

This was the very thing his nephew wished, and so both ends were answered.

"I sent for you," continued Mr. Grindem, addressing the weaver, "to inquire if you or the woman where he lodged have seen any papers about his room? I miss two rather important ones belonging to the firm."

"Papers?" said the man, looking confused.

"He has them," muttered Gilbert to himself. "Aye," he resumed aloud, "things of no value in themselves, but the loss of which will be attended with great inconvenience to me, touching matters from India. Poor fellow! I doubt not but that in his anxiety he has put them in some out-of-the-way place or another, to make sure of them."

"From India?" repeated the man, thrown off his guard by the apparent simplicity and straightforwardness of the speaker's manner. "Are they old papers?"

"No."

Here Grindem's cunning was too much for himself. Had he said yes, the poor weaver, whom Gridley had really made the depository of the letters which he had found in the dead man's pockets would have given them up, deeming the caution of the poor clerk but the wandering of his diseased brain. The merchant's finesse convinced him that they could not be the papers he sought; he therefore boldly answered in the negative.

"No matter," said Gilbert; "doubtless we shall find them."

And Tim's Dick took his leave.

"Shall I proceed to his lodgings," demanded Henry, as soon as the weaver was gone, "and search for them?"

"It would be useless," said his uncle, dryly, who had determined on using other means to obtain them, now that he was satisfied they really were in the poor weaver's custody.

There was a second party in the firm, also, who hoped to obtain them—Mr. Small, who, during the weaver's interview, had listened at the outward door to every word of the conversation.

"Papers and India!" he muttered; "with a finer clue I will trace out a greater mystery. I shall have him yet," he added; "I shall have him yet!"

That same day Mr. Marjoram received two notes, each marked private. The first was signed "Grindem," and requested that the intelligent police officer would call upon the writer at the Royal Hotel that evening, at seven o'clock, on particular business; the second, to a similar effect, was signed, "Small," naming his private house as the place of meeting, and the time an hour sooner.

"Humph!" said the man of law, after perusing and re-perusing the two notes, and finding himself still at fault; "something's up—the firm of Grindem and Small is too wealthy to be in any difficulties, too prudent to have run any great risks. This must be a private affair: if so, there is money to be made. We shall see."

*(To be continued in our next.)*

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### MASONIC HYMN.

BY BRO. JOHN DERBY.

*Written for the dedication of Bristol Lodge, No. 25, Pa., May 1, 1854.*

God of the Fatherless! Come to us now,  
In spirit descend from Thy mansion above;  
Come, with the glory that beams round thy brow,  
And teach us new lessons of heavenly love!

God of the Motherless! Come from thy throne,  
Before which the bright angels adore,  
Oh, come with the comfort that's ever thine own,  
And blessed with thy presence once more!

God of the Friendless! Those forsaken of men!  
Come with thy power to bless and to heal;  
Come, raise up the stricken, and guide them again  
To paths where each virtue thy glories reveal.

God of the Nations! Atorn and apart,  
On them let thy spirit in mercy descend;  
Heal up every discord, renew every heart,  
Cause war and its horrors for ever to end.

God of the Mystic Tie! aid us to bless  
The helpless, the friendless, the poor;  
To banish dark sorrow, and drive the distress  
Far away from our own brother's door!

God of our Altars! Oh, come in thy might,  
And infuse every heart with thy love;  
Guide us, direct us! Oh, lead us aright,  
And receive us at last in thy Temple above!

## MASONIC SYMBOLOLOGY.

IN none of its ramifications does Freemasonry exhibit more beauty and plasticity of conception than in its symbology. It is a complete language of types and figures, and by this feature alone does it prove the antiquity of its origin,—and strong claim such antiquity gives it upon the affections of its votaries.

The most undying stories of the dim past are preserved to us by symbology. The tale of Egypt's glory and her fall would, but for it,—these became a science ere the science of language found form,—be all untold: and the stories of the wilderness and promised land, and the chequered experiences of the dwellers and sojourners therein, when types and symbols were their only written language, would, but for the symbology that preserved them, be for ever lost.

It is with sentiments of great gratification we are, by the politeness of our friend and Bro., R. MORRIS, enabled to present our readers with a rare combination of what, at a later day, proves can be illustrated by the skilful craftsman, with the aid of well-known masonic symbols.

From a rare work, styled "NUMOTHECA LATOMORUM," or, *A Collection of Medals to Perpetuate the Memory of the Past*, pub-



lished by private enterprise, and the first sheet of which was exhibited by its executor, Bro. ERNEST ZACHARIAS, of Dresden, in 1840, to the National Mother Lodge of Prussia of the three globes,—are the following copies made. They are

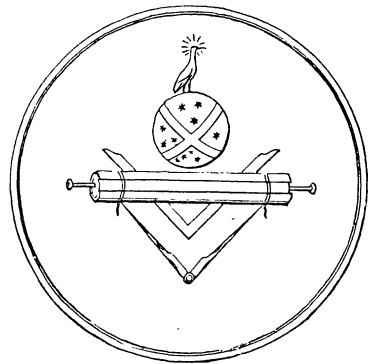
but a portion of a total of seventy medals designed and engraved from the originals by that worthy brother, for kindly preservation and remembrance by friends, to whom these originals were inaccessible.



The first of these designs is from a medal struck at the mint of Baron Von Gartenburg Sadogusky, in 1774, to commemorate the establishment of a lodge in Warsaw, under the name of *Mars* Lodge.

In 1733 Lord Charles Sackville, Duke of Middlesex, son of Lionel Cranville Sackville, Duke of Dorset, and great grandson of Thomas Sackville, who, in 1561, was Master of the lodge at York, established a Lodge at Florence. In commemoration of that event, the above medal was struck.

In 1717 the three Lodges of Dresden—



*The Three Swords, The Golden Apple, and Astrea*,—assembled under the orders of the Grand Lodge of Saxony, to celebrate the centennial anniversary of the Grand Lodge of England. It was on this occasion that the medal, of which that above

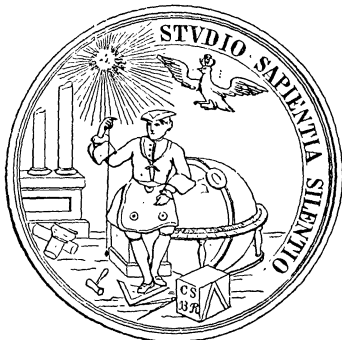
is a copy, was struck. A globe overlying the three grand lights (square, compasses, and roll of the law,) is surmounted by the phoenix of Masonry,—its head surrounded by rays. An inscription,



which we omit, surrounding the whole, is as follows: "A second phoenix, encircling the globes, rises every century out of the three lights of Masonry."

Upon the election of Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick to the Grand Mastership of the united lodges of Germany, the above medal was struck. It exhibits the king of beasts guarding with mild dignity, but firm strength, the emblems of Masonry, with the motto, "I saw; I conquered; I now repose."

Three brethren—Von Cramm, Von Bruckendahl, and Von Krosigh,—united



in the year 1743 to establish a lodge at Halle, under the name of the "Three Golden Keys," which was changed in 1765 to the "Three Swords," by which title it is at present known. On the 24th June, 1744, Bro. Von Bruckenthal pre-

sented to the lodge the medal of which the preceding is a copy. Under the protection of the royal eagle, winging its flight toward the sun, a Master reclines against a globe, with a plumb-line in his hand.



The masonic fraternity at Baireuth, on the 20th September, 1759, had a medal struck, the design of which is given above to commemorate the second marriage of their Grand Master, the Margrave Frederick, of Brandenburg Baireuth, with Caroline Maria, daughter of Duke Charles of Brunswick. The Grand Master descends from his chair, and is seen depositing upon the altar of love a pair of lady's gloves as a token of inviolable fidelity.

In November, 1755, to commemorate the opening of the first masonic lodge in Hildburghausen, the following medal was



struck. We give both sides. On the obverse, in the distance, are seen, in the midst of masonic implements and a temple, three masons clasping each others' hands, and the motto, "With united force."

On the reverse is exhibited the hand of Providence guiding a compass, and the sun, whose brightness is breaking through the clouds. The points of the compass resting on the square of the quadrature of the circle, and the motto,



“He who knows the secret possesses every thing,” each brother will understand.

Bro. De Freum was chosen Grand Overseer of the Belgian lodges in 1832. To commemorate that event the following medal was struck. The phoenix of Masonry is seen holding in his beak the sprig of acacia, and in his left claw the compass and square. In the back-ground may be seen the two well-known pillars irradiated by the sun, and the motto, “By the effulgence of the true light, darkness is displaced.”



The medal following, of which we give both sides, is very beautiful. It was struck by order of the Grand Lodge of the Netherlands, and presented to Prince Frederick, to commemorate his marriage with the Princess Louise Au-

gusta Wilhelmina Amelia of Prussia, on the 21st May, 1825. The obverse exhibits Latona, with a diadem upon her head, composed of the triangle and ineffable character. She stands upon three steps, between the pillars, and holds in either



hand a sprig of acacia and a crown of roses, typifying happiness and immortality. The initials on the shields are those of the bridal pair. The inscription in the sacred cipher is in Latin: “*Ornat et auget*”—Increase and beautify.

The reverse exhibits a radiant triangle. The symmetrical inscription, in the same characters, rendered into Latin, is as follows: “*In memoriam nuptiarum fratrum, libera ac fideli silentie lege operantium, florentissima in Belzjo societas.*”

On the fiftieth anniversary of the lodge called “*The Pillars,*” in Berlin, the 19th



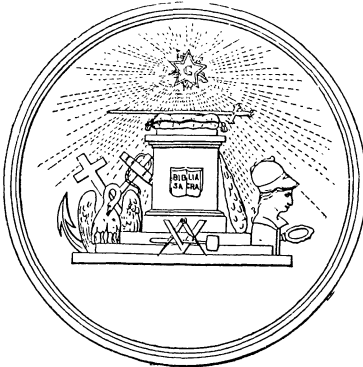
May, 1774, the annexed medal was struck. On a masonic floor are lying the different symbols; and St. John the Evangelist, holding in one hand a scroll, with the other grasping the compasses, he inscribes thereon.

Upon the election of Bro. Eugene de Faegs to the Grand Mastership of Belgium on the 7th July, 1841, the bottom medal was struck. We give the reverse, which exhibits three steps, on which is an altar, with the sword of justice on a



cushion, illuminated by the sacred star; on the altar lies the bible; the compass, square, and setting maul lie on the steps. At the right of the altar, faith, love, and hope are symbolically represented by the cross, pelican, and anchor; and at the left, wisdom, beauty, and strength; by the head of Minerva, the looking-glass of Juno, and the club of Hercules.

Here we must leave this interesting series for the present. Our transatlantic brethren, it will be seen, have the happy faculty of celebrating events of interest, by the use of medals, with good effect:



and the question is pertinent, why do we, on this side, who are so fond of copying every thing that is good, and graceful, and meritorious, and improving upon it, not follow their lead—if we have not originality enough of conception to lead them

—in this matter? Certainly it is not for the lack of events full as worthy of commemoration as the organizing of a lodge or the marriage of a Grand Master. Nor can it be for the want of artistic skill among us: for in that respect we have shown we can lead the headmost, when fairly encouraged. In our next number we shall, with pleasure, return to this subject.

LIFE'S BETTER MOMENTS.

LIFE has its better moments  
Of beauty and bloom,  
They hang like sweet roses  
On the edge of the tomb:  
Blessings they bring us,  
As lovely as brief,  
They meet us when happy,  
And leave us in grief.

Hues of the morning  
Tinging the sky,  
Come on the sunbeams,  
And off with them fly,  
Shadows of evening  
Hang soft on the shore,  
Darkness enwraps them,  
We see them no more.

So life's better moments  
In brilliance appear,  
Dawning in beauty  
Our journey to cheer:  
Round us they linger  
Like shadows of even;  
Would that we, like them,  
Might melt into heaven.

MASONIC SONG.

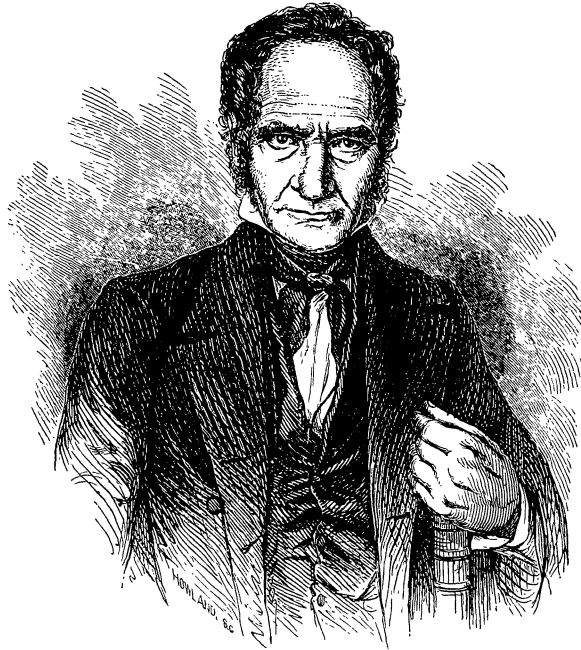
AS WHEN the weary traveler gains  
The height of some commanding hill,  
His heart revives if o'er the plains  
He sees his home tho' distant still.

So when the faithful pilgrim views  
By faith his mansions in the skies,  
The sight his fainting strength renews,  
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

The hope of heaven his spirit cheers,  
No more he grieves for sorrows past,  
Nor any further conflict fears,  
So he may safe arise at last.

Oh, Lord, our hopes on Thee we stay,  
To lead us on to thine abode,  
Assured Thy love will far o'erpay  
The hardest labors of the road.

LIVING AMERICAN MASONIC WRITERS.



REV. SALEM TOWN, OF NEW YORK,  
*Author of SPECULATIVE MASONRY, etc., etc.*

THE venerable brother, whose revered features we here present, and upon which age has left its unmistakable token, is the oldest masonic writer in America. In the storm, when the cradle of masonic liberty was rocked to overthrow by the hands of the ignorant and evil minded, and the winds and waves of anti-masonry threatened its total destruction;—when many of the most talented of the land, fired by a zeal that knew no better outlet than their opposition to Freemasonry, used their best energies to add fuel to a flame kindled by ignorance, and fanned into frightful vitality by popular malediction — SALEM TOWN, of New York, stood forward as a chief, in the forefront of the fight, among that little band of brethren, who, knowing they were right, defied the world, the flesh, and the devil.

By the publication of his "*Speculative Masonry*," he appealed to the better and more holy feelings of men; and attuned, with a master hand, to harmony and

peace those chords which erst had given forth notes but of discord and confusion.

As a writer Bro. TOWN is forcible and conclusive. His arguments are sound and convincing, and his deductions as flattering to their cause as harmonious with their effects. As an educationist, he has more recently acquired great reputation by the production of a system of Spellers and Readers for the young, highly valued by those who have used them.

Our brother is now approaching that age which the psalmist assures us is but labor and sorrow. May its weight rest lightly upon his venerable form. And when that hour approaches, which, in the course of nature is not far off, may he feel that he has not misspent the talent with which his Lord intrusted him; but, having used it as his Master intended, receive the reward in store for the good and the faithful servant, and the invitation to partake of that glory and joy unspeakable which is vouchsafed to the virtuous and the true of heart.

# Best Thoughts of best Writers, Living and Dead, On the subject of Freemasonry.

## MASONIC LAW.

### THE RIGHTS OF INDIVIDUALS.

BY A. G. MACKAY, M. D.

SEC. I.—*Of the Petition of Candidates for Admission, and the Action thereon.*

THE application of a candidate to a lodge, for initiation, is called a "petition." This petition should always be in writing, and generally contains a statement of the petitioner's age, occupation, and place of residence, and a declaration of the motives which have prompted the application, which ought to be "a favorable opinion conceived of the institution and a desire of knowledge."<sup>1</sup> This petition must be recommended by at least two members of the lodge.

The position must be read at a stated or regular communication of the lodge, and referred to a committee of three members, for an investigation of the qualifications and character of the candidate. The committee having made the necessary inquiries, will report the result at the next regular communication, and not sooner.

The authority for this deliberate mode of proceeding is to be found in the fifth of the Thirty-Nine General Regulations, which is in these words:

"No man can be made or admitted a member of a particular lodge, without previous notice one month before given to the said lodge, in order to make due inquiry into the reputation and capacity of the candidate; unless by dispensation aforesaid."

The last clause in this article provides for the only way in which this probation of a month can be avoided, and that is when the Grand Master, for reasons satisfactory to himself, being such as will constitute what is called (sometimes improperly) a case of emergency, shall is-

<sup>1</sup> Such is the formula prescribed by the Constitutions of England, as well as all the Monitors in this country.

sue a dispensation permitting the lodge to proceed forthwith to the election.

But where this dispensation has not been issued, the committee should proceed diligently and faithfully to the discharge of their responsible duty. They must inquire into the moral, physical, intellectual, and political qualifications of the candidate, and make their report in accordance with the result of their investigations.

The report can not be made at a special communication, but must always be presented at a regular one. The necessity of such a rule is obvious. As the Master can at any time within his discretion convene a special meeting of his lodge, it is evident that a presiding officer, if actuated by an improper desire to intrude an unworthy and unpopular applicant upon the craft, might easily avail himself for that purpose of an occasion when the lodge being called for some other purpose, the attendance of the members was small, and causing a ballot to be taken, succeed in electing a candidate, who would, at a regular meeting, have been blackballed by some of those who were absent from the special communication.

This regulation is promulgated by the Grand Lodge of England, in the following words: "No person shall be made a Mason without a regular proposition at one lodge and a ballot at the next regular stated lodge;" it appears to have been almost universally adopted in similar language by the Grand Lodges of this country; and, if the exact words of the law are wanting in any of the Constitutions, the general usage of the craft has furnished an equivalent authority for the regulation.

If the report of the committee is unfavorable, the candidate should be considered as rejected, without any reference to a ballot. This rule is also founded in reason. If the committee, after a due inquiry into the character of the applicant, find the result so disadvantageous



to him as to induce them to make an unfavorable report on his application, it is to be presumed that on a ballot they would vote against his admission, and as their votes alone would be sufficient to reject him, it is held unnecessary to resort in such a case to the supererogatory ordeal of the ballot. It would, indeed, be an anomalous proceeding, and one which would reflect great discredit on the motives and conduct of a committee of inquiry, were its members first to report against the reception of a candidate, and then, immediately afterwards, to vote in favor of its petition. The lodges will not suppose, for the honor of their committees, that such a proceeding will take place, and accordingly the unfavorable report of the committee is always to be considered as a rejection.

Another reason for this regulation seems to be this. The fifth general regulation declares that no lodge should ever make a mason without "due inquiry" into his character, and as the duty of making this inquiry is intrusted to a competent committee, when that committee has reported that the applicant is unworthy to be made a mason, it would certainly appear to militate against the spirit, if not the letter of the regulation, for the lodge, notwithstanding this report, to enter into a ballot on the petition.

But should the committee of investigation report favorably, the lodge will then proceed to a ballot for the candidate; but, as this forms a separate and important step in the process of "making masons," I shall make it the subject of a distinct section.

#### SEC. II.—Of Balloting for Candidates.

The Thirty-Nine Regulations do not explicitly prescribe the ballot-box as the proper mode of testing the opinion of the lodge on the merits of a petition for initiation. The sixth regulation simply says that the consent of the members is to be "formally asked by the Master; and they are to signify their assent or dissent in their own prudent way, either virtually or in form, but with unanimity." Almost universal usage has, however, sanctioned the ballot-box, and the use of black and white balls as the proper mode of obtaining the opinion of the members.

From the responsibility of expressing this opinion, and of admitting a candidate into the fraternity, or of repulsing him from it, no mason is permitted to shrink. In balloting on a petition, therefore, every member of the lodge is expected to vote; nor can he be excused from the discharge of this important duty, except by the unanimous consent of his brethren. All the members must, therefore, come up to the performance of this trust with firmness, candor, and a full determination to do what is right—to allow no personal timidity to forbid the deposit of a black ball, if the applicant is unworthy, and no illiberal prejudices to prevent the deposition of a white one, if the character and qualifications of the candidate are unobjectionable. And in all cases where a member himself has no personal or acquired knowledge of these qualifications, he should rely upon and be governed by the recommendation of his brethren of the Committee of Investigation, who he has no right to suppose would make a favorable report on the petition of an unworthy applicant.<sup>2</sup>

The great object of the ballot is, to secure the independence of the voter; and, for this purpose, its secrecy should be inviolate. And this secrecy of the ballot gives rise to a particular rule which necessarily flows out of it.

No mason can be called to an account for the vote which he has deposited.—The very secrecy of the ballot is intended to secure the independence and irresponsibility to the lodge of the voter. And, although it is undoubtedly a crime for a member to vote against the petition of an applicant on account of private pique or personal prejudice, still the lodge has no right to judge that such motives alone actuated him. The motives of men, unless divulged by themselves, can be known only to God; "and if," as Wayland says, "from any circumstances we are led to entertain any doubts of the motives of men, we are bound to retain these doubts within our own bosoms." Hence, no judicial notice can be or ought to be taken by a lodge of a vote cast by a member, on

<sup>2</sup> See Mackey's *Lexicon of Freemasonry*, 3d Edit., art. *Ballot*.

the ground of his having been influenced by improper motives, because it is impossible for the lodge legally to arrive at the knowledge; in the first place, of the vote that he has given, and secondly, of the motives by which he has been controlled.

And even if a member voluntarily should divulge the nature of his vote and of his motives, it is still exceedingly questionable whether the lodge should take any notice of the act, because by so doing the independence of the ballot might be impaired. It is through a similar mode of reasoning that the Constitution of the United States provides, that the members of Congress shall not be questioned, in any other place, for any speech or debate in either House. As in this way the freedom of debate is preserved in legislative bodies, so in like manner should the freedom of the ballot be insured in lodges.

The sixth general regulation requires unanimity in the ballot. Its language is: "but no man can be entered a brother in any particular lodge, or admitted to be a member thereof, without the *unanimous consent of all the members of that lodge* then present when the candidate is proposed." This regulation, it will be remembered, was adopted in 1721. But in the "New Regulations," adopted in 1754, and which are declared to have been enacted "only for amending or explaining the Old Regulations for the good of Masonry, without breaking in upon the ancient rules of the fraternity, still preserving the old landmarks," it is said: "but it was found inconvenient to insist upon unanimity in several cases; and, therefore, the Grand Masters have allowed the lodges to admit a member, if not above three black balls are against him; though some lodges desire no such allowance."<sup>3</sup>

The Grand Lodge of England still acts under this new regulation, and extends the number of black balls which will reject to three, though it permits its subordinates, if they desire it, to require unanimity. But nearly all the Grand Lodges of this country have adhered to the old regulation, which is undoubtedly the better one, and by special enactment have made the unanimous consent of all

the brethren present necessary to the election of a candidate.

Another question here suggests itself. Can a member, who by the by-laws of his lodge is disqualified from the exercise of his other franchises as a member, in consequence of being in arrears beyond a certain amount, be prevented from depositing his ballot on the application of a candidate? That by such a by-law he may be disfranchised of his vote in electing officers, or of the right to hold office, will be freely admitted. But the words of the old regulation seem expressly, and without equivocation, to require that *every member present* shall vote. The candidate shall only be admitted "by the unanimous consent of all the members of that lodge then present when the candidate is proposed." This right of the members to elect or reject their candidates is subsequently called "an inherent privilege," which is not subject to a dispensation. The words are explicit, and the right appears to be one guaranteed to every member so long as he continues a member, and of which no by-law can divest him as long as the paramount authority of the Thirty-Nine General Regulations is admitted. I should say, then, that every member of a lodge present at balloting for a candidate has a right to deposit his vote; and not only a right, but a duty which he is to be compelled to perform; since, without the unanimous consent of all present, there can be no election.

Our written laws are altogether silent as to the peculiar ceremonies which are to accompany the act of balloting, which has therefore been generally directed by the local usage of different jurisdictions. Uniformity, however, in this, as in all other ritual observances, is to be commended, and I shall accordingly here describe the method which I have myself preferred and practised in balloting for candidates, and which is the custom adopted in the jurisdiction of South Carolina.<sup>4</sup>

The committee of investigation having reported favorably, the Master of the lodge directs the Senior Deacon to prepare the ballot-box. The mode in which

<sup>3</sup> Book of Constitutions. Edit. 1765, p. 312.

<sup>4</sup> See Mackey's Lexicon of Freemasonry, 3d Edit., art. *Ballot*.

this is accomplished is as follows:—The Senior Deacon takes the ballot-box, and, opening it, places all the white and black balls indiscriminately in one compartment, leaving the other entirely empty. He then proceeds with the box to the Junior and Senior Wardens, who satisfy themselves by an inspection that no ball has been left in the compartment in which the votes are to be deposited. I remark here, in passing, that the box, in this and the other instance to be referred to hereafter, is presented to the inferior officer first, and then to his superior, that the examination and decision of the former may be substantiated and confirmed by the higher authority of the latter. Let it, indeed, be remembered, that in all such cases the usage of masonic *circumambulation* is to be observed, and that, therefore, we must first pass the Junior's station before we can get to that of the Senior Warden.

These officers having thus satisfied themselves that the box is in a proper condition for the reception of the ballots, it is then placed upon the altar by the Senior Deacon, who retires to his seat. The Master then directs the Secretary to call the roll, which is done by commencing with the Worshipful Master, and proceeding through all the officers down to the youngest member. As a matter of convenience, the Secretary generally votes the last of those in the room, and then, if the Tiler is a member of the lodge, he is called in, while the Junior Deacon tiles for him, and the name of the applicant having been told him, he is directed to deposit his ballot, which he does, and then retires.

As the name of each officer and member is called he approaches the altar, and having made the proper salutation to the Chair, he deposits his ballot and retires to his seat. The roll should be called slowly, so that at no time should there be more than one person present at the box; for, the great object of the ballot being secrecy, no brother should be permitted so near the member voting as to distinguish the color of the ball he deposits.

The box is placed on the altar, and the ballot is deposited with the solemnity of a masonic salutation, that the voters may

be duly impressed with the sacred and responsible nature of the duty they are called on to discharge. The system of voting thus described, is, therefore, far better on this account than the one sometimes adopted in lodges, of handing round the box for the members to deposit their ballots from their seats.

The Master having inquired of the Wardens if all have voted, then orders the Senior Deacon to "take charge of the ballot-box." That officer accordingly repairs to the altar, and taking possession of the box, carries it, as before, to the Junior Warden, who examines the ballot, and reports, if all the balls are white, that "the box is clear in the South," or, if there is one or more black balls, that "the box is foul in the South." The Deacon then carries it to the Senior Warden, and afterwards to the Master, who, of course, make the same report according to the circumstances, with the necessary verbal variation of "West" and "East."

If the box is *clear*—that is, if all the ballots are white—the Master then announces that the applicant has been duly elected, and the Secretary makes a record of the fact.

But if the box is declared to be *foul*, the Master inspects the number of black balls; if he finds two, he declares the candidate to be rejected; if only one, he so states the fact to the lodge, and orders the Senior Deacon again to prepare the ballot-box, and a second ballot is taken in the same way. This is done lest a black ball might have been inadvertently voted on the first ballot. If, on the second scrutiny, one black ball is again found, the fact is announced by the Master, who orders the election to lie over until the next stated meeting, and requests the brother who deposited the black ball to call upon him and state his reasons. At the next stated meeting the Master announces these reasons to the lodge, if any have been made known to him, concealing, of course, the name of the objecting brother. At this time the validity or truth of the objections may be discussed, and the friends of the applicant will have an opportunity of offering any defense or explanation. The ballot is then taken a third time, and the result, what-

ever it may be, is final. As I have already observed, in most of the lodges of this country, the reëpearance of the one black ball will amount to a rejection. In those lodges which do not require unanimity, it will, of course, be necessary that the requisite number of black balls must be deposited on this third ballot to insure a rejection. But if, on inspection, the box is found to be "clear," or without a black ball, the candidate is, of course, declared to be elected. In any case, the result of the third ballot is final, nor can it be set aside or reversed by the action of the Grand Master or Grand Lodge; because, by the sixth general regulation, already so frequently cited, the members of every particular lodge are the best judges of the qualifications of their candidates; and, to use the language of the regulation, "if a fractious member should be imposed on them, it might spoil their harmony, or hinder their freedom, or even break and disperse the lodge."

Sec. III.—*Of the Reconsideration of the Ballot.*

There are, unfortunately, some men in our Order, governed, not by essentially bad motives, but by frail judgments and by total ignorance of the true object and design of Freemasonry, who never, under any circumstances, have recourse to the black ball, that great bulwark of masonry, and are always more or less incensed when any more judicious brother exercises his privilege of excluding those whom he thinks unworthy of participation in our mysteries.

I have said, that these men are not governed by motives essentially bad. This is the fact. They honestly desire the prosperity of the institution, and they would not wilfully do one act which would impede that prosperity. But their judgments are weak, and their zeal is without knowledge. They do not at all understand in what the true prosperity of the Order consists, but really and conscientiously believing that its actual strength will be promoted by the increase of the number of its disciples; they look rather to the *quantity* than to the *quality* of the applicants who knock at the doors of our lodges.

Now a great difference in respect to the mode in which the ballot is conducted, will be found in those lodges which are free from the presence of such injudicious brethren, and others into which they have gained admittance.

In a lodge in which every member has a correct notion of the proper moral qualifications of the candidates for masonry, and where there is a general disposition to work well with a few, rather than to work badly with many, when a ballot is ordered, each brother, having deposited his vote, quietly and calmly waits to hear the decision of the ballot box announced by the Chair. If it is "clear," all are pleased that another citizen has been found worthy to receive a portion of the illuminating rays of masonry. If it is "foul," each one is satisfied with the adjudication, and rejoices that, although knowing nothing himself against the candidate, some one has been present whom a more intimate acquaintance with the character of the applicant has enabled to interpose his veto, and prevent the purity of the Order from being sullied by the admission of an unworthy candidate. Here the matter ends, and the lodge proceeds to other business.

But in a lodge where one of these injudicious and over-zealous brethren is present, how different is the scene. If the candidate is elected, he, too, rejoices; but his joy is that the lodge has gained one more member whose annual dues and whose initiation fee will augment the amount of its revenues. If he is rejected, he is indignant that the lodge has been deprived of this pecuniary accession, and forthwith he sets to work to reverse, if possible, the decision of the ballot-box, and by a volunteer defense of the rejected candidate, and violent denunciations of those who opposed him, he seeks to alarm the timid and disgust the intelligent, so that, on a *reconsideration*, they may be induced to withdraw their opposition.

The *motion for reconsideration* is, then, the means generally adopted, by such seekers after quantity, to insure the success of their efforts to bring all into our fold who seek admission, irrespective of worth or qualification. In other words,

we may say, that *the motion for reconsideration is the great antagonist of the purity and security of the ballot-box*. The importance, then, of the position which it thus assumes, demands a brief discussion of the time and mode in which a ballot may be reconsidered.

In the beginning of the discussion, it may be asserted, that it is competent for any brother to move a reconsideration of a ballot, or for a lodge to vote on such a motion. The ballot is a part of the work of initiating a candidate. It is the preparatory step, and is just as necessary to his legal making as the obligation or the investiture. As such, then, it is clearly entirely under the control of the Master. The Constitution of masonry and the rules and regulations of every grand and subordinate lodge prescribe the mode in which the ballot shall be conducted, so that the sense of the members may be taken. The Grand Lodge also requires that the Master of the lodge shall see that that exact mode of ballot shall be pursued, and no other, and it will hold him responsible that there shall be no violation of the rule. If, then, the Master is satisfied that the ballot has been regularly and correctly conducted, and that no possible good, but some probable evil, would arise from its reconsideration, it is not only competent for him, but it is his solemn duty to refuse to permit any such reconsideration. A motion to that effect, it may be observed, will always be out of order, although any brother may respectfully request the Worshipful Master to order such a reconsideration, or suggest to him its propriety or expediency.

If, however, the Master is not satisfied that the ballot is a true indication of the sense of the lodge, he may, in his own discretion, order a reconsideration. Thus there may be but one black ball;—now a single black ball may sometimes be inadvertently cast—the member voting it may have been favorably disposed toward the candidate, and yet, from the hurry and confusion of voting, or from the dimness of the light or the infirmity of his own eyes, or from some other equally natural cause, he may have selected a black ball, when he intended to have taken a white one. It is, therefore,

a matter of prudence and necessary caution, that, when only one black ball appears, the Master should order a new ballot. On this second ballot it is to be presumed that more care and vigilance will be used, and the reappearance of the black ball will then show that it was deposited designedly.

But where two or three or more black balls appear on the first ballot, such a course of reasoning is not authorized, and the Master will then be right to refuse a reconsideration. The ballot has then been regularly taken—the lodge has emphatically decided for a rejection, and any order to renew the ballot would only be an insult to those who opposed the admission of the applicant, and an indirect attempt to thrust an unwelcome intruder upon the lodge.

But although it is in the power of the Master, under the circumstances which we have described, to order a reconsideration, yet this prerogative is accompanied with certain restrictions, which it may be well to notice.

In the first place, the Master can not order a reconsideration on any other night than that on which the original ballot was taken.<sup>4</sup> After the lodge is closed, the decision of the ballot is final, and there is no human authority that can reverse it. The reason of this rule is evident. If it were otherwise, an unworthy Master (for, unfortunately, all Masters are not worthy) might on any subsequent evening avail himself of the absence of those who had voted black balls, to order a reconsideration, and thus succeed in introducing an unfit and rejected candidate into the lodge, contrary to the wishes of a portion of its members.

Neither can he order a reconsideration on the same night, if any of the brethren who voted have retired. All who expressed their opinion on the first ballot, must be present to express it on the second. The reasons for this restriction are as evident as for the former, and are of the same character.

It must be understood, that I do not here refer to those reconsiderations of the

<sup>4</sup> Except when there is but one black ball, in which case the matter lies over until the next stated meeting. See preceding section.

ballot which are necessary to a full understanding of the opinion of the lodge, and which have been detailed in the ceremonial of the mode of balloting, as it was described in the preceding section.

It may be asked whether the Grand Master can not, by his dispensations, permit a reconsideration. I answer emphatically, no. The Grand Master possesses no such prerogative. There is no law in the whole jurisprudence of the institution clearer than this—that neither the Grand Lodge nor the Grand Master can interfere with the decision of the ballot-box. In Anderson's Constitutions, the law is laid down, under the head of "Duty of Members" (edition of 1755, p. 312), that in the election of candidates the brethren "are to give their consent in their own prudent way, either virtually or in form, but with unanimity." And the regulation goes on to say: "Nor is this inherent privilege *subject to a dispensation*, because the members of a lodge are the best judges of it; and because, if a turbulent member should be imposed upon them, it might spoil their harmony, or hinder the freedom of their communications, or even break and disperse the lodge." This settles the question. A dispensation to reconsider a ballot would be an interference with the right of the members "to give their consent in their own prudent way;" it would be an infringement of an "inherent privilege," and neither the Grand Lodge nor the Grand Master can issue a dispensation for such a purpose. Every lodge must be left to manage its own elections of candidates in its own prudent way.

I conclude this section by a summary of the principles which have been discussed, and which I have endeavored to enforce by a process of reasoning which I trust may be deemed sufficiently convincing. They are briefly these:

1. It is never in order for a member to move for a reconsideration of a ballot on the petition of a candidate for initiation, nor for a lodge to entertain such a motion.

2. The Master alone can, for reasons satisfactory to himself, order such a reconsideration.

3. The Master can not order a reconsideration on any subsequent night, nor on

the same night, after any member, who was present and voted, has departed.

4. The Grand Master can not grant a dispensation for a reconsideration, nor in any other way interfere with the ballot. The same restriction applies to the Grand Lodge.

#### SEC. IV.—*Of the Renewal of Applications by Rejected Candidates.*

As it is apparent from the last section that there can be no reconsideration by a lodge of a rejected petition, the question will naturally arise, how an error committed by a lodge, in the rejection of a worthy applicant, is to be corrected, or how such a candidate, when once rejected, is ever to make a second trial, for it is, of course, admitted, that circumstances may occur in which a candidate who had been once blackballed, might, on a renewal of his petition, be found worthy of admission. He may have since reformed and abandoned the vicious habits which caused his first rejection, or it may have been since discovered that that rejection was unjust. How, then, is such a candidate to make a new application?

It is a rule of universal application in masonry, that no candidate, having been once rejected, can apply to any other lodge for admission, except to the one which rejected him. Under this regulation the course of a second application is as follows:

Some Grand Lodges have prescribed that, when a candidate has been rejected, it shall not be competent for him to apply within a year, six months, or some other definite period. This is altogether a local regulation,—there is no such law in the Ancient Constitutions,—and therefore, where the regulations of the Grand Lodge of the jurisdiction are silent upon the subject, general principles direct the following as the proper course for a rejected candidate to pursue on a second application. He must send in a new letter, recommended and vouched for as before, either by the same or other brethren—it must be again referred to a committee—lie over for a month—and the ballot be then taken as is usual in other cases. It must be treated in all respects as an entirely new petition, altogether irrespec-

tive of the fact that the same person had ever before made an application. In this way due notice will be given to the brethren, and all possibility of an unfair election will be avoided.

If the local regulations were silent upon the subject, the second application may be made at any time after the rejection of the first, all that is necessary being, that the second application should pass through the same ordeal and be governed by the same rules that prevail in relation to an original application.

SEC. V.—*Of the necessary Probation and due Proficiency of Candidates before Advancement.*

There is, perhaps, no part of the jurisprudence of masonry which it is more necessary strictly to observe than that which relates to the advancement of candidates through the several degrees. The method which is adopted in passing Apprentices and raising Fellow Crafts—the probation which they are required to serve in each degree before advancing to a higher—and the instructions which they receive in their progress, often materially affect the estimation which is entertained of the institution by its initiates. The candidate who long remains at the porch of the temple, and lingers in the middle chamber, noting every thing worthy of observation in his passage to the holy of holies, while he better understands the nature of the profession upon which he has entered, will have a more exalted opinion of its beauties and excellencies than he who has advanced, with all the rapidity that dispensations can furnish, from the lowest to the highest grades of the Order. In the former case, the design, the symbolism, the history, and the moral and philosophical bearing of each degree will be indelibly impressed upon the mind, and the appositeness of what has gone before to what is to succeed will be readily appreciated; but, in the latter, the lessons of one hour will be obliterated by those of the succeeding one; that which has been learned in one degree will be forgotten in the next; and when all is completed, and the last instructions have been imparted, the dissatisfied neophyte will find his mind, in all that relates to

masonry, in a state of chaotic confusion. Like Cassio, he will remember “a mass of things, but nothing distinctly.”

An hundred years ago it was said that “masonry was a progressive science, and not to be attained in any degree of perfection, but by time, patience, and a considerable degree of application and industry.”<sup>5</sup> And it is because that due proportion of time, patience, and application, has not been observed, that we so often see masons indifferent to the claims of the institution, and totally unable to discern its true character. The arcana of the craft, as Dr. Harris remarks, should be gradually imparted to its members, according to their improvement.

There is no regulation of our Order more frequently repeated in our constitutions, nor one which should be more rigidly observed, than that which requires of every candidate a “suitable proficiency” in one degree, before he is permitted to pass to another. But as this regulation is too often neglected, to the manifest injury of the whole Order, as well as of the particular lodge which violates it, by the introduction of ignorant and unskillful workmen into the temple, it may be worth the labor we shall spend upon the subject, to investigate some of the authorities which support us in the declaration, that no candidate should be promoted, until, by a due probation, he has made “suitable proficiency in the preceding degree.”

In one of the earliest series of regulations that have been preserved—made in the reign of Edward III, it was ordained, “that such as were to be admitted Master Masons, or Masters of work, should be examined whether they be able of cunning to serve their respective lords, as well the lowest as the highest, to the honor and worship of the aforesaid art, and to the profit of their lords.”

Here, then, we may see the origin of that usage, which is still practiced in every well governed lodge, not only of demanding a proper degree of proficiency in the candidate, but also of testing that proficiency by an examination.

This cautious and honest fear of the

<sup>5</sup> Masonry founded on Scripture, a Sermon preached in 1752, by the Rev. W. Williams.

fraternity, lest any brother should assume the duties of a position which he could not faithfully discharge, and which is, in our time, tantamount to a candidate's advancing to a degree for which he is not prepared, is again exhibited in the charges enacted in the reign of James II, the manuscript of which was preserved in the archives of the Lodge of Antiquity, in London. In these charges it is required, "that no mason take on no lord's worke, nor any other man's, unless he know himselfe well able to performe the worke, so that the craft have no slander." In the same charges, it is prescribed that "no master, or fellow, shall take no apprentice for less than seven years."

In another series of charges, whose exact date is not ascertained, but whose language and orthography indicate their antiquity, it is said; "Ye shall ordain the wisest to be Master of the work; and neither for love nor lineage, riches nor favor, set one over the work<sup>6</sup> who hath but little knowledge, whereby the Master would be evil served, and ye ashamed."

These charges clearly show the great stress that was placed by our ancient brethren upon the necessity of skill and proficiency, and they have furnished the precedents upon which are based all the similar regulations that have been subsequently applied to Speculative Masonry.

In the year 1722, the Grand Lodge of England ordered the "Old Charges of the Free and Accepted Masons," to be collected from the ancient records, and, having approved of them, they became a part of the Constitutions of Speculative Freemasonry. In these Charges, it is ordained that "a younger brother shall be instructed in working, to prevent spoiling the materials for want of judgment, and for increasing and continuing of brotherly love."

Subsequently, in 1767, it was declared by the Grand Lodge, that "no lodge shall be permitted to make and raise the same brother, at one and the same meeting, without a dispensation from the Grand Master, or his Deputy;" and, lest too

frequent advantage should be taken of this power of dispensation, to hurry candidates through the degrees, it is added that the dispensation, "*on very particular occasions only*, may be requested."

The Grand Lodge of England afterward found it necessary to be more explicit on this subject, and the regulation of that body is now contained in the following language:

"No candidate shall be permitted to receive more than one degree on the same day, nor shall a higher degree in masonry be conferred on any brother at a less interval than four weeks from his receiving a previous degree, nor until he has passed an examination in open lodge in that degree."

This seems to be the recognized principle on which the fraternity are, at this day, acting in this country. The rule is, perhaps, sometimes, and in some places, in abeyance. A few lodges, from an impolitic desire to increase their numerical strength, or rapidly to advance men of worldly wealth or influence to high stations in the Order, may infringe it, and neglect to demand of their candidates that proficiency which ought to be, in masonry, an essential recommendation to promotion; but the great doctrine that each degree should be well studied, and the candidate prove his proficiency in it by an examination, has been uniformly set forth by the Grand Lodge of the United States, whenever they have expressed an opinion on the subject.

Thus, for instance, in 1845, the late Bro. A. A. Robertson, Grand Master of New York, gave utterance to the following opinion, in his annual address to the intelligent body over which he presided:

"The practice of examining candidates in the prior degrees, before admission to the higher, in order to ascertain their proficiency, is gaining the favorable notice of Masters of lodges, and can not be too highly valued, nor too strongly recommended to all lodges in this jurisdiction. It necessarily requires the novice to reflect upon the bearing of all that has been so far taught him, and

<sup>6</sup> That is, advance him, from the subordinate position of a serving man or Apprentice, to that of a Fellow Craft or journeyman.

<sup>7</sup> This is also the regulation of the Grand Lodge of South Carolina.



consequently to impress upon his mind the beauty and utility of those sublime truths, which have been illustrated in the course of the ceremonies he has witnessed in his progress in the mystic art. In a word, it will be the means of making competent overseers of the work—and no candidate should be advanced, until he has satisfied the lodge, by such examination, that he has made the necessary proficiency in the lower degrees.”<sup>8</sup>

In 1845, the Grand Lodge of Iowa issued a circular to her subordinates, in which she gave the following admonition:

“To guard against hasty and improper work, she prohibits a candidate from being advanced till he has made satisfactory proficiency in the preceding degrees, by informing himself of the lectures pertaining thereto; and to suffer a candidate to proceed who is ignorant in this essential particular, is calculated in a high degree to injure the institution and retard its usefulness.”

The Grand Lodge of Illinois has practically declared its adherence to the ancient regulation; for, in the year 1843, the dispensation of Nauvoo Lodge, one of its subordinates, was revoked principally on the ground that she was guilty “of pushing the candidate through the second and third degrees, before he could possibly be skilled in the preceding degree.” And the committee who recommended the revocation, very justly remarked that they were not sure that any length of probation would in all cases insure skill, but they were certain that the ancient landmarks of the Order required that the lodge should know that the candidate is well skilled in one degree before being admitted to another.

The Grand Lodges of Massachusetts and South Carolina have adopted, almost in the precise words, the regulation of the Grand Lodge of England, already cited, which requires an interval of one month to elapse between the conferring of degrees. The Grand Lodge of New

Hampshire requires a greater probation for its candidates; its constitution prescribes the following regulation: “All Entered Apprentices must work five months as such, before they can be admitted to the degree of Fellow Craft. All Fellow Crafts must work in a lodge of Fellow Crafts three months, before they can be raised to the sublime degree of Master Mason. Provided, nevertheless, that if any Entered Apprentice, or Fellow Craft, shall make himself thoroughly acquainted with all the information belonging to his degree, he may be advanced at an earlier period, at the discretion of the lodge.”

But, perhaps, the most stringent rule upon this subject, is that which exists in the Constitution of the Grand Lodge of Hanover, which is in the following words:

“No brother can be elected an officer of a lodge until he has been three years a Master Mason. A Fellow Craft must work at least one year in that degree, before he can be admitted to the third degree. An Entered Apprentice must remain at least two years in that degree.”

It seems unnecessary to extend these citations. The existence of the regulation, which requires a necessary probation in candidates, until due proficiency is obtained, is universally admitted. The ancient constitutions repeatedly assert it, and it has received the subsequent sanction of innumerable masonic authorities. But, unfortunately, the practice is not always in accordance with the rule. And, hence, the object of this article is not so much to demonstrate the existence of the law, as to urge upon our readers the necessity of a strict adherence to it. There is no greater injury which can be inflicted on the Masonic Order (the admission of immoral persons excepted), than that of hurrying candidates through the several degrees. Injustice is done to the institution, whose peculiar principles and excellencies are never properly presented—and irreparable injury to the candidate, who, acquiring no fair appreciation of the ceremonies through which he rapidly passes, or of the instructions which he scarcely hears, is filled either with an indifference that never afterward can be warmed into zeal, or with a disgust that can never be changed into esteem.

<sup>8</sup> Proceedings of Grand Lodge of New York, for 1845. He excepts, of course, from the operation of the rule, those made by dispensation; but this exception does not affect the strength of the principle.

Masonry is betrayed in such an instance by its friends, and often loses the influence of an intelligent member, who, if he had been properly instructed, might have become one of its warmest and most steadfast advocates.

This subject is so important, that I will not hesitate to add to the influence of these opinions the great sanction of Preston's authority.

"Many persons," says that able philosopher of masonry, "are deluded by the vague supposition that our mysteries are merely nominal; that the practices established among us are frivolous, and that our ceremonies may be adopted or waived at pleasure. On this false foundation, we find them hurrying through all the degrees of the Order, without advertent to the propriety of one step they pursue, or possessing a single qualification requisite for advancement. Passing through the usual formalities, they consider themselves entitled to rank as masters of the art, solicit and accept offices, and assume the government of the lodge, equally unacquainted with the rules of the institution they pretend to support, or the nature of the trust they engage to perform. The consequence is obvious; anarchy and confusion ensue, and the substance is lost in the shadow. Hence men eminent for ability, rank, and fortune, are often led to view the honors of masonry with such indifference, that when their patronage is solicited, they either accept offices with reluctance, or reject them with disdain."<sup>9</sup>

Let, then, no lodge which values its own usefulness, or the character of our institutions, admit any candidate to a higher degree, until he has made suitable proficiency in the preceding one, to be always tested by a strict examination in open lodge. Nor can it do so, without a palpable violation of the laws of masonry.

SEC. VI.—*Of Balloting for Candidates in each Degree.*

Although there is no law in the ancient constitutions, which in express words requires a ballot for candidates in each degree, yet the whole tenor and spirit of

these constitutions seem to indicate that there should be recourse to such a ballot. The constant reference, in the numerous passages which were cited in the preceding section, to the necessity of an examination into the proficiency of those who sought advancement, would necessarily appear to imply that a vote of the lodge must be taken on the question of this proficiency. Accordingly, modern Grand Lodges have generally, by special enactment, required a ballot to be taken on the application of an Apprentice or Fellow Craft for advancement, and where no such regulation has been explicitly laid down, the almost constant usage of the craft has been in favor of such ballot.

The ancient constitutions having been silent on the subject of the letter of the law, local usage or regulations must necessarily supply the specific rule.

Where not otherwise provided by the constitutions of a Grand Lodge or the by-laws of a subordinate lodge, analogy would instruct us that the ballot, on the application of Apprentices or Fellow Crafts for advancement, should be governed by the same principles that regulate the ballot on petition for initiation.

Of course, then, the vote should be unanimous: for I see no reason why a lodge of Fellow Crafts should be less guarded in its admission of Apprentices, than a lodge of Apprentices is in its admission of profanes.

Again, the ballot should take place at a stated meeting, so that every member may have "due and timely notice," and be prepared to exercise his "inherent privilege" of granting or withholding his consent; for it must be remembered that the man who was worthy, or supposed to be so, when initiated as an Entered Apprentice, may prove to be unworthy when he applies to pass as a Fellow Craft, and every member should, therefore, have the means and opportunity of passing his judgment on that worthiness or unworthiness.

If the candidate for advancement has been rejected once, he may again apply, if there is no local regulation to the contrary. But, in such a case, due notice should be given to all the members, which is best done by making the application at one regular meeting, and vot-

<sup>9</sup> Preston, edition of Oliver, p. 12 (U. M. L., vol. iii., p. 10.)

ing for it on the next. This, however, I suppose to be only necessary in the case of a renewed application after a rejection. An Entered Apprentice or a Fellow Craft is entitled, after due probation, to make his application for advancement; and his first application may be balloted for on the same evening, provided it be a regular meeting of the lodge. The members are supposed to know what work is before them to do, and should be there to do it.

But the case is otherwise whenever a candidate for advancement has been rejected. He has now been set aside by the lodge, and no time is laid down in the regulations or usages of the craft for his making a second application. He may never do so, or he may in three months, in a year, or in five years. The members are, therefore, no more prepared to expect this renewed application at any particular meeting of the lodge, than they are to anticipate any entirely new petition of a profane. If, therefore, the second application is not made at one regular meeting and laid over to the next, the possibility is that the lodge may be taken by surprise, and in the words of the old regulation, "a turbulent member may impose on it."

The inexpediency of any other course may be readily seen, from a suppositious case. We will assume that in a certain lodge, A, who is a Fellow Craft, applies regularly for advancement to the third degree. On this occasion, for good and sufficient reasons, two of the members, B and C, express their dissent by depositing black balls. His application to be raised is consequently rejected, and he remains a Fellow Craft. Two or three meetings of the lodge pass over, and at each, B and C are present; but, at the fourth meeting, circumstances compel their absence, and the friends of A, taking advantage of that occurrence, again propose him for advancement; the ballot is forthwith taken, and he is elected and raised on the same evening. The injustice of this course to B and C, and the evil to the lodge and the whole fraternity, in this imposition of one who is probably an unworthy person, will be apparent to every intelligent and right-minded mason.

I do not, however, believe that a can-

didate should be rejected, on his application for advancement, in consequence of objections to his moral worth and character. In such a case, the proper course would be to prefer charges, to try him as an Apprentice or Fellow Craft; and, if found guilty, to suspend, expel, or otherwise appropriately punish him.—The applicant as well as the Order is, in such a case, entitled to a fair trial. Want of proficiency, or a mental or physical disqualification acquired since the reception of the preceding degree, is alone a legitimate cause for an estoppel of advancement by the ballot. But this subject will be treated of further in the chapter on the Rights of Entered Apprentices.

Sec. VII.—*Of the number to be Initiated at one Communication.*

The fourth general regulation decrees that "no lodge shall make more than five new brothers at one time." This regulation has been universally interpreted (and with great propriety) to mean that not more than five degrees can be conferred at the same communication.

This regulation is, however, subject to dispensation by the Grand Master, or presiding Grand Officer, in which case the number to be initiated, passed, or raised, will be restricted only by the words of the dispensation.

The following, or fifth general regulation, says that "no man can be made or admitted a member of a particular lodge, without previous notice, one month before, given to the same lodge."

Now, as a profane can not be admitted an Entered Apprentice, or in other words, a member of an Entered Apprentices' lodge, unless after one month's notice, so it follows that an Apprentice can not be admitted a member of a Fellow Crafts' lodge, nor a Fellow Craft of a Masters', without the like probation. For the words of the regulation which apply to one, will equally apply to the others. And hence we derive the law, that a month at least must always intervene between the reception of one degree and the advancement to another. But this rule is also subject to a dispensation.

SEC. VIII.—*Of Finishing the Candidates of one Lodge in another.*

It is an ancient and universal regulation, that no lodge shall interfere with the work of another by initiating its candidates, or passing or raising its Apprentices and Fellow Crafts. Every lodge is supposed to be competent to manage its own business, and ought to be the best judge of the qualifications of its own members, and hence it would be highly improper in any lodge to confer a degree on a brother who is not of its household.

This regulation is derived from a provision in the ancient charges, which have very properly been supposed to contain the fundamental law of masonry, and which prescribes the principle of the rule in the following symbolical language:

“None shall discover envy at the prosperity of a brother, nor supplant him or put him out of his work, if he be capable to finish the same; for no man can finish another's work, so much to the Lord's profit, unless he be thoroughly acquainted with the designs and draughts of him that began it.”

There is, however, a case in which one lodge may, by consent, legally finish the work of another. Let us suppose that a candidate has been initiated in a lodge at A—, and, before he receives his second degree, removes to B—, and that being, by the urgency of his business, unable either to postpone his departure from A—, until he has been passed and raised, or to return for the purpose of his receiving his second and third degrees, then it is competent for the lodge at A— to grant permission to the lodge at B— to confer them on the candidate.

But how shall this permission be given—by a unanimous vote, or merely by a vote of the majority of the members at A—? Here it seems to me that, so far as regards the lodge at A—, the reasons for unanimity no longer exist. There is here no danger that a “fractious member will be imposed on them,” as the candidate, when finished, will become a member of the lodge at B—. The question of consent is simply in the nature of a resolution, and may be deter-

mined by the assenting votes of a majority of the members at A—. It is, however, to be understood, that if any brother believes that the candidate is unworthy, from character, of further advancement, he may suspend the question of consent, by preferring charges against him. If this is not done, and the consent of the lodge is obtained, that the candidate may apply to the lodge at B—, then when his petition is read in that lodge, it must, of course, pass through the usual ordeal of a month's probation, and a unanimous vote; for here the old reasons for unanimity once more prevail.

I know of no ancient written law upon this subject, but it seems to me that the course I have described is the only one that could be suggested by analogy and common sense.

SEC. IX.—*Of Initiation of Non-residents.*

The subject of this section is naturally divided into two branches;—First, as to the initiation by a lodge of a candidate, who, residing in the same State or Grand Lodge jurisdiction, is still not an inhabitant of the town in which the lodge to which he applies is situated, but resides nearer to some other lodge; and, secondly, as to the initiation of a stranger, whose residence is in another State, or under the jurisdiction of another Grand Lodge.

1. The first of these divisions presents a question which is easily answered. Although I can find no ancient regulation on this subject, still, by the concurrent authority of all Grand Lodges in this country, at least, (for the Grand Lodge of England has no such provision in its Constitution,) every lodge is forbidden to initiate any person whose residence is nearer to any other lodge. If, however, such an initiation should take place, although the lodge would be censurable for its violation of the regulations of its superior, yet there has never been any doubt that the initiation would be good and the candidate so admitted regularly made. The punishment must fall upon the lodge and not upon the newly-made brother.

2. The second division presents a more embarrassing inquiry, on account of the

diversity of opinions which have been entertained on the subject. Can a lodge in one State, or Grand Lodge jurisdiction, initiate the resident of another State, and would such initiation be lawful, and the person so initiated a regular mason, or, to use the technical language of the Order, a mason made "in due form," and entitled to all the rights and privileges of the Order?

The question is one of considerable difficulty: it has given occasion to much controversy, and has been warmly discussed within the last few years by several of the Grand Lodges of the United States.

In 1847, the Grand Lodge of Alabama adopted the following resolution, which had been previously enacted by the Grand Lodge of Tennessee:

"Any person residing within the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge, who has already, or shall hereafter, travel into any foreign jurisdiction, and there receive the degrees of masonry, such person shall not be entitled to the rights, benefits, and privileges of masonry within this jurisdiction, until he shall have been regularly admitted a member of the subordinate lodge under this Grand Lodge, nearest which he at the time resides, in the manner provided by the Constitution of this Grand Lodge for the admission of members."

The rule adopted by the Grand Lodge of Maryland is still more stringent. It declares, "that if any individual, from selfish motives, from distrust of his acceptance, or other causes originating in himself, knowingly and willfully travel into another jurisdiction, and there receive the masonic degrees, he shall be considered and held as a clandestine-made mason."

The Grand Lodge of New York, especially, has opposed these regulations, inflicting a penalty on the initiate, and assigns its reasons for the opposition in the following language:

"Before a man becomes a mason, he is subject to no law which any Grand Lodge can enact. No Grand Lodge has a right to make a law to compel any citizen, who desires, to be initiated in a particular lodge, or in the town or State of his residence; neither can any Grand Lodge forbid a citizen to go where he pleases to

seek acceptance into fellowship with the craft; and where there is no right to compel or to forbid, there can be no right to punish; but it will be observed, that the laws referred to were enacted to punish the citizens of Maryland and Alabama, as masons and brethren, for doing something before they were masons and brethren, which they had a perfect right to do as citizens and freemen; and it must certainly be regarded as an act of deception and treachery by a young mason, on returning home, to be told, that he is 'a clandestine mason,' that he 'ought to be expelled,' or, that he can not be recognized as a brother till he 'joins a lodge where his residence is,' because he was initiated in New York, in England, or in France, after having heard all his life of the universality and oneness of the institution."<sup>10</sup>

It seems to us that the Grand Lodge of New York has taken the proper view of the subject; although we confess that we are not satisfied with the whole course of reasoning by which it has arrived at the conclusion. Whatever we may be inclined to think of the inexpediency of making transient persons (and we certainly do believe that it would be better that the character and qualifications of every candidate should be submitted to the inspection of his neighbors rather than to that of strangers), however much we may condemn the carelessness and facility of a lodge which is thus willing to initiate a stranger, without that due examination of his character, which, of course, in the case of non-residents, can seldom be obtained, we are obliged to admit that such makings are legal—the person thus made can not be called a clandestine mason, because he has been made in a legally constituted lodge—and as he is a regular mason, we know of no principle by which he can be refused admission as a visitor into any lodge to which he applies.

Masonry is universal in its character, and knows no distinction of nation or of religion. Although each State or kingdom has its distinct Grand Lodge, this is simply for purposes of convenience in

<sup>10</sup> Transactions of the G. L. of New York, anno 1848, p. 73.

carrying out the principles of uniformity and subordination, which should prevail throughout the masonic system. The jurisdiction of these bodies is entirely of a masonic character, and is exercised only over the members of the Order who have voluntarily contracted their allegiance. It can not affect the profane, who are, of course, beyond its pale. It is true, that as soon as a candidate applies to a lodge for initiation, he begins to come within the scope of masonic law. He has to submit to a prescribed formula of application and entrance, long before he becomes a member of the Order. But as this formula is universal in its operation, affecting candidates who are to receive it and lodges which are to enforce it in all places, it must have been derived from some universal authority. The manner, therefore, in which a candidate is to be admitted, and the preliminary qualifications which are requisite, are prescribed by the landmarks, the general usage, and the ancient constitutions of the Order. And as they have directed the *mode how*, they might also have prescribed the *place where*, a man should be made a mason. But they have done no such thing. We can not, after the most diligent search, find any constitutional regulation of the craft, which refers to the initiation of non-residents. The subject has been left untouched; and as the ancient and universally acknowledged authorities of masonry have neglected to legislate on the subject, it is now too late for any modern and local authority, like that of a Grand Lodge, to do so.

A Grand Lodge may, it is true, forbid—as Missouri, South Carolina, Georgia, and several other Grand Lodges have done—the initiation of non-residents, within its own jurisdiction, because this is a local law enacted by a local authority; but it can not travel beyond its own territory, and prescribe the same rule to another Grand Lodge, which may not, in fact, be willing to adopt it.

The conclusions, then, at which we arrive on this subject are these: The ancient constitutions have prescribed no regulation on the subject of the initiation of non-residents; it is, therefore, optional with every Grand Lodge, whether it will or will not suffer such candidates to be

made within its jurisdiction; the making, where it is permitted, is legal, and the candidate so made becomes a regular mason, and is entitled to the right of visitation.

What, then, is the remedy, where a person of bad character, and having, in the language of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, “a distrust of his acceptance” at home, goes abroad and receives the degrees of masonry? No one will deny that such a state of things is productive of great evil to the craft. Fortunately, the remedy is simple and easily applied. Let the lodge, into whose jurisdiction he has returned, exercise its power of discipline, and if his character and conduct deserve the punishment, let him be expelled from the Order. If he is unworthy of remaining in the Order, he should be removed from it at once; but if he is worthy of continuing in it, there certainly can be no objection to his making use of his right to visit.



#### MASONIC HISTORY.

THE STATE OF FREEMASONRY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.—BY G. W. OLIVER, D. D.

**I**N Ages of comparative darkness, whether it proceeds from the prevalence of ignorance and superstition on the one hand, or from the existence of vice, arising out of a false estimate of human happiness, on the other, free or speculative masonry has never unreservedly displayed her charms. The operative branch, in all countries, effected the greatest and most comprehensive designs during such benighted periods; but even this was owing to the circumscribed sphere to which its mysteries were confined. None could comprehend or practice it but the honored few whose minds were enlightened by a taste for science and philosophy; while the ignorant multitude wondered at the results which were accomplished by the judicious union of Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty.

It will be unnecessary to revert to distant ages in proof of this hypothesis, although it is fully exemplified in the productions of India, Egypt, and the new world; the remains of which, by their sublimity of conception, blended with the

beauty of their execution, still excite the admiration and astonishment of mankind. Within little more than a century from our own times, we have sufficient evidence to show, that, when speculative masonry refused to flourish amidst the rank weeds of ignorance, superstition and vice, which disfigured the soil of our native land, operative masonry shone forth in all its glory, and produced specimens of art which will convey the names of our eminent brothers, Sir Christopher Wren, Inigo Jones, Archbishop Sheldon, Sir John Vanbrugh, and others, with honor to posterity. The splendid churches, palaces, and public edifices which were erected by these ingenious masons, are master-pieces of architectural science, as it was understood and practiced in the age when they flourished. St. Paul's Cathedral, with all its defects, constitutes a triumph of the art; for it was begun and completed, in the space of thirty-five years, by one architect, the great Sir Christopher Wren; one principal mason, Mr. Strong; and under one Bishop of London, Dr. Henry Compton; whereas St. Peters, at Rome, the only structure that can bear a competition with it, continued one hundred and fifty-five years in building, under twelve successive architects, assisted by the police and interests of the Roman See, and attended by the best artists in sculpture, statuary, painting, and mosaic work.<sup>1</sup>

In this age, speculative masonry was little known. At the Revolution, in 1688, only seven lodges were in existence, and of them there were but two that held their meetings regularly, and these were chiefly operative. This declension of the Order may be attributed to the low scale of morality which distinguished the latter end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century. And how, indeed, could Freemasonry, pure and spotless as it is, continue to flourish at a time when the literature and morals of this country were in a state of semi-lethargy, and a taste for reading, or the pursuits of science and philosophy, had scarcely begun to manifest itself among the middle classes of society? A modern writer says, "Though the reign of Queen Anne has been generally termed the Augustan

age of literature in this kingdom, owing to the coëxistence of a few celebrated writers, *it is astonishing how little, during the greatest part of that period, was the information of the higher and middle classes of society.* To the character of the gentleman, neither education nor letters were thought necessary; and any display of learning, however superficial, was, among the fashionable circles, deemed rudeness and pedantry. 'That general knowledge,' observes Johnson, 'which now circulates in common talk, was then rarely to be found. Men, not professing learning, were not ashamed of ignorance; and in the female world, any acquaintance with books was distinguished only to be censured.' When we reflect, *that to express contempt for all literary acquirement was then a certain proof of gentility,* and ignorance the characteristic of superior station—a statement which, I believe, previous to the publication of the *Tatler*, is nearly correct—we ought to hesitate in assigning the epithet of Augustan to this era of our history."

And again: "He who aspired to reputation in the circles of gallantry, assumed that laxity of morals and looseness of manners which he had so frequently contemplated and admired upon the stage; while *to be known to have devoted any leisure to the duties of devotion, to the study of the classics, or the acquisition of science, would have ruined him for ever in the estimation of the fashionable world.* Nor, after all these sacrifices at the shrine of dissipation and vice, were the accomplishments and address of these gentlemen entitled to the praise of either refinement or grace. On the contrary, their manners were coarse, their conversation obscene, and their amusements frequently so gross that bull-baiting, bear-baiting, and prize-fighting, were considered as appropriate recreations for the highest ranks: 'They were not only attended,' remarks an annotator upon the *Tatler*, 'by butchers, drovers, and great crowds of all sorts of mob, but likewise by dukes, lords, knights, squires, etc. There were seats particularly set apart for the quality, ornamented with old tapestry hangings, into which none were admitted under half-a-crown, at least. The neighborhood of these amusements was famous

<sup>1</sup> Anderson's Book of Constitutions, p. 169. Edit. 1784.

for sheltering thieves, pick-pockets, and infamous women, and for breeding bulldogs.'"<sup>2</sup> This state of things was very unfavorable to the cultivation of the philosophy of Freemasonry.

But a taste for the refinements of literature and science had made a rapid progress before the middle of the eighteenth century. The periodical writers of the day, particularly Addison and Steele, in the *Tallers*, *Spectators*, and *Guardians*, contributed to produce this effect. The operation of these moral essays is thus described, in a letter to a friend, by a contemporary writer, speaking from personal experience. "It is incredible to conceive the effect these writings have had on the town; how many thousand follies they have either quite banished, or given a very great check to; how much countenance they have added to virtue and religion; how many people they have rendered happy, by showing them it was their own fault if they were not so; and, lastly, how entirely they have convinced our fops and young fellows of the value and advantages of learning." And again: "These writings have set all our wits and men of letters upon a new way of thinking, of which they had little or no notion before; and, though we can not

<sup>2</sup> Drake's Essays, pp. 32, 34. As a necessary consequence of such examples, a very great laxity of morals prevailed among the inferior classes of society. The historian has recorded that "England was at this period infested with robbers, assassins, and incendiaries; the natural consequences of degeneracy, corruption, and the want of police in the interior government of the kingdom. This defect, in a great measure, arose from an absurd notion, that laws necessary to prevent those acts of cruelty, violence, and rapine, would be incompatible with the liberty of British subjects; a notion that confounds all distinctions between liberty and brutal licentiousness; as if that freedom were desirable in the enjoyment of which people find no security for their lives or effects. The peculiar depravity of the times was visible even in the conduct of those who preyed upon the commonwealth. Thieves and robbers were now become more desperate and savage than ever they had appeared since mankind was civilized. In the exercise of their rapine, they wounded, maimed, and even murdered the unhappy sufferers, through a wantonness of barbarity. They circulated letters, demanding sums of money from certain individuals, on pain of reducing their houses to ashes and their families to ruin; and even set fire to the house of a rich merchant in Bristol, who had refused to comply with their demand. The same species of villainy was practiced in every part of the kingdom." (Smollett's England, vol. ii, p. 454.)

yet say that any of them have come up to the beauties of the original, I think we may venture to affirm that every one of them writes and thinks more justly than they did some time since."

This testimony is highly honorable to the candor of its author, and to the talents and undaunted perseverance in the cause of religion and virtue, by which the above amiable writers were animated: and it will not be conceding too much to the influence of their immortal productions, if we admit that the revival of Freemasonry, in 1717, was owing, in a great measure, to their operation on public taste and public morality.

There was, however, one degrading vice, which appears to have taken too deep a root to be extirpated by the simple process of moral teaching, or ingenious raillery. I mean the pleasures of the bottle; which continued to prevail long after this reformation of public opinion had taken place. Even our great moralists themselves were not proof against its seductive influence.<sup>3</sup> The contagion of convivial habits had found its way into the mason-lodge, notwithstanding

<sup>3</sup> It was considered a mark of distinction to be called a three-bottle man; and a disgrace to retire from a public dinner sober. And it is a melancholy fact, that this vice was not uncommon among men eminently gifted with great and commanding talents. "Sir Richard Steele spent half his time in a tavern; in fact, he may be said to have measured time by the bottle; for it is on record that being sent for by his wife, he returned for answer that he would be with her in half-a-bottle. The like may be said of that great genius, Savage, the poet; and even Addison was dull and prosy till he was three parts drunk. It is recorded of Pitt, that I can not vouch for the truth of it, that two bottles of port wine, per diem, were his usual allowance, and that it was to this alone he was indebted for the almost superhuman labor he went through during his short, but actively employed life. His friend and colleague, Harry Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville, went the same lengths. Sheridan, latterly, without wine was a driveller. He sacrificed to it talents such as no man I ever heard or read of possessed, for no subject appeared to be beyond his reach. The learned Porson was a drunkard, so was Robert Burns, the poet."—(Frazier's Magazine, vol. iii, p. 730.) The vice has completely disappeared from among that class; and a gentleman, a tradesman, or a scholar, would now consider it an indelible disgrace to be seen drunk. This is a striking feature in the progress of good manners at the present day; and is one great reason why the interval between the rich and poor is said to be widened in recent times, by the moral ascendancy which is derived from strict propriety of conduct. All mental improvement, however, is



which, the fraternity were very tenacious of their peculiar secrets. An impassable barrier was formed round the tyed lodge, and the tremendous *procul est profani* was rigidly enforced. The idea of committing any of the laws, usages, or transactions of Freemasonry to print, was not so much as entertained: it was deemed a crime so monstrous as to admit neither of palliation nor excuse. A universal consternation was, therefore, produced among the fraternity, when, in 1718, Grand Master Payne, at the annual grand festival, desired all old writings and records which might be in the possession of any of the brethren throughout England, to be delivered up to the Grand Lodge, preparatory to the compilation of a body of Masonic Constitutions for the use of the lodges under its jurisdiction. The alarm was so great, that papers in abundance were secreted, and even destroyed, lest they should fall into the hands of the Grand Lodge, and be made public; a measure which they conceived would be highly injurious to the interests of the craft. Experience has proved that their fears were groundless; for Freemasonry made little or no progress until its claims to respect and veneration were fairly laid before the world in a printed form.<sup>4</sup>

In those times the public saw nothing of Freemasonry but its annual processions on the day of the grand feast. It was considered, therefore, merely as a variety of the club system which then prevailed among all ranks and descrip-

progressive. A hundred years ago hard drinking was fashionable with the nobility and gentry; and to be sober, even at a ball, or in a drawing-room with the ladies, was not very common; thirty years ago it had descended to the middle classes; it now subsists almost solely with the operatives: in a few years we may anticipate that it will be confined to the, very refuse of society—trampers, vagabonds, and common thieves.

<sup>4</sup> The Grand Lodge, in its Book of Constitutions, promulgated in 1722, inserted a law providing that "No brother shall presume to print, or cause to be printed, the proceedings of any lodge, or any part thereof, or the names of the persons present at such lodge, but by the direction of the Grand Master, or his deputy, under pain of being disowned for a brother, and not to be admitted into any quarterly communication, or Grand Lodge, or any lodge whatsoever; and of being rendered incapable of bearing any office in the craft." But the Grand Lodge regularly violated the law, by publishing an account of its own transactions,

tions of people; and as these institutions were of a convivial nature, Freemasonry was reduced, in public opinion, to the same level. And, to a certain extent, this conclusion was not very far from the truth. The practice of the lodges was principally of a social and companionable character. Sometimes the Master found leisure and inclination to deliver a charge, or a portion of the lectures; and such entries as the following are frequent in the minute-books of that period: "The R. W. Master delivered an elegant charge, or a portion of Martin Clare's lectures,<sup>5</sup> as the case might be, and the evening was spent in singing and decent merriment."<sup>6</sup> This propensity pervaded all the lodges in a greater or less degree. The usual penalty for a breach of the by-laws was "a bottle of wine to be consumed on the spot;" and it was not an uncommon occurrence to expend the whole fee on a night of initiation in a supper and wine; although on such occasions the lodge ought to have been clothed, or in other words, furnished with new aprons and gloves.<sup>7</sup> And it may be here remarked, that none but grand officers were allowed to wear blue ribbons or aprons. The Master and Wardens of a private lodge had the privilege of lining their white aprons with silk of the same color, and all the officers were ordered to wear their jewels suspended from white ribbons.<sup>8</sup> A *bon*

<sup>5</sup> Martin Clare was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and from Grand S. W., in 1741, rose to be Deputy Grand Master; and he composed, or compiled, a lecture for the use of the lodges in the first degree. Other lectures beside Martin Clare's were in use, for there was no uniformity in the London system at that period. The Grand Lodge at York was more particular.

<sup>6</sup> The conviviality of our jovial forefathers was of rather a boisterous character; and the brethren of that day frequently introduced into their ceremonies a great deal of extrinsic matter, which, being somewhat obstreperous, the cown *heard*, but could not comprehend. This gave rise to many absurd conjectures, and confirmed old prejudices, which it will be unnecessary to enumerate in this place.

<sup>7</sup> By the laws of the Grand Lodge, "Of Makings," Art. 4, it was provided that "Every new brother, at his entry, is decently to clothe the lodge, that is, all the brethren present; and to deposit something for the relief of indigent and decayed brethren, as the candidate shall think fit to bestow, over and above the small allowance that may be stated in the by-laws of that particular lodge."

<sup>8</sup> The dress of an English Master Mason was unassuming. It consisted simply of white stockings,

*vivant* was in high request; and if any brother had a friend who possessed a large portion of vivacity and humor, was capable of singing a good song, or celebrated for his fund of anecdote and pun,<sup>9</sup> he was sure to be invited to join the society, even if he were gratuitously initiated, in the hope that he would contribute his talents to the amusement of the brethren.<sup>10</sup> It was an error of these times that the brethren were not sufficiently guarded respecting missions; a practice which served to bring masonry into disrepute, as well as to create a burden on its fund of benevolence.<sup>11</sup> And the circumstance of the grand festivals being frequently celebrated at a tavern called "The Devil," gave rise to many frivolous and absurd suggestions,

gloves, and aprons. While the foreign lodges were remarkable for the splendor and elegance of their decorations. Thus, at their public festivals no expense was spared; their halls were furnished in the most superb taste, and hung round with the richest tapestry. The places set apart for the reception of masons were covered with crimson velvet, and the Master's chair was enriched with embroidery and gold. Their aprons were richly embroidered, and decorated with gold and silver fringe and bullion; and some of them were beautifully embellished with the various insignia of the order, and other masonic emblems.

<sup>9</sup> Punning was a species of wit which was much affected in these times, and kept up the conviviality of the lodges. Dr. Birch, Chancellor of Worcester, highly approved of it, because it promoted good humor in society. It was sometimes used in the pulpit; and, from the specimens which have descended to our times, the attempts at this kind of wit were of a very dull character.

<sup>10</sup> Thus in an old minute-book of the Witham Lodge at Lincoln, under date of Jan. 2, 1732, we find the following proposition: "Brother Every recommended Mr. Stephen Harrison, of the Close of Lincoln, music-master, as a proper person to be a member of this society, and proposed to give a guinea toward the charges of his admission. Sir Cecil Wray proposed to give another guinea; Sir Christopher Hales, half-a-guinea; to which Sir Cecil Wray added another guinea. *And in regard Mr. Harrison might be useful and entertaining to the society*, the lodge agreed to admit him for the said sum of £3. 13s. *gd.*"

<sup>11</sup> We have the evidence of brother Smith, who lived about the middle of the eighteenth century, that there were in London a great number of indigent and unworthy masons, which, he says, "is owing to the very little attention paid to candidates for initiation. The major part of lodges rarely inquire into the character of the person proposed; if he can but pay the two guineas for his reception, that is all that is required, or even thought of. These are the set of men (for masons they can not be called) who almost immediately, or as soon as the laws of the fund of charity will permit, become a perpetual burden to the society.

not very creditable to the Order; because the same place was notorious for the orgies of another society of profligate persons, who had assumed the revolting name of the "The Hell-fire Club," and attracted public attention more particularly, because its members were men of rank; and here, it is said, the celebrated John Wilkes spent his evenings in convivial amusements.<sup>12</sup> These practices were not calculated to produce a high opinion of the craft among those who were disposed to think unfavorably of its claims to public estimation.

It is clear from all these facts, that the mason-lodge was considered as an arena for the practice of conviviality. And this opinion would be increased by the consideration, that the celebrated John James Heidegger was the *Arbiter Elegantiarum* of the Grand Lodge, and provided the festival dinners.<sup>13</sup>

The world saw nothing beyond it, except in the annual processions of Grand Lodge, which were made first on foot, and afterward, most absurdly, in carriages, with three separate bands of music. This attempt at display excited the envy of other clubs, which expended itself in satirical attacks from the press and the print-shop.

<sup>12</sup> The inconvenience of meeting at taverns appears to have been keenly felt by the brethren of that period; and, therefore, among the arguments for creating a fund (A. D. 1768) to be applied to the building of a Masonic Hall for the meeting of the Grand Lodge, we find the following: "Beside, our meeting at the houses of publicans gives us the air of a bacchanalian society, instead of that appearance of gravity and wisdom which our Order justly requires. How properly might it be remarked on such conduct, that as almost all the companies that resort with so much formality to the city halls, have in view chiefly feasting and jollity; so masons assemble with an air of festivity at taverns, to perform the serious duties of their profession; under the regulations of morality and philosophy. Such conduct, in the eyes of every thinking man, must appear ridiculous and absurd."

<sup>13</sup> John James Heidegger was a Swiss, who long figured in England as the manager of public amusements. He went through a variety of singular adventures before he arrived at this high station. But he had sufficient talent to retain it through a life extended to ninety years. The nobility caressed him so much, and had such an opinion of his taste, that all splendid and elegant entertainments given upon particular occasions, and all private assemblies by subscription, were submitted to his direction.—From the emoluments of these employments, he gained a considerable income, amounting, it is said, to £5000 a year, which he expended with much liberality.

Thus, on the 27th of April, 1742, the grand festival was celebrated at Haberdashers' Hall, previously to which, the Earl of Moreton,<sup>14</sup> G. M., with Martin Clare, his deputy, and other grand officers, the stewards, and a great number of other brethren, waited on Lord Ward, the Grand Master elect, at his house in Upper Brook street, and after being entertained by him at breakfast, made the procession from thence in carriages, and with three bands of music playing before them, to the aforesaid hall.

In ridicule of this procession, a print was published, entitled, a "Geometrical View of the Grand Procession of Scald Miserable Masons, designed as they were drawn up over against Somerset house, in the Strand, on the 27th of April, 1742." This was followed, some time afterward, by a broad-sheet, headed with a woodcut, representing a procession of pseudo-masons, some being mounted on asses, and others in carts and coaches drawn by the same animals; all wearing the masonic insignia, and attended by three bands of music.<sup>15</sup> It was called "The solemn and stately procession of the Scald Miserable Masons."<sup>16</sup> Anderson

<sup>14</sup> It may be needless to say that many of the nobility were enrolled among the fraternity. We have not only the evidence of this fact in the Book of Constitutions, in Matthew Birkhead's song, (which Smith erroneously attributes to Dean Swift,) but collaterally in an ancient manuscript in the British Museum, written in the fourteenth century, which has been recently published by J. O. Halliwell, Esq., F. R. S. This document affords a testimony to the same fact at every period of the Art from the time of Athelstan. It says—

By old tyme wryten ye fynde,  
That the prentes schulde be of gentyl kynde  
And so sumtyme grete lordys blod  
Take thys gemetry that ys ful good.

<sup>15</sup> These were the instruments. Four cows' horns; six hottentot hautbois; four tea-canisters with broken glass in them; four shovels and brushes; two double-bass dripping pans; a tenor frying-pan; a salt box in delaso; and a pair of tubs.

<sup>16</sup> The letter-press is too extensive to introduce here; but it may be interesting to subjoin an extract from the Remonstrance of the Right Worshipful the Grand Master of the Scald Miserable Masons. "Whereas, by our manifesto some time past, dated from our lodge in Brick street, we did, in the most explicit manner, vindicate the ancient rights and privileges of this society, and, by incontestable arguments, evince our superior dignity and seniority to all other institutions, whether Grand-Volgi, Gregorians, Lumber Thrombians, Ubi-quarians, Hicubites, Lumber Troopers, or Freemasons; yet, nevertheless, a few persons, under

thus notices the circumstance: "Some unfaithful brethren, disappointed in their expectations of the high offices and honors of the society, had joined a number of the buffoons of the day, in a scheme to exhibit a mockery of the public procession to the grand feast. This, as may well be supposed, furnished mirth to the gaping crowd, and disgust to the fraternity; who, wisely recollecting themselves, determined in future to confine their operations within the limits of their own assembly;" and the public processions of the society were discontinued by an order of Grand Lodge.

And these were not the only attacks upon the supposed bibulous propensities of the masonic fraternity.<sup>17</sup> The great moral painter of the age introduced the subject into one of his great pictures—NIGHT—which is thus explained by Ireland: "The wounded Freemason, who, in zeal of brotherly love, has drank bumpers to the Craft till unable to find his way home, is under the guidance of a waiter. The Salisbury flying coach is overset and broken by passing through a bonfire. The butcher, and little fellow, who are assisting the passengers, are Free and Accepted Masons. One of them has a mop<sup>18</sup> in his hand; the pail is out

the last denomination, still arrogate to themselves the usurped titles of Most Ancient and Honorable, in open violation of truth and justice; still endeavor to impose their false mysteries (for a premium) on the credulous and unwary, under pretense of being part of our brotherhood; and still are determined, with drums, trumpets, gilt chariots, and other unconstitutional finery, to cast a reflection on the primitive simplicity, and decent economy, of our ancient and annual peregrination: We, therefore, think proper, in justification of ourselves, publicly to disclaim all relation or alliance whatsoever, with the said society of Freemasons, as the same must manifestly tend to the sacrifice of our dignity, the impeachment of our understanding, and the disgrace of our solemn mysteries," etc., etc., etc.

<sup>17</sup> The following law is found among the old regulations of the Grand Lodge. "Caernarvon, G. M., December 4, 1755. It was unanimously agreed, that no brother, for the future, shall smoke tobacco in the Grand Lodge, at the quarterly communication, or committee of charity, till the lodge shall be closed."

<sup>18</sup> The origin of "the mop" may be ascribed to the masonic persecution in Germany, in the early part of the century, when several eminent masons associated themselves together to preserve the Order from dissolution. They were called Mopses, from the German word *mops*, which signified a

of sight." Hogarth ridiculed the masons in another picture, which he styled, "The mystery of masonry brought to light by the Gormagons."

Freemasonry, however, was too noble in its nature and design to be affected by these impotent attacks. It steadily progressed to the middle of the century, when a grievous schism arose which created much confusion among the fraternity. It originated out of the anomaly of two Grand Lodges; one at York, which was styled "The Grand Lodge of all England;" and the other in London, which more modestly called itself "The Grand Lodge of England." Before the year 1717, warrants were unknown. Any number of masons within a district, provided they were sufficiently numerous to open a lodge according to ancient usage, were competent to meet, and perform all the functions of masonry without any public sanction. But when the desire of imitation became universally prevalent, a Grand Lodge was formed in London—the quarterly communications were revived, and a code of laws was agreed on for the government of the fraternity. For several years after the above date, the two Grand Lodges acted under their own respective powers. But, as the Grand Lodge of London increased in rank and respectability, that at York declined, and ultimately ceased to assemble. Unfortunately, when the schism had made some progress, the London Grand Lodge proceeded to extremities; and, after expelling some of the prominent members, endeavored to neutralize its effects by a slight alteration in the tests of the two First Degrees. This measure succeeded in excluding the schismatics from the regular lodges; but it gave rise to a distinction which vexed Freemasonry for nearly a century, before the wound was healed.<sup>19</sup>

young mastiff, and was deemed a proper emblem of the mutual fidelity and attachment of the brethren.

<sup>19</sup> A great outcry was made against this trivial alteration, which was merely adopted as a temporary mark of distinction, to prevent the seceders from visiting the regular lodges. It was a matter of perfect indifference; and was thus explained in an address to the Duke of Athol: "I would beg leave to ask, whether two persons standing in the Guildhall of London, the one facing the statues of Gog and Magog, and the other with his back turned on them, could, with any degree of propriety, quarrel about their situation; as Gog must

About this time, viz., in 1738, several patents were issued by the Grand Lodge of England, for introducing masonry among the continental nations; and it flourished there with various degrees of success. In Protestant countries it rapidly progressed, and was so highly prized, that initiation could only be procured by the payment of exorbitant fees;<sup>20</sup> while in Roman Catholic countries it was prohibited and discountenanced, and could only be practiced in secret.<sup>21</sup> This per-

be on the right of one, and Magog on the right of the other. Such, then, and far more insignificant, is the disputatious temper of the seceding brethren, that on no better grounds than the above, they choose to usurp a power, and to act in open and direct violation of the regulations they had solemnly engaged to maintain, and, by every artifice possible to be devised, endeavored to increase their numbers."

<sup>20</sup> In Prussia, it was ordained that "every member should pay 25 rix-dollars (£4 3s.) for the First Degree; 50 rix-dollars on his being passed to the Second Degree; and 100 rix-dollars on his being raised to the degree of a Master Mason; amounting, together with a few subsidiary payments, to £30 in the whole. From a German book, published by authority in 1777, it appears that the King of Prussia was termed the Protector of Masons; Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick, Grand Master; his most Serene Highness Frederick Augustus, Prince of Brunswick and Lunenburgh, Provincial Grand Master; his most Serene Highness Prince Maximilian Julius Leopold, of Brunswick, Deputy Provincial Grand Master; his most Serene Highness Prince Charles, Landgrave of Hesse-cassel, Provincial Grand Master in Denmark; his Royal Highness Charles Christian Joseph, Duke of Courland, Protector of Masons in Courland, etc. From these appointments, the estimation in which Freemasonry was held in the northern nations of Europe may be easily conjectured.

<sup>21</sup> In the year 1738, a formidable bull was thundered from the Conclave, not only against Freemasons themselves, but against all those who promoted or favored their cause; who gave them the smallest countenance or advice, or who were, in any respect, connected with a set of men who, in the opinion of his holiness, were enemies to the tranquillity of the state, and hostile to the spiritual interest of souls. This bull was followed by an edict, dated 14th January, 1739, containing sentiments equally bigoted, and enactments equally severe. The servitude of the galleys, the tortures of the rack, and a fine of 1000 crowns in gold, were threatened to persons of every description who were daring enough to breathe the infectious air of a masonic assembly. It was under the provisions of this bull that poor Coustos was immured and tortured by the inquisition, at Lisbon. And, strange to tell, the fraternity is proscribed in the Peninsula even at the present day. In a work quoted by Mr. Young, the writer says, "I heard a noted preacher, at a festival, at Santerem, preach a sermon, in which he made use of many curious expressions. The following I distinctly heard.

secution abroad, as well as the schism in our own country, proved, in their effects, favorable to the progressive increase of Freemasonry. A spirit of inquiry was engendered, which led to one uniform result: the dissemination of the science. Animated by this feeling, men became active partisans in a cause which apathy might have induced them to abandon, if no such stimuli had existed.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ACCOUNT OF THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE  
GRAND LODGE OF SCOTLAND.

THE fraternity of Freemasons in Scotland always owned their king and sovereign as their Grand Master: to his authority they submitted all disputes that happened among the brethren. When not a mason himself, he appointed one of the brethren to preside as his deputy at all their meetings, and to regulate all matters concerning the craft. Accordingly we find James I, 1430, that patron of learning, countenancing the lodges with his presence, "as the Royal Grand Master; till he settled an yearly income of four pounds Scots, to be paid by every Master Mason in Scotland, to a Grand Master chosen by the brethren, and approved of by the crown, one nobly born, or an eminent clergyman, who had his deputies in cities and counties; and every new brother, at entrance, paid him also a fee. His office empowered him to regulate in the fraternity, what should not come under the cognizance of law-courts; to him appealed both mason and lord, or the builder and founder, when at variance, in order to prevent law-pleas; and in his absence they appealed to his Deputy or Grand Wardens that resided next to the premises."

In 1441, William St. Clair, Earl of Orkney and Caithness, Baron of Roslin, etc., etc., got a grant of this office from King James II. He countenanced the lodges with his presence, propagated the

This political priest said, that he would grasp the sword till his nails should grow through the palm of his hand, to deliver the earth from the Freemasons: a set of men, who had hair growing upon their hearts since their souls had left them; that to kill a Freemason was an act of charity to God." (Monthly Mag., 1829, p. 46.)

royal art, and built the chapel of Roslin, that master-piece of Gothic architecture. Masonry now began to spread its benign influence through the country, and many noble and stately buildings were reared by the prince and nobles during the time of Grand Master Roslin. By another deed of the said King James II, this office was made hereditary to the said William St. Clair, and his heirs and successors in the barony of Roslin; in which noble family it has continued without any interruption till of late years. The barons of Roslin have ever since continued to prove the patrons of masonry, in countenancing the lodges, determining in all matters of difference among the brethren, and supporting, with becoming dignity, the character of Grand Master Mason over all Scotland. They held their head court (or, in mason style), assembled their Grand Lodge, at Kilwinning, in the west country, where it is presumed masons first began, in Scotland, to hold regular and stated lodges. Nay, it is even alleged, that in this place<sup>1</sup> the royal art first made its appearance, and the brethren, meeting here with hospitality and protection, formed themselves into a lodge; and their peaceable behavior, their hospitable and generous dispositions, recommending them to the notice of the country, they were soon associated by the great and wealthy from all parts. In process of time the craft became more numerous, and lodges more frequent throughout the country; the lodge of Kilwinning, under authority of the noble Grand Masters, granting charters of erection and constitution to the brethren to form themselves into regular lodges, always under the proper provisions and restrictions, for their adhering to the strict principles of true old masonry, and preserving among themselves that harmony and union which ought, and always has subsisted among the fraternity.

Such continued to be the state of masonry while the family of Roslin were

<sup>1</sup> Those who mean any thing more by *Kilwinning* masons, than that they are of the body of masons, which first formed themselves into a regular institution at *Kilwinning*, must be mistaken. The *Grand Lodge* at *Edinburgh* always toast the *Lodge of Kilwinning* as their *mother Lodge*.

in flourishing and prosperous circumstances. But that once opulent and noble family, through their too great generosity, falling back in the world, the present representatative, William St. Clair, of Roslin, Esq., (a real mason, and a gentleman of the greatest candor and benevolence, inheriting his predecessors' virtues without their fortune,) was obliged to dispoise the estate; and, having no children of his own, was loth that the office of Grand Master, now vested in his person, should become vacant at his death; more especially, as there was but small prospect of the brethren of this country receiving any countenance or protection from the crown (to whom the office naturally reverted, at the failure of the Roslin family), as in ancient days, our kings and princes continually residing in England.

Upon these considerations (October 15, 1736), having assembled the brethren of the lodges in and about Edinburgh, Grand Master St. Clair represented to them how beneficial it would be to the cause of masonry in general, to have a Grand Master, a gentleman or nobleman of their own country, one of their own electing, to patronize and protect the craft; and that, as hereditary Grand Master over all Scotland, he had called this meeting, in order to condescend on a proper plan for electing of a Grand Master; and that in order to promote so laudable a design, he proposed to resign into the hands of the brethren, or whomsoever they should be pleased to elect, all right, claim, or title whatever, which he or his successors have to reign as Grand Master over the masons in Scotland; and recommended to the brethren to look out for a nobleman or gentleman, one of the craft, fit to succeed his noble predecessors, a man qualified to patronize and protect the society, and support the character of Grand Master with the honor and dignity becoming that high station; and concluded with recommending to them unanimity, harmony, and brotherly love, in all their proceedings thereanent.

The brethren taking into consideration what the Grand Master had above represented, resolved upon proper rules and regulations, to be observed in the

election of a Grand Master against St. Andrew's day next; and that they might not be said to take any step without the countenance and approbation of the more distant lodges, they ordered the following letter to be wrote to all the lodges throughout Scotland, inviting them to appear, by themselves or by proxies, in order to concur in promoting so laudable a scheme:

**BRETHREN:** The four lodges in and about Edinburgh, having taken to their serious consideration, the great loss that masonry has sustained through the want of a Grand Master, authorized us to signify to you, our good and worthy brethren, our hearty desire and firm intention to choose a Grand Master for Scotland; and in order the same may be done with the greatest harmony, we hereby invite you (as we have done all the other regular lodges known by us) to concur in such a great and good work, whereby it is hoped masonry may be restored to its ancient luster in this kingdom. And for effectuating this laudable design, we humbly desire, that betwixt this and Martinmas day next, you will be pleased to give us a brotherly answer in relation to the election of a Grand Master, which we propose to be on St. Andrew's day, for the first time, and ever thereafter to be on St. John the Baptist's day, or as the Grand Lodge shall appoint by the majority of voices, which are to be collected from the Masters and Wardens of all the regular lodges then present, or by proxy to any Master Mason or Fellow-Craft in any lodge in Scotland. And the election is to be in Mary's Chapel. All that is hereby proposed, is for the advancement and prosperity of masonry in its greatest and most charitable perfection. We hope and expect a suitable return; wherein if any lodge are defective, they have themselves only to blame. We heartily wish you all manner of success and prosperity, and ever are, with great respect, your affectionate and loving brethren, etc.

*Mary's Chapel, Nov. 30, 1736.*

This day being appointed for the election of a Grand Master and other officers to compose the Grand Lodge of Scotland,

the following lodges appeared by themselves or proxies, viz.:

Mary's Chapel,  
 Kilwinning,  
 Canongate Kilwinning,  
 Kilwinning Scots Arms,  
 Kilwinning Leith,  
 Kilwinning Glasgow,  
 Cupar of Fife,  
 Linlithgow,  
 Dumferline,  
 Dundee,  
 Dalkeith,  
 Aitcheson's Haven,  
 Selkirk,  
 Inverness,  
 Lasmahego,  
 St. Bride's at Douglas,  
 Strathaven,  
 Hamilton,  
 Lanerk,  
 Dunse,  
 Kirkaldie,  
 Journeyman Masons, Edin.,  
 Kirkentulloch,  
 Biggar,  
 Sanquhar,  
 Peebles,  
 Glasgow St. Mungo's,  
 Greenock,  
 Falkirk,  
 Aberdeen,  
 Canongate and Leith,  
 Leith and Canongate,  
 Montrose.

When the lodge was duly met, and the rolls called over, there was produced the following resignation of the office of Grand Master, by William St. Clair, of Roslin, Esq., in favor of the brethren, or whomsoever they should be pleased to elect to that high office:

"I, William St. Clair, of Roslin, Esq., taking to my consideration that the masons in Scotland did, by several deeds, constitute and appoint William and Sir William St. Clairs, of Roslin, my ancestors, and their heirs, to be their patrons, protectors, judges or masters; and that my holding or claiming any such jurisdiction, right or privilege, might be prejudicial to the craft and vocation of masonry, whereof I am a member; and I being desirous to advance and promote the good and utility of the said craft of masonry to the utmost of my power, do therefore, hereby, for me and my heirs, renounce, quit claim, overgive and discharge all right, claim or pretense that I, or my heirs, had, have, or any ways

may have, pretend to, or claim, to be patron, protector, judge or master of the masons in Scotland, in virtue of any deed or deeds made and granted by the said masons, or of any grant or charter made by any of the kings of Scotland, to and in favors of the said William and Sir William St. Clairs, of Roslin, my predecessors; or any other manner of way whatsoever, for now and ever: And I bind and oblige me, and my heirs, to warrant this present renunciation and discharge at all hands: And I consent to the registration hereof in the books of council and session, or any other judges' books competent; therein to remain for preservation; and thereto I constitute . . . . . my procurators, etc. In witness whereof I have subscribed these presents (written by David Maul, writer to the signet) at Edinburgh, the twenty-fourth day of November, one thousand seven hundred and thirty-six years, before these witnesses, George Fraser, deputy-auditor of the excise in Scotland, Master of the Canongate Lodge, and William Montgomery, merchant in Leith, Master of the Leith Lodge.

WM. ST. CLAIR.

Geo. Fraser, Canongate Kilwinning, and Wm. Montgomery, Leith Kilwinning, witnesses."

Which being read, was ordered to be recorded in the books to be hereafter kept in the Grand Lodge of Scotland.

After this the brethren proceeded to the election of a Grand Master; and, in consideration of his noble and ancient family, for the zeal he himself had now shown for the good and prosperity of the craft, they thought they could not confer that high honor upon any brother better qualified, or more properly entitled, than William St. Clair, of Roslin, Esq., whose ancestors had so long presided over the brethren, and had ever acquitted themselves with honor and with dignity. Accordingly,

By an unanimous voice, William St. Clair, of Roslin, Esq., was proclaimed Grand Master Mason of all Scotland, and being placed in the chair, was installed, saluted, homaged, and acknowledged as such.

*Calcott.*

LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF A MONUMENT TO ROBERT BURNS AT ALLOWAY KIRK, IN AYRSHIRE, IN 1820.

On the 25th January 1820, being the anniversary of his natal day, the several neighboring lodges assembled, agreeably to intimation, on the race-ground, about 11 o'clock, in separate detachments, bearing their various insignia, and accompanied with bands of music, for the purpose of laying the foundation stone of a monument to the memory of the Ayrshire poet, and their brother mason. After having been arranged in due order, viz:—

Mother Kilwinning, <sup>1</sup> . . . . .	No.—
Maybole, . . . . .	10
Kilmarnock St. John's, . . . . .	24
Newmills, . . . . .	46
Glasgow Patrick Kilwinning, . . . . .	64
Monkton Navigation, . . . . .	41
Ayr Kilwinning, . . . . .	123
Newton Ayr St. James', . . . . .	124
Kilmarnock St. Andrew's, . . . . .	125
Stewarton Thistle, . . . . .	126
Tarbolton St. David's, . . . . .	131

<sup>1</sup> A communication from James Dobie, Esq., of Beith, in Scotland, contains the following remarks on the origin and progress of Freemasonry in that part of the island. "It is generally admitted that masonry was first established at Kilwinning, where a stately monastery was founded A. D. 1140. I find in the notes to a poem published at Paris in 1820, entitled, "La Maconnerie," that "Jacques, Lord Stewart, regut dans sa loge, à Kilwin en Ecosse, en 1286, les Comtes de Gloucester et Ulster, l'un Anglois, l'autre Irlandois;" This was the year in which Alexander III died; and, if the authority be correct, it shows that the Stewart family were distinguished in Scotland before they came to the Crown. James I patronised Kilwinning Lodge, and presided as Grand Master until he got one chosen by the brethren, and approved of by him. To this officer an annual salary was paid by all the lodges in the kingdom, and he had deputies in the different counties. In the reign of James II the office was made hereditary in the noble family of St. Clair of Rosslyn, where it continued until 1736, when William St. Clair of Rosslyn, Esq., resigned in favor of the brethren, and with the view of instituting the Grand Lodge of Scotland. The Mother Lodge of Kilwinning, long after the institution of the Grand Lodge, continued to act independently, and to grant charters to other lodges as formerly. This gave rise to disputes, which it was desirable for the credit of the fraternity to avoid; and at length, in 1807, Mother Kilwinning agreed to hold of the Grand Lodge, thereby renouncing all right to grant charters in future. Kilwinning was placed at the head of the roll of the Grand Lodge under the denomination of "Mother Kilwinning," and its Master for the time being was declared the Provincial Grand Master over the Ayrshire district. Other minor regulations were adopted, and these put an end to all disputes about masonic precedence."—EDITOR.

Tarbolton St. James', . . . . .	133
Irvine St. Andrew's, . . . . .	147
Ayr Royal Arch, . . . . .	163
Stevenston Thistle and Rose, . . . . .	167
Maybole Royal Arch, . . . . .	197
Muirkirk St. Thomas', . . . . .	200
Riccarton St. Clement's, . . . . .	201
Ayr and Renfrew St. Paul's, . . . . .	203
Ayr Newton St. Andrew's, . . . . .	209
Fenwick Moira, . . . . .	221
Old Cumnock St. Barnabas', . . . . .	230
Mauchline St. Mungo's, . . . . .	240
Kilmarnock St. James', . . . . .	260

they walked in procession to the site of the monument; and there, having formed themselves into an extensive circle, the most Worshipful Deputy Grand Master, Alexander Boswell, of Auchinleck, Esq., proceeded to lay the foundation-stone, and also deposited a plate, bearing the following inscription:—

BY THE FAVOR OF ALMIGHTY GOD,  
On the Twenty-fifth day of January A. D. MDCCCXX,  
Of the Æra of Masonry 5820,  
And the Sixtieth Year of the Reign of our beloved  
Sovereign George the Third,  
His Royal Highness George Prince of Wales being  
Regent of the United Kingdom,  
And a munificent Subscriber to the Edifice,  
The Foundation Stone of this Monument,  
Erected by public Subscription in honor of the Genius of  
ROBERT BURNS,  
THE AyrSHIRE POET,  
was laid

By Alexander Boswell, Esq., of Auchinleck, M. P.  
Worshipful Depute Grand Master of the Most Ancient  
Mother Lodge Kilwinning,  
(Attended by all the Mason Lodges in Ayrshire)  
According to the ancient usages of Masonry,  
THOMAS HAMILTON, junior, Edinburgh, Architect,  
JOHN CONNELL, junior, Builder and Contractor.

After which, the most Worshipful Depute Grand Master exhibited the corn and the wine, etc., in true masonic style, and delivered the following address:—

BRETHREN:—May corn, wine, and oil abound; may all that is useful and ornamental be cultivated among us; and may all that can invigorate the body or elevate the soul shed their blest influence on our native land.

We have at length assembled to pay a grateful, although a tardy, tribute to the genius of Robert Burns, our Ayrshire Poet, and the Bard of Coila. There surely lives not the man so dull, so flinty, or phlegmatic, who could witness this event without emotion. But to those whose heartstrings have thrilled responsive to the chords of the poet's lyre—whose bosoms have swelled, like his, with love and friendship, with tenderness and sympathy, have glowed with patriotism, or panted for glory—this hour must be an hour of exultation. Whether we consider the time, the place, or the circumstances, there is



enough to interest in each; but these combined, and at once in operation on our feelings and our fancies—his muse, alas! is mute, who could alone have dared to paint the proud breathings of such an assembly at such a moment.

When we consider the time, we can not forget that this day is the anniversary of that which gave our poet to the light of heaven. Bleak is the prospect around us; the wood, the hawthorn, and "the birken-shaw," are leafless; not a thrush has yet essayed to clear the furrowed brow of winter; but this we know shall pass away, give place, and be succeeded by the buds of spring and the blossoms of summer. Chill and cheerless was our poet's natal day; but soon the wild flowers of poesy sprung as it were beneath his boyish tread; they opened as he advanced, expanded as he matured, until he revelled in all the richness of luxuriance. Poverty and disappointment hung frowning around him, and haunted his path: but, soothed and charmed by the fitful visits of his native muse, and crowned, as in a vision, with the holy wreath, he waned in a fairy land, the bright creation of his own vivid and enrapt imagination. His musings have been our delight. Men of the loftiest talents, and of taste the most refined, have praised them;—men of strong and sterling, but untutored intellect, have admired them:—the poet of the heart is the poet of mankind.

When we consider the place, let us remember that these very scenes which we now look upon awakened in his youthful breast that animating spark which burst upon the world in a blaze of inspiration. In yonder cottage he first drew breath: in that depository of the lowly dead sleeps the once humble, now immortal, model of the cottage life—there rests his pious father—and there it was his fond and anxious wish that his dust should have been mingled with the beloved and kindred ashes. Below us flows the Doon, the classic Doon, but made classic by his harmony; there, gliding through the woods, and laving his banks and braes, he rolls his clear and "far-fetch'd waters" to the ocean. Before us stand the ruins of Kirk Alloway, shrouded in all the mystic imagery with which it is enveloped by his magic spells—Kirk Alloway! to name it is enough.

If then, the time and place are so congenial with our fond impressions, the circumstances which have enabled us to carry into effect this commemoration of our Bard, must give delight to every enthusiastic mind. In every region where our language is heard, the song of Burns gives rapture—and from every region,

and from climes the most remote, the votive offerings, if poured in to aid our undertaking, and the edifice which we have now begun, shall stand a proud and lasting testimony of the world's admiration. Not on the banks of Doon alone, or hermit Ayr, or the romantic Lugar, echo repeats the songs of Burns; but amid the wild forests of Columbia, and the scorching plains of Indostan—on the banks of the Mississippi, the St. Lawrence, and the Ganges, his heart-touching melody floats upon the breeze.

This monument rises like the piled cairn over our warriors of old—each man casts a stone; and in honor of him, the son of a cotter, and himself a ploughman, our Prince, with the true feelings of true greatness, and more illustrious by this act of generosity, pays here his tribute at the shrine of genius. May the work prosper; and when happily completed, then may it tell to future generations that the age which could produce a Burns, was rich also in those who could appreciate his talents, and who, while they felt and owned the power of his muse, have honored his name.

This speech, which was delivered with much energy and feeling, was received with enthusiastic applause. The Rev. H. Paul, of Broughton, then concluded the ceremony with a suitable prayer; when the whole masonic body, joined by an immense body of spectators, gave three hearty cheers, and the procession returned in order to the town of Ayr.

After lodging the Most Worshipful Grand Master in due form, the several lodges proceeded to their respective lodge rooms, where they spent the evening in the greatest harmony. The decorations of some of the lodges were very splendid; and the bands of music which accompanied them had a very imposing effect, and, notwithstanding the unfavorableness of the day, brought forth an immense crowd of spectators.

About seven o'clock, deputations arrived at the Grand Lodge; when many patriotic toasts were given, together with many songs and speeches, highly appropriate to the occasion.

Mr. Boswell, in drinking as a toast, "The admirers of Burns," took occasion to notice some particulars relative to the subscriptions which had been obtained for the monument; and among those gentlemen who had particularly interested themselves in the business, he mentioned

in terms of high respect, Sir James Shaw, Bart., and William Fairlie, Esq., of London. He said, that through the exertions of these gentlemen large sums had been remitted, in furtherance of the undertaking, from the East Indies, from America, and from the Metropolis, where a higher enthusiasm in favor of Burns and his writings seemed to prevail than in his native country. This, however, was not to be wondered at; because the glowing descriptions which he gives of scenes and feelings so congenial to Scotchmen, must have an effect proportionate to the distance to which they are removed from their native land.—*Preston.*

THE PARALLELS EXPLAINED.

BY G. W. OLIVER, D. D.

"It is remarkable that John the Baptist wrought no miracle, therefore the authority, and confirming proof of his mission, rested very much upon the evidences which were exhibited, not by himself, but by the person whose appearance he professed to foretell; and, undoubtedly, the miracles of our Lord did, by a reflected operation, establish the preaching of John. For if a person in these days should appear, not working any miracle himself, but declaring that another and greater person was soon to follow; and if that other and greater person did accordingly soon follow, and show forth mighty deeds, the authority of the first person's mission would be ratified by the second person's works."—PALEY.

THE reasons for the parallelism of the two St. John's are stated in the record already quoted. These two eminent saints were early companions—the one as master, the other as pupil. We have already seen that St. John the Baptist was an Essenian Freemason; and it is asserted, on competent authority, that St. John the Evangelist, before the mission of Christ commenced, was his disciple.<sup>1</sup> There must, therefore, have existed between them no ordinary degree of friendship. As a proof of which, it is further said, that when the Baptist was desirous of a positive confirmation of his predictions respecting the identity of Jesus with the promised Messiah, for the purpose of silencing the doubts of his disciples, he deputed St. John the Evangelist, together with another disciple equally favored, to

<sup>1</sup> See Bishop Percy's Key to the New Testament.

ascertain the fact, when the extraordinary interview took place which has been recorded by St. Luke in his Gospel,<sup>2</sup> the result of which was, that the Evangelist immediately joined the party, and became the beloved disciple of Christ, as he himself has told us.<sup>3</sup> For it does not appear that Christ actually began his mission till about the time when the Baptist was imprisoned by Herod. Thus Dean Prideaux says: "John the Baptist began the Ministry of the Gospel in the fifteenth year of Tiberius, and continued in it for three years and a half; that is, he began it about the time of the paschal feast, and continued it till the feast of tabernacles in the fourth year after. And then, John being cast into prison, Christ appeared to take it on him, in person, and personally carried it on three years and a half more. So that the whole term of Christ's ministry while he was here on earth, as executed first vicariously by John, his forerunner, and afterward personally by himself, was exactly seven years; and these seven years constituted the last of the seventy weeks in Daniel's prophecy."<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Luke vii: 18-28.—<sup>3</sup> John i: 37.

<sup>4</sup> Prid. Con., part ii, book 9. The exact chronology is as follows, according to Kitto:—

John Baptist was born in the spring,	B. C. 5
Christ was born in the autumn,	5
John the Baptist begins his ministry,	
autumn,	A. D. 26
Christ baptized, autumn,	27
John the Baptist imprisoned,	28
Christ's ministry begins,	28
John the Baptist beheaded,	29

That the birth of Christ is thus given to the autumn of the year 5, before Christ, is an apparent anomaly which may require a few words of explanation. The era of the birth of Christ was not in use till A. D. 532, in the time of Justinian, when it was introduced by Dionysius Exiguus, a Scythian by birth, and a Roman abbot; and which only began to prevail in the West about the time of Charles Martel and Pope Gregory II, A. D. 730. It has long been agreed by all chronologers that Dionysius made a mistake in placing the birth of Christ some years too late; but the amount of the difference has been variously estimated at two, three, four, five, or even eight years. The most general conclusion is that which is adopted in our bibles, and which places the birth of Christ four years before the common era, or more probably a few months more, according to the conclusion of Hales, which we have deemed it proper to adopt. The grounds of this conclusion are largely and ably stated in the Analysis, vol. i, pp. 83-93. As to the day,—it appears that the 25th of December was not fixed upon till the time of Constantine, in

They were equally distinguished by the Redeemer of mankind; the one as "a burning and shining light;"<sup>5</sup> whence the Gnostics assumed that the Spirit of Light entered into John the Baptist, and therefore that John was in some respects to be preferred to Christ; and the other was called "the beloved disciple,"<sup>6</sup> and "the divine."<sup>7</sup> Thus they formed the personification of GREATNESS and GOODNESS, which were ever the qualities that drew down public respect and applause; and among heathen nations, as we learn from Selden, constituted the attributes of the celestial deities, and elevated deceased mortals to the same supernatural dignity. For these reasons, the two St. Johns were likened to the pillar of *fire* and *cloud* which attended the Israelites in their escape from Egyptian bondage. The former, because he preached the unquenchable *fire* which is the punishment of sin; and the latter, because he inculcated the subdued virtue of brotherly love, the practice of which, like the operation of the *cloud* to the camp of Israel, when it moderated the heat of the sun in that parched climate, would serve to avert the ever-burning fire of hell. This pillar was a *light* and a *guide* to the Israelites through the wilderness of Sin, that they might attain the promised land in safety; and the two St. Johns—one by announcing the Savior, and the other by his benevolent doctrines—are a light and a guide to all mankind while toiling through the sinful wilderness of this world, that they may arrive at the heavenly Canaan, and rest for ever from their labors. Besides, St. John the Evangelist was chosen to be a witness to Christ's transfiguration, and was actual-

the fourth century, although there was an early tradition in its favor. It is probable that it really took place about, or at, the feast of tabernacles (say the autumnal equinox) of 5 B. C., or at the passover (say the vernal equinox) of 4 B. C. The former is the opinion of Hales and others, and the latter of Archbishop Usher and our bibles.

<sup>5</sup> John v: 35.—<sup>6</sup> Ibid. xxi: 20.

<sup>7</sup> John is generally surnamed "the divine," from the sublimity of his knowledge, particularly in the beginning of his gospel. He is painted with a cup, and a serpent issuing out of it, in allusion to a story of poison given to him by some heretics, in a glass, the venom of which he dispelled, under the form of a serpent, by making a sign of the cross over it.

ly enveloped in the cloud on that great occasion.<sup>8</sup>

Again, as the columns of Solomon's porch, called Jachin and Boaz, were typical of this cloudy and fiery pillar, so the early christians likened them to the two St. Johns, which will appear in the estimation of our ancient brethren to have made the parallelism complete. Boaz represented strength, and Jachin to establish; and together they referred to the divine promise that God would establish his holy temple in strength. The former referred to the sun, which rejoiceth as a giant to run its course;<sup>9</sup> and the latter to the moon, because, like the pillar of a cloud, its light is mild and beautiful, being only a reflection of the sun's more powerful rays; and hence it was prophesied of Solomon,<sup>10</sup> that his kingdom should remain in peace and righteousness so long as the moon endureth.<sup>11</sup> The promise to David includes both. "His seed shall endure forever; and his seat is like as the *sun* before me. He shall stand fast for evermore as the *moon*, and as the faithful witness in heaven."<sup>12</sup> Hence, according to the testimony of Iarchi, Solomon said: "My kingdom being thus permanently established as the sun and moon, its duration shall be marked by the existence of these pillars, for they will remain firm and immovable so long as my successors shall continue to do the will of God."

In like manner the two St. Johns were esteemed pillars of christianity; the one representing *strength*, and the other a principal agent to *establish* the permanency of the christian religion by inculcating brotherly love or charity, which St. Paul affirms to be its chief virtue, and which St. Paul affirms to be more than all the rest.<sup>13</sup> By these instruments the Savior of mankind established his reli-

<sup>8</sup> Matthew xvii: 5.—<sup>9</sup> Psalm xix: 5.—<sup>10</sup> Ibid. lxxii: 7.

<sup>11</sup> From this appropriation the heathen custom of representing the sun and moon by obelisks or pillars, spoken of by Tertullian, (de Spect., c. 8,) Cassiodorus, (lib. iii, ep. 51,) and others, (Ammian. Marcel., l. xvii,) probably took its rise, as well as the Manichean custom of worshipping the sun as the receptacle of the divine *virtue*, and the moon because it contains the divine *wisdom*. (Aug., tom. vi, Cont. Faust. Man., xx: 2.)

<sup>12</sup> Psalm lxxxix: 35, 36.—<sup>13</sup> 1 Cor. xiii.

gion to endure for ever.<sup>14</sup> And at length, when the designs of Omnipotence are completed, the sun and the moon, by unmistakable tokens, shall declare to the world that their glory is expiring.<sup>15</sup> The sun will turn into darkness, and its light being thus withdrawn, the moon will be obscured;<sup>16</sup> at which period St. John the Baptist, as a righteous man, will shine forth as the sun,<sup>17</sup> and appear in the clouds of heaven standing at the left hand of the Judge; and the pure and holy doctrines of his illustrious parallel will for ever remain as the employment of the saints and angels in the heavenly mansions of the blessed; where there is "no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God will lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."<sup>18</sup>

Such a series of concurrent testimonies which mark the belief and practice of a very high antiquity, ought not to be rejected on light and insufficient grounds, and particularly as the connections of both the St. Johns with Freemasonry was unquestionably acknowledged by the revived Grand Lodge from its very first establishment. The preliminary grand festival was held on the day of St. John the Baptist, A. D. 1717; and the subsequent festivals were celebrated sometimes on the one saint's day and sometimes on the other, in pursuance of one of the original laws of the Grand Lodge, agreed to in 1721, which provided that "the brethren of all the lodges in and about London and Westminster, shall meet at an annual communication in some convenient place, on St. John the Baptist's day, or else on St. John the Evangelist's day,<sup>19</sup> as the Grand Lodge shall think fit, by a new regulation, having hitherto met on St. John the Baptist's day. But whether there shall be a feast for all the brethren

or not, yet the Grand Lodge must meet in some convenient place annually on St. John's day; or if it be Sunday, then on the next day, in order to choose every year a new Grand Master, Deputy, and Wardens."

It is evident that the substitution of the St. Johns for Moses and Solomon, was an article of belief among the first masons who introduced the Craft into this island. The Kilwinning system, which may be traced back to the twelfth century, is called "St. John's Masonry;" and in the present laws of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, this principle is unreservedly maintained (although the annual installation and feast is held on St. Andrew's day), in the provision respecting private lodges, where "all lodges holding of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, are strictly prohibited and discharged from holding any other meetings than those of the three orders of Apprentice, Fellowcraft, and Master Mason, denominated ST. JOHN'S MASONRY."<sup>20</sup>

Our transatlantic brethren acknowledge the orthodoxy of the same custom. Thus the Deputy Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of New York, in his address from the throne, June 1, 1842, observes—"There is another deviation from ancient custom into which we have fallen of late years, to which I desire to see the Grand Lodge immediately return; it is the celebration of those masonic festivals, the 24th of June, and the 27th of December, which are observed by the fraternity throughout the world. From the first organization of this Grand Lodge, the practice of regulating the manner in which the annual festivals should be observed, was strictly attended to at the previous quarterly meetings. And all our lodges were required to meet and open on those days, up to the date when the present regulations of the Grand Lodge came into operation, June, 1832. In recommending a return to the ancient custom of our fathers, I would by no means become the advocate of expensive banquets, or public parades; but I would preserve in this body the right and power to regulate these festivals by keeping them in exercise. Social intercourse among the brethren should be encouraged on all

<sup>14</sup> 1 Peter i: 5.—<sup>15</sup> Luke xxi: 25.—<sup>16</sup> Acts ii: 20.—<sup>17</sup> Matthew xiii: 43.—<sup>18</sup> Rev. xxi: 23.

<sup>19</sup> "In ancient times," says Dr. Anderson, (Const. 1738, p. 170,) "the Master, Wardens, and Fellows, on St. John's day, met either in a monastery or on the top of the highest hill near them, by peep of day; and having there chosen their new grand officers, they descended, walking in due form, to the place of the feast, either a monastery or the house of an eminent mason, or some large house of entertainment, as they thought best tyed. In France these festivals are celebrated on the same days, but they are called Fêtes Solstitiales; homage au G. A. D. l'U."

<sup>20</sup> Laws, ix: 1.

occasions, and none can be more appropriate than these, as is testified by the consent of the whole masonic world." And the Rev. Mason Harris, a very intelligent brother, Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, says—"John the Baptist, *the first christian mason*, was commissioned to prepare the way of the Lord; to smooth the way, and remove the obstructions to the introduction of his truth."

We have a decisive proof that the days of St. John were used for the festivals of masonry, long before a Grand Lodge in London was ever thought of; for it is recorded, that Queen Elizabeth sent an armed force to break up the annual Grand Lodge at York, *which was always held on the day of St. John the Evangelist*; when Sir Thomas Sackville, the Grand Master, induced the officers to be initiated; and their report to the queen was so satisfactory, that she gave them no further disturbance.

Brother Peabody, Grand Master of Massachusetts, thus speaks of this anniversary:—"The flight of time, which, in its course, is rapidly wafting us all to the close of our mortal career, has brought us to the return of another annual rest; and we are now assembled to organize anew for future operations.

"In compliance with a custom adopted long years ago, this organization is had on the anniversary of St. John the Evangelist. Tradition informs us, that this mildest of men; this preacher of love and good will to all mankind; this disciple whom Jesus loved—was an eminent patron of our Order. This we may well credit; for the charity and good will, the brotherly kindness, relief and truth, which it is our chief aim to inculcate, formed almost the whole character of our patron saint.

"Tradition also informs us, that soon after his death, this anniversary was selected as the appropriate day for the organization of the lodges, in the hope that the influence of his mild and gentle spirit would be upon them, and enter largely into their labors. No mason, on this day, without forgetting to whom it is dedicated, can cherish unkind and uncharitable feelings toward his brother. Let us, then, in the mildness of the loving

and beloved disciple, address ourselves to the work before us."

Before I conclude this letter, I would direct the attention of the fraternity to a remarkable picture at Bruges, in which these two great parallels are exhibited in connection with each other, attended by some of the circumstances which have been noticed in the preceding pages. It is thus described by Lord Lindsay, in his *Sketches of the History of Christian Art*:—"The marriage of S. Catherine, painted in 1479, will linger longer in your memory. The Virgin and Child are seated on a rich throne, with S. Barbara on one side and S. Catherine on the other, each on a seat of lower elevation; the infant Savior puts the ring on the finger of the latter; two little angels hover over the Virgin, supporting her crown, a third holds a book for her to read from, a fourth plays a small organ; *John the Baptist and John the Evangelist stand on either side of the throne*; the composition of this group is as symmetrical as in the old Italian paintings, although quite Flemish in character; the heads of the two St. Johns are admirable; the northern artists generally succeed in the Baptist, but fail in the Evangelist. Here, however, Memling has surpassed his brethren, though representing the beloved disciple as a man, not a youth. The drapery is very broken. The background is a landscape, carried through the central compartment, and two wings; and in this the history of the two saints is represented in different small groups, beginning respectively from the central compartment, and so working off to the opposite extremity, the principal subject of each history occupying the place of honor in its respective compartment. The decollation of the Baptist is thus seen to the left and to the right; the vision of St. John in Patmos; the attitude of the latter is admirable; the head that of matured age, and beautiful; he gazes upward—pausing as he writes, fearless, but in solemn awe and deep feeling, on the vision of God, the Father and the Lamb, the four beasts and the elders; while beyond the sea, and along the receding coast of Asia Minor; the four horses of the Apocalypse; the burning mountain cast into the sea; the ship-

wrecks; the great hail; the captains and mighty men hiding themselves in the clefts of the rock; the star opening the bottomless pit; and the gigantic angel standing on the sea and the land, and swearing that 'there shall be time no longer,' are depicted in fearful succession."

I have the honor to be, my lord,  
Your lordship's obedient  
Servant and brother,  
GEO. OLIVER, D. D.  
SCOPWICK VICARAGE, Dec. 16, 1847.



THE ANCIENT MASONIC CHARGES.

PARAPHRASED BY ROB. MORRIS.

THE exhibit of masonic doctrine and usage, styled The Ancient Charges, the only universal code of masonic law, can not be too carefully examined, too implicitly followed. By how much the various lodges around the globe have been guided by its dictates, by so much have they approximated to the ancient landmarks of the Order—wherein they have violated it they have strayed from the true light.

For comprehensiveness of detail, united to perfect simplicity of diction, these Ancient Charges are unexcelled by any production in our language.

CHAPTER 1.—Concerning God and Religion.

A mason's tenure that doth draw,  
Binds him to keep the Moral Law;  
Forbids him 'neath The All-seeing Eye,  
Stupid to doubt or bold defy;  
And leaving his opinions free,  
Holds him both Good and TRUE to be.

This makes the Lodge, like that above,  
Center of UNION and of LOVE;  
Brings light from the far-distant East,  
To bless the regions of the West;  
Drives enmity and discord forth,  
And spreads true friendship o'er the earth.

CHAP. 2.—Of the Civil Magistrate, Supreme and Subordinate.

He is a subject peaceable,  
Wherever he may work or dwell;  
Shuns plottings and conspiracies;  
The rulers of the land obeys;  
And shields the craft with all his power  
From evils of destructive war.

So bright this loyalty appeared,  
That kings of old the Art revered;  
Foes in confusion turned away,  
Awd by her luminous display;  
And masonry, a star of peace,  
World-wide gleamed forth to guide and bless.

In times of strife her voice is still;  
She gives no counsel to rebel;  
With equal eye surveys the field—  
(They' re hers that conquer, hers that yield,)  
Shuts not the rebel from her light,  
Nor forfeits his masonic right.

CHAP. 3.—Of Lodges.

The good and true alone may be  
Of this enlightened family;  
Nor only this—the wondrous plan  
Can be perfected but my MAN  
Free-born, mature, of moral worth,  
In the esteem of all the earth.

Such is the membership we judge  
Worthy the name *Masonic Lodge*;  
Such in the secrets of the Art  
Are zealous, fervent, free, expert;  
And nought this side the closing tomb  
Can part them from the *mason's home*.

CHAP. 4.—Of Masters, Wardens, Fellows and Apprentices.

The rulers of the lodge must be  
Most eminent in masonry;  
That so the craft receive no blame  
Nor masonry be put to shame,  
Nor he for whom our labors given  
Deny us at the gate of heaven.

Through all the temple-courts around  
We seek for such—wherever found;  
Though lowly-born, obscure and poor,  
If eminent in mystic lore,  
We prize them for their real desert,  
And make them RULERS in the Art.

The best life's quarries do contain—  
(Quarries whose blocks are living men;  
But ah! defaced with foul defect!)  
They by unerring rules select;  
Add wisely found, each block shall stand  
An honor to the mystic band.

CHAP. 5.—Of the Management of the Craft in Working.

No idle whim, no project vile,  
Employs the mystic band—'tis TOIL:—  
TOIL, as commanded as by heaven,  
When Adam from his bliss was driven—  
For masonry is but a school  
Where Labor is reduced to rule.

Six days to labor, one to rest,  
Is of our rules the first and best;

Led in the mysteries of the Art,  
By one experienced and expert,  
And soothed, 'mid all our care and pain,  
By love that wakens love again.

The Master, conscious of his skill,  
Shall with his lord most justly deal,  
And on the laborers bestow  
The wages for their service due:  
To that, a steward true and fair;  
To these, dispensers of their hire.

Fidelity, that mighty bond  
Be here indissoluble found!  
That from the quarry to the hill  
Each portion of the work be well,  
And so the grand All-seeing Eye  
No imperfection may espy.

Within this broad and sacred place  
Give devilish envy ne'er access,  
To plant, with unfraternal art,  
The thorn within a brother's heart,  
Or quench the pure and generous fire  
Or tempt the covetous desire.

When six days' laboring is done,  
And at the setting of the sun  
The weary band their wages crave,  
Each in his hand his hire shall have,  
And meekly go, with cheerful heart,  
Nor the great work undone desert.

The youthful artisan, with zeal,  
Engaging in the general weal,  
Must have a brother's guiding hand,  
Through all the mysteries of the band,  
Till in the secret place, at length,  
He stands erect in love and strength.

None but the Accepted shall have part  
In aught concerns the laboring Art:  
None in this ancient company  
Shall with a bondsman brother be:  
And each in skillful hand shall move  
The tools the Grand Lodge may approve.

#### CHAP. 6.—*Of Behavior.*

##### *Sec. 1.—In the Lodge.*

Within the Lodge let Order reign,  
And every rebel thought restrain;  
Upon your rulers each bestow,  
The station and the homage due;  
Nor dare while solemn rites we tell,  
A foolish jest to break the spell.

Should discord enter—God forefend!  
And break the tie 'twixt friend and  
friend,  
Yield to the Lodge, tribunal true,  
To measure, justly, him and you—  
And by that judgment, fitly tried,  
Without hypocrisy, abide.

##### *Sec. 2.—After the Lodge is over and the Brethren not yet gone.*

At labor's close, a frugal feast  
In bonds of temperance were best—  
Where innocent mirth warms up the soul  
And friendship wreathes the healthful  
bowl:  
And glows around the cheerful board  
The cordial of a heartfelt word.

For we from every nation drawn,  
Thus in this glad communion thrown,  
Must bring a peaceful, willing mind,  
And leave each private pique behind,  
That so our chain unrent may be,  
The matchless chain of Masonry.

##### *Sec. 3.—When Brethren meet without Strangers, but not in a Lodge formed.*

Met in the social hours of ease,  
Let brothers each the other please—  
Be light dispersed to bosoms dark,  
And give and take the mutual spark—  
But cautiously, lest sign and word  
Be overseen or overheard.

And, met in social hours of ease,  
Social distinctions should not cease;  
Well-earned respect, attention due,  
To those in loftier stations show—  
For Masonry will ay insure  
All honors that they claimed before.

##### *Sec. 4.—In presence of Strangers not Masons.*

In mixed society a spell  
Should seal the hearts where secrets  
dwell:  
The spy will labor then in vain—  
The cowan baffled will remain—  
And slander, ah, that moral death!  
Turn elsewhere her polluted breath.

##### *Sec. 5.—At Home and in your Neighborhood.*

Round the domestic hearth be wise  
And moral—mid the dearest ties  
Hold fast the truths of Masonry;  
Avoid excess and gluttony;  
Keep early hours, this health secures,  
For their dear sake whose love is yours.

##### *Sec. 6.—Towards a Strange Brother.*

Many false friends have gone abroad  
'Gainst whom behooves us well to guard.  
Examine each with strictest care—  
None take offense who honest are,  
And see that while *his* claims you view,  
He learn no mysteries from *you*.

But when by strictest caution tried,  
The *Brother true* is certified,  
Your hand and heart to him extend,  
And be an undivided friend;  
With counsel and with purse to aid,  
And bid his parting steps God speed.

# Record of Current Masonic Work and Events.

*Reports of the WORK of Lodges in the United States for the months of November and December, 1857. Supplied by the Bro. Secretaries whose names are given.*

MAINE.											
i	ii	iii	iv	v	vi	vii	viii	ix	x	xi	xii
12	M. Plummer,	32	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
21	J. Covell, P. M.,	61	2	1	1	3	2	0	0	0	0
54	Edward Gray,	34	4	3	2	2	2	0	0	0	0
NEW HAMPSHIRE.											
12	Nathan White,	100	0	3	3	1	0	0	0	0	0
49	Geo. W. Balloch,	90	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1 <sup>2</sup>
56	A. H. Hoyt,	51	4	6	4	3	2	0	0	0	0
VERMONT.											
4	S. R. Day,	—	0	1	0	1	2	0	0	0	1 <sup>3</sup>
13	Alfred Robinson,	53	0	0	0	2	4	0	0	0	0
31	O. H. McKenzie,	73	0	0	2	2	1	0	0	0	0
32	H. H. Barton,	18	1	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0
MASSACHUSETTS.											
Merrimac,	J. Edwards,	103	3	3	1	4	4	0	0	0	0
CONNECTICUT.											
25	W. Thrall,	69	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
NEW YORK.											
9	H. C. Bull,	30	1	5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
15	Eli Dimock,	30	1	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0
39	Owen Bryan,	59	0	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
48	Thos. S. Brown,	64	1	2	0	1	1	0	1	0	0
73	James M'Kain,	77	0	3	1	1	0	0	0	0	0
83	G. L. Bennett,	57	1	2	1	1	2	0	0	0	0
113	O. G. Smith,	84	4	2	1	0	1	0	0	0	0
122	G. E. Martin,	75	0	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	0
131	Alpheus Keyser,	48	4	2	3	2	4	0	0	0	0
135	Samuel Place,	39	0	2	1	1	2	1	0	0	1 <sup>4</sup>
138	E. B. Crandal,	—	0	0	1	1	3	0	0	0	0
139	Levi B. Lobdell,	70	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
145	R. J. Baker,	80	1	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	0
146	Smith Strong,	81	2	1	2	1	2	0	0	0	0
157	Jas. M. Lallen,	84	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
158	Geo. T. Wilmot,	31	1	1	3	3	1	0	0	0	0

<sup>1</sup> Explanation of Heading in Roman Numerals.— I. Is the number of the Lodge. II. The Secretary's name. III. Membership in good standing. IV. Affiliated or become members by admission. V. Applied for the degrees. VI. Entered as Apprentices. VII. Passed as Fellow Crafts. VIII. Raised as M. M's. IX. Reprimanded. X. Suspended. XI. Expelled from all rights and privileges of Freemasons. XII. Died and buried with Masonic honors.

We have adopted this mode of heading these Reports for the sake of convenience, and to save space, and for the same reason report only Lodges that have done any work so far as known.

<sup>2</sup> Nathan Hanson, on the 19th Nov. 1857.  
<sup>3</sup> Gen. Samuel Fairbanks, on the 11th Oct., aged 66 years.  
<sup>4</sup> Wm. Fairbrother, on the 18th December, aged 61 years.

i	ii	iii	iv	v	vi	vii	viii	ix	x	xi	xii
167	J. Juliand, 2d. jr.,	30	0	1	0	2	2	0	0	0	3 <sup>6</sup>
172	L. Gaige,	53	0	5	0	0	0	0	8	0	0
181	Chas. M. Wilbur,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
186	Alfred Pardoe,	17	0	0	2	2	1	0	0	0	0
213	Matthew Porter,	75	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0
221	Thos. Cushman,	59	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

PENNSYLVANIA.											
220	R. L. Martin,	110	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
249	J. L. Gore,	96	0	4	3	2	0	0	6	0	1 <sup>8</sup>
265	C. F. Knapp,	67	0	0	0	1	2	0	0	1	0
268	J. D. Wingate,	57	0	1	3	2	0	0	0	0	0

MARYLAND.											
25	J. Van Tromp,	76	0	0	2	2	2	0	0	1 <sup>7</sup>	0

VIRGINIA.											
29	John C. Byrer,	29	0	1	4	1	1	0	0	0	0

NORTH CAROLINA.											
1	Thos. B. Carr,	105	0	1	3	5	4	0	0	0	0

SOUTH CAROLINA.											
24	Leroy Patillo,	33	1	3	2	2	2	1	0	0	0
29	Z. J. De Hay,	36	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0
38	Z. H. Mason,	70	1	4	3	1	0	0	0	0	0
68	J. B. Clark,	80	1	2	0	3	3	0	0	0	0

GEORGIA.											
74	W. L. Mobley,	46	0	3	1	1	1	0	0	0	0
114	F. G. Hughes,	30	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0
146	J. D. Binns,	45	2	1	1	2	4	0	1	0	0

ALABAMA.											
36	J. N. Green,	29	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	1 <sup>9</sup>

MISSISSIPPI.											
25	M. Cook,	80	0	4	7	6	0	0	0	0	0
54	N. F. Ferguson,	46	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
88	Jas. H. Presly,	—	2	4	1	2	1	0	9	0	0
95	Henry Gilliam,	22	0	0	0	1	0	4	0	0	0
179	R. T. Atkins,	17	0	5	1	0	2	0	0	0	0

TENNESSEE.											
5	W. B. Mitchell,	46	0	2	0	2	1	0	0	0	0
85	W. B. Smith,	52	1	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	1
117	G. W. Craig,	83	0	3	2	1	1	1	0	0	1 <sup>9</sup>
118	F. M. E. Faulkner,	64	2	7	2	2	3	0	0	0	0
124	R. E. Thompson,	60	0	6	4	3	0	0	0	0	0
141	O. S. Ewing,	61	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
163	J. M. Collinsworth,	—	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
172	M. A. White,	35	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0
178	Enoch Reynolds,	50	0	1	1	2	4	0	0	0	0
188	S. D. Stout,	43	0	4	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
195	B. F. Mitchell,	—	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

<sup>6</sup> Joseph P. Chamberlain, on the 21st November, aged 63 years. Warren Church, on 24th December, 59 years. Luther Higley, on the 31st December, aged 60 years.

<sup>8</sup> Bro. J. W. Burnham died on the 14th November. He was the first W. M. of the Lodge.

<sup>7</sup> J. Clagget was expelled on the 9th day of November for unmasonic conduct.

<sup>8</sup> T. A. Whitley, in December 1857, aged 30 years.  
<sup>9</sup> Peter P. Taylor, on 15th Nov., aged 71 years.



	iii	iv	v	vii	viii	ix	x	xi	xii
199 J. R. Taylor,	33	0	4	1	2	0	0	0	0
230 Samuel Douglas,	24	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	1 <sup>0</sup>
233 W. D. Faris,	39	0	5	4	1	3	0	0	1 <sup>2</sup>

KENTUCKY.

4 Geo. W. Lewis,	47	0	3	2	2	2	0	0	0
17 Evan Davies,	89	0	3	1	1	1	0	0	1
117 C. L. Gillespie,	40	4	0	0	0	2	0	0	0
130 D. S. Waters,	82	4	8	5	2	3	0	4	0
148 A. G. Laughlin,	31	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	1 <sup>3</sup>
177 R. M. Green,	78	1	0	6	4	2	0	0	0
178 Jas. A. Estes,	28	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
182 J. W. Glass,	42	1	2	0	1	1	0	0	0
189 C. T. Chilton,	45	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1 <sup>4</sup>
192 Jas. W. Beard,	47	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
201 J. S. Pankey,	40	0	3	0	0	3	0	0	1 <sup>5</sup>
215 J. Whitehead,	41	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
223 F. Webber,	41	0	4	2	2	1	0	0	0
247 W. P. Ensley,	60	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0
263 W. M. Burnett,	38	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0
297 L. C. Anderson,	50	1	2	1	0	2	0	0	0
326 W. J. Crume,	32	0	3	1	3	4	0	0	0
329 W. H. Gardner,	27	0	7	0	0	0	0	0	0
340 B. F. Myers,	20	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
343 G. B. Sloss,	25	0	4	1	8	4	0	0	0
244 Smith Wingate,	20	1	1	2	3	0	0	0	0
u. d. T. C. Reed,	17	1	2	1	0	1	0	0	0

OHIO.

23 Wat. M'Pherson,	54	0	1	1	0	1	0	0	0
45 W. F. M'Masters,	56	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	1 <sup>6</sup>
55 H. Crampton,	48	0	3	0	0	1	0	0	0
73 J.C.Frankeberger,	50	1	2	1	1	0	0	0	0
74 E. D. Wilson,	48	1	5	3	3	0	0	0	1 <sup>7</sup>
83 S. M. Burnham,	—	1	2	3	3	0	1	1	1 <sup>8</sup>
85 Jos. J. Kelly,	55	0	2	3	3	0	0	0	0
91 M. W. Merrill,	44	0	0	0	4	2	0	0	0
93 Alpheus Cook,	30	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0
101 L. Bancroft,	184	0	2	2	0	1	1	0	0
103 W. Mauntington,	46	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
105 D. S. Thurston,	48	1	1	0	1	0	0	0	1 <sup>9</sup>
106 D. F. Wooster,	40	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	0
113 J. F. Spain,	108	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
135 H. Runyan,	33	0	3	2	0	0	0	0	0
143 W. Schmidt,	69	1	1	0	0	1	0	0	0
150 T. W. Chandler,	31	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0
172 W. F. Deaver,	40	0	2	3	0	2	0	0	0
173 W. M. Stanley,	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
191 W. P. Wolf,	30	1	2	2	2	1	0	0	0
197 J. F. Nickey,	41	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0
201 J. L. Tyler,	58	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0
203 H. S. Reynolds,	34	2	0	1	1	1	0	0	0
221 J. M'Neal,	46	1	4	0	1	0	0	0	0

<sup>1</sup> R. F. York, on the 7th Nov., for unmasonic conduct.

<sup>2</sup> H. F. Robertson, an E. A., died on the 24th December, 1857.

<sup>3</sup> James R. Kein, on the 18th December, for drunkenness and vice.

<sup>4</sup> Ben. Baxter, on the 20th November, aged 65 years.

<sup>5</sup> Thompson Sallee, on 22d December, at Cornishville, aged 44 years.

<sup>6</sup> John Bair was expelled on the 29th October, for gross unmasonic conduct.

<sup>7</sup> J. Brown, on the 29th November, aged 29 years.

<sup>8</sup> Sandford C. Bowen was expelled on the 18th December, for gross unmasonic conduct.

<sup>9</sup> J. D. Coleman, on the 6th November, aged 37 years.

	iii	iv	v	vii	viii	ix	x	xi	xii
229 D. E. Field,	69	0	2	2	3	1	0	0	0
233 Joel F. Martin,	39	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
240 J. G. Edwards,	21	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0
246 Francis Strong,	34	0	1	1	1	1	0	0	0
248 J. K. Newcomer,	52	1	1	1	2	2	0	0	0
249 Geo. W. Baxley,	24	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0
251 R. Hamilton,	31	0	6	1	3	2	0	2	0
256 H. Allen,	38	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
265 Jas. L. Mountz,	20	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0
268 C. B. Winder,	26	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	3 <sup>0</sup>
271 Wm. A. Nixon,	36	0	2	3	4	1	0	0	0
276 George Lamb,	41	0	0	2	3	6	0	0	1 <sup>11</sup>
277 G. W. Lawton,	55	0	15	4	6	5	0	0	0
286 C. Peterman,	30	1	2	2	2	0	0	0	0
289 A. J. Gardner.	21	0	3	1	3	0	0	0	0

INDIANA.

18 Jno. S. Fleming,	75	1	5	4	3	3	0	0	0
64 A. J. Colburn,	50	1	0	0	1	2	0	0	0
69 Daniel Shaver,	29	0	0	2	3	0	0	0	0
74 Jas. J. Deakins,	32	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0
80 J. W. Egelston,	40	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
86 J. H. Blake,	44	3	3	1	1	2	0	0	0
93 C. Richmond,	69	0	1	0	1	1	1	0	0
95 G. E. Allison,	25	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
100 A. Clark,	35	0	7	1	1	2	0	0	0
103 C. M. Favorite,	—	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
108 Edward Roberts,	27	0	2	2	1	1	0	0	0
110 W. B. Lyons,	55	0	7	4	3	2	0	0	0
111 P. W. Gard,	23	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
122 J. Jackman,	23	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
127 J. W. Connelly,	30	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
137 Don A. Salyer,	45	1	5	0	2	2	2	0	0
143 J. D. St. John,	22	0	4	2	2	1	0	0	0
157 J. H. Luther,	36	0	2	3	0	1	0	0	1 <sup>12</sup>
161 A. D. Roberts,	41	0	2	3	3	1	0	0	0
171 W. G. Sutton,	30	0	2	1	2	3	0	0	0
173 J. B. Shipman,	25	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0
179 S. H. Bayley,	23	0	1	1	3	3	1	1	0
182 C. A. Fitch, s. w.	18	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
187 T. W. Webster,	25	0	1	0	1	1	0	0	0
190 S. M'Millin,	20	0	0	0	1	2	0	0	0

ILLINOIS.

4 B. C. McQuestion,	81	1	2	0	2	1	0	0	0
24 W. N. Belt,	40	0	4	4	2	3	0	0	0
51 J. H. Jones,	49	1	1	0	0	1	0	0	0
55 Darius Greenup,	24	0	8	9	1	0	0	0	0
56 J. F. Hyde,	68	0	8	1	4	2	0	0	0
63 W. B. Hill,	65	0	1	0	2	2	0	0	0
68 T. C. Keener,	23	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
70 U. D. Wardlaw,	41	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0
93 J. G. Armstrong,	40	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0
131 W. A. Lowth,	30	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0
135 P. C. Smith,	33	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
140 A. B. Bail,	50	0	2	2	1	1	0	0	0
142 A. G. Scott,	25	1	1	0	0	1	0	0	0
146 T. L. Pratt,	54	0	0	0	1	4	0	0	0
148 W. Nebeker,	28	1	1	2	2	3	1	0	0
150 A. Harvick,	66	0	6	2	2	2	0	0	0

<sup>10</sup> H. C. Hyde was expelled on the 5th December, for cheating and defrauding his brethren. John A. Gunn was expelled on the 19th December, for leaving and neglecting his wife and family.

<sup>11</sup> J. T. Morgan died on the 31st October, aged 42 years.

<sup>12</sup> Henry Skinkle, expelled on the 25th November for traffic in and intemperate use of ardent spirits.

162 Wm. P. Askins,	22	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
163 Thos. Teft,	35	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
IOWA.												
5 John Bird,	48	0	2	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0
18 T. T. Wright,	78	2	1	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
59 G. W. Carter,	41	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
60 P. C. McLane,	60	0	1	0	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
93 J. B. Keeler,	26	2	1	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
98 L. D. Townsley,	50	0	5	3	3	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
MICHIGAN.												
6 W. J. Robinson,	21	2	3	2	3	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
12 J. Babcock,	80	0	3	3	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
44 Geo. W. Hunt,	—	0	2	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
46 W. E. Littell,	37	0	2	1	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0
54 E. G. Hart,	40	1	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
55 Henry Walton,	48	0	1	1	2	1	1	0	1	0	0	0
70 John H. Sayers,	47	0	1	2	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
WISCONSIN.												
31 C. M. Perry,	40	1	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
52 Thos. R. Powers,	34	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
113 W. J. Biggerstaff,	39	0	2	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

<sup>1</sup> J. C. Doloff, expelled for unmasonic conduct.

REMARKS.

MAINE.—No. 12 owns cash and property amounting to \$500. No. 21 has cash and property to amount of \$1,100, and during last year expended in charity \$10. No. 54 has \$475 in cash, and invested and spent in charity last year \$35.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—No. 15 has \$500 on hand and invested, and expended \$18 in charity. No. 49 has \$818 in cash, and expended during the year \$75 in charity. No. 56 is possessed of \$300, and spent during last year \$100 in charity.

VERMONT.—No. 31 spent in charity \$50 last year. No. 32, situated far north, does but little during the winter months.

NEW YORK.—No. 9 is possessed of \$50, and spent in charity last year \$25. No. 15 has \$300 invested, and expended \$10,25 last year in charity. No. 48 is possessed of about \$500, and expended in charity last year \$125. No. 73 expended \$12 in charity last year, and has cash and property to amount of \$388. No. 39 owns \$529,20 in cash and property, and spent during the year in charity \$39. No. 83 has \$150, and expended in charity during the year \$27,75. No. 113

owns property to amount of \$250, and spent last year in charity \$185. No. 122 is possessed of \$55, and spent \$30 last year in charity. No. 131 owns \$200 worth property, and expended in charity during past year \$51,33. No. 135 owns \$200 worth property, and spent during the last year \$45 in charity. No. 139 owns \$140, and spent \$9 in charity during the year last passed. No. 146 has \$660 in cash and invested, and spent \$88,25 last year in charity. No. 157 has on hand \$89,54, and during the year expended in charity \$25,63. No. 167 owns \$90, and spent in charity during the year \$10. This lodge lost three of its fraternal band in less than two months, all aged brethren, and highly respected. May the sod rest lightly on their coffins. No. 172 has \$98,60, and spent in charity during the year \$10. No. 181 has \$254,28 on hand, and expended during the year \$25 in charity. No. 186 is possessed of \$75, and expended in the year in charity \$14. No. 213 owns \$125, and expended during the year \$15. No. 221 owns \$300, and spent during the year in charity \$3.

PENNSYLVANIA.—No. 220 expended in charity during the year \$150. No. 249 has cash and property to amount of \$987,50, and spent \$200,25 in charity last year. This lodge has to mourn the death of its first W. M., at the ripe age of 67 years. No. 265 has on hand and invested \$679,55, and during the year spent in charity \$10. No. 268 has fitted up during the year a handsome hall, and spent in charity during the year \$81. Have on hand \$67.

MARYLAND.—No. 25 spent \$100 in charity last year, and are penniless. Hurra for that lodge. It is one after our own heart.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—No. 29 is rich, as the world views riches. They have property worth \$3,750, and spent \$45 in charity last year. No. 68 spent during the year in charity \$35.

GEORGIA.—No. 24 owns \$600, and spent \$20 in charity during the year. No. 38 has erected and furnished a new

hall, at a cost of \$1,600, and spent in charity \$48 during the year. No. 74 is possessed of \$1,000, and spent \$50 in charity during the year. No. 114 owns \$624,88, and has spent during the year \$10 in charity.

ALABAMA.—No. 36 is possessed of property to amount of \$6,000, and has spent during the year in charity \$50.

MISSISSIPPI.—No. 25 owns \$1,000. No. 75 owns \$75. No. 179 owns \$92,55.

TENNESSEE.—No. 5 is in a bad condition, in debt, and brethren not paying their dues readily. No. 85 has \$2,600, and spent \$13,50 last year in charity. No. 117 has \$161, and spent last year in charity \$100. No. 118 is another of the lodges that are laying up for themselves treasures where thieves will not break through and steal—has nothing on hand, and spent \$110 last year in charity. No. 124 owns \$266,66, and spent \$75 last year in charity. No. 141 has on hand and invested \$1,000. No. 172 owns \$231,48, and expended last year in charity \$15. No. 178 expended last year \$25 in charity, and has on hand \$40. No. 188 owns property to amount of \$2,500, and spent in charity last year \$6. No. 199 spent in charity last year \$26, and has \$95 on hand. No. 230 has "6 or \$700." No. 230 spent \$60 last year in charity, and has on hand \$150.

KENTUCKY.—No. 117 spent in charity during the year \$60. No. 130 has property to amount of \$3,650, and spent in charity during the year \$125. No. 148 owns \$700, and spent \$17 during the year in charity. No. 177 owns property worth \$1,000, and spent during the year in charity \$85. No. 178 owns \$146, and spent \$6 in charity during the year. No. 182 spent \$65 in charity, and has on hand \$467. No. 189 has \$185 on hand, and spent in charity during the year \$15. No. 192 has on hand \$550. No. 201 has \$500, and spent in charity during the year \$20. No. 247 has \$800. No. 263 has \$782 on hand. No. 297 has on hand \$1,000. No. 340 has \$132,34 in cash. No. 344 has \$9 on hand.

Blessed are the poor. No. 326 has \$180 on hand, and spent \$55 in charity last year.

OHIO.—No. 17 has \$130 on hand, and spent during the year in charity \$100. No. 23 has on hand and invested \$3,000, and during the year spent \$53 in charity. No. 45 has on hand \$115. No. 55 spent \$30 during the year in charity, and has on hand and invested \$1,200. No. 73 owns \$74,65, and spent \$35 in charity last year. No. 74 has on hand \$600, and spent \$20 in charity last year. No. 83 spent \$50 in charity, and has \$500 on hand. No. 85 has on hand \$139. No. 91 owns \$830, and in charity last year spent \$10. No. 93 spent \$23 in charity last year, and has \$171,86 on hand. No. 101 has \$250, and spent in charity \$47 last year. No. 105 has \$425 on hand, and \$15 expended during the year in charity. No. 106 has \$450 on hand. No. 113 has cash to the amount of \$2,200, and expended \$10 last year in charity. No. 143 has on hand \$225. No. 172 owns property to amount of \$500, and expended in charity \$10 last year. No. 173 has \$50 on hand, and is otherwise in a bad way. The treasurer defrauded the lodge out of \$300, and thus left a bad impression on the minds of the members, so that, out of over fifty members, there are only six who will take any interest; and three of them, it is expected, will be suspended for non-payment of dues! Ah! brothers, when the love of gold comes in at the door, the love of fraternity flies out of the window. Our Grand Master has well said: Better is a dinner of herbs with content, than the stalled ox and discord therewith. No. 191 expended \$25 last year in charity. No. 197 has \$750 on hand, and expended \$25 last year for charitable objects. No. 201 owns \$524,40, and spent \$75,55 during the year in charity. No. 203 has on hand \$83,59. No. 221 is possessed of \$399, and spent in charity last year \$25. No. 229 has \$520, and spent \$48 in charity last year. No. 233 has \$46 on hand, and spent during the year \$20 in charity. No. 240 has \$60 on hand. No. 246 owns \$160, and spent in charity last year \$18. No. 248 has property to amount \$350, principally in

cash. No. 249 spent \$52,50 in charity during the year. No. 251 has on hand \$180, and spent \$15 in charity during the year. No. 256 spent \$30. No. 265 spent \$25, and has \$50 on hand. No. 268 spent \$25. No. 176 has \$130 cash, and spent \$15 last year in charity. No. 271 owns \$550. No. 277 has on hand \$300, and spent in charity during the year \$10. No. 286 has on hand \$50. No. 289 spent \$5 during the year in charity.

INDIANA.—No. 18 has on hand \$300, and spent during the year \$50 in charity. No. 69 owns \$233, and spent in charity during last year \$35. No. 74 has on hand \$350, and spent \$5 last year in charity. No. 80 has property and cash worth \$1,200. No. 86 has on hand \$70. No. 95 owns \$275, and a charity fund invested, bearing interest of \$30. No. 100 has \$200 on hand, and last year spent \$30 in charity. No. 108 owns \$200, and spent \$21 last year. No. 111 has \$250 on hand, and expended \$8 last year in charity. No. 122 has \$65 on hand. No. 127 has \$250, and expended \$30 in charity last year. No. 137 owns \$100, and spent \$25 last year in charity. No. 143 has on hand \$100, and spent \$10 in charity last year. No. 157 has \$500 on hand. No. 162 has \$700. No. 171 has \$125 on hand. No. 173 has \$9. Poor in money, but rich in brotherly love. No. 179 has \$50 on hand, and spent last year \$10 in objects of charity. No. 182 owns \$150, and spent \$10 last year in charity. No. 187 has on hand \$121.

ILLINOIS.—No. 24 has on hand \$250, after expending \$100 last year in charity. No. 51 has \$1,200 on hand, and do n't wish to report their charity. No. 55 has \$1,000 on hand, and spent \$5 in charity last year. No. 56 has on hand \$160, and spent \$47 last year in charity. No. 68 spent \$40 in charity last year, and has \$50 left. No. 135 has about \$400 on hand, and spent \$60 last year in charity. No. 142 spent \$150 in charity last year, and has \$100 left. No. 146 has \$197 on hand, and spent last year \$27. No. 148 spent \$4 in charity, and has \$200 on hand. No. 150 has \$600 on hand. No. 162 has on hand \$84.

IOWA.—No. 5 has on hand \$500, and spent in charity last year \$5. No. 18 spent \$55, and has on hand \$400. No. 59 spent \$20,50 in charity last year, and has \$25 left. No. 93 owns \$53,25.

MICHIGAN.—No. 6 owns \$200. No. 12 has on hand \$370, and spent in charity during the year \$50. No. 44 spent \$45, and has \$85 left. No. 46 spent \$15 last year. No. 50 has on hand \$300, and spent \$16 for charity during the last year. No. 70 has on hand \$100, and spent during the year \$6 in charity.

MISSOURI.—No. 113 has spent for charity during the year \$50, and has on hand \$330.

#### EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

VULGAR ORIGIN OF FREEMASONS.—The "Encyclopedia Britannica," Art. Masonry, derives the order from the Collegia Artificum of the Romans; and says its members were introduced into England by kings Alfred and Athelstan, to build castles and churches. They then united under written constitutions modelled upon the ancient constitutions of the Roman and Greek colleges, and the provisions of the civil law.

THE RESURRECTION BELIEF.—It is vain to suppose that a person who does not believe in the resurrection of the dead can be impressed with the beauties of Freemasonry. This belief was embraced both by Jews and Christians in the time of our Savior. It was one of the principal tenets of the Mosaic religion, and was received by the whole nation except the sect of the Sadducees. It is true the Jews entertain some very ridiculous ideas on the subject—some of them believing that the Israelites only shall rise, and others that the privilege is confined to the pious Jews alone; while yet others believe that after the resurrection the body will undergo a second death, and that the soul, stripped of its body, will enter into paradise—and that to be buried in the land of Canaan is a *sine qua non* to even this partial arrangement. One of the greatest arguments of the truth of christianity is drawn from the resurrection of

our Savior; the particulars of which have been transmitted to us so accurately by the four Evangelists, as to make the evidence of this important truth amount to demonstration: and no thing can more clearly prove the distinct reference of Freemasonry to Christianity than the doctrine of the resurrection so distinctly inculcated in the third degree.

**THE MYSTERY OF FREEMASONRY.**—Freemasonry is mysterious, because it is an admitted anomaly in the history of the earth. Without territorial possessions—without any other coercing power than that of morality and virtue, it has survived the wreck of mighty empires, and resisted the destroying hand of time. Contrast the history of Freemasonry with the history of the Heathen and Jewish nations, and what is the result? The Jews, God's favored people, into whose custody Masonry was first committed, where are they now? A race of wanderers scattered over the face of the globe! Babylon, in her day, the queen of nations, fallen, never to rise again! Egypt, with her kings and philosophers, classic Greece and imperial Rome, we now find but occupying their page in the history of the world. But Masonry is an institution *sui generis*. It exists solely of itself, and eclipses all other institutions or orders in the world, which ever have been, are, or ever shall be, Christianity alone excepted. The numerous attempts which have been made at different periods to expose it to public derision, and destroy its usefulness, have all signally failed. Every such attack has produced an effect contrary to the wishes and anticipations of its projectors. Like Gray's virtuous peasant—

It keeps the noiseless tenor of its way;

and rejoices in the unsullied happiness of doing good. Masonry may, in a word, be ennobled, enlarged, exalted, and purified; but, being stamped with the seal of immortality, she can never be annihilated.

**THE THIRD DEGREE EXCLUSIVELY CHRISTIAN.**—Hutchinson and his followers are of opinion that the Third Degree is exclusively christian. We are not prepared to concur in this unlimited assertion. Ma-

sonry was originally patriarchal, and, in the hands of the Jews, like their own dispensation, was a clear type of Christianity: but we are persuaded the Master Mason's order or degree was practised before the incarnation of Christ; although it is freely admitted that the modifications, and even the details, might be different. The legend would probably be the same, although we have no proof of the fact; but its reference would certainly vary.

**SYMBOLS OF MASONRY.**—Among our antediluvian brethren, Masonic symbols were at first but few in number—the serpent, the altar or cube, the equilateral triangle, to represent the sacred name: these would be succeeded by the rainbow, the dove, geometrical signs, the ladder; and still more recently by pillars, globe, the pot of manna, the beehive, the sword and human skull, the tare cross, with all the symbolical devices painted on the banners of the Twelve Tribes. They were types or signs of moral and religious duties, or of events in the patriarchal history, which were thus recorded and perpetuated by oral communications.

**TUBAL CAIN.**—"After the sun had descended down the seventh age from Adam," says an ancient Masonic MS., "before the flood of Noah, there was born unto Methusael, the son of Mehujaal, a man called Lamech, who took unto himself two wives: the name of the one was Adah, and the name of the other Zillah. Now, Adah, his first wife, bare him two sons: the one was named Jabal and the other Jubal. Jabal was the inventor of geometry and the first who built houses of stone and timber; and Jubal was the inventor of music and of harmony. Zillah, his second wife, bare Tubal Cain, the instructor of the artificers in brass and iron; and a daughter called Naamah, who was the first founder of the weaver's craft."

**THE CABALISTIC BOOK OF RAZIEL.**—The word Razel, divided, produces *razi el*, or "divine mysteries." This book, says a learned German brother, informs us that Adam first received these mysteries. Afterward, when driven out of Paradise, he communicated them to his son, Seth.

Seth communicated them to Enoch; Enoch to Methusalem; Methusalem to Lamech; Lamech to Noah; Noah to Shem; Shem to Abraham; Abraham to Isaac; Isaac to Jacob; Jacob to Levi; Levi to Kelboth; Kelboth to Amram; Amram to Moses; Moses to Joshua; Joshua to the Elders; the Elders to the Prophets; the Prophets to the Wise men; and they, from one to the other, down to Solomon. In this book is also found the sign of distress, differing but very little from that of the Freemasons of the present day.

**THE MASONIC COAT OF ARMS.**—During the tedious wanderings of the Israelites, the system of Freemasonry adopted many and expressive symbols; and they all bear a relation to the promises of future glory to their nation in the person of the Messiah. The banners of the tribes were of this character: and the four principal ones displayed the emblems of the cherubim, as they were subsequently revealed to the prophet Ezekiel in a vision, which was intended to be a lucid representation of the Shekinah or Christ. That of Judah was a *lion*, because, according to the voice of prophecy, the Messiah was to be a lion of the tribe of Judah—which prediction was amply verified in Christ. Reuben's device was a *man*. Ephraim bore on his standard an *ox*; and Dan, an *eagle*. Thus the Ark of the Covenant, placed in the Holy of Holies, surmounted by the cherubim of the Mercy-Seat, and surrounded on all sides by these four standards, is at the present day arranged to form the arms of Ancient Craft Masons.

**MOUNT HOREB.**—This mountain is remarkable for seven memorable transactions: the burning bush; the striking the rock by Moses; the sustaining Moses' hands by Aaron and Hur, which produced the slaughter of the Amalekites; the delivery of the Law; the forty days' fast of Moses; the destruction of the tables of the Law on sight of the golden calf; and the supernal vision of Elijah.

**THE TWO PILLARS OF THE PORCH.**—Like the Palladium of Troy, these pillars appear to have been essential to the very existence of the Temple and the

Jewish polity. Thus, at the time when the Temple was abandoned by Jehovah, he is magnificently represented as standing upon the altar, and commanding the angel of destruction to strike the heads or chapters of these two pillars, to produce the total ruin of the Jewish state (Amos ix: 1.) As their destruction was thus comprehensive and significant, so was their erection symbolical of the magnitude and splendor of the Jewish nation under Solomon: and thus reference was embodied in their names.

**THE CHERUBIM** is composed of the head and body of a man, the wings of an eagle, the thighs and posterior parts of a lion, and the legs and feet of an ox, which are thus explained: the chief parts of a man to show his wisdom and understanding; the chief parts of an eagle to show his swiftness to execute the will of God; the chief parts of a lion to show his strength and power; and the chief parts of an ox to show his ministry and patient endurance.

**THE CATHOLIC RELIGION OF ROME AND FREEMASONS.**—It will be useless to attempt to disguise the fact that Masonry is denounced by the Roman Catholic Bishops. This is proved by the following extract from the *Monita et Statuta*, promulgated 5th July, 1837, and confirmed 27th June, 1838. "Alia observanda in districtu Londonensi. By a response of the sacred congregation of the holy office, it hath been declared that a confessor can not, lawfully or validly, grant sacramental absolution to men belonging to the society of Freemasons in any part of the world, before they absolutely, positively, and for ever abandon the aforesaid condemned society. This was promulgated in London, April 20th, 1842, and subsequently in New York and other American Catholic dioceses.

**ABRAHAM.**—The first notice of this patriarch we have is the fact of his persecution by the Chaldeans on account of religious principles. His father was a maker of teraphim,<sup>1</sup> or idolatrous images, in the forms of men, and probably an

<sup>1</sup> Epiphanius informs us that Nachor was the father of Tharra or Terah, who was the first that

officer of the spurious Freemasonry, where these images were used in great abundance; for Chaldea was one of the earliest countries where this institution prevailed. Abraham had probably been initiated, and conceiving the utmost horror and disgust at the spectacle of human beings immolated to senseless idols, ventured to denounce them to his father and friends; which, subjecting him to trouble, he escaped and found refuge among the predatory tribes which afforded a scanty population to the land of Armenia. After repeated wanderings, he at length took up his residence in the land of Canaan, at the express command and under the direction of the Most High, that he might become the head of a mighty nation which should ultimately inhabit that land; and from which the promised Messiah should issue, as the great restorer of human purity. This was indeed the purpose for which the patriarch was separated from his own kindred and made to dwell in a strange land. Abraham was seventy-five years old when he entered Canaan, and had been there ten years when he married Hagar.

**SYMBOLS.**—Among the Jews the type, (*παράβολον*) whether expressed dramatically or by words, was a legend or symbol. This method of conveying a striking truth, by the use of metaphorical imagery, was employed in their private as well as their public affairs. The symbols, parables, and legends were in process of time multiplied so abundantly as to form the chief contents of the Mishna and Gemara, compiled by the Rabbi, Judah Hakhadosh, and his successors, which form the text and annotations of the Talmud. This mode of teaching morality, was, at the early period of the world, necessary. And why? Because then not one person in ten thousand, beside the priesthood, could read. The people were not then able to exhibit thoughts to the eye by means of writing; hence the necessity arose of teaching by signs and symbols, that when these met the eye they should raise corresponding ideas in the mind, and thus convey moral

manufactured images for worship in the form of men. The trade seems to have been profitable, for he is spoken of as being in high favor with Nimrod and the husband of his daughter.

truths and duties by the sight, and by the operation of mechanical tools and instruments. *This is the fulcrum on which turns and rests the first and most fascinating part of Masonic instruction.*

THE FORM OF THE LODGE ought to be a double cube, as an expressive emblem of the united powers of darkness and light in the creation. This figure was esteemed sacred throughout the world; and the Ark of the Covenant and the Altar of Incense were both double cubes.

**ASTRONOMICAL MASONRY.**—Fellows, a Freemason who seceded during the Morgan excitement, a year or two afterward (1828) produced a work in which he labors hard to show that Freemasonry is entirely astronomical in its signs, rites, and symbols. He says, "In masonic lodges, the Master is stationed in the east, representing Osirus, the Sun; and the Senior Warden in the west, representing Isis or Virgo, the sign of Harvest. His duty is to pay the craft their wages, which alludes metaphorically to the reward which the husbandman receives in the produce of his labor, when the sun arrives at this sign. This is represented by a painting, representing a sheaf of wheat, which is hung at the back of this officer's chair. The password of the F. C. at this station, to entitle him to pay, is ——— *the reddening of the ear of wheat (!)* Can any thing more conclusively point out the astronomical character of Freemasonry?" We answer, the statement and data being false, the conclusion is bottomless.

HIRAM ABIFF is described in two places in the Word. In the first he is called "a widow's son of the tribe of Naphtali," and in the other he is called "the son of a woman of the daughters of Dan:" that is, she was of the daughters of the city of Dan, in the tribe of Naphtali; and is called a widow of Naphtali, as her husband was a Naphtalite; for he is not called a Tyrian by descent, but a man of Tyre by habitation.

THE PAST MASTER'S JEWEL.—Since the union of the two Grand Lodges of England in 1813, described at length in our

February No., the jewel of the Past Master has been *the square, with a quadrant*. Previous to that time, the jewel was the square and the diagram of the 47th problem of Euclid's first book, ("Elements of Geometry,") engraven on a silver plate, and pendant within the square.

DEDICATION OF THE LODGE.—From the building of the first temple to the Babylonish captivity, lodges of Freemasons were dedicated to king Solomon; from thence to the advent of Christ they were dedicated to Zerubbabel, who built the second temple; and from that time to the final destruction of the temple by Titus, they were dedicated to St. John the Baptist. But owing to the losses which were sustained by that memorable occurrence, Freemasonry declined. Many lodges were broken up; and the brethren were afraid to meet without an acknowledged head. At a secret meeting of the craft, held to take this circumstance into consideration, seven brethren were deputed to solicit St. John the Evangelist, who was at that time bishop of Ephesus, to accept the office of Grand Master. He replied that, although well stricken in years, having been in his youth initiated into Masonry, he would acquiesce in their request; thus completing by his learning what the other St. John had begun by his zeal; and thus drew what Freemasons call a parallel line; ever since which, the lodges in all christian countries have been dedicated to the two Sts. John.

THE POSITION OF THE LODGE.—Some assign as a reason why christian churches and masonic lodges are placed due east and west, that the garden of Eden was placed in the east, and man expelled toward the west; wherefore christians pray, says Basil, looking toward the east, in expectation of a better country; and our places of christian worship are hence placed due east and west: and it has also been considered to have respect to the general judgment, because the angels revealed to the disciples who were witnesses of Christ's ascension toward the east, "that the same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as you have seen him go up to heaven:" and indeed

had been already communicated to them by Christ himself in these remarkable words: "As the lightning cometh out of the East, and shineth even unto the West, so also shall the coming of the Son of Man be."

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#### MASONRY AND THE BIBLE.

THE universality of Freemasonry is one of, if not its chief claim to catholic consideration. We boast that no where has the foot of a white man rested, but that he has, either by design or accident, discovered a species of Freemasonry existing among the dwellers upon that spot, and thus proved the entire universality of this institution.

But, as in christianity there are sects and denominations distinguished only by difference of doctrine and discipline, yet all tending to the same bright goal; so in masonry, there are divisions in sentiment, both latitudinarian and conservative, yet both desirous, we must believe, of attaining good results.

A late phase of the former division, which is rapidly gaining ground among the thinking and inquiring portion of the fraternity, it becomes us, as conductor of an organ of Ancient Craft Masonry, to duly notice. It is nothing less than a separation of the fraternity into Bible and anti-bible Masons.

One party contends that the Talmud of the Jew, the Koran of the Turk, or the Shaster of the Hindoo, are as equally entitled to consideration in the making of Freemasons, the candidate being judge, as the Bible of the living God; or, in other words, that any code of moral law preferred by the candidate, whereby and whereon his oaths of fealty to Freemasons may be administered, is just as binding upon his conscience as that code which, to all and above all, christendom recognizes.

The other party takes the negative of this proposition; and it is in the ranks of this party we will be found, in daylight and darkness, sunshine and storm, and while life doth endure. Amen.

In defense of our position, we say:

1st. The very body and soul of Ancient Craft Masonry is based upon and alone to be found in the Book of the Inspired Word of the Great I AM.



2d. That to say oaths can be as binding if administered upon the Koran of Mohammed, in this land of christianity and solemn belief in the divinity of the Christ Redeemer, as upon the record of the Evangelists of his birth, life, death and resurrection, is to say that which will find no response in the hearts of the American people.

Freethinkers are not Freemasons in heart, nor were they such before they sought admission into lodges of Freemasons in America. And may that day be far distant, when, to make room for more of such, christians will trample upon all they hold most dear, to fellowship men who can not fail to prove prime traitors in the hour of danger.

Disbelievers in the inspired record of ante and post diluvian creation and preservation—not to speak of disbelievers in the verity of redeeming grace—are not the materials to make American Freemasons out of, however much learned brethren, with Bro. Abell, of California, and Bro. Sayre, of Alabama, may scoff at the practicability of such a "new test" being introduced into the work of the lodge.

Without the sacred binding of an oath, how can men be secured as Freemasons? And without belief in a state of future rewards and punishments, what regard can a man have for an oath? A Mohammedan swears with as much freedom, and with as little subsequent restraint, as he would in being detected in stealing a christian's horse—his only sorrow being clothed in curses at his failure. There can be no real fraternization between a christian and a Turk. For twelve hundred years they have been natural enemies; and to say that the oath of the latter, if taken upon the book of his prophet for the benefit of the former, would bind him as faithfully as the oath of the former upon the Holy Bible, the rule and guide of his life, and in the fervent belief of the divinity of which he lives and dies, will be to say that which no reasonable man will believe.

To be able to boast of the entire catholicity of Ancient Craft Masonry, is a glorious privilege; but to have to do so at the expense of all that christian men in a christian land hold most dear, and

reverence most devoutly, is a price entirely too high to pay for such glory. And rather than to believe that Freemasonry should gain any advantage at such a cost, we would freely relinquish all of honor, friendship, and fraternal regard, which we may ever gain in the hearts of our brethren.

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#### MASONRY, AS CONNECTED WITH SECULAR EDUCATION.

ONE of the first public demonstrations of Freemasonry in America, was to take pattern after its English mother, and engraft upon its membership, as one of their most solemn duties, the establishment of exclusively Masonic Seminaries of secular education.

The first effort of this kind that still exists, St. John's College, in North Carolina, affords a very striking example of the inutility, as well as non-adaptation of this idea to the genius of American Masonry.

In this, our highly favored country where provision for the education of the people is almost the first act of its legislative assemblies, exclusive education of a nominally charitable character, can not fail to be superfluous. There is nothing so peculiar about the education to be received at the hands of Freemasons, and under masonic patronage, that can decidedly recommend it to heads of families; and without such recommendation, these scholarships and colleges have languished, and, languishing, will inevitably die.

For this belief we have the most indubitable testimony in the fact, that of the many Masonic Colleges, and Seminaries of Education organized—we can not say established—in this country, during the last thirty years, not one, at the present day, is in a flourishing or healthy condition.

If there were any peculiar advantages to be derived from the education received under and at the hands of masonic instructors, as such, that could not be equally well received under and at the hands of as competent teachers, not masons, but christian fathers and men, it is highly probable that the decay to

which masonic colleges have hastened, would not have obtained. But it is plain, to any man who will give this matter an hour's consideration, that such is not the case. There is nothing in Freemasonry that *peculiarly* fits its hierophants to be teachers. Many, if not the majority, of our best teachers at the present day, are not Freemasons; nor need they be to successfully pursue their calling, nor better would they be if they were.

What is masonry? "It is a beautiful system of morality, veiled in allegory, and illustrated by symbols." That is all it can be to a conscientious, moral and religious man. And, as such, to such a man, it can be no necessity to fit him for the duties and calling of a teacher of youth.

It has been argued, by the advocates of masonic colleges, that the education of the children, orphan and otherwise, of Freemasons, in seminaries of education, under the patronage and exclusive guidance of masons, would be a distinguishing mark of masonic zeal in the charity of education, and one that would elevate masonry in the eyes of the world, as an institution favoring the beautiful and holy cause of the widow and fatherless. While we grant that such a testimony, if completely successful, would not fail to make the point aimed at, we reply, that all that could possibly be gained by such organizations could be equally as well obtained by the expenditure of the same, or even a much less amount of means, for the accomplishment of the same object, by the purchase of scholarships in secular colleges; and without incurring the burdensome obligation of supporting, in an ostentatious manner, a peculiarly masonic charity.

Charity is not puffed up; but rather hideth herself behind her good works. "Charity envieth not; vaunteth not itself; seeketh not its own; is not easily provoked; but, thinking no evil, beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." This is charity.

Education, as the handmaid of religion, does not require the support of masonry, while she has the stronger arm of her great Principal to rest upon. Colleges, under christian patronage of the various

leading denominations of our extended country, there are in abundance, and needing all the pecuniary aid Freemasons, and the rest of mankind, can bestow. While, for the common education befitting the mass of those dependent upon exclusive masonic bounty, the glorious free schools, that bless nearly every State of this confederacy, are widely open.

Whence, then, can the peculiar call be, in our country, for masonic colleges? We answer, there is none; and the sooner all such are abandoned, the sooner will Freemasons, whom they ride for their support as the nightmare rides the glutton and the wine-bibber, be relieved of a galling load, and bless the hand that released them.

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#### MASONIC COSTUME.

THE costume of Freemasons is subject to the same degree of mutability, we must believe, to which is subject the costume of men of all ages. And to be dogmatic about the preservation, by the brethren of to-day, of the dress by which Freemasons of the last century were distinguished, is to be more nice than wise. This is a "landmark," we are free to believe, that was never "set;" and hence its removal is not prohibited.

If we go back to the dress of an English Freemason of the seventeenth century, we find it to be "a yellow jacket and blue breeches, derived from, and alluding to, the brass compasses with steel points, which were assigned to the master or governor of the craft." Could any thing, either in style or derivation, be more ridiculous than this? And yet, let those who would laugh at this dress, if assumed now by the fraternity, consider how they would be laughed at, in turn, were they to exhibit themselves, then, adorned in all the blazonry of masonic emblems, worked as regardless of natural design as correct execution, upon scarfs and aprons, of blue and silver, and scarlet and gold, silks and velvet, and bullion and lace, under which they ape the mushroom societies of the day, and dignify these trappings with the title of masonic "regalia."

The word *regalia* is misapplied when used to signify any thing a man can wear that is truly masonic. WEBSTER tells us that this word is derived from *rex*, a king, and means the ensigns of royalty, as the crown and scepter of a monarchical estate of the present day. The only regalia Freemasons can exhibit, as ensigns of royalty, are the three Great Lights; as it is by them, and them alone, carried in solemn procession by the proper officer, that Freemasons are distinguished from all other secret societies. And it is ignorance upon this subject, joined with that love of show inherent in poor humanity, and the disposition, on the part of the getters up of "masonic regalia," to pander to such love, for the sake of gain, to which we may attribute the variety of what this latter class is pleased to inform us, is "the latest style of masonic regalia."

A modern Freemason is, no less than the same man would be were he not a Freemason, believed to be a gentleman. And the dress of a modern Freemason should in no wise differ from what is conventionally known as the dress of a modern American gentleman, save in the addition of a white leather or linen apron, cut square at all the corners, and without ornament or emblem of any kind, tied in front of his person with a stout blue ribbon. When we see a Freemason dressed this way, we know him to be such in spirit and in truth, and can count upon him sustaining his professions.

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### AN HOUR WITH THE POETS.

#### A MOTHER'S CAUTION.

OUR lamented Brother, Béranger, has given us, in the following, a most touching instance of the true mother's love and circumspection. A blind mother sits in a cottage beside her pretty daughter, and cautions her against love, while all the time an amatory scene is going on between the girl and the very lover whom the old dame dreads:

Daughter, while you turn your wheel,  
Listen to the words I say:

Colin has contrived to steal  
Your unthinking heart away:  
Of his fawning voice beware,  
You are all the blind one's care,  
And I mark your sighs whene'er  
Our young neighbor's name is heard;  
Colin's tongue is false, though winning—  
Hist! the window is unbarred!  
Ah, Lisette, you are not spinning!

The room is close and warm, you say,  
But, my daughter, do not peep  
Through the casement—night and day  
Colin there his watch doth keep.  
Think not mine a grumbling tongue,  
Ah! ere at my breast you hung,  
I, like you, was fair and young,  
And I know how apt is love  
To lead the youthful heart to sinning—  
Hist! the door—I heard it move!  
Ah, Lisette, you are not spinning!

It is a gust of wind, you say,  
That hath made the hinges grate,  
And my poor old growling Tray—  
Must you break for that his pate?  
Ah, my child, put faith in me,  
Age permits me to foresee  
Colin soon will faithless be,  
And your love to an abyss  
Of grief will be the sad beginning—  
Bless me! sure I heard a kiss!  
Ah, Lisette, you are not spinning!

'Twas your little bird, you say,  
Gave that tender kiss just now;  
Make him cease his trifling, pray,  
He will rue it else, I vow.  
Love, my girl, oft bringeth pain,  
Shame and sorrow in his train,  
While the false successful swain  
Scorns the heart he hath beguiled  
From true virtue's paths to sinning—  
Hist! I hear you moving, child;  
Ah, Lisette, you are not spinning!

You wish to take the air, you say:  
Think you, daughter, I believe you?  
Bid young Colin go his way,  
Or at once as bride receive you!  
Let him go to church, and there  
Show his purpose to be fair,  
But, till then, beside my chair  
You must work, my girl, nor heed  
All his vows so fond and winning:  
Tangled is love's web indeed—  
Lisette, my daughter, mind your spinning!

THE following, being a new version of that pathetic old song, *John Anderson, my Joe*, is scarcely inferior to the original:

John Anderson, my Joe, John,  
When we twa first did meet,  
Your hands were far frae slow, John,  
And nimble were your feet.  
Ye rin at leisure now, John,  
A dunch wad lay ye low;  
But aye ye 'll find a prap in me,  
John Anderson, my Joe.

When I was scrimp eighteen, John,  
 And ye was twenty-five,  
 O mony a sightly quean, John,  
 Did for your favor strive.  
 Ye passed them a' for me, John,  
 And sair they felt the blow  
 That day ye plighted troth wi' me,  
 John Anderson, my Joe.

These five and forty years, John,  
 We man and wife hae been,  
 We 've had our cares and fears, John,  
 And bairns' bairns hae seen;  
 They 've brought us nao disgrace, John,  
 Nor need they blush to show  
 The names upon your grave and mine,  
 John Anderson, my Joe.

In har'st time, late and soon, John,  
 Aye foremost was my hewk;  
 And nane in a' the boon, John,  
 Wi' you could bind and stook;  
 But now I could na shear, John,  
 But fecklessly and slow,  
 And ye wad kemp but puirly now,  
 John Anderson, my Joe.

Since yoodith's fairly gain, John,  
 And we nae langer stark,  
 The lave of life we 'll hane, John,  
 Nor strain ourselves wi' wark.  
 We can na want for meal, John,  
 Nor feel we 'll e'er outgrow  
 The duddies now upon our backs,  
 John Anderson, my Joe.

There 's aye an unco fuss, John,  
 Whene'er the fashions change;  
 The younkens laugh at us, John—  
 We think their dresses strange;  
 But ilk dog has his day, John,  
 And they that jeer us so,  
 Will by and bye be jeer'd theirsel',  
 John Anderson, my Joe.

Since death we can na foil, John,  
 Nor time and fortin ding,  
 I 'm glad ye still can smile, John,  
 To hear your auld wife sing.  
 As Christmas roses blume, John,  
 Beneath the winter's snow,  
 We 'll leeve content—and sae we 'll dee,  
 John Anderson, my Joe.

How much like the measure of martial music is the ring of the following. We can almost hear and see the very acts and sounds, as the strength and passions of men find vent in mutual carnage.

In their ragged regimentals  
 Stood the old Continentals,  
 Yielding not;  
 While the grenadiers were lunging,  
 And like hailstones, fell the plunging  
 Cannon shot;  
 Where the files  
 Of the isles;

From the smoky night encampment  
 Bore the banner of the rampant  
 Unicorn;  
 And grummer, grummer, grummer,  
 Rolled the "roll" of the drummer  
 Through the morn.

Then, with eyes in front all,  
 And guns horizontal,  
 Stood our sires;  
 And the balls whistled deadly,  
 And the flames flashing redly,  
 Blazed the fires;  
 As the swift  
 Billows, drift  
 Drove the dark battle breakers  
 O'er the green sodded acres  
 Of the plain;  
 And louder, louder, louder,  
 Cracked the villainous gunpowder  
 All amain!

Then like smiths at their forges  
 Worked the red St. George's  
 Cannoniers,  
 And the sulphur and saltpeter  
 Rung a fierce, discordant meter  
 Round their ears;  
 Like the roar  
 On the shore  
 Rose the horseguard's clangor  
 As they rode in raging anger  
 On our flanks;  
 And higher, higher, higher,  
 Burned the brimstone-smelling fire  
 Through the ranks.

Then the old-fashioned colonel  
 Galloped through the white infernal  
 Powder cloud,  
 And his broad-sword was swiinging,  
 And his brazen throat was ringing,  
 Trumpet loud;  
 And the blue  
 Bullets flew  
 And the trooper's jackets reddened  
 At the touch of the leaden  
 Rifle's breath!  
 And rounder, rounder, rounder,  
 Roared the iron six-pounder,  
 Hurling death!

How different, but with little less fire, are the feelings awakened by the following:

Harp of Zion, pure and holy  
 Pride of Judah's eastern land  
 May a child of guilt and folly  
 Strike thee with a feeble hand?  
 May I to my bosom take thee,  
 Trembling from the prophet's touch,  
 And with throbbing heart awake thee  
 To the strains I love so much?

I have loved thy thrilling numbers,  
 Since the dawn of childhood's day  
 Since a mother soothed my slumbers  
 With the cadence of my lay;

Since a little blooming sister  
Clung with transport round my knee,  
And my glowing spirit blessed her  
With a blessing caught from thee.

Mother, sister—both are sleeping  
Where no heaving hearts respire,  
While the eve of age is creeping  
Round the widowed spouse and sire.  
He and his amid their sorrow,  
Find enjoyment in their strain :  
Harp of Zion, let me borrow  
Comfort from thy cords again !

MOORE, in an unusually contemplative mood, has given us the following. He has written much less worthy of preservation :

The turf shall be my fragrant shrine ;  
My temple, Lord, that arch of thine ;  
My censor's breath the mountain airs,  
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,  
When murmuring homeward to their caves ;  
Or, when the stillness of the sea,  
Even more than music, breathes of thee.

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,  
All light and silence, like thy throne ;  
And the pale stars shall be, at night,  
The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy heaven, on which 't is bliss to look,  
Shall be my pure and shining book,  
Where I shall read, in words of flame,  
The glories of thy wond'rous name.

I'll read thy anger in the rack,  
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track ;  
Thy mercy, in the azure hue  
Of sunny brightness, breaking through.

There's nothing bright, above, below,  
From flowers that bloom, to stars that glow,  
But in its light my soul can see  
Some feature of thy Deity !

There's nothing dark, below, above,  
But in its gloom I trace thy love ;  
And meekly wait that moment, when  
Thy touch shall turn all bright again.

THE following inscription, which may be found in Melrose Abbey graveyard, on a little half-buried tombstone, beside an hour glass, skull, and bones, tells us in its few quaint words the whole story of the earth's joys and sorrows :

Y<sup>e</sup> Earth goeth on y<sup>e</sup> Earth  
Glistering like gold ;  
Y<sup>e</sup> Earth goeth to y<sup>e</sup> Earth  
Sooner than it wold :  
Y<sup>e</sup> Earth buideth on y<sup>e</sup> Earth  
Castles and Towers :  
Y<sup>e</sup> Earth sayeth to y<sup>e</sup> Earth  
All shall be ours.

"Diverse as the ambitions of men" is a trite and truthful saying. It is well sustained in the following, from the German :

As a Jew once, and a Poet,  
Gazed, with earnest admiration,  
On the heavenly lights, I listened,  
And o'erheard their conversation :

"Oh ! that yonder stars—those myriads—  
Real golden guineas were ;  
And that all, the Great JEHOVAH  
Would, unclipped, on me confer !"

"Oh ! that to my ardent longings,  
Wings for flight sublime were given ;  
I would soar aloft and hear the  
Spherial harmonies of Heaven !"

As the Jew and Poet uttered  
Thus their heart's sincere confession,  
Each a glance cast on the other  
Full of scorn beyond expression.

THE lamented Mrs. HEMANS has bequeathed to us nothing more touching than these verses, detailing the history of a household :

They grew in beauty side by side ;  
They filled one home with glee :  
Their graves are severed far and wide,  
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night  
O'er each fair sleeping brow ;  
She had each folded flower in sight—  
Where are those treasures now ?

One 'mid the forests of the West,  
By a dark stream is laid—  
The Indian knows his place of rest,  
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea hath one—  
He lies where pearls lie deep :  
He was the loved of all ; yet none  
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dress'd  
Above the noble slain :  
He wrapt his colors round his breast  
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers  
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned :  
She faded 'mid Italian flowers,  
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played  
Beneath the same green tree ;  
Whose voices mingled as they prayed  
Around one parent knee !

They that with smiles lit up the hall,  
And cheered with song the hearth—  
Alas ! for love, if *thou* wert all,  
And nought beyond, on earth !

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We find it necessary to reply to several of our correspondents through this medium, although greatly against our inclination; as the questions are, to some extent, of a temporary character. Two pages, however, devoted to this purpose, we trust, will not be objected to by the majority, as they certainly will not by those of our readers whose reasonable questions are therein answered.

A. R. T.—Bro. MORRIS' ideas, with regard to publishing expulsions, and ours differ. He believed that expulsions should not be at all published. We believe that they ought, when received properly authenticated from the lodge direct. It is generally the brother's action in the world that causes his expulsion, and certainly if he is expelled, the world ought to know it, that the honor alike of his lodge and the fraternity at large may not be sullied by the stigma of his reproach.

J. T. M.—The only other Masonic periodical in the Southern States is the *Masonic Journal*, published at Marietta, by Bro. LAWRENCE, at \$2 per annum. We believe it is published regularly once a month.

S. G.—Your remarks are correct. We do not consider there is in volume any comparison between the two publications. The Boston work is a thin pamphlet of thirty-two small pages, printed with large type. So much for its manner. Its matter is valuable, as being the collections and productions of a Brother whose age and conservatism, as a Masonic Editor, are his chief recommendations.

W. R. T.—Yes, the Grand Lodge of Alabama, and more recently the Grand Lodge of Florida, have, by almost unanimous Resolutions, ordered a set of Bro. MORRIS' Universal Masonic Library for every subordinate lodge in their respective jurisdictions, and two sets for each Grand Lodge. This is the most legitimate investment of surplus funds ever made by Grand Lodges.

T. W.—We have declined answering directly, questions involving Masonic Law. Yours, however, is very simple. You will find an answer in that portion of any "Manual" or "Monitor" devoted to the Past Master's degree.

J. W. L.—No. We shall at no time give any thing relating to the "higher degrees." The three degrees of Ancient Craft Masonry contain margin enough for our purposes. With capitular, cryptic, or chivalric masonry, we have nothing to do. The work and object of these degrees, their secrets, rites and ceremonies are noble and praiseworthy, and to those who desire to seek them, commendable; but in Ancient Craft Masonry, there is enough to fill the pages of several such magazines as ours, and we will be always found confined to the advocacy of masonry for the million.

J. S.—We decline answering questions involving Masonic Law, for this reason: Not that we would consider ourself incompetent to answer the majori-

ty of questions which the majority of querists, in these days of desire for knowledge-made-easy, might request replies to; but that the decision of the conductor of a masonic journal or magazine is not considered *law*, by those chiefly interested. The answer, to go up to a Grand Lodge, that our lodge did so and so, because the editor of the "American Freemason," or any other Masonic journal, said so, would be but a very vulnerable defense, and one that few Grand Lodges would tolerate. Every Lodge has or ought to have the Ancient Constitutions, the Constitutions and By-Laws of the Grand Lodge from which it holds its charter, and its own By-Laws available to every member upon its carpet. And if to these it adds, for the use of such, MACKAY'S Lexicon, and, if it is able, MORRIS' Law and Library, there will be no need whatever of asking editors or lecturers questions. Every brother, if he can read ought to read, and if he will not read, with such works as the above within his reach, he had better stay at home, and take care of his wife's chickens and ducks, than go to his lodge to parade his opinion where reading and thinking men are endeavoring to get at the right of any matter they may have before them.

C. J.—Upon the disbandment of a lodge, the property of every kind reverts to the Grand Lodge from which such lodge held its charter, and such Grand Lodge at the earliest opportunity usually appoints a trustee to settle up the debts of the lodge and invest the overplus for the benefit of said Grand Lodge. In this way a Grand Lodge is the lawful heir of subordinate lodges, as a father is the lawful heir of his minor children.

S. C.—We consider it, as stated in another place, the bounden duty of Grand Lodges to instruct their subordinates in all knowledge within the compass of their ability. If as a father a Grand Lodge becomes possessed of the property of subordinate lodges at their demise, certainly as a father, such Grand Lodge is called upon to put in the way of such lodges, her children, all means of obtaining that education which not only fits them to obtain and hold property, but renders them a credit and an honor to their progenitor. This is but one simple view of the case. There are others equally cogent. Bro. MORRIS' Universal Masonic Library is a reprint in uniform style of every thing upon the subject of masonic history, law, and philosophy, that is considered by him worthy of preservation for the use of the fraternity. This fact is by this time well known. He has spent thousands of dollars advertising it; so that brethren in recommending its purchase to their Grand Lodges, can do so with confidence that the purchase will amply compensate the purchaser. The Grand Lodge of Alabama stands nobly forward as the first Grand Lodge who has acted out the spirit of this reply. With a heartiness that does all honor to that body of liberal minded brethren, they resolved on the 10th day of December last to invest nine thousand dollars in the purchase of libraries for every lodge in that State. And this act was followed by a similar one on the part of Florida, in forty days thereafter.

B. M.—The W. M. should keep the charter of the lodge in a tin case, and in his own possession—not hung up as an ornament upon the wall of the lodge-room. When he takes his seat to open the

lodge, he should display it upon the stand before him, and there let it remain until he closes his lodge. Any other usage is dangerous and reprehensible. The charter is the most sacred property in the possession of a lodge; for without its presence no lodge can be legally opened. A visiting brother has the right to demand sight of the warrant or charter, before he enters a lodge.

G. D. S.—There is nothing like our “*Record of Current Masonic Work and Events*,” to be found in any other publication extant. That department is an entirely original feature.

R. L. J.—The objections urged by those you have addressed are frivolous. A simple comparison of the two publications will convince you or any man who can tell the difference between two and five, of this fact. Our desire has been to make a magazine worthy of the name it bears.

J. S.—Bro. MORRIS has written some of the most touching masonic lyrics extant. The difference between him and a simple rhythmist is that he *feels* what he writes, and this added to a true poetic taste, gives him the power he possesses. His “*Level and the Square*” we consider the best specimen of true Masonic versification that he has ever produced.

W. W. R.—Your statement but shows your ignorance on the subject, and by no means proves the existence of the “fact.” There has been much and wittily written against Freemasonry. What would you think of this paragraph, as tending to show the institution, in its pursuits, inconsistent, frivolous and useless: “She professes to teach the seven liberal arts, and also the black art; proffers to give one a wonderful secret, which is that she has none; who sprung from the clouds formed by the smoke of her own records, which were burnt for the honor of the mystery; who stood the shocks of ages and the revolutions of time upon the reputation of king Solomon; who is always and unchangeably the same glorious Fraternity—whether of three degrees, of seven degrees, of thirty-three degrees, or forty-three degrees, or fifty-three degrees, or of ninety degrees. Such a flood of innovation has gone over the ancient landmarks, that Freemasonry’s own science, Masonics can never again run the lines and establish the corners, without a very free use of the faculty of Abrac.” He who wrote that was very far from being a fool, however much he might be a knave.

J. M’G.—The oldest record of masonry the nearest like what *it is at present* that we can, at short notice, lay hands upon, is this: “The cathedral of Strasburgh, one of the masterpieces of Gothic architecture, was commenced in 1277, (nearly five hundred years ago) under the direction of Herwin of Steinbach, and was not completed till 1439. The persons who took part in the erection of this building consisted of Masters, Fellow Crafts, and Apprentices. The place where they assembled was called *Hütte*, (Lodge) which has the same meaning as the Latin word *maceria*. They made an emblematic use of the materials of their profession, and carried them on their standards. The principal of these were the square, the compass, and the level. They recognized each other by the private signs; and they called the sign by which they knew each

other, by word, *das wortzeichen*, and the salute *der gruss*. They admitted as affiliated brethren, persons who did not belong to the trade of masons; and they used the famous Masonic symbol, the square and compasses, enclosing the letter G.”

J. B. T.—Your remarks are unnecessarily severe. We must take the story as we find it. We have no proof that Miss St. Leger, afterward Mrs. Aldworth, did not go through the ordeal of the three degrees, while we know that she *could* do so, if determined men made it imperative that she should do so. The proceedings of lodges in Ireland, an hundred years ago, we must believe, were not of so orderly a character nor decorous a nature as those of lodges now-a-days. The very story itself bears this fact strongly marked upon it. “Lord Donerelle held a lodge, under a warrant, at his own house,”—a private familiar gathering of a few choice friends—military gentlemen—who entertained little more exalted ideas of masonry than they had for the other secret societies of that day, but who at all times were willing to sacrifice to that which was to them alike the *sine qua non* of their profession, and the distinguishing trait of all true Irishmen, viz: an utter and intense dislike for the character of a spy, informer, or unlawful getter of knowledge. And we do not think it all unreasonable that, on the spur of the discovery, and without that mature reflection expected of Freemasons of the present day, they at once decided and acted as they did, as choosing the least of what appeared to them absolutely necessary evils. To argue otherwise argues very little knowledge of the Irish character and habits of that period. The story has been told too often, and always the same way, for us to disbelieve it; and our republication of it in connection with Bro. MORRIS’ very natural strictures thereon, was a reproduction of bane and antidote which nothing but a very great delicacy of cuticular formation could object to.

R. W.—The temple of Solomon stood on Mount Moriah, and occupied the site of the present Mosque of Omar, beneath the dome of which is a remarkable rock, fifteen feet above the level of the surrounding platform, evidently left by design for a peculiar purpose, and well answering to the account in I. Kings VI., where it is stated that “the door for the middle chamber was in the right side of the house, and they went up with winding stairs into the middle, and out of the middle into the third;” thus establishing the fact that the Holy of Holies was on an elevated spot to which, and to nothing else, can the remarkable rock be referred.

T. T.—Music in lodges, if more generally practiced, would be a great desideratum, and to those who like music quite an attractive feature. In no case where a musical instrument has been introduced into a lodge-room, if properly played, has it been known to prove a drawback to the attendance, but invariably the contrary. One volume of the Universal Masonic Library is entirely composed of the best masonic music extant. In Europe, particularly in Germany and Switzerland, where music is so generally cultivated among the middle classes, a masonic lodge without a musical instrument is not known. If there are many brethren belonging to a lodge who can contribute, they form themselves into a musical society, and thus provide both social and sacred musical entertainments.

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## Romance of American Masonic History.\*



A FATHER'S PARDON SOUGHT.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### THE NEW LIFE—ITS PHASES.

“NOW be quiet, Lucinda, do, and you will soon be well, and then we will take a house in the city, and you shall be its presiding queen, and do just as you please. Only a few weeks more and we will be nicely fitted up in our own home, and then you will be happy. But you must keep still! you know the doctor said you must. I will go this morning, while I am out, and look at

that pretty house of McFarland's beyond the capitol. I think it will suit us exactly.”

Morgan bent down and kissed her as she reclined on the lounge, and bidding her good morning, went out to his business, promising to return before dinner to see how she was.

After Mordaunt had parted with her at Petersburg, the young wife was so overcome by the interview with him as to be unable to leave her bed for some hours. Rallying again, she besought

\* Entered, according to Act of Congress, by J. F. BRENNAN, on the 5th day of October, 1857, in the Clerk's Office of the U. S. District of Kentucky.



Morgan to take her to Richmond, where she could at least hear from her father and sister until such time as her father would be willing to receive her to his bosom. They reached Richmond, but the wear and excitement had shattered for the time her vital powers, and she fell into a low, nervous fever, from which she was now slowly recovering.

There she lay, in her sweet, child-like loveliness, with the glossy richness of her dark, wavy hair, thrown back from the pure alabaster brow,—her gentle, liquid eyes, shrouded by the long, drooping lashes, trembling with the weight of up-rising tears, so soft, so beautiful in their calm expression of tenderness,—woman's love spoke through them; a woman's heart gave them a language of wordless eloquence more powerful, more irresistible far than the impassioned breathings of sapphic lyre or burning vehemence of Demosthenic philippic. Her pale cheek was flushed with the faint hue of returning health, while round her coral-tinted lips there played a smile of ineffable sweetness, which made the beholder feel that a kiss must be sweeter far than ambrosia fabled food of gods. There she lay, in her glorious beauty, a thing more of heavenly than of earthly loveliness.

The door closed behind her husband. She turned to a table by her side, and took from a small work-box a miniature, set in a light gold case. Long and earnestly she gazed upon it, while the swelling tears gathered and coursed down her quivering cheeks. Her bosom heaved with deep emotion. Her lip faltered as she essayed to pronounce the name. Could you but have looked into her bosom, what a rushing sea of feeling would have met your eye:—

How tumultuous heaves the human bosom,  
Surged by fear, remorse, and hopeless longing,  
Swelling, falling,  
'Till grim death doth still its angry billows.

Regret for the past, dark forebodings of the future, and dread wild doubt of the present,—hope that all might yet be well, and dark misgiving, amounting almost to conviction, that it could not be,—her heaving bosom was well nigh bursting, as she cast her eye along the line of the past, and saw the filed battalions of her sins, headed by that one

of gravest enormity and darkest visage,—ingratitude. She had lost, lost,—aye, what had she lost? She dared not answer. The chalice of happiness had been pressed to her lips, but the dark allurer came in livery of light, with honied words and sweet angelic smile, and won her from her purpose, and 'neath his strange, unearthly fascination, she had dashed the limning beaker from her, and taken in its stead the cup whose potion must for ever be, to her thirsting soul, the wormwood and the gall. Mysterious allotment. Impenetrable destiny. She trembled with the throes of warring emotion, and groaned in agony of spirit, sad dissonance with the airy, merry chirpings of the prisoned songsters at her side. The old clock in the corner ticked on calmly and gravely the minutes, which, to her fearful heart, were freighted with the pain and dread of present grief and coming woe.

A step was heard in the passage; she knew its echo, and looking once again at the painting, thrust it beneath her pillow. The door opened, and her husband entered, bearing in his hand a sealed missive. He stepped to her bedside and gave it to her.

"It is from Margaret, my own, my own dear Margaret," she exclaimed, as she covered it with kisses.

She broke the seal, and read it hurriedly through. It was an answer to one she had written to her sister when she first reached Richmond, in which she entreated her to intercede with her father for her forgiveness. She had waited day by day for a reply, until her heart had grown weary and her hope died out.

With streaming eyes and burning words had Margaret implored her father to "turn away his wrath from her dear, dear sister. She loves you yet, father, she says she does. Can't you, won't you forgive her?"

"Speak not to me, my child, of pardon! She has trampled my advice under foot, set at naught my counsel, and shown unworthy of my love. I can not forgive her, Margaret, I can not forgive her."

"She was deceived, father! You know Lucinda would not have done so if she had not been enticed away. She was so young, so unsuspecting! Father, can't

you forgive her when you think of all this? Oh, say that you will, and I will fly to her and bring her back to us, and she shall never, never leave us again.

"You know not what you say, poor child. She is not ours, but an other's. She has wilfully torn herself from our bosoms, and she must bear the penalty of her sin. A curse is on the disobedient."

"Oh, father! dear father!" and, overcome by her deep feelings, Margaret burst into tears.

"I can not hear you in her behalf, Margaret. You must not plead with me;" and with a look harder than adamant, he took his hat and walked out.

Margaret's heart was almost broken: "Oh, my poor, poor Lucinda, what will become of you?"

How could she tell Lucinda that her father was inexorable? That his stern will was unrelenting, and that neither entreaty nor tears could move him to pity. She decided to wait yet a while longer, and see if his hardened nature would not melt. Surely he can not always remain callous.

They were sitting by the lonely fire-side one evening after tea, when Margaret, with faltering lip and beating heart, again introduced the subject.

"Ah, father, how much I miss Lucinda these long winter evenings! Won't you let her come back to us?"

"She does not wish to, Margaret. She has never asked this of me! She does not want my forgiveness!"

"Oh, father, she does, indeed she does, I know it. Here, father, listen what she says;" and she snatched the tear-stained sheet from her bosom, and read in sobbing accents:

"And tell my dear, dear father, that I love him yet, and long to see him."

The tears gathered in the old man's eyes and coursed down his cheeks. He bent his head in thought. The workings of his mind were traceable on his saddened face. Now, thought Margaret, "is the time! He surely will relent."

Throwing her arms about his neck, and kissing his tear-marked cheeks, she exclaimed—

"You will forgive her now, father, won't you? Oh! I know you will pardon our dear Lucinda!"

He paused a moment, while the tears coursed more rapidly. The struggle was intense. The conflict between aggrieved pride and a father's love was violent; but the former triumphed; and the child— young, innocent, and deceived—remained unforgiven.

Margaret knew that further urgency would only exasperate her father, and she wisely determined,—though that determination was setting the seal with her own hand to the death-warrant of all her joy—not again to mention the subject to him, but to trust to time and circumstances, to effect a reconciliation. Alas! poor child, could she have foreseen the circumstances; could some hand have rent the veil which enshrouded the time, her aching heart would have broken beneath the additional weight of grief disclosed.

The hand of the All-Wise kindly hides from his feeble creatures the violence of the coming storm, or shelters them beneath some covert until it be overpast.

She had delayed to answer Lucinda's letter, from day to day, hoping that perchance her father would relent. But the decree had gone forth, and could not be revoked. So, with the joy gone out from her crushed heart, and the light from her tender eye, she sat down to write Lucinda the fruitlessness of all her efforts.

"And what does Margaret say, Lucinda?" asked Morgan, as he saw the sweep of anguish pass over his wife's countenance. She could not answer, but handed him the letter. He read it; as he read a dark frown gathered on his face, and he pressed his lips together with an air of chafing contempt.

"You shall leave them to their pride, Lucinda. Never again shall you humble yourself before them. They care nothing for you. See on what a slight pretext they refuse to receive you; for what a trivial matter they cast you out from house and home! You shall ask their forgiveness no more!" and he handed the despairing girl the letter with an air so cold, so defiant, that her blood chilled in her veins, and the half-pronounced words froze on her lips. She cast upon him a look of submission—such as the condemned man wears as he nears the

gallows. It was a sad, cowering, hopelessly submissive look.

He bent over her to arrange the pillows before leaving. As he did so, the miniature revealed itself. He drew it from its hiding-place. Their eyes met! they understood each other. As the lightning-flash reveals, in a moment of time, with noonday clearness to the struggling mariner the yawning waves around him, so that glance told to her a tale of fearful import. He did not speak. She *could not!* Adjusting her pillow, he slammed the door behind him, and left the house.

And there she was, with the dark sea of disappointment around her, the wild waste of despair within. "She had sown to the wind, she was reaping the whirlwind."

Oh, ye daughters, fostered by a parent's tender care, and cherished and guarded by a parent's undying love; beware, beware, how you yield yourselves to the flatteries of the charmer—charm he never so wisely—to one who would persuade you to leave your childhood's home and hearts of loving friends,—to betray your highest, holiest trust,—to sink a fond parent's heart in depths of deepest misery. He is a coward, craven soul, who, from low, sordid motives, would sweep from you your joy, your hope, your happiness.

And ye, coward, craven souls, who would thus entice from its earthly Eden the young and trusting heart of girlhood—would win but to crush to earth the purest, most stainless affection,—would grasp but to cast vilely away the peerless gem of confidence and truth,—ye murderers of parents,—ye destroyers of the souls of innocence,—ye wolves in sheep's clothing,—ye fiends of the darkest deep, who steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil in, beware! beware! The vengeance of heaven shall be visited on your perfidy. The tongue of a just world shall lash you with the scorpion whip of execration. The measure you have meted shall be returned to you again, heaped up and running over, and misery shall follow you with quick pursuing footstep. You shall be tormented before your time, and at last will fall beneath the weight of righteous indignation, which your own hand has laid upon you!

And ye parents, whose bosoms swell with a feeling of injured pride and dark resentment, pause long ere you invoke the wrath of heaven upon the erring one. Remember her youth, her innocence, her trustingness. Remember the strength of woman's love—the burning passion it becomes, unfortified by reason or judgment. Ask yourselves, have you done all in your power to prevent this fatal issue? Have you guarded the citadel of the heart with the bulwark of truth and faith? Have you scattered in the soil of the young and tender soul those seeds of the Master Sower which shall bring forth fruit to the honor and glory of His name? Weigh well the misery that the cold inexorable vow must bring to your darling daughter, before you seal with it her destiny. Poise well the balances! justly fill each scale! then in the sight of God, and with his fear before your eyes, see which outweighs!

The house was taken and beautifully furnished, according to the style of the times; for Morgan, with his usual shrewdness and persevering will, had made available the property left Lucinda by her deceased aunt. He bought a new store-room, and associating with him young Elston, commenced business on quite an extensive scale. He endeavored, as far as practicable, to keep from the ear of the community, the estimation in which he was held by his father-in-law. He spoke of him in terms of the profoundest respect; and always acted in a manner to leave the impression that there was a hope of reconciliation. The crafty deceiver; he knew the way to break down the old man's prejudices, and win his favor. But while he thus outwardly professed veneration and esteem for Capt. Pendleton, within his inmost soul he despised him—hated him with undying hatred. He writhed under the recollection of the humiliating repulse he had received at his hands—chafed under the fact that every thing of his wife's interest in her father's estate was withheld from him. He had not expected this; he believed the old man would relent after the first great paroxysm of anger had passed; and beyond every thing, more galling than all, was the inward consciousness of the vile injustice he had

done him in robbing him of his daughter, which, like a mocking, gibbering specter, haunted his steps, chattering in his ear, "deceiver! coward! hypocrite!"

He would not suffer his wife to have any intercourse whatever with her father and sister. He hoped, by this, to goad them to repentance. She was not permitted to attend her own church, or to visit those families where there was a likelihood of meeting with them. Whenever he encountered Capt. Pendleton on the street, which was rarely, for they mutually avoided each other, if alone, he would hasten by with bent head and fallen eyes, ashamed to look him in the face; but if in company with any of his friends, he would assume an air of hauteur, bow coldly, preserving a calm exterior, concealing the effort it cost him to keep down the vengeful emotions of his bosom.

He, by insinuations and open words, by tenderness, when it was politic, or authority, when it best served his purpose to, had influenced her to believe that her father was heartless, and would rather see her an outcast, a wanderer, unclothed and unfed, than to sacrifice his false notions of pride and gentility. He would speak in less invidious terms of Margaret; but always managed to make her feel that she did not love her with a sister's love, or she would incur her father's bitterest displeasure to see her; and that, if it were her desire, she could bring about an agreement between them. Thus, drop by drop, he distilled the deadly upas of suspicion into her guileless heart, and stirred to a bursting flame the spark of retaliation which slept in her gentle bosom. Margaret's letters were intercepted by him, while he accused her, to his wife, of the heartlessness of not writing. Oh! the depths of meanness to which the human soul will stoop when influenced by base, sordid motives.

Morgan's beautiful house and seeming prosperity won for him a host of sycophantic admirers, who censured the cruelty of his father-in-law, and praised his independence and spirit. He fed on their flattery and sought their smile. Fortune hovered over him, and lavished on him her richest treasures. There was only

one drawback to his happiness, it was the silent contempt heaped upon him by Capt. Pendleton. No word, no sign of recognition, no evidence that he was aware of his existence, was ever received from the old man, shut up in his inaccessible stronghold of wounded pride and injured justice.

Thus matters wore until the Spring. The tortures that Lucinda had undergone, no language can speak. One beautiful bright evening, in early April, Lucinda was taking a walk with her husband, just without the suburbs of the city, for the benefit of the air, for she had been languid and feeble for some weeks, when they saw Capt. Pendleton and Margaret approaching them, returning from a visit to one of their old family friends. It was a part of the city that Capt. Pendleton was rarely ever found in, and the meeting was wholly unexpected by both parties.

Lucinda's first impulse was to throw herself at the feet of her father and implore his forgiveness. But her husband was there and she dared not. She trembled from head to foot, and leaned heavily for support on the arm of her husband. The old man's face grew livid with rage as he beheld his idolized daughter clinging for strength to him whom he despised.

"Let me speak to her, father, let me bring her to you?" asked Margaret eagerly.

The old man made no reply, and bounding from him while he sank on a stone beside him, she led the pale, trembling girl to him. That look of love, that mother's look, so trusting, so pure, so beautiful, rent the sternest depths of his adamant nature. Giving out a groan that rent the air, he threw his arms about her, and covered her with kisses. But not a word escaped him. His emotion was too deep, too full for utterance.

"Father, forgive me! forgive me!" she gasped as she looked wildly into his face and clung about his neck—"Oh, forgive me, dear father, forgive me, I beseech you!"

The old man spoke not, but gazed at her with a face streaming with tears. She sunk on his bosom, overcome. The old man paused as if to collect himself

and gazing on her prostrate form, he slowly shook his head, as if half-relenting. Margaret saw and understood it. Morgan, thinking this the time to receive the coveted pardon, approached the weeping pair, and commenced to add his entreaties to those of his wife. At the sound of his voice the old man started up, and dashed Lucinda from him.

"Villain, coward! wretch! how dare you speak to me! Begone! begone, thou murderer of my peace—thou destroyer of my daughter! I NEVER WILL FORGIVE, NEVER, NEVER!"

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE WAGES OF DISOBEDIENCE.

THE fearful words fell upon Lucinda's heart with scorching power. With wild, unearthly look she rose from her prostrate position. Fainting, she was borne by her husband to her own room, and placed upon her couch. No word of complaint escaped her lips, but she looked all the unutterable woe of her crushed heart. She would have given worlds could this cup of bitter anguish but have passed from her untasted; but this could not be,—she must drain its every drop. Dreadful suffering for one so young and tender. She had chosen death rather than life, and she found that verily the way of the transgressor is hard.

Day by day, like a bent flower, she drooped beneath the accumulating distress. With listless air, her fair brow, shaded with gloom, and her heart bowed under its weight of grief, she pursued the weary round of the dull, dead hours that separated her from those she loved. She had always regarded her father with a devotion idolatrous in its nature, and she had always been his darling child, so cared for, so tenderly loved. And now that father had spurned her from him, and had sworn in the fury of his just indignation, "never, never to forgive." How could she bear his blighting curse?

Her heart was breaking under the pressing burden. Whither could she look for relief? Her husband was cold and forbidding. She wept tears of bitterest repentance, such as can flow only from a sense of black ingratitude! Oh how she longed for some sympathizing ear into

which she might pour all her grief and find even that slight relief which such impartation gives! But there was no ear in all the wide world to heed her sorrow. She had always leaned on Margaret's bosom, and found rest. It had ever been to her a sure refuge, for that kind sister had soothed, even with the love of a mother, all the troubles of the young heart. But Margaret was a stranger now; she who had kissed away her tears, and soothed her aching head, even she turned from her with cold averted look. And he who had sworn to protect and cherish her, to whom she should have looked for counsel and sympathy, regarded her deep grief as a childish weakness, and upbraided her with a want of pride and self-respect.

Some times by words of kindness, but more frequently by tones of authority, he strove to drive her from her deep dejection. He would some times taunt her with her want of fortitude. Then he would shame her for her feeling, and tell her her father did not love her, or he could not thus cast her from him. Every means was tried—but all in vain! The darkness deepened! Grief was in her heart, and there it must remain a preying vulture, until her father would again receive her to his love and confidence, until she could again throw herself upon his bosom, and twine her arms about his neck, and kiss his wrinkled brow.

One evening, a few days after the unhappy meeting with her father, she was sitting in her own room alone. Her husband had been gone out since the dinner. Her feeble health confined her much to the house; indeed she had no desire to go abroad, for the sight of stranger faces made her shudder, and the look of old familiar ones made her weep. She had been indulging a train of sad reflection. Memory had swept her back to childhood, and she had dwelt in the bliss of her early innocence, when all was joy and gladness. When the days brought their cheering sunshine, and the nights their sweet repose. When the air was filled with sweet music, and no sigh made inharmonious the ever-swelling chorus, when the hours, rose-garlanded, with fairy form and nimble tinkling feet had chased each other over her dial-plate of life, leaving

behind them only the richness of their perfume and their wealth of glad remembrances,—and then, when the dewy eve would come to throw her peaceful mantle over the happy earth, and spread out above her azure banner, star-gemmed and glorious, she would throw her childish form on the pillow of innocent forgetfulness, and dream her dreams of her mother in heaven, and the angels. No shadows darkened there—no sighs burdened the soft air—no thorns pierced the skipping feet—no tears stained the rose-hued cheek of sinless purity. Oh, for those days of guileless joy!—once again to be a child, artless and untaught. But a change had come—a sad, dark, desolating change—and there was no hope. The irretraceable step had been taken—its consequences must be borne. She shrank from it like the doomed victim from the upraised blade—but there it was; whichever way she turned there it was, staring her in the face, with its hideous deformity, gibbering with satanic grin the burning, blasting words, "*The wages of disobedience—the wages of disobedience—MISERY AND DEATH.*"

It is generally the province of youth to look forward,—to soar on the wings of hope, all unfettered by fear, or sad experience, amid the glorious visions of the far-off future—to seize by expectation upon the good this world promises; to foretaste that fruition which its own untaught innocence creates, while age, weary and worn with its unceasing graspings after the ever unrealized, strains the dimmed vision back upon the past, with its joys irretrievably lost, and sighs that it has learned, alas! too late, that the beautiful landscapes that lured him on with their date-trees and palms, their gushing fountains and murmuring streams, and gorgeous palaces glittering in the sunbeams, were but the mocking mirage—a beautiful phantom cheat.

And thus it was now with Lucinda, so young, yet so deeply tried. The promised good had deceived her—she raised the beaker, full of glowing wine, to her eager lips!—she dashed it from her—it was the bitterness of the wormwood! And she was left, poor, friendless child, with despairing effort to shut out the black future, and turn to look upon the past

with its lost joys,—its idly squandered treasures. A sad, reproachful picture for her contemplation. But the *other* was unbearable. Surely, the wages of disobedience is misery and death.

Poor vain, longing, dissatisfied man! Can he ever, in all his earthly pilgrimage, say, "It is enough; I ask no more?" Never! never! He was born for a higher destiny than that of earth—indued with desires that his present state of being can never satisfy, with powers which he ever feels can never find their full legitimate exercise here. He drinks and drinks,—yet ever thirsts. He feeds and feeds,—yet ever craves. The lambent spark must ever wander until it is quenched in the Source of all light. The "breath of life" must ever send forth sad wailings over its lost purity and happiness, until it returns to, and is swallowed up in, the being of Him who gave it.

Lucinda sat contrasting, as well as her young mind could—and she was wiser now by years than she had been but a few short weeks ago—the difference between her present situation and the one she might have occupied, had she but heeded her father's counsel, or been won by the pure and noble love of her cousin, Chester Mourdant. This cousin had loved her from her youth, with a deep unsullied love, and had in many little ways made it known to her. He had never made a full avowal. He regarded her far too young to assume the responsibilities of the married state; but he had ever fondly looked forward to the time when she should bear a dearer relation to him than that of cousin, until Morgan's dastardly selfishness had snatched her from his arms.

It was a sad contrast that the young wife drew, as she sat there alone, desolate and stricken in the stillness of the evening hour; and her tears flowed freely as she dwelt upon it. Her husband entered unexpectedly, and found her weeping. She endeavored to hide her sorrow from him; she knew it would but excite his anger, and elicit his reproach; but she could not. His quick, suspicious eye saw it all.

He came to her side and said, "What, crying again, Lucinda? I do wish you would quit this childish way you have

it can do no good, and will only make you sick. Why do n't you leave it off? I am sure you could if you would."

She did not raise her eyes; she could not speak! She only wept the more bitterly. His voice somewhat changed its tone, as he beheld her so convulsed with grief. Seating himself by her side, he continued:

"Your father cares nothing for you, Lucinda; if he did, he would not have treated you as he did. He would send and take you home; but may be he will, now they say he is sick."

"Father sick, Mr. Morgan? Father sick? Oh!—oh!" and she leaned herself heavily on her hands, and screamed.

"Come, Lucinda, come, all this crying will do no good. You'll only make yourself sick, and you can do your father no good."

"Is father ill, Mr. Morgan?" she asked as soon as she could command her voice.

"Very sick, I suppose, Lucinda. They sent for the doctor to see him just before I came up from the store. Elston told me, I had not heard it before, that he had been sick several days. The doctors rode by the store-door in a great hurry. I expect he is very sick."

"I have done this—I have killed him," and she sprung from her seat, and threw herself wildly on the bed, overcome by the intensity of her emotion.

"You do not know what you say, Lucinda! You kill your father! Why, what have you done?"

"I have disobeyed him, and broken his heart. Oh! take me to him, that I may ask his forgiveness before he dies."

"How can I take you, Lucinda? Your father will not see you."

"Oh, I know he will not refuse me! I know he will see me! Let me go, do let me go. Let me get his forgiveness before it is too late."

"You have asked his forgiveness, Lucinda, and did he not tell you he would never, never forgive you?"

"But he is sick now, and going to die, and I know he will forget all I have done. Just let me see him once more, that is all I ask."

A smile of bitter contempt curled his lip, and a look of satirical irony flashed over his face.

"Will you go to him again, Lucinda? Will you humble yourself before him to be spurned with contempt? Never again shall you do this while you are my wife—go to him, after he has treated you as he did the other day? You ought to have more respect for yourself;" and he looked upon his wife with a cold, hard eye.

"I have sinned against father, Mr. Morgan, and I want to ask his pardon. This is all I want. Let me do this, and I will ask no more!"

His lip curled in scorn, as she pronounced these words, and his face flushed with anger. He could not see that his wife had sinned against her father. He felt rather that the father had sinned against her, by refusing to receive her again to his love, when she had plead with him for pardon. She had, it was true, he thought, been guilty of a little imprudence, to leave her father's house, to fly with him; but it was merely a youthful indiscretion, one that any girl of her age might commit, without forfeiting her claim, either to her father's love, or to her position in society. And to denominate such an act a sin, seemed to him the most intolerable Puritanism. He might have read, in his younger days, this salutary advice, "Children, obey your parents;" and he might have acted upon it too, for aught we know. But certain it is, the command had but little weight with him when the enforcement of this safe and healthful sentiment would have laid prostrate his schemes of self-interest and aggrandizement.

The evening was passed by Lucinda, in a state of mind bordering on frenzy; her stricken conscience and agitated heart painted before her, and in the most horrible colors, scenes of death and woe. Her husband was cold and reserved, and to all her entreaties to be permitted to see her father, he would answer in the words of the old man's vow, "I will never forgive you; never, never."

Her deep and continued grief touched his heart, and had he deemed it the best policy, he would most readily have suffered her to go. But he feared, that if Lucinda should intrude herself into her father's presence unbidden, the old man might suspect him of some sinister design, and his feelings would thereby be

exasperated rather than soothed. If the sickness should prove fatal, and this he did not doubt, he felt that as death approached, the old man's pride and wrath would give way before it, and there would still be an opportunity for reconciliation before he died. Then in the will, which he knew the old man would make, Lucinda would be named equal with Margaret. Thus he reasoned with himself; and although not wholly unmoved by his wife's grief, he remained entirely unrelenting.

"Oh, that I could see my dear father before he dies; that he might grant me his pardon," she would exclaim, as she sat absorbed in bitter reflection.

Her husband sat, with pencil in hand, making some business calculations—casting up the day's accounts, he said—but could some one just have taken a sly glance over his shoulder he would have seen, instead of this, a general outline of old Capt. Pendleton's property, carefully added up and divided by two.

(To be continued.)

#### THE LANDMARKS—WHAT ARE THEY?

ANCIENT usages, laws, rules, practices and customs of the Fraternity, before 1717; and before 926; and the laws of the *ceremonies* of the initiation and the pre-requisites of candidates, which are termed "*the body of Masonry.*"

Why are they unchangeable?

1st. Because the Order is universal in organization, one in essence and being, indivisible in quality, and should be unchangeable in forms, ceremonies and laws, because of its universality, oneness and indivisibility.

2d. Because of the Grand Assembly held at York, in 926, after obtaining a charter from the king, they "did frame the Constitution and Charges," and made a *law to preserve and observe the same, in all time coming.*"

3d. Because, in 1663, similar laws were made on the same condition.

4th. Because, in 1717, the four old lodges of London gave up certain privileges then exclusively enjoyed by them, one of which was that of meeting as a lodge, and consented to the formation

of new lodges, and to the new regulations then made, on the condition that no law, rule, or regulation, should thereafter be made, by the new lodges, or their successors, "to encroach on any landmark which was at that time established as the standard of masonic government." And agreed to admit the Masters and Wardens of the new lodges to seats in the Grand Lodge, and to share in the government of the Fraternity, *while such lodges acted in conformity to the Ancient Constitutions of the Order.*"—Preston, 210. And a conditional clause to this effect was inserted in the new regulations, as a proviso, upon the power of making new future regulations, viz: "*provided, always, that the old landmarks be carefully preserved.*"

5th. Because every Grand Master, and every Master of a lodge, from that time, has solemnly engaged, and every Master Mason has been solemnly charged, on no account to permit or countenance any known deviation from the ancient landmarks. Preston, 204, says, "the necessity of fixing the original constitutions at a standard by which all future laws in the society are to be regulated, was so clearly understood and defined by the whole fraternity at this time, (1721,) that it was *established as an unerring rule, at every installation, public and private, for many years afterward, to make the Grand Master, and the Master and Wardens of every lodge, engage to support the original Constitutions; to the observance of which, also, every mason was bound at his initiation.*"

6th. And lastly, because, as Preston says, page 303, "by the above prudent precaution" (the installation ceremony and the charge in the Master's degree) "*of ancient brethren, the original Constitutions (of York Masonry) were established as the basis of all future masonic jurisdiction in the south of England; and the ancient landmarks, as they are emphatically styled, or the boundaries set up as checks to innovation, were carefully secured against the attacks of future invaders.*"

THERE is an efficacy in calmness of which we are unaware. The element of serenity is one which we particularly need.



## MASONRY.

BY W. C. CAPERS.

Our readers will share our pleasure at the perusal of these vigorous and beautiful lines.—*Ed. Am. Fr.*

THREE thousand years have rolled away,  
Upon the tide of time,  
Since masonry began her march,  
Of noble deeds sublime.  
And though the angry storms of war,  
Have swept the earth with fire,  
Her temple stands unscathed, unhurt,  
With SUNLIGHT on its spire.

Old empires, long the praise of men,  
Have faded from the earth;  
Kings, with their thrones, have passed  
away,  
Since masonry had birth.  
The sceptered monarch in his pride,  
Has long since met his doom,  
And nought is left of his domains,  
But solitude and gloom.

Proud Egypt, with her wondrous arts—  
Her mysteries of old,  
Has slept beneath the tide of time,  
As swift his current rolled.  
And Greece, with all her ancient wealth,  
Of genius and of fame,  
Scarce holds amid the nations now,  
The honor of a name.

The glittering towers of Troy, to which  
The foes of Priam came,  
To meet a welcome for their deeds,  
From lips of Spartan dame,  
Have long since toppled from their base,  
And moldered to decay;  
The glory of that mighty race,  
With *them* has passed away.

Amid the ravages that swept,  
The cities of the plain—  
'Mid crumbling of imperial thrones—  
The fall of tower and fane,  
Fair masonry has still survived,  
The nations' horrid doom,  
A BEACON 'mid the night of years,  
To gild the clouds of gloom.

Through every age, stern bigotry,  
Has sought to crush her form,  
But, unsubdued, she bravely met,  
The tempest and the storm.

The clouds of persecution fled,  
Before her steady ray,  
As shades of deepest night before,  
The orient orb of day.

From oriental climes she came,  
To bless this Western world;  
And rear her temple 'neath the flag,  
That Liberty unfurled.  
Fair Freedom welcomed to our shores,  
This maid of heavenly birth;  
While thousands of our humble poor,  
Now own her generous worth.

Ten thousand widows in their weeds,  
Have blest her advent here,  
And many a homeless orphan's heart,  
Has owned her tender care.  
Full many a frail and erring son,  
To dissipation given,  
Has heard her warning voice, and turned  
His wayward thoughts to heaven.

Long may her beauteous temple stand,  
To light this darkened sphere,  
To gild the gloom of error's night,  
And dry the falling tear.  
And when the filial winds of time,  
Shall sweep this reeling ball,  
Oh, may its glittering spires be,  
The last on earth to fall.

## THE BIBLE.

WHAT is the world?—a wildering maze,  
Where sin hath tracked ten thousand  
ways

Her victims to ensnare;  
All broad and winding and aslope  
All tempting with perfidious hope,  
All ending in despair.

Millions of pilgrims throng these roads  
Bearing their baubles or their loads  
Down to eternal night;  
One only path that never bends,  
Narrow and rough and steep ascends  
From darkness into light.

Is there no guide to show that path?  
THE BIBLE—he alone who hath

The Bible need not stray;  
But he who hath and will not give  
That light of life to all that live,  
Himself shall lose the way.

# THE FREEMASON'S DAUGHTER.

BY AN ENGLISH BROTHER.



## DEATH OF RICHARD LAWRENCE.

**P**UNCTUAL to the hour, the worthy officer made his appearance at the house of the junior partner, and was shown into Mr. Small's private room.

"I perceive," said the gentleman, "that you received my note?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are a punctual man, Mr. Marjoram."

"Always was, in business."

"You have been a long time in Manchester?"

"Thirty years, sir. There must be some thing in the wind," he muttered to himself: "the old fox beats about the bushes so."

"Then you know every one in the place?"

"Man, woman, or child, sir."

"Do you know any thing of a fellow called Tim's Dick?"

"A poor, simple-minded fellow, sir,

with odd notions of equality, crossed with a touch of Socialism—but honest, sir—honest as the day. I would stake my thirty years' experience on that man's honesty."

"Probably, and yet be deceived: such characters are always deceptive. Equality—ridiculous! Providence never intended us to be equal in this world, whatever it may have designed for us in the next."

"Perhaps not, sir," said the officer.

"Of course, Mr. Marjoram, I can trust you?" observed Mr. Small, with a scrutinising look.

"I should think so," replied the man; "I have had more delicate affairs through my hands than half the officers in London. Not that I want to boast of them."

"I have some reason to believe that a clerk belonging to our firm—a poor mad fellow named Gridley—has entrusted pa-

(255)

pers or letters, of no value, but still of importance to the house, to the keeping of this man. He denies it. How am I to ascertain the fact?"

"It will be difficult," replied the visitor, musingly. "You can't accuse him of robbery?"

"Certainly not."

"No pretense for a search warrant? Then it will be expensive."

"How much?"

"Impossible to say — perhaps fifty pounds."

"Fifty pounds be it. In how many days shall I be assured?" demanded Small.

"In three, sir. The affair, I suppose, is strictly private?"

"Strictly."

"From your partner?"

"Particularly from him. You will call on me here of an evening, and report progress. I will leave orders to receive you at any time. Should we be occupied at family prayers, perhaps you will have the politeness to wait?"

"Certainly."

"In three days, then, Mr. Marjoram, I shall expect to hear from you. Is there any thing further to arrange between us?"

"Only the fifty pounds."

"In advance?"

"In advance," said the officer; "the suspicion on your part may be a groundless one, but my expenses will be the same. It is much better that every thing should be regulated beforehand—it prevents trouble and dispute."

There was a severe struggle between avarice and hate in the bosom of Small; the latter at last prevailed, and, opening a pocket-book, he took out a bank-note for the amount, and presented it to his visitor.

"All right," said the man, looking at the mark. "In three days, if the papers are in the possession of Tim's Dick, they shall be yours."

With these words the worthy took his leave, and directed his steps to the Royal Hotel, where he arrived just as the Infirmary clock was striking the hour, and was shown to a private apartment, where Gilbert Grindem was sipping his solitary bottle of claret after dinner.

"Good evening, Marjoram," said the great man, condescendingly.

"Good evening, sir."

A clean glass was pushed toward the officer, and an invitation given him to assist himself.

"Some thing must be wrong," he thought, as he poured out the sparkling wine, "with the house of Grindem and Company; since one partner, who is avarice itself, parts with his money freely, and the other, who is as proud as Lucifer, acts so condescendingly.

"Your health, sir."

"Thank you, Marjoram. By-the-bye, of course you know every body in the town?" observed the merchant.

"Every body, sir."

"Rich or poor," repeated the officer.

"Then, doubtless, you are acquainted with a fellow named Tim's Dick?"

The officer almost started from his chair with surprise. Both partners, it seemed, were on the same scent.

"Decidedly," he thought, "there must be some thing up." He answered only with a quiet "Yes, sir."

"I have reason to believe," returned the great man, "that a mad clerk of mine has intrusted to his care certain papers."

"Of any value?"

"Not the least."

"Both in the same tale!" thought the officer.

"But of importance," continued Grindem, "to the firm, in settling our accounts. The fellow denies this; but I am certain of the fact. My object in sending for you is to consult how to obtain them."

"Privately?" demanded the man.

"Privately," said Grindem, trying to look unconcerned.

"It is possible; but the affair will be expensive."

"Grindem took out his pocket-book, and handed the speaker a note for a hundred pounds. Dearly as he loved money, he could be profuse with it on occasions.

"Take that on account," he said. "I limit you to no expense—only procure me the papers, and name your own recompense."

Marjoram was thunderstruck. The coincidence was most extraordinary: both parties equally anxious to procure papers which they declared to be valueless. The

officer resolved, if he obtained possession of them, to ascertain their nature before he parted with them to either Grindem or Small.

"This transaction, I suppose, sir, is to be considered private?"

"Quite."

"From your partner?"

"Even from him. You will, if you have any thing to communicate, call upon me here—till the affair is settled I shall dine here. We perfectly understand each other?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"Good night."

"Good night."

And Marjoram, his head full of the commission he was intrusted with, walked slowly home, pondering as he went.

On his arrival at the police office he called for one of his underlings, a fellow well known in Manchester by the name of Ben, or, as the weavers called him, the Devil's Hack, a fellow who frequented all places of public meeting, knew the locale of every cellar and rendezvous of crime, and could have recognised any one on whom he had once set his mark, by his shadow. Although thus cognisant both of the morale and physique of the usual customers of the police, he never acted as an officer himself. The man was a cur, with just sufficient courage to denounce crime, but not enough to arrest it.

"Well, Ben," said his superior, as he entered the room, "I have employment for you."

"Thank you, sir."

"You know Tim's Dick?"

"Yes."

"I want to get hold of him, and you, who know the outgoings and backslidings of every rascal in Manchester, must furnish me with some clue."

"I know nothing about him," replied the fellow, with a blank look. "The fool is honest."

"Aye," said Marjoram, "honest as the world goes—honest in the ordinary sense of the word; but you understand me—when the substance escapes our grasp, we must lay hands upon the shadow. You, who are never at fault, surely you can make up some thing to make a handle of? I do n't want to hurt the fellow—I only

want an excuse for a summons and a search warrant."

"Can't do it. That fellow," said Ben, "has no feeling in him. Although out of employment these six weeks—curse him!—*he won't steal*. It's quite unnatural!"

"Quite. Where does he live?"

"On Shude Hill."

"What sort of a woman is his wife?" demanded the officer.

"A sharp, bustling body, who does not stand so much in awe of her husband as she pretends to do; for it's one of Tim's weaknesses, in addition to his crank about politics, to rule at home. He calls it patriarchal and such-like. The fool has queer ideas about the rights of man and such stuff—as if poor devils like him had any rights."

"I should think not," said Marjoram.

"Of course not."

"Very well, that will do; make what further inquiries you can, and let me know the result in the morning."

With a wave of his hand, which Marjoram had copied from the presiding magistrate at quarter sessions, and which he intended to be very dignified, he dismissed his tool.

As soon as the door of the office was closed, he muttered to himself:

"It must be the wife. The fool must be honest, if Ben has nothing to allege against him. Yes, yes," he added, rubbing his hands with an air of virtuous satisfaction, as he gradually seized the thread of conduct to be pursued. "It must be his wife!"

#### CHAPTER V.

"Man must have some thing to love, even if it be a dog."—KOTZEBUE.

THE residence of Tim's Dick was a small cottage situated on Shude Hill, in the very center of Manchester; the poor fellow preferred it, although at a considerable distance from the factory where he worked, on account of the air, which was pure in comparison with the atmosphere of the more crowded streets of the town. Near the factory he could only have aspired to a cellar; by putting up with the slight inconvenience of an hour's walk in going and returning from work

—which, after all, was, as he used sagaciously to observe, only an insurance for life, and a guarantee against doctors' bills—he had the comforts of a house—a mansion consisting of four rooms—parlor, kitchen, and two bed-rooms.

Humble as was Tim's house, it was remarkable for its neatness. His wife, Meg—not that Margaret was her christian name, but he had called her so after a favorite thrush—was an honest, industrious creature, whose only recreation was to clean and scour, and scour and clean. The deal tables—and there were three in the parlor—were white, and the most fastidious appetite might have eaten off them without either plate or cloth; the six rush-bottomed chairs were equally proper: her home was the poor woman's world; indeed, she knew little of what was passing beyond it; for, what with the care of her children—and she had three; washing for the family, cooking for them—the latter unfortunately at times a sinecure—her time was entirely employed. When things went badly, and her husband was out of work, she would, to deaden the effects of hunger, and make the young ones forget that it was the dinner hour, propose a set-to—a thorough cleaning out. Here Meg was in her glory—such scrubbing, sluicing, splashing, and rubbing; the children *tried* to enjoy it, but at times the youngest, a sturdy, curly-headed boy of ten, would rebel, and upset the discipline of the establishment, by roaring out lustily for his dinner. A tear at such times would glisten in his mother's eye, as she put him off with a jest, or stuck the little rascal in a corner, as a punishment and a warning to his two sisters, who pretended—artful little creatures—not to have the least appetite, and hoped their mother would not interrupt the work by stopping to prepare dinner; to be sure, they were certain, or nearly so, of a tolerable good tea, as a recompense for their patience and labor.

The only source of discord in this really happy family was Tim's affection for birds, rabbits, and all sorts of idle pets. Not that they gave his wife any additional labor—that she would not have minded—for Tim always attended to them himself. The poor woman regretted the money expended in bird-seed

and bran; for, however short the family commons might be, the master of the establishment never suffered the "poor dumb creatures to want."

"It were too bad," he used to say, "to deprive them of their liberty and starve them into the bargain!"

Among the rabbit fanciers, Tim was renowned for a breed of long-eared grays, which were the pride of his heart. Their hutches were carefully cleaned out twice a day; want who might, they were sure to be well fed. Indeed, the poor fellow had often been known, after a hard day's labor, to walk several miles into the country to bring home green meat for his favorites: which, after his children, he loved better than any thing else in the world, Meg, of course, excepted.

The weaving was brisk—all was peace and sunshine in the cottage; but when work fell slack, and hunger pressed, Meg would sometimes complain bitterly of the expense of her good man's pets; indeed, Tim had caught her more than once eyeing his favorite rabbits with a murderous expression, which alarmed him for their safety; but the sternness with which he had repelled all insinuations of "What a nice pie the old buck would make!" the deaf ear he had turned to all hints of a stew of the young ones, had hitherto averted the fatal knife; the inhabitants of the hutches ate, and slept on in undisturbed security and innocence.

At the very period when the partners, Messrs. Grindem and Small, were so anxious to obtain possession of the papers, which they felt morally assured Gridley had confided to the safe keeping of his humble friend, poor Tim had fallen in arrears with his landlord, one of these hard-fisted men, who would not have permitted a squirrel to live rent-free in one of his trees, without taking his nuts by way of rent. Work was slack, and bread was dear. Poor Meg was at her wit's end. The cottage, in one week, had been twice scrubbed from top to bottom, the scanty furniture duly rubbed, and little Tim done penance in the corner more frequently than usual. The misfortune which had fallen upon the weaver was the misfortune of a class, not of an individual: all the hand-loom weavers suffered, and robberies of hen-roosts, pigeon

cotes, and rabbit fanciers, became of daily occurrence.

Tim's wife was one morning in the yard, eyeing wistfully the hutches which contained wherewith to make so many excellent dinners for her young family, and working up her mind to a desperate resolution, when Marjoram, the officer, opened the little wicket, and presented himself before her. The person of the officer was as well known in Manchester as the Infirmary clock, or the bow-window of the Exchange. Like most uneducated persons, poor Meg had an instinctive terror of the man of authority, and turned pale as she saw him approach with a smiling face, and wish her good morning.

"Good morning, sir," she faltered in reply.

"Is your husband at home?"

"No," she answered: "he is gone over to the factory, in the hope of obtaining a place. His employers, Gawing and Brown, respect him, for they know that he has a large family, and is neither a drunkard nor an idler. If work is to be had, Tim is sure to obtain it. Thank God, he is as well known as he is respected."

"Doubtless," replied Marjoram, drily.

"But did you want to see my husband?" demanded the woman, anxiously.

"Yes."

"Particularly?"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Meg, thrown off her balance by the solemnity of the speaker's manner, "is any thing the matter? You can't want him about justice business, that I know, for Tim's honesty is proverbial. We have wanted bread for the children, had been often pinched to pay the landlord and the baker, but when times turned round we did pay them; and never a wrong thought or an evil wish entered the heart of either me or my husband; so I am quite easy on that score."

"Are you?"

"Yes," repeated the woman, nervously; "quite."

Marjoram thus far was perfectly satisfied with the effect his visit had produced. He saw that the wife, despite all her confidence in her husband's honesty, was uneasy and excited, and felt that it

would require but little to throw her entirely off her guard.

"Bad affair!" he muttered; "very bad affair!"

"What *is* the matter?" demanded Meg, bursting into tears. The poor creature had not broken her fast that morning, and the cries of her children, among whom she had divided the remains of her last loaf, were still ringing in her ears. "Has any thing happened to my husband? I know," she added, "it is not for a trifle that you have come out of your way to visit poor creatures like us."

"A robbery has been committed."

"Robbery?"

"Aye."

"But not by Tim," exclaimed the woman; "not by my husband. No one will believe that; ask all the town—our neighbors—they will tell you that he is as honest as the day—and honest, too: for that can't be an honest day which sees the poor, who are willing to work, starving for want of employment, and poor folk suspected, simply because they are poor."

"No one accuses your husband of robbery."

"I was sure not," exclaimed the woman, triumphantly.

"But certain papers, deeds of importance, are missing from the firm of Grindem and Small—abstracted, it is supposed, by old Gridley, their clerk, who has gone mad; and it is more than suspected that Tim knows some thing about them."

"And what use would they be to Tim?" demanded his wife; "would they give the children bread? Papers—deeds! I would not give six pence for every paper in their office."

"Perhaps not; but the partners would."

"But why should Gridley have taken the property of his employer?" demanded Meg.

"A whim—a caprice, perhaps; who can account for mad people? He and your husband are known to have been intimate—very intimate."

"That's true."

"Of course there is no suspicion attached to Tim; indeed, the wish of both the partners is, if possible, to obtain the papers quietly, without any noise or pub-

licity. I should not wonder if they gave a reward of five, or even ten guineas, for their recovery."

"Ten guineas!" repeated the woman.

It was a larger sum than she had ever possessed at any one period of her life, and her sunken eyes were suddenly lit up with hope. The officer saw that he was on the right scent.

"Indeed," he added, "I am authorized to offer as much on their recovery."

"You do n't say so?"

"And ready to pay it on delivery!"

"Well," exclaimed Meg, turning away from the sight of the ten bright, shining, tempting pieces of gold, which the officer took out of his pocket, and held in the open palm of his hand; "when Tim returns, I'll speak to him; and if he has the papers, you shall have them."

"But why not give them up yourself?"

"I have never seen them."

"But you know where they are to be found," insinuated the officer.

Meg hesitated.

"Has your husband no hiding place? He is a curious fellow, and, I believe, an honest one too. I dare say, now, he has some quiet, quaint nook, where he stows away odds and ends, and which, like a good housewife, you have never pretended to find out, but which you have, in fact, hunted over a thousand times?"

This time the poor creature smiled; the cunning officer had hit the truth. Tim certainly had such a nook in the house—a secret, as he deemed, from his better half; but who, as the officer had hinted, had long since discovered it; and frequently, while he was at work, examined its contents. She knew that the papers confided by the old clerk to the keeping of her husband, were carefully concealed there. Still she hesitated; for, although Tim was an excellent husband, like most little men, he had very decided notions on the subject of conjugal obedience. She knew exactly how far she might proceed with him with impunity, and no further. The dread of seriously angering him, alone made her hesitate. She had, previous to the visit of the officer, almost made up her mind to the slaughter of one of the inmates of the hatches, and was balancing within herself which would be the most dangerous

experiment of the two—the massacre of one of the long-eared innocents, or the little piece of domestic treachery proposed. While in this state, the eldest daughter came running into the yard.

"Mother," roared the child, "little Tim is crying for more bread!"

Marjoram made the sovereigns chink in his hand. There was a fascination in the sound which the heart of the wife might have withstood, but which the feelings of the mother could no longer resist.

"Ten!" she muttered.

"As bright as ever were coined," added the officer.

"Wait a minute!" exclaimed the poor creature. "My husband often used to say that gold destroyed as many souls as the sword. But surely," she added, "I can't be doing wrong, when it is to save my children from starving. Tim will forgive me."

With these words the woman hurried into the house, and in about five minutes returned with a packet, carefully tied and sealed, in her hand; she had long been aware of its being in the possession of her husband; had, in his absence, turned it over and over—weighed it in her hand—eyed it wistfully, and speculated upon its contents, but never ventured to open it. Perhaps the hope of ascertaining what it contained was one slight inducement to her yielding to the temptation—not that Meg was more curious than the rest of her sex.

"Is this it?" she exclaimed, holding it at arm's length.

"How should I know, without examining it?" replied the officer.

"And how shall I know," answered the woman, "that it is, when you have examined it? No, no, Mr. Majoram. If I break my faith to Tim, it must not be on the security of your word. Money down, before I part with it."

"What mean you?"

"That if this is not the thing you seek, it is not in Tim's possession: whether it is or no, I break my husband's secret alike. So the ten sovereigns down or I put it back in the hiding-place again."

"The officer paused. He saw that the woman was not inclined to trust the packet, which she continued to hold at arm's length, out of her possession, and

that the opportunity, once lost, might never occur again.

Besides, he had already received a very handsome sum from the two partners on account; so he resolved, for once, to speculate. To use a vulgar phrase, it was not often that gentlemen of his profession consented to buy a "pig in a poke."

"There is the money," he said.

"And there the papers," replied the woman, grasping with tremulous joy the coveted gold, and reluctantly resigning the packet; for the very moment that she did so her heart misgave her—she felt that she was doing wrong.

Marjoram hastily opened the envelope, and saw that it contained a letter and a long statement, or species of memorandum, drawn up and signed "Simon Gridley."

"All right!" he exclaimed.

"They are the papers, then?" said the poor woman, who began to regret the act of imprudence, and feel a vague uneasiness at the anticipation of the consequences.

"*They are the papers,*" emphatically replied the officer.

"And what are they about?"

"Business. Good day!"

"But what am I to say to Tim?"

"Refer him to me."

"Only explain —."

"Nothing," exclaimed the officer. "You have your reward. As I told you, they are merely commercial papers, which old Gridley, in some mad freak or another, abstracted from his employers' office, and which your husband, from a mistaken fidelity, would have guarded. If you are wise, you will keep him in the dark with respect to the transaction as long as possible."

With these words Marjoram put the packet into his pocket with a self-satisfied air, buttoned up his coat, and left the little garden in front of the cottage.

Many a curious neighbor was peeping at him as he passed, from their half-closed doors, or over the blinds; for, as we said before, he was as well known in Manchester as the Infirmary clock, or the bow-window of the Exchange. He was perfectly satisfied with his morning's work; but like a prudent man, resolved

to ascertain the value of the property recovered, before he restored it to its owners.

"Keep it from Tim!" replied Meg, as the officer walked contentedly away; "I should be cuter than the thief-catching old fellow is himself to do that, with all the neighbors looking on, too—they will be all agog to hear the news; it will be at the barber's and grocer's before ten minutes, that Marjoram has been at our house; and all over the neighborhood in an hour. As I have made my bed, so I must lie down on it, and make the best I can of a bad bargain. After all," she added, looking with a glistening eye on the gold, "it will keep the roof over our heads, and famine from our door. If Tim does begin to scold, I'll point to the children, and he must have a hard heart not to forgive me."

At one o'clock on the same day, when Tim returned home, fatigued and low-spirited, for he had failed in his attempt to obtain work, he was surprised to see the table laid out for dinner; but before he could express his surprise, or make a single inquiry, Meg entered from the baker's, with a smoking pie upon a dish, followed by little Tim with a loaf, almost as big as himself, under his arm.

"Why, Meg," exclaimed her husband, smiling, and looking astonished, "what's up now? Hast thee been," he added, gravely, "to the pawn-shop?"

"No, Tim."

"No! How hast thee come by dinner, then? Clock?" he added, "be in the old place, and chairs and tables all right; what has been agate, wench?"

"Never thee mind, eat dinner while it be hot, it be long enough since thee or childer have had one."

In his way, Tim was a philosopher: the cravings of his empty stomach told him that Meg's advice was a sound one; and, amid the longing looks of the children, and an uneasy glance from his wife, he stuck his fork into the smoking dish before him. Off went a diagonal piece of substantial-looking crust, and a rich stream of odorous gravy impregnated the room. The looks of the children became ravenous.

"What's this, Meg?" demanded Tim, raising a morsel of some dislocated ani-



mal upon the fork, and holding it up to the light with a doubtful look.

"It be a rabbit, Tim," coolly replied his wife.

The fork dropped from his hand—a fearful idea struck him. Without a word he rose from his chair, rushed into the yard, and made a careful survey of the hutches. All was right—not a long-eared inmate was missing. In a few moments he returned, with a smiling face, and resumed his seat.

"Meg, Meg," he gladly exclaimed, as he again stuck the fork into the savory pie, "but thou hast given me a turn! I could as soon have eaten one of the childer as one of my own rabbits!"

Meg smiled, and inwardly congratulated herself that she had not carried out her first murderous intentions. Still she felt uneasy at the explanation which was to follow; it almost destroyed her appetite, but when she saw her children enjoying the unwonted luxury of a plentiful repast, her confidence returned, and she felt that, were the act to be done again, she would find confidence to do it. Few mothers will have the heart to blame her.

"And now, Meg," said Tim, as soon as the table was cleared, the children sent out to play, and a clean pipe and tobacco placed upon the polished deal table before him, "well, explain the mystery of this! Hast thou found a fairy treasure?"

"No, Tim, but I have had a visitor."

"Humph!"

"Mr. Marjoram."

"And what the devil," demanded her husband, opening his eyes in astonishment, "brought him here? We have neither stolen or murdered, that I know of."

"No, certainly not," replied his better half; "it was not that."

"Then what was it?"

This was a direct demand, which there was no means of evading. Poor Meg's heart failed her, for she knew how her husband prided himself upon the integrity of his promise and rigid adherence to his word. Still it must be told—and, like a coward pushed into a corner, she took a desperate courage, and commenced:

"He came to look for some papers."

"Papers!" repeated Tim, uneasily.

"Aye, which he said old Gridley, in his madness, had abstracted from the office of his employer and given to you to take care of."

"What did you reply?" said her husband, fixing an inquiring glance upon her.

"That you had no papers."

"That was right, old girl!"

"At last he offered ten guineas if I— if—"

"If what?"

"If I would search the house."

"Well?"

"Oh, Tim, we were starving! Poor Mary had had nothing to eat since last night, and the boy was roaring for bread. Ten sovereigns! bright, golden, glittering sovereigns! What do you suppose I did?"

"Refused them," said her husband, calmly.

Meg burst into tears.

"Refused them," repeated her husband, "as an honest wife and a good woman should do. I wish I had been here. Curse him; to come and tempt poor folk with the chink of his money—the old, oily-tongued rascal!"

"Tim," said the poor woman, "do n't be angry."

"I 'm not angry."

"I consented, Tim," said the woman, desperately; "searched for them—what could I do? While you were out the landlord called, and threatened to sell the very children's beds from under them if he was not paid his rent; the baker refused me credit for another loaf,—what could I do?"

"Your duty," exclaimed the poor little weaver, trying to look stern; but turning away his head to conceal the tear which, despite his philosophy, forced itself into his eye.

"I did my duty," replied Meg, with firmness; "I saved my children from starvation—their beds from being sold from under them. I gave the man the papers!"

Tim started, as if an adder had stung him: he had hitherto listened patiently to his wife's tale, in security that his hiding place was unknown; but the words "I gave them to him," showed him the extent of his misfortune—how

cruelly he had been deceived. His pride was wounded—his dignity as a husband hurt—his confidence in his wife broken. He was a man of few words; jumping from his chair, he snatched his hat from the table, and was hastily making his way toward the door, when Meg intercepted him by darting between.

"Tim, where be'st going?"

"Let me out!"

"Where to?"

"Let me out, I say!"

"Tim," exclaimed his wife, resolutely, "I have been a good and faithful wife to thee, and never once repined; for I was happy with thee and with the children. I have seen the bread taken from the mouths of my infants, to feed the dumb creatures which God sent to be the food of man—not to eat up the bread of human beings—and I never murmured; and now, because to save us all from starving, I have given to this man a set of worthless papers—which, after all, were neither his nor yours, you would leave me—leave the mother of your children, in anger! Is this just?"

"Yes," said the weaver, sternly; "for you have betrayed me."

"No, Tim—no," replied his wife, bitterly; "I have not betrayed thee—that is impossible!"

"How so?" demanded Tim.

"Because you never trusted me."

Poor Meg burst into tears—her heart was full. For years she had endured the injustice and want of confidence on the part of her husband, without reproach or discontent. But the last blow was too much for her.

"It is the last drop which makes the cup run over." And she wept bitterly.

Tim, although what the neighbors called an excellent husband, was, like many of his caste who have acquired a certain degree of information and education, possessed with a very high opinion of his own capabilities and judgment; hence he seldom condescended to consult his wife on any point, unless of a strictly domestic character; and this reserve, although it had not weakened her attachment to him, had considerably wounded her pride and self-respect. With the jealous instinct of a mother's heart, she saw that her children were being taught to look up

more to their father than to herself, and she felt herself both mortified and humbled.

The weaver neither wanted for common sense, nor a natural feeling of justice. The reproach of his wife, that he had never trusted her, as well as the recollection of the cruel temptation to which she had been exposed, mollified his anger: and after a short struggle between his pride, temper, and weakness, as he called it, of yielding, he threw down his hat and re-seated himself on the chair he had so recently quitted.

"And so, Meg, I never trusted you?"

"Never."

"And what greater trust can man bestow upon a woman than the credit of his name—the care of his children? Come," he added, "I was hard, very hard put to it; for I had given Gridley my word—and you knew I never broke it yet. Say no more about it. Kiss, and be friends."

"And do you really forgive me?" exclaimed Meg, throwing her arm over his shoulder, and offering her cheek to his salute.

"Freely?"

"And without second thoughts?"

The weaver smiled.

"Then I am a happy woman this day!" exclaimed his wife. "Look here, Tim," she added, showing him the pieces of money; "look here—for the rent,—clothes for the children—bread—bread—till you get work again. Take it."

"No," said Tim, but without the least expression of anger. "I can, I have, forgiven the treason, for, as a woman and mother, you were sorely tempted; but I can't profit by it. Keep it—the money will be better in your hands than mine. And so, Marjoram," he added, "has got the papers?"

"Yes."

"Did he seem pleased?"

"Very much," said his wife.

"Of course he examined them?"

"Oh, yes."

"Meg," said her husband, "have you a strong cord in the house?"

"Yes."

"And an iron hook?"

"Two, Tim, if that's all."

"Get them ready; I'm going out after tea, and shall want them."

"What for?"

"You shall know when I have used them."

"But you are not angry?"

"No," replied Tim, looking her in the face with an honest, open expression. "I might be angry with the wife, but nature forbids me to condemn the mother. Poor things!" he added, "the children suffered fearfully! If I neglected my duty, you have done yours; let that content."

#### CHAPTER VI.

"There is nothing like hypocrisy for a man  
To go through the world with; like a cloak,  
It hides all rents and holes. He must look close  
Who sees the cloven foot beneath its folds."

DEVIL ON TWO STICKS.

No doubt our readers may think it high time they should be informed how poor Gridley became an inmate of Mr. Crab's private asylum. When Grindem entered the room, as we before stated, the old clerk attempted to spring from his bed, and, in his excitement, struck his humble friend, Tim's Dick, to the ground. It is from that point in our tale that we resume the thread of our narrative.

"There!" shrieked the madman—for such he momentarily was—"There—the devil has found me at last! Good resolutions come too late! What fools are men to think to bribe heaven with prayer and atonement! Satan laughs at repentance. Poor Lawrence! do n't look so pale; I did not murder you!"

Gilbert changed color.

"Murder?" said the weaver, who had risen from the ground. "God bless thee, poor heart! it be all madness; sir, I have known him for twenty years. Many a kind turn he has done to the poor in the lane. There is not a creature—man, woman, or child—but loves the old man; even the dogs seem glad at his approach—he would not hurt a worm—has not the heart of a sparrow. Do n't 'ee think ill of him, sir, because his head be touched—it all be all madness."

"Certainly not!" replied the merchant, secretly blessing the stupidity of the speaker, whose earnest endeavors to prove that the ravings of the sick man proceeded from a disordered imagina-

tion, and rendered them blind to their veritable import. "Have you sent for advice?"

"I mean, have you sent for the doctor?"

"No, sir: Mrs. Bentley thought that it would soon give over."

"Have you no clever practitioner in the neighborhood?"

"There be Dr. Spry."

"Send for him."

The young practitioner soon made his appearance. On his arrival he found the patient with difficulty held in his bed by the united strength of several of the neighbors. The voice and sight of his master seemed to excite his fury to an ungovernable pitch; and there is little doubt that but for the presence of the men, Gilbert's presence in the sick chamber would not have been unattended with danger.

"Lord, bless us!" exclaimed Mrs. Bentley, whose anxiety had led her to the door of the room, "how bad he be! Only think of his cursing his good, kind master, who is taking such pains to do him good!"

"Mammon! Judas! devil!" roared Gridley, still addressing Grindem; "I can see you. Gold—all gold! No, no," he added, after a pause—"there are blood and tears mixed with it! It is no use—I'll not be bribed! No more robbery and murder! What do you want? Why do you hold me? I'll confess all!"

"Robbery!" said one of the men, addressing the merchant. "I am sure, sir, he is as honest as the day! I would answer with my life for him."

"And I," added the widow.

"My good people, I am quite satisfied with my poor clerk's honesty," replied the man of wealth. "In cases like these, the mind takes the strangest fancies, and is almost bitter in invective against those who wish them best. Oh, here," he added, with an involuntary sigh of relief, "comes the doctor! He will decide what had best be done with him."

The damp dew of perspiration stood upon the speaker's brow, for the excitement was almost too much for him; still he resolved to persevere to the last. More than fortune, however, was at stake—his reputation; although the substance had long disappeared, perhaps, for that very

reason he clung more tenaciously to the shadow.

The appearance of the medical man was the signal for a fresh explosion of passion on the part of Gridley. The idea suddenly seized him that he was an officer of justice, charged with his arrest; and, after a torrent of invective directed against his employer, as usual, he suddenly became calm, and declared his readiness to accompany him to prison.

"He had better be removed," observed Grindem, biting his lip.

"Certainly," replied the obsequious surgeon; "to the hospital."

"No!" said the merchant, trying to assume a benevolent look; "to *Mr. Crab's private asylum*. The poor fellow has been a faithful servant of the firm for nearly thirty years, and the least we can do for him is not to abandon him to the hospital in his affliction."

"God bless you, sir!" said the widow, wiping her eyes, for she was struck with admiration at the sentiment: "you have a kind heart, whatever people may say."

"I hope so, my good woman."

Tim's Dick was so deceived by the apparent benevolence of the offer, that he mentally resolved, on the very first occasion, to do justice to the much maligned character of Gilbert Grindem, Esquire.

"There can be no difficulty about the certificate?" said the merchant to the medical man.

"Certainly not," replied the Esculapias.

And he signed it directly, for the *fee was a guinea*.

Under the illusion that he was really arrested for his complicity in some supposed crime, Gridley suffered himself to be dressed and conveyed to the carriage of his master, which was waiting at the door. He seemed suddenly to have become calm—occasionally muttering that he would confess all—"All!" he would repeat, fixing his eyes with a menacing expression upon Grindem—"All!"

"Thank God, it is over!" murmured the merchant, as he descended the narrow staircase of the humble dwelling; "a few minutes more, and even my nerves must have given way!"

Just as he reached the door, the men had succeeded in getting Gridley into the carriage; the medical man, whom he still

persisted in calling an officer of justice, on one side of him, a vacant seat being left for the owner of the vehicle on the other.

"Is there any danger?" he demanded of the surgeon.

"None; I can tame him with a look."

Grindem still hesitated.

"If you prefer it, I will ride in the center, and answer for his safe keeping."

"Well, I certainly should prefer it."

The arrangement was accordingly made. Just as they drove off, Gridley called his friend, Tim's Dick, to the window. The poor fellow obeyed, and advanced from the crowd gathered to witness the departure of the supposed lunatic. Many of the females, especially the widow, were in tears.

"*Keep the papers, Tim!*" whispered Gridley, with a mysterious look; "Keep the papers—they will be of use to me on my trial!"

"All right," exclaimed the weaver, and the carriage drove off.

"Papers!" muttered Grindem to himself; "papers! What papers?" And the wealthy merchant had food for his reflection during his drive to the mad-house.

Mr. Crab, the keeper of the private asylum, was one of those respectable rascals who never commit themselves, even with their accomplices in crime, by unnecessary words—a hint to him was sufficient. He had written a book upon prison discipline—been quoted in the House of Commons—was a great man at parochial meetings—and supposed to be as humane and benevolent, as in reality he was avaricious and cruel. With such a man Grindem was not long coming to an understanding. The price of the patient was regulated upon the most liberal scale; everything passed in the presence of the unsuspecting surgeon; not a word was uttered on either side that did not breathe of humanity and pity; and yet the merchant left the asylum satisfied that it would be long, *very long*, before he was again annoyed by the importunities of his troublesome clerk. Mr. Crab rubbed his hands, and indulged in an extra bottle of wine; the transaction of the morning had put him in spirits. After quietly sipping the ruby draught for some time, with that

peculiar satisfaction which the consciousness of a good or profitable action gives, he rang the bell thrice. It was the signal for the head keeper, a brutal fellow, named Barnes, to attend him. The fellow was almost as great a hypocrite as himself; and ten times more ferocious; for Mr. Crab, unless in very peculiar cases, took no pleasure in the sufferings of the inmates of his establishment. Barnes, on the contrary, experienced a fiend-like pleasure in exciting them to frenzy by his severities.

In a few minutes the fellow entered the apartment.

"Well, Barnes," said his employer, "Have you any report?"

"No, sir; all goes on regularly."

"How is Mowbray?"

"Calm, as usual."

"And Hunter!"

"Strapped down to his bed, sir. I was obliged to give him the discipline! he became quite outrageous this morning, and insisted that he was not mad; asking to see you; and declaring that his brother-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Sharpe, kept him here only to enjoy his fortune."

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Mr. Crab, with a look of sympathy. For he wore a mask even with his underling. "What an extraordinary delusion!"

"Very, sir," said the fellow, with a grin. "As if so pious a man as Mr. Sharpe could be capable of such an act! Of course not—a parson!"

"Or I lend myself to it?"

"Still more unlikely, sir."

"By-the-by, have you seen the new patient?" demanded Mr. Crab.

"The old gentleman who just arrived, sir?"

Crab gave a nod of assent.

"Oh yes, sir, he seems in a bad way."

"Very!"

"Likely to remain long?"

"I should judge so."

"Any particular orders respecting him?"

"No; you will treat him with all humanity."

"Certainly, sir."

"He is an excellent patient—pays well—an extremely interesting case. It will be necessary to prevent his communication with the rest of the people;

solitude will be more beneficial to him than medicine—you understand?"

Barnes nodded his head, with a knowing grin; he was not duped by his master's pretended benevolence, although he chose to appear so.

"Where have you placed him?"

"In the north ward, sir."

"Better remove him to the south, he will be more retired there."

The south was that part of the establishment in which the more outrageous patients were confined; helpless creatures, whose madness was incurable, or whom it was their keeper's interest to make appear so. The cries which came from it—the yells and curses—the despairing shrieks and hopeless blasphemies—were enough to drive any one placed near them mad, even if he were not already so.

"I understand," said Barnes; any visitors allowed?"

"Certainly not."

The fellow smiled; he felt that the old man was to be completely at his mercy.

"In his present state," added his master, "it would only excite him."

"You know best, sir."

"You can occasionally talk with him—listen to his ravings; and if he should utter any thing remarkable, respecting his worthy employer, Mr. Grindem, or his partner, Mr. Small, report it to me."

"Aye, aye."

"Not that I'm curious, but frequently the key to a man's disease," added the worthy Mr. Crab, "may be found in his ravings. And now, my good fellow, take a glass of wine, and away to your duties. I am never easy when you are absent from the establishment. I know that I can trust you."

The fellow filled a glass of the sparkling port, drank it to his employer's health, and left the room without a word, perfectly understanding what was required of him: to keep, if possible, the old clerk in a continued state of excitement, and to be a spy upon all he uttered.

"A useful fellow that, and trustworthy," muttered Mr. Crab as he left the room. "I hate your obtuse beings, to whom it is necessary to speak plainly. Give me the man who understands a

hint, and reads a glance: with such tools I can work my way, and defy the law. Confidence," he added, "is awkward. A wise man's only confederate should be himself."

Our readers can now perfectly understand, from the foregoing conversation, why Mr. Crab was so incensed, when, contrary to his orders, he found poor Gridley in the yard of the mad-house. Although a mere charlatan, as far as medical science was concerned, he had had sufficient experience in his career to know that nothing tends so much to confirm madness as solitude, and listening to the cries of unhappy inmates of a den like the one over which he presided. How often has the wretched being, whom ignorance or design has consigned to the tender mercies of such a system, become an incurable maniac, from being subjected to the treatment we have endeavored to describe!

And yet Mr. Crab was only one of a class—unfortunately there are but too many like him. Had any one proposed to him to become an accomplice in such an act, he would have repelled it with indignation. He was too respectable to run the risk of compromising himself. But as long as the villainy was only understood and not expressed—so long as he was well paid for his connivance—his establishment, which had been cited in the House of Commons as a model for asylums, was at the disposal of any rascal who had a relative to incarcerate, or a victim to conceal—always, of course, providing that it was arranged in a professional way, the medical certificate duly signed, and his responsibility sheltered by its authority.

Our readers will perhaps imagine that this is an overcharged picture; many investigations have proved its truthfulness. Perhaps there is no system which more imperatively demands a thorough revision than the mad-house system, especially where the establishment is private. It is a fearful thing that the certificate of two boys, who have just been sufficiently primed to pass the college, should deprive a human being of liberty, and consign him to horrors of which the world has no conception, and to which the repose of the grave would be a blessing.

## CHAPTER VII.

Fraud may be met with fraud; the cunning man  
Who tramples honesty—o'er reaches worth,  
Is often baffled by the snare he laid.

WHEN Tim's Dick left the cottage, after the interview with his wife, it was with the firm resolution of recovering the papers, by fair means or foul. His honor, as he considered, was at stake; and, poor as he was, the weaver prided himself on being a punctual observer of his word. Beside, his ideas as to the value of the papers had undergone a marked change; he was too shrewd for a moment to suspect that the knowing officer, Mr. Marjoram, had parted with ten pounds on speculation. It was evident that he was employed by the firm of Grindem & Small. "There was mystery, and probably guilt," he argued; "because they are generally found together."

His first intention had been to effect an entrance into Mr. Marjoram's private room at the police court; which he could easily have done, as the window opened into the yard of a brother rabbit-fancier, who had long been courting Tim for a doe of his famous long-eared grays; and, like most men who have a hobby, he would have gone any length to ride it.

Second reflection, however, convinced him that he was wrong; the papers, if not already given up, were most likely upon the officer's person, who having risked so much to obtain them, would not readily trust them from his possession.

Tim, therefore, instead of proceeding to the neighborhood of the police court, as he at first intended, entered a cellar at the bottom of a narrow court near his own residence on Shude Hill. The place was kept by an Irishman named Flanagan, called by the waiters, factory lads, and loose fish who frequented his establishment, for shortness, Flin. Although the place was not altogether disreputable, still Tim did not like to be seen entering it; and nothing but the certitude of meeting the person there, whom, in his emergency, he was most anxious to find, could have induced him to do so.

The room—if the long, low, damp, unwholesome recess might be called so—was lit with gas, which, from the narrowness of the court in which the house

stood, and the smallness of the aperture called a window, *supposed* to admit both light and air, was necessary by day as well as by night. At low, deal tables, ranged near the walls, were seated a promiscuous company of boys and girls, with a sprinkling of men and women, whose appearance denoted that they were not the most reputable portion of society. The beverage generally sold in the cellar was coffee; indeed, it was the only ostensible commerce. But those who were known as *safe parties* by the landlord, could always procure a glass or two of gin, or whisky—which latter, be it understood, had never received the excise-man's permit.

On entering the den, Tim looked round; but it was several minutes before he could discover the object of his search—which was no other than the fellow so well known in Manchester by the name of the Devil's Hack. From the nature of his professional pursuits, the scamp would have been scouted from more respectable society; and that was one reason why he had taken up his abode with Flin. An other was, that he often picked up bits of information, which he communicated to the police, who knew how to turn them to account.

The ruffian changed color as soon as he saw Tim, and shifted about uneasily upon his seat. The little weaver, without taking the least notice of his manner, walked across the cellar, and, drawing a low wooden stool from under the table, sat down beside him.

"So," said he, "still in the same corner?"

"And where should I be?" replied the ruffian, in a tone in which defiance and deference were strangely blended. "I have been driven from every decent tap-room and public-house in the town. Thanks to you," he added, "thanks to you."

"Thanks to your own vicious habits and bad character, which made you prefer acting the part of a spy to honest work."

"And who'd employ me?" demanded the Hack, impatiently pulling away at the dirty short pipe stuck between his teeth. "I have not heard that you have started in business yet," he added, with

a sneer; "so it's no use in applying to you?"

"I am not so sure of that," observed the weaver.

The fellow opened his eyes and looked upon the speaker as if he was not certain that he had heard him rightly; gave an additional puff, but remained silent.

"First," said Tim, "will you answer me?"

"Yes."

"Truly!"

"You *know I must!* exclaimed the man, impatiently; "so what's the use of beating about the bush—you've got the whip-hand of me, and can make me show just what pace you please. So speak out!"

"Has Marjoram been asking you any questions respecting me?"

"Humph! ye—yes."

"I thought as much; what were they?"

"He wanted some thing as an excuse to lay hold of you—to justify a search-warrant or an arrest; but I told him," added the fellow bitterly, "that you were honest—so honest that you would sooner starve—starve with your wife and children—than take from those who can well afford it the means to give them a dinner."

"And you told him rightly," said the weaver, his cheek flushed with honest pride. "Bad laws and oppression may make me poor, but they shall never make me a thief. Consider, Ben, what a pleasant thing it is to be able to walk boldly in the streets, and fear the gaze of no man, instead of slinking like a cur along the by-lanes, as——"

"As I do," interrupted the Hack. "I know—I know."

"I did not say so," observed Tim.

"But you might as well say it as think it."

"And do you know," demanded Tim, fixing his eyes steadfastly upon the man, "why he wanted to get hold upon me?"

"No," replied the fellow, sullenly.

"Do n't thee lie!" said the weaver, in a low, menacing whisper; "do n't thee lie! I'll have the truth from thee, even if I force thee to speak it at the gallows' foot!"

Ben—which was the man's name—

turned deadly pale. With all his caution—for cowards are the most cautious people in the world when their own safety is concerned—he had placed his liberty and probably his life at the speaker's mercy. Twice he attempted to speak, and as often hesitated.

"Out with it—make a clean breast."

"Well, then," he muttered, "I do know,—it was some thing about papers and Squire Grindem."

"I thought so."

"But I told him I knew nought about thee," added the fellow, eagerly.

"Didst say any thing about t'old woman?"

Again the rascal would have prevaricated; but a glance from the speaker—who, it would seem, was in possession of some secret, by means of which he exercised an irresistible influence over him—soon loosened his tongue; and, in his tormentor's own words, he "made a clean breast of it," confessed how he had indirectly suggested to the officer that Tim's wife would be more likely to give up the papers than her husband.

"He has gotten 'em," said Tim, when he had finished.

"Has he?"

"And you must get them back."

"I!" repeated the fellow, in astonishment.

"You!" coolly repeated the weaver.

"How?"

"That's your affair, not mine—your rascality has got you into the scrape—your cunning must get you out of it. All I know," he added, "is, that if by to-morrow morning, at nine o'clock, the papers are not in my possession, you shall answer before a magistrate for the woman who was *found dead* in her bed in the lodging you took for her, and whose pockets, after you had rifled them, you flung into the canal, where I fished them out two years ago."

"But you promised me," said the ruffian, pale with terror.

"And you promised me!" interrupted the weaver, "to amend your evil life."

"You said you were opposed to hanging."

"Humph! not in all cases."

"I'll do it!" said Ben, with a desperate resolution; "I'll do it! Better be

transported for robbing Marjoram than —"

"Hanged for the other," added Tim, finishing the sentence for him. "Wisely decided on."

"If I bring you the papers, you promise me never to say whom you received them from!"

"I promise!"

"I know I may trust you," observed the fellow, doubtfully.

"*You must, Ben, you must!* But come," said the weaver, "I'll not be over hard with you—trust for trust: you bring me back the papers, and I'll give up the pockets, the proof which the coroner said would hang the murderer, if ever they were found."

A gleam of ferocious joy flashed from the eyes of the ruffian, as he listened to the proposition. The threat of the speaker, that he could hang him he well knew was not an idle one; for Tim had seen him throw the missing pockets of the murdered woman into the canal, had fished them up, and had carefully retained them ever since.

Perhaps my readers will demand why Tim, priding himself so much upon his honesty, had not given the culprit up to justice. Had the penalty been any thing *less* than death, he had long since done so; but the little weaver, in his sphere, was both a philosopher and a politician, and was opposed, under any circumstance, to the infliction of capital punishment.

"Where shall I bring the papers, if I succeed;" demanded Ben. "To the house?"

"No."

"Where then?"

"Here."

"Here!" said the fellow, after a pause, in which he seemed to be meditating his enterprise. "Here be it then. At midnight I'll return with them. All that man can do to obtain them I'll do; but should I fail!"

"We shall see, in that case, what is to be done," coolly observed the weaver, rising to leave the place. "Men seldom fail, Ben, who have a stake as deep as yours!"

With these words the speaker quitted the cellar, leaving the man, whose con-



nection with the police made him the secret dread of others, a prey to the terror of his own craven heart. No sooner was he alone than he refilled his pipe, and began puffing vehemently, as if he expected to find a solution of his difficulty by the smoke of the fragrant weed. He had been for some moments thus occupied when Flanagan, the landlord, entered from the inner room, or division of the cellar, which was only separated from the outward one by a thin partition of lath and plaster. Without speaking a word, he took his pipe from his waistcoat, filled it, lit it, and began pulling away at the same rate as his lodger, who could not help thinking that there was some thing unusual in his bearing.

"Flin," said the lodger, after a pause, "give me a glass of whisky!"

"Do you want it to give you courage?" said the man; for you look as queer as if you had *just been accused of murder!*"

"Murder!" repeated Ben.

Their eyes met, and the wretched man saw at a glance that he was in the power of another task-master! The landlord had overheard every word which passed between him and the weaver.

"You listened?"

Flin nodded, as much as to say, of course, he did.

There was another pause; the two men continued to smoke, all the while eyeing each other, as if to speculate upon their respective strength.

"What do you intend to do?" demanded the landlord.

"Get the papers, if I can, or——"

"Or what?" said Flin, fixing an inquiring glance upon him.

The fellow paused; he was like a man who had been suddenly stunned by a violent blow. He looked hopelessly at his interrogator, and burst into tears. We have already stated that he was a cur in heart, whom lack of courage alone prevented from becoming as dangerous to society as the most expert thief or daring cracksmen of the day. Flin saw that in the present state he should not be able to mold him to his purpose—for he had a purpose—so rising from his stool, he reached his hand into the little sideboard by the fire-place, and drew forth a bottle of whisky, which he always kept at

hand for his more favored customers. Filling a couple of glasses, he pushed one toward the trembling wretch and tossed the other off to his health, saying:

"Drink, man, it will put life into your heart."

Ben did as he was desired, and mechanically drank it off.

"And now," said the landlord, "listen to me. *I know all!* The papers which Marjoram has been so eager to obtain, and which Tim's Dick threatened you to recover, are of value."

"I suppose so," sighed the wretched man.

"I am sure so; or Grindem and Company would not be so eager to obtain them."

"Granted."

"We may as well make money by them as Marjoram!"

"Yes."

"Or Tim's Dick?"

"Yes."

"You must obtain them," continued Flin, "from the officer, and bring them here."

"But how am I to obtain them?"

"That," continued the landlord "is your affair, as your friend just now observed; only they *must be got*. *I*" he added, "*have no scruples about hanging, if the weaver has: the papers once in our possession—leave me to ascertain the value of them.*"

"And Tim?" said the spy.

"Can easily be managed—he is sure to come *alone*. By midnight all my customers will be gone. You have lived here a long time, Ben," he added, "but you do n't know *all* the secrets of the cellar."

After taking another glass of the fiery beverage, Ben buttoned up his coat and started for the police-office, concocting, on his way, an excuse for asking an interview with the officer, Mr. Marjoram, who was busily engaged in his private room, inspecting the letters, when one of his subordinates announced that the Hack, as he was familiarly called, was anxious to speak with him.

"I am busy," said the great man, with an air of impatient dignity; "Can't see any one—not even the town clerk."

"Shall he wait?"

"No—yes—what the deuce do I care whether he waits or not? he can do as he pleases; leave me, and mind, I am not to be interrupted again."

"Busy with the papers," muttered Ben, as he received the message; and he felt reassured at the thought, for it confirmed his hopes that they were not out of his possession. "I shall have them yet."

Being well known to the officials, he was allowed to lounge carelessly about the establishment, no one deeming it worth his while either to watch or take notice of his whereabouts. In the course of a short time he found himself in a little yard at the back of the office, into which the window of the room where Marjoram was writing, opened. Directly opposite to it were a row of narrow cells, for the temporary accommodation of prisoners while waiting for examination, or previous to their being removed to prison. In one of these he contrived adroitly to hide himself, and from the crevice of the half-shut door, watch what was going on in the interior.

His old employer seemed deeply absorbed in the perusal of some papers on the desk before him, which Ben doubted not were the missing ones. Occasionally the worthy functionary rubbed his hands with glee, as if he rejoiced in some important discovery; at other moments looked puzzled and amazed.

"If he can't make them out, I know of no one who can!" muttered the spy to himself. "I wish he would only leave them for a moment—I wish he would leave them!"

The wish was no sooner formed, than fortune, as if resolved to indemnify him for the terrors he had undergone, realized it. From the place of his concealment he saw one of the clerks enter the room; knew, by the motion of his lips, that he was saying some thing—probably announcing the arrival of the magistrate whose duty it was to sit and hear night charges; certain it must have been some one of importance; for the pompous Mr. Marjoram, after a gesture of impatience, locked the letters in the desk, placed the key on a nail over the chimney-piece, on which his watch was hanging, and left the room.

To dart from his concealment, force open the window, unlock the desk, and secure the papers was the work of an instant. Concealing them in the linings of his hat, he retreated by the way he came, carelessly smoking his pipe, by way of concealing his embarrassment. Marjoram, who had been detained a minute or two, by one of the officers, in his way to the magistrate's room, encountered him, and being in an ill humor, hastily asked how he dare take such a liberty as to smoke in the office.

"I beg your pardon; I only——"

"You only! Turn him out!" said the great man. "I wonder why you permit such a fellow to come lounging about the place."

"He asked to see you, sir," replied one of the men.

"I have no time now," angrily answered his superior. "When he has any intelligence, let him give it to the clerks. What will the magistrates say if they smell the fumes of a pipe in the office?"

With these words the speaker hurried on to the place where he was waited for: and Ben, to his no small relief, was quickly turned into the street.

It was a fortunate thing for the ruffian that the robbery had been effected with such extraordinary rapidity; for when, an hour after his departure, Marjoram discovered it, his first suspicion fell upon Ben.

"No, no—hang the fellow! it could not have been him! I had not left the room more than two minutes when I met him in the hall, and ordered him out of the office. It must be some one in the establishment."

All was confusion in the police-office. The disappointed Marjoram raved and swore, but all in vain; the men were searched—still the papers were not forthcoming.

"Outwitted," he exclaimed, "by heavens! A thousand pounds at the very least! What do I say—a thousand? Five! ten! clean out of my pocket! Which of the parties can it be—Grindem or Small? They think of fooling me! We shall see—we shall see!"

It was near midnight. One or two customers lingered in Flin's cellar, much to the dissatisfaction of its tenant, who

on this occasion was extremely anxious to get rid of them. Not knowing what might possibly occur, he did not wish that either Tim's Dick or the Devil's Hack should be seen entering his establishment.

At length, after repeated hints as to the lateness of the hour, to his great relief, the last rose to depart. As he mounted the narrow steps which led into the court, he encountered the weaver, who arrived to keep his rendezvous with Ben. They happened to be old pals, who had not seen each other for some time.

"How be 'st, Hall?" said the weaver. "How is Sarah and the gals?"

"Kindly, thank 'ee."

"Good night!"

"Good night!"

These simple words, "good night," saved the unconscious weaver's life. Certain it is that, but for the accidental encounter of his friend upon the steps, he had never left the cellar alive. Not only was every thing prepared for his death, but the unhallowed grave already dug for his interment.

"Curse him," muttered Flin, between his teeth. "He has the devil's own luck of it! No matter—we must keep him prisoner instead!"

Tim called for a cup of coffee, and lit his pipe, to while away the time till Ben's arrival. He did not keep him long in expectation, for scarcely had the bell of the college church struck midnight, than his heavy step was heard descending. The landlord saw, by a glance, that he had been successful, and closed and fastened the door at the stairs' head after him.

"Well," said Tim, "have you got the papers?"

"I have," replied Ben, holding them out to view.

"And there," cried the weaver, "is the proof I promised you—so we are quits. I am wrong, perhaps, in the eyes of men, in thus making a trafficking with justice; but my heart acquits me."

He held out the fearful proofs of Ben's crime in his right hand, at the same time extending his left to receive the papers. No sooner was the exchange made, than Flin, who had slipped off his

shoes, that his approach might not be heard, struck him on the head with a sand-bag from behind. Tim's Dick fell without a groan.

"You have murdered him!" said Ben.

"No I aint," replied the ruffian; "I've only stunned him. We must cage him for a short time."

"I'll have no hand in it."

"You must; or I will call the police, and accuse you of an attempt upon his life. The proofs of the former murder committed by you are in your hands."

"Any thing. Do with me as you please."

"I knew you'd be reasonable," said the landlord. "But come, first convey the wounded bird to its cage, and then to examine the papers."

Raising the body of the unfortunate weaver between them, they conveyed it to the inner recess of the cellar, from which a door, artfully concealed behind Flin's bed, conducted to a low, damp, vault, which was entered by a ladder.

"He will take no harm there!" observed the ruffian, as he closed the door. "The cool air will revive him. Now, then, for the papers."

#### CHAPTER VIII.

Life, from the cradle to the grave,  
Is but a tissue of disappointment,  
Blighted hopes, and broken promises—  
Ending in death.

At the expiration of the second week of poor Richard Lawrence's holiday, it became evident to all but the invalid himself, that his days were numbered—that the angel of death was hovering round him—that he was already overshadowed by its wing. It is frequently, nay, almost invariably, the character of consumption, that its victim is totally unaware of his danger, and full of confidence and hope, even when the film of approaching dissolution has already clouded the eye, and the pulsations of the heart are numbered.

Amy and her mother were not deceived; they saw their only stay daily and hourly sinking to an untimely grave; and the pang—the bitter pang—it caused them to dissemble, was a trial as severe as the anticipation of their approaching loss.

Henry Beacham was a constant visitor to the house. Between him and Richard an explanation had taken place, and the mind of the dying man was perfectly at ease respecting the future prospects of his sister. Amy, whose happiness would have been complete could she have persuaded herself that her brother would have been spared to witness it; but his pale cheek and shortened breath gave the lie to hope, and bade her despair.

The widow, alone, was without consolation; her heart was blighted; her happiness, which time and long care had centered in her son, was, she foresaw, about to receive a shock from which it never could recover. Her husband's image was about to be torn from the shrine, once more, where memory had garnered it up, together with those feelings which, like the flower once faded, knows no second spring.

"Half my holiday has expired," observed Richard, with a sigh, as he reclined on his easy chair, surrounded by those objects which on earth were most dear to him—his mother, friend, and sister. "If I am not stronger, I at least am more tranquil, and the burning fever on my chest, which has so long drunk up my blood, is cooled. I have not felt for months so free from pain as I have felt this night."

His mother's heart felt heavy at the words; she had too long watched by the side of her sick husband's bed, not to know that the ease which gave hope to the sufferer, was the forerunner of approaching death.

Amy tried to smile. She dared not trust herself to speak, lest tears should drown her words; and she too well remembered the ill effects produced by the last ebullition of feeling upon the exhausted frame of the speaker, to hazard a second weakness. Henry alone found courage to reply, by a few cheering words, which his sober reason mocked at; for, like the others, he was without hope.

"When we are nearer related," continued Richard, smiling, "you, Henry, shall direct our establishment, and I will be your clerk—I'll work; you shall see how I will work for you and Amy. I have not been an idle servant, even when

in the employ of those whom I could not love; for you, I'll wear my fingers to the bone—my pen to the nib. I am sure you will be successful."

"I hope so."

"I am sure so," continued the speaker; "if ever integrity and honor insured success, you can not fail. I intend," he added, "to retire to rest early to-night; I feel not fatigued, but inclined to sleep. Sing, Amy—sing the last song I bought you."

"Which?"

"The 'Good Night;' I should like to hear it ere I retire to rest."

Good-night—good-night! how sweetly sounds  
That kind familiar parting prayer,  
When kindred hearts are gathered round,  
And those we love are smiling near.

Good-night—good-night! it marks old Time,  
His daily race at last has run;  
The dial's hand—the household chime—  
To tell man's hour of toil is done.

Good-night—good-night! how sweetly fall  
The whispered words on childhood's ear;  
How oft will after days recall  
The mother's kiss—the mother's tear.

Good-night! it is the heart's farewell!  
It hath a feeling soft and sleek,  
A dulcet chord, a silver spell,  
Which haunts us even in our sleep.

"Hush!" whispered the anxious mother, as Amy terminated the song; "he sleeps."

Amy cast an anxious look toward the chair.

Conversation was carried on in low whispers, for fear of disturbing the invalid. The fear was a vain one; his gentle spirit had passed away while his sister was singing—passed, without a single struggle, from the earth, which had been to the sufferer but a path of thorns.

Beacham was the first to perceive it.

Sinking on his knees, he drew Amy beside him, and prayed, in a voice broken with emotion, for strength to the widowed mother's heart, fortitude to the brotherless girl, who first learned from the voice of him she loved, the fatal loss she had sustained. Who, but a mother, who has been bereaved of her first hope, can paint the agony of a mother's heart? Who, but a sister, who has seen the brother to whom she looked up with

pride and affection, torn away, can imagine a sister's sorrow? To attempt painting the widow's and Amy's would be a task beyond our strength. We draw a veil over the misery which language wants words to paint—over sorrows, which are too sacred to be exposed to the gaze of the world.

"I was right," said Small, on the following morning, when he informed his partner of the event; "Richard Lawrence has not outlived the month. Carrey was a prophet."

"Unfortunately for the widow and her daughter," answered Grindem, whose heart felt a pang of repentance on hearing of the death of the young man, whose days the possession of the fortune of which he had deprived him might have prolonged. "Where is my nephew?" he added.

"Oh, still at the widow's."

"He is right," said Gilbert. "They were friends."

"Friends!" muttered Small, as he closed the door and made the best of his way to the outward office. "Humph! Gridley mad, Lawrence dead, and Grindem in a fit of benevolence! There is a mystery! decidedly there is a mystery!"

A week afterward the remains of Richard Lawrence were consigned to their final resting-place, by the side of his father, in the village church-yard of Rosendale. No pompous ceremony graced his interment—no train of mourners—

Bearing about the mockery of woe.

One only followed! Henry Beacham—the friend of his youth, the playmate of his childhood, and the affianced husband of his sister! The tear which fell upon the earth which covered him, was an epitaph more honorable than many a verse by poet writ, or lying herald framed! Peace to his remains!

(To be continued.)

ONE of the most painful feelings the heart can know, is to learn the unworthiness of a person who has hitherto shared our good opinion and protection; we are at once mortified at our mistaken judgment, and wounded in our affections.

## THE OLDEN TIME.

BY ROB. MORRIS, K. T.

GIVE me the faith my fathers had,  
When home-worn ties they cast,  
In stern contempt for ever back,  
Like chaff upon the blast.

These prayers, lip-measured, leave me  
chill,

As icy fount sends icy rill;  
No passion bidding nature start—  
No fire struck out to warm the heart—  
There's nothing here to make me glad  
Give me the faith my fathers had.

A patriot now is bought and sold,  
For price, but render me  
The hopes that braced the hearts of old,  
My fathers' liberty.

What's fine-drawn speech and wordy war!  
A candle-ray to freedom's star!  
The hand to hilt, the sword abroad,  
The flag to heaven, the heart to God,  
These are the tokens I would see—  
Give me my fathers' liberty.

Give me my fathers' walk below:  
No artful mind was theirs,  
To compass kindred hearts about,  
With treachery and snares.  
No nets of artifice they spread  
To lure the innocent to tread;  
Life's blessings all they freely shared,  
Life's fear they boldly met and dared—  
A blameless life, a death sublime,  
These were the things of olden time.

Give me the friendships that entwined,  
The upright trunks of yore;  
The tendrils that so sweetly vined  
A beauty and a power.

My heart is sad to think this earth,  
With all its joy, with all its mirth,  
Has lost the chain our fathers wove,  
The chain of holy, holy love,—  
Has lost the path our fathers trod,  
The path that led them up to God.

Oh then bring back the palmy days,  
Of innocence and truth,  
When honesty was in its prime,  
And selfishness in youth.

When man allowed to man his place—  
When probity unbared its face—  
When justice poised an equal scale—  
And faith sang through the dying wail.  
Away this age of care and crime,  
Give me the days of olden time!

LIVING AMERICAN MASONIC WRITERS.



HON. GILES F. YATES, OF NEW YORK.

*Prince of Jerusalem ; P. P. F. M. R. Cross, H-R-D-M, and of Kilwinning ; P. S. G. Commander of the Sup. G. Council S. G. I. G. 33d (and last) Deg. of said Rite ; Dep. Gr. Ins. Gen. of O. S. of 1761, etc.*

THE respected brother, a good engraving of whose features we here give, is considered among the first masonic students and writers in America. To a nice perception of the pure and the beautiful he joins an amount of classical knowledge that enables him to command ideas unapproachable by the less profound or scholastic. And thus aided, he has donated more of his time and attention to what may be called the classics of Freemasonry and its appendant rites and orders than it is believed has been bestowed by any other of our masonic writers.

From his productions in the American

Masonic Quarterly Review, to which he is a regular contributor, may be gathered a good idea of his style; which is graceful, learned, correct, and finished, evincing in every paragraph the profound scholar and ready writer. But, at will, suppressing this faculty of exhibiting learning in a captivating manner, he can write smoothly and joyously as the meandering of purling pebbly brooks through meadows odorous with the smell of new mown hay and sweet briar, and charm, with his quiet gentle humor, the most earnest into following him.

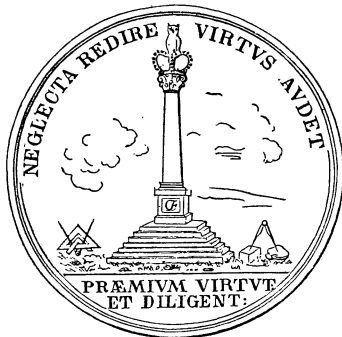
May he long be spared to give dignity and grace to masonic authorship.

## MASONIC SYMBOLOGY.

WE conclude our article upon this subject, began in the March Number, by the exhibition of several more medals, copied from the same work.

The Lodge St. Charles de la Concorde, at Brunswick, established in 1770 in memory of its M. W. Protector, Duke Charles of Brunswick, an institute for instructing four poor young men in the French tongue, mathematics, drawing, history and geography. When the three lodges of that Grand Orient, viz: St. Charles de la Concorde, Charles de l'Indissoluble Fraternité, and Jonathan of the Pillar, united themselves, in 1773, into one lodge, the number of pupils was raised to twelve.

The Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick



caused a medal to be made for distribution among the best pupils of this institution, which is still extant, but only used now for instruction in mechanics and drawing. This medal, of which a copy is given, is worn by the pupils on a blue ribbon. The dies are yet in the possession of the lodge.

The *obverse* represents a pillar standing upon the seven steps of the liberal arts, ornamented with a ducal hat or crown, on which is an owl, the symbol of Industry and science. On the pedestal are the initials of the Dukes of Brunswick, Charles and Ferdinand.

The *reverse* shows an open country, illumined by the rays of the sun, with a stream flowing through it. Thus a young man should be heated through by the rays of science, and at the same

time, like the limpid brook, preserve his purity of heart.

The members of the Masonic Brotherhood at Hildersheim, among them Bro. Schubart Von Dem Kleeferde, united themselves together in 1762 for the formation of a lodge. On the 24th Nov., 1762, they received a Charter from the Provincial Grand Lodge at Hamburg, and commenced their labors Dec. 27, under the title, "Port of Eternity."

Jan. 24, 1775, a second lodge was established in the Orient Hildersheim by permission of the Grand Lodge of Germany, at Berlin, which took the name, "Frederick of the temple;" and when, in the year 1812, the first-named lodge celebrated its semi-centennial jubilee, the latter presented it with the annexed medal.

On the *obverse* the original seal, lately



changed, of the lodge "Port of Eternity," is seen, with the inscriptions; and on the *reverse* the seal of the lodge "Frederick of the Temple."

The seal of the latter has a cassia tree near a Temple, which stands upon seven Pillars. Three steps lead to this Temple, whose cupola is crowned with the emblems of death. On both sides of the temple are the words in Hebrew, "The magnificence of the world." Its inscription—not seen in our copy—is, "Die dank baren Soehne des stillen Tempels. Am Jubeltage den. 27 Dec. 5812." The inscription upon the former is, "Der Maurerischen Morgenroethe I. O. V. Hildesheim. In der stamm L. Pforte zur Ewigkeit am. 27 Dec. 5762."

Duke Maximilian Julius Leopold, of Brunswick, born Oct. 10, 1752, was edu-

cated by the Abbot of Jerusalem. He traveled in Italy under the guidance of Lessing, and, in 1776, entered the Prussian service as Major General and chief of a regiment.

In 1772, by command of his father, he became a mason and took the name A FALCE AUREA. Afterward he wielded the First Gavel in the lodge "Faithful Hearth," at Frankfort, on the Oder.

Here he established a Military School, which he maintained out of his own funds, and whose continuance was afterward secured by transfer of his property after death. He was a man, in the fullest and noblest sense of the term, and even sacrificed his own life in rescuing the lives of others, for he perished in the roaring floods of the river Oder, on the 27th April, 1785. The lodge whose guide he was for many years



preserved his memory by a monument erected near the spot where, as a saving genius, he ended his life. Chodowiecki used his pencil to represent him at the moment in which he trusted his life to a faithless boat.

The medal shows on the *obverse*, not given in our copy, his portrait with the inscription Herzog Maximilian Julius Leopold.

On the *reverse* is the mother leaning upon the Broken Column, mourning for the Prince and the Mason, the Commander and the Philanthropist.

The lodge "True Harmony," at Schweidnitz, celebrated July 14, 1813, the Festival of her quarter century existence, and in remembrance of the event caused a medal to be made.

The *reverse*, which we give, shows two

Pillars, between which the sun, moon and stars are shining, and over which is a chain; to their right is a Level; to the left a Square. The motto, not given in our copy, is "D. xiv Julii, ccccccxxxiii, vollendete xxv Jahre d' Lodge, Z. W. Eintracht im Schweidnitz."

The lodge "True Union," in Schweidnitz, which was constituted on the 14th July, 1788, by the Grand Lodge of Prussia, called "Royal York zur Freundschaft," (to friendship,) celebrated its fiftieth anniversary on the 14th of July, 1838, and had the accompanying medal cast in iron upon this occasion. The *obverse* contains the arms of their Masonic Hall, with the superscription, "Zor Wahren Eintracht." On the *exergue* is the name of the maker. The *reverse* shows, first, the day of the founding of this lodge, then the day of festival,



with the names of the Masters then acting.

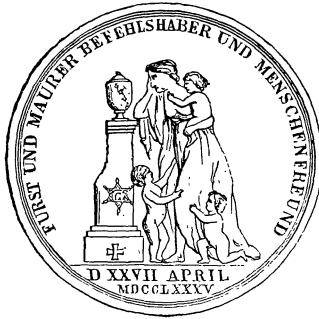
In the year 1779, negotiations already commenced concerning a nearer connection between the lodge "Stricten Observanz," represented by the Duke Ferdinand, of Brunswick—*egues a victoria*—and those Lodges united by the Grand Lodge of Holland, under the guidance of their Protector, Prince Frederick, of Hesse Kassel,—*egues a septem Sagittis*,—who was accepted into the masonic union on the 28th of Dec., 1777, at Frankfort on the Main.

These negotiations ended in a treaty formed on the 18th, 19th and 20th of March, 1781, and signed by both princes.

In remembrance of this alliance, Bro. Schaasberg presented the Grand Lodge



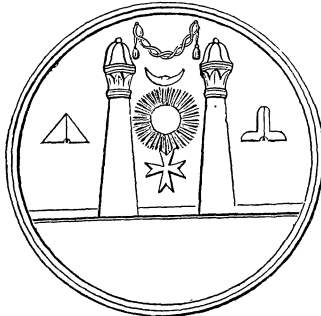
of Holland the following medal, made by himself. The *obverse* shows two pillars united by a ribbon. A white horse (the arms of the house of Brunswick) rests against the pillar on the left, behind which rises a palm tree on the shield of the eques a victoria.



Against the pillar on which the union with seven arrows is seen, the Hessian lion rests; on each pillar are the initials of both princes, irradiated by the sun, in which are the initials of the words "Magnus superior templorum."

Johann Christian Anton Theden, born September 13, 1714, died as Royal Prussian Head Surgeon of the Army, on the 21st Oct., 1793, in the eighty-third year of his age. His practical experience in surgery, and his manifold writings on that science, furnish adequate proof of the untiring ardor with which he devoted himself to his profession.

In the years 1765, and 1767, he was



Honorable Master of the lodge "Concord," in Berlin, and known in the "Strict Observance," as eques a Tarda, and among the Rose Croix Masons as

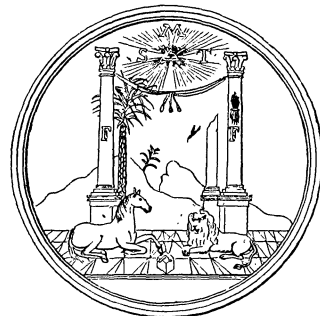
Frater Master, but acknowledged by all to be a zealous and active brother.

The medal presented to him by his brethren, is given next page. The *obverse* contains a pillar, around which the serpent of Esculapius has entwined itself, and on the top of which is the



Centaur Chiron; at the foot masonic implements are lying. The name of the engraver, Abrahamson, and July 27th, 1787, will be observed in the *exergue*. The *reverse* contains the following inscription, in thirteen lines: "J. C. A. Theden, Royal Prussian Head Surgeon, born Sept. 13, 1714, celebrated his fiftieth jubilee of office, surrounded by masons who would never lose him from their midst, if gratitude and love could prolong his life."

The military surgeons, also, all united in presenting their chief with a medal, out of reverence and gratitude for the signal services rendered by him to sci-



ence and his country. Although this medal did not proceed from masons, it was presented to a mason, who, for nearly half a century, had worked, un-

ceasingly, for the purposes of our union; it is described as follows: *Obverse* presents a bust with the inscription, Joh. Chas. Ant. Theden, First Royal Prussian Head Surgeon." *Reverse* shows a wreath of oak, surrounding the words, "God created the Physician, and kings honor

Master, and Bro. Baron Charles Van Boetzelar as his Deputy.

At the second Assembly, which occurred Dec. 18th of the next year, they accepted certain laws for the government of the Craft, which remained in force even until 1818, when the new General Laws for the government of the lodges

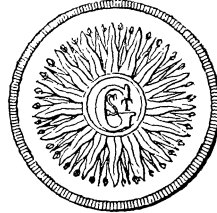


him." The *exergue* has, "On his jubilee of office, from the Royal Prussian Surgeons, July 27th, 1787."

As early as the year 1731, Freemasonry was diffused in Holland, for in that year Phillippi Dormer Stanhope, afterward Count of Chesterfield, English Ambassador at the Hague, received Duke Francis of Lothringen, afterward Emperor of Germany, into the Masonic Fraternity. Ever since that period we find lodges in the Netherlands, despite the edicts of Nov. 30, 1735, and even Grand Officers, though the latter did not regularly assemble for the opening of Grand Orient until Dec. 27, 1756; at which date the lodge "Union Royal" appointed a General Assembly of the Deputies of the thirteen lodges then in existence at the Hague.



At this Assembly, Bro. Louis Dagrán, one of the oldest masons in Holland, presided; Bro. A. N. Van Aerssen Beyeren Van Hogenherde was elected Grand

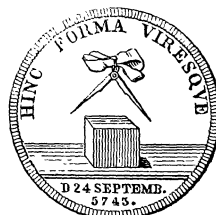


were accepted. On the 6th of August, Count Christian Frederick Anson Von Bentink was elected Grand Master, and the preceding sketched Medal was made. From that day the Grand Lodge of the Netherlands dates its actual existence.

The *obverse* shows us a temple illumined by rays from the masonic star, and surrounded by the three known lights. In front of it is a fountain, which with its fertilizing waters moisten the seven steps. In the foreground are the two Pillars not unknown to masons; while at the foot of the steps the rough and perfect Ashlar are seen. On the latter burns a torch, to which Psyche is flying, as a symbol of immortality.

The *reverse* gives us the object of this Medal. The inscription—not seen in our copy—is, "Liberorum qui In Regno Hollandiae Sunt Caementariorum Soldatio Festiva Dimidio Peraito Saeculo Dies Illvxit vidcccviii."

As early as the year 1740 there exist-



ed a clandestine Lodge at Hamburg, whose members, though wanting a regular Charter, used to convene together to promote the interests of masonry. The brethren of this lodge finally assembled

at Hamburg, on the 24th of Sept., 1743, and upon application to the Provincial Grand master of Nether Saxony, Bro. Luttman, received a Constitutional Patent.

Their Lodge is enrolled in the Register of the Grand Lodge of England as No. 128, under date Sept. 24, 1743, and as-



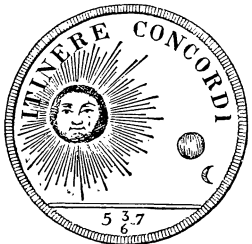
sumed the name of *St. George*, Emperor's Court, Hamburg. The first master was Bro. Molinie.

At the consecration of this lodge a Medal was struck, containing on the *obverse* the symbol Gsr. in the rays of the sun. On the *reverse* a perfect Ashlar appears, above which an open Compass is suspended by a ribbon inscribed, *Hinc forma viresque*, "From this come form and power."

At the close of The Seven Years War, in 1763, a large number of the Swedish Masons assembled in Harmony Lodge (extinguished since 1777) at Stralsund.

In commemoration of this convocation, Harmony Lodge caused the Medal above given to be struck and distributed among the brethren.

On the *obverse*, the Sun and Moon illuminate the earth, and distribute a

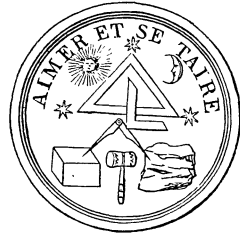


higher spiritual light to the brethren returning from distant lands to their native country.

The *reverse* presents the heraldic bearings of *Harmony Lodge*, displayed upon the surface of the sun. They are sur-

rounded by Masonic Jewels and crowned with the symbol of liberty.

The Margrave Christian Frederick Charles Alexander, of Brandenburg-Anspach, the first of those sovereigns who, in the year 1766, at his castle at Wassertrudingen, entered the Strict Ob-



servance under the name, *A Monimento*, was Protector and Member of the lodge of *The Three Stars*, at Anspach, which placed his name, *Alexander*, in token of esteem, as a prefix to that of their Lodge. On his twenty-third birthday, the brothers of this now quiescent lodge presented their M. W. Grand Master the Medal, of which a copy is here given.

The front signifies by an inscription, not given in our copy, the occasion of this Brotherly donation, viz: *Iour de naissance du Ser. Gr. Maitre ALEXANDRE Marg. de Brand. celebre des Francs Masons a Anspac ce 24 Fevr., 1759.*

The *reverse* presents masonic symbols, declaring that the true allegiance which masons yield to the Ancient Landmarks they must be as ready to bestow upon sovereign government.

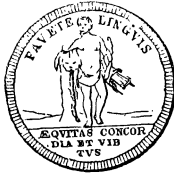
Christopher Martia Wieland, born at Oberholzhelm, near Bieberach, on the 5th



Sept., 1733; died at Jena, on the 20th Jan., 1813; entered the masonic union in the 76th year of his age, and received the three masonic initiations in the lodge "*Amalia yâ Weimar*," on the 1st, 2d and 3d of April, 1809.

Weiland expressed his ideas on the nature and aim of masonry, on the anniversary of that lodge, Oct. 24, 1809.

This lodge presented him with the above medal, on his 80th birthday, as one of the greatest among the German literati, and whom they felt proud to call one of themselves.



The *obverse* shows a correct likeness of himself, with the simple inscription "Weiland."

The *reverse* exhibits a sphinx holding the mysterious triangle, and surrounded by a wreath of roses, and the inscription "dem 80 Geburtstage die Loge Amalia—Weimar am 5 September, 1812."

We close our collection with a copy and description of the oldest Masonic Medal extant—the famous "Freemason's Ducat," which appeared at Brunswick, in 1743.

Harpocrates, the god of Silence, who, as the son of Isis and Osiris, stands at the entrance of many Egyptian and Roman temples, is exhibited on the *obverse*, leaning on a pillar, over which a lion's skin, covered with bees, is cast. On his left arm he sustains a cornucopia, out of which masons' implements are falling. This is a true copy of his statue, the property of the lodge *Charles of the Crowned Pillar*, at Leipsig. The inscription is, *Favete linguis*, and the words below point to those qualities which a mason should strive sedulously to acquire.

The *reverse* shows some building stones, over which are suspended a level, held by an arm appearing from a cloud. The inscription is from the first ode, third book of Horace.

PEOPLE frequently reject great truths, not so much for want of evidence, as for want of an inclination to search for it.

WE are never so jealous of the respect of others as when we have forfeited our own.

HOW BROTHER BOB WHITE GOT LECTURED.

BY ROB. MORRIS.

BRO. BOB WHITE, or, as we call him in the Lodge, *Robert Ebenezer Flake White*, had got his first degree and liked it, as himself declared, "right smart." In fact, to pursue his own phraseology, "It rather took his persimmon"—or, to vary the figure with another of his happy comparisons, "It wed his *ingun* patch clean out." By all such expressions we understand his approval of Freemasonry in general, and that portion of it learned on the ground floor of king Solomon's Temple in particular.

It is whispered, however, that Bob had stretched his verity a little when he declared in his petition "that he had long entertained a favorable opinion of Freemasonry." Certain it is he had read Bernard, Morgan, and Crafts, as found in the library of Rev. Zerubbabel Cash, the hard-shelled Baptist pastor of Corcoe Church; and 't is very unlikely that the man who peruses that trio with the hard-shell faith, (Bob had been himself a hard-shell of the stoniest sort,) 't is very unlikely, we say, that his opinion of masonry could be any thing but hostile. Be that as it may, however, Bob petitioned, was elected, forked over, and was initiated, as we remarked in the very first paragraph of this sketch.

His initiation, (or as Bob, who is not a classical scholar, pronounced the word *inishooashun*,) being complete, Bob became free to acknowledge that the thing was n't wasted, what he had expected. It was better, a *heap*,—more solemn, more impressive—in its moral bearings, more like Bible teachings, which to Bob's credit, he it observed, he especially delighted in. What he could gather from once hearing the lectures, pleased him so well that he determined to get the sensation duplicated as soon as possible; and the very next day after his *inishooashun* aforesaid, he started out for that purpose. His adventures in the quest will form a solid foundation for this veritable article.

Bob's appearance as a traveler was not impressive. Brought up under the

severest requisitions of *home manufactures*, he thought no pantaloons so comfortable, no coat and vest so elegant, as those made of wool clipped from sheep raised on his own land—said wool being spun and woven by his own wife's hands—said garment cut and sewed by the same. Following this line of political faith, Bob's hat was necessarily of the manufacture of Tom Looby, of Loobyville, close by, who (not to be guilty of slandering a brother mason) knows nothing of Genin or Oakford—his tools acknowledged the workmanship of Coney, Mrs. Smith's nigger, and the rest of his wardrobe corresponded. However a man's politics or his purse may be strengthened by it, his appearance is not improved by this style of dress, especially where, as in Bob's case, the craftsmen—to-wit: Mrs. White, Tom Looby, and the nigger Coney, are but dabsters at the art.

Bob rode a mule. Glorifying in a stomach that knew nothing of neuralgia, and a temper even as a Quaker's, he could bear with the animal's infirmities without a token of impatience. Thus mounted, thus dressed, see him, then, on his way to get lectured.

First to Past Master Sloane's. Not at home. Nobody is ever at home in the country. Either they are in the field at work, or in the woods hunting, or out borrowing something of their neighbors. The P. M. was engaged in the latter vocation, and Bob followed him to Parvin's, whither he had gone to borrow a file. Arrived there, he took Sloane down into the spring-house, three hundred yards from any where, looked cautiously around on all sides, and told him his business. P. M. Sloane colored up to the eyes, hesitated, blundered, prevaricated, and, finally, came out with the humiliating confession that *he was too rusty*. Had n't conferred a degree in five years. Couldn't attend lodge regularly. Go to Bro. Hamburg's.

Bob was dampened. What! a Past Master not able to give the lectures! Why, they told him the night before that the master of a lodge was the representative of king Solomon, and had *all* the light! and here was Bro. Sloane, the very man who organized the lodge only six years before, and after whom the

lodge had been named, without *any* light! Discouraging. Bob asked, suppose he was going to travel, how would he pass himself? To which the rusty brother pettishly replied, he did n't expect to travel any more! Whereat Bob sawed him off with the inquiry, how would he examine a visiting brother who should call on him for that purpose? And the P. M. was prudent enough to make no reply.

Astride his mule again, Bob took a bee-line for Bro. Hamburg's. This brother had once been a pillar in his lodge. First at the hall at every meeting, he was known to be efficient for any post in which he was placed; the last to leave the hall, he was the enlightened center of a circle that remained for instruction's sake for hours after the lodge was closed. But Brother Hamburg had become a changed man. In a journey to another State, he had fallen in with a green sprout from the masonic tree, whose fruitage was not of the old graft. How it ever came to pass that the sound branch was thus engrafted, we have in other places, and often, tried to tell. So it is, the enlightened eye can detect these *foreign sprouts* amid the foliage. But Bro. Hamburg was deluded, ate of the clandestine fruit, was gratified with its, to us, insipid flower, and from that moment his masonic usefulness was gone. He came home professing, like Eve, "that his eyes were opened, knowing good from evil."—(Genesis iii: 5.) He approached his brethren as an innovator. He declared masonry was naked and needed covering; and, to set the example, he had sewed for himself fig leaves and tied them around him. To drop the allegory, he preached "improvement in the masonic system—improvement in the lectures—improvement in the work—improvement in the grammar—improvement even in the means of masonic recognition!" He became troublesome to his brethren in consequence and a clique-leader. Imagine Bob's astonishment, then, when on approaching Bro. Hamburg, to get the same lectures, he received, instead, a tirade against the work, as the lodge was practicing it, and a recommendation to Bob "to pay no attention to it, but acquire it on the improved

plan!" The staggered neophyte yet shrewdly inquired, how will masons in other States know us, then, if we adopt a new way? To which it was responded, "Our way is so much better than theirs, they will soon acquire it." But in the mean time? "In the mean time we shall be engaged in a good work, that of perfecting the glorious system of masonry, conforming it to the improved age in which we live, bringing it up to the standard of other affiliated societies, supplying the vacant links in it, and furnishing to the world some thing that is the acme of all that is glorious, fraternal, and pure!" Has the Grand Lodge adopted this work? "No; but they will." Are you not afraid the old masons will oppose it? "Let them do it. In a few years they will be out of the way!"

Bob rode off to Brother Haszard, the Junior Warden. It was six miles distant and the day was cold, but Bob felt not the air, nor thought a moment of the miles. He was brooding over the words of Bro. Hamburg. There is some thing so tempting in the thought of becoming a reformer, that the young mason is easily carried away with it. More than once, Bro. Bob stopped his mule and almost turned back; but better thoughts prevailed, and he reached the gate of the Junior Warden determined to make another effort.

Bro. Haszard was called a bright mason, and was glad to see Bob, and glad to lecture him. More by token, he was lying up with rheumatism and could n't get out. So, after talking about every thing else he could think of and trading mules with him, in which latter operation he got to windward, he sent his wife to a neighbor's, and his children to the nigger quarters, and commenced the lecture.

\* \* \* \* \*

But, expostulated Bob I was told there is a rational explanation to all this! "Well, did n't I give you a rational explanation? Do n't I tell you what these emblems mean?" Why, no—yes—you told me what the emblems meant, but you did n't say why they meant it. You explain the emblems, but you do n't say what the emblems explain. Is n't there some thing more?" "Nothing

more in your degree. You must go higher." "But—but—how does this system improve a man's morality? What have I learned yet that has any thing to do with morality?" "Go higher, Bob, go higher, and you will get the idea."

Poor Bob started home. The Junior Warden, as you and I can see, excellent reader, was a mere stick-in-the-mud of a mason. He knew no more of masonry than a man can know of the comforts of a domestic fireside by examining a brick that came out of the chimney thereof. *He* lecture on masonry! as well a lad lecture on Rhetoric, who has just learned his alphabet by rote.

Poor Bob started home sad and disappointed. His mule partook of his depression, and became soured in temper and vicious. Consequently, just as the Entered Apprentice was going by the house of Mrs. Harrison—old Brother Harrison's Widow—you knew Bro. Harrison—the brute took advantage of a fit of musing, into which its rider had fallen, and threw him off, kicked him as he was falling, and jumped on his carcass after he was down.

Bob was carried into the Widow's house and laid upon the Widow's bed, from which he never rose until Spring. The long nights spent in pain from his fractured ribs, taught him patience, resignation and fortitude; the visits of the brethren, who stood sentinel by him for two months, instructed him in brotherly Love and Relief; other and still more precious truths were inculcated through his blessed fall, and *thus Bob White got lectured.*

The Junior Warden, discovering Bob's disappointment at *his* system of lecturing, took the hint and looked *behind* the looking-glass—to-wit, the emblems. What he saw there, ask us not; but it changed the masonic character of the whole man.

The Past Master took shame to himself for his rust, and, applying the mental file, got bright, and, before Bob's fifth rib knitted to his sternum, could lecture like a Solomon. He always declared that, to Bob's sick-bed, he was indebted for the suggestion and the opportunity of improving his masonic character.

Bro. Hamburg was past improving. He had tasted the forbidden fruit, and to

the paths of innocence and unsophisticated truth there was no return. He became conspicuous elsewhere, and Freemasonry lost him. Expelled for contumacy, his appeal to the Grand Lodge was a bitter accusation against masons and masonry in general, and a particular commentary upon the dangers of innovation.

So soon as this fifth rib knitted, Bob was taken in triumph to the Lodge, and passed into the Middle Chamber like a shot. It was a joyful scene. Everybody was glad. Even old Aleck Gooseberry, the Tyler, who having prophesied that Bob would die, didn't like to have his prediction fail—even old Aleck smiled when Bob "tuck him by the paw-paw and shuck it till it hurt." Widow Harrison, who had lost thirty-one pounds weight nursing Bob these two months, made a new Bible-cushion for the occasion, to *swear* him on! "Masons swar, don't they?" yelpt old Mother Harrison, and echo answered *swar*. And so, as we said before, Bob White got lectured.

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#### IN WHOM IS OUR TRUST?

Thou Omnipresent God!

Thou art—art here—art there—  
Around us and above us  
Art every where.

In bloom of violet art *here*  
In blaze of suns and systems *there*.

Thou art in cloud and storm,  
In darkness and in light;  
Thou art all-present near me  
Though veiled from sight.  
Thou fill'st this spacious airy dome  
Yet dwellest in my humble home.

Within this flowery vale  
That ear doth list my song,  
To which the chiming praises  
Of world's belong.  
Mount up my thoughts, forsake the clod,  
Go forth, aspire, abide with God.

Thou art *my* God—dost hear  
The voices of the air,  
That breathe in gentle whispers  
The humblest prayer.  
The searing air, the humming bee,  
Are taught and fed and heard by thee.

O, Omnipresent God!  
Be gracious to my cry,  
And in my life thy presence  
Be ever nigh.  
And in my thoughts and deeds may I  
Be conscious of Thy present eye.

And when thy spirit-world,  
Before its judge shall stand,  
And I, oh great Jehovah,  
Hear thy demand,  
May not thy presence force my flight  
Deep to the cavern-shades of night.

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#### MAKE YOUR MARK.

In the quarries should you toil,  
Make your mark;  
Do you delve upon the soil?  
Make your mark;  
In whatever path you go,  
In whatever place you stand,  
Moving swift or moving slow,  
With a firm and honest hand  
Make your mark.

Should opponents hedge your way,  
Make your mark;  
Work by night or work by day,  
Make your mark;  
Struggle manfully and well,  
Let no obstacles oppose,  
None right shielded ever fell,  
By the weapons of his foes—  
Make your mark.

What though born a peasant's son,  
Make your mark;  
Good, by poor men, can be done—  
Make your mark.  
Peasant's garbs may warm the cold,  
Peasant's words may calm a fear;  
Better far than hoarding gold  
Is the drying of a tear.  
Make your mark.

Life is fleeting as a shade,  
Make your mark.  
Marks of *some* kind *must* be made,  
Make your mark—  
Make it while the arm is strong,  
In the golden hours of youth;  
Never, never make it wrong,  
Make it with the stamp of *truth*—  
Make your mark.

## MASONIC HISTORY.

THE STATE OF FREEMASONRY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.—BY G. W. OLIVER, D. D.

IN 1748, public attention was called to Freemasonry as a science, in a small pamphlet consisting of twelve octavo pages, which was published at Frankfort, entitled, *Ein brief von dem berühmten Herrn Herrn Johann Locke, betreffend die Frey Maureren. So auf einem Schutisch eines verstorbenen Bruders ist gefunden worden.*<sup>22</sup> This famous manuscript possesses the reputation of having converted the learned Locke, who was initiated after carefully perusing and analysing it. Before any faith can be placed on this invaluable document, it will be necessary to say a word respecting its authenticity. I admit that there is some degree of mystery about it, and doubts have been entertained whether it be not a forgery. We have the strongest presumptive proofs that it was in existence about the middle of the last century, because the utmost publicity was given to it, and as at that time Freemasonry was beginning to excite a considerable share of public attention, the deception, had it been such, would have been publicly exposed by its opponents.

But no attempt was ever made to invalidate its claim to be a genuine document. It was first published at Frankfort, in 1748, and appeared in the "Gentleman's Magazine" in 1753, whence it found its way into "Hearne's Life of Leland." It was printed A. D. 1769, with the Earl of Pembroke's name attached, in an octavo vol. on Freemasonry, by Wellins Calcott, dedicated to the Duke of Beaufort. In 1775, Hutchinson introduced it into his "Spirit of Masonry," which contains the imprimature of Lord Peter, the Grand Master, and the sanction of the Grand Lodge. In 1784, it was embodied in the "History and Constitutions of Masonry," printed officially by the Grand Lodge of England. It appears in Dermott's "Ahiman Rezon," and in the fifteen editions of "Preston's Illustrations."

Being thus universally diffused, had it

been a suspected document, its exposure would certainly have been attempted; particularly about the close of the last century, when the progress of Masonry was sensibly checked by the publication of works which charged it with being the depository of principles fatal alike to the peace and religion of civil society; and, if a forgery, it would have been unable to have endured the test of a critical examination. But no such attempt was made, and the presumption therefore, is, that the document is authentic.

I should be inclined to pronounce, from internal evidence only, that the letter and annotations were written by Locke; but there are corroborating facts which appear conclusive, for this great philosopher was actually residing at Oates, the country seat of Sir Francis Masham, at the time when the paper is dated, and shortly afterward he went up to town, where he was initiated into masonry. These facts are fully proved by Locke's letters to Mr. Molyneux, dated March 30, and July 2, 1696. For these reasons, I entertain no doubt of the genuineness and authenticity of this valuable manuscript.

This publication led the way to several others; for the fraternity began to discover that the more Freemasonry was known the better it was respected, and the more rapidly its benefits were promulgated. A sermon was preached in St. John's church, at Gloucester, in 1752, which follows up the principles of Dr. Anderson's "Defence," and appears to have produced a considerable sensation among the brethren. It is a talented production, and enters on the question of Freemasonry, or its substitute, among those who had abandoned the true worship of God. The contents of this sermon are a decisive evidence that a knowledge of the genuine principles of masonry was entertained by a select few; and it appears to form a pivot on which the subsequent publications turn. The eagerness of the brethren for masonic information at this period may be gathered from the fact that the "Freemason's Pocket Companion," though a mere transcript from "Anderson's Constitutions," reached a third edition in 1764. Five

<sup>22</sup> This letter and MS. we will give in a future number.—Ed. A. F.



years afterward Calcott published his "Candid Disquisitions on the Practices and Principles of Masonry," which was dedicated to the Duke of Beaufort, M. W. Grand Master, and patronized by upward of a thousand subscribers. This was the first printed effort at illustrating the science to any extent; and from its success the Grand Lodge became sensible that incalculable benefits would arise from the practice of instilling into the brethren at large, by means of authorized publications, a taste for the morality and science of Freemasonry.<sup>23</sup> And hence, in 1774, the application of Brother Hutchinson for leave to publish a series of lectures on the nature and principles of the science, to be called "The Spirit of Masonry," was answered by a direct sanction to the scheme.

The work was received with enthusiasm, as the only masonic publication of real value then in existence. It was the first efficient attempt to explain, in a rational and scientific manner, the true philosophy of the Order. Dr. Anderson, and the writer of the Gloucester sermon, indicated the existence of the mine,—Calcott opened it, and Hutchinson worked it. In this book he gives to the science its proper value. After explaining his design, he enters copiously on the rites, ceremonies, and institutions of ancient nations. Then he dilates on the lodge, with its ornaments, furniture, and jewels; the building of the templé; geometry; and after explaining the third degree with a minuteness which is highly gratifying, he expatiates on secrecy, charity, and brotherly love; and sets at rest all the vague conjectures of cowans and unbelievers, by a description of the occupations of masons, and a masterly defence of our peculiar rites and ceremonies. It is truly termed "The Spirit of Masonry," for it is replete with an interest which applies to all time; and must have been of incalculable value at a period when masonry was a sealed

book, and no knowledge could be acquired but by oral communication. The opportunities, even of this mode of acquiring information, occurred at very remote and uncertain periods; for the researches of the philosophical mason were obstructed by the almost universal practice of conviviality and indulgence which characterized the lodges generally; and which a masonic writer of the day candidly confesses were the chief purposes of our association.<sup>24</sup>

Under these circumstances, Hutchinson stood forward to vindicate the Craft from the unfounded aspersions which had been preferred against it, by a candid disquisition on our lodge pursuits. And his labors are of such general utility, that there are few masonic works which exceed his book in interest. It is true, the author has fallen into a few errors, but this could not be avoided. Masonic knowledge was imperfect, and one of the earliest attempts at improvement, though accomplishing much, must necessarily be, in some respects, defective. The work effected a revolution in masonry, which soon produced visible fruits. Freemasons' Hall, in Great Queen Street, was erected in the following year, when the celebrated oration was pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Dodd, Grand Chaplain.<sup>25</sup> The book was transmitted

<sup>24</sup> Lawrence Dermott, who wrote the "Ahiman Rezon," says, that, at the time I have been speaking of above, "It was thought expedient to abolish the old custom of studying geometry in the lodge; and some of the young brethren made it appear, that a good knife and fork in the hands of a dexterous brother, over proper materials, would give greater satisfaction, and add more to the conviviality of the lodge, than the best scale and compasses in Europe. There was an other old custom that gave umbrage to the young architects; which was, the wearing of aprons, which made the gentlemen look like so many mechanics. Therefore, it was proposed that no brother, for the future, should wear an apron. This proposal was objected to by the oldest members, who declared that the aprons were the only signs of masonry then remaining among them, and for that reason they would keep and wear them."

<sup>23</sup> The science was so highly esteemed on the continent at this period, that Count T—— could say to his son, when congratulating him on his initiation, "The obligations which influenced the first Brutus and Manlius to sacrifice their children to the love of their country, are not more sacred than those which bind me to support the honor and reputation of this venerable Order."

<sup>25</sup> Every part of this oration is replete with the fervor of masonic zeal. I subjoin a passage selected at random, as a specimen. "Masonry must and will always keep pace, and run parallel with the culture and civilization of mankind. Nay, we may pronounce with strict truth, that where masonry is not, civilization will never be found. And so, in fact, it appears; for in savage countries and barbarous climes, where Operative Masonry never

to our eastern dependencies, and the eldest son of the Nabob of the Carnatic was initiated in 1776. At the Grand Lodge, in February, 1778, it was ordered that in consideration of the flourishing state of the society, the elegance of the new hall, and in order to render the appearance of the assembly adequate to the structure in which all the public meetings of masonry are hereafter to be held, a robe of distinction shall be worn in the Grand Lodge for the future, by the Grand Master and his officers, to be provided at their own expense, and that past grand officers should be at liberty to wear a robe in like manner, if they think proper.<sup>26</sup> The sterling value of Hutchinson's work can not be better evidenced than by the fact that it passed through several editions; that Smith, who wrote in 1778, adopted his theories, and made copious extracts from the book itself; that Dr. Ashc, who wrote in 1814, did the same; and that it still retains its value in these times of superior knowledge and research.

Such was the state of masonry when this publication appeared. But to complete the view, it may be necessary to offer a few observations on its technical arrangement. My opinions on the general system are well known, but I am not prepared to defend the extreme antiquity of its rites, legends, and doctrines, as they are practiced at the present time. I have some doubts whether the master's degree, as now given, can be traced three centuries backward; although the legend itself, differently modified, is of undoubted antiquity.<sup>27</sup> It will,

lays the line, nor stretches the compass; where skillful architecture never plans the dome, nor rears the well-ordered column; on those benighted realms liberal science never smiles, nor does ingenious art exalt, refine, embellish, and soften the mind." I am grieved as a mason, to add, that circumstances should have rendered the following entry in the Grand Lodge books for the year 1777, respecting this highly talented individual, necessary. "On a representation that the Rev. W. Dodd, LL.D., Grand Chaplain, had been convicted of forgery, and was confined in Newgate, he was unanimously expelled by the society."

<sup>26</sup> Noorth. Const., p. 327.

<sup>27</sup> There is a tradition in one of our degrees, that during the building of king Solomon's Temple, the Master Mason's degree being in abeyance, the king ordered twelve fellow-crafts to go to a certain place, and watch for the rising of the sun;

indeed, be admitted that there are many obstacles to surmount in demonstrating the existence of any series of facts, when the transmission has been exclusively oral, and the time extends more than half a century beyond human memory. Lawrence Dermott expressly asserts that a new modification of ceremonies took place at the revival of masonry in 1717;<sup>28</sup> but as his book was written for a party purpose, his testimony is to be distrusted. It is evident that there was, in ancient times, a master's degree;<sup>29</sup> and

promising that he who first saw it, should be the third master mason, and that one of them succeeded by turning his back to the east, and discovering the earliest beams of the sun on the western hills.

<sup>28</sup> His words are: "About the year 1717, some joyous companions, who had passed the degree of a craft, though very rusty, resolved to form a lodge for themselves, in order, by conversation, to recollect what had been formerly dictated to them; or if that should be found impracticable, to substitute something new, which might for the future pass for masonry among themselves. At this meeting the question was asked, whether any person in the assembly knew the master's part; and being answered in the negative, it was resolved, that the *deficiency should be made up with a new composition*, and what fragments of the old order could be found among them should be immediately reformed, and made more pliable to the humors of the people." It will be observed that by "the master's part," was meant the catechism of the third degree.

<sup>29</sup> There is one insulated fact which affords a presumptive evidence that the legend of the third degree was used by the masons who built our cathedral and collegiate churches in the 11th and 12th centuries. In almost all these magnificent specimens of architectural taste, is a mutilated tradition, which is thus retailed by the cicerone in Lincoln Cathedral. It will be observed that at each end of the great transept, is a splendid rose window. One of them, it is said, was executed by the master mason himself, and that he exercised the utmost ingenuity upon it, that it might remain an immortal monument of his superior taste and genius. When it was completed, he was called away to a distant part of the country; and during his absence, one of the apprentices filled up the corresponding window with the fragments of the broken glass which his master had cast aside; and he disposed them with such admirable effect, that when the master returned, and saw that the superior talent of the apprentice had eclipsed his own performance, and neutralized his claim to superior excellence, in despair he cast himself from the scaffold, and was dashed in pieces on the stones below. This destruction of the master by the apprentice, may have a reference to some secret legend existing among the masons who constructed these edifices; for it could have no relation to facts; because the same occurrence could scarcely have happened in every cathedral that was built in

Dermott accordingly asserts that it was exclusively retained and perpetuated by the Athol Masons. Yet notwithstanding Dermott's unqualified assertion that "they differed exceedingly in makings, ceremonies, knowledge, masonic language, and installation," it was found at the union in 1811, that the two systems assimilated in every important particular, which is a proof that no material innovation had been made in either. This constitutes a sufficient authority for the existence of the master's ceremonial in the 17th century.

It should appear, however, that great irregularities existed among masons at this period. Men who had been expelled the society for misdemeanors, opened lodges without authority, and initiated persons into the Order for small and unworthy considerations, which brought masonry into disrepute. In 1740, three of the Grand Stewards were admonished for being present and assisting at these irregular meetings.<sup>30</sup> And it was determined in Grand Lodge, on the motion of Lord Crauford, G. M., "That no extraneous brother, that is, not regularly made, but clandestinely, nor any assisting at such irregular makings, shall be ever qualified to partake of the masons' general charity."<sup>31</sup> This clearly shows that the Grand Lodge, as it was then

this or any other country, which retains a similar tradition. In the present instance, history is at variance with the fact, for Richard de Stow was the master mason at the building of the great transept, and he died a natural death. The tradition must therefore be sought elsewhere; and it is not improbable but that it may be traced to the legend of the third degree, which was indicated by a word which signified, "the builder is smitten."

<sup>30</sup> Several lodges were struck out of the list for not attending the quarterly communications. Between the years 1742 and 1748, upwards of forty were thus expunged.

<sup>31</sup> Even the Athol Masons, against whom the above censures and disqualifications were partly directed, complain of the same irregularities. The *Almanac Rezon* has the following observation on this practice:—"Men excluded from their lodges for transgressing the general laws; who, being deemed unworthy of so noble a society, endeavor to make the rest of mankind believe that they are good and true, and have full power and authority to make Freemasons, when and where they please. These traders, though but few in number, associate together, and, for any mean consideration, admit any person to what little they know of the Craft. Some of these excluded men can neither read nor write; and surely a person who can not write his

constituted, was unable to suppress these illegal practices, or they would have adopted more stringent measures to prevent them.

If I am not prepared to defend the extreme antiquity of our present arrangement of the three degrees,<sup>32</sup> much less can I undertake to trace the origin of those subsidiary degrees known by the names of Ark, Mark, Link, Wrestle, Babylonish Pass, Intendant, Noachites, Sublime, Scotch Masonry, Excellents,<sup>33</sup> Prussian Blue, the various Elected, Architectural, Priestly, and Crucial degrees, red, white, and black, the Knightly Orders, and Mediterranean Pass, the Kadosh, Provost and Judge, Black Mark, Order of Death, Perfection, and innumerable others,<sup>34</sup> which have been constructed in

name, can have no pretence to suppose himself qualified to become a member of our Order." (Edit. 1813, p. 24.)

<sup>32</sup> There is an old masonic tradition which, if correct, proves the existence of Speculative Masonry in the 16th century:—"Queen Elizabeth hearing the masons had certain secrets that could not be revealed to her, (for that she could not be Grand Master,) and being jealous of all secret assemblies, etc., she sent an armed force to break up their annual Grand Lodge at York, on St. John's Day, the 27th of December, 1561. Sir Thomas Sackville, then Grand Master, instead of being dismayed at such an unexpected visit, gallantly told the officers that nothing could give him greater pleasure than seeing them in the Grand Lodge, as it would give him an opportunity of convincing them that Freemasonry was the most useful system that was ever founded on divine and moral laws. The consequence of his arguments were, that he made the chief men Freemasons; who, on their return, made an honorable report to the queen, so that she never more attempted to dislodge or disturb them, but esteemed them as a peculiar sort of men, that cultivated peace and friendship, arts and sciences, without meddling in the affairs of church and state."

<sup>33</sup> The Athol Masons had a regulation to the following effect:—"That a general uniformity of the practice and ceremonies of the ancient Craft may be preserved and handed down unchanged to posterity, the lodges in London and Westminster shall be required to recommend a brother from each lodge, who must be a Master or Past Master, and otherwise well skilled in the Craft, to be put in nomination at the Grand Chapter, in October of each year, to be elected one of the *nine Excellent Masters*, who are allowed to visit the lodges; and, should occasion require, they are to report thereon to the Grand Chapter, or the right worshipful Deputy Grand Master, who will act as he shall deem necessary."

<sup>34</sup> What connection the Hurlothrumbians, Ubiquarians, Hiccubites, Gormagons, and others men-

comparatively recent times, for the purpose, probably, of forming a chain of connection which may gradually transmit Freemasonry from its commencement among the patriarchs and Jews, to its perfect completion in the person of Jesus Christ, and the establishment of his religion.<sup>35</sup>

The above degrees were little known at the time when our author flourished, if the printed works of the period are any criterion on which a correct opinion may be formed.<sup>36</sup> These publications

tioned in a previous page, might have with masonry, I am not prepared to state. Pritchard, an expelled member, who wrote in 1730, says, "From the Accepted Masons sprang the real masons; from both sprang the Gormagons, whose Grand Master, the Volgi, deduces his original from the Chinese; whose writings, if to be credited, maintained the hypothesis of the Pre-Adamites, and consequently must be more antique than masonry. The most free and open society is that of the Grand Kaiheber, which consists of a select company of responsible people, whose chief discourse is concerning trade and business, and promoting mutual friendship."

<sup>35</sup> It is probable that many of the subsidiary degrees were instituted in France about the latter end of the 17th, or the beginning of the 18th century; because at this time Freemasonry assumed, among our continental neighbors, a very remarkable form. "The attachment of that people," says Laurie, "to innovation and external finery, produced the most unwarrantable alterations upon the principles and ceremonies of the Order. A number of new degrees were created, and the office-bearers of the Craft were arrayed in the most splendid and costly attire." The French Grand Lodge consisted of the following officers, who were all of the nobility, and their dresses and decorations are described as being extremely magnificent and rich. Grand master, administrator-general, grand conservator, representative of the grand master, senior grand warden, junior grand warden, grand orator, grand secretary, grand treasurer, senior grand expert, junior grand expert, grand seal keeper, grand record keeper, grand architect, grand master of the ceremonies, grand introductor, grand hospitaller, and grand almoner.

<sup>36</sup> Great innovations were attempted in Germany about the middle of this century, by the introduction of principles and conceits quite new in masonry. The propagators of these novelties first appeared at the conclusion of the war, and most of them being necessitous persons, they, in a manner, subsisted upon the spoils of their deluded adherents. They pretended to a superior knowledge in the science of masonry, and took upon themselves the appellation of "The Reform of the North," under which name they assembled for some time; but at last their principles were inquired into by the brethren, and as they were found to be inconsistent with true and good masonry, they fell to the ground.

were intended for the information of the Craft; and as the authors have made no secret of a certain series of moral disquisitions, founded on the rites and symbols of the Order, and have copiously illustrated their subject, it may be fairly conjectured that those points which have been left untouched formed no part of the system as it then existed.

The lectures of masonry contain a series of moral aphorisms and illustrative remarks, in which beauty and usefulness are judiciously combined. They are easy of attainment, and a very little attention to their delivery will suffice to make every intelligent brother acquainted with them. The catechetical form has been adopted for this very purpose; and the consecutive points have been made to introduce each other in a natural and graceful order. It is to be presumed, therefore, that as the above writers could not be ignorant of any part of the lectures, they have honestly illustrated every portion of them which were rehearsed at the ordinary lodge meetings.

The intelligent brother will discover and regret the omission, in the following work, of many subjects connected with the Craft; and especially those sublime particulars in the third lecture, which explain the tabernacle of Moses and its furniture. There is no reference to the cherubim, the ark, and mercy-seat, masonic number and other important matters, which form a part of the ritual that hath been delivered to us, in what are called, "The Old York Lectures;" and their omission by our intelligent author, makes it doubtful whether they be not recent additions.

It is also surprising that the author has omitted all reference to the two great masonic transactions in the life of Abraham, which are so prominently recorded in our lectures, particularly as they form indispensable landmarks to the whole system. I mean his festival, by which we illustrate the difference between bond and free; and his grand offering, the latter forming an essential part of his own system, which very properly assimilates Freemasonry with Christianity; and the offering of Isaac being one of the most striking types

of the Crucifixion which the sacred writings contain.<sup>37</sup>

The work before us contains scarcely any vestige of a reference to the Royal Arch. This is rather remarkable, because in a general work on masonry, a judicious explanation of certain particulars in this degree, is essential to a right understanding of the whole system. There can be no doubt but it was practiced when Hutchinson wrote; but as it appears that masons usually received the third degree in Grand Lodge, so also the Royal Arch might be confined, at that time, to its members only; and, perhaps, to a few privileged brethren of rank or superior talent; and, therefore, not accessible to the brethren of distant lodges.<sup>38</sup> Or it may be that brother

Hutchinson's design was to confine his disquisitions to Craft Masonry only; and, therefore, he purposely omitted any reference to other parts of the system. This conjecture is, however, rather doubtful, from other circumstances connected with the work, to which I am about to allude. The want of evidence in all these matters is a necessary consequence of the secret design of the Order, and its transmission solely by oral communication.

The military degrees appear to have been much more prevalent, for most of the writers of these times have freely expatiated upon them.<sup>39</sup> Hutchinson does not term them "The Knightly Order," but the "Higher Order," and thinks the institution had its origin in Scotland. In this respect he follows the example of the continental masons, who term it, "Du rit écossois ancien accepté." It has thirty-three degrees, some of which are, I fear, political. And there is at Paris a Grand Commandery of the Order.<sup>40</sup> It

<sup>37</sup> I may also here express my regret that the clause in the first section of the E. A. P. Lecture, which contains an explanation of the origin of bond and free among us, although most important to Freemasonry, has been entirely suppressed in the last revision of the lectures by Dr. Hemming. But happily the masters of lodges are at liberty to pursue their own system of lecturing, provided the ancient landmarks are preserved (see the quarterly communication for December, 1819); and, therefore, I hope still to see so much of the system restored as may serve to render our illustrations perfect and complete. To show the value of this clause, it may not be unimportant to remark, that it instructs us in the requisites to form the character of a mason—the historical fact is recorded which conferred on the Order the honorable title of "Free and Accepted;"—the universal bond of brotherhood is illustrated and explained;—the principal links in the masonic chain are specified, including the grades of rank by which civil society is cemented and held together; kings, senators, wise and skillful artists, men of inferior talents and attainments, in the humbler classes of society. And it truly asserts, that all are equally brothers while they continue virtuous, because virtue is true nobility, etc. And thus it is that all masons are equal, not merely by their creation, as children of a common parent, but more particularly by the strength of their obligation. The clause also includes another historical fact, of great importance, to demonstrate and explain why it is necessary that a candidate for masonry should be able to declare that he is the son of a free-woman. This privilege, as masons, as Christians, as subjects of a State, whose institutions are free and beneficent, we may at all times refer to with honest pride and perfect satisfaction.

<sup>38</sup> When Hutchinson published his fifth edition, in 1796, there were only fifty-five chapters under the constitution of England, many of which were in foreign parts. The patrons of the Arch at this period were, His Royal Highness, the Duke of Cumberland; His most Serene Highness, Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick; His Most Serene High-

ness, Charles, Duke of Mecklenburg, Stralitz, Germany. A provincial superintendent was appointed for the southern counties of England, and another for Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cheshire, and South Wales. Few chapters existed in other provinces.

<sup>39</sup> The Athol Masons repudiated the idea of introducing into a Craft-lodge any appearance of warlike weapons. They condemned, and I think justly, the practice of displaying a drawn sword in open lodge. Thus Dermott says, "There is now in Wapping a large piece of scrollwork, ornamented with foliage, painted and gilt, the whole at an incredible expense, and placed before the master's chair, with a gigantic sword fixed therein, during the communication of the members; a thing contrary to all the private and public rules of masonry, all implements of war and bloodshed being confined to the lodge-door, from the day that the flaming sword was placed in the east end of the Garden of Eden, to the day that the sagacious modern placed his grand sword of state in the midst of his lodge."

<sup>40</sup> Their symbol is three triangles conjoined, producing nine points within a circle. I have before me a very interesting account of a grand festival of the Order, holden on the 23rd Jan., 1836; the Baron Freteau de Peny, Pair de France, Lieut. Grand Commander, on the Throne. It commences as follows: "A la gloire du G. A. de l'Univers, au nom et sous les auspices du Suprême Conseil, pour la France, des T T T. Ill. et T T T. P P P. S S S. G G G. I I I. G G G. du 33° et dernier degré du rit écossois ancien accepté S. S. S. L'Ill. Grande Loge centrale de France régulièrement convoquée au nombre de cinquante membres, s'est réunie sous le point géométrique correspondant du 48° 50' 14", latitude

is to be presumed, however, that masonry, as it was practiced in the middle of the 18th century, was principally confined to the three degrees; and few were raised to the sublime degree of a Master Mason, until they had been elected to the chair of a lodge.

The master's degree, in ancient times, was not conferred indiscriminately, as it is now. By the old charges it was only necessary that a brother should be a Fellow Craft to be eligible to the office of Warden or Master; and even this degree qualified a noble brother for the Grand Mastership of England.<sup>41</sup> Indeed, no one was called a Master Mason till he had become the master of his lodge.<sup>42</sup>

nord, et o longitude du meridiem de Paris, dans un lieu très éclairé, très régulier, et très fort, asile du mystère, de la vérité, et de l'union fraternelle, sous la route céleste du zénith, le 5<sup>e</sup> jour de la lune de Schebath, 11<sup>e</sup> mois de l'an de la V. : Lum. : 5836 (23 Janvier, 1836). L'objet de la réunion était la célébration de la fête, d'ordre du solstice d'hiver à laquelle, par décision de la commission administrative du 20 Décembre dernier se trouvait réunie une commémoration, funèbre en l'honneur de T. : Ill. : F F. : Général Lafayette, Sétier, maréchal Duc de Trévise, membre du Sup. : Cons. : de France, et Don Castro Alvès, membre du Sup. : Cons. : de l'empire du Brésil. Le temple est richement décoré, etc."

<sup>41</sup> It is thought, however, by some brethren, that even after the third degree had been conferred, the brother was still called a Fellow Craft, until he had actually passed the chair; and then his name was changed from Lewis or Louflyn, to Cassia. The Ashmole papers seem to render this doubtful. That eminent brother, in his diary, says, "I was made a Freemason at Warrington, Lancashire, with Colonel Henry Mainwaring, of Kerthingham, in Cheshire, by Mr. Richard Penket, the Warden, and the *Fellow Crafts*, Oct. 16th, 1646." And again, "On March the 10th, 1682, about 5 hor. post mer., I received a summons to appear at a lodge to be held the next day at Masons' Hall, in London, March 11; accordingly I went, and about noon, was admitted into the fellowship of Freemasons; Sir William Wilson, Knight; Captain Richard Borthwick; Mr. William Woodman; Mr. William Grey; Mr. Samuel Taylour; and Mr. William Wise. I was the *Senior Fellow* among them, it being thirty-five years since I was admitted; there were present, besides myself, the *Fellows* after named, Mr. Thomas Wise, Master of the Masons' Company this present year; Mr. Thomas Shorthose, etc. We all dined at the Half Moon Tavern, in Cheapside, at a noble dinner prepared at the charge of the new Accepted Masons."

<sup>42</sup> Thus in the old charges, a N. B. appended to iv.—Of Masters, Wardens, Fellows, and Apprentices; informs us that, "In ancient times no brother, however skilled in the Craft, was called a Master Mason until he had been elected into the chair of a lodge."

In the 18th century, a Fellow Craft, or even an E. A. P., was allowed to offer his opinion in Grand Lodge, and consequently possessed a vote.<sup>43</sup> And the old constitutions provided, that all motions made in Grand Lodge should be submitted to the perusal *even of the youngest Apprentice*; the approbation and consent of the majority of *all the brethren present* being absolutely necessary to make the same binding and obligatory. And any one, above the degree of an E. A. P., was capable of representing the Master or Wardens in Grand Lodge, in their absence, provided he attended with the proper jewel of office.<sup>44</sup> It appears, therefore, that a brother might enjoy all the privileges of the Craft, without being a Master Mason, provided he had served with freedom, fervency, and zeal—the symbols of which, at this period, were chalk, charcoal, and earthen pan. Again, at the constitution of a new lodge, it was ordered that, "the lodge being opened, the new Master and Wardens *being yet among the Fellow Crafts*,"<sup>45</sup> the Grand Master shall ask his deputy whether he has examined them," etc.

Thus our brethren of the eighteenth century seldom advanced beyond the first degree. Few were passed, and fewer still were raised from their "mossy bed." The Master's degree appears to have been much less comprehensive than at present.<sup>46</sup> And for some years after the

<sup>43</sup> In the old regulations of the Grand Lodge, it was provided that, "The Grand Master shall allow any Brother, a Fellow Craft, or Entered Prentice, to speak, directing his discourse to his worship in the chair; or to make any motion for the good of the fraternity, which shall be either immediately considered, or also referred to the consideration of the Grand Lodge at their next communication, stated or occasional."

<sup>44</sup> "Carnarvan, G. M., Art. 8. If an officer can not attend, he may send a brother of that lodge, (but not a mere E. A. P.) with his jewel, to supply his room, and support the honor of his lodge."

<sup>45</sup> It may be here observed, that every Fellow Craft was considered to be master of his work.

<sup>46</sup> This is a forbidden subject, on which I dare not enlarge; and therefore, it is impossible to state particulars. I may, however, remark, that "The Master's Part," as it was called, or, in other words, the third lecture, consisted only of *seven* questions, with very brief replies, exclusive of the lodge examination on the principal points, which have the same reference as our present third degree, but shorn of all their beauty. Yet I can not help expressing a wish that some of the ceremonies were

revival of masonry, the third degree was unapproachable to those who lived at a distance from London; for, by the laws of the Grand Lodge, Art. X., it was ordered that "Apprentices must be admitted Fellow Crafts, and Masters *only here* (in Grand Lodge), unless by a dispensation from the Grand Master." And accordingly, in 1731, his Royal Highness, Francis, Duke of Lorraine, afterward Grand Duke of Tuscany and Emperor of Germany, was made an Entered Apprentice and Fellow Craft, at the Hague,

still further simplified. They are too complicated to produce a chaste and striking effect. I may, in this place, be allowed to quote a passage from "The Defense of Masonry, 1731," by Dr. Anderson, the author of "The History and Constitutions of Masonry."—"The accident," says he, "by which the body of Master Hiram was found after his death, seems to allude, in some circumstances, to a beautiful passage in the sixth book of Virgil. Anchises had been dead for some time, and Eneas, his son, professed so much duty to his departed father, that he consulted with the Cumaean sybil whether it were possible for him to descend into the shades below, in order to speak with him. The prophetess encouraged him to go; but told him he could not succeed, unless he went into a certain place, and plucked a golden bough or shrub, which he should carry in his hand, and by that means obtain directions where he should find his father. Anchises, the great preserver of the Trojan name, could not have been discovered but by the help of a bough, which was plucked with great ease from the tree; nor, it seems, could Hiram, the Grand Master of masonry, have been found, but by the direction of a shrub, which came easily up. The principal cause of Eneas' descent into the shades was to inquire of his father the secrets of the fates which should some time be fulfilled among his posterity. The occasion of the brethren's searching so diligently for their Master was, it seems, to receive from him the secret Word of Masonry, which should be delivered down, as a test, to their fraternity of after ages. This remarkable verse follows:—

"Præterea jacet exanimum tibi corpus amici,  
Heu nescis!"

The body of your friend lies near you dead,  
Alas, you know not how!

This person was Misenus, that was murdered and buried, *monte sub æreo*, under a high hill, as Master Hiram was. But there is another story in Virgil, that stands in a nearer relation to the case of Hiram, and the accident by which he is said to have been discovered, which is this:—Priamus, king of Troy, in the beginning of the Trojan war, committed his son, Polydorus, to the care of Polymnestor, king of Thrace, and sent with him a great sum of money; but, after Troy was taken, the Thracian, for the sake of the money, killed the young prince, and privately buried him. Eneas, coming into that country, and accidentally plucking up a shrub that was near him, on the side of a hill, discovered the murdered body of Polydorus." —

by virtue of a deputation for a lodge there, consisting of the Rev. Dr. Desaguliers, Master, John Stanhope, Esq., and John Holtzendorff, Esq., Wardens, and other brethren. But he came over to England that he might be raised to the third degree by the Grand Master himself. And although this provision was subsequently found inconvenient and rescinded, yet, even so recently as the year 1783, on the question of the hall-fund, it was resolved, "That every lodge which has already subscribed, or shall hereafter subscribe, the like sum of 25lb to the hall-fund, shall have the privilege of sending one of its members, *being a Master Mason*, to every future Grand Lodge, beside the Master and Wardens, as representatives of the lodge, until the money advanced is repaid. *But as some brethren who have not arrived to the degree of Master Masons* may subscribe to this fund, all such subscribers shall be members of the Grand Lodge, when they become Master Masons." It should appear, therefore, that the third degree had not yet come into the general use which it now obtains. Indeed, Smith, who wrote his "Use and Abuse of Masonry," in 1778, expressly asserts that, "no private lodge, at this time, had the power of passing or raising masons; nor could any brother be advanced to either of these degrees but in the Grand Lodge, with the unanimous consent of all the brethren in communication assembled."

This concise view of the state of masonry in the 18th century, will, it is hoped, form a useful appendage to the perusal of the following work. In introducing a new edition to the masonic world, I have found it necessary to account for some omissions, and to explain a few varieties which might have been incomprehensible to the masons of the present day. For though masonry is unchanged and unchangeable, yet, as a standing law of the Grand Lodge, agreed to at its revival, provides that "every annual Grand Lodge has an inherent power and authority to make new regulations, or to alter these, for the real benefit of this ancient fraternity, provided, always, that the old landmarks be carefully preserved," certain variations have, from time to time,

been introduced into the lectures and mode of working;<sup>47</sup> which, though unimportant as respects the general system, have created a diversity in the minuter details, to meet the gradual improvements which ingenious men have effected in the arts and sciences.<sup>48</sup> The revision of the Lectures by Wright, Shadbolt, Hemming, and others, under the above authority, has had only a partial operation, and while their version has been received by a portion of the fraternity,<sup>49</sup>

<sup>47</sup> Dr. Anderson says, that in his time, "the system, as taught in the regular lodges, may have some redundancies or defects, occasioned by the indolence or ignorance of the old members. And, indeed, considering through what obscurity and darkness the mystery has been delivered down; the many centuries it has survived; the many countries, and languages, and sects, and parties it has run through, we are rather to wonder it ever arrived to the present age without more imperfections. In short, I am apt to think that masonry, as it is now explained, has in some circumstances declined from its original purity. It has run long in muddy streams, and, as it were, under ground; but notwithstanding the great rust it may have contracted, and the forbidding light it is placed in by its enemies, there is (if I judge right) much of the old fabric still remaining; the foundation is still entire—the essential pillars of the building may be discovered through the rubbish, though the superstructure may be overrun with moss and ivy, and the stones, by length of time, disjoined. And, therefore, as the busto of an old hero is of great value among the curious, though it has lost an eye, the nose, or the right hand, so masonry, with all its blemishes and misfortunes, instead of appearing ridiculous, ought (in my humble opinion) to be received with some candor and esteem, from a veneration to its antiquity."

<sup>48</sup> The reason assigned by the Grand Lodge, at the Union, for such alterations is, "That there may be the most perfect unity of obligation, of discipline, of working the lodges, of making, passing and raising; instructing and clothing brothers; so that but one pure, unsullied system, according to the genuine landmarks, laws, and traditions of the Craft shall be maintained, upheld, and practiced throughout the masonic world." (Art. of Union, 3.)

<sup>49</sup> In a Dutch work, quoted in the "Freemasons' Quarterly Review" for the present year, I find the following passage: "Some time before the total destruction of the order of the Templars, a certain junior prior of Montfaucon, called Carolus de Monte Carmel, was murdered by three traitors, whereby it is thought that the first death-blow was struck at the Order; from the events which accompanied and followed this murder, some are of opinion that the mystical and ritual part of a great portion of Freemasonry is derived; for the prior was murdered by three traitors, and by this murder an irreparable loss was inflicted on the Order. The murderers of Charles de Monte Carmel concealed his body under the earth, and in

others, residing at a distance from the metropolis, still retain the old system; and thus a perfect uniformity has not been successfully accomplished.<sup>50</sup> Under such circumstances, these preliminary remarks will not be without their use; and I refer their consideration to the candid judgment of the fraternity at large.

#### HISTORY OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF MASONRY IN R. I.

BY GEO. W. BANDALL, D. D.,  
*Past Grand Master of Grand Lodge of Massachusetts.*

**S**T. JOHN'S Lodge, the first Grand Lodge in America, under a warrant from Lord Montague, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of England, was opened July 30th, 1733, in due form, at the "Bunch of Grapes" tavern, State street, Boston.

On the 27th December, 1749, the petition of a number of brethren residing in Newport, was presented to the Grand Lodge, of which Thomas Oxnard was Grand Master, praying for the incorporation of a regular lodge there, which on being read, it was voted that a charter be granted them. This was the beginning of ancient masonry in Rhode Island. This charter, however, only authorized the Newport brethren to confer the first two degrees. It appears that the members of the lodge at Newport misunderstood the extent of their prerogative, and proceeded to confer the master's degree. This fact came to the knowledge of the Grand Lodge at Boston, who immediately called them to account. On being satisfied that these brethren had unintention-

order to mark the spot, planted a young thorn-tree upon it. The knights of the temple, in searching for the body, had their attention drawn to that particular spot by the tree, and in that manner they discovered his remains," etc.

<sup>50</sup> To explain my meaning, I shall quote the words of a correspondent of the "Freemasons' Quarterly Review," vol. i., New Series, p. 45. "I am residing 200 miles from London, and about a fortnight ago, a very intelligent brother and Past Master, from one of the eastern counties, (Norfolk, I think,) visited our lodge, where he witnessed an initiation according to the union system. He afterward expressed his surprise to me, at the great difference between his own and our mode; and said he had never seen the ceremony performed in that manner before."



tionally transcended their powers, the Grand Lodge confirmed the master's degree to those who had received it, and then, in the year 1759, gave them a charter, of which the following is a copy:

\*\*\*\*\*  
L. S. JEREMY GRIDLEY, G. M.  
\*\*\*\*\*

To all Free and Accepted Masons that shall inspect this deputation:

Know ye that, whereas a considerable number of Master Masons have, from time to time, congregated themselves at Newport, in the Colony of Rhode Island, and Providence Plantations, within our district, as a lodge of Master Masons, and have therein raised some brothers of the Fellow Craft to Master Masons, not thinking but they had authority so to do, and have now petitioned us to confirm the said degree, and to form them into a Master's Lodge.

We, therefore, by the authority given us by the Grand Master of masons, do hereby confirm the said degree to which any brothers have been so raised, and do appoint our beloved and right worshipful brother, John Maudsley, to be master of a Right Worshipful Master's Lodge, to be held at Newport, he taking special care in choosing two Wardens, and other officers necessary for the due regulation thereof; and do hereby give and grant to the said lodge all the rights and privileges which any Master's Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons have or ought to have, enjoining them to send to us an account of the time and place of their meeting, and a list of their members, and Three Guineas for their enrolment in the Grand Lodge book in London. Given under our hands and the seal of masonry, this, 20th day of March, A. D. 1759, A. L. 5759.

By the Grand Master's command.

ROBERT JENKINS, D. G. M.

WILLIAM COFFIN, S. G. W.

RICHARD GRIDLEY, J. G. W.

Witness: JOHN LEVERETT, G. S.

In the year 1757, Jeremy Gridley, known by the sobriquet of the Giant Lawyer—the Webster of his day—was the Provincial Grand Master of North America. He having received a petition signed by John Gerrish and others, mem-

bers of the masonic fraternity residing in Providence, granted them a charter for a lodge, on the 18th January, 1757, of which the following is a copy:

\*\*\*\*\*  
L. S. JEREMY GRIDLEY, G. M.  
\*\*\*\*\*

To all and every our Right Worshipful and loving brethren Free and Accepted Masons, now residing or that may hereafter reside at Providence, in the Colony of Rhode Island, the Right Worshipful JEREMY GRIDLEY, Esquire, Provincial Grand Master of the ancient and honorable society of Free and Accepted Masons of North America, sendeth Greeting:

Whereas, application hath been made unto us by John Gerrish, and sundry other brethren of the ancient and honorable society of Free and Accepted Masons, now residing at Providence aforesaid, that we would be pleased to constitute them into a Regular Lodge, that masonry may increase and flourish in those parts.

Now know ye, That we have nominated, ordained, constituted and appointed our Right Worshipful and well beloved brother, Capt. John Burges, to be the first Master of the lodge at Providence aforesaid, and do hereby empower him to congregate the brethren together, and form them into a Regular Lodge. He taking special care in choosing two wardens, and other officers necessary for the due regulation thereof, for one year, at the end whereof the lodge shall have power to choose and appoint their master and other officers, and so annually. The master and wardens for the time being taking special care that all and every member admitted into said lodge, from time to time, have been or shall be made regular masons; and that they do cause all and every the regulations contained in the Printed Book of Constitutions (except such as have been or may be repealed at any Quarterly Communication or other General meeting in London) to be kept and observed, as also all such other rules and instructions as shall from time to time be transmitted them by us or by our deputy, or the Grand Master or his deputy, for the time being; and that they do annually send an account, in writing, to us or our deputy, or to the Grand Master or his

deputy, for the time being, of the names of the members of said lodge, and their place of abode, with the days and place of meeting, with any other things which they may think proper to communicate for the benefit of their lodge, and that they do send Two Guineas for their constitution, to be paid into the stock of the Grand Lodge in Boston; and further, that they do annually keep or cause to be kept the Feast of St. John the Baptist, and dine together on that day, or near that day as shall be judged most convenient. And lastly, that they do regularly communicate with the Grand Lodge in Boston, by sending to the Quarterly Communication such charity as their lodge shall think fit for the relief of poor brethren. Given under our hands and seal, at Boston, this eighteenth day of January, Anno Domini, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Fifty-Seven, and of masonry, Five Thousand Seven Hundred and Fifty-Seven.

ROBERT JENKINS, D. G. M.

JOHN ROWE, S. G. W.

WILLIAM COFFIN, J. G. W.

By the Grand Master's command.

JOHN LEVERETT, G. S.

The first meeting of St. John's Lodge, Providence, was holden February 18th, 1757, at the sign of the *White Horse*. This tavern stood on Main street, on the present site of the Providence Hotel. At this meeting there were ten masons present. John Burgess was the first master in accordance with the appointment in the charter. During that year there were seventy-five meetings of the lodge. On the 6th of April, Joseph Brown was initiated. On the 4th day of October, 1758, Moses Brown received the first degree. In December of that year he was elected Secretary of the lodge, and continued in this office until the suspension of their labors in 1769, a period of eleven years, during which time the lodge held ninety-seven meetings. Of this number Moses Brown was present, and acted as Secretary, at no less than eighty!—an instance of fidelity to official duties well worthy the imitation of the generations that have succeeded him. Having subsequently connected himself with the society of Friends, who

in their discipline forbid all union with masonry, he withdrew from the lodge, yet continued to retain a high regard for the institution. Fifty-five years ago he evinced his interest by inquiring of a now venerable brother, as to the "ceremonies," whether they were the same as formerly. Being assured that they were, he expressed his opinion that masonry was a good institution, an opinion, which as late as 1833, he repeated, at a time when the anti-masonic excitement was as its greatest height. This is the testimony of Moses Brown. His brother John was initiated March 29th, 1758. Three noble brothers, by a twofold bond.

John Burgess was master until 1762, when he was succeeded by Joseph Brown, who presided at every meeting until 1769, during which time twenty-six had been initiated, but only ten of that number had taken the master's degree.

Toward the close of the year 1769, masonry declined. At the meetings of St. John's Lodge there were rarely more than eight brethren present. Thus discouraged, without numbers, without funds, without accommodations, (for they had now ceased, for some unknown reason, to meet at the tavern,) on the 7th June, 1769, they closed the lodge, shut up the books, and sealed up their jewels.

There was an interregum of nine years; but on the 15th of July, 1778, Jabez Bowen received a commission from John Rowe, Grand Master of Massachusetts, to act as master of St. John's Lodge. Under his auspices masonry revived. In the language of another, "the genius of masonry returned, unappalled by the din of arms, and by the brazen throat of war. The lodge was no longer subjected to the caprices of a landlord, or the inconveniences of a public inn."

On the reassembling of the lodge, under the mastership of Jabez Bowen, in 1778, they met, by permission of the State authorities, in the council chamber. On the 19th of December, 1778, they voted to celebrate the Festival of St. John, the Evangelist. A committee was appointed to apply to Generals Varnum and Glover, and Colonel Jackson, for music belonging to their commands, for that occasion; the festival was cele-

brated on the 28th. An oration was delivered by Brigadier General Varnum. Seventy-one members of the fraternity joined in the service of this first masonic celebration in Rhode Island.

On the 7th of March, 1779, Mrs. Peck, the widow of John Peck, having applied to the lodge for a letter of recommendation "to travel to the Mississippi," it was voted that such a letter be given to her, and our sister Peck, probably, carried to the Mississippi the first masonic document ever read on the banks of the "father of waters."

On the 3rd of November, 1790, a report from a joint committee, from the two lodges of Rhode Island, proposing a plan for the formation of a Grand Lodge of Rhode Island, was adopted. This committee consisted of Peleg Clark, John L. Bass, and Robert M. Ackmutz, of Newport; and Daniel Stillwell, Jeremiah S. Jenkins, and Bennet Wheeler, of Providence.

The constitution of the Grand Lodge of Rhode Island was finally adopted by St. John's Lodge, April 6th, 1791. By agreement, the first Grand Master was to be chosen by the lodge at Newport; the Deputy Grand Master by the lodge at Providence. The other officers were to be equally divided between the two districts; the first district consisting of the counties of Newport, Washington and Bristol, and the second, of the counties of Providence and Kent. The two lodges were to have the appointment of Grand Master alternately. The first officers were to continue in office until 1793. The Grand officers were installed on the 27th of June, 1791, at Newport, by Moses Seixas, master of King David Lodge. An oration was delivered on the occasion, in Trinity Church, by the Rector, Rev. Wm. Smith. At the annual meeting in 1794, Jabez Bowen was elected Grand Master, and continued to serve in this office until 1799.

On the 1st day of February, 1792, Samuel Eddy was initiated, and on the 25th of June of the same year, Amos Maine Atwell, and William Wilkinson, took the first degree. The names of these brothers stand among the brightest in the galaxy of Rhode Island masonry.

Mr. Atwell was a zealous and intelli-

gent member of the Order, and rendered signal service to the institution in this State. He was Deputy Grand Master in 1813 and 1814.

Mr. Wilkinson, whose venerable appearance is remembered by many of the younger members of the fraternity, was spared by a kind Providence to live to an extraordinary age. For years he was the patriarch of masonry in Rhode Island. In 1806 he was elected master of St. John's Lodge, which office he held for two years. He was again elected to the same office in 1813, and chosen Grand Master in 1815, and reelected the following year. In the evening of his days a cloud came over the institution, but no cloud rested on him. While some apostatised, and others cowered before the terrific storm, that tempest had no thunder loud enough, and no lightning sharp enough, to move a muscle of that benign but brave old man. With an erect stature, a clear mind, and a clean heart, he calmly looked his foe in the face, and stood as firm as Roger Williams' Rock. I remember well, in the days of my boyhood, to have looked upon the serene countenance of that venerable man, who stood before the community in which he had so long lived, with a character unspotted by even the breath of slander. He carried his integrity in his heart, and he died with it there.

In the month of October, 1793, the Legislature of the State of Rhode Island granted to St. John's Lodge a charter, incorporating it as one of the State institutions. And such was the growing popularity of the fraternity, that it became necessary to secure more commodious apartments for their meetings. Up to this time the lodge continued to meet, by the courtesy of the State Government, in the council chamber. At a meeting held December 20th, 1796, a committee was appointed to consider the matter of a new hall. On the 27th of that month it was voted to erect a hall for the use of that lodge. An appropriation of a thousand dollars was made. Subscriptions for this object were also received. The work was soon commenced, and, just one year from the date of the resolution to build a hall it was completed and ready for occupancy.

On the 27th of December, 1797, the new hall in Market Square was dedicated by the Grand Lodge. Most Worshipful Jabez Bowen was Grand Master of the Grand Lodge, and John Carlisle Master, and Seth Wheaton, Senior Warden of St. John's Lodge. The fraternity assembled in the council chamber for the last time, and proceeded in procession to the new hall, where the ceremonies of dedication commenced by singing the 133d Psalm. "How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." The address was delivered by Amos M. Atwell. There was an attendance of about an hundred of the brethren on this first occasion of the dedication of a masonic hall in Rhode Island.

From the reorganization of St. John's Lodge in 1778, under the zealous labors and wise mastership of Jabez Bowen, may be dated its great prosperity. The first lodge, that is, from 1757 to 1769, had at no time more than thirty-five members. At the opening of the new hall in 1797, only eleven of these were living, while at this time there were not less than one hundred and seventy-six members; a growth, considering the paucity of the population and the troubles consequent upon the revolutionary struggle, truly marvelous.

In 1803, Colonel Ephraim Bowen was elected Grand Master, and held the office for two years. Col. Bowen was a zealous mason and a true patriot. He assisted in kindling the first fire lighted upon the altar of civil liberty, in the burning of the Gaspee, in Providence River, three years before the revolution actually commenced.

In 1779, William Barton was initiated. St. John's Lodge has the honor of numbering among her members the name of that true son of liberty, who immortalized his memory and shed illustrious honor on his native State, by his heroic exploit in making prisoner of the British General, William Prescott, in Rhode Island.

In 1801 masonry in Rhode Island received an important acquisition by the admission into St. John's Lodge, of Thomas Smith Webb, to whom, without disparaging the just claims of others, may be assigned a place among the

brightest of the constellation in the masonic firmament. Mr. Webb was born in Boston. He resided for a while in Albany; thence he removed to Providence at the age of twenty-five. Almost immediately after his arrival in Providence, he engaged with great activity in the work of masonry. He was not only what is termed a bright mason, that is, well versed in the ritual, but he gave himself to the study of its principles, and soon became an accomplished teacher as well as efficient workman. By request of the lodge, through their committee appointed for that purpose, Mr. Webb became a member of St. John's Lodge. In 1803 he published the "Freemason's Monitor," one of the first, if not the first masonic manual issued in this country, and which for many years was the only masonic text book in this State, while it was very generally used in other States. To him also belongs the credit of having been chiefly instrumental in the formation of the General Grand Encampment of the United States. The first movement in this direction was made by him in Providence, in 1805, where a convention of Knight Templars was holden on the 6th of May. A committee was appointed to form a constitution; and on the 13th of May the committee reported. The constitution was adopted, and a Grand Encampment was formed, with the title of the Grand Encampment of the Rhode Island, and jurisdiction thereunto belonging." The following officers were elected: Thomas S. Webb, of Providence, Grand Commander; Henry Fowle, of Boston, Generalissimo; Jonathan Gage, of Newburyport, Captain-General. At this time there was only one other Encampment in New England, which was in Newburyport. There was a council of Knights of the Red Cross in Boston. There was only one other Grand Encampment in the United States, which was that of Pennsylvania; but as that Grand Encampment did not come into the General Grand Encampment, Rhode Island has the honor, under the auspices of Mr. Webb, of taking the initiative in this general organization.

In 1813, Mr. Webb was elected Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Rhode Island, and was reelected the following

year. In 1819 he went to the State of Ohio on business, where, in the town of Cleveland, he very suddenly died. His brethren, knowing it to be his cherished desire that his body might be buried in Rhode Island, took measures for its removal to Providence, where it was interred with masonic ceremonies, on the 8th day of November, 1819. The Grand Lodge, with St. John's Lodge and other masonic bodies, testified, by their numerous presence, their profound respect for his memory. Thus disappeared from mortal view a great Masonic Star, to shine for ever, we trust, more brightly, in a celestial firmament.

In 1800, the Rev. Dr. Gano, for many years the minister of the First Baptist Church in Providence, widely known and revered as one of the ablest and most devoted ministers of that denomination in the country, delivered the address before the Grand Lodge. He was not at that time a member of the fraternity, but was initiated on the 10th day of July, the following year, in Mount Vernon Lodge, and delivered an address before that lodge on the 15th of February, 1802. On the 5th of January, 1826, the Rev. Dr. Gano, and the Right Rev. Bishop Griswold, took the Knight Templar's degree, in the Providence Encampment. Bishop Griswold was Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge from 1815 to 1826, and delivered an address at Newport on St. John's day, 1822.

The first charter granted by the Grand Lodge of Rhode Island was in 1796, to certain brethren in Warren, under the name of Washington Lodge, No. 3.

In 1799 the Grand Lodge granted a charter to organize Mount Vernon Lodge, (an offshoot of St. John's Lodge), and on the 3rd of October, of that year, the new lodge was constituted, their hall dedicated, and their officers duly installed by the Grand Lodge. As a living link between Mount Vernon Lodge and the Grand Lodge, this fact may be stated, which is probably without a parallel. Jason Williams, the venerable brother who is now (in 1857) Treasurer of the Grand Lodge, has been Treasurer of Mount Vernon Lodge forty-eight years. It is rarely that men hold office for nearly half a century.

## EXTRACTS FROM THE MINUTES

*Of the First Communication of the Grand Lodge of Maine.*

BY JOSEPH COVELL, P. M.

GRAND Lodge of the Most Ancient and Honorable Society of Free and Accepted Masons, of the State of Maine, 1820.

The several lodges in Maine, contemplating the political separation of that territory from the commonwealth of Massachusetts, having assembled, by their delegates, at Portland, Oct. 14th, A. D. 1819, a respectful memorial was drawn up, and subscribed by all the delegates, addressed to the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, praying their consent to the organization of an independent Grand Lodge in the State of Maine, and for a just division of the charity and other funds of the institution. This request being promptly and generously granted by the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, the several lodges in Maine were summoned, by the committee of the convention, to meet at Masons' Hall, in Portland, June 1st, A. D. 1820, for the purpose of organizing a Grand Lodge for the State of Maine; at which time the following lodges were duly represented by their Masters, Wardens, or Proxies, viz:—

Portland, Portland.	Orient, Thomaston.
Kennebeck, Hollowell.	St. George's, Warren.
United, Brunswick.	Felicity, Bucksport.
Saco, Saco.	Maine, Farmington.
Cumberland, New Gloucester.	Freeport, Freeport.
Oriental, Bridgton.	Temple, Winthrop.
Solar, Bath.	Belfast, Belfast.
Ancient Land Mark, Portland.	Eastern, Eastport.
Portland.	Village, Bowdoinham.
York, Kennebunk.	Adoniram, Limington.
Oriental Star, Livermore.	Northern Star, Anson.
Amity, Camden.	Blazing Star, Rumford.
	Tranquil, Minot.

The R. W. Simon Greenleaf, Esq., was called to the chair, and W. Bro. John P. Boyd, Esq., elected Secretary; after which the following votes were unanimously passed:

That in forming the Grand Lodge of Maine, each of the lodges be entitled to a representation, according to the regulations of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts.

That lodges of Past Masters, lawfully holden under the jurisdiction of any Grand Royal Arch Chapter, are to be

considered as regular lodges, within the meaning of chap. 3, sec. 10, of the regulations of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts.

That we now proceed to the organization of the Grand Lodge of Maine, by the election of such officers, and in such manner, as is required in the by-laws of our late parent Grand Lodge of Massachusetts.

Whereupon the committee appointed to collect and count the ballots, having performed that service, reported the following brethren to be duly elected, viz:

M. W. the Hon. William King, Esq., Governor of the State, Grand Master.

R. W. Simon Greenleaf, Esq., of Portland, Senior Grand Warden.

R. W. Nathaniel Coffin, Esq., of Wiscasset, Junior Grand Warden.

R. W. Joseph M. Gerrish, of Portland, Grand Treasurer.

R. W. William Lord, of Portland, Grand Secretary.

Adjourned to Friday, June 2nd, 1820.

The Grand Lodge of Maine assembled June 2nd, 1820, agreeable to adjournment. Present, the same lodges as before, with the addition of Pythagorean Lodge, Fryeburg.

The committee, appointed for this purpose, introduced the M. W. the Hon. William King, Esq., Grand Master elect, into the hall, where, being received and saluted in due form, on taking the chair he addressed the Grand Lodge as follows, viz:

*R. W. and W. Officers and Members of this Grand Lodge:*—In the circumstances under which I have appeared before you, to enter upon the office to which you have been pleased to elevate me, I can do little more, at this time, than express my acceptance of the trust; and say to you, that according to the best of my ability, I will endeavor to discharge its duties. It would have been much more agreeable to me, at least for the present, to have appeared in the Grand Lodge only as a private brother. But as masonry teaches us to regard the duties we owe to God and the community as paramount to all others, I will endeavor to perform them, by attending to the wishes of my brethren, rather than by gratifying my own.

The following votes were unanimously passed:

That R. W. Brothers Simon Greenleaf, Robert P. Dunlap, George Thatcher, Jr., Samuel Little, and Joel Miller, be a committee to prepare and report a code of by-laws for this Grand Lodge.

That this Grand Lodge shall be consecrated and its officers installed on the ensuing festival of St. John the Baptist, at Portland.

That a communication be made to the M. W. Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, acquainting them that the Grand Lodge of Maine is now organized, by the unanimous election of the M. W. and Hon. William King, Esq., Governor of the State, as their Grand Master, and by the election and appointment of masonic brethren to fill the other various offices of the same; that they have appointed Portland, the 24th day of June instant, as the time and place for the consecration of the Grand Lodge and installation of its officers; and request the assistance of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts in these important and interesting services: Also, that a similar communication be made to the M. W. Grand Lodge of New Hampshire, inviting them to attend, upon the occasion.

It being considered necessary that the remaining offices of the Grand Lodge should be filled previous to the 24th inst., the Grand Master was pleased, at this time, to make the following appointments, viz:

R. W. Simon Greenleaf, Esq., of Portland, Deputy Grand Master.

R. W. Robert P. Dunlap, Esq., of Brunswick, Cor. Grand Secretary.

R. W. and Rev. G. W. Ohrey, of Gardiner, Grand Chaplain.

R. W. Joseph E. Foxcroft, Esq., of New Gloucester, Grand Marshal.

R. W. George Thatcher, Jr. Esq., of Saco, Grand Sword Bearer.

R. W. Henry W. Fuller, Esq., of Augusta, Senior Grand Deacon.

R. W. Josiah Calef, of Saco, Junior Grand Deacon.

R. W. William Torrey, Esq., of Bath; R. W. Jesse Robinson, Esq., of Hallowell; R. W. Eleazar Wyer, of Portland; R. W. Nelson Racklyft, of Portland, Grand Stewards.

R. W. John P. Boyd, Esq., of Portland; R. W. Seth Clark, of Portland, Grand Pursuivants.

Brother William Stevens, Grand Tyler.

The office of Senior Grand Warden being vacated by the appointment of R. W. Simon Greenleaf to be Deputy Grand Master, and his acceptance of that office, it was voted, that we now proceed to fill

the same; and on counting the ballots, it appeared that R. W. William Swan, Esq., of Portland, was elected Senior Grand Warden.

Adjourned to June 23rd, 1820.

A special meeting of the Grand Lodge of Maine was holden at Masons' Hall, in Portland, June 9th, 1820, at which the following lodges were represented:—Portland, Saco, Ancient Land Mark, Oriental Star, Freeport, Rising Virtue, Orient, St. George, Felicity, Lincoln, Temple.

At this meeting it was voted, that the M. W. Grand Master be authorized and requested to divide the State of Maine, from time to time, into such masonic districts as he may judge proper, and to appoint District Deputy Grand Masters in and over the same.

And the M. W. Grand Master accordingly, by an order dated June 10th, 1820, was pleased to divide the lodges under the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge into the following districts, and to appoint as District Deputy Grand Masters, over the respective districts, the following named Rt. W. Breth., for the year ensuing, viz:

First District, R. W. Josiah W. Mitchell, Esq., of Freeport, D. D. G. M.

Portland, Portland; Saco, Saco; Cumberland, New Gloucester; Ancient Land Mark, Portland; York, Kennebunk; Freeport, Freeport; Adoniram, Limington; Tranquil, Minot.

Second District, R. W. Judd Dana, Esq., of Fryeburg, D. D. G. M.

Pythagorean, Fryeburg; Oriental, Bridgton; Oxford, Paris; Oriental Star, Livermore; Blazing Star, Rumford.

Third District, R. W. Ebenezer T. Warren, Esq., of Hallowell, D. D. G. M.

Kennebeck, Hallowell; Maine, Farmington; Village, Bowdoinham; Northern Star, Anson; Temple, Winthrop.

Fourth District, R. W. Abiel Wood, Esq., of Wiscassett, D. D. G. M.

Solar, Bath; United, Brunswick; Lincoln, Wiscassett; Amity, Camden; Orient, Thomaston; St. George, Warren.

Fifth District, R. W. Manly Hardy, Esq., of Bucksport, D. D. G. M.

Hancock, Castine; Rising Virtue, Hampden; Felicity, Bucksport; Belfast, Belfast.

Sixth District, R. W. Jona. D. Weston, Esq., of Eastport, D. D. G. M.

Warren, Machias; Tuscan, Columbia; Eastern, Eastport.

On the 24th day of June, 1820, the Grand Lodge of Maine was assembled at an early hour, for the solemnities of its consecration, and the public installation of its officers. At eleven o'clock, A. M., the approach of the M. W. Grand Lodge of New Hampshire was announced, agreeably to previous invitation; and they were received and welcomed in ancient form. The records and official documents of the Grand Lodge of Maine were then examined by the M. W. Grand Master of New Hampshire, (no Grand Master of any other Grand Lodge being present,) and it being found to be regularly organized and assembled, the two Grand Lodges moved in grand procession to the meeting house of the second parish in Portland, where, after divine service being performed, the M. W. Grand Master elect was invested and installed in ample and ancient form, by the M. W. Joshua Darling, Esq., Grand Master of masons in New Hampshire.

The M. W. Grand Master of Maine then proceeded to invest and install the other officers of the Grand Lodge of Maine—all which being performed agreeably to the ancient usages of masonry, and with the approbation of the visiting Grand Lodge; the Grand Marshal of New Hampshire, by direction of the M. W. Grand Master of that State, proclaimed the Grand Lodge of Maine to be consecrated, and its officers installed, in ample and ancient form.

Adjourned to June 27th, 1820.

In the Grand Lodge of Maine, June 27th, 1820. The committee appointed to procure a seal for the Grand Lodge, reported the following device, which was adopted:

The form, a circle, surrounded by the words, "Incorporated by the State, June 16th, consecrated June 24th, A. L. 5820." Within this circle the words, GRAND LODGE OF MAINE, upholding on its three pillars the Bible, Square, and Compasses, supported on the right by a scythe, and on the left by an anchor, (part of the arms of the State), having within the compasses, REGIT irradiated by the Polar Star, the emblem of Maine, and having above the whole the All-Seeing Eye.

*Voted,* That the first printed communication of this Grand Lodge be sent to all the Grand Lodges in America and Europe, with an official note by the Corresponding Grand Secretary, announcing the regular organization of this Grand Lodge, and requesting their fraternal recognition and correspondence.

Charters have been granted to the following lodges:—Hermon, Gardiner; Waterville, Waterville.

Attest, WILLIAM LORD,  
*Grand Secretary.*

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#### RESPECT TO THE GRAND MASTER.

BY ROB. MORRIS.

WE have never failed in our lectures in any part of the world, to suggest to our brethren the duty of paying high respect to the Grand Lodge, through its principal representative, the Grand Master. We have put it on the grounds—the highest, we think, that can be assumed—that he is not so much “Grand Master of the Grand Lodge” as he is “Grand Master of all masons under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge.” This calls in our *self-respect*, for we respect ourselves when we respect our representative.

The duty referred to, makes it obligatory upon us to invite our Grand Master to visit our lodges; or, if that is not practicable, to visit him through our delegates, for the double purpose of gaining instruction and paying that homage to his station which is his just due.

Should any of our readers smile at this—and no one will, save the *very green*—we offer them from the Installation Service, one of the charges to the Master of every lodge: “You promise to PAY HOMAGE TO THE GRAND MASTER,” etc., to show that the acknowledged head of each lodge is thus solemnly bound—and if the *head*, how much more the *body*.

We have more than once in our editorials adverted to the curious fact, that scores of our lodges, through the United States, are in effect detached from any Grand Lodge. True, they pay annual dues, and thus do an important part toward sustaining the general system of masonry; but there is *no immediate tie be-*

*tween them and their Grand Head.* They are rarely, if ever, represented. They rarely, if ever, receive visits from Grand Officers, lecturers, or messages from headquarters of any name; and, therefore, we say they are in reality isolated. In Pennsylvania and South Carolina, this curious state of things is more evident; but, in a lesser degree, it may be observed in all the larger States. We are prone to pity lodges detached in Asia Minor, China, the Sandwich Islands, and other out-of-the-way places; but the difference between them and the American lodges referred to, is not so great after all as to call our sympathies away from home.

This fault in the lodges may be attributed chiefly to themselves. Would they but invite their Grand Master to a more intimate relationship, they would brighten themselves, exalt his office, and strengthen the chain of masonic friendship to a degree worthy their best efforts. But a portion of the fault may lie with the Grand Master himself. He must not wait to be called. The fraternity have already *called* him out with the strongest solicitations they can employ, when they elected him Grand Master, and he should take this fact for a standing invitation to visit at his pleasure, and exercise his prerogative to its fullest extent. We give the gist of all our observations in this remark—that the Grand Master who assumes the most and does the most is the most popular with his constituents.

An instance or two:—Wm. B. Hubbard, P. G. M. of Ohio, during his Grand Mastership, became noted for his readiness and ability in responding to queries upon Masonic Jurisprudence. His term being ended, his Grand Lodge ordered his decisions, of which he had fortunately kept a record, published for general distribution. The result was most happy. Now, when Bro. Hubbard commenced this plan, it was but doing one of the matter-of-fact duties of his station—yet its performance has stamped his name upon masonic legislation in Ohio in characters not to be erased.

Economizing space, we will omit other instances, though we might give many, and say, in general, that the men whose memory lives in their respective jurisdictions—whose “works do follow



them," are those who, during their official terms, were noted either—1st, For eloquent and abundant masonic oratory, (as Chandler, Douglass, Scott, Winter-smith, etc., etc. ;) 2d, For legal decisions upon embarrassing and controverted questions; 3d, For their skill in the work of the Order, whereby the ceremonials of the Institution were made familiar to the eye, ear, and hand of the membership. In one of these three departments, the Grand Master who wishes to be remembered as deserving well of his constituents, must labor to excel.

The mere office of Grand Master ennobles no one. The title, the seat in the Grand Lodge, the name upon the Charters, are all empty vanities, in and of themselves. To prove this, we have only to remark how few of the many who have held the station of Grand Master in the various Grand Lodges of the United States, even in the little period of ten years, are remembered as such. To fill the seat of the Wise Master of Israel is nothing, unless the recipient *has* some wisdom, and is instrumental in imparting it to his co-workers. The man must make the honors. The occupant must ennoble the station. The position gives him very great opportunities to do good to others and accumulate honors to himself; but should he fail to do that good, the fraternity will fail to do him that honor.

It will be readily seen that this article has no personal bearings. If applicable to one it is so to all—and that it *does* apply to all, we leave to the conscience of every reader. It pains us to see the great powers, which are of old time invested in Grand Masters, suffered to lie neglected. We would rather see that dignitary *transcend* his duty occasionally, than to remain dormant. When Grand Master Hyam, of California, was charged in our hearing with a tyrannous exercise of power, our first observation was, "Better so than do nothing." Who cares, in a great battle, if a great general goes a little too far for the habeas corpus, or the rights of man? So *he wins the battle* and comes home like Jephthah, victorious, we say he has done well: and should a Grand Master, in exercise of the very great powers intrusted to him by

the traditionary rule and rite, some times fail to look for the boundary line of his prerogative in settling a destructive difficulty or curing a gangrene that is eating into the very heart of a lodge, we say, "Better so than do nothing. Most Worshipful, go ahead!" And are we not right?

Does the reader ask, "Wherein is found the comparison between the exigency of a general on the battlefield and the ordinary exercise of a Grand Master's duty? We respond, the Grand Master, in the everyday exercise of duty, stands as one who overlooks and controls a great combat. Beneath his eye the struggle between darkness and light, error and truth, sin and righteousness, continually rages. The little company, banded to resist error and diffuse truth, look to him for their clue, for their orders, for their example. Is he recreant to his trust—wo to the standard, then! Is he ardent, skillful and faithful?—the gleam of victory is on every face and the song of triumph in every mouth. As is the head, so is the body. The stream can not rise higher than the fountain.

Our remarks have become more diffuse than we designed them at the outset; but how can a man, in one article, write systematically upon so great a subject as this? To call out of *respect to the Grand Master* is to show—1st. How elevated is his position. 2nd. How abundant the means of usefulness in his hands. 3d. How cheering the evidences masonic history gives us, that the befitting labors of the Grand Master have every where met their reward. 4th. How clear is the duty of homage due him—and each of these topics gives text for a sermon.

We close with some suggestions gathered from personal conference with the Grand Masters of five or six States during the past season. They are but crudely stated, yet in hope they will be found worthy of adoption. As we have among our readers the Grand Masters of every State in the Union, with the exception, perhaps, of two,\* we commend the plan to their careful consideration. *First.* Let the Grand Masters make it

\* The exception of four.—PUB.

known, to their respective constituencies, that they are ready to receive, nay, that they *invite* confidential communications upon any subject in the whole range of masonic theory and practice, to all of which they will give careful attention and full replies. Keep a record of all decisions, and communicate it to the Grand Lodge. *Second.* Let the Grand Masters make it known that they will attend *in person* upon the lodges, so far as they can conveniently do so, to dedicate halls, honor festivals, bury the dead, or settle the more serious difficulties that may unhappily arise. *Third.* Let the lodges address invitations to their respective Grand Masters to visit them; communicate all their difficulties freely to them; remunerate them reasonably for their time and the expenses of writing; and be governed by their advice. *Fourth.* Let Grand Masters open a correspondence with each other upon mooted points, or if no mooted points seem to call for it, do so for the sake of binding more closely their respective memberships. Let them visit each other at convenient seasons, especially at the Grand Annual Communication of Grand Lodges, and thus corresponding and visiting, let them feel and act as one.

Does not every mason see how performances like these would dignify the office of Grand Master, call out the highest style of respect from the membership, and increase largely the good which should grow out of the relationship between the body and the head? It will only be when some such code of international courtesy, so to speak, is adopted, that our various Grand Lodge jurisdictions will feel that they are working upon the same great edifice, the *one* Temple of Solomonic Masonry. And it will only be when Grand Masters use their prerogative freely that they will accomplish all that great and important work which the Grand Architect of the Temple can alone do. And it will only be when we, the members, gather ourselves up to pay homage, and our best respects, to our Grand Masters, that the walls, under our toiling hands, will go up in strength and beauty, to the honor of God and the good of those who shall come after us.

## BEST WORDS OF OUR BEST MEN.

CLOPTON, Past Grand Master of Alabama, thus eulogizes the deceased Grand Master of Louisiana, H. R. W. Hill: "His broad philanthropy, unceasing benevolence, large soul, and earnest working for the good of his race, were known far abroad. He was a world-wide citizen; a mason with charity extended as the bounds of the fraternity; a Christian full of light and love." In view of such an epitaph, merited, as all admit who were acquainted with him, how feelingly we may exclaim, *May I die the death of the righteous, and may my last end be like his!*"

This officer, in the same address, thus sums up the advantages of a general communication between Grand Lodges, both American and Foreign; "It would be of inestimable benefit. The claims, rights and jurisdiction of each would be better understood; causes of misunderstanding could be more easily explained; there would result an interchange of opinion and sentiment; a mystical importation of knowledge; the cultivation of a better acquaintance, and, of course, of feelings of friendship and brotherly love."

Upon the subject of masonic books and periodicals, he thus descants: "It ought to be a source of gratification to every mason that such a thing has been organized as Masonic Literature. Every society that would maintain its place in public estimation, and preserve its influence, must address itself, in some way or other, to the reading public. Without this, it will be forgotten in this age when books are published by the minute, and papers and periodicals instruct their thousands; when every trade and profession look to the press for information concerning the principles, character and effect of every thing that asserts a claim to public favor and reception. The press is the teacher of millions, and guides the human mind, thought and opinion, at pleasure. This powerful agent belongs, not exclusively to politics, belles letters, art, science, philosophy, and such like; but masonry, in common with christianity, observed its might for good or evil, for truth or error, and employed it

as a coöperator in the work of brotherly love, relief and truth, to ennoble humanity, dignify the race, and send messages of sympathy from the brother in prosperity to the brother in adversity."

TANNEHILL, P. G. M. of Tenn., in a reply to a jewel presentation last year, pathetically said: "My earthly pilgrimage is fast drawing to a close; my days of usefulness are past; and I can not hope to repay the many acts of kindness and consideration I have received at your hands. The infirmities of age, and the inroads of disease have shattered my constitution and enfeebled my frame. I now feel that I am but a decayed and withered branch of the glorious tree of Freemasonry, which has spread over islands and continents, where ever civilization has displayed its banner, scattering the beneficent fruits of Charity, Friendship, and Brotherly Love. Under its shadow I have calmly reposed in days of prosperity, and have enjoyed its shelter in adverse fortune."

P. G. M. SPEIGHT, of Mississippi: "In the clangor of party warfare, and the acrimony of political strife, Freemasonry, as a great balance-wheel of moral force, serves to meliorate and circumscribe the embittered feelings of men."

D. G. M. CORNWELL, of Missouri: "We have an institute based upon the purest principles of morality and philanthropy; principles that are as immutable as those that uphold the Universe; principles upon which men of every country, sect and opinion can unite; principles that know no north, no south; principles that are alike impervious to the dogmas of sectarian bigots or political demagogues; principles that have risen above the unholy bulls of a corrupt church, and the denunciations of unprincipled politicians; principles of pure benevolence, around which the cardinal virtues delight to cluster; principles that have enlisted the earnest attention of the wise and virtuous of all ages—a theme that the angels of heaven delight to dwell upon."

P. M. READEL, of Maryland: "As masons, we should sedulously eschew every

thing that tends to innovate. Freemasonry has flourished, as it were, in immortal youth."

P. G. M. AMES, of Minnesota: "Our institution has for its work the practice of the domestic and the public virtues. Masonry has collected a galaxy of glorious principles, which work and revolve in her atmosphere by as certain laws as do the reflectors of light which are hung out in such wild and witching profusion on the robe of night. Masonry mentions them in her hieroglyphics, and speaks them in her native tongue."

P. G. M. JENKINS, of North Carolina: "In every relation of society we must discharge our duties with honesty and fidelity. Morality, respectability, and usefulness to our fellow-men, must distinguish us from the world. We must live temperately, moderately, and above suspicion; learn by our virtue to check our passions, and keep ourselves within the circle of propriety; abstain from profane language, which you are all aware is strictly forbidden, and contrary to the lessons which we are taught in the Masonic Temple; we must carry with us, in the world, honor and integrity, as a shield to ward off the poisonous arrows of the vicious and envious; be kind, amiable, and benevolent, to all men."

P. G. M. AMES, of Illinois: "Our noble institution is fulfilling her heaven-born mission, in feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked; in ministering to the sick and afflicted; in condoling with the widow and the orphan in their bereavement, and bestowing that aid and assistance which their necessities may require; in elevating the morals and refining the minds of its votaries, by making them better citizens, kinder husbands, more affectionate fathers, truer friends, and more devoted christians."

P. G. M. RATCLIFF, of California: "A candidate for our mysteries should be recommended for his virtues, unspotted before the world, and pronounced well-formed, true and trusty, so that his masonic edifice may be erected with pleasure to himself and honor to the fraternity."

P. G. M. CLOPTON, of Alabama: "The teachings of Freemasonry are good, its morality is pure, and among its votaries are numbered thousands of the best and most worthy of the land. Its primary object was the erection of the Temple, in which were to be shadows, and types, and emblems of things to come. It has lived to witness the veil rent, to see the types, shadows, and emblems pass away, and to behold the realities and glory of the last dispensation of the world. From the time when it first came forth, as a distinct society, it has had a pulsation in unison with every good effect, enterprise, and movement in whatever department of human improvement."

P. G. M. TUCKER, of Vermont: "Our beloved brother, the Rev. Joel Winch, has closed an honored life, and gone down to the grave. The hands of his own beloved brethren have paid the last honors to the remains of that earthly clay which the immortal part no longer animates. They have borne to his grave our beautiful emblem of immortality, believing faithfully in its symbolic appropriateness, and doubting not that the pure spirit of our brother is still alive, and has ascended to heaven, to his father and our father, to his God and our God. Our brother died as he lived, ever faithful and true. He desired to be entombed by the hands of his brethren. Some of his last observations to a brother were: 'Tell the world that I die a mason; that I lived a mason as well as I could, and die a mason and a Methodist; be careful not to let innovations and contentions creep in; beware of the little foxes that spoil the vines, and may God bless you all, and keep you, and bring you into his Grand Lodge above. Farewell!'"

P. G. M. FRENCH, of the District of Columbia: "Each brother, when he takes upon himself the solemn obligations of a Freemason, binds himself to every upright, virtuous brother throughout the world; to be to him as if they were of one family and one parentage; and if he perform his duty according to promise, he will treat every brother, whom he shall find to be a good and true

brother, as if they were really of the same household."

P. G. M. STEWART, of New Jersey: "Guard well the doors of your lodges, and see that none enter but such as are truly qualified to receive our honors, by having a well reported good moral character in society, free from all stain of just censure, honest and true."

P. G. M. BACKUS, of Michigan: "The world to us, as masons, is a theater for good, and we can not forget that we are men and our duties wide as the world, high as the divinity of our nature, and eternal destiny to God, our fellow-men and ourselves. To God, humble reverence and cordial submission to his laws, physical and moral; to our country, faithful allegiance and hearty coöperation to promote the greatest good of the whole; to our fellow-men, brotherly love, and, above all, charity; to ourselves, unyielding integrity of purpose and practice, fulfill the objects of our immortal destiny."

P. G. M. HAYWARD, of Florida: "Our aims are noble, our purposes lofty, and, above all, our work is useful. Let us be wary and cautious in all our measures, prudent in our counsels, and fixed in our resolves for good."

P. G. M. KNOX, of Louisiana: "Let us hold fast to the rigid application of our ancient laws and usages; let us constantly have an eye to the ancient landmarks; and, above all, let us keep burning, in undimmed purity, the flame of self-sacrifice and devotion upon the altar for our Order's good."

P. G. M. HUNTER, of Virginia: "I pray you bring to your aid our perfect points and cardinal virtues—temperance, fortitude, prudence, and Justice."

P. G. M. DAWSON, of Georgia: "We are now here in Grand Lodge to do good to our fellows—the masonic family—and all those are embraced by the beautiful and wise charity of the principles of masonry."

P. G. M. PALMER, of Wisconsin: "Masonry still pursues the even tenor of its way, silently accomplishing the great objects of its mission, dispensing its blessings like the dews of heaven, unseen and unfelt save by those who are the recipients of them."

P. G. M. WALWORTH, of New York: "Let me impress upon every officer and member of this Grand Lodge, and upon every mason who loves our institutions, the duty of being circumspect in all his words and actions, and of discountenancing immoralities in others, as well as of keeping his own white apron untarnished by a single stain. It was written by the pen of inspiration, under the dictation of the unerring wisdom of the Most High, that virtue exalteth a nation; and it is equally true that vice or immorality, unrestrained, is not only a reproach to any community or any institution where it is allowed to exist, but it will, sooner or later, entirely destroy the peace and happiness of that community or that institution. Let us, therefore, endeavor so to conduct ourselves, not only in our intercourse with each other as brethren, but also in all our dealings with others who do not belong to the fraternity, as not to bring discredit upon ourselves or upon the institution of masonry to which we belong."

#### THE HEBREW LAW.

THE masonic institution bases its theological ladder upon the Holy Writings, and knows no other foundation for any principle it teaches save the revealed Word of God. If there be a mason who questions the divinity of the Bible, he is a hypocrite in heart and in life, for the Bible forms the central point in the sight of masons "in lodge assembled;" its character as THE FIRST GREAT light is the first masonic explanation given to every brother; it has an honored place in masonic processions of all sorts, and it accompanies each brother when on his last journey to a masonic burial. There is, therefore, no shadow of an apology for skepticism on this point.

The most prominent feature in the Holy Writings—we refer, of course, to the Old Testament Scriptures, that portion received by every one of us, whether Jew or Gentile—is the law styled the Hebrew or Mosaic Law. This it is which gives life to its pages and force to its instructions, whether delivered in church or in synagogue; and the authority of this law, at the time of the delivery, all Freemasons are interested to sustain. Infidels,—“irreligious libertines,” as they are emphatically styled in the old language of our Order,—and all sneerers at divine truth, when they open their batteries against the sacred Word, attack, first of all, the Mosaic Law. It seems to them an easy prey. There seems to be in it so much that is frivolous and unmeaning; discordant with the character of a mild and beneficent Being, such as He is whom masons adore, that the puniest shaft is flown and the puniest blow struck at it, as if force were wasted in crushing this contemptible thing.

The principal charge against it is its cruelty. It is said to be a code of blood. Death is its life, slaughter its spirit. It is characterized by sacrifices of innocent beings, and burnings of tender flesh. One writer, whether an infidel or not we can only judge by his denunciations of Scripture truth, declares that if it be *superhuman*, it is none the less *inhuman*.

To dissipate this unworthy idea, we cull out from the law as detailed by Moses in the second, third, fourth, and fifth books of the pentateuch, a few passages at random, which go to show that it is eminently tender to those who would conform to its precepts; and that it regarded the life, the happiness, and feelings of the weakest objects of God's creation—the proper objects of our care.

Cities of refuge, three on either side of the Jordan, were appointed to which the man who had accidentally slain his neighbor could flee and be secure. Broad and straight roads were required to be kept open from all quarters to these sanctuaries of justice.

Only two methods of putting criminals to death were permitted—the sword and stoning. The horrid death of the cross was invented long afterward by the Romans.

No child should suffer for his father's crime. No torture, no branding, no infamous punishments to be inflicted upon any.

No spy or tale-bearer was encouraged.

The authority of magistrates was held sacred, and no one might speak of them with disrespect.

Bribery was sternly prohibited.

Manstealing was punished with death.

If a master treated his servant with cruelty, or beat him so as to cause injury, the servant might recover his freedom as an indemnity.

Every fiftieth year was a jubilee, a year of universal emancipation, a time of restitution of all things. Then all debts were extinguished; all alienated lands returned to their original proprietors, and the nation commenced from a new standpoint.

Whoever saw an ox going astray was enjoined to return it to its owner. If one saw an ass, even his enemy's ass, lying under its burden, he was to lift it up. Birds' nests were protected from wanton destruction.

A portion of the harvest-field and of the vintage was to be left for the gleanings of the poor. The widow and the fatherless child were not to be oppressed. None were to curse the deaf, nor to put a stumbling-block before the blind.

Will any, examining such a code of laws as this, fall into the snare of infidelity, and say there is cruelty and inhumanity where such precepts abound? But go, dear reader and examine it for yourself.

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### BLASPHEMY.

**T**HIS crime, the second one denounced in the decalogue which forms the foundation of masonic morality, is one of universal reproach. All nations of pagans have a punishment in their civil codes for the blasphemer; some have punished it with extreme severity. In our own country the opinion prevails that the matter of a petty fine, and that too rarely inflicted, is a sufficient vindication of God's honor against the vilest blasphemy. Is this wise? A slander-

ous expression against the character of a man or the chastity of a woman is punished by our laws with a heavy fine, oftentimes an overwhelming one. Is God's honor less to be vindicated than that of his children? We quote, on this head, from Michaelis on the Laws of Moses:

"To the complete disowner of religion, whether he disbelieves in God altogether, or but only as concerning Himself in human affairs; as punishing sin and ruling the world, and consequently to the blasphemer of the only true God, the State, according to the spirit of its laws, owes no toleration whatever; because no dependence can be placed on any such person, HIS OATH BEING A MERE NONENTITY; nor is he to be trusted further than he is under inspection. Should he be, malicious punishment would be insufficient to secure us against his attacks, because the man who has no dread of another world, can hope to escape punishment by suicide. He is, therefore, a very dangerous member of society.

"If, again, the State does not proceed on this principle—if it tolerates the Atheist and Infidel—nay, and protects him, too, although no dependence can be placed on his doing, in return, any thing for the country, because he can give himself a dispensation from all oaths, and putting arms in his hands would be hazardous; still such a man must suspect that he is in a strange house, wherein he can not possibly claim equal rights with others. His oath can not so much as be valid for a proof in any judicial process. He ought, therefore, to behave as a man in a strange house will naturally do: without insulting by his blasphemies the people who lodge and protect him, and yet get nothing from him in return, or else he can not think it unjust that he should be punished if he does."

It will be observed that this distinguished writer puts blasphemy on a level with infidelity: and can it be shown that there is any real difference? Masons, of all men living, should discountenance blasphemy among her members, as the one deadly sin that strikes at the root of all her discipline and all her doctrines.

DELIVER my soul, oh Lord, from lying lips, and from a deceitful tongue.

## THE WISE CHOICE OF SOLOMON.

I KINGS, III: 5.

BY ROB. MORRIS, K. T.

MUSIC—"The Banks of Banna."

WHEN in the dreams of night he lay,  
 Fancy-led through earth and air,  
 Whispered from the heavenly way,  
 The voice of promise met his ear;  
 Fancy ceased his pulse to thrill—  
 Gathered home each earnest thought—  
 And his very heart was still  
 Awhile the gracious words he caught.

"Ask me whatsoe'er thou wilt,  
 Fame or wealth or royal power;  
 Ask me, ask me, and thou shalt,  
 Such favors have as none before!"  
 Silence through the midnight air—  
 Silence in the thoughtful breast—  
 What of all that's bright and fair,  
 Appeared to youth and hope the best?

'T was no feeble tongue replied,  
 While in awe his pulses stood;—  
 "Wealth and riches be denied,  
 But give me WISDOM, voice of God!  
 Give me WISDOM in the sight  
 Of the people thou dost know;  
 Give me of thyself the light,  
 And all the rest I can forego!"

Thus, oh Lord, in visions fair,  
 When we hear thy promise-voice,  
 Thus like him will we declare,  
 That WISDOM is our dearest choice,  
 Light of heaven, ah, priceless boon,  
 Guiding o'er the troubled way,  
 What is all an earthly sun,  
 To his celestial, chosen ray!

Wisdom hath her dwelling reared,\*  
 Lo the mystic pillars seven!  
 Wisdom for her guests hath cared,  
 And meat, and wine, and bread hath  
 given.

Turn we not while round us cry  
 Tongues that speak her mystic word:  
 They that scorn her voice shall die,  
 But whoso hear are friends of God.

MARK the perfect man, and behold the  
 upright: for the end of that man is  
 peace.

\* Proverbs ix: 1-9.

## HUMBLE WORTH.

TELL me not that he's a poor man,  
 That his dress is coarse and bare;  
 Tell me not his daily pittance  
 Is a workman's scanty fare.  
 Tell me not his birth is humble,  
 That his parentage is low:  
 Is he honest in his actions?  
 That is all I want to know.

Is his word to be relied on?  
 Has his character no blame?  
 Then I care not if he's low-born—  
 Then I ask not whence his name.  
 Would he from an unjust action  
 Turn away with scornful eye?  
 Would he than defraud another,  
 Sooner on the scaffold die?

Would he spend his hard-gained earnings  
 On a brother in distress?  
 Would he succor the afflicted,  
 And the weak one's wrongs redress?  
 Then he is a man deserving  
 Of my love and my esteem:  
 And I care not what his birth-place  
 In the eye of man may seem.

Let it be a low, thatched hovel:  
 Let it be a clay-built cot:  
 Let it be a parish work-house—  
 In my eye it matters not.  
 And if others will disown him  
 As inferior to their caste,  
 Let them do it—I befriend him  
 As a brother to the last.

## THE RESURRECTION.

Our life how short! a groan, a sigh;  
 We live—and then begin to die:  
 But oh! how great a mercy this  
 That death's a portal into bliss.

My soul! death swallows up thy fears;  
 My grave-clothes wipe away all tears;  
 Why should we fear this parting pain,  
 Who die that we may live again.

THE INFIDEL'S GIFT TO HIS SON.—An  
 infidel physician, as his son was about to  
 leave him for college, procured for him a  
 pocket Bible, frankly stating to a friend  
 that he knew of nothing so likely to pre-  
 serve him from the seductive influence of  
 vicious societies.

## Record of Current Masonic Work and Events.

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IN this and succeeding issues, instead of the usual record of masonic work and events, we shall furnish our readers with a compend of the condition of masonry around the globe for the year past, as collected from the proceedings of the Grand Lodges throughout the world, commencing with those of our own country, and ending with the National Grand Orient of Peru. We arrange the States in alphabetical rotation.

ARKANSAS.—The whole number of subordinate lodges in this jurisdiction is 111, with a membership of 3,075; deceased during the year 102; suspended 135; expelled 127. Grand Lodge dues \$2,380. St. John's College, a child of the Grand Lodge of this State, is sharing the experience of all the masonic colleges that have preceded it, viz., repose in a languishing and inactive condition; and this, too, before any thing, save the purchase of the land upon which to erect buildings, has taken place. This inactivity is chiefly owing to the repeal of a resolution unanimously adopted by the Grand Lodge of 1850, and concurred in by every subordinate lodge, imposing a tax of two dollars a head on every affiliated mason in the State. As stated, this resolution was repealed at a subsequent communication, under the impression that it was unconstitutional, and instead, the brethren were requested to contribute one dollar each for the purpose. This change shed a dampness upon the whole project that has worked disastrously for its success. It appears to us that the second action of the Grand Lodge betrayed a delicacy scarcely worthy of the manly manner in which its first action was met by its subordinates, and in fact antagonistic with its own authority. The question, what is law? may be properly asked, if action of the governing party, unanimously submitted to by the governed, is *not* law.

This Grand Lodge concurs in the opinion of the Grand Lodge of Alabama, that "Blue Lodge Masonry has nothing to do

with a belief in the Bible," and adds, that "we can not but think that the addition of this, or any other *new test*, is not only a wide departure from the old regulations, but a dangerous innovation."

ALABAMA.—The whole number of lodges in this state is 220, with 7,206 members; 110 deaths, 135 suspensions—105 of which were for nonpayment of dues;—27 expulsions, 25 reinstatements, and \$3,031, Grand Lodge dues received. This Grand Lodge had, the previous year, accumulated a fund of \$17,000 in cash and notes, and were somewhat exercised to know what to do with it, but finally determined, by a vote of 104 to 59, to make a distribution of the cash on hand, and annually distribute the unappropriated fund until the whole \$17,000 should be distributed among the subordinate lodges. This year, (1857,) they passed a resolution, by a vote of 131 to 13, to purchase a set of the *Universal Masonic Library*, of thirty volumes, for every subordinate lodge in the jurisdiction, and thus do far more good with that much of the overplus than they could possibly do in any other way. During the year Bro. Amand P. Phister deceased, and Bro. Daniel Sayre, a prominent member of this Grand Lodge, was elected its Grand Secretary.

CALIFORNIA.—The whole number of lodges in this State is 115; membership 4,500; deceased 40; suspended 16; expelled 15. Grand Lodge dues \$7,250. Bro. Alexander G. Abell, of San Francisco, the Grand Secretary and *ex-officio* Chairman of the Foreign Correspondence Committee, takes occasion to congratulate the Grand Lodge of Alabama upon its condemnation of the "new test" introduced by the Grand Lodge of Ohio, viz., *the necessity of believing in the divine authority of the Bible*, as a qualification for masonry. We are free to believe that no such wordy doctrine as that which our respected Bro. Abell advances will ever change the opinion of the Grand Lodge of Ohio, as it certainly will not our own,



upon this subject. The rapid increase of numbers seems to be the great point of weakness deprecated by the first officer of this jurisdiction, and he says, in conclusion, that he would "rather hear of the affiliation of *one* worthy applicant, than of the initiation of a *score* of candidates; because it argues better for the safety and well-being of the institution."

The graceful manner in which Grand Master Howard acknowledges errors into which he has fallen, is worthy of all praise; and we the more admire such an exhibition of true moral courage, as the virtue is a rare one. In a case of rejection he had—following the example previously set by his Grand Lodge—granted a dispensation to rebalot. This act he deplores in the following words: "I am satisfied now that neither a Grand Lodge nor a Grand Master should interfere with the ballot of a lodge when it has been properly taken."

In 1854 there originated a project at San Francisco to organize a "Masonic Board of Relief," which was consummated in 1856 by five of the lodges of that city becoming parties to the compact, and on the 31st of January, of that year, the masters of these lodges organized the board by the election of a president and other officers. Subsequently, the other two lodges of the city joined the compact, and this board, composed of the masters of the seven lodges, receive all applications for masonic relief for masons, their widows and children, not belonging to the city. The fund is raised, first, by a general levy of fifty cents from each member of the lodges associated; second, by a monthly levy of ten cents per capita, in addition, and five dollars for each degree conferred; third, from donations; and fourth, from power, in case of emergency to levy an extra assessment of twenty-five cents from each member. No greater sum than fifty dollars can be granted to one object, except in extreme cases, and then only by a unanimous vote. The receipts during the past year were \$3,412.25, of which \$1,459 was the generous donation of Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne, as the proceeds of a benefit at the Metropolitan Theater.

CONNECTICUT.—There are eighty char-

tered lodges, and three under dispensation in this State. This Grand Lodge treasury is almost depleted; but its heart is large enough to feel, at the call of charity, a cheerful willingness to contribute for the relief of the distressed. It donated \$100 to the New Orleans Relief Lodge, and addressed a circular to its lodges recommending them to contribute to this noble charity. The recommendation, we are happy to say, was responded to by eleven of the lodges, and the sum of \$145.50 made up and forwarded.

Bro. William Storer, Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Correspondence, an early and persevering craftsman, with whom the teachings of masonry are hereditary graces, and whose reports are models of their kind, furnishes his Grand Lodge with a review of masonry in sixteen Grand Lodges, which adds to the credit of his former productions. This report abounds in noble sentiments admirably expressed, which it would afford us pleasure to reproduce, did our limits permit.

There are, in the archives of this Grand Lodge, some valuable relics of the past generation, being the charter and records of "American Union Lodge," which charter was granted by the Provincial Grand Lodge of Massachusetts to the Connecticut line of the Continental army, on the 15th February, 1776. The records are very full, and show that the lodge was visited by the illustrious commander-in-chief, General Washington, by General Putnam, and other distinguished masons and eminent men of that period.

DELAWARE.—Six lodges were represented at the last communication of this Grand Lodge; but as no statistics are given, it is impossible to ascertain either the number of lodges or members.

We congratulate the craft that they have in this State, a Grand Master who fears not to speak out as to the necessity of a belief in the Bible being a requisite in the making of masons. "The Bible," Bro. Robinson says, "is the rule of our faith, and he who abnegates its divinity can not, within our halls, be allowed to pollute it with his touch. There is no *fidelity* in his right hand, that it should rest upon it—no *strength* in his left, to

support it; he has no trust in God, and is without a guide in his path through life. He is without hope, because she has no foundation whereon to erect her temple in his heart.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—Five lodges, being the whole number in this district, were represented at the last communication of its Grand Lodge. 513 members paying dues to Grand Lodge to amount of \$444.25, are registered in good standing.

The death of its G. M., Bro. Chas. S. Frailey, M. D., while in office, cast a gloom over the meeting, evincing a suitable fraternal feeling for the memory of the worthy dead. This Grand Lodge is not in favor of expelling for non-payment of dues. It considers the penalty, being the extreme infliction of a masonic lodge, entirely disproportioned to the offense—an opinion in which we cordially join. Expulsion should only follow gross unmasonic conduct, or the highest crimes against the order; and, certainly, to owe a lodge dues, amounting to at most a few dollars, does not constitute such a crime. "Owe no man any thing," is a good masonic, because christian, law; yet its being honored in the breach, rather than in the observance, does not certainly constitute a crime demanding the extreme penalty of masonic punishment.

Let us put a case. A brother expelled can not be recognized as a brother mason in any lodge or jurisdiction. He is stigmatized as a criminal person, and masonic intercourse is, with him, prohibited. Three weeks after this sentence has gone forth, he, if so punished for non-payment of dues, finds himself able to pay the amount on the books of the lodge against him, and does so. Where now is his offense? There is none; and, consequently, by a vote of the lodge, which it would be ungenerous to believe his former brethren would refuse, he is again received into full fellowship. And thus, before the ink from the pen of the Secretary of a distant lodge, used in recording his expulsion, is dry, the act is repealed; and the lodge of the offending party figures in the ridiculous position of blowing hot and cold with almost the same breath.

The extreme penalty of masonic punishment should be only inflicted in extreme cases of flagrant misconduct. *Suspension*, from the rights and privileges of masonic intercourse, is ample punishment for such an offense as non-payment of lodge dues. Coupled with this offense, however, there sometimes occurs the offense of *contumacy*, or disregard of a lodge summons; and this, if *persisted in* without sufficient cause, we consider a high masonic crime, and one worthy of its extreme penalty.

FLORIDA.—Thirty-two lodges, representing a membership of about 1400 brethren, is the force of this Grand Lodge. The fraternity are prosperous and contented. Bro. Thomas Brown, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence, devotes a large portion of his report to the Canada question, and closes it with a resolution, which was adopted, recognizing the Grand Lodge of Canada. Bro. B. is not in favor of the Grand Lodge possessing any funded surplus. He says such a fund, from the necessity of its being under the control of a few, will have a corrupting influence, promote discord, and bring discredit on the craft. He thinks the endowment of colleges, or seminaries of learning, by Grand Lodges, is of more than doubtful policy; and that the object of educating the needy children of masons can be better attained by leaving the overplus in the hands of the lodges, to be by them distributed; and, in States where universal education is not made, by the people, the duty of government, such a use of lodge funds is eminently praiseworthy.

In this opinion we are at once with Bro. Brown, as already shown in a preceding number of this periodical.

GEORGIA.—Of the 198 lodges in this jurisdiction, 185 were represented at the last communication. The entire number of lodges now at work in Georgia is 205, with a reported membership of 12,310.

Although our Georgia brethren, in Grand Lodge, hold the adverse opinion as to the question of belief in the divine authority of the Bible being a prerequisite in the making of a mason, yet some of the lodges entertain ideas implying

doubt as to their position on this question. The Master of one, for instance, refuses to bury a member of his lodge who departed this life in full fellowship, but was a Universalist in his religious belief. This doubting Bro. Thomas was, however, soon enlightened and put to the right (about), by the decision of Grand Master Rockwell, that "it was the duty of a Master of a lodge to attend the remains of a departed brother to the grave, and perform the funeral ceremonies of the Order, no matter what that brother's religious belief in life might have been. Nevertheless," Bro. Rockwell adds, "the brethren of such a lodge shall not attend the funeral of a disbelieving brother in masonic costume."

Now, here is the bane, and the antidote hastily supplied, with a vengeance. Bro. Rockwell is one of the most learned of the fraternity in America. We are gratified to believe that, in this case, his conscience has got the better of his judgment.

ILLINOIS.—156 chartered lodges, and 20 under dispensation, were represented in Grand Lodge on the 6th of October, 1857, and there was a large amount of business transacted. The Order has taken a start in this State that bids fair to distance, in point of numbers, all competition. No less than twenty-six dispensations had been granted during the year. It seems as though the time spoken of had come, when "a nation shall be born in a day."

The Grand Master, Bro. James M. Hibbard, somewhat lessens the dignity befitting his high office, by letting himself down to recommend his favorite masonic periodical at the expense of all the rest. He says of the others, that "one good masonic magazine of known character and ability is worth them all, and I am happy to say that we have such a one now published in our own jurisdiction; I refer to the *Ashler*, published at Chicago." It is to be hoped our respected contemporary will not fail to thrive like the calf that sucked two cows, after this administration of government pap.

The recommendation of this Grand Lodge with regard to their recognition of the ancient and accepted Scottish and

modern rites, we have taken occasion to notice in an article on another page.

The flowing and courteous peroration of the Committee of Foreign Correspondence, in recommending, in their report, the recognition of the Grand Lodge of Canada, we must copy entire. After giving the complete argument of Grand Master Tucker, of Vermont, they close as follows:

"Much as your Committee respect the genius and learning of the eminent men who direct the councils of the Grand Lodges of Massachusetts, New York, and Virginia, still the yearnings of the masonic heart turn almost instinctively to such master spirits as the profound and erudite Mackey; the genial scholar and masterly writer, French; the courageous and progressive Rob't Morris; the famous lecturer, teacher, and adviser, Parvin; and the sunny, warm-hearted, eloquent Tucker. No masons are more conservative than Mackey, French, and Parvin; none have more experience than Tucker; none are more thoroughly imbued with the sublime teachings of masonry than Morris, and none more able to defend or illustrate them. In this instance hatred of oppression, love of justice, and respect for the level, prompt your Committee to follow where they lead."

It is needless to add this recommendation of the report was adopted.

INDIANA.—The representatives from 211 out of 215 chartered lodges were present at the opening of this Grand Lodge on the 25th of May, 1857. The order is steadily increasing in this jurisdiction. Dispensations for fourteen lodges had been granted during the masonic year.

The Grand Master, Bro. H. C. Downey, submitted but one change for amendment in the Indiana code. Its novelty is not its least attractive feature. It is that not only masters of lodges, but the Grand Master himself, be amenable to discipline by the subordinate lodge to which they belong. Well, we favor Democracy, but this leaning is entirely too strong a figure for the most thorough going masonic Democrat we have ever even read about.

The "General Regulations of Ancient York Masons" provide that, "if the Grand Master should abuse his great power, and render himself unworthy of the obedience and submission of the

lodge, he shall be treated in a way and manner agreed upon in a new regulation; for hitherto the ancient fraternity have had no occasion for it."

That new regulation our Indiana brethren, it seems, contemplate being exercised about forthwith. Let us look at how it would operate.

The Grand Master is *ex officio*, the head of the fraternity in his jurisdiction. The expulsion of the Grand Master is an effectual decapitation of the Grand Lodge, and "time was that when the brains were out the man would die." That a headless Grand Lodge might fare better, however, we are not prepared to affirm.

Again, as Grand Master, that functionary is representative of the Grand Lodge in recess of that body, and is invested with authority to stay such proceedings of a subordinate lodge as he may deem irregular. Suppose, then, the subordinate lodge, upon whose roll of membership this Grand Master figures, cites him to appear at its bar to answer charges of alleged misdemeanor, and suppose the Grand Master answers the summons by announcing to the lodge that, by virtue of the powers in him vested, the functions of that lodge are suspended. Where, then, is the power of the lodge to proceed in his case?

The idea of a lodge sitting in judgment upon its master, also, is a new one, derived from a practice that prevails at meetings of modern societies, and which has made strenuous endeavors to force its way into masonry. We mean that of "appealing from the decision of the Chair." In the first place, there are but two parties to this issue, viz., the lodge and its master, not its *creature*, but its *master*. Does it come within the rules of justice or equity, then, to put one party upon its trial, the other party being *judge*?

Again, the master is the custodian of the charter or warrant, without which the lodge can not be opened, or legally perform an act. We will then suppose the master formally cited by his lodge, (if such a thing could be done without his knowledge or consent, which it is not reasonable to believe,) to attend his lodge, and answer charges. Instead of doing so, however, he puts the charter

in his pocket and walks about his business. What can the wardens or members do without a charter?

It is not our province to presume to offer advice to so august a body as the Grand Lodge of Indiana, which Bro. Downey says "stands erect, a living, breathing entity, to resist and drive back the threatening waves which have swept away organizations whose foundations were not so deeply laid." Nevertheless, we may venture to express the hope that our respected brethren of that noble body will pause before they venture to dictate that "new regulation," which, through the long vista of successive generations, has, up to the present, been uncalled for; but rather scrutinize with more jealous care the materials they may hereafter select for endowment with magisterial powers.

There have been 1,251 initiates, 291 admissions, 703 withdrawals, 244 rejections, 251 suspensions, 41 expulsions, and 115 deaths within the year; leaving the present membership 7,903. The finances of the Grand Lodge are in a healthy condition, the total receipts for the year being \$19,617.50—\$1,122 of which were dividends on Grand Lodge Hall fund, and the balance being from ordinary sources. The expenditures \$9,723.78—\$5,800, being for the redemption of Grand Lodge Hall stock; leaving a balance in the treasury of \$318.28.

IOWA.—The proceedings of this Grand Lodge are rather bare of statistics. The register of the lodges contain 87 chartered and 21 U. D., and 66 of the former and 14 of the latter were represented. Fifteen charters were granted and six dispensations continued. Grand Lodge dues, \$2,868.40.

We are gratified to learn that the position we occupy upon the question of a belief in the divine authenticity of the Holy Scriptures is fully sustained by this Grand Lodge in the strictures of their Committee upon the remarks of Bro. Mellen, of the G. L. of Mississippi, on the declaration that without the Bible, and a belief in its authenticity, there is no masonry."

KANSAS.—The Grand Lodge of this territory at their communication in March,

1856, the date of their organization,—“called off” to meet again in Leavenworth City on the following 14th of July. We have the proceedings of this and of the last annual communication. Three subordinate lodges, all holding from the Grand Lodge of Missouri, and the same which organized the new Grand Lodge, were represented. The Grand Master reported the issue of one dispensation to form a new lodge, and continued two others derived from the Grand Lodge of Missouri. Each of the latter were chartered during the session.

We are inclined to believe the itching of the brethren of Kansas for the organization of a Grand Lodge will work no general good to the Order, nor particular good to themselves. After a Gr. Lodge's existence of two years they exhibit a total membership of ———, representing ——— lodges, and Grand Lodge dues \$———. And already discipline is contemplated as necessary upon one-half of the lodges in this jurisdiction. So much for a too great haste to “make rich.”

Grand Master Rees, we think, goes out of his way to favor the extension of the largest liberty to side degrees, and androgynous masonry and masonic ornaments of the first, he says, “they touch no landmark of the craft, can never be deemed innovations, and from which the Order has suffered nothing;” and he deems it “neither right nor politic for Grand Lodges to step aside” and “fight wind-mills” by discountenancing these “honorary degrees.” And of the second he believes in brethren “consulting but their own taste and fancy in their display of “masonic jewelry.”

As to “side degrees,” we believe with Bro. Rees, that they are not masonry, and, consequently, outside the province of Grand Lodge jurisdiction, a conclusion it would have been wise for our respected brother to have arrived at, and be governed by, on the subject of “masonic jewelry.”

KENTUCKY.—This Grand Lodge convened at Lexington on the 12th day of October, 1857. The Grand Master submitted in his address several questions to the Grand Lodge for its action.

The first was one about which the masons of Louisville have been greatly exercised during the past two years. Excelsior Lodge, No. 258, tried and expelled one of its members for gross unmasonic conduct. The condemned appealed to the Grand Lodge, and was, by its decisions, restored to masonic privileges, and his lodge directed to give him a new trial, which it did, and he was acquitted; but the master of the lodge refused to recognize him in open lodge, and the brother appealed to the Grand Master for redress. The opinion of the G. M. is, that, on being acquitted at the second trial, the offending brother is restored to all his rights and privileges as a member of Excelsior Lodge, and recommends the Grand Lodge to so decide. But the select committee fail to see the matter in the same light as the G. M., and declare that, by the 65th article of the Rules and Regulations of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, the aggrieved brother is not a member of Lodge No. 258. Nevertheless, the Grand Lodge, by the adoption of a resolution, which was submitted as a substitute for the report of the select committee, affirm the decision of the Grand Master.

We think this was a subject upon which the Grand Lodge ought to have spoken out in decided terms.

The report of the Committee of Foreign Correspondence is a lengthy and able production. The ground it takes upon what the committee designate as the “new test” is, however, antagonistic with our position. And the best argument advanced, viz., the views expressed by the Grand Master of France, to our mind, rather militates against than favors the opinion of the committee. Prince Lucien Murat expresses his views in the following words:

“All men who believe in the existence of a *Supreme Being*, the *great Architect of the universe*, who believe in the immortality of the soul, and, consequently, in an eternal well-being; every man who feels the love of his fellow man vibrate in him, is acceptable among us.”

Now, we would ask, how can a man believe in these things and not believe the Bible? How can a man believe in the existence of the great Architect of the universe if he does not believe in

the Word, which, being "made flesh, dwelt among us." And so believing, where can we find any ministration of that Word but in the New Testament of our Lord and Savior JESUS CHRIST.

It is mere claptrap to talk of this as a "new test." It is no "new" test. As far back as we can trace the York rite, we find it submissive to, and the handmaid of christianity, and patronized and cherished by christian kings and princes. It is true, we have legends and traditions antecedent to the christian era, but what are they worth, if we profess a disbelief in, and deny the inspired authority of, the only record we have of their superstructure? Have we any more reason to believe that the first temple ever existed, than we have to believe that Solomon and the two Hiram were the master-spirits who built it? And believing both of these things—which belief forms the groundwork of ancient craft masonry—how can we fail to believe these numerous prophecies, the fulfillment of which mundane travel is every day making more plain to even the most skeptical, and stamping them with the eternal seal of truth? We *believe* that David was the father of Solomon, and that to David, a man of blood, was denied the privilege of building a house for the worship of the Omnipotent; and yet we *disbelieve* the promises made to David, that from his father's house should proceed THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS! Where is there any consistency here? If we believe any portion of the Bible as record of prophecy, or "rule and guide for our conduct through life," we *must* believe its most vital doctrines. And so, believing, we do most broadly take the ground that a man can not be made an ancient craft mason who professes a disbelief in the Holy Scriptures of the acts and words of the ever living Jehovah.

We can not close this notice without expressing our great surprise at the position of our respected and beloved Bro. Morris on this question. And we fear that, from his desire to be "all things to all men," especially to those who would compose the household of the faithful, he has found himself in a position which, however favored by his head, his heart can not support.

The funded surplus of this Grand Lodge is very large, amounting to \$22,000; and there are 280 chartered lodges, with nearly 10,000 members in this jurisdiction.

(To be continued.)

#### MODERN MASONIC RITES.

THE exercise of freedom in their use, and general recognition of the three modern or most prevalent masonic rites, is becoming a matter of earnest consideration. In this article we propose to notice these rites, to designate them, and inquire into their titles to general or exclusive suffrage.

And, first, for the benefit of the less informed, we will explain what a Rite means, and why there can be *many* rites and but *one* Masonry.

A Rite, then, is simply a collection or scale of degrees. From the word "Rite" we have derived the word "Ritual," by which is understood the language used in opening and closing a lodge, and conferring the degrees upon a candidate. The rituals change to some extent in each rite,—even in the first three degrees, or what is generally known as Ancient Craft Masonry. In Europe the rituals of the Grand Lodges of Royal York, Berlin, and Hamburgh, are of quite modern origin. The English ritual is the most ancient, and has extended itself as the universal language of masonry, wherever the English tongue is spoken; but in those countries where the French, German, and other languages are vernacular, the French, Swedish, and other rituals have precedence and are entirely used. In this, as in the laws of language, to that with which we are most conversant we give the preference. While, then, a rite is a collection of degrees from entered apprentice to the highest of the degrees recognized by that rite, a ritual is the language in which these degrees are conferred and expressed.

Subsequent to the revival of masonry in England, there existed for many years a bitter animosity between the two Grand Lodges of England and York—each claiming exclusive legitimacy, and each branding the other as a clandestine body, and discountenancing, nay, even prohibiting,

the fraternal intercourse of each others' adherents. After many years of this sort of thing, however, the good sense and better feelings of both parties prevailed, and a union was decided upon, which, as we have shown at length in the February number of this magazine, was, in the latter part of the year 1813, perfected and ratified upon a satisfactory basis. During the existence, however, of this feud, masonry gained its first foothold in America, and, as the proclivities of the soliciting brethren favored, charters were obtained in the southern States of this confederacy from the Grand Lodge of York, and in the northern from the Grand Lodge of England; and hence American Freemasons are generally divided into *Ancient York Masons* and *Ancient Free and Accepted Masons*—a difference which, since the independence of this country has been recognized, has afforded no uneasiness, but which is somewhat enigmatical to brethren not freely conversant with American Masonic History.

Since the union of 1813, English masonry is known to consist of and be recognized exclusively by the title of the *York Rite* of three degrees, to which are added in this country five additional degrees, carrying it up to that point in which all obscurity is cleared away, all doubt dissolved, and the promised reward obtained. With the three first degrees of this rite all Freemasons who speak the English language are—nay, *must* be, familiar, to be recognized in America as Freemasons at all. It is in these degrees our Grand Lodges work, and, with but one exception—the Grand Lodge of Louisiana—do not recognize any other. Hence the York rite enjoys a precedence in this country that no other rite can even hope to attain: and although the other modern rites may be—nay, are—quite as useful and even more beautiful in their rituals, the York rite must and will inevitably have the first place in the hearts of Englishmen and their descendants to the latest generation in which the English language as their vernacular is spoken.

The second in the catalogue of modern masonic rites is known by the name of the **Modern or French rite of seven de-**

grees—the three first of which as much resemble the corresponding degrees of the York rite as the love of pomp and impressiveness inherent in the French people would allow. This rite is peculiarly known as French masonry, being that promulgated, recognized, and practised by the Grand Orient of France—the principal present masonic governing power of that nation and its dependencies: and here we find it necessary to explain the genesis of this power, and in doing so to dip somewhat deeper than the strict design of this article may seem to require into French masonic history.

In 1721 the English work went to France. The first Grand Lodge of France was called the English Grand Lodge, from the fact that it not only held its charter from the Grand Lodge of England, but also that it never worked nor recognized any other than the first three degrees of English masonry, or the York rite. About the middle of the eighteenth century, when wholesale innovation upon the continent of Europe succeeded the revival of Freemasonry in that country, and new degrees were introduced into lodges not only with impunity but perfect triumph, the masons of Lyons manufactured a degree which they called the *Petit Elu*, or Little Elect, as a political speculation. It was, as nearly all the new degrees of the period were, deistical; but, notwithstanding its irreligious tendency, it was received with avidity by all the lodges into which it was introduced. So successful was this the first attempt in France to improve upon the degrees promulgated by the Grand Lodge, that others innumerable sprang into life as from a hotbed; and soon it was found necessary by their originators to sub-divide them into three classes, viz: symbolical, or *blue*; capitular, or *red*; and philosophical, or *black*. About this time Frederic II, then Prince Royal of Prussia, was initiated—an event which was destined to produce a striking effect upon the continental system of Freemasonry.

In the midst of this strife for preference the Grand Lodge of France, finding the innovations that obtained too great to be passed over in silence, entered on a deliberate investigation of all the new grades, and, after much anxious in-

quiry, concluded to reject all the "higher" degrees, and continue their sanction solely to symbolic masonry, as they had received it. This decision being unacceptable to the innovators, they immediately formed themselves into a Grand Lodge, under the name of "The Supreme Tribunal," issued charters for new lodges, and arranged their sublime degrees, as they called them, into classes. Thus, it will be seen, that in France there existed as pretty a quarrel and cotemporaneous, as that in England; and this being the case, the Grand Lodge of France, after various degrees of success and reverse of fortune, in 1756, declared itself independent of England, returned the warrants under which it had up to that time worked, and proclaimed itself the Grand Lodge of France and Continental Europe. The accession of power, it was believed, that would follow this act would enable it to crush the schisms that rent the Order upon the continent, as it was deemed impossible to heal them: but in this it was grievously disappointed. The manufacture of new degrees was too agreeable an occupation for the fertile minds of those engaged in that lively exercise to be relinquished readily: and after a protracted warfare between the Grand Lodge of France and its schismatics, we find that in 1770 the masons of Paris formed themselves into a Grand Lodge, which they called the *Grand Orient*, of which the Duke of Charters was constituted the Grand Master, and it was proclaimed by manifesto the sole governing body of masons on the continent of Europe—a title to which, after a struggle of some years, it succeeded in establishing its claim, and which, in 1804, it partially divided with the Supreme Council of the ancient and accepted Scottish rite, of which Frederic II, king of Prussia, was the acknowledged supreme head.

Thus, it will be seen, did the language of English masonry, known as the York rite, find its grave at a time and in a country where its simple truth and unadorned beauty was insufficient to satisfy the cravings of revolutionists and plotters for pomp, and glitter, and prominence, and show.

The third in our catalogue of modern masonic rites is that known as the An-

cient and Accepted Scottish rite, of thirty-three degrees—the first three of which correspond with the York rite. This is believed to be the most perfect and comprehensive arrangement of masonic degrees extant, and is recognized in America under its governing powers, the supreme councils for the northern and southern jurisdictions, located respectfully at Boston, Mass., and Charleston, S. C. This rite has been in mature existence in America since 1786, being really perfected here; yet the majority of Freemasons, for the reason already given,—namely, its non-recognition by any of our Grand Lodges, save that of Louisiana,—know little of its operations, and hence look upon it as some thing bordering so nearly on "humbug" as to be scarcely recognized with any general toleration. So much does ignorance and prejudice warp minds which, if enlightened by the spirit of free inquiry and accessible research, would expand into some thing like the fullness intended by their great creator.

These are all the masonic rites at present practiced in America or recognized in England or France, if we except one called the *rite of perfection*, of twenty-five degrees,—the whole of which degrees, however, comprising seriatim the first twenty-five degrees of the ancient and accepted Scottish rite, leaves this rite of perfection a blank as an exclusive one; although in Louisiana,—where all rites, whether regularly recognized or not, find adherents,—a body calling itself the "New Orleans Supreme Council," is in active operation.

The different degrees of these rites above the three first, which are nearly alike in all, were invented at different periods, and by different persons. Some were originally intended as commentaries on the third or master's degree; some to perpetuate the hope for vengeance of the Templars; and others for additional philosophical or moral instruction.

Evidently the amount of instruction in morals or philosophy that can be conveyed in the course of a single degree must be limited to a compendium of texts or hints; and, where the whole of this is to be retained in the memory, the mere formulas of conference become the



most important part of the ceremony to the crowding to the outside of that real instruction which, in the greater effort to retain the fugitive formula, is lost sight of and commonly forgotten.

To give a candidate a *series* of moral lessons, properly developed and enforced, to explain to him the numerous interpretations and applications of symbols, to communicate to him the *whole* meaning of the principal legend, by comparing it with those of olden initiations, and tracing the coincidences and resemblances; to repeat to him and interpret for him those philosophies that embodied the conclusions of the ancient mind upon the questions that never can be uninteresting to man, concerning the nature of the Deity and of himself, his relations therewith and his ultimate destiny, requires a long course of instruction. *Now*, as *always*, LANGUAGE is inadequate for this purpose, and we are compelled to resort to visible SYMBOLS, which, in every age, have been the most effectual mode of teaching, and are peculiarly consecrated in masonry, and so much of our instruction as is symbolic can, hence, be only communicated by dramatic representation and appropriate ceremonial, extending in length and diversity to the greater extent we intend the lesson to be conveyed, and thus, by *degrees*, impress upon that mind we would act upon the total fullness of our lessons of truth and philosophy.

When Lawrence Dermott commenced his successful revolution, he mutilated the ritual of the then master's degree of the York rite, cutting off part of it, and making the part so cut off, with additions of his own, into what has since been known as the Royal Arch.<sup>1</sup> The Grand Lodge of England long refused to accept this innovation, but finally did so at the union of 1813. Since that time a master mason of the York rite is only so in name. The promise made him is not kept.

In France, as we have seen, the masonry practiced by the Grand Lodge of France, up to its dissolution, consisted but of the old English work, as received in 1727, and this was by even the Grand

Orient for sixteen years after the establishment of its authority, duly recognized and practiced. But to continue to satisfy Frenchmen something new was required. The English work was entirely too tame and commonplace for their love of glitter and greatness. More flowing language and impressive imagery were necessary, and, in 1786, the whole work was remodeled, the three first degrees made to compare with the then York rite, and three new degrees, manufactured out of the main points of the old, were capped by a fourth—the Rose Croix, or eighteenth degree of the ancient and accepted Scottish rite.

The founders of this latter rite, from the myriad of so called masonic degrees that then existed upon the continent and the islands of Europe, selected what they deemed twenty-nine of the best, and, adding them to the three first, completed their rite up the thirty-second. To these, at a later period, were added the thirty-third, or governing degree, conferred upon the chiefs of councils alone.

Thus, while we have three modern masonic rites in existence, whose adherents compose the great mass of Freemasons in the civilized world, in this country, but one of these rites is universally recognized. That each of the others is quite as much Freemasonry as it is, can not be denied. The substance and essence of the three first degrees in each,—which really constitute the heart and stamina of ancient craft masonry,—are the same, in fact; and a mason is as much a mason, made by authority of the Grand Orient, or supreme council of France, or the supreme councils of the Scottish rite in America, as he would be if made by authority of the Grand Lodges of Virginia or Massachusetts.

It is quite possible this assertion will startle many of our brethren, especially those who believe that to change certain set phrases and particular terms of expressions, would be the death of masonry.

“Men who,” in the language of one of our most prominent and intelligent brethren, “think that to be a *bright* mason consists in the ability of opening and closing a lodge, repeating accurately a formal lecture by question and answer, and conferring the degrees by

<sup>1</sup> Vide “Origin of the Royal Arch,” and “Some Account of the Schism.” U. M. L., vol. xiii.

a stereotyped rule. This accuracy is not to be undervalued. It is useful and necessary; but it is no more masonry than is the ability to properly tie up State documents with red tape statesmanship! It is the spirit—the soul of the degrees that constitute masonry.” The words are but the vehicle in which repose this *animus*.

To recapitulate, we repeat, the three rites are but variations of the same thing. A mason made in either, as his predilections lead him, is well made, and regularly and lawfully made. He assumes the same obligations, he makes the same promises, and binds himself to perform the same duties to his Maker, his fellows, and himself in one as in the other, and neither of the three rites can, with reason or propriety, take to itself, in its three first degrees, the exclusive title of ancient craft masonry. With the work of the first and the last we are familiar; and, notwithstanding our predilections lead us to hold allegiance to the first, we can not see in what respect it differs in sense or spirit from the last.

No one of the three rites then, can, with any show of justice, look upon the others with disaffection, or consider them heretical. Such a course would be but *intolerance*; and masonry has suffered too much from persecution to ever generally recognize *its* spirit. Although in this country, as yet, there is no union among the rites, there is peace, and this fortunate condition is mainly owing to the surrender of the work of the three first degrees by the supreme councils of the ancient and accepted Scottish to the Grand Lodges of the York rite—a concession which, save for the sake of harmony, the former was no more constrained to make than the latter had the right to exact.

In conclusion we will add that the Grand Lodge of Illinois, at its last grand annual communication, in adopting the seventh resolution of the late Universal Masonic Congress, held at Paris, at the call of Prince Lucien Murat, Grand Master of France, uses the following words:<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup>The resolution reads: “Seventh. Masters of lodges, in conferring the degree of master masons, should invest the candidates with the words, signs, and grips of the Scottish and modern (French) rites.

“This would subserve a most valuable purpose, especially to those members of the fraternity who are about to travel in countries where these rites are mostly cultivated; but in the United States, in England, and in the British Provinces, they would not be of any special service. They are not cultivated here except in the higher degrees, and only to a limited extent as to these. If, however, our information be correct upon the continent of Europe, and in South America, the Scottish and modern rites predominate, and to a mason traveling in these countries it would be quite important to have the words, signs, and grips of the third degree in the rites referred to. For these reasons, therefore, we think it not improper to approve of the plan, and recommend its adoption wherever it is practicable.”

This, it is believed, will prove the beginning of a more general recognition and knowledge of the Scottish rite—to the extent of its three first degrees, at least—in America; and we hail the recommendation with much delight, and exhibiting an absence of bigotry and prejudice very refreshing.



#### THE UNIVERSAL MASONIC CONGRESS.

ON the 8th of June last, at the call of Prince Lucien Murat, Grand Master of the Grand Orient of France, there assembled at Paris, the Universal Masonic Congress. The proceedings we find copied at length in various masonic documents published in this country; but we consider it useless to cumber our pages with the whole, preferring, rather, to present the resolutions exhibiting the result of the meeting.

The Congress was in session a week. Many speeches and compliments were passed. The United States appear to have been represented by Bros. Park Cummings, of the District of Columbia, and Dinwiddie B. Phillips, of Virginia. A feast or banquet was had, and all the toasts and replies done ample justice to. The following resolutions were adopted, and submitted for its sanction and approval, to the masonic world:

1. “This Congress will only submit such measures, few in number, as bear

the character of evident utility, are clearly defined, and in all cases manifest the greatest respect for the accepted and internal customs of each country.

2. It is proposed, to all Grand Lodges on the globe, that no diploma shall be given to a brother who has not attained the degree of Master Mason.

3. The adoption of a standard form of diploma is proposed to all masonic authorities. The diploma to be in Latin, with a translation in the national language; and to have, also, a testamentary formula, setting forth the desire of the recipient, that, after his death, it may be returned to the lodge from whence it emanated.

4. A permanent commission of five members is hereby constituted. This commission shall have its seat in Paris, in the Temple of the Grand Orient. It is charged with the duty of forwarding to the various masonic authorities, the propositions and publications of the congress; to keep up its correspondence; to receive all letters, communications or propositions, emanating from Grand Orient or Grand Lodges, or from individual masons, desirous of offering the fruits of their meditations to the Congress; in a word, all that may be deemed useful in forwarding its labors. And, finally, they are to fix the time and place of the next meeting of the Congress.<sup>1</sup>

5. Masonic authorities are to abandon the practice of constituting lodges in countries where masonic powers already exist. Authorities, having lodges in the territories of other powers, should consent to their lodges passing under the actual authority of the Grand Lodge having jurisdiction over the territory where they are located. The lodges are to be left to their own discretion, and the authorities of the countries where they are located should treat them with fraternal consideration.

6. Before proceeding to the initiation of a non-resident, inquiries shall be made of the authorities of the country to which the candidate owes allegiance, except in well authenticated cases of emergency.

7. Masters of lodges, in conferring the degree of Master Mason, should invest the candidate with the words, signs

<sup>1</sup> This committee is composed of the following illustrious brethren:—Chevalier de Rosenthal, for the Netherlands; Count Donoughmore, for Great Britain; John Dove, for the United States; Heulant and Razy, for France. In case of the inability of any of the abovenamed brethren to serve, the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge or Grand Orient, to which he may belong, will designate his substitute.

and grips of the Scottish and modern (French) rites.<sup>2</sup>

8. This meeting, considering the apron the symbol of labor, that it has always been an important symbol of masonry, and that it is in general use, proposes to decide that, in all masonic assemblies, the apron is indispensable.

9. Convinced of the great utility of a regular and uninterrupted correspondence between the various masonic powers, the Congress invites all masonic authorities regularly to exchange copies of their printed proceedings.

10. The Congress insists upon the necessity of certain central points in each country, for the reception of correspondence, whence it could be diffused throughout the jurisdiction.

#### REMARKS.

We had designed publishing these resolutions simply as above, and in our next issue review them; but as we have room here, and our remarks will be pointed and brief, we conclude to give them.

From so august a body as the Universal Masonic Congress, assembled for the second time, the masonic world naturally looked for some thing really of importance, if not new or progressive; but we are free to believe, that with but slight exceptions, they will find nothing of that character in these resolutions.

First, we have the proposition that all Grand Lodges on the globe grant no diploma save to a Master Mason. Now, as Grand Lodges, as a general thing, have nothing to do with the granting of diplomas, nor have ever legislated upon the subject, we consider this proposition entirely irrelevant.

Second, a standard form of diploma is recommended; the same to be in Latin. Why in Latin? may be reasonably asked. Is it because doctors, and lawyers, and graduates generally, of the "learned professions," get diplomas in Latin, that this rule must be borrowed by Freemasons? It is but expected that a doctor or a lawyer can read and understand his diploma—although we have seen many of the former, freshly ground out of our Great Western mills, who could

<sup>2</sup> We think this recommendation will remain a dead letter, in as much as we are perfectly assured that, in this country at least, not one Master in fifty knows any thing about the Scottish or French rites.

do neither—but how many of the larger class of Freemasons in America would be expected to do so? But, hold; it is to be translated into the different national languages. Well, that being the case, why the necessity of the original being in Latin? Would it not be better, if antiquity is the point aimed at by the original, to get it up in Hebrew, or Arabic, or Syriac, or Coptic, or Chaldean, or—far beyond any dead language—in the original Egyptian hieroglyphics, carved upon a red granite obelisk, placed in some central portion of the globe, with an omnilinguist, installed by the Universal Masonic Congress, in attendance upon the spot, to make correct translations of this learned document into the vernacular of the applying brethren, wherever dispersed, at so much a copy? This item of revenue, if prudently and judiciously managed, and made such a monopoly of as the “National Division of the Sons of Temperance” in this country did of their “Clearance Cards,” ought to be ample to pay all expenses of members of the Congress for attendance, at the least.

Seriously, we look upon this proposition, in all its bearings, save that of the testamentary formula, which borders rather upon the pathetic—as scarcely worthy the attention of our portion, at least, of that masonic world to which it has been submitted.

Concerning the fourth resolution we have nothing to say. It bears upon the Masonic Congress only. We perceive by it, however, that the Congress does not recognize Freemasons in any higher grades than as members of Grand Lodges and Orients. This is a point worthy of notice.

The fifth resolution is rather on the order of the schoolboy's virgin composition—“a little mixed.” It first proposes that masonic authorities abandon the practice of constituting lodges in countries where masonic powers at present exist; and, second, it recommends that such authorities, having so constituted lodges, surrender authority over them to the local masonic power; yet, third, it proposes that such lodges be not meddled with by such local power or any other, but left to their own discretion, and be

treated with fraternal consideration! This is a stretch of irresponsibility to be possessed by accidental lodges, that few Grand Lodges, in this country, at least, will tolerate.

The sixth resolve is equally of a positive and negative character. It says, that before the initiation of a non-resident, inquiries shall be made of the authorities of the country to which the candidate owes allegiance, *except* in well authenticated cases of emergency. Now, we would wish to know what can constitute a case of well authenticated emergency in this matter. A Frenchman, German, or Swede comes to this country, and before he is here long enough to beget in him the desire to be naturalized, he wants to be made a Freemason. His petition goes up to a lodge; the brethren to a man know nothing about him, save what they can learn from himself; yet, if he is desirous to pass along further upon his travels, and can not, without suffering loss, delay long enough for inquiry to be made where he was born and raised to years of maturity, reasonable ground is thus opened for a well authenticated case of emergency, and the application being made is granted, and this person, who, it may be, has left his country for his country's good, under escort of an officer of the law to the point of his embarkation, is made a mason, by men who do not pretend to know any thing of his moral character, and sent forth as such, to prey upon the brethren. Time *must* be taken to make inquiries regarding such an applicant's character, at the only point where such can be answered; and such a case as one of well authenticated emergency can not, in this connection, obtain.

As to the seventh resolution, we have already expressed our opinion.

The eighth recalls to our mind a remark made by a lively and inquiring Frenchman, about a very worthy, grave looking, and ponderous, but illiterate native American, for whose intelligence, before he heard him speak, the Frenchman entertained the most profound and exalted respect. But upon our asking the latter, after noticing the pair walking and conversing one day together for

some time, what he thought of his profound acquaintance. Ha! sare, *profund*, you say? He is not *profund*, sare. He fix he's head to speak veray sthrong, but when he has speak, it is just nothing at all." So with our Masonic Congress, they, after mature deliberation, give it forth as their decided opinion, that the apron, which from time immemorial has been the symbol of labor and the peculiar badge of a mason, should be persisted in and continued. Shadows of mountains, heavily pregnant with mice, defend us!

The ninth resolve expresses the conviction of the Congress, as to the "great utility of regular and uninterrupted correspondence between the various masonic powers, and invites them regularly to exchange copies of their printed proceedings." With whom?—among themselves, or with the Congress? If the former, they are doing it in this country all the time, and such an invitation is unnecessary. If the latter, the resolution ought to be worded to so express.

As to the tenth, we presume no one who adopts the ideas of the Congress will refuse to give it his adherence. It is not an unreasonable request.

Taken as a whole, we are inclined to the opinion that these resolutions were put together somewhat contemporaneous with that feature of the banquet when wit, wisdom, and wine were at war with each other; when a very little sense balanced a good deal of sound, and the body of words rose superior to their spirit.

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#### EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

THE rule that every lodge may pass and raise its own initiates, instead of the practice that once obtained of confining this privilege to the Grand Lodge, acts a perpetual dispensation from the Grand Master; that is, the Grand Master practically, at his installation, consents that the lodges shall pass and raise, according to the permission incorporated in their charters.

A lodge can only grant a diploma to one of its own members.

It is the Secretary's duty to notify an applicant of his acceptance or rejection, as the case may be; if the latter, to return him the funds he advanced, anticipating an acceptance.

A committee represents the dignity, and, to some extent, the power of the lodge. So far as the latter is concerned, they have power to summons any member of the lodge before them.

The Ancient Charges and Ancient Constitutions are of course silent relative to Lodges U. D.; because, in the older times, lodges were not required to have either charters or dispensations, or any other written voucher, for their authority to work.

Lodges may hold their stated meetings as often as a majority of the members think proper to establish as a by-law. But in this, as in every thing else, the majority should consider the convenience of the minority, and if it would be really inconvenient to the business or health of a considerable portion of the members to meet oftener than once a month, the majority should govern themselves accordingly. We are of opinion that stated meetings—meetings for ballottings and appropriating monies—should not occur oftener than once a month.

No persons should be encouraged to come near the lodge room on meeting nights, save members, visitors, and individuals who have been elected to receive degrees. It is the sublimity of self-conceit, for a petitioner to come to the hall, *presuming* that his application is accepted.

Any member of a committee may, and must report, at the proper time, on behalf of the rest; and it is then for the lodge to determine whether so partial a report shall be received, or further time given the committee.

It is good policy to throw the shackles of form and ceremony around every masonic movement.

A lodge may even demit one of its installed officers, if he has removed out

of its jurisdiction and asks for a discharge. But he can not demit himself; that is, he can not release himself from the engagements made at his installation.

We have seen four methods successfully used to win non-affiliating masons back to the lodge. 1. Moral suasion. 2. Providing refreshments and other social enjoyments at the lodge meetings. 3. Affording intellectual improvement and enjoyment. 4. Depriving them of all masonic privileges while non-affiliating.

To secure the full privileges and enjoyments of Freemasonry, a brother must not only be a member of, but a frequent attendant upon his lodge;—upon his lodge and upon—other lodges. And to secure good discipline over a brother, he must frequently attend the lodge.

It is argued, by some, that none but Grand Lodges can lawfully expel, and that the practice of the great majority of the Grand Lodges in the United States, in allowing their subordinates to exercise this severe discipline, is irregular and unmasonic. To this we may say that if the Grand Lodges stately *leave this matter* to their subordinates, they virtually endorse the action of the subordinates, and thus legalize them. It is enough to show that such expulsions are legal if they are compatible with the constitutional regulations of the Grand Lodge.

It by no means follows that because a brother is expelled from the blue lodge, he is therefore, necessarily, and by rights, expelled from the other orders of masonry. If the other orders of masonry choose to recognize the expulsion—as indeed all of them do—that is another thing. The idea of considering them as *higher* bodies, of which blue masonry is the prop, is absurd; they are *broader*, not *higher*. Blue masonry extends from the center of the earth to the highest heavens.

The desire for office, seen so forcibly developed at every Grand Lodge convocation, is the very pillar and sustenance for our institution. It is recognized in

the 4th article of the Ancient Charges as a part of masonry. Emulation, of the right sort, is as necessary to the vitality of a Grand Lodge, as freedom, fervency and zeal were to the building of Solomon's Temple.

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#### BROTHER ROBERT BURNS.

A GOSSIPING writer in a Scotch paper thus expatiates in relation to this distinguished bard: The concluding passages are indeed beautiful.

The auld acquaintances of Burns are vanishing. It is now ninety-seven years since he first came among us, and it will be sixty, come July, since he gaed awa', but he has left works behind, the merits of which are such, that worthy men of coming ages will be proud to claim kindred with him. I have known many of his personal acquaintances, or those who had seen him and spoken with him; but from the visible mental defect exhibited by the most of the pretenders to his acquaintances, it must have been but casual.

I happened in the presence of this old man, to be singing in my own way, the "Farewell to the Mason Lodge Tarbolton."

"Hauld your tonge, man, and no spoil that sang," quoth he, "I heard it once sung to perfection, and canna think to hear anybody abuse it."

"And whaur happened ye to hear it?" said I.

"I heard it," said he, "the first time it was sung in this kintra."

"Ye couldna do that," said I, "for Burns himself sung it in Tarbolton."

"Aye, did he, man, and I sat at his right hand," quoth the old man.

I made some inquiries about several things connected with the meeting, which he answered in the following manner:—"It was a great treat to see and hear Burns that night. There was a number o' us belonging to the lodge, who had been often meeting wi' him, and making speeches, and we thought it was a pity to see him gaun awa' without hearing us in such a manner as to be sensible o' our greatness. We met and looked out objects for our speeches—every one took up his favorite theme. We met and rehearsed our pieces to our ain satisfaction. The night came when we were to have a farewell meeting of the lodge, in honor o' his gaun awa'. There were about ten o' us sat that night as if we had been at a burial. We were sae full o' our speeches,

we durstna open our mouths for fear some bit o' them would fa' out. I had repeated mine twice or thrice to mysel', and I suppose the rest were doing the same."

We had determined to astonish the bard for ance, so as he might hae mind o' us when far frae us. He was late in coming home that night—a thing quite uncommon wi' him. He came at last. I never in my life saw such an alteration on any body. He looked bigger like than usual, and wild like. His e'en seemed stern, and his cheeks fa'n in. He sat down in a chair as master. He looked round at us. I thought that he looked through me, and I lost the grip o' the beginning o' the speech, and for the life o' me could I get it again that night. He apologized for being late. He had been getting a thing ready for going abroad. He could get to us no sooner. He intended to have said something to us, but it had gone from him. He had composed a song for the occasion and would sing it. He looked round on us and burst into the song, such as I never heard before or since. If ever a sang was sung it was that ane. O, man, when he came to the last verse, where he says:—

"A last request permit me here,  
When yearly ye assemble a';  
One round, I ask it wi' a tear,  
To him, the Bard that's far awa'."

The last sight o' him will never leave my mind. He rose and burst into tears. They were na sham anes. It was a queer sight to see sae many men burst out like bubbly boys and blubber in spite o' themsel's. Soon after the song, he said he could stay no longer. Wishing us all well, he took his leave, we thought for ever. We sat and looked at each other, full as we were wi' great speeches. Nane o' them cam' to the light that night. The greatness o' Burns was not understood by any body; but there is a feeling remains "I wadna like to part wi'."

#### BY THE LIGHTNING LINE.

Why do the lodges work in so much haste? Is masonic ceremonial so unpleasant, that we are all urgent to get through it? or so delightful that, like children eating pastry, we are not satisfied till we see the end of it? It is a great mistake thus to press things forward by the lightning line. A brother, duly initiated, should be encouraged to

make himself proficient in the first degree, as if he were never to take another. He should be told that the Entered Apprentice's degree is independent, in history, philosophy and general interest, of all subsequent degrees; that it is in itself beautiful; that it is worthy of months of study. The lodge should always be opened on the first degree, so that he can see its ceremonial; and very special pains should be taken to post him up in all the lectures thereof.

Such a practice as this would be the renovation of masonry in every lodge. The younger brethren would come off the checkered pavement into the middle chamber, prepared to study masonic science by an indoctrination into masonic morality; while the union of the two would thoroughly qualify him to enter the sanctum sanctorum, in search of masonic religion. Every thing would be gained, and nothing lost, by this course. Let us leave the Lightning Line, then, to other associations, and stick to the good old principle of "slow, thorough and sure."

HOW THE LODGE CAN BE MADE INTERESTING.—The first thing to be done is to select officers who have the ability to make it interesting; the second, to furnish them, when selected, with the means of making it so. This is the only method that has ever succeeded. That a lodge should expect a set of officers, who know little or nothing of masonry themselves, to instruct them, is as absurd as to expect that the most able and willing officers will purchase libraries and secure lecturers at their own expense. And yet each of these blunders are of such frequent occurrence that many a lodge is but little more interesting than a school-boy game. Can not the reader recall a place, where a bowling-alley, a dancing school, a debating club, or a well-kept restaurant, in rivalry with the lodge, draws off a very respectable (?) portion of its members? Study then, dear friends, you who have the interests of masonry in charge, how the lodge can be made interesting.

# American Freemason

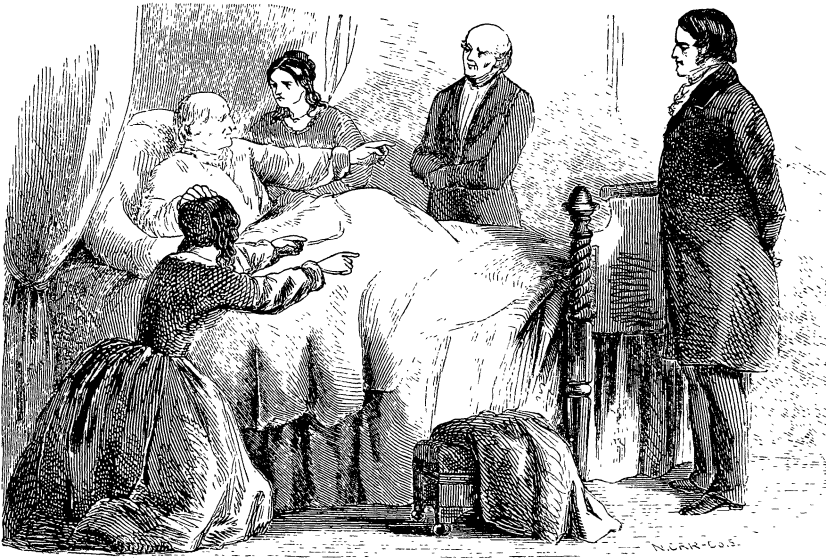


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## Romance of American Masonic History.\*



DEATH OF CAPTAIN PENDLETON.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### THE DEATH-BED.

THE gray haze of morning came in through the curtained windows and lighted up the old man's form as he lay there on his bed under the influence of a powerful anodyne. He slept deeply, and his breathing was slow and full. A casual observer might have thought him enjoying a sound, refreshing slumber. One hand, entirely relaxed, reposed on his bosom, the other lay passively at his

side. The thin, gray hair was thrown back from his high, seamed brow, exposing the temples, with their slow, feeble pulsations. The eyes were calm, but wore that hollow, wasted look which tells of the failing of the vital powers within. The lips were slightly parted, to admit with less difficulty the air which was to continue yet a little longer the life of the poor old heart-broken man. He had slept well for some time; Margaret sat beside him, noting every movement,—every change of the pallid

\* Entered, according to Act of Congress, by J. F. BRENNAN, on the 5th day of October, 1857, in the Clerk's Office of the U. S. District of Kentucky.



face. "He is better now, I know he is; my father may get well," she repeated to herself joyfully, as minute by minute stole on and found him in his still unbroken slumber. She had watched beside him alone, through the long, silent night hours, but she felt no weariness; her mind was too much absorbed in the fate of her father. "The doctor was right, he may get well, he will get well," and a smile of sweet hope played faintly over her sad, anxious face.

"You give him the medicine as I have directed," said Dr. Falkland to her, as he felt the patient's pulse, just as he was leaving on the previous evening. "Follow my directions closely, and I will insure he sleeps well."

"And won't he be better, doctor?" she asked, in timid fearfulness, as she followed him to the door.

"The sleep will do him good. Yes, he may be better. Keep him very quiet."

She understood his meaning fully, and turned sorrowfully to the bedside of her sleeping parent.

The old man opened his eyes and looked steadfastly in hers, as she stood beside him. His lips moved, and she indistinctly heard the words: "Poor child—left alone—cruel man—deceive—betray." He closed his eyes, and for a moment all was silent. Then, opening them again, he turned upon her with a look of pitying love. He did not speak, but seemed to be endeavoring to gather strength to break to her his thoughts.

She observed the movement. "Will you have any thing, father?" she asked, as she bent over him and caressingly smoothed back his whitened hair. He motioned to her to be seated. She drew a chair to the bedside, and taking his hand in hers, obeyed his command.

"Margaret," said he, after a moment, "Margaret, my dear child, this sickness is unto death. I feel it. I know it. I shall never rise from this bed again."

"Oh, say not so, father," and she pressed the tremulous hand in hers. "Dr. Falkland says you will be better by morning! You will not die," and she leaned weeping on his pillow.

"Let not the doctor deceive you, my dear child. He only tells you that for fear of distressing you too much. I

heard his words. He said 'I *might* be better.' But he knows, Margaret, as well as I do, that I can not last long."

She could not speak. She pressed his hand in hers more firmly.

"Do not grieve, my dear child. I am ready to go. I am an old man now, and the world has no charms for me. I have nothing to live for now but you,"—he paused, and an expression of deep pain passed over his face. "The world is dark—very dark—to me, Margaret, and I long to be at rest from all its troubles. She has deceived me, and I now feel"—

He could proceed no further. The remembrance of his poor, wayward, suffering child, checked his utterance. The tears gathered in the sunken eyes, and rolled slowly over the quivering cheeks. He heaved a long, deep sigh, and shook his head mournfully. The thin, pale hand, trembled violently in hers.

"Oh, father, how can I live without you? What will this world be when you are gone? I can not bear it. I can not bear it. You must not die and leave me here alone."

"Do not grieve so, my child. It is sinful. God will be with you as he is now, and Richard will be a true earthly protector. I wish he was here, that I might give you to him before I go away. But I have no fear. I know he will prove all I could wish. He will make you a good husband, my child, and you must love him and be kind to him. I know you will. Would to God my poor Lucinda had such an one to take care of her. But that wretch—that cruel"—

"Be quiet now, dear father, be quiet! Dr. Falkland said you must. You will make yourself worse."

"I must speak, Margaret."

"Not now, father; not now—to-morrow, when you are better, then we will talk it all over; but you must be still now," and she bent over and kissed the burning lips.

Her soothing words and look of tenderness served somewhat to compose the excited man. He said no more; but groaning deeply, and giving her a look full of meaning from his wild, glaring eyes, he closed them, and turned his head on his pillow as if to sleep.

Margaret laid the unresisting hand upon the heaving bosom, straightened the

clothes, and placed the pillow that he might rest more comfortably. Then setting the light where it would not disturb him, she seated herself to be in readiness for any thing that might occur.

The old man did not move. She watched the calm face, and listened to the softened breathing, and a faint hope stole up in her bosom that her father might yet live. "How sweetly he is sleeping," she said to herself as she watched the gentle rise and fall of the peaceful bosom. "The doctor is right: he will get well." And she earnestly prayed that he might, for Lucinda's sake as well as her own. How horrible it would be for him to die, and Lucinda unpardoned! "Horrible! horrible!" she repeated, as the thought rose up before her in all the power of reality. But she could not long dwell on the fearful picture. Her mind wandered to him to whom she had but a few months before plighted eternal vows of love.

Richard de Vance was a young man—the only son of his widowed mother, her guardian and protector. He was noble, generous, brave, possessed of a quick, active mind, and stanch moral habits; and was looked upon by his numerous acquaintances as a young man in every way worthy of the highest confidence and esteem. He had but a moderate fortune, yet it was quite sufficient to support a comfortable style of living, and his industry and good management were guaranty that success would crown all future endeavors to build up for himself a name and a place.

He had long been attached to Miss Pendleton: and a few months before, as he was ready to leave for England on business, he had made known his love, and insisted upon her marrying him and proceeding with him on his visit to the old world.

"I can not, Richard," she replied, as he urged his plea. "I can not leave my father."

"But you may forget me, Margaret, when I am gone!"

"Never! never! I can never marry another, Richard; but you must wait. What could my dear, old father, do without me,—and Lucinda, too, poor, young child: she needs a mother's care. We

must defer our marriage a few years, until she can take my place in the household. Father must have some one on whom to lean."

He gently remonstrated against her decision; but she remained inflexible. It was a matter of duty. She owed it to her father who had been to her the kindest of parents, and to her dear young sister, for whom she had always felt a mother's care and tenderness.

She sat thinking as the old man slept. In a way painful and heart-rending, God had removed from her one object of her care. He had taken away one objection, and left her heart bleeding from the severance. What if He in His wisdom should take from her her father, and thus open up a way for the consummation of her pledge! Strange, mysterious Providence. Was there no other path to the altar but through the scorching fires of bereavement and the deep, dark waters of death? "Let it not be, oh thou kind, benignant Parent," she cried. "Spare my father—oh spare him."

At intervals the old man would start and look wildly around.

"It was only a dream, my child," he would say, as she leaned to soothe him, and his lips would move as he sunk back into his slumber, but the incoherent words died out before they reached her ear. But she knew of what he was dreaming.

Thus the night wore on and brought the morning. Dr. Falkland, at Margaret's request, had promised to call very early. She was every moment expecting him. A slight noise she made in adjusting the chairs aroused the sleeper.

She stepped to his bedside, and, bending over him, kissed his forehead, and smiled as she said, "You are better now, dear father? You have slept so well."

He looked at her and returned her caress with a faint smile,—it seemed to her so ghastly; but he did not speak. Alarmed, she repeated her interrogatory, "You are better now, father, are you not?"

"I am quiet in body, my dear, but these frightful dreams have troubled me so."

"And what have you been dreaming, father?"

"About her—my poor, dear darling,—

and that cruel, cruel man that tore her away from me."

His brow contracted as if a painful thought had darted through his soul. Margaret saw it by the yet faint morning light. She feared the consequences of any excitement, and strove to calm him.

"Do not talk about this now, father,—wait till you are better."

"I will never be any better, my child. My poor life is done. I want to see Lucinda once again before I die. I can not go in peace without I press her once more to my heart. Send for her, Margaret! I must see her; I thought I never could forgive her, but I can freely, fully forgive her all. She was young, and he deceived her—send for her; tell her to come to her father before he dies."

Margaret felt his words were true. The conviction burst upon her heart with overwhelming power. She did not scream,—she did not weep! Her feelings were too strong for voice or tears. She stood transfixed, gazing on the loved face which the coffin-lid would soon shut out from her view for ever on earth. But why attempt to describe her anguish? Those who have stood by the bedside of dying loved ones, and caught the last look as the spirit left the earthly tenement, can realize the unutterable weight of woe that pressed down her bursting soul.

She dispatched a messenger for Lucinda, with the word to hasten to her father, he was dying.

Dr. Falkland came. Margaret asked him about her father. He shook his head sorrowfully, as he answered, "No better, Margaret, no better."

"You must be as much composed as you can, Lucinda," said the doctor, as he met her at the door. Dr. Falkland was an old and intimate friend of Capt. Pendleton and his daughters. He had known the girls from their infancy, and always addressed them as he did his own children. "Your father is very weak, and any great degree of excitement will prostrate him. Be very careful, or you may do him incalculable injury."

She burst into tears, and hastened into the house. "Can I see him now, doctor? him—my poor, old dying father?"

"I will go in and ascertain. He has

been asking for you every few minutes since the messenger was sent to tell you to come to him."

The doctor stepped to the door of the dining-room where she sat, and beckoned to her. She sprang from her seat, and rushed toward him.

"Quiet, quiet, Lucinda! You will kill your father by such rashness. Be calm, and do not agitate him."

She passed the doctor, gained the bedside, and threw herself, weeping, upon her father's bosom. The old man strained her to his heart with all the strength of his feeble arms. Neither spoke. She sobbed bitterly, and great tears burst from the death-lit eyes. Margaret wept aloud as she stood beside them, and Dr. Falkland, all unused to weep, was moved to tears.

"Father, my dear father, forgive me—forgive me!" was all she could say, as her heart was bursting with the sad remembrance of the fearful injury she had done that loved parent.

"I forgive you, Lucinda, my dear, dear child." 'T was all he could say; and he strained her to his bosom.

"And my husband, father, can't you forgive him, too?" and she raised her head from his breast, and looked at him earnestly.

The old man gazed on her streaming face and quivering lip. For a moment he hesitated. Grace struggled with nature. Which shall conquer?

At length he spoke, calmly and pointedly:

"I forgive him, Lucinda, even as I hope to be forgiven. He has done me a great wrong, has brought my gray head in sorrow to the grave, but I forgive him. Tell him so; I can not see him now, I am too weak. May be I'll have strength to do it before I die."

He gasped for breath, and closed his eyes, as if to shut out the world with its strife and sorrow. The lips moved. He was praying for his enemy. He retained her hand in his. It seemed he could not let it go. He would have her near him as long as his dim eyes could see her.

A gentle tap at the door aroused the dying man from his reverie. Looking up, he said, "Mordaunt and the lawyer, Mar-

garet; let them come in, I have no time to spare."

The girls passed out, leaving Dr. Falkland alone in the room. He was soon joined by Mordaunt and the lawyer. Lucinda sought her husband with tears of delight, told him of her father's forgiveness. He received the information with apparent gratification. He was pleased—not because his conscience was touched with a sense of his sins, but because he felt that now there was a hope that in the will which was about to be made, he would be named as equal heir with Margaret.

"I am ready now," said the old man, as he fell back upon his pillow, exhausted by the effort to affix his signature to the will. "Mordaunt, attend to this, my boy; I leave it with you. Do not let it be opened until Richard comes home. Now call my children to me, that I may look upon them while I live. I shall soon be gone, doctor," he added, after a pause to recover his wasted breath, "I can not last many hours."

The doctor nodded his head assentingly.

He gradually sunk more and more as the day wore on. His daughters watched by his bedside with stricken hearts.

"Grieve not, my children, I am going to my peaceful home," he would say to them, as he gazed in their sorrowing faces, and heard their despairing sobbings.

The evening came. The sunlight faded from the earth, and with its last departing beams the spirit, earth-worn and weary, went away to rest.

Of all the assembled company that on the following day gathered round the grave of the old man, to witness the last rites, there was no heart so nigh breaking as that of the poor disobedient child, who felt that she was heaping the cold grave-clods on the bosom of him who had loved her with a love stronger than death.

By her side stood the cold calculator: his head bowed; it was only the form. The mind was busy with other thoughts than those of repentance or grief. Should the will not meet his expectations, then it *should* be broken. Such was the result of his reflections.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE WILL.

SEVERAL weeks elapsed after the death of Captain Pendleton before the return from England of Richard de Vance, whom he had left executor of his will. As the old man requested, when, with failing sight and death-struck hand he had signed that will, it had been committed to Chester for safe keeping until the time should arrive for it to be put on record, and its contents acted upon.

There had been present at the time it was written, signed, and sealed, beside the official, only the doctor and Chester; and they alone were possessors of its decisions. Many and various were the suggestions regarding its bequests,—many and various the surmises as to what would be the denouement of the matter. One prophesied one thing; another, another. Rumor was rife; but no two persons thought alike. Those who knew the firmness of the old man while living, and fully understood what mettle he was made of, could not conceive it possible that the old man should relent under the provoking circumstances; and that, although Lucinda had been called to his bedside when dying, yet that, when the will should be opened, it would be found that she had been cut off with a single dollar. Others who knew of the reconciliation that had been effected, and were aware of the old man's deep love for his youngest child, gave it as their opinion that Lucinda would be generously remembered in the will; and if not equal to her sister's, yet her portion would be sufficient to keep up her husband's business, which was even so soon beginning to be regarded with doubt. Only a few months had elapsed since his marriage and the establishment of himself in merchandizing; but so great was his extravagance in the outset of his career, and his subsequent inattention to his business, that already prophesies of his ruin were whispered from one to the other.

"Can't hold out long this way," was the prediction of the old heads of the community as they watched his movements. "Too fast, too fast entirely, for a young man just starting in the world.

He'll butt his brains out soon at such licks: mark what I tell you," and both speaker and listener would shake their heads knowingly. Morgan was aware of their opinions, but he heeded them not. The only effect they had upon him was to cause him to plunge the more recklessly into dissipation and extravagance, to show to the world his entire indifference as to what it might say or think of him. *Nihil ad rem* was his motto, and onward he plunged.

Lucinda saw, with sorrow and alarm, that her husband's habits were such as would not only ruin their temporal prospects, but would inevitably bring disgrace on her once fair name. She could not console herself with the Fabian policy; for the future but promised to increase the horrors of the present. She felt—ah, so keenly—that disobedience was bringing its own fearful reward. In the spring time of her life she had sown to the wind. What she should reap, she shut her eyes to. She could not bear the dreadful sight; but conscience, more than judgment, whispered into her startled ears, "The whirlwind! the whirlwind!" Ah, the unfoldings of the life of this innocent young wife! what shall they be? The whirlwind! the whirlwind! But we will not anticipate.

Since the death of her father, Margaret had been staying with Lucinda until her lover should return from England, at which time they should be married. The two sisters were a great consolation to each other in their great affliction. Lucinda would lean upon Margaret's bosom, and would look to her for advice as in the days of her girlhood. Day by day she saw her husband's derelictions from the path of moral rectitude, and day by day her fearful apprehension increased; but on this point her tongue was silent,—great wisdom in one so young and trusting. The secret of it lay in the fact that she possessed a true woman's heart. No word of complaint; no look of reproach; no frown of discontent, ever betrayed the harrowing knowledge that was rending her bosom. She knew that he was fast yielding himself a victim to intemperance, though he managed to keep his sin covered from the world: but hour by hour it was telling on his appearance

and temper; and she saw that, ere many months should elapse, disgrace must be added to suffering.

The way of the transgressor, how hard it is! Who can count the sad consequences of one wrong act; the misery of one misstep?

A letter came from England—Richard de Vance would be detained by an unexpected turn in his business several weeks longer than he had intended. There had suddenly and very unexpectedly appeared a new claimant to a portion of the property which he had inherited from his maternal grandparents. It seemed to him entirely unfounded; yet, rather than be delayed, he proposed a compromise. But to this the new heir would not accede, and he was compelled to undertake such legal procedure as would insure as speedy a settlement as possible.

Morgan came in one evening to tea, and threw the letter, containing this intelligence, in Margaret's lap, who opened it, and read aloud such parts of it as bore upon the interests of the listeners. As she read the above intelligence the brow of Morgan knit fiercely, and an expression of dark determination passed over his face. He thought himself unobserved, and so he was by Margaret, whose eyes rested on the sheet before her, but Lucinda, with that quick instinct peculiarly a wife's, directed her look to him in time to see the shadow as it gathered and grew black. She read its meaning and felt its power. She saw in it the portent of disaster and misery.

The weeks passed heavily by to the three inmates of that fated home. Margaret looked out on the future with hope, but that hope was clouded by fear. Her lover might not return; it was a long and fearful journey across the broad ocean. Lucinda's future vision was all darkness, no light, no hope; and when the sisters looked back upon the past, they saw the shroud and bier, and heard the funeral dirge, and the rumbling of the clods on the coffin-lid. Morgan's feelings were those of anxiety and desperation. The state of his business affairs was becoming every day more and more alarming. From inattention on his part, and that of his partner, Elston, custom began to decrease, and those who had formerly

been quick and ready to assist him pecuniarily, now cast averted looks upon him, and gave him to understand, by more ways than one, that he could no longer rely upon them for aid. He knew that if Captain Pendleton had made his wife an equal heir to his property he could very readily, with the means that would be immediately available, reinstate his sinking business, and for the present, at least, support that system of extravagance which he seemed to regard as necessary to his new position in society. Should Lucinda be left penniless, and he greatly feared this would be the case, he saw nothing before him but failure in business and disgrace in society. This was the cause of the frown and fierce look which clouded his countenance when he heard of the unlooked-for delay of the executor.

Margaret made such preparations for her approaching marriage as were compatible with good taste and appropriateness under the circumstances. She was as ignorant of her father's decision as was Morgan, yet she hoped that her sister had been remembered. She had decided within herself as much as it would distress her to disregard her father's dying desires, to share the estate equally with Lucinda, in the event she had been left sole heir. Of this intention, however, she said nothing to Morgan. Indeed, she made no mention of it to any one but her cousin, Mordaunt Chester. She feared to intrust it to Lucinda lest she should mention it to Morgan, upon whom she knew it would have the unhappy effect of driving to greater lengths of extravagance and dissipation. So she wisely concluded to lock her intentions within her own bosom, and wait the proper time for action.

This at length came. Richard, having satisfactorily adjusted his business in England, set sail in the first vessel for home, and, after a prosperous voyage, reached Virginia early in January. He immediately hastened to see his mother, after which he returned to Richmond, where he and Margaret were quietly married. Only a few intimate friends assembled to witness the ceremony. No ostentation or display; her heart was too sad to submit to any frivolity. The day

following the marriage the will was to be put on record. It was a night of sleepless anxiety to Morgan. His affairs were beginning to assume an aspect of desperation. Ruin was inevitable, unless timely aid came through the will. And what if his wife had been left without a shilling! He knew that this would be what he deserved, and yet he maddened with the thought. His mind was made up as to his course, provided his apprehensions respecting the will were true. "He would break it, let it cost what it might! He had married Lucinda to obtain her property, and he was determined not to be thwarted in his undertaking. He would risk all upon it." He had a dogged determination which defied all defeat. It was not that consciousness of integrity and uprightness which bears up the heart under all circumstances, however dark, and nerves the arm under all difficulties, however great, which is strong in its right, although defeat may meet every effort. It was that foolhardiness which will pursue an undertaking so long as it promises profit, whether it be right or wrong. In a word, that Jesuistical policy, which adopts as its motto, "the end justifies the means," it matters not what those means are, and which will sacrifice to its own selfish ambition wealth, station, life, yea, character itself, which, to the upright, innocent man, is dearer than life.

The morrow came. Chester gave the will into the hands of Richard, and they two, accompanied by Morgan, whose anxiety would not suffer him to wait to hear a report of the matter, proceeded to the office of Dr. Falkland, whom they found at home. Their business was made known, and, being joined by him, the party found their way to the clerk's office. Morgan appeared cool and collected, betraying no evidences of his internal conflicts.

The seal was broken, and the will read. Morgan listened to every word attentively. When the clerk came to that clause which read: "And I do also bequeath that portion of my estate which shall remain after all my debts are paid, as above directed, to my two daughters, Margaret Pendleton and Lucinda Morgan, to be equally divided between them, as the lawful heirs of my body," Morgan, who had hitherto remained apparently unmoved, though

evidently anxious, now reddened with gratification, and a glance of delight shot through his dark eyes.

It was as he desired; and for the present he was saved. But fearful unfoldings are yet in the future, for "the way of the wicked shall not prosper, and his counsel shall be brought to naught."

(To be continued.)

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#### EVENING AND DEATH.

DEATH never appears a more welcome visitant than in the evening, when, as Jean Paul so sweetly says, "the day is dying amid blossom-clouds, and with its own swan-song." Then even "the alleys and gardens speak in low tones, like man when deeply moved; and around the leaves fly the gentle winds, and around the blossoms the bees, with a tender whisper," as if afraid of disturbing the holy stillness. At such a time, only the larks, like man, rise warbling into the sky, and then, like him, drop down again into the furrow; while the great soul and the sea lift themselves unheard and unseen to heaven, and rushing streams, sublime and fruitgiving, and waterfalls and thunder-showers dash down the valleys. In such an hour, the tone of the tolling bell, which tells of the dying, therein to sever his heartstrings as they bandage one's eyes in the amputation of a limb, seems unspeakably sweet, and rises like a hymn upon the air. It sounds as if death itself were flying down from heaven, as indeed it is, with a song upon its lips, and singing on with one continuous tone of rapture, hung poised with open wings above the earth, until the flowers should have sprung up for its evening couch.

In the evening death comes gently, and on its darkened battlefield no echo of the receding earth can enter. Softly and calmly, in the dim light, the angels fold about the dying one the mantle of eternal love; gently they loose the silver cord, and, giving faith the helm of their tiny barks, steer out upon the shadowy waters that beat, in the far distance, against the very gates of heaven.

Death in the evening is beautiful; there is in it then a poetry and eloquence that

speak to the heart like a trumpet, and garland the soul with sunshine. To be cherished for ever as a precious thing, is the memory of those who die in the lap of the evening.

Nevertheless we read of one, the meek and faithful, diligent in his Master's calling, who at the noontide hour entered alone the chamber holy to God and offered up heartfelt devotions at the altar there. He was a man far advanced in the journey of life—one who needed rest, but looked not for it until the week of human life be done. He prayed as one would pray who had walked long with his God. His supplications were as those who dwell nigh at the divine footstool—they were like unto this: "There is hope of a tree if it be cut down that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease; but man dieth and wasteth away!" In that noontide he perished. The glorious sun passed by and looked for him through the western portals, but the old man was gone. He rose again in the east, and, in the strength of his morning beams, searched through the temple for him, but he was gone, and gone for ever. Oh blessed, thrice blessed, are they who, like him, the industrious and the faithful, are favored to die at noon!

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BUENA VISTA.—On this awful battlefield a certain officer from the Kentucky regiment was stricken down by a ball. His friends were compelled to give way, and although with great reluctance to leave him to the lance and knife. As the unfortunate man saw his fate in the ferocious looks of the advancing Mexicans, he endeavored to secure an interposing hand, if happily there might be a brother in that phalanx, and with trembling limbs made the silent appeal. It was noticed by a Mexican officer who rushed forward with shout and blow to save him. His comrades saw it all—the silent gesture—the generous act—then the dark curtain of battle closed around. The next day they went back with anxious quest for him, but his body alone was there, gashed and horribly mangled—the interposing hand came too late.

# THE FREEMASON'S DAUGHTER.

BY AN ENGLISH BROTHER.



GILBERT GRINDEM AND HIS NEPHEW.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE world is cunning in its fancied wisdom ;  
But Providence by simplest means oft works.  
Leading the schemes of crime to justice, ends.

SIMON GRIDLEY, who had for nearly a month been an inmate of Mr. Crab's establishment, was pacing up and down his narrow cell, alternately giving way to tears and violent bursts of passion, as rage or despair possessed him. Under pretext that absolute retirement was necessary for him, he had been kept carefully secluded from his fellow-patients, and only permitted to take occasional exercise in the smallest of the courtyards, at an hour when the rest of the inmates of the asylum were excluded from it.

"I shall go mad!" he exclaimed, wringing his hands; "I am sure I shall go mad! This frightful solitude, broken only by still more frightful cries is grad-

ually shaking reason. I dread the approach of night—darkness is hideous to me! I see the pale faces of my old comrade Lawrence and his dying son—see them distinctly, though not a ray of light enters this accursed den. That's strange," he muttered; "no light—and yet I see them. Yes, yes—I must be going mad. Those cries, which make me dread to sleep—sure to be startled from it—and this lonely cell, have done their work. I am broken—quite broken; and Gilbert Grindem chuckles as he counts his ill-got wealth; laughs at my misery; defies my threat; and will be as deaf to my prayers as I for years have been to the voice of conscience and repentance. I am rightly punished—rightly punished." He added, "God has deserted me—I have fallen beyond reach."

Nothing but the deep despair—the partial insanity—of the speaker, superin-



duced by the cruel treatment he had undergone, could have excused the impious words which the poor old man gave utterance to. Scarcely had they escaped him, than the enormity of his offense struck him. Falling upon his knees, he wrung his hands, exclaiming:

"Forgive me, Architect of the universe! forgive thy unworthy creature! No, Thou hast not deserted me! Were I buried deeper in the earth than the foundation stone of that proud temple where thy name was worshiped, Thou couldst raise me up to light—with a strong hand break my fetters, and set my body free."

Comforted with the turn of thought his mind had taken, the old man remained upon his knees absorbed in silent prayer. The expression of his countenance, like the ruffled face of ocean, when the breath of heaven subsides, became gradually calm. Prayer had poured the balm of resignation on his wounded heart.

It is extraordinary how acute the sense of hearing becomes from solitude, and how soon we learn to distinguish between sounds. Although Gridley had scarcely been a month an inmate of the asylum, his ear caught the faintest echo of an approaching step; and he knew so well the tread of his keepers, that he could tell which one had entered the long corridor, at the extremity of which his cell was placed, the instant he heard his footfall.

As Gridley rose from his prayer, he fancied he heard the sound of an approaching foot, so soft and light, that only an ear sharpened by suffering or terror could have noticed it. In a few seconds it became more distinct, but still light and gentle as the step of a vagrant zephyr, walking on the earth, fearing to crush the opening buds of spring; or, what perhaps is yet more graceful, a playful child, at hide-and-seek with his companions.

As he listened to the sound the prisoner's heart began to throb. There was something unusual in the circumstance, and consequently hope. Still it advanced—pat-pat—paused,—how the poor old fellow's heart beat,—was again renewed, and ceased only at the door of his cell.

"T is Lizzy!" he exclaimed, his eyes again filling with tears; "God bless the child—the heart of infancy is ever true to nature's impulse!"

"Mr. Gridley—Mr. Gridley!" whispered an infantine voice; "don't speak loud for fear they should hear us; for I am forbidden to come and see you—but I could n't help it—just to ask how you find yourself. I hope you are better?"

"Thank you, Lizzy, I am quite well."

"Not quite well—or Mr. Crab would let you out—but better. I am so glad, and so will poor Mrs. Bentley, Tim's Dick, and Tom and Sarah be!" said the child.

The two latter were the names of the children of the widow with whom the old clerk lodged, and who loved him like a father.

"They have not forgotten me, then?"

"Oh, no," resumed Lizzy; "how could any one forget those who are kind to them? and you were very kind. Do you remember the pretty stories you used to tell us, as we crowded round you of an evening—Sarah and I upon your knees, and Tom ready to fill your pipe, or fetch you some gin? Oh, that nasty gin!" added the child, "the doctor says it is all on account of that that you are mad."

"I am not mad!" said Gridley, impatiently.

"Aint you?" replied the girl, doubtfully; "then why are you here?"

"Because villainy is more powerful than honesty—gold than truth; because Mr. Crab is a mean, hypocritical scoundrel, who lends himself to a greater rascal than himself; because my absence or death is necessary to further schemes."

Here the retreating footsteps of the child, whom his burst of violence terrified, and who was fearful of being punished for her surreptitious visit, warned him of the error he had committed.

"Lizzy! Lizzy!" he exclaimed, in a piteous tone, "will you leave me?"

The fugitive paused; her little heart beat with fear, for care had been taken to impress upon her mind that the madness of the old friend was of the most dangerous kind; and stories related to her of persons having been killed, strangled, in the maniac's iron grasp, who, trusting to their apparent calmness, had ventured within their reach. Still she could not resist the agony expressed in the poor clerk's voice, more, perhaps, than in his words.

It was but a beating after all, she thought, even if she should be found out,

and her mother, like most mothers, did not hit very hard. Added to which the door of the cell was strongly barred on the outside, so that there was no personal danger.

"If you'll promise to be quiet," she whispered, "I will come back?"

"I will—I will," sobbed the inmate of the den, in a tone as submissive as a subdued child's; "don't leave me yet; let me hear the voice of some thing human, and not the harsh, grating, jeering words of my brutal keeper!"

"There," said Lizzy, who by this time had approached the door, "I have come back; but I dare not stay long. Do you know, Mr. Gridley," she added, "why I came to see you?"

"No."

"First, because I promised Tom Bentley and his sister, last Wednesday, at the dancing school, and to give you the two oranges they sent you."

"But how can you give them to me—the door is barred?" demanded the clerk.

"Oh, easily."

"By opening the door of my cell?"

"Oh, no!" hastily replied the child, whom the idea of such an enormity terrified; "no, no; I can manage it better than that; I have brought my stool with me; and there, now I can reach the little window nicely."

The stout oaken panel in the upper part of the door had been partially cut away, so as to leave a small square for the admission of light and air. The aperture, however, was carefully barred, but still not so closely that small objects could not be introduced into the cell.

"God bless you, Lizzy!" exclaimed the old man, as the rosy, intelligent countenance of the little girl appeared at the grating. "The sight of your innocent face is like a cordial to my heart. I begin to think there is still some thing human left in the world."

"There," said the child, poking the oranges through the bars; "there are the oranges Tom and Sarah Bentley sent you. I could not bring you one myself, because I spent my week's money in getting the old fiddle you broke repaired for the man who speaks so strangely; so I must give you a kiss instead," she added, with a smile, "if that will do?"

It was not without some slight trepidation that the speaker turned her face to the iron bars, to enable the clerk to take the proffered kiss. Gridley was deeply moved, and, as he pressed his lips to her unpolluted cheek, he blessed her with a captive's blessing.

"Lizzy," he exclaimed, a thought suddenly striking him that the child might be made the instrument of his communicating with those who were both able and willing to protect him, "could you not supply me with pens, ink, and paper?"

"I have no paper."

"You have your copybook, in which I used to set you such pretty copies?" urged Gridley, trusting that the recollection of his former kindness would not be without influence upon the child's grateful, affectionate nature.

"Yes," said Lizzy, doubtingly, "I have my copybook, but the pages are numbered."

"Could you not spare one," he demanded, "just one, for your poor old friend only to write a few lines to a friend?"

"I dare not! Pray do not ask me! I once did so for a poor lady who was here, and some strange persons came. There was a quarrel, and I don't know what mischief it did not make. Pray do not ask me! I promised never to do so again, and you would not have me break my word?"

"Well, not a letter, then; only a few words, Lizzy?" said the captive. "If you were locked up in a dark, cold cell, as I am, with no kind friends to visit you—alone, with only your own sad thoughts to keep you company—would you wish to send some token, or receive one from your friends?"

"Yes," sighed the child, half crying.

"You will then?"

There was a pause; the poor little creature was struggling between her duty and inclination: the latter at last prevailed.

"I will," she said; "but you must never ask me again, for if mother or Mr. Crab should find it out, I should never hear the last of it. Remember, only this once—no more?"

"Only this once," replied the old man, trembling between hope and fear.

Fortunately Lizzy had her copybook and pencil with her. She had only just

returned from school, and finding her parents both out, had seized the opportunity of fulfilling her promise to the widow's children, and her own secret inclination, by visiting the clerk. Hastily tearing a leaf from the book, she rolled her pencil in it, and thrust them through the bars.

Once in possession of them, in the hopefulness of his nature, Gridley saw himself already at liberty. Placing the paper against the wall—for there was no table in the cell—he hastily traced a few hieroglyphics by the uncertain light, and handed it back to his visitor.

"You will be sure not to lose it?"

"Do n't fear me," said the child, with a smile; for she was both careful and intelligent beyond her years. "Who is it for?"

"Tim's Dick."

"I know."

"Tell him to give it to Richard Lawrence. He will understand."

His visitor burst into tears.

"What is the matter?" he demanded, fearful lest she should retract her promise.

"Nothing; only I was afraid to tell you at first—but poor Mr. Lawrence—who spoke so softly and looked so pale, when he used to call and see you—is dead!"

"Dead!" shrieked Gridley, thrown off his guard by the sudden intelligence. "Dead! then repentance comes too late! How the devil must laugh at his triumph! Father and son both sacrificed—both murdered—for gold—for gold! Would I had the master villain here," he added—"here, in this cell, with his ill-gotten wealth, that I might pour it molten down his throat!"

Terrified at his violence, poor Lizzy hastily made her escape from the window, fully convinced that he was mad, and that the fit was coming on him. In this idea she was further convinced when she unfolded the paper—it contained only a few—to her—unintelligible scratches and angular figures.

"He calls this writing!" she said to herself, as she crushed it in her hand, and put it into her pocket. "He must be mad! Poor old man! poor old man! I am glad, however, that I kept my promise to Tom and Sarah. But I won't go to him again, it only makes him worse!"

With this resolution she sat down to her needle-work, that her mother might

ask no questions on her return; which she was sure to do unless she found her occupied.

## CHAPTER IX.

AND there are bright and sparkling rays,  
Darting from woman's lovelit eyes;  
Which far outshine the diamond's blaze,  
Than eastern gems a richer prize.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

It would be impossible to paint the deep, the hopeless despair of the widowed mother, or the grief of Amy, at poor Richard's death. Although they had long seen him sinking beneath the hopeless disease, the blow struck as severely as if it had come unexpectedly; for, with the lingering weakness which seldom leaves where we love, they had hoped against hope, and prayed after the fiat, from which there is no appeal, had been pronounced. Henry Beacham mourned him as a brother—as the friend and companion of his childhood—as those mourn who have known the interchange of generous sentiment, the manly thought, the sympathy of taste, for those who shared their pleasures with them. For although the young clerk had not been gifted with either brilliant wit or remarkable genius, he had been rich in the nobler qualities of the heart—the poetry of feeling. His life had been one continued unrepining sacrifice to his affections; and the tears of those whom he had loved embalmed his memory in that rich temple where feeling treasures up its griefs and joys. Their unfeigned sorrow was a better epitaph than any graved upon the lying marble—a nobler blazon on his turf-bound grave than herald's pen described.

In those fitful fancies which precede dissolution he had often said:

"Do n't bury me in Manchester, dear mother—I have had enough of streets and close-pent lanes; bury me in the country, among leaves and flowers. I have seen so little of them in life that I should like to repose among them after death; it would charm me to know that the thrush and merry linnnet would warble their songs over my grave; and you and Amy, when you come to visit, might pluck a wild flower from the turf which covered it, and bear it in sad remembrance with you."

At such times his mother and sister would gently chide him for such dull thoughts, and speak of hopes which they were far from feeling—of a future, bright as his boyish imagination had once painted, but which he was never doomed to know.

Although his request was treated with affectionate reproof at the time, it was sacredly remembered; it was decided that the remains of the poor youth should be laid in the secluded, quiet churchyard of —, one of those rustic spots which solitude and sanctity alike seem to have marked out from the world. Not only Henry Beacham, but the master and most of the brothers of his lodge, attended Richard Lawrence to the grave. He was buried with the square upon his breast, and the sacred scroll in his hand.

The three Smalls—Matthew, Mark, and John, had written to offer their attendance; a compliment which Henry Beacham took upon himself, in the name of the bereaved widow and Amy, coldly, but politely to decline.

The only notice which Gilbert Grindem took of his nephew's mourning attire, was a low, inarticulate growl of dissatisfaction. His constant visits to the house of Mrs. Lawrence began to give him considerable uneasiness. It was some thing, at his age, too much for friendship; and, although the least susceptible man perhaps in the world, still he had sufficient experience that woman is never so dangerous as when her beauty is veiled by sorrow, and heightened by tears; for some time, therefore, he was busily ruminating on the means of separating the lovers, as he suspected them to be, for ever.

"So Henry," he observed, about a week after the funeral, "poor Lawrence is dead!"

"Even so uncle," replied his nephew.

"Poor fellow! poor fellow!" said Gilbert, trying to press a touch of humanity into his voice; but it would not do, it was so evidently forced. "And what do the widow and the nightingale, his sister, intend to do?"

"I do n't exactly understand you, sir."

"How are they to live?" continued the merchant. "I suppose you can understand that—you did not use to be so dull of comprehension?"

"They have decided on nothing yet—their sorrow is too recent."

"All very well, Henry; but sorrow is a luxury which it requires both time and money to enjoy. I never could afford to give way to it myself, and the Lawrences, I suspect, are not overburdened with the latter, whatever they may be with the former."

"Amy has some idea of establishing a school, I believe, sir."

"Very good, very proper," exclaimed Grindem, with an air of satisfaction. "She is rather young, but that is a fault which lessens daily. Let me know when she has decided. In my opinion the sooner she begins the better. I will do something to assist her."

"Thank you, sir," replied Henry Beacham, without laying much stress upon the promise; for he had lived too long with his uncle, and began to form too just an estimate of his character, to entertain any very extravagant ideas of his benevolence.

"I'll recommend her," added the merchant.

His nephew smiled, and thought to himself how little use the recommendation of an old bachelor, who visited no one, and whose moral character was not the very best in the world, would be to an orphan girl struggling in life. Had Amy been about to enter the commercial world, the case would have been different.

"And give her fifty pounds," continued his uncle.

"Sir!"

"And give her fifty pounds. Why, how the fellow stares! Is there anything remarkable in my assisting the widow and daughter of an old servant of the firm?"

"Certainly not, sir," answered Henry, eagerly; for he felt that there was some thing offensive in his surprise. "Why should I doubt that you, who have through life been so generous to me, would act less so to others?"

"Humph!" growled Gilbert, not half satisfied. "You are my nephew."

"Certainly, I am your nephew."

"And, if you obey me, my heir."

"Have you ever found me disobedient or ungrateful, sir?"

"Why, no—to do you justice, Henry,

I have no great cause to complain. If you have been lazy, I encouraged you; if extravagant, I supplied you with the means; for I wished to let the titled fools—whose lands I could buy, whose manors groan beneath my mortgages—see that the nephew of Gilbert Grindem, the Manchester merchant, could vie with the best of them. But enough of that. Nothing like settling business, when once we are about it. There," he added, throwing a check across the table, "there is the money for the Lawrences."

"Thanks, my dear uncle—a thousand thanks!" exclaimed the young man, more gratified at the interest his uncle took in their welfare, and the trait of benevolence which the gift announced, than its value. Besides, he had his own plans for the establishment of Amy and her mother.

"And now," resumed the old man, "for a matter of much deeper importance."

"Pray name it, sir?"

"It is necessary—nay, indispensable—that in three days you set out for St. Petersburg?"

Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, Henry Beacham could not have been more astonished. The blow was cruel; for it promised to separate him, heaven knew for how long, from Amy.

"To St. Petersburg?" he stammered.

"St. Petersburg," methodically repeated his uncle, without paying the least attention to his surprise. "You are aware that a great portion of my fortune is vested in the Russian trade; circumstances require that for a month or six weeks I should have a person there on whom I can implicitly rely."

"Would not Mr. Small——"

"Had Mr. Small," said Gilbert, interrupting him, "been capable of managing the affair, I should have sent him: you know I never decide on any thing without mature reflection. In three days your credentials will be made out."

"Uncle," exclaimed the young man, "is the journey inevitable?"

"Inevitable," repeated Grindem, coolly.

"And you have no other motive in sending me than the one you have stated?"

"The motive," said his uncle, sternly, as if he was offended that his word should be doubted, "regards the honor of the firm and the stability of my fortune!"

"Then I must go!" sighed Henry.

"Of course you must! who ever doubted it for a moment. Henry," he added, "would you balance the honor of your uncle's name against the glance of a wanton's eye? No words: I know what young blood is, and have no wish to play the mentor with you; of course I can not allude to any serious attachment, well knowing that you have never formed such."

"Perhaps you are in error, sir."

"Well, well, I have no time to discuss that now; time enough for me to listen to such nonsense when you return."

"And you will listen to it?" demanded the young man, his eyes flashing with hope.

"I listen to every thing," replied Grindem, gravely. "And now, Henry, make what preparation the time will allow. You must start for Hamburg in three days, in order to catch the monthly steamer which starts for Cronstadt. As my nephew," he added, "and in order that you may have a right to act for the firm, I have ordered a new deed of partnership to be prepared, in which your name will follow mine, and when I am gone, replace it."

"Uncle," exclaimed the astonished Henry Beacham, seizing him by the hand, "I am ready; I were indeed an ingrate could I hesitate an instant after such generous conduct!"

Little the speaker imagined how deep a snare the supposed generosity of the heartless Gilbert Grindem concealed!

## CHAPTER X.

"Oh! seek not in another sphere,  
Brighter eyes there can not be  
Than those which fondly watch thee here,  
Thy home hath beauty still for thee."

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

HENRY BEACHAM left the counting-house of his uncle with the air of a man who had received a frightful blow, and but half recovered from its effects. Heedless of his steps he walked at a rapid pace, passing many of his friends and acquaintances in the streets, without returning their salutations, or even perceiving them. His heart was full—full to agony. He felt as a youth—ardent, trusting and hopeful; feels, when the first

dark cloud, forerunner of approaching storm, threatens life's sunlit horizon. "Part!" he murmured; "part!—Oh, the dreary, lonely void, absence, will create the thousand pangs, regretful memories, and tender fears; life will have lost its perfume; others will gaze upon her, and I will be absent; others will pour their flattering whispers in her ear, and I not by to guard my interest in her heart! Perhaps she will smile; perhaps listen to them! Women, ere this, have broken vows as warm, tested by absence; broken a love as true! No—no," he mentally added, in a tone of self-reproach, as Amy, in all her truthfulness and youthful candor, presented herself mentally before him; "that there are such women experience proves—'tis the oft-told history of the old love and the new; but Amy—my own true-hearted Amy—will never prove such an one! I deserve to lose her for such an ungenerous doubt."

Many who knew him as he hurried soliloquising through the street, thought that the speaker was mad; others, less charitable, only supposed that he was drunk. And so he was, poor fellow—drunk with that agony of heart, which, unlike the intoxication of the wine-cup, goads, instead of deadening its sensibilities.

Just as he turned the corner of Morely Street, he jostled against a gentleman coming in an opposite direction, and was, in the preoccupation of his mind, proceeding without a word of excuse or apology, when the voice of the party arrested him.

"Do you mean to insult me, Mr. Beacham?"

Henry looked up and recognized in the speaker an old school-fellow and friend, named William Bowles, the son of a worthy manufacturer at Burnely. He was a young man about his own age; a tall, frank, manly fellow, sincerely attached to Henry Beacham, but secretly hurt at the estrangement which had taken place between them—an estrangement which he attributed to his old companion's intimacy with Lord Somers, whom he despised; for he knew the peer's character much better than his friend did. Of course he was ignorant how far Beacham's affair with Amy had been the cause of it. Deeming himself slighted, he very naturally

resented it; for friendship has its jealousy as well as love; and he had resolved that very morning to come to an explanation with Beacham on the first occasion. Hence the knit brow and almost hostile tone, with which he demanded of his quondam if he meant to insult him.

"Insult you, William!" repeated Henry, with an air of surprise! "Why should I insult you?"

"I know of no reason," replied the young man, trying to assume an air of indifference; "I am sure I never gave you any."

"Never, my dear fellow," interrupted Beacham, extending his hand, which Bowles, from the lingering feeling of pride, hesitated to take, although in his heart he longed to grasp it.

"What!" said his friend, "when I am about to leave you—to leave England! Come, William, I can not—I will not part unkindly with you; I am wretched enough already."

The words—and still more the voice in which they were spoken—melted all the high-flown resolutions of poor Bowles' pride and wounded friendship: he silently grasped the extended hand with all the warmth of early days, and placing Beacham's arm within his, led him to the Royal Hotel.

"Where are you going?" demanded Henry.

"To our old quarters, at the Royal," replied the young man; we can speak more freely there; where, when boys, we called for our first bottle of wine, and ventured on our first cigar together. Do you remember," he added, "with what dignity we gave our orders to the grinning waiter, and how we hid the half-finished cigars behind the looking-glass, to make the fellow believe that we had smoked them?"

"Perfectly," said Beacham, relaxing to a smile, "ah, those were happy times, William!"

"We shall see happier yet," continued his friend; "why Harry, we have but just commenced the game of life. At our age, we have too many chances to despair. Not a word here," he added, observing that his companion was about to speak. "Thank heaven, we are at the Royal at last."

In a few minutes the young men were

comfortably seated in the private room where their first attempt at smoking had been made; a bottle of sherry was placed by the now obsequious old waiter before them, and the friends were left to themselves.

"I am sure we are friends again," observed Bowles, as he filled the glasses.

"And ever have been."

"That being the case, I may speak freely," continued the young man. "You spoke just now, Henry, of being obliged to quit England—of being wretched. If there is any thing between you and your fine lord—I know he is a gambler—leave me to settle it. I am of age—in possession of my grandfather's legacy—as you well know, a bumping one—so no bones about it—how much, and have done with it?"

The generous, off-handed way in which the offer was made, touched the heart of his friend. Grasping the speaker by the hand, he thanked him, but, at the same time, assured him that he was not indebted fifty pounds in the world.

"No!" repeated William, with a look of surprise. "Why, what the deuce is it then?"

"I am in love—deeply, devotedly in love."

His listener bounded from his chair, as if a spring in every joint had suddenly been loosened, and made sundry gyrations, something after the manner of a dancing dervise. Beacham's being in love explained everything—neglect, and seeming coldness.

"In love!" he exclaimed. "What a fool I must have been not to have foreseen it! I am as glad as if they had repealed the corn-laws, or opened free-trade—aye, and gladder, too. Do you remember, Harry," he added, "when boys, that if one got into a scrape, the other was sure to tumble into it, too?"

"What then?" demanded his friend, with a smile.

"Why, that the old luck still follows me. It's sympathy, I suppose; for, Harry, I am in love too."

"You!" said Beacham, with surprise.

"What could I do," replied the young man, with a smile, "but follow your example? You deserted me, to be sure—that was all natural enough—though I fool-

ishly thought it was because you preferred your fine lord's friendship to mine. There—don't reproach me! I felt lonely and dull, as moping as a solitary hound, used to hunt in couples; so I e'en asked a kind-hearted little girl, a neighbor of the governor's near Burnley, if she would try and love me."

"And her reply was?"

"Like a frank-hearted, dear, good girl, as she is, that she had done so for some time, and without trying. But what in the name of fortune, Henry," continued the speaker, struck by a sudden recollection, "if you are in love, and out of debt, makes you wretched? It can't be that your love is not returned. I should like to see the girl who could say no, when Henry Beacham offered her his heart!"

"I, too, am loved," replied his friend.

"Of course," said Bowles, as if it was a necessary consequence.

"But she I love is poor."

"Your uncle is rich enough. Besides, you are your own master—have a capital turn for business, if you would only stick to it. Come more frequently upon 'change, and look at the price of cotton; added to which, I shall always be at hand to help you. So never mind your uncle, who never deserved to have such a true-hearted fellow for his nephew."

"Not a word against my uncle," interrupted Beacham; "he has this very day announced his intention of making me a partner in the firm."

"Whew! that is something. I shall begin to like him, if he goes on as he has begun."

"But the affairs of the house render it necessary that I should proceed to St. Petersburg for a few weeks—perhaps months," said his friend, "And poor Amy is so heart-broken, so desolate, since the death of her brother."

"What!" exclaimed Bowles; "Little Amy—Dick Lawrence's sister—is she the object of your choice? You could not have made a better, Harry—at least, not as we judge the world. She is as good as a boy, that there was a sneaking kindness between you. Nothing like early love—it is always the best and purest. How does she bear your intended separation?" he added, in a tone of interest.

"She does not know it yet. From her humble position, she is exposed to the persecutions of the licentious. It was only the other week I kicked Matthew Small for insulting her. Who will be her protector when I am absent?"

"Who?" said his friend, reproachfully. "Why, I will, Henry. If Matthew Small, or any one else, casts a forbidden eye upon her, I'll wring their necks," he added, coolly. "Come, cheer up. I'll go to St. Petersburg. No, hang it, I can't do that! I forgot my own little girl—must not neglect her. You can't think how dear she has become to me since she confessed that she loved me—no great proof, you'll say, of her taste, whatever it may be of her good nature."

This speech from any one less unaffected than William Bowles, might have been set down as affectation; for the speaker was one of the handsomest young fellows in Manchester. To a fine manly person, he added a countenance in which nature had written gentleman. As for his heart, that was gold—all gold.

Poor Beacham found himself much relieved by his confidential conversation with his friend. He knew the man he trusted, and his fears for Amy were allayed. The young men shook hands and parted, but not before it was finally arranged that Bowles should call that very evening with him upon the widow Lawrence and her daughter. With this understanding they separated—Henry to break the intelligence of his approaching departure from England to Amy, and William to his usual engagements upon change.

"And must you leave me?" sobbed Amy, as, overcome by the unexpected blow, she sank upon her lover's breast, who felt her heart beating like a frightened bird against his. "I only half felt my loss while you remained to me. Poor Richard! I am rightly punished for my selfish consolation!"

"But for a few weeks, dear girl; I shall soon return," whispered Henry, soothingly.

"My heart will be broken before then," she murmured, "with watchful days and sleepless nights. I shall never hear the wind moaning round our cottage but I shall think it sounds like a death knell.

AM. FREE. VOL. 6, MAY, 1858.—22

My thoughts will be of shipwreck: I shall see you struggling in the waves—fancy I hear your last despairing shriek, or picture you in a strange land, on a sick-bed, and I not near to watch and tend you. I could have borne any thing but separation—any thing but that."

The tone of deep grief in which the poor girl whispered her sorrow went to her lover's heart, and upset the self-command which he vainly thought he had conjured up previous to entering the cottage to announce the evil tidings. There is nothing more painful to the manly heart than the tears of those it loves; and Amy's sorrow almost drove poor Henry into madness. Before her grief, the promise he had made his uncle—the sense of gratitude which bound him—the necessity which he believed existed for his voyage—all gave way. He felt at that moment that he could renounce a thousand uncles to see her smile again.

"I will not go, Amy?" he exclaimed; "let my uncle's fortune perish, if it must be so—wealth has never been my idol—or let another inherit, I care not. I can be happy in the richer heritage of thy true heart. I was a fool—a madman—to have promised him! The sacrifice is beyond my strength!"

"*You have promised him?*" demanded Amy, fixing her tearful eyes upon him.

"Alas, yes!"

It is extraordinary how the fortitude of woman rises with misfortune; how her strength of mind increases by suffering. Amy, although in years comparatively a child, in heart was a woman: sorrow had made her one. She had learnt its bitter lessons young.

"*You must go!*" she sobbed; "gratitude and prudence alike demand it. Forgive me my tears, Henry—they were selfish. I did not think I had so bad a heart as to cause one moment's pain to yours. It is hard—very hard, sometimes—the path of duty. Go," she added; "but, oh, pity me, when I am left alone! I shall soon have another task before me."

The poor girl alluded to her widowed mother, who, since the death of her son, had gradually been sinking into that deep despondency which is hopeless, because it is tearless. The loss of her boy,



of whom she had been so proud—who was her sole support in life—had so completely crushed her heart, that no second blow could reach it.

"I know," said Beacham, "your poor mother, Amy: trust me, she will recover. 'T is but the lethargy of grief—she has no disease."

"That is not always necessary," observed Amy; "the grief which drinks the blood—withers the springs of life within the heart, dims the sad eye, and pales the sufferer's cheek—may not be called disease, Henry—it is death!"

"Death?" repeated her lover.

"Look at her," continued the orphan—for Amy's mother was in the room, perfectly unconscious of the scene which was taking place before her; "since poor Richard's funeral she has not shed a tear. If she could only weep I should have hope, for tears relieve the heart."

"Mrs. Lawrence, during the conversation between the lovers, was seated, with a listless air, by the window of her little parlor, her eyes fixed upon the ground, with a vacant expression, which shows how deeply the soul is absorbed in its contemplations. Her generally pale cheek had, since the loss of her son, become pinched and thin, and its complexion changed to a waxen hue, like that which precedes and follows death; and her form became more and more attenuated day by day. Sometimes she would mechanically return the caresses of her remaining child, who was unremitting in her attentions to her; but more frequently receive them with an impassibility which it was heart-breaking to the affectionate girl to witness. The only means to raise her from the stupor into which she had fallen, were the notes of the piano and the sound of Amy's voice, who once tried, with a heavy heart, to sing one of poor Richard's favorite songs. But the effect was too fearful to be repeated. The bereaved mother, at the first touch of the instrument, started as if she had received an electric shock—looked wildly round the room, as the words:

"I love thee more, my own fireside,"

came tremulously from the lips of her child—fell, with a loud shriek, upon the floor—but no tears. The fountain whose

gushing waters give relief to the o'er-fraught heart was sealed within her widowed breast for ever. By the injunction of her medical attendant—who had suggested the experiment in the faint hope of rousing her from her torpor—it was never to be repeated, unless, by one of those strange caprices which sometimes haunt sick fancies, she herself should ask it.

As Henry Beacham gazed upon the mother of his earliest friend, he felt that Amy had indeed another and a bitter task before her: that in a few weeks—nay, days, perhaps—she would be alone.

"I can not leave you, Amy—the very thought was cruel!" he whispered; "cruel to yourself and me! If gratitude has its duties, affection has its rights; and not even my uncle has a claim that I should sacrifice them. Perish his wealth!" he added, "it shall never make me its slave!"

"*You must go!*" said Amy, with forced calmness. "You have promised, and it is your duty. Although cold and harsh to others, your uncle has been kind to you, and has a right to expect it of you. Life, from the cradle to the grave, Henry, is but a succession of sacrifices. I have suffered too much, and offered too many, to shrink from the last one."

"Angel!" exclaimed the young man pressing her passionately to his breast, "you point out the path of duty, even though your heart bleeds as I pursue it. Perhaps, after all," he added, "the separation may be shorter than I anticipate; and my uncle has promised to make me a partner in the firm before I leave."

"A partner!" repeated Amy, who, in her ignorance of the world, little imagined that a man might be a partner in a wealthy firm, and yet as dependent upon its head as the merest drudge it employed.

"A partner, Amy! Do you know what that promise implies? Wealth—the means of happiness—the power to rescue you from toil and want—to shield you, like a fragrant flower, from the rude storms of life, and gild its path with sunshine—to realize love's holiest dream, the heart's fond wishes—to make you my wife, Amy—the companion of my days, the partner of my name—as love has already made you the partner of my soul!"

Although there was nothing to alarm the sensitive delicacy of innocence in the words of the speaker, the ardor of his manner, and the flushing expression of his eye, caused the fair girl to tremble with emotion. The idea of becoming Henry Beacham's wife was a thought of happiness too intense, she feared, ever to be realized. Gently disengaging herself from his embrace, she tried to smile; but the effort was too much for her, and tears involuntarily started to her eyes.

"Perhaps," she murmured.

"Perhaps!" repeated her lover. "Amy, do you doubt me?"

"No—for, to doubt were to destroy my love; and that, Henry, is so twined around my heart—so completely a part of my existence—that life would follow. I doubt of nothing but my happiness."

The heart is soon persuaded of that which it desires; and the soothing words of her frank, generous-minded suitor, calmed her apprehensions, if they did not enable her to forget them.

It was arranged that he should see her for the last time previous to his departure on the following evening, and that William Bowles, whom Amy had known from childhood, should accompany him. Beacham knew that the sensitive girl would shrink, in her present position, from receiving any thing like pecuniary assistance from him. He was determined, therefore, to make his friend the medium of his protecting care—confident that his trust would never be abused. With this understanding, which was implied rather than expressed, Henry took his leave, in order to make the necessary preparations for his voyage; and Amy—poor Amy—was left to the sad forebodings which too often shadow youth's dream of love.

#### CHAPTER XI.

"Try not deceit: it is a game at which  
The worthless are most skilled, for honesty,  
Dreaming no ill, suspects no ill in others.  
Knavery is craft's best match." CREON.

At an early hour the following morning, when Mr. Small arrived with his usual punctuality at the counting-house, he found a tall, ill-looking fellow waiting in the outward office. There was a saucy independence in the man's bearing which

annoyed him; for, like most sycophants, Small exacted a servile respect from all he could tyrannize over. Poverty, in his eyes, put the unhappy being identified with it out of the pale of humanity. It had no right to walk—he expected it to *creep*.

"Now, my man," he demanded, with a supercilious air, "what are you doing here?"

"Can't you see I'm waiting?" replied Flanagan, with an impudent leer—for it was no other than the landlord of the cellar in which poor Tim's Dick was still a prisoner, to whom Small had addressed the question.

"Waiting, sir—waiting?" repeated the pompous partner: "waiting for whom?"

"Your master, I reckon!"

The reply was exceedingly mortifying; for Mr. Small, although a most insignificant person in appearance, labored under the delusion that his manners were very imposing. He could not conceal from himself that he was only five feet three, but felt that a something, he did not exactly know what, redeemed it—an error very common, we believe, with little men.

"Master! master!" he exclaimed. "Impudent scoundrel! do you come here to insult me in *my own counting house*? Do you know who I am?"

"No," said the ruffian carelessly. Feeling his importance, he felt a secret pleasure in treating his questioner with affected indifference.

"Then, sir, I am Mr. Grindem's partner—one of the firm of Grindem and Small. I have a great inclination to call the porter, and order him to kick you out of the place!"

"Mr. Grindem's partner!" repeated Flanagan, slowly. "Why, then, I suppose you have a pretty good berth of it?"

"It would be the worst day's work he ever did for the firm," said the fellow fiercely. "If he did it would not be a firm long!" and a hearty, low-bred chuckle followed what the speaker considered a bit of wit.

With all his vanity, the junior partner was not without tact. He saw that the man's business with Grindem must be of a very *peculiar nature*, or he would never have ventured on being so insolent. The

implied threat partially enlightened him as to its real character. Marjoram had also informed him of the loss of the papers.

"Stay, Matthew—stay!" he cried as his son's hand was stretched out to pull the bell. "Perhaps, after all, the poor man may be here on business."

"I told you I was."

"So you did. I was a little hasty—business—so much to think of: but surely, my good fellow, you might have had a *little more discernment*. No matter, let it pass. Does Mr. Grindem expect you?" he added in a bland tone.

"No."

"I thought not!" muttered Small, to himself. "Doubtless," he added aloud, "the affair is serious?"

"I should *rather* think it was!"

"Private?"

"As your charities. No one will believe in either till they are *found out*!"

"It is uncertain," observed Small, carelessly, "what time Mr. Grindem will be here; although nominally at the head of the firm, he leaves all business transactions to me."

"*He won't leave this!*" replied the ruffian, with a grin.

"You think not?"

"I am sure not. If he does, he is a greater fool than rogue; and *that ain't possible*; at least if what folks say in Manchester be true of him."

"He has got the papers!" thought the little man to himself. "He must have them, and have *read them*, or he would never be so infernally impudent. What can they contain?"

While he was secretly calculating how much it would be advisable to offer, the sound of his partner's carriage was heard, as the coachman drew up at the door of the counting-house. Small's resolution was taken in an instant. It was one of those occasions on which a genius like his dares every thing.

"Oh, here is Mr. Grindem!" he exclaimed; "now you can speak with him."

With these words he left the office by a door which opened into a narrow courtyard at the back of the house, into which Grindem's private apartment looked. The place was well filled with miscellaneous

merchandise—such as bales of cotton and silks; some of these were piled close up to the window. Behind one of them Small carefully hid himself, first carefully cutting, with his diamond ring, a portion of one of the lower panes of glass, so as to leave an opening through which he could hear what passed.

He had not long to wait before Grindem and Flanagan entered the room. The wealthy merchant carefully closed the door after his visitor, and pointed to a seat. It was evident, from his manner that he suspected the nature of his visit. In an instant Small's ear was glued to the broken pane.

"Now," said Grindem, as soon as he was seated, "what is your business?"

"Something I want to sell," replied Flin, boldly.

"Sell!" repeated the merchant; "sell! In that you had better apply to my partner, Mr. Small; I seldom trouble myself with the casual transactions of the firm. What is it," he added, seeing that the man continued to regard him with a cool, impudent, easy air; "houses, land, or merchandise?"

"Neither houses, land, or merchandise?"

"What the devil is it, then?" continued the old man, impatiently; for he began to feel nervously fidgetty at the speaker's manner.

"Character, safety, liberty—all that you ought to prize!"

"Character?" faltered Grindem.

"Ay: I have in my possession certain letters, and the confession of your own clerk, Gridley—the poor fellow whom you have so cleverly shut up in a mad-house. A deep move, that: an ordinary villain would have knocked his brains out; but you are not an ordinary one!"

"And you have those papers?"

"Every one of them."

"You are mistaken in their value," said the merchant, coolly; "still, as they are of some slight consequence to the firm, I have no objection to reward you for—*for finding them*."

"Finding them!" repeated Flin, with a grin. "Oh, yes—I found them!"

"So, if twenty guineas will"—

"Twenty devils!" repeated the man with a sneer. "I thought you had a bet-

ter conscience than that! Why the *widow Lawrence* would give more than that!" Good morning!"

"Stay!" exclaimed Grindem, who saw that he was in the power of a man who was as great a villain as himself: "name your price?"

"A thousand pounds—not in promises, but in good, hard, substantial gold. I am tired of England," he added, "I intend to emigrate. Nothing like America, for a man of genius. It's always been my aim to go abroad and kill my own mutton."

"It's a large sum!"

"Not to you. Why you will squeeze it out of the first unfortunate wretch who falls into your hands: a mere morning's work for you and your partner."

"Have you brought the papers with you?"

"No. Not so green as that!"

"Bring them," said Grindem. "No, stay—where do you reside?"

"Shude Hill."

"I'll seek them myself, at ten o'clock this evening—seek them or *send* for them."

"It's no use sending Marjoram," said Flin; "I shall not be alone, and remember the least attempt at treachery will be followed by certain exposure!"

"Fear not—I'll be faithful."

"It will be the first time in your life, then. Only to think," added the fellow, "of the great Gilbert Grindem—the Mammon of Manchester—the man who has ground the bones of both young and old, till his riches are as countless as his crimes—visiting Flin's cellar in Shude Hill!"

And the fellow threw back his head and chuckled in the insolence of his success.

"I'll be there," said Gilbert, with difficulty mastering his passion, "at ten precisely."

"With the money?" demanded his visitor.

"With the money. Keep your place clear—I—I should not wish to be recognized."

"Don't be alarmed, I shan't be overwhelmed with the honor of your visit. Bring the *tin*, and it will be all right; attempt to play me false, and I wring your bloated neck with as little remorse as I'd crush a toad beneath my feet!"

"I'll be there."

"*And so will I!*" muttered Small, who had overheard every word. "A thousand pounds—it's a large sum! but if the papers are worth a thousand to Grindem, I will find the means to make them worth *ten thousand* to me!"

With these words he slunk away from his hiding-place, and returned, by the back door, to the outward office.

A few minutes after he arrived there, Flin, his hat stuck saucily on his head, came from the head partner's private room, and strutted through the office, whistling a tune.

"A sharp chap, that!" thought Small; and he was not mistaken.

## CHAPTER XII.

"Of all the passions which the heart beset,  
Avarice is strong, but vengeance stronger yet."  
OLD PLAY.

THERE was a hard struggle in that little shrivelled forcing-pump which Mr. Small called his heart, and to which he universally appealed, whenever he contemplated an unusually barefaced stroke of villainy, before he could make up his mind to part with so large a sum as the thousand pounds which Flanagan had demanded of his partner for the surrender of the papers.

Although nominally a partner in the wealthiest firm in Manchester, the little man was far from being rich. Grindem took more than the lion's share of the profits, and the human jackal was left little more than the bones to *lick*—they were not worth the picking.

Still he had money at command. As we said before, he was a pious rascal, constant in his attendance at church, noted for family prayers, *talked* largely for the poor, and felt for them, everywhere *but in his pockets*. Such fellows are sure to be made trustees to orphans, executors to wills, and treasurers to charities—offices which fools only, according to their ideas, perform the duties of, without contriving to get fat upon them.

Our readers will recollect that Grindem had promised to call or send to Flin's den by ten o'clock that same night—so that there was not much time to lose in reflection. A hundred times did he imagine, and reject as impracticable, some

project to obtain the papers without the sacrifice of his money. It was impossible—Flin was not a person to be trifled with; and Small, with a desperate resolution, finally made up his mind to forestall his partner; visit the cellar at nine, and obtain the papers, even at the sacrifice of that which he valued more than his worthless life—his gold—the dishonest scrapings of his dishonest industry.

Despite his long accumulated arrears of hatred against Grindem, it is more than probable at the last moment avarice would have prevailed over revenge, had not his partner, during the day, treated him with more than usual insolence. It is the last drop which fills the cup: and Small swore, though it should cost him his last guinea, to pay back scorn for scorn—force him to swallow, drop by drop, the gall and wormwood which had been his own daily draught for years.

The little man had returned to the outer office, and was standing in his usual position by the fire, when Grindem, still excited by the insulting sneers of Flin, entered from his room. He wanted something to vent his spleen upon—a sort of safetyvalve to his pent-up ill-humor—and, unfortunately, he selected Small on this occasion.

"You take it at your ease, Mr. Small!" he observed sharply.

"Sir!"

"No reply, sir. I am not in the habit of putting up with impertinence—I'll not be replied to. Do you suppose I gave you a share in the firm to stand there all day, roasting your back to the fire, and twiddling your thumbs, like a school-boy who does not know his lesson? Did you ever see me twiddle my thumbs, sir?" he added fiercely.

"Certainly not!"

"I do n't know what would become of the affairs of the house if I did. Why don't you interest yourself more in the business of the firm?"

"*I intend to do so!*" replied Small, with marked emphasis. "*I intend to do so, sir!*"

Had Grindem seen the look of hatred, and observed the ironical air of the speaker, he would have bated something of his haughty tone; for he was a prudent man, and only struck where he thought himself secure.

"Do you?" said Gilbert, "time you did!"

"In fact, sir," added his partner, in a tone of even more than usual subservency—for he began to feel a savage joy in his degradation, knowing how soon they would change characters; "at the very moment when you came in I was thinking of an affair which promises an *excellent return* for a comparatively small outlay."

"Indeed! how much?"

"Not more than a thousand pounds."

"Pooh! a trifle!" sneered Grindem; "a thousand pounds! what per cent. do you expect to make on that?"

"A thousand per cent. at least."

"A thousand per cent.!" repeated his partner, somewhat mollified. "Well, well, that is something; but not too much," he added, fearful that he should make Small vain by his unusual commendation. "Men of sense should never make small ventures without the certitude of a large return. It's not business like, Small—it's not business like."

"I'll remember that!" thought his partner, mentally.

"Well," resumed the speaker, in a still more softened tone, "you shall inform me of the affair to-morrow—I have no time to listen to anything to-day. My nephew is about to start for St. Petersburg; there is a deed of partnership to sign; and, in fact, I have something else to think of."

With these words the speaker entered his carriage, and drove hastily away.

"A deed of partnership!" said Small, as soon as he was alone with his three sons, who, during the conversation, had been most industriously scribbling away. "Another bar," he added, "to me and mine! No matter, it shall be the last; if it costs me every penny I possess, it shall be the last!"

"What's the matter, father?" demanded Matthew.

"Anything up?" said Mark.

"Who is to be the new partner?" inquired John.

Our readers doubtless recollect the scriptural names of Mr. Small's three sons, who thus, one after the other, addressed their respectable progenitor.

"Would you like to be the new partners?" demanded Small.

The young men simultaneously opened

their eyes, and fixed them on their parent with an expression which seemed to demand if he was drunk, mad, or jocose! The first idea was quickly dismissed: they knew his regular, pious habits—knew that he never got drunk till *after evening prayers!* Madness was even less likely to accrue, for Small was never a flighty man. They therefore mentally concluded that he was indulging in the unwonted luxury of a joke, and responded to it by a sympathetic grin.

"I should like to be a partner," said John. "Would n't I save money!"

"And would n't I go ahead!" observed Mark.

"And what would you like to be a partner for?" demanded his father.

"To be revenged on Beacham for the kicking he gave me, and on old Grindem for his insolence to you!"

Small cast upon the speaker much the same sort of affectionate look which a hyena might be disposed to cast upon its cub, when first it develops its natural propensity for blood, by mangling some wounded victim which its parent had dragged into its den. *He felt at that moment that Matthew was his son*, not that his respectable spouse's conduct had ever given him any reason to doubt it.

"Come into the private room, Matthew, I want to speak with you."

The eldest scion of the pious house of Small jumped from his stool behind the desk, and followed his father into the sanctum sanctorum of the firm.

"What is he at?" he muttered to himself. "If Grindem should only return!"

"Matthew," said his parent, throwing himself at the same time into his partner's luxuriously-cushioned seat, and assuming, as much as possible, his dignified manner! "have you really any wish to become a partner in the house?"

"I should think so!"

"It will depend upon yourself."

"He *must be mad!*" thought his son. "Grindem has turned his brain at last!"

"Did you hear me?" demanded his father.

"I hear you. Do n't you think you had better go home?"

"Go home?"

"Yes, and lie down."

"Lie down!" repeated the astonished

Small. "Matthew, you have been drinking?"

"If I have n't I guess you has!" replied the young man, with a grin.

"Matthew!" exclaimed his parent, trying to look virtuously indignant at the insinuation.

"Father!"

"I am serious, Matthew—quite serious. I have discovered," he added, in a whisper, "a secret which puts Grindem completely in my power. I am the real head—the heart, the soul of the firm now. Small, Small and Grindem! do you understand that?"

And the little man, in the anticipation of his triumph over his partner, chuckled with joy.

"Then you are not drunk?" exclaimed his son, scarcely daring to believe that what he heard was true.

"Drunk—before dinner! For shame, Matthew—for shame!"

"It *might* have been the case!" replied the young hopeful, still doubtfully. "I say, governor?"

"Well."

"If you really have got old Grindem in a cleft stick, why did you suffer him to bully-rag you just now?"

"Because I have not got the proofs; but I shall have them," he added, "this very night. Matthew, I shall require you, Mark, and John, to accompany me this evening, at nine o'clock."

"Where to?"

"A cellar in Shude Hill. I know what I am talking about," continued Small, as he noticed his son's air of surprise at the mention of the locality. "It is an odd place; but it is there I am to receive the proofs I allude to."

"And what are we to do?"

"Wait outside till my return. If you hear a noise—a cry for help—break open the door, directly."

"Had we better first call for the police?"

"No," said his father, sharply; "would you have me murdered before you could assist me?"

"I did n't know," replied the young man, who, as we said before, was in heart a coward, and did not relish the idea of an expedition which threatened danger. "It would be safer with the police."

"And let them into our secret?" observed his father. "No, no—if all passes well, and I obtain the papers, I'll give you a couple of sovereigns each."

"All right," said Matthew, whose courage was wonderfully aroused by the promise of the money. "We will be ready."

"Well said!" continued his father, who was scarcely more brave.

"Of course, when we have got the papers we must keep quiet for a day or two," continued the elder, "till Henry Beacham has sailed for St. Petersburg: and then?"

"Then," continued Small, his eyes sparkling with ferocious joy, "it will be our turn to play the tyrant—to make old Grindem drink of the bitter cup he has so long prepared for us!"

"We won't spare him, father!"

"Spare him!" continued his parent. "Did he ever spare us? No, boy, no!" he added, with a ferocious smile. "We'll torture him at our leisure—invent fresh insults for him daily. To the world he must still appear as the wealthy Gilbert Grindem; but he shall be our factor—drudge—our slave. Away to your desk: for a few days longer we must wear the mask. The banquet will be all the sweeter for being delayed!"

"And so it will," replied Matthew, who was even more anxious than his parent that Henry Beacham should be out of the way before the *eclaircissement* took place; for his hatred of the uncle was exceeded by his fear of the nephew. Just as he reached the door of the inner office his father called him back.

"Not a word," he whispered "to your brothers?"

"Not a syllable, sir."

"By-the-bye," added the old man, struck by a sudden thought, "I think you are acquainted with Dick Lawrence's sister?"

"I have seen her," answered his son, sullenly; for he remembered the contempt with which she had treated him, the insult, and the degradation it had entailed.

"Is she pretty?"

"Tol-lolish."

"Would you like to marry her?" demanded his father.

"Marry her!" repeated Matthew, with a look of astonishment. "Not so green! Marry a girl without a penny—I should be a flat!"

"Not so great a one as you suppose," said Small. "She is about the best match in Manchester, or, rather, might be made so."

"That's another affair."

"It would spite Beacham," continued his father.

"So it would," said Matthew: "and I would go any length to be revenged upon him. I hated him when he was a boy—I hate him now he is a man. I would do any thing short of murder to be revenged on him."

"Reach him *through his affections!*" whispered Small: "it's much safer than through the body. Mar his happiness—his health will soon follow; for he is one of those sensitive fools who are all heart."

"I'll find the way to reach it, father."

"Do so through Amy Lawrence: he loves her, Matthew, better than his uncle's fortune. Strike him there, and you will be quits for the kicking he gave you. Mar his prospects and make your own. Now, then, to your desk. When Grindem returns, cringe and frown as usual—the mask is easy worn, when we know that we can cast it off at will."

With these words the worthy pair separated: the son to his desk, the father to busy himself in the general affairs of the firm.

Although a thousand pounds was a larger balance than Small actually had in his banker's hands on his private account, he found no difficulty in making up the sum. By drawing a hundred pounds from one trust and two hundred from another, it was easily completed; and on his return to the office from dinner, he had the notes carefully concealed in a side pocket in the inner lining of his waistcoat.

In the course of the afternoon he was called into the inner office to witness the signing of the new deed of partnership, by which Henry Beacham was made a member of the firm—*responsible, like the other partners, for all its liabilities*, although he had but a nominal share in the profits.

Small was surprised—the act was far

less liberal than he expected: of course he had nothing to object.

Agitated by the thoughts of his approaching separation from Amy, Henry paid but little attention to the terms on which he was admitted into the house: mechanically he signed every thing placed before him, and received the congratulations of his uncle, the lawyer, and the junior partner; for Small's name still remained at the tail of the firm.

"You will be ready, Henry," said his uncle, "to start in the morning?"

"Yes, sir, quite ready," replied his nephew, starting from his reverie.

"The letters are all written."

"Thank you, sir."

"And here," added his uncle, "is for your journey: any other expenses, of course, you will draw upon the firm for."

He gave him a check for five hundred pounds, which his nephew, without looking at, carelessly put in his pocket.

Despite his iron nature, the old man felt a pang of remorse at the part he was acting toward his nephew, who was, perhaps, the only being on earth to whom he had ever been attached; but he reconciled his conduct to himself by reflecting that it was for his ultimate good, in breaking off a boyish attachment—at least, so he considered it.

Uncle and nephew remained for some time in conversation, after Small had taken the usual leave and retired.

Grindem repeated his instructions, for appearance sake, which Beacham appeared to attend to; but it was plain to the old merchant that his thoughts were fixed on something else.

"No matter," thought Grindem, "It matters little—my REAL instructions to my correspondent are already sent!"

At an early hour they parted: Henry, with a heavy heart, to take a last farewell of Amy; his uncle, to keep his appointed interview with Flin. The old man little dreamt that his partner had been there before him.

(To be continued.)

DEFEND the poor and fatherless: do justice to the afflicted and needy.

### THE POOR MAN'S FRIENDS.

An eloquent writer thus descants upon the topic of poverty and friendship. His ideas accord well with the genius of masonry, and deserve a place in our columns.

THEY are but few—but very few—

And poor and powerless are they;  
But they are firm, and good, and true,  
As dwell beneath the sky of blue,  
And tread the world's highway.

The poor man toils from morn till eve,  
With heavy heart and weary limb,  
And, it would seem, is doomed to grieve  
And labor on, without reprieve,  
Till death releases him.

There's little rest for his poor head,  
And kind words seldom greet his ear;  
For proud ones, with his youth, have fled,  
And what about him *some* have said,  
'Tis well he can not hear

And yet he is an honest man,  
And often wears a cheerful smile,  
And of his means gives all he can  
To brethren needy, weak and wan,  
And praises God the while.

The poor man's friends are very few—  
Too few to give him liberal aid;  
But they are all more kind and true  
Than e'er the haughtiest monarch knew,  
In costly garb arrayed.

Though moneyless, 'tis plain to see,  
They strive to comfort and to please,  
And oft that toiler says that he  
Would rather poor for ever be,  
Than not have friends like these.

JUSTICE TALFORD AND THE BIBLE.—  
Once on a trial before this accomplished judge, it became necessary to pass a testament from one part of the court room to the other, for the purpose of swearing a witness. A man to whom the book was delivered, thinking to save time, gave it a toss, whereupon it fell upon the floor. The attention of Justice Talford was immediately arrested by the circumstance, and, with a look not soon to be forgotten, he declared that he could not consent to the sacred volume being treated with such levity. "It is God's book," he said, "and is entitled to the utmost reverence."



## LIVING AMERICAN MASONIC WRITERS.



ALBERT G. MACKEY, M. D.,

*Author of a "Lexicon of Freemasonry," "The Mystic Tie," and "Principles of Masonic Law."*

THE enlightened brother, whose features we present above, is generally conceded to be one of, if not the very first of our American Masonic authors. As a profound and lucid historian and writer, in all departments of Masonry, he is unequalled upon this continent. His pen is always in use, and always effective. His articles on Masonic Law, which have appeared in this magazine, stamp him as a masonic jurist second to none; while his "Lexicon of Freemasonry" has obtained undying reputation among the fraternity wherever it is known.

For three years he edited and published his "Masonic Miscellany," a monthly magazine of most excellent reputation, and he is at present editor of the *American Masonic Quarterly Review*, published in New York.

As a forcible speaker, Bro. MACKEY

has also obtained a reputation of no ordinary character. His boldness of exposition, both in speaking and writing, has begat remark, approaching censure, on the part of the more timid and uninformed—men who know nothing of masonry, outside of its arcana, and whose views of even them, are as circumscribed as their views generally, on any subject. But, regardless of such manifestations of contracted argument, and exulting in the dignity of his knowledge and the fullness of his research, he pursues the even tenor of his way, enlightening and edifying all who come within the sphere of his influence.

It is to such as our Bro. MACKEY, that masonry in America is indebted for that position of important dignity it at present occupies. May he long be spared for his labors here, in quarry, hill and temple.

# Best Thoughts of best Writers, Living and Dead, On the subject of Freemasonry.

## MASONIC HISTORY.

### CURIOUS DIPPINGS INTO ANDERSON'S "ANCIENT CONSTITUTIONS."

BY ROB. MORRIS.

THERE is lying before me on my table an original copy of the "Ancient Constitutions," a work referred to by many, but I fear read only by the few. It is an *original copy*, that is, a copy of the first edition, which was ever published. It is, in fact, a copy of the first edition of the *oldest work* ever published on the subject of Freemasonry. Being a matter of curiosity to many, I have gathered some rare pickings out of it; being a work that not one mason in ten thousand will ever see, I offer those pickings for the delectation of your readers, trusting and believing they will be acceptable.

The appearance of the volume is that of a thin quarto, about eight inches by ten. It has ninety-two pages, beside a form of eight pages more, which includes the title-page and a page marked simply "Constitutions," in an immense type, preceding that.<sup>1</sup>

A few remarks in relation to the title-page: 1. The crotchet which possesses some of our writers, of adding 4004 years to the year of our Lord, has no allowance here; the year of masonry is found by simply adding 4000 to the year of our Lord, and that made 5723. 2. The name of *Anderson* does not appear on the title-page nor in the preface, nor anywhere in the body of the work. It is first seen in a list of the persons approbating the book on page 74, where you will find this: "XVII. James Anderson, A. M., the author of this book, *Master Gwinn Vaughn, Esq., Walter Greenwood, Esq., Wardens.*" 3. The publisher, *John Senex*, is named on page 74 as one of the wardens of Lodge XV, of which "Mr John Shepherd" was master. He was evidently a famous pub-

<sup>1</sup> This title-page, *fac simile*, fronts the *fac simile* pages of this work, which we have, for the edification of our readers, as well as to illustrate this article, given them in this number.

lisher for those days, and in a business spirit inserts on page 92 an advertisement of various works, which he was then publishing in connection with *John Hooke*. These were five in number, and comprised a *Treatise on the Five Orders in Architecture*. Translated from the French of Claude Perrault, by John James. It was a second edition and in folio. Price, 12 shillings. *Rules and Examples of Perspective*. By Andrew Pozzo. Folio, price, £1 15s. *A work on Anatomy*. Price, to subscribers, 1 guinea and a half. *Dr. Burnet's Theory of the Earth*. 2 vols. 8vo., price, 12s.; and *A Complete Treatise of Moral and Intellectual Virtues*. By John Hartcliff. 8vo. price, 5s.

The cut on the title-page is a mere fancy—a heraldic affair, the lion, unicorn, eagle, etc., put in evidently to fill up and attract the eye.

The title *Right Worshipful* is common throughout the work. Thus the Duke of Wharton is termed in the preface *Right Worshipful Grand Master of the Freemasons*, the Grand Lodge is termed *Right Worshipful*, nor does the modern term *Most Worshipful* any where appear in the Ancient Constitutions. This practice yet prevails in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania.

The preface or dedication covers four pages, set up in uncommonly large and bold type. It is headed by a cut, page-size, of what I take to be the Duke of Montagu's coat-of-arms. This displays a coronet above a four-quartered shield, around which is the motto of the Garter: "Honi soit qui mal y pense." The motto of the whole is *Spectemur Agendo*. No masonic emblems appear here or in any other portion of the book. Masonic symbology seems to have merged into heraldic symbology.

The dedication is in these words: To his Grace, the Duke of Montagu. MY LORD. By order of his Grace, the Duke of Wharton, the present Right Worshipful Grand Master of the Freemasons; and, as his deputy, I humbly dedicate this book of the Constitutions of our ancient fraternity to your Grace, in testimony of your hon-

orable, prudent, and vigilant discharge of the office of our Grand Master last year.

I need not tell your Grace what pains our learned author has taken in compiling and digesting this book from the old records, and how accurately he has compared and made every thing agreeable to history and chronology, so as to render these NEW CONSTITUTIONS a just and exact account of masonry from the beginning of the world to your Grace's Mastership, still preserving all that was truly ancient and authentic in the old ones; for every brother will be pleased with the performance that knows it had your Grace's perusal and approbation, and that it is now printed for the use of the lodges, after it was approved by the Grand Lodge when your Grace was Grand Master. All the brotherhood will ever remember the honor your Grace has done them, and your care for their peace, harmony, and lasting friendship: which none is more duly sensible of than

MY LORD, Your Grace's

Most obliged and most obedient

Servant and faithful brother,

J. T. DESAGULIERS,

*Deputy Grand, Master."*

It will be seen in this dedication that the real compiler of the book, *James Anderson, A. M.*, is styled the *learned*. This was but his due, as all his works show. Likewise, that in comparison with a former book of Constitutions in use in manuscript among the Freemasons of an older period, this is termed "these New Constitutions," but "still preserving all that was truly ancient and authentic in the old ones." Concerning these *older Constitutions*, of which I do not know that a copy is now extant, this work, on page 73, declares, "they have been much interpolated, mangled, and miserably corrupted, not only with false spelling, but even with many false facts and gross errors in history and chronology, through lengths of time and the ignorance of transcribers in the dark, illiterate ages, before the revival of geometry and ancient architecture, to the great offense of all the learned and judicious brethren, whereby, also, the ignorant have been deceived." These are serious charges, but being sustained by the signatures of the Grand Master Wharton, the Deputy Grand Master Desaguliers,

and the masters and wardens of twenty lodges, we can not doubt their truth.

Following this dedication, we find a new title: "The Constitution, History, Laws, Charges, Orders, Regulations, and Usages of the Right Worshipful Fraternity of ACCEPTED FREEMASONS; collected from their General Records and their faithful Tradition, of many ages. To be read at the admission of a new brother, when the master or warden shall begin or order some brother to read."

From this title we gather the following thoughts; 1. The term *Accepted Freemasons* was in good use at that period. No such title as *York Masons* is to be found in this book. 2. Some of the *faithful Traditions of all ages*, are here transcribed and committed to print. 3. This *Constitution* was required to be read at the Institution of every Candidate.

A digest of this *constitution* may be given in brief. "Adam, doubtless, had the liberal sciences, especially Geometry, written on his heart. He taught it to his sons. Noah fabricated the Ark by Geometry, and according to the rules of masonry. Godly Enoch erected two large pillars, whereon were engraven the liberal sciences. The Tower of Babel displayed great skill in masonry; and its builders, when dispersed, carried the mighty knowledge with them into distant parts. It was especially preserved in Shinar and Assyria, and used by the builders of Nimrod. The Chaldees and Magi preserved the good science Geometry. It was a mason's faculty, an ancient universal practice, of conversing without speaking, and of knowing each other at a distance. Mitzraim brought the royal art from Babel to Egypt. Abram had learned geometry before he left Ur of the Chaldees, and taught it to his sons. The tabernacle in the wilderness was framed by Geometry, Moses being the General Master-Mason. The Temple of Solomon had 1453 columns, 2906 pilasters, and about 2246 windows. No intimation is given of the tragedy of Hiram Abiff, though he is mentioned with merited and elaborate commendation. The Grecians arrived at no skill in geometry, until after the building of the second Temple. The 47th problem of Euclid's first book is, if duly observed, the foundation of all masonry, sacred, civil

and military. After Pythagoras, geometry became the darling study of Greece, nor need we doubt, that masonry kept pace with geometry, or, rather always followed it in proportioned gradual improvements. Ptolemaeus Philadelphus, became an excellent Architect and General Master-Mason. God's Messiah was the great architect of the Church. It is rationally believed, that the glorious Augustus became the Grand-Master of the Lodge at Rome. Painters and statuaries were always reckoned good Masons, as much as builders, stonecutters, bricklayers, carpenters, joiners, upholders or tent-makers, and a vast many other craftsmen that could be named, who perform according to geometry and the rules of building, though none since Hiram Abiff has been renowned for cunning in all parts of masonry. While the Roman empire continued in its glory, a lodge was erected in almost every Roman garrison. The Saxons, soon after their conquest of England, began to erect lodges, and encourage masons. According to the old records of masons, Charles Martell, king of France, sent over several expert craftsmen and learned architects into England, at the desire of the Saxon king. King Edward III had an officer called *the king's Freemason, or General Surveyor* of his buildings, whose name was Henry Yevele. The act of 1425 which forbade the assemblage of masons, was made in ignorant times, when true learning was a crime, and geometry condemned for conjuration. There is no instance on record, that the act was ever put into force. An old toast among the masons of Scotland was, *God bless the king and the craft.*

The great Palladio of Italy, is justly rivaled in England by our great Master-Mason, Inigo Jones. Charles the I was a mason. We have much reason to believe that king Charles II was an accepted Freemason, as every one allows he was a great encourager of the craftsmen. King William, by most, is reckoned a Freemason. From the ancient fraternity of masons, the societies, or orders of the *warlike* knights, and of the *religious*, borrowed many solemn usages, for none of them were better instituted, more decently installed, or did more sacredly observe their laws and charges, than the accepted ma-

sons have done, who, in all ages, and in every nation, have maintained and propagated their concerns in a way peculiar to themselves, which the most cunning and the most learned can not penetrate into, *though it has been often attempted*; while they know, and love one another, even without the help of speech, or when of different language.

This constitution being completed, we have, on page forty-ninth, what are commonly styled the *Ancient Charges*. The original title is as follows:

THE  
CHARGES  
OF A  
F R E E M A S O N ,

EXTRACTED FROM

The ancient records of Lodges beyond sea, and of those in England, Scotland, and Ireland, for the use of the Lodges in London :

TO BE READ

at the making of New brethren, or when the masters shall order it.

This is divided into 6 chapters, viz. :

1. *Of God and Religion.*
2. *Of the Civil Magistrate, Supreme and Subordinate.*
3. *Of Lodges.*
4. *Of Masters, Wardens, Fellows and Apprentices.*
5. *Of the Management of the Craft in working.*
6. *Of Behavior.*

The last chapter is arranged in 6 heads, viz. :

1. In the Lodge, while constituted.
2. After the Lodge is over, and the brethren not gone.
3. When brethren meet without strangers, but not in a lodge.
4. In presence of strangers not masons.
5. At home, and in the neighborhood.
6. Toward a strange brother.

These *charges* occupy eight pages, and are followed by a postscript in which the opinion of "a worthy brother, learned in the law" is expressed, that the act of 1425 is now inoperative, because the reason for the act has ceased. The inference is also drawn, that the great Judge Coke was a mason. This division of the book is conducted by a quaint, droll cut, representing an open volume with a basket of flowers above it, and the letters H and F on the right and left of it respectively; had the letter C also appeared, I should suppose it was an allusion to the theological virtues of Freemasonry.

The next department of the book commences on page 58. It is entitled "GENERAL REGULATIONS, compiled first by Mr. George Payne, anno 1720, when he

was Grand Master, and approved by the Grand Lodge on St. John Baptist's Day, anno 1721, at Stationers' Hall, London; when the most noble Prince John, Duke of Montagu, was unanimously chosen our Grand Master for the year ensuing; who chose John Beal, M. D., his Deputy Grand Master; and Mr. Josiah Villeneuve and Mr. Thomas Morris, Jr., were chosen by the lodge, GRAND WARDENS: and now, by the command of our said Right Worshipful Grand Master MONTAGU, the author of this book has compared them with, and reduced them to, the ancient records and immemorial usages of the fraternity, and digested them into this new method, with several proper explications, for the use of the lodges in and about London and Westminster."

This title suggests some important reflections. 1. This is what is commonly termed, at the present day, the Constitutions of the Grand Lodge, viz.: the old Grand Lodge of England. It was originally compiled, not by *Anderson*, as is usually said, but by *George Payne*, in 1720, when he was Grand Master. The next year, 1721, when the Duke of Montagu was elected Grand Master, the Grand Lodge, at its session, June 24, approved the work. It appears then to have been submitted to James Anderson, who compared it with, and reduced it to, the ancient records. No copy of the compilation by Payne, before the corrections, is extant to my knowledge. 2. As far back as 1721 the Grand Master chose his own deputy, according to the Ancient Charges, (chap. 4;) but the Grand Lodge chose the Grand Wardens. 3. In 1723 George Payne was master of lodge No. 4; John Beal, M. D. and F. R. S. for master of lodge No. 2; and Thomas Morris, Jr., was master of lodge No. 13—his father Thomas Morris, Senr., being at the same time master of lodge No. 1. All of these joined in approbating the publication of this work. The name of *Josiah Villeneuve* does not appear in the list.

These *General Regulations* cover 12 pages. They are followed by a *Postscript*, as follows: "POSTSCRIPT. Here follows the manner of constituting a new lodge as practiced by his Grace the Duke of Wharton, the present Right Worshipful

Grand Master, according to the ancient usages of masons." This covers two pages.

Next follows the official *approbation*, as follows: "We, the present Grand Master of the Right Worshipful and Most Ancient Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, the Deputy Grand Master, the Grand Wardens, the masters and wardens of particular lodges, with the consent of the brethren and fellows in and about the cities of London and Westminster, having also perused this performance, do join our laudable predecessors in our solemn approbation thereof as what we believe will fully answer the end proposed—all the valuable things of the old records being retained, the errors in history and chronology corrected, the false facts and the improper words omitted, and the whole digested in a new and better method: and we order that these be received in every particular lodge under our cognizance as the only constitutions of free and accepted masons among us, to be read at the making of new brethren, or when the master shall think fit; and which the new brethren should peruse before they are made."

This *approbation* is thus certified to:

"Philip, Duke of Wharton, Grand Master; J. T. Desaguliers, LL.D. and F. R. S., Deputy Grand Master; Joshua Timson, William Hawkins, Grand Wardens.

And the masters and wardens of particular lodges, viz.:

I. Thomas Morris, Sen. Master; John Bristow, Abraham Abbot, Wardens.

II. Richard Hail, Master; Philip Wolverton, John Doyer, Wardens.

III. John Turner, Master; Anthony Sayer, Edward Cale, Wardens.

IV. Mr. George Payne, Master; Stephen Hall, M. D., Francis Sorell, Esq., Wardens.

V. Mr. Matthew Birkhead, Master; Francis Baily, Nicholas Abraham, Wardens.

VI. William Read, Master; John Glover, Robert Cordell, Wardens.

VII. Henry Branson, Master; Henry Lug, John Townshend, Wardens.

VIII. ————, Master; Jonathan Sisson, John Skipton, Wardens.

IX. George Owen, M. D., Master; Emau Bowen, John Heath, Wardens.

X. ———, Master; John Lubton, Richard Smith, Wardens.

XI. Francis, Earl of Dalkieth, Master; Capt. Andrew Robinson, Col. Thomas Inwood, Wardens.

XII. John Beal, M. D. and F. R. S., Master; Edward Paulet, Esq., Charles More, Esq., Wardens.

XIII. Thomas Morris, Jr., Master; Joseph Ridler, John Clark, Wardens.

XIV. Thomas Robbe, Esq., Master; Thomas Grave, Bray Lane, Wardens.

XV. Mr. John Shepperd, Master; John Senex, John Buder, Wardens.

XVI. John Georges, Esq., Master; Robert Gray, Esq., Charles Grymes, Esq., Wardens.

XVII. James Anderson, A. M., the author of this book, Master; Gwinn Vaughn, Esq., Walter Greenwood, Esq., Wardens.

XVIII. Thomas Harbin, Master; William Attley, John Saxon, Wardens.

XIX. Robert Capell, Master; Isaac Mansfield, William Bly, Wardens.

XX. John Gorman, Master; Charles Gavey, Edward Morphey, Wardens."

On page 75 commence the songs, of which there are four; the titles of which I give at length.

1. "The Master's Song: or, the History of Masonry, by the Author. To be sung with a chorus, when the Master shall give leave, either one part only or all together, as he pleases." This is really a paraphrase of the *History* in the first part of the volume, and begins with—

"Adam, the first of human kind,  
Created with geometry,"

And ends with—

"And let our Master's fame go round,  
The noble Duke of Montagu."

It is divided into five parts, containing in all 28 verses of eight lines each. The chorus alluded to in the caption stands at the end of each part, as follows:

"Who can unfold the Royal Art?  
Or sing its secrets in a song?  
They're safely kept in Mason's heart,  
And to the ancient lodge belong."

At the end of the first four parts, respectively, appear toasts, which are thus given: 1. "Stop here to drink the present Grand Master's health." 2. "Stop here to drink the health of the Masters and Wardens of this particular Lodge." 3. "Stop here to drink to the glorious

memory of Emperors, Kings, Princes, Nobles, Gentry, Clergy, and learned Scholars that ever propagated the Art."

4. "Stop here to drink to the happy memory of all the Revivers of the ancient Augustan style."

2. "The Warden's Song; or, Another History of Masonry, composed since the Most Noble Prince Philip, Duke of Wharton, was chosen Grand Master.—By the Author. To be sung and played at the quarterly Communication." This has thirteen verses in a curious measure, ten lines to the verse. A specimen is given:

"Whene'er we are alone,  
And every stranger gone,  
In summer, autumn, winter, spring,  
Begin to play, begin to sing,  
The Mighty Genius of the lofty lodge,  
In every age  
That did engage

And well inspired the Prince, the Priest, the Judge,  
The Noble and the Wise to join  
In rearing Mason's Grand Design."

3. "The FELLOW-CRAFT'S Song. By our brother, Charles Delafaye, Esq." To be sung and played at the Grand Feast. This is a fine production of six verses, four lines each—each verse having a separate chorus of two lines more. It is good enough to give entire:

"Hail, Masonry, thou craft divine!  
Glory of earth from heaven revealed;  
Which dost with jewels precious shine  
From all but mason's eyes concealed.

Chorus.—Thy praises due who can rehearse  
In nervous prose or flowing verse!

"As men from brutes distinguished are,  
A mason other men excels;  
For what's in knowledge choice and rare  
But in his breast securely dwells.

Chorus.—His silent breast and faithful heart  
Preserves the secrets of the art.

"From scorching heat and piercing cold,  
From blasts whose roar the forests rends,  
From the assaults of warriors bold,  
The mason's art mankind defends.

Chorus.—Be to this art due honor paid,  
From which mankind receives such aid.

"Ensigns of state that feed our pride,  
Distinctions troublesome and vain  
By masons true are laid aside,  
Art's free-born sons such toys disdain!

Chorus.—Ennobled by the name they bear—  
Distinguished by the badge they wear.

"Sweet fellowship from envy free,  
Friendly converse of brotherhood,  
The lodge's lasting cement be,  
Which has for ages firmly stood.

Chorus.—A lodge thus built for ages past  
Has lasted and will ever last.

"Then in our songs be justice done  
To those who have enriched the art,

From Jabal down to Burlington,  
And let each brother bear a part.

*Chorus.*—Let noble masons' healths go round,  
Their praise in lofty lodge resound."

4. "The Entered Apprentice's Song. By our late brother, Mr. Matthew Birkhead, deceased. To be sung when all grave business is over, and with the master's leave." Birkhead's name, it will be seen, was signed to the official letter of *approbation* as the master of Lodge No. 5; he probably died while the latter sheets of the book were in press. This song is the well-known ode of six verses, six lines to a verse, commencing:

"Come let us prepare,  
We brothers that are,  
Assembled on merry occasions," etc., etc.

Following these four odes, we have six pages of note music. There are three tunes; the first is an air to the Master's song, first given. It is an execrable tune. The second is set to the Warden's Song, and is a little better. How such music could have inspired the band of masons, or any other persons, is to me inexplicable. The last is the well-known air to the Entered Apprentice's Song, styled and used in modern times as *the Freemason's March*. This tune was composed by Birkhead, the author of the words, and possesses a merit which, unlike the others, has given it durable popularity.

A singular note is appended to page 91, which is worth copying: "The music of the Fellow-Craft's Song, containing several sheets, being too much to be herewith printed, the lodge to which the authors of the song and music belong, will afford it in manuscript to any other lodge when desired." Then follow the Grand Master's certificate, which concludes the volume:

"LONDON, THIS 17TH DAY OF JANUARY, 1722-'3.

"At the quarterly communication this book, which was undertaken at the command of his Grace, the Duke of Montagu, our late Grand Master, having been regularly approved in manuscript by the Grand Lodge, was this day produced here in print and approved by the SOCIETY; wherefore we do order the same to be published, and recommend it for the use of the lodges.

PHILIP, DUKE OF WEARTON,  
Grand Master.

J. T. DESAGULIERS,  
Deputy Grand Master."

The double date attached to this certificate will be understood by persons conversant with the history of that portion of the last century when the ancient calendar was struggling to retain its place in antagonism with the new, and a compromise was effected in the union of both.

To conclude, the merits of Anderson's Constitutions do not require my endorsement. After retaining place in the favor of the craft for 135 years as the best, as well as the oldest masonic production, it is enough for me to say that I have ever risen from its perusal refreshed and edified.

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## MASONIC LAW.

### RIGHTS OF INDIVIDUALS.

BY A. G. MACKEY, M. D.

#### SEC. 1.—*of Affiliation.*

**A**FFILIATION is defined to be the act by which a lodge receives a mason among its members. A profane is said to be "initiated," but a mason is affiliated."<sup>1</sup>

Now the mode in which a mason becomes affiliated with a lodge, in some respects differs from, and in others resembles, the mode in which a profane is initiated.

A mason, desiring to be affiliated with a lodge, must apply by petition; this petition must be referred to a committee for investigation of character, he must remain in a state of probation for one month, and must then submit to a ballot, in which unanimity will be required for his admission. In all these respects, there is no difference in the modes of regulating applications for initiation and affiliation. The Fifth and Sixth General Regulations, upon which these usages are founded, draw no distinction between the act of making a mason and admitting a member. The two processes are disjunctively connected in the language of both regulations. "No man can be made, or admitted a member \* \* \* \* without previous notice one month before," are the words

<sup>1</sup> See Mackey's Lexicon of Freemasonry, *in voce*.

of the Fifth Regulation. And in a similar spirit the Sixth adds: "But no man can be entered a brother in any particular lodge, or admitted to be a member thereof, without the unanimous consent of all the members of that lodge."

None but Master Masons are permitted to apply for affiliation; and every brother so applying must bring to the lodge to which he applies a certificate of his regular dismission from the lodge of which he was last a member. This document is now usually styled a "demit," and should specify the good standing of the bearer at the time of his resignation or demission.

Under the regulations of the various Grand Lodges of this country, a profane can not, as has already been observed, apply for initiation in any other lodge than the one nearest to his residence. No such regulation, however, exists in relation to the application of a mason for affiliation. Having once been admitted into the Order, he has a right to select the lodge with which he may desire to unite himself. He is not even bound to affiliate with the lodge in which he was initiated, but after being raised, may leave it, without signing the by-laws, and attach himself to another.

A profane, having been rejected by a lodge, can never apply to any other for initiation. But a mason, having been rejected, on his application for affiliation, by a lodge, is not thereby debarred from subsequently making a similar application to any other.

In some few jurisdictions a local regulation has of late years been enacted, that no mason shall belong to more than one lodge. It is, I presume, competent for a Grand Lodge to enact such a regulation; but where such enactment has not taken place, we must be governed by the ancient and general principle.

The General Regulations, adopted in 1721, contain no reference to this case; but in a new regulation, adopted on the 19th February, 1723, it was declared that "no brother shall belong to more than one lodge within the bills of mortality." This rule was, therefore, confined to the lodges in the city of London, and did not affect the country lodges. Still, restricted as it was in its operation, Anderson, remarks,

AM. FREE. VOL. 6, MAY, 1858.—23

"this regulation is neglected for several reasons, and now obsolete." Custom now in England and in other parts of Europe, as well as in some few portions of this country, is adverse to the regulation; and where no local law exists in a particular jurisdiction, I know of no principle of masonic jurisprudence which forbids a mason to affiliate himself with more than one lodge.

The only objection to it is one which must be urged, not by the Order, but by the individual. It is, that his duties and his responsibilities are thus multiplied, as well as his expenses. If he is willing to incur all this additional weight in running his race of masonry, it is not for others to resist this exuberance of zeal. The mason, however, who is affiliated with more than one lodge, must remember that he is subject to the independent jurisdiction of each; may for the same offense be tried in each, and, although acquitted by all except one, that, if convicted by that one, his conviction will, if he be suspended or expelled, work his suspension or expulsion in all the others.

#### SEC. II.—Of Demitting.

To demit from a lodge is to resign one's membership, on which occasion a certificate of good standing and a release from all dues is given to the applicant, which is technically called a *demit*.

The right to demit or resign never has, until within a few years, been denied. In 1853, the Grand Lodge of Connecticut adopted a regulation "that no lodge should grant a demit to any of its members, except for the purpose of joining some other lodge; and that no member shall be considered as having withdrawn from one lodge until he has actually become a member of another. Similar regulations have been either adopted or proposed by a few other Grand Lodges, but I much doubt both their expediency and their legality. This compulsory method of keeping masons, after they have once been made, seems to me to be as repugnant to the voluntary character of our institution as would be a compulsory mode of making them in the beginning. The expediency of such a regulation is also highly question-

<sup>2</sup> Constitutions, Second Edition of 1738, p. 154.



able. Every candidate is required to come to our doors "of his own free will and accord," and surely we should desire to keep none among us after that free will is no longer felt. We are all familiar with the Hudibrastic adage, that

"A man convinced against his will,  
Is of the same opinion still,

and he who is no longer actuated by that ardent esteem for the institution which would generate a wish to continue his membership, could scarcely have his slumbering zeal awakened, or his coldness warmed by the bolts and bars of regulation that should keep him a reluctant prisoner within the walls from which he would gladly escape. Masons with such dispositions we can gladly spare from our ranks.

The Ancient Charges, while they assert that every mason should belong to a lodge, affix no penalty for disobedience. No man can be compelled to continue his union with a society, whether it be religious, political, or social, any longer than will suit his own inclinations or sense of duty. To interfere with this inalienable prerogative of a freeman would be an infringement on private rights. A mason's initiation was voluntary, and his continuance in the Order must be equally so.

But no man is entitled to a demit, unless at the time of demanding it he be in good standing and free from all charges. If, under charges for crime, he must remain and abide his trial, or if in arrears, must pay up his dues.

There is, however, one case of demission for which a special law has been enacted. That is, when several brethren at the same time request demits from a lodge. As this action is sometimes the result of pique or anger, and as the withdrawal of several members at once might seriously impair the prosperity, or perhaps even endanger the very existence of the lodge, it has been expressly forbidden by the general regulations, unless the lodge has become too numerous for convenient working; and not even then is permitted except by a dispensation. The words of this law are to be found in the eighth general regulation, as follows:

"No set or number of brethren shall withdraw or separate themselves from the lodge in which they were made brethren,

or were afterward admitted members, unless the lodge becomes too numerous; nor even then, without a dispensation from the Grand Master or his deputy; and when they are thus separated, they must either immediately join themselves to such other lodge as they shall like best, with the unanimous consent of that other lodge to which they go, or else they must obtain the Grand Master's warrant to join in forming a new lodge."

It seems, therefore, that, although a lodge can not deny the right of a single member to demit, when a sort of conspiracy may be supposed to be formed, and several brethren present their petitions for demits at one and the same time, the lodge may not only refuse, but is bound to do so, unless under a dispensation, which dispensation can only be given in the case of an over-populous lodge.

With these restrictions and qualifications, it can not be doubted that every master mason has a right to demit from his lodge at his own pleasure. What will be the result upon himself, in his future relations to the Order, of such demission, will constitute the subject of the succeeding chapter.

### SEC. 3.—*Unaffiliated Masons.*

AN unaffiliated mason is one who is not connected by membership with any lodge. There can be no doubt that such a position is contrary to the spirit of our institution, and that affiliation is a duty obligatory on every mason. The Old Charges, which have been so often cited as the fundamental law of masonry, say on this subject: "Every brother ought to belong to a lodge and to be subject to its by-laws and the general regulations."

Explicitly as this doctrine has been announced, it has been too little observed, in consequence of no precise penalty having been annexed to its violation. In all times, unaffiliated masons have existed—masons who have withdrawn from all active participation in the duties and responsibilities of the Order, and who, when in the hour of danger or distress, have not hesitated to claim its protection or assistance, while they have refused in the day of their prosperity to add any thing to its wealth, its power, or its influence. In this country, the anti-masonic perse-

cutions of 1828, and a few years subsequently, by causing the cessation of many lodges, threw a vast number of brethren out of all direct connection with the institution; on the restoration of peace, and the renewal of labor by the lodges, too many of these brethren neglected to reunite themselves with the craft, and thus remained unaffiliated. The habit, thus introduced, was followed by others, until the sin of unaffiliation has at length arrived at such a point of excess, as to have become a serious evil, and to have attracted the attention and received the condemnation of almost every Grand Lodge.

A few Grand Lodges have denied the right of a mason permanently to demit from the Order. Texas, for instance, has declared that "it does not recognize the right of a mason to demit or separate himself from the lodge in which he was made, or may afterward be admitted, except for the purpose of joining another lodge, or when he may be about to remove without the jurisdiction of the lodge of which he may be a member."<sup>1</sup> A few other Grand Lodges have adopted a similar regulation; but the prevailing opinion of the authorities appears to be, that it is competent to interfere with the right to demit, certain rights and prerogatives being, however, lost by such demission.

Arkansas, Missouri, Ohio, and one or two other Grand Lodges, while not positively denying the right of demission, have, at various times, levied a tax or contribution on the demitted or unaffiliated masons within their respective jurisdictions. This principle, however, has also failed to obtain the general concurrence of other Grand Lodges, and some of them, as Maryland, have openly denounced it. After a careful examination of the authorities, I can not deny to any man the *right* of withdrawing whensoever he pleases, from a voluntary association—the laws of the land would not sustain us in the enforcement of such a regulation; and our own self-respect should prevent us from attempting it. If, then, he has a right to withdraw, it clearly follows that we have no right to tax him, which is only one mode of inflicting a fine or penalty for an act, the

right to do which we have acceded. In the strong language of the Committee of Correspondence of Maryland:<sup>2</sup> "The object of masonry never was to extort, *volens volens*, money from its votaries. Such are not its principles or teaching. The advocating such doctrines can not advance the interest or reputation of the institution; but will, as your committee fear, do much to destroy its usefulness. Compulsive membership deprives it of the title *Free* and Accepted."

But as it is an undoubted precept of the Order that every mason should belong to a lodge, and contribute, so far as his means will allow, to the support of the institution, and as, by his demission, for other than temporary purposes, he violates the principles and disobeys the precepts of the Order, it naturally follows that his withdrawal must place him in a different position from that which he would occupy as an affiliated mason. It is now time for us to inquire what that new position is.

We may say, then, that, whenever a mason permanently withdraws his membership, he at once, and while he continues unaffiliated, dissevers all connection between himself and the *Lodge organization* of the Order. He, by this act, divests himself of all the rights and privileges which belong to him as a member of that organization. Among these rights and privileges are those of visitation, of pecuniary aid, and of masonic burial. Whenever he approaches the door of a lodge, asking to enter or seeking for assistance, he is to be met in the light of a profane. He may knock, but the door must not be opened—he may ask, but he is not to receive. The work of the lodge is not to be shared by those who have thrown aside their aprons and their implements, and abandoned the labors of the temple—the funds of the lodge are to be distributed only among those who are aiding, by their individual contributions, to the formation of similar funds in other lodges.

But from the well-known and universally-admitted maxim of "once a mason, and always a mason," it follows that a demitted brother can not by such demis-

<sup>1</sup> Proceedings for 1853.

<sup>2</sup> Proceedings for 1847.

sion divest himself of all his masonic responsibilities to his brethren, nor be deprived of their correlative responsibility to him. An unaffiliated mason is still bound by certain obligations, of which he can not, under any circumstances, divest himself, and by similar obligations are the fraternity bound to him. These relate to the duties of secrecy and of aid in the imminent hour of peril. Of the first of these there can be no doubt; and as to the last, the words of the precept directing it leaves us no option; nor is it a time when the G. H. S. of D. is thrown out to inquire into the condition of the party.

Speaking on this subject, brother Albert Pike, in his report to the Grand Lodge of Arkansas, says: "if a person appeals to us as a mason in imminent peril, or such pressing need that we have not time to inquire into his worthiness, then, lest we might refuse to relieve and aid a worthy brother, we must not stop to inquire *as to any thing.*" But I do not think that the learned brother has put the case in the strongest light. It is not alone "lest we might refuse to relieve and aid a worthy brother," that we are in cases of "imminent peril" to make no pause for deliberation. But it is because we are bound by our highest obligations at all times, and to all masons, to give that aid when *duly* called for.

I may, then, after this somewhat protracted discussion, briefly recapitulate the position, the rights, and the responsibilities of an unaffiliated mason as follows:

1. An unaffiliated mason is still bound by all his masonic duties and obligations, excepting those connected with the organization of the lodge.
2. He has a right to aid in imminent peril when *he asks for that aid in the proper and conventional way.*
3. He loses the right to receive pecuniary relief.
4. He loses the general right to visit lodges, or to walk in masonic processions.
5. He loses the right of masonic burial.
6. He still remains subject to the government of the Order, and may be tried and punished for any offense as an affil-

<sup>3</sup> The right to visit is restricted to once, by many grand lodges to enable him to become acquainted with the character of the lodge before he applies for membership.

ated mason would be, by the lodge within whose geographical jurisdiction he resides.

## HOW SHOULD PETITIONS BE DISPOSED OF ?<sup>1</sup>

BY JOHN DOVE, M. D.

FROM all we can learn of this most interesting question, there is a great deal too much looseness in the action of lodges upon the subject of petitions generally. And, as a solemn responsibility is imposed on every mason at his initia-

<sup>1</sup> In calling especial attention to this article, we can not do better than furnish our readers with a note received with it from the very respectable and venerable writer, Bro. DOVE, Gr. Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Virginia. The interest exhibited by Bro. DOVE in this subject betrays a holy horror of the innovation truly gratifying and worthy of all praise.

" RICHMOND, VA., April 7, 1858.

" J. F. BRENNAN, Esq.—

" Dear Sir and Bro.: Immediately after dispatching to you my letter of the 5th, with the article on Petitions, I received the proceedings of the M. W. Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, and to my infinite regret and mortification I find they have enacted a provision in their constitution requiring all petitions to be referred to a committee, who shall report in *writing!* This move, in an entirely wrong direction by that young, though very influential, Grand Lodge, renders it necessary, in my opinion, that the arguments used in my paper on petitions should be at once laid before the fraternity. If you agree with me, please make such use of them, or give your own views, in the May number, which, no doubt, you can do more efficiently.

" This is truly the young America of Masonry, taken from Odd Fellowship, or some other of the modern mutual assurance benevolent societies. There, imperfections of physical health or constitution constitute the principal barrier, and committees are appointed, and required, under penalties, to report truthfully; and such reports, as you readily perceive, do not affect the character of the applicant, and are cheerfully submitted to. Nay, the party himself, being informed that he is to contribute his money to this mutual assurance fund, desires the investigation; and, if he is refused, for ill-health or family predisposition to scrofulous or other mortal disease, it becomes a cause for sympathy rather than reproach, and no stigma attaches.

" Far, very far different is the case with us. We, as I understand masonry, are engaged in the holy cause of erecting the moral edifice of society; our rejections stamp the individual with some obliquity of character, which arouses and fixes popular opinion, and attaches a stigma which no time can efface.

" Very fraternally, Yours, JOHN DOVE."

tion, upon this point especially, which we learn is too often disregarded, we will endeavor to awaken attention to it, in the perfect confidence that every well instructed mason will only need to be reminded of his duty to the institution to insure a strict observance of its constitutional requirements.

No true mason can ever be guilty of proselytism, or using inducements, by language or otherwise, which might, in their influence, prevent the free exercise of the applicant's will. But being, as he sometimes is, applied to for advice by any profane, or asked his opinion of the advantages to be derived from being a mason, he may, with propriety, and it would become indeed his duty, prudently to give his own views of the objects of masonry, and its capacity to effect these objects. This done, let no persuasion, no inducement, nor no hint of personal interest be offered or used, but let the profane be left to judge for himself. If, after deliberation, he decides to make application, the qualifications of candidates should be read to him, in order that he may not subsequently plead ignorance of the moral standard exacted by the constitution of masonry. The petition should then be drawn up in writing, in the form and words laid down in the text-books, and signed by the profane, and recommended by two or more members of the lodge, who should hold themselves responsible, and be so considered by the lodge for the truth of the statements made. As the applicant can not be present to defend himself, nor ever know the reason of the result of the ballot, if unfavorable, it must at once strike every one that the high and sacred trust should never for a moment be lost sight of by his vouchers; and, as honorable men, having a high duty to perform, both to the petitioner and to the institution, invariably to be present and be prepared when the vote is to be taken.

The petition, thus fortified, should be presented and read aloud at a stated meeting, and then carefully filed by the secretary. This should be done that none may plead ignorance of the application at any subsequent time. It should then lie over for consideration at least one month, except in those cases provided for in the constitution.

We have heard, with great surprise, of late, that a custom has obtained and is gaining the approbation of many lodges, to refer these petitions to a committee appointed by name to investigate and report upon the character of the applicant. That so monstrous and absurd a proposition should ever for a moment have found favor among intelligent masons is matter of great surprise.<sup>2</sup>

In the first place, then, this proposition is illegal, for the constitution makes each member, and requires him carefully to act as a committee; and he can not, if he would, avoid responsibility by delegating to another a duty imposed on himself. A subject referred to a committee by any assembled body, is, *pro tanto*, taken from under the control of that body until reported on by the committee, and, therefore, precludes investigation by the members, *ad interim*. Indeed, some writers, considered high authority, too, have gone so far as to say that an unfavorable report precludes the necessity of a ballot! Could any suggestion be more incon siderate, more destructive, or more unmasonic? We think not: and, therefore, we will not waste time by attempting to prove what all know—that the report of a committee

<sup>2</sup> In Anderson's Constitutions, where we should naturally look for full justification of this course, if it were at all masonic, we find not one word upon the subject. This alone, we should suppose, would settle the question of constitutionality and masonic law, with all who profess to be bound by that code. In the edition of the Ahiman Rezon published by Dermott in 1755 no mention is made of such a committee, and it appears for the first and only time in the second edition of this work, published in 1772, in the following words:

"Sec. 4, chap. 1. . . . Such proposal shall also be made in lodge hours, in order that the brethren may have sufficient time and opportunity to make strict inquiry into the morals, character, circumstances, and connections of the candidate, for which purpose a *special committee* is sometimes appointed."

Here is proof that the appointment of such a committee was at that time an exception to the usage, and in practice only *allowable* in rare instances, such as proofs of identity of person, in cases where persons of similar name and occupation had been convicted in courts of justice of offenses against the laws of the land, etc.; here duty and justice to the petitioner authorize and require the exception to usage by the appointment of a special committee. Dermott, also, by employing the words "*is sometimes*," plainly shows they were used in a narrative sense, and not as forming any part of the legal code.

is not the action of a body until received and confirmed by a formal vote; or to show that such body may, for reasons adduced, disagree with the committee and reverse the report.

But, in the next place, there is a higher, a holier, a more sacred reason why this practice should never have obtained. It invades the sanctity of the ballot-box—the great palladium of that harmony which unites the materials of our blessed and time-honored temple, and converts the lodgeroom into an arena for the analysis and discussion of private character, necessarily engendering bitter and personal animosities among brothers, among whom we are taught, and with pleasure hold, that no such feelings should ever arise. It may be that the candidate has a father, a son, a brother, present in the lodge—nay, one or the other may have endorsed his petition. We all know, and greatly appreciate, the dear ties of consanguinity; and when we see a doting father, a dutiful son, a fond brother, overlooking the faults each of the other, the feeling and sensitive mind finds a ready excuse in the frailties of human nature, and we pass them by unreprieved—nay, often unnoticed. Think you this father, son, or brother, can sit, unmoved in heart, and hear the character of the petition assailed, and be pronounced unworthy to be made a mason, simply by the words of the report? And when he is told that that report operates as a judgment of the lodge, the more pungent, more offensive, and more odious to him, does it become, because he feels himself powerless to resist the injury inflicted, or even advocate the subject. The candidate is rejected, and the persons known who effected his disgrace. Think you the same harmony of feeling will continue to exist between these members of the lodge which before endeared them each to the other? To suppose such a thing possible would be to think them more than human!

When, then, it becomes a solemn duty, in obedience to the high behests of masonry, for a mason in secret to inflict this stigma upon a candidate—a duty at all times painful to a sensitive mind, it should be done only under the sacred and inviolable sanctity of the ballot-box.

The harmony of the lodgeroom should never be disturbed, nor even put in jeopardy, by any attempt at investigation of the character of a profane within its sacred precincts. It is unjust, and therefore strictly unmasonic, to put character or motive on trial before a tribunal in whose presence the accused can not be heard.

Each member of the lodge is, therefore, constituted by the laws of masonry a committee to act during the recess of the lodge sitting, and by personal inquiry and observation to prepare his own mind for the due exercise of the high and responsible duty of voting on the necessary qualification of all candidates.

The petition, when presented, read, and filed, is considered referred to a committee of the whole lodge, and passes entirely from under the control of the applicant and his vouchers. He nor they can not withdraw it by any matter of right; and a respectful application for that purpose can only be granted by a unanimous vote of the lodge, for reasons which will strike every well-informed mason. At the end of the prescribed period the petition is called up and carefully defended and sustained by the vouchers, and as many others as choose to volunteer their testimony in its favor,<sup>3</sup> the ballot is circulated, and a unanimous vote necessary to a choice. If found unfavorable, it should be so reported by the master, and then the whole subject ends. In some extremely rare cases, the master, believing the ballot may have been the result of carelessness or accident, may, of his own mere will, order a second ballot to be taken; but these are occurrences which should never take place in a well-regulated lodge, where the scales of justice are held in equal poise between the applicant and the masonic institution by every member under the solemn requirement of duty. Previous to, or during, this second

<sup>3</sup> Here we venture to differ with Bro. DOVE. We do not consider it proper or masonic to allow of any sustenance of character in the lodge at this or at any other time, either by the recommenders or by any other brother present, save by their deposit of a favorable token in the ballot-box. The profane has no more right to expect eulogy than he has animadversion—in a presence from which he is forbidden; and it would be as wrong to laud him, save in the prudent manner recognized by the fraternity, as it would be to censure him.—*Editor A. F.*

ballot, no member should be allowed to say how he balloted, or make any remark touching the subject, except those who have signed the petition,<sup>4</sup> for the very simple reason, that it would operate as a poll of the lodge, and all who were silent would be presumed to have cast a negative vote. So extremely delicate is the proper performance of this duty, that neither the master nor any brother present has the right to disclose the number of negative votes, lest the power of numbers be brought to bear against one or two by the affirmative votes of a large lodge, and the brother who cast it, overawed by a large and decisive majority, be induced to distrust his own judgment and change his vote; and this, too, when he is the only depository of the facts involving the character of the profane.

No motion to reconsider a ballot can be made by any member, nor entertained by the master, unless made by one who cast a negative ballot, and only by him under the declaration that his vote was the result of accident, or that, from testimony received since casting it, he was satisfied of error, and wished to repair the injury inflicted on the candidate. It is also absolutely necessary that all this procedure be had before the lodge is closed, and that the motion be made, or intention to make it notified, while all are present.

It sometimes happens that the brother casting the negative ballot comes into the next or a subsequent lodge, and asks to change his vote in simple masonic justice to the feelings of a brother. This may be allowed; but the motion for that effect ought to be spread on record, and lie there one month, that all may have notice: and should the ballot, when taken, be found clear, the lodge has no further power over the case, until a statement of facts is laid before the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge, with a request for a dispensation authorizing the lodge to proceed under the restrictions imposed by

<sup>4</sup> Why this exception, Bro. DOVE? They have no peculiar privileges at this time not possessed by the lodge at large. They are not expected to speak against an unfavorable ballot; then why award to them the liberty of bespeaking a favorable one? The tendency, evidently, of this privilege is to favor the candidate.—*Editor A. F.*

the by-laws of the Grand Lodge in sec. 3 of cap. iii.<sup>5</sup>

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## MASONIC MISCELLANY.

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THE MORALITY OF MASONRY IS PRECISELY THE SAME AS THAT OF CHRISTIANITY.—BY G. OLIVER, D. D.

THIS article will consist almost solely of the morality exhibited in the lectures of masonry; for I conjecture that the doctrines will be found so closely allied to religion, that comment will be scarcely necessary. The lectures will be quoted from publications authorized by the Grand Lodge, and can, therefore, be subject to no exception on the ground of authenticity.<sup>1</sup>

The great characteristic of Freemasonry, which has excited so many unjust suspicions of its innocence, is the *secrecy*<sup>2</sup> which has been inviolably observed respecting its peculiar mysteries, from the creation of the world to the present time. Our lectures enforce the practice by such arguments as these:—"Of all the arts which masons possess, the art of secrecy particularly distinguishes them. Taciturnity is a proof of wisdom; and is allowed to be of the utmost importance in the different transactions of life. The best writers have declared it to be an art

<sup>5</sup> Not having a copy of this by-law at hand, we refrain from expressing an opinion as to the justice of this delay. We must, however, record our belief, that a clear ballot, at any time, is dispensation enough for a lodge to receive a candidate and initiate him.—*Editor A. F.*

<sup>1</sup> Every quotation brought forward in proof of this proposition will be selected from detached parts of the lectures already published in Preston's "Illustrations," Hutchinson's "Spirit of Masonry," and Inwood's "Sermons," under the sanction or approbation of the Grand Lodge of England, and Webb's "Monitor," published under the express sanction of the Grand Lodge of America.

<sup>2</sup> The system of secrecy embodied in the science of Freemasonry has always been considered by the uninitiated as a great stumblingblock to its progress. But nothing can be more absurd. Even the learned and intelligent Locke, *before he was initiated*, tells Lady Masham, that it was his wish that the secrets of masonry, should be communicated to all mankind, since "there is nothing more true than what the masons teach; that the better men are the more they love one another; virtue having in itself something so amiable as to charm the hearts of all who behold it."

of inestimable value; and that it is agreeable to the Deity himself may be easily conceived from the glorious example, which he gives, in concealing from mankind the secrets of his providence. The wisest of men can not pry into the arcana of heaven; nor can they divine to-day what to-morrow may bring forth."<sup>3</sup>

The lectures define Freemasonry to be a "science which includes all others; which inculcates human and divine knowledge, and teaches man his duty to God, his neighbor, and himself."<sup>4</sup> Here we have surely a decisive proof, in the very definition of our Order, that it is founded on religion; for nothing but a religious system can inculcate this constellation of grand and important duties.

"From east to west Freemasonry extends; and between the north and south in every clime and nation are masons to be found. Our institution is said to be supported by wisdom, strength and beauty; because it is necessary that there should be wisdom to contrive, strength to support, and beauty to adorn all great and important undertakings. Its dimensions are unlimited, and its covering no less than the canopy of heaven. *To this object the mason's mind is constantly directed, and thither he hopes at last to arrive* by the aid of the theological ladder which Jacob in his vision saw extending from earth to heaven; the three principal rounds of which are faith, hope, and charity; which admonish us to have faith in God, hope in immortality, and charity to all mankind."<sup>5</sup>

Faith, hope, and charity, are virtues connected with religion, if any affinity can be traced between religion and morality. But charity, united with faith and hope, is pure Christianity. Faith imprints a strong sense of duty on the mind, and displays the glorious prospect of an eternal reward. Hope vigorously discharges the duty, under a strong assurance that the reward is attainable. But charity surmounts all difficulties, turns duty into delight, and contributes to a final consummation in glory. Hence arises the most exalted prerogative of cha-

rity over all other gifts and perfections. Charity is the distinguishing characteristic of the Deity. All other virtues are mortal; charity alone is immortal. It will beam resplendent rays through all eternity, and, like the CENTRAL STAR of heaven, shall utterly extinguish all inferior lights by its unfading luster. "Charity never faileth," says a great Christian teacher; "but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away."<sup>6</sup> These gifts being adapted solely to the imperfect state of human nature, their utility will cease in a state of absolute perfection. Even the glorious habits of faith and hope, though essential qualifications in this mortal state, will have no part in the heavenly life, because they are but earthly virtues; for charity is the only *step* which penetrates the clouds, even to the throne of God. The time will come when, seeing the things which are now unseen, we shall not need the evidence of faith; possessing the rewards now hoped for, we shall not want the assurance of hope. But when faith and hope shall have had their perfect end and consummation, charity will exist, covered with all its brilliant glories, and overshadowed with a radiance which can suffer no diminution. Hence the true mason will be transported beyond all bounds, when placed in the immediate presence of the majestic Object of his former faith and hope, and in the actual enjoyment of celestial bliss. The inexpressible excellency of the divine *light* will continually supply him with fresh ardor of affection, with renewed sentiments of adoration. In this Grand Lodge, all will be immutably perfect and happy, under the influence of charity. As there will be no wants to relieve, no distress to pity, all in that blessed assembly will enjoy a plenitude of bliss, emanating from the sacred source of infinite goodness, truth and mercy. The souls of the just will form but one glorious company with the angels and archangels; possessed of one mind, and with one voice recounting the praises of the spotless LAMB. With thoughts, capacities, and powers having but one

<sup>3</sup> E. A. P. Lect., Sec. 1, quoted from Preston.

<sup>4</sup> R. A. Lect., Sec. 2, from Webb

<sup>5</sup> E. A. P. Lect., Sec. 4, from Webb.

<sup>6</sup> 1 Cor. c. v. : 8.

tendency, one center, they will all unite to adore the Great I AM, in peace, harmony, and brotherly love.

"Every well-governed lodge is furnished with the *Holy Bible*, the *Square*, and the *Compass*. The Bible points out the path that leads to happiness, and is dedicated to God; the square teaches to regulate our conduct by the principles of morality and virtue, and is dedicated to the master; the compass teaches to limit our desires in every station, and is dedicated to the brethren. The Bible is dedicated to the service of God, because it is the inestimable gift of God to man; the square to the master, because, being the proper masonic emblem of his office, it is constantly to remind him of the duty he owes to the lodge over which he is appointed to preside; and the compass to the craft, because, by a due attention to its use, they are taught to regulate their desires and keep their passions within due bounds."<sup>7</sup>

"The *ornamental* parts of a lodge are, the Mosaic pavement, the indented tressel, and the blazing star. The Mosaic pavement is emblematic of human life, checkered with good and evil;<sup>8</sup> the beautiful

<sup>7</sup> E. A. P. Lect., Sect. 5, from Webb.

<sup>8</sup> It is remarkable that this description of tessellated pavement was in use all over the world. The Romans left behind them many beautiful specimens, which have been discovered in modern times, in various parts of our own island, and are still preserved with great care as invaluable relics of the state of the arts in the first ages of christianity. But we are furnished with records of this kind of work at periods much more remote. In the royal palace of Shushan, when Ahasuerus gave a royal feast to his nobles, the beds, or, in other words, the triclinia, or banqueting couches, were of gold and silver, upon a pavement of red, and blue, and white and black marble. (Esth. i: 6.) The voluptuous Egyptians, who exhausted their ingenuity in the invention of new luxuries to please the taste of a pampered nobility, used, in common with painted walls and ceilings, the mosaic pavement, richly tessellated. In the palace of Cleopatra, these pavements were inlaid with precious stones. And in India, the floors of the most sacred temples, or at least the adyta, were enriched with polished stones disposed in small squares or tessera, which reflected the beams of the sun in a variety of splendid colors. On a similar principle the floor of a mason's lodge has been constructed, which is thus in proper keeping with the rest of its decorations; for the design would be imperfect, if a strict regard to uniformity and propriety had not been observed throughout the entire arrangement. This is a striking evidence of the unity of design with which the great plan of Freemasonry was originally constructed.

border by which it is encompassed, those blessings and comforts which surround us, and which we hope to obtain by a faithful reliance on Divine Providence, hieroglyphically represented by the blazing star in the center. The movable and immovable jewels are the square, the level, and the plumb-rule, the rough and perfect ashler, and the tressel-board. These appear to be mere instruments of labor; but the moral to which they respectively point, renders them jewels of inestimable value. The square teaches morality and justice; the level equality, and the plumb-rule integrity. By the rough ashler we are reminded of our rude and imperfect state by nature; by the perfect ashler that state of perfection at which we hope to arrive by a virtuous education, aided by divine grace; and the tressel-board reminds us that as the operative workman erects his temporal building agreeably to the rules and designs laid down by the master on his tressel-board, so should we endeavor to erect our spiritual building agreeably to the rules and designs laid down by the Supreme Architect of the universe in the Holy Bible, which is a mason's spiritual tressel-board. *That book, which is never closed in any lodge*, reveals the duties which the the Great Master of all exacts from us; and were we conversant therein and adherent thereto, it would bring us to 'a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'<sup>9</sup>

These are extracts from the abundant stores of morality and religion contained in the masonic lectures.<sup>10</sup> Can it, then,

How minutely soever the parts or elements may appear to be disposed, they each and all conduce to the same end—the glory of God and the welfare of man.

<sup>9</sup> E. A. P. Lect., Sect. 5, from Webb.

<sup>10</sup> It will have been observed by our well-instructed brethren, that I have cited the lectures as they existed before their revision by Dr. Hemming, under the authority, I believe, of the Grand Lodge. Such a revision would depend, in a great measure, on the personal taste of the brother commissioned to effect the alteration; and, it must be confessed, that many passages have been retained which are comparatively worthless, and others omitted which were highly illustrative and useful. The worthy doctor, indeed, has a task imposed on him of no common interest. His path was beset with difficulties; and it is to be feared that a slight feeling of prejudice was one of them, arising out of a circumstance then existing, which was extremely un-



be contended, with any degree of reason, that they have no reference to religion—nay, to christianity? But to silence every possible objection, to remove every cavil, I shall penetrate still deeper into this mine of precious stones; assured, at every step, of meeting with some valuable gem. If there be any truth in a plain symbol, or any dependence on the illustration, the following extract will abundantly prove that no lodge can be esteemed perfect, which does not contain a visible and self-interpreting emblem of the christian religion:—

“In all regularly constituted lodges there is represented a certain *point within a circle*, the point representing an individual brother; the circle representing the boundary line of his duty to God and man; beyond which he is never to suffer his passions, prejudices, or interests, to betray him on any occasion. This circle is embordered by two perpendicular parallel lines, representing St. John the Baptist, and St. John the Evangelist, who were perfect parallels in christianity as well as masonry; <sup>11</sup> and upon the votex rests the book of the Holy Scriptures, which point out the whole duty of man. In going round this circle we necessarily touch upon these two lines, as well as on the Holy Scriptures; and while a mason keeps himself thus circumscribed, it is impossible that he should materially err.” <sup>12</sup>

To the Holy Scriptures the lectures frequently refer. The masonic ladder, say they, stands firmly with its foot on the Holy Bible, while its summit is lost amid the clouds of heaven. Can any thing be founded on the Bible, and have no connection with religion? Impossible! This ladder, by which we all hope to ascend to the glorious *arch of heaven* at the final

favorable to his labors. A new arrangement of the lectures, both of craft and of R. A. masonry, is much to be desired.

<sup>11</sup> In Dr. Hemming's revision the two St. Johns have been expunged from the lectures; although in the provinces, almost every lodge festival is still celebrated, either on the anniversary of St. John the Baptist, in June, or St. John the Evangelist, in December. It is an innovation in the ancient lectures; and as a christian mason, I most earnestly wish to see these two parallels restored; which might easily be done without prejudice to the two more ancient masonic worthies, Moses and Solomon.

<sup>12</sup> E. A. P. Lect., Sec. 5, from Webb.

consummations of all things, is a direct type of religion; for religion is founded on the Holy Bible, and is studded with innumerable theological virtues, which point the way to everlasting bliss.

We now come to the fifth section of entered apprentice masonry, which inculcates the most instructive lessons; it expatiates on brotherly love, relief, and truth, and enforces a strict regard to the four cardinal virtues—temperance, fortitude, prudence, and justice:—

“By the exercise of brotherly love we are taught to regard the whole human race as one family; the high and low, the rich and poor; who, as children of one Almighty Parent, and inhabitants of the same planet, are to aid, support, and protect each other. On this principle masonry unites men of every country, sect, and opinion, and conciliates true friendship among those who might otherwise have remained at a perpetual distance.”<sup>13</sup>

<sup>13</sup> The late Marquis of Hastings, in his celebrated reply to an address presented to him on his leaving Calcutta, in December, 1822, by the fraternity of Freemasons, as the Grand Master of the east, attributes the civilization of man to the operation of this principle. “The veil thrown over masonry,” says he, “renders its operation silent and unobserved; yet the influence of a body spread through all classes of society, pervading every circle, and diffusing (though by its separate members) opinions digested and matured, from remote periods, in the brotherhood, must be powerful in its effect. I think the traces of its useful sway are discoverable, if we cast our eyes on olden times. Reflect on that semi-barbarism which was the condition of all the states of Europe in ages not long past. What apparent cause was there for a sudden and rapidly progressive mitigation of the rude oppressions which characterized the day? If none such can confidently be pointed out, is it not reasonable to recur to an agency which, while it is unobtrusive, must, in its very nature, be active? The secrecy observed in masonic proceedings, and the rigid scrutiny exercised into the private character of candidates for admission, excited the curiosity of the higher ranks; and at the same time removed every fear of their discrediting themselves by becoming members of the fraternity. Once initiated, they received lessons which never could have reached them in any other situation. They were taught that throughout the necessary gradations in a community, and amid the unavoidable distinctions arising from talents or property, *man was still the brother of man*. This primary position once adopted, all corollaries from it were readily embraced. The doctrine imbibed in the lodge became the rule of action for the man of might in his public sphere; and his example disseminated the principles of humanity and justice, to the utmost extent of the circle. Surely this is not a vision-

Relief is the next tenet of our profession. To relieve the distressed is a duty incumbent on all men, particularly on masons, who are linked together by an indissoluble chain of sincere affection. To soothe calamity, to alleviate misfortune, to compassionate misery, and to restore peace to the troubled mind, is the grand aim of the true mason. On this basis he establishes his friendships, and forms his connections. Truth is a divine attribute, and the foundation of every virtue. To be good and true is the first lesson we are taught. On this theme we contemplate, and by its dictates endeavor to regulate our conduct: influenced by this principle, hypocrisy, and deceit are unknown; sincerity and plain dealing distinguish us; while the heart and the tongue join in promoting each other's welfare, and rejoicing in each other's prosperity."<sup>14</sup>

"Without the cardinal virtues, of which prudence is the chief, the name of mason is an empty title, and but a painted bubble. Phronesis, the emblem of prudence, is the first and most exalted object that demands our attention in the lodge. It is placed in the center, ever to be present to the eye of the mason, that his heart may be attentive to her dictates, and steadfast in her laws; for prudence is the rule of all virtues: prudence is the path that leads to every degree of propriety; prudence is the channel whence self-approbation flows for ever; she leads us forth to worthy actions, and, as a blazing star, enlightens us through the dreary and darksome paths of life. That fortitude should be the characteristic of a mason, we need not argue; by which, in the midst of pressing evils, he is enabled always to do

ary supposition. *Observe the difference of character between the nations of Europe where masonry has flourished, and those in which it has been proscribed, and let the contrast, so favorable for the former, support my hypothesis.* The proof will be still stronger if you advert to the despotism, the ferocity, the degradation of mankind, in the Asiatic regions, where no casual ray of masonry has ever pierced the gloom. In Europe, what were once masonic principles are so generally prevalent, that it would now be difficult to make it believed that they were once acknowledged only in a confined society. Yet it is well that the sanctuary for them should still exist. Our forms are only constant inculcations to us of the moral rules which ought to be observed in all times, cases, and situations."<sup>15</sup>

<sup>14</sup> E. A. P. Lect., Sec. 6, from Preston.

that which is agreeable to the dictates of right reason. Temperance, also, must be one of his steadfast principles, and must moderate or restrain his passions, especially in sobriety and chastity. We regard temperance, under the various definitions of moralists, as constituting honesty and decency; and in all its potential parts instituting meekness, clemency, and modesty. We profess justice, as dictating to us to do right to all, and to yield to every man what belongs to him. The cardinal virtues, temperance, fortitude, prudence, and justice, hold in their train the inferior powers of peace, concord, quietness, liberty, safety, honor, felicity, piety, and charity; with many others, which were adored by the ancients in those ages when they confounded mythology with the worship of the Divinity. Within the starry girdle of prudence, all the virtues are enfolded. We may apply this emblem to a still more religious import: it represents the star which led the wise men to Bethlehem; proclaimed to mankind the nativity of the Son of God; and here, conducting our spiritual progress to the author of our redemption."<sup>15</sup>

Such are a few extracts from the lectures of the first degree. They proclaim, with a conviction superior to all argument, the intimate union which subsists between masonry and religion, between masonry and christianity. They show, further, that our pursuits are neither trifling nor insignificant, for they embrace topics of general and unfading interest—topics on which the most celebrated philosophers and moralists of all ages have exercised their ingenuity, to promote equally the welfare of man and the glory of God.

The second degree is devoted to the study and illustration of human science, and to trace the greatness and majesty of the Creator, by minutely analyzing his works. The intellectual faculties expand as a desire of knowledge increases; and by the studies attached to this degree, the mind is elevated to a communion with its Maker. What a field for moral investigation and critical research do the liberal sciences afford! The subtleties of grammar, rhetoric, and logic; the won-

<sup>15</sup> E. A. P. Lect., Sec. 6, from Hutchinson.

derful combinations of arithmetic, the universal application of geometry, the delicacy of music, and the sublimity of astronomy, have each a separate charm to win the heart, and point to a Creator. The organization of the human body is another sublime subject to which the attention is particularly directed to this lecture. It embraces every branch of one of the great divisions of masonry, its operative part; and hence the disquisitions are rather minute on the five orders of architecture, the use and application of the globes, and other important objects connected with useful science. In the second section, the creation of the world, and the divine appropriation of the seventh day for the purposes of rest and devotion, are expatiated on, as was the uniform practice of our ancient brethren many thousand years ago; and the following extract will show the object they had continually in view: "In six days God created the heavens and the earth, and rested on the seventh day; therefore, our ancient brethren dedicated the seventh day as a period of rest from their labors: thereby enjoying frequent opportunities to contemplate the glorious works of the creation, and to adore the great Creator."

I shall quote but little from this lecture, because the illustrations are chiefly scientific; but they all have a moral and religious tendency; and the lecture concludes with that precept, to which every point of discussion had a direct reference. It exhorts us to fear "God, the great Geometrician of the universe; and at all times, and on all occasions, cheerfully to submit to his injunctions, and to obey his precepts, which are holy, just, and good."<sup>16</sup>

The third degree is the cement of the whole: it binds men together by the *mystic points of fellowship*, as in a chain of indissoluble affection, and teaches them to love their neighbor as themselves, as the best means of evidencing that the love of God is shed abroad in their hearts. But it does more than this: it asserts positively the resurrection of the body, and points to a future state, in which those who have endured sufferings in

this world, to preserve their virtue and religion from profanation, shall meet a suitable reward; while the wicked shall be cast out as unworthy of a place in the heavenly country, and receive the horrible punishment they have imprecated on themselves.

The first point incites us to brotherly love—that love which renders spontaneous assistance in time of pressing need, without the venal hope of receiving an equivalent, for the reward is from above. The second point inculcates universal benevolence; which must derive its satisfaction from a source distinct from, and independent of human approbation: I mean the reflection that it will ensure the approbation of God, to which a reward is attached beyond the reach of calumny. This enables the benevolent mason to pursue his glorious career like the sun in the firmament, which, though temporarily intercepted by clouds which obscure his brightness, soon dispels the unsubstantial vapor, resumes his dignity, and bursts upon the world with a brightness more vivifying from the effects of his temporary obscurity. The third point teaches the duty and necessity of prayer to God, without which, as a solemn act of religion, nothing we can be engaged in can reasonably be expected to prosper. The fourth point inculcates secrecy, and points out the consequences of betraying the confidence reposed in us by a friend and brother.<sup>17</sup> For masonry asks, if you envy the prosperity of a brother, and wound him in the tenderest part by revealing his secrets: if you believe and propagate the tale of defamation whispered by the slanderer to his prejudice: if you cherish and encourage the evil passions of envy, hatred, and revenge: if

<sup>17</sup> This is an illustration of the masonic Key. In our Tracing Boards this emblem is most unaccountably and improperly omitted. The Key is one of the most important symbols of Freemasonry, and ought to be prominently kept in view. To the uninitiated, or imperfectly taught mason, it bears the appearance of an inanimate metal instrument, whose use is obviously confined to the performance of one simple act. But the well-instructed brother views it with a different eye. He beholds in it the symbol which teaches him to keep a tongue of good report—to speak as well of a brother in his absence as in his presence, and even better; because, when present, he has an opportunity of defending himself.

<sup>16</sup> F. C. Lect., Sec. 4.

you refuse to forgive injuries, and blot them out from your recollection, how shall you establish the reputation either of masonry or christianity? The fifth point teaches us to bury in oblivion a brother's failings, and to raise his virtues from the tomb—to speak as well of him in his absence as in his presence: and if, unfortunately, his life be irregular and his morals tainted with crime, to say nothing rather than defame; for masonry prefers silence to slander, as masons always pour the healing balm of consolation into the wounds which tyranny or inhumanity may have inflicted; to avert the pressure of calamity, and make the widow's heart to sing for joy.

The moral and religious precepts of the third degree arise out of emblems peculiarly adapted to its nature and end.

"The *Pot of Incense* is an emblem of a pure heart, which is always an acceptable sacrifice to the Deity; and as this glows with fervent heat, so should our hearts continually glow with gratitude to the great and beneficent Author of our existence for the manifold blessings and comforts we enjoy."<sup>18</sup>

"The *Bee-hive* is an emblem of industry, and recommends the practice of that virtue to all created beings, from the highest seraph in heaven to the lowest reptile in the dust," etc., etc.<sup>19</sup>

"The *Sword pointing to a naked heart*, demonstrates that justice will sooner or later overtake us; and although our thoughts, words, and actions may be hidden from the eyes of men, yet that ALL-SEEING EYE which the sun, moon, and stars obey, and under whose watchful care even comets perform their stupendous revolutions, pervades the inmost recesses of the human hearts and will reward or punish us according to our works."<sup>20</sup>

"The *Anchor and Ark* are emblems of a well-grounded hope and a well-spent life. They are emblematical of that divine Ark which safely bears us over this tempestuous sea of troubles; and that Anchor which shall safely moor us in a peaceful harbor, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."<sup>21</sup>

"The *Hour-glass* is an emblem of human

life. Behold how swiftly the sand runs, and how rapidly our lives are drawing to a close! We can not, without astonishment, behold the little particles which are contained in this machine, pass away almost imperceptibly, and yet, to our surprise, in the short space of an hour all are exhausted. Thus wastes human life. At the end of man's short hour, death strikes the blow, and hurries him off the stage to his long and darksome resting-place; for there is no escape from the piercing arrows of death. The thick walls of the palace of a king, with the clay-built cottage of the lowly pauper, are equally pregnable to his darts. Strength or weakness, health or sickness, riches or poverty, all—all, in one undistinguishable level, fall beneath his mighty arm. Wherever he levels his bow, the mark is certain: the victim falls, the silken cord of life is cut in twain, and the mourners weep about the streets; for the re-union of soul and body, when once thus separated, exceeds all human power: such hath been man in every age of the world; such is man in his present most exalted moments, and such are each of us. To-day, perhaps, the sun of prosperity and joy shines upon our persons and our families; health and strength invigorate our own persons and those of our beloved friends, and we only feel for the sorrows of another's woes; but to-morrow some friendly heart may sigh over our own breathless corpse, 'Alas! my Brother.'<sup>22</sup>

"The *Scythe* is an emblem of time, which cuts the brittle thread of life, and launches us into eternity. What havoc does the scythe of Time make among the human race! If by chance we escape the numerous evils incident to childhood and youth, and arrive in perfect health and strength at the years of vigorous manhood, yet decrepit old age will soon follow, and we must be cut down by the all-devouring scythe of Time, and be gathered into the land where our fathers are gone before us."<sup>23</sup>

"The *Coffin with the skull and Cross Bones* are emblems of mortality, and cry out with a voice almost more than mortal, 'Prepare to meet thy God.' Infancy or

<sup>18</sup> M. M. Lect. Sec., 7, from Webb.

<sup>19</sup> Ibid.—<sup>20</sup> Ibid.—<sup>21</sup> Ibid.

<sup>22</sup> M. M. Lect., Sec. 7, from Webb and Inwood.

<sup>23</sup> M. M. Lect., Sec. 7, from Webb.

youth, manhood or old age—all must pass to the embrace of corruption. 'How often do we see the tear of sorrow moistening the cheek of venerable age, while hanging over the corpse of a beloved son or daughter, snatched from life in youth and beauty! How often do we see the strong features of manhood distorted or broken by unaffected grief, while hanging over the grave of a beloved wife, or even of an infant child! How often do we drop a tear when we behold the disconsolate widow leading her trembling orphans from the grave of their departed father; and, before she could leave the hallowed ground, turn round to heave the farewell sigh, when her sorrows were too great to weep.'<sup>24</sup>

"*The three Steps* usually delineated upon a master's carpet, are emblematical of the three principal stages of human life, youth, manhood, and old age. In youth, as entered apprentices, we ought industriously to occupy our minds in the attainment of useful knowledge; in manhood, as Fellow crafts, we should apply our knowledge to the discharge of our respective duties to God, our neighbor and ourselves; that so in old age, as master masons, we may enjoy the happy reflections consequent on a well-spent life, and die in the hope of a glorious immortality."<sup>25</sup>

"*The Sprig of Acacia*<sup>26</sup> points to that state of moral obscurity to which the world was reduced previously to the appearance of Christ upon earth: when the reverence and adoration due to the Divinity were buried in the filth and rubbish of the world; when religion sat mourn-

<sup>24</sup> M. M. Lect., Sec. 7, from Inwood.

<sup>25</sup> M. M. Lect., Sec. 7, from Webb.

<sup>26</sup> The Acacia is thus described by botanists. The Acacia, or Egyptian Thorn, is a genus, the characters of which are these:—The flower consists only of one leaf of a funnel shape, and contains a great number of stamina. The flowers are commonly collected in clusters, or little heads; the pistil arises from the bottom of the flower, and finally becomes a siliquose fruit divided into several hollows, and containing a number of roundish seeds. Among antiquaries, the Acacia denotes something resembling a kind of roll or bag, which is seen on medals in the hands of several of the Consuls and Emperors, from the times of Anastasius. According to Du Cange, the *ακκία*, properly so called, was a purple bag, filled with earth, and borne by the prince in his left hand, to remind him of his frailty and immortality.

ing in Israel in sackcloth and ashes, and morality was scattered to the four winds of heaven. In order that mankind might be preserved from this deplorable state of darkness and destruction, and as the old law was *dead and become rottenness*, a new doctrine and new precepts were wanting to give the *key* to salvation, in the language of which we might touch the ear of an offended Deity, and bring forth hope for eternity. True religion was fled; those who sought her through the wisdom of the ancients were not able to *raise her*; she eluded the grasp, and their polluted hands were stretched forth in vain for her restoration. Those who sought her by the old law were frustrated, for death had stepped between them, and corruption had defiled the embrace; sin had beset her steps, and the vices of the world had overwhelmed her. The Great Father of all, commiserating the miseries of the world, sent his only Son who was innocence (*ακακία*) itself, to teach the doctrine of salvation: by whom man was RAISED from the death of sin unto a life of righteousness; from the tomb of corruption, unto the chambers of hope; from the darkness of despair to the celestial beams of faith; and not only working for us this redemption, but making with us the covenant of regeneration, whence we become the children of God and inheritors of the realms of heaven."<sup>27</sup>

Here, then, I shall close my extracts from the Lectures on Masonry. If they do not refer to religion, they have no meaning whatever: and I will submit to the inference which may then be deduced, that masonry is a trifling and unimportant pursuit. All the general truths of religion, as they are received among Christians, are here brought into a lucid point of view, and their practice enforced from a consideration of the awful doctrine of future retribution.

I decline entering, in this place, on the Royal Arch Degree, for reasons which will be obvious to the considerate mason. It is so intimately blended with all that is dear to us in another state of existence, and divine and human affairs are inter-

<sup>27</sup> M. M. Lect., Sec. 7, from Hutchinson. Many other moral illustrations may be found on reference to the last edition of Preston.

woven so awfully and minutely in all its disquisitions, that it would be almost impossible to enlarge upon the subject without rending the veil which conceals the most sublime mysteries which can engage the attention of man; suffice it to say, that the degree is founded on the name of JEHOVAH,<sup>28</sup> as Christianity is founded on the name of Jesus Christ: virtue is its aim, the glory of God its object, and the eternal welfare of man is considered in every point, part, or letter of its ineffable mysteries.



#### INQUIRY WHETHER THE PATRON-

AGE OF MASONRY IN THE HANDS OF THE CHRISTIAN SAINTS, BE STRICTLY CONFORMABLE WITH THE CONSTRUCTION AND CHARACTER OF THE ORDER.—BY G. OLIVER, D. D.

“Whereas in this our time, the minds of men are so diverse, that some think it a great matter of conscience to depart from a piece of the least of their ceremonies, they be so addicted to their old customs; and again, on the other side, some be so new fangled, that they would innovate all things, and so despise the old, that nothing can like them, but that is new; it was thought expedient, not so much to have respect how to please and satisfy either of these parties, as how to please God, and profit them both.”—BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER. OF CEREMONIES.

IT is urged by those who advocate the propriety of expunging the two St. Johns from our lectures, that a departure from ancient customs in this respect is a matter of very little consequence. But I am persuaded that if they would take the trouble to consider the circumstance under

all its bearings, they would undoubtedly find that the conclusion to which they have arrived is altogether untenable, and that the practice has a direct tendency to cast a doubt over the identity of the system, as well as its antiquity; for it is an admitted axiom in legislation, that “things, of themselves indifferently, do in some sort alter their natures, when they are either commanded or forbidden by a lawful magistrate, and as they may not be omitted at every man’s pleasure contrary to law, when they be commanded, so neither may they be used when they are prohibited.” Now the parallelism of the St. Johns was legally enjoined by the first Grand Lodge under the revised system, and sanctioned by every Grand Lodge up to the present time; for the United Grand Lodge has never yet, to my knowledge, expressed an opinion on the subject; and, therefore, the original law remains in full force at the present day.

Nor does it compromise the universality of masonry, as some are inclined to think, because the very reason which our brethren of the last century assigned for giving the patronage of Christian Masonry to the two St. Johns, proclaims, at the same time, its undoubted cosmopolite character, legitimately open for the admission of Jews,<sup>1</sup> Mahometans, and all others who acknowledge an omnipresent Deity, and are “good men and true—men of honor and honesty—by whatever names, religions, or persuasions, they may be dis-

<sup>28</sup> The true pronunciation of the Tetragrammaton is undoubtedly lost. Those who think, say the authors of the Universal History, that Jehovah is the right pronunciation, are far enough from being sure of it. It is plain that the ancients wrote it very differently from them. Sanchoniathe spells it *Jevu*; Diodorus, Siculus, Macrobius, Clemens of Alexandria, St. Jerome, and Origen, pronounced it *Jao*. The Samaritans, and after them Epiphanius and Theodoret, call it *Jave* or *Jabe*. Others of the ancients write it *Jahoh*, *Javo*, *Jaon*, *Jaho*, and *Jahoe*. Among the moderns, Capellus is for pronouncing it *Javo*; Drusius contends for *Jave*; Hottinger for *Jelva*; Mercer will have it *Jehovah*; Castillo says *Jovah*; and Le Clerc *Javoh* or *Jowoh*. Something like these the Romans had in their *Jovis*, to which Varro seems to allude when he says, “Deum Judæorum esse *Jovem*,” that *Jove* was the God of the Jews, as St. Austin alleges out of him. The Moors likewise called God *Juba* or *Jubah*; and the Mahometans, *Hou*, which, with them, signifies the same as *Jehovah*, i. e., *Ha who is*.

<sup>1</sup> An admission was tacitly made to this fact, by a very curious coincidence, recorded in Moore’s Magazine, (vol. iv.) that in a masonic procession at Calcutta, in 1844, to celebrate St. John’s day, an *Oriental Jew*, in full Hebraic costume, carried the banner of *St. John the Evangelist*; and other brethren of the same nation concurred in its propriety by walking in the procession. No true mason will deny the propriety of admitting Jews, Mahometans, etc., to the privileges of masonry. In England, this question has been fully set at rest in a document issued by our Grand Lodge in 1846, and forwarded to the Grand Lodge at Berlin. “The Grand Lodge of England, by the earliest history and tradition, has always declared and observed the universality of Freemasonry, making no distinction or exclusion on the score of religious faith—a matter in which she never inquires, beyond the point in which all men agree. It is for this reason that she does not sanction or recognize meetings which in some places are holden—assemblies of particular religionists. With these the Grand Lodge of England does not interfere; but she strictly guards, by her laws and her practice,

tinguished."<sup>2</sup> And for this very reason—Nicolai, in his account of German Rosicrucianism, asserted that the object of English Freemasonry was "religious toleration."

I have displayed, in the preceding articles the evidences which appear to demonstrate that our brethren of the last century, from the revival of the Grand Lodge in 1717, considered the two St. Johns to be the legitimate patrons and parallels of Christian Masonry. Before that period the records of our Order are so scanty, and the testimony on all points so very defective, that nothing certain can be pronounced respecting its rites or ceremonies, discipline or doctrine, on any given subject beyond the naked outline. A few casual hints prove its continued existence in all ages; and this is almost all we have to rest our arguments upon. Whether the names of the St. Johns were used throughout all time from the very beginning of the Christian era, I will not venture positively to assert. The Colne Charter is decisive on this point, if it be authentic; but as the fact is doubtful, no conclusive reasoning can be founded upon it.

It may be right, however, to express my own conviction that the custom is of great antiquity, although the proofs of its existence may appear meager, owing to the dearth of masonic manuscripts; and no indications of it are found either in the manuscripts of the British Museum, in the ancient paper purporting to be in the handwriting of King Henry VI, or in any other document that has come under my notice, of the same or greater antiquity. If, however, it was, as I am firmly persuaded, a primitive practice among the early Christian Masons, the deviation in our modern lectures might easily be amended, should the Grand Lodge think proper to lend its sanction to the restoration of our ancient patrons to their primitive station in the Order. "Those Brethren," says Bro. Mackey,<sup>3</sup>

against the introduction into her Lodges of any emblems or decorations which are indicative of particular creeds, deeming them liable to be taken as offensive demonstrations, at variance with the true spirit of Freemasonry."

<sup>2</sup> Anderson, Const., ed. 1738.

<sup>3</sup> Freemasons' Mag., U. S., vol. iii.

"who contend for their dismissal from the stations which they now hold in our lodges, on the ground that they were Christian saints, are the real innovators of our ancient universality, and the true advocates for a religious test; while, on the contrary, we best show our adherence to the principles of masonry, when we deny the right of any man, in approaching the discussion, to advance either one way or the other, either as an argument for or an argument against them, the religious belief of these long-acknowledged patrons of our Order."

There are other irregularities in the Order which form no part of the present inquiry, but they merit the attention of the masonic authorities, because uniformity of practice is the essence of the Institution.<sup>4</sup> I do not mean to infer that the introduction of the St. Johns is essential to the *character* of ancient masonry, because I am not insensible to the fact, that such a construction might possibly compromise its universal application to every age and nation of the world. But the same argument will apply with much stronger effect to those great masonic worthies, Moses and Solomon. For while the former disposition points to Christianity, which the Almighty has declared shall be the *universal* religion of mankind, and ultimately "cover the whole earth, as the waters cover the sea;"<sup>5</sup> the latter

<sup>4</sup> The Grand Master of Tennessee corrected the discrepancies of his Lodges, a few years ago, by the simple process of appointing three expert brethren to re-arrange, according to the general rules and principles of masonry, all the points which were suspected to be erroneous; and after their corrections had received the approbation of the Grand Lodge, the same brethren were authorized to visit all the lodges, and enforce the use of the revised system, under certain prescribed penalties.

<sup>5</sup> Isaiah xi., 9. "It is a singular and instructive fact, that Christianity is the *only religion suited to universal man*. Or in other words, no other religions originating in the East, was ever such as could be observed without alteration by the inhabitants of the north. They have all particular observances and requirements, which are impracticable or difficult in climates very different from that in which they originated. It is from this cause, probably, that the direction which all false religions have taken in their spread, has been the direction of latitude and not of longitude. Thus the religions of Zoroaster and Mohammed, by requiring daily abutions, and other similar ceremonies, rendered their religion intolerable to the people of cold countries.

applies masonry solely to Judaism, a temporary religion which was exclusively confined to one solitary people, who occupied a very small though fruitful portion of the globe. If the patrons of masonry, in its present state, be not the two St. Johns, they certainly can not be Moses and Solomon; for the craft is almost solely in the hands of the Christians, and the few Jewish or Turkish Lodges which may be in existence, bear no proportion to the aggregate amount.

Strictly speaking, under such an interpretation, cosmopolitical masonry can have no general patron. It is to the Christian branch of it alone that these great parallels can be suitably applied. To this effect it is declared in the very opening of the ancient charges, as first printed by Dr. Anderson, under the direction of the Grand Lodge, that "in ancient times the Christian Masons were charged to comply with *the Christian usages* of each country where they traveled or worked;" and at that remote period we must look for the origin of the Johannite Masonry; for, as I have already observed, Templary had nothing to do with the appropriation. And it will not be too much to assume from hence, that the two St. Johns were considered the patrons of the Craft, for ages before the prominent Jewish types of Christ were made a legitimate part of the ordinary lodge lectures. But while we adopt these types as indications of a masonic origin, I do not see how we are to avoid the consequences, if we reject the illustrious individual who was foretold by the last Jewish prophet, as the forerunner and messenger of the Messiah, and place Christian Masonry under

But what was narrowness of view in the heathen legislators, had a definite object in the law of Moses, in which there is much to confine the religious system which it established, not only to a warm climate, but to the particular country of Palestine. The possession of a separate country, and of *that* country in particular, was essential to the system established by Moses. Hence, the Hebrews could never sing the song of Jehovah in any strange land; and hence, since they had been a people without an altar or a priest, without a country or a state, their system has been altogether different to what the law intended. In fact the system of Moses has been *extinct* ever since the seed of Abraham were driven from their inheritance, and was much modified even by their temporary expatriation of seventy years." (Kitto's Palestine, book ii: c. 5.)

AM. FREE. VOL. 6, MAY, 1858.—24

the patronage of the lawgiver of a temporary church, and the king of a people from whom the scepter has departed, never to return.

An inquiry will naturally arise whether these, and other open questions, are of sufficient importance to disturb the equanimity of the Order, and thereby authorize their settlement by the interference of the Grand Lodge. I think they are; but even should it be said, that no evil is likely to result from the continuance of this loose and unsettled state of thing, still it is deserving of notice, and redress also, if a remedy can be satisfactorily applied.<sup>6</sup> And let it not be thought that some of the discrepancies which exist among us are trifling; for the unhappy schism of the last century, which divided the English craft for more than seventy years, was suspended on a difference less important than any of them—even on such an insignificant question, as whether a brother should enter the lodge with his *right* or *left* foot foremost.

The lodges are exhorted to uniformity of practice;<sup>7</sup> but how is uniformity to be

<sup>6</sup>An intelligent correspondent of the "Freemasons' Quarterly Review," under the subriquet of Latomus, expresses the same opinion. Speaking of the Royal Arch, he says that the three degrees terminating in the Royal Arch, contain "most of the science of masonry which can be considered authentic. But how few are there whose time, inclination, or education, fits them to become perfectly acquainted even with the first degree? Take, for instance, the lectures in which is contained the history of the Order; for many reasons these are little known by the great majority of master masons; but go a step farther, and, without entering into what may not be written, it may be asked, whether there is not a lapse of nearly six hundred years utterly unaccounted for? The perfect mason, who has given his attention to the subject, is not ignorant of the events of this long period of six centuries; but the present system of conferring the degree alluded to, would make any unskilled brother believe that there was not a lapse of twenty years. Now here might, with much advantage, be introduced two supplemental and intermediate grades, by means of which the whole would be rendered more perfect. These are the fifth and sixth of the rite Moderne; they might be given as parts of the previous degree, or as *passes* to the succeeding one, and not as absolutely distinct grades. By this means the twelvemonth would be far better spent than it now is; for the intercalary grades should be given at an interval of four months from the two degrees they come between, and from one another." (F. Q. R., 1838.)

<sup>7</sup>"All lodges are particularly bound to observe the same usages and customs; every deviation therefore, from the established mode of working



observed in the absence of any authoritative enactment? The legitimate degrees ought to possess some certain standard, to which the brethren may refer for information on any point which they may consider to be surrounded with doubt and difficulty.<sup>8</sup> Such a plan, if it were practicable, would confer advantages on the Order which it does not now possess; and, like the decree of Cyrus to the captive Jews, would be hailed by the craft as a boon, which would at once benefit the institution, and increase the popularity of the Grand Lodge.

I am far from thinking that these errors are incidental to the system. They have crept in silently, and by slow and almost imperceptible degrees, and have acquired consistency by time and inattention. Some of them did not exist for half a century after the revival of Freemasonry, because the subjects which they embraced had not then been introduced into the Order. The illustrations of symbolical masonry were very bald and meager, until Dunckerley, Hutchinson, Preston, and others, enriched it by their salutary labors; and, consequently, it was not merely "caviare to the multitude," but a subject of ridicule to the higher ranks of society. Caricatures and pasquinades were published; mock processions were got up; and it was not only lampooned by the common people, but regarded with suspicion, if not contempt, by the learned. If it be considered how much the institution has advanced in public opinion during our more fortunate times, and how exempt it now is from open attacks or secret aspersions, surely it would be worth

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is highly improper, and can not be justified or countenanced." (Const. of Private Lodges, 21.) His Royal Highness, the late Grand Master, appears to have extended a great latitude to this rule; for in his address to the Grand Lodge in December, 1819, he said, that "so long as the master of any lodge observed the landmarks of the craft, he was at liberty to give the lectures in the language best suited to the character of the lodge over which he presided." (Quarterly Communication, December, 1819.)

<sup>8</sup>I conceive the Grand Lodge possesses full powers under the following law:—"In the Grand Lodge resides the power of enacting laws and regulations for the government of the craft, and of altering, repealing, and abrogating them, provided that they continue to observe the ancient landmarks of the Order." (Const. of the Grand Lodge, 10.)

while to make it still more deserving of such general estimation, by endeavoring to remove those stumblingblocks which are a source of contention and dispute, of grief and pain, to many a worthy brother.

There is another consideration which deserves notice. If the Grand Lodge, as the authorized and acknowledged head of a cosmopolical institution, that prides itself on the unchangeable nature of its ceremonies, should discover among the subordinate lodges a broad and distinctly marked deviation from time-honored observance; it may not be necessary to inquire how the innovation originated, but it is absolutely essential, in my humble opinion, to the maintenance of its own dignity, as well as of the purity of the institution, that the anomaly be promptly rescinded, and the ancient practice restored. This is the only way to prevent a disregard of landmarks consecrated by age, and immemorial observance, in future; and to transmit the system to posterity pure and unsullied in its doctrines and discipline, as well as its landmarks and practical ceremonies.

Without uniformity the Order of Freemasonry would be worthless, and neither profit nor pleasure would be the mutual result. And this beautiful principle ought not to be confined to a few inane signs and tokens, which constitute a mere conventional mode of communication, the advantages of which are shared by clubs and convivial meetings of very doubtful character; and even the lowest classes of society have their significant signals and symbolical language, which are characteristic of their habits and mode of life; but to extend to the higher and more noble walk of ritual observances, science, and morality. These are the points of greatest importance in Freemasonry, because it is by them tempered and qualified as they ought to be, by judicious regulations emanating from the governing body, that the merits of the craft will be estimated, and not by arrangements in which we may be rivaled by the Thugs of India, or the gypsies of our own country.<sup>9</sup> These

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<sup>9</sup>What will the free and accepted mason, who prides himself on his perfect knowledge of our signs, tokens, and symbolical language, say to the following extract from a dialogue in the Gypsey

constitute the great masonic sea, which the conventional tokens of the Order are permitted to navigate at their pleasure, but whose shipwreck would scarcely be marked by a ripple on its glassy surface. Freemasonry would still remain the same beautiful system of morality, veiled in allegory, and illustrated by symbols, if all its minor adjuncts were entirely swept away.

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THE CALM OF DEATH.

"THE moon looks calmly down when man is dying,  
The earth still holds her way,  
Flowers breathe their perfume, and the winds  
keep sighing,  
Naught seems to pause or stay!"

CLASP the hands meekly over the still breast, for they have no more work to do. Close the weary eyes, there are no more tears to shed; part the damp locks, there is no more pain to bear. Closed is the heart alike to love's kind voice and calumny's stinging whispers.

O, if in that still heart you have ruthlessly planted a thorn, if from that pleading eye you have turned carelessly away, if your loving glance, and kindly word, and clasping hands have come all too late—then God forgive you! No frown gathers on the marble brow, as you gaze, no scorn curls the chiseled lip, no flush of wounded feeling mounts to the blue-veined temples.

God forgive you! for your feet, too, must shrink appalled from death's cold river; your faltering tongue asks, "Can this be death?" your fading eyes linger lovingly on the sunny earth; your clammy hand yields its last faint pressure; your sinking pulse its last feeble flutter.

language, which I have found in a scarce book, called "A Caueat for common Cvrtsetors, vvglargely called Uagabones, set forth by Thos. Warman, Esquier, M.D.LXvij:"—"Bene lyghtmans to thy quarromes in what lipken hast thou lipped in this darkemanes; whether in a lybbege or in the strummel?" "I couched a hogeshed in a skypper this darkemanes. I towre the strummel tryne vpon thy nabcher and togman. I saye by the Salomone I wyll lage it of with a gage of bene house then cut to my nose watch," etc. etc. Ohe, jam satis! This beats the symbolical language of masonry hollow! Let us, then, look up to something of a higher character than signs, tokens, and passwords.

O, rapacious grave! yet another victim for thy voiceless keeping. What! not a word of welcome from all the houseless sleepers?—no warm greeting from a sister's loving lips? no throb of pleasure from the maternal bosom? Silent all!

O, if these broken links were never, never gathered up! If beyond death's swelling flood there was no eternal shore! If for the struggling bark there were no port of peace! If athwart that lowering cloud sprang no bow of promise!—Alas for love, if this be all, and naught beyond, O earth!

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OLD WM. WALLACE LODGE, NO. 19.

BY ROB. MORRIS, K. T.

THESE walls are tottering to decay;  
There's dampness on the stair;  
But well I mind me of the day,  
When two score men met here:—  
When two score brothers met at night,  
The full round moon above,  
To weave the mystic chain of light  
With holy links of love.

But now the lightest of the train,  
In deep, deep grave, is bowed;  
The chain is broke, the holy chain,  
The master's with his God!  
The wailing notes were heard one day,  
Where cheerful songs were best,  
And two score brothers bore away  
The master to his rest.

The south—that cheerful voice is still,  
That spoke the joys of noon;  
The west—that told the master's will,  
Has set as sets the sun.  
The sun may rise, may stand, may fall,  
But these will stand no more,  
No more the faithful craft to call,  
Or scan their labors o'er.

I'll weep the passing of the train;  
The Savior wept his love;  
I'll weep, no power shall restrain  
The tears that memories move.  
Where two score brothers met at night,  
There's solitude and gloom;  
Let grief its sacred train invite,  
To this old haunted room.

## THE LORD'S PRAYER.

—  
 VERBALLY ACROSTICISED.<sup>1</sup>  
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OUR	sins are great, but Thou art kind.
FATHER	of all! in Thee we trust;
WHICH	may we ever bear in mind;
ART	Thou He not to whom we must
IN	all our tribulations pray?
HEAVEN-	ward our aspirations rise.
HALLOWED	Thou art by night, by day;
BE	Thy dear mercy, then, our prize,
THY	glory still shall be our theme,
NAME	Thee we will whene'er we kneel,
THY	brightness on our soul shall stream;
KINGDOM	of love, accept our zeal.
COME	thoughts of rapture, give our heart
THY	saving hope. In deepest woe
WILL	Thy great goodness joy impart;
BE	Thou our leader, Lord, below!
DONE	is the task right well of those
IN	every way who seek Thee still.
EARTH	can not bliss so pure disclose,
AS	that with which thou man canst fill.
IT	guides him onward like a light—
IS	still before him on his path;
IN	danger let him seek not flight—
HEAVEN	will avert the impending wrath.
GIVE	us to know thy power divine;
US	from dark sin, we pray thee, save;
THIS	world is but our earthly shrine;
DAY	after day we near the grave,
OUR	time below is but a span;
DAILY	alas! we find it wane;
BREAD	of salvation give thou man,
AND	oh! divest his heart of pain!
FORGIVE	us, gracious Lord, our sin!
US	who through faith thy name adore!
OUR	only hope is we may win
TRESPASSES	pardon, and no more.
AS	we by others, so by us do;
WE	beg of thee no greater boon than this.
FORGIVE	them, Father, who're to thee untrue!
THEM	king of mercy bring to land of bliss!
THAT	they thy praise eternally may sing.
TRESPASS	may we ne'er make at any time
AGAINST	thine ordinations; but oh bring
US	to the knowledge of thy word sublime.

<sup>1</sup> From the London Freemason's Magazine, Jan. 20, 1858.

AND	while we wander on our devious way,
LEAD	us aright, that we miss not the road—
US	poor frail mortals, formed of yielding clay,
NOT	wotting the straight path to thine abode.
INTO	crimes' pitfalls and insidious snares
TEMPTATION	lead us not from thee astray;
BUT	if sin steal upon us unawares,
DELIVER	us, Almighty God, we pray;
FROM	trembling creatures—who would only seek
FROM	depths of deep despair our souls to free.
EVIL	avaunt! let us be ever meek,
FOR	without humbleness no prayer can be.
THINE	are the blessings, Lord, we would obtain,
IS	there a thought to Thee not dedicate?
THE	hope on Thee not founded is in vain.
KINGDOM	of heaven, for thee we calmly wait,
AND	trust in thee to find that lasting peace
THE	soul deserves that hath done little wrong.
POWER	of all good may righteousness increase;
AND	men and angels chant of praise thy song.
THE	earth may pass away e'en as a scroll;
GLORY	perpetual will remain above;
FOR	Thou eternal life hast given the soul,
EVER	to dwell with Thee in blissful love.
AND	pardon Thou wilt give to all who glow
EVER	toward Thee, when Thee they come to know.
AMEN!	Almighty! Amen!—be it so.

## A FOUL VOCABULARY.

IN the anti-masonic efforts of Solomon Southwick, published during the Morgan fever, we find the following epithets applied to Freemasons:

"Banditti brethren, vile impostors, hypocrites, time-fools, time-fuddles, sharpers, knaves, moodles, charlatans, fools, blackguards, ignoramuses, wolves, drunkards, vile impostors, gullees, coxcombs, noodle nobility, debauchees, a motley nocturnal crew, blasphemers, bacchanalians, deceptive hearts, impostors, dumpling heads, nincumpoops, blockheads."

Shouldn't wonder if S. S. felt better after that. On various occasions he likewise introduces the following eclectisms:

"Freemasonry is the steps that leads down to the gates of hell; the paths of perdition; conclaves of corruption; disgusting and blasphemous rites; Milton's darkness visible; worse than Bedlam's folly; assinine conclave; ass-associate conclave; atheism and infidelity; degrad-

ing mummery; genuine academies of Satan; sink of iniquity and corruption; midnight revels and debauches; the legitimate offspring of hell; modern whore of Babylon; naught but darkness, fiction, and falsehood; nocturnal conclaves of corruption and licentiousness; temples of dissipation and delusion; false and wicked mysteries; lamb-skin order; lamb-skin fraternity; blood-stained order; a monster; the offspring of the meanest motives; a focus of iniquity, (the Grand Lodge;) mystery and moonshine; school of Old Nick; dark altars of infidelity; sources of iniquity; protection of fraud and villainy; all mummery, quackery, trumpery, fraud and falsehood; the genuine academies of tippling; manufactory for noodles."

This is the style of weapons the anti-masons employed against us thirty years ago; the very same that skeptics use against the votaries of religion, and that the unchaste use against the virtuous.

## MUSIC IN LODGES.

BY ROB. MORRIS.

THE Masonic Signet and Journal, speaking of music in lodges, says: "We commend the practice to universal acceptance. In every lodge, whose financial condition will admit of it, there ought to be a melodeon or organ. We are convinced that it would impart an interest to the work, and solemnize the feelings of brethren, so that we should not so often hear complaints of want of proper solemnity during the lodge-work. Besides, incidentally, it would have a beneficial influence in extending and improving the taste for this most delightful and refining science."

This witness is true. It *does* elevate and refine in a remarkable degree. It fixes the ceremonial in the memory by the same means that the tender mother teaches her offspring the elements of religion; it sweetens the temper, prevents weariness, so apt to steal upon the senses, especially of the laboring man, in the hours of night. Its uses are well nigh innumerable.

Nothing is more appropriate either to the ceremonials of Freemasonry; for music is one of the seven liberal arts and sciences, necessarily alluded to by every brother who attempts to confer the Fellow Craft's Degree, but beautifully expanded and expounded by him who confers it *right*. The following quotation aids us to express this thought:

"———Music we have too,  
Yet no loose strains excite unchaste desire,  
No wanton sounds provoke Urania's lyre;  
There concord and decorum bear the sway,  
And moral music tunes the instructive lay.  
For thee shall music strike the harmless lyre,  
And while she strikes the ear, morality inspire."

Our cotemporary in his remarks lays, perhaps, more than a just stress upon the *instrumental* portion of music in lodges. It is but a small number, comparatively, of our lodges that can afford an instrument of the kind mentioned: and even when by a heavy contribution from liberally-yielding pockets this desideratum is secured, where shall we find the player? Money will buy the organ, but where is the metal that will purchase the organist? We have observed in more than

one of the New York city and Brooklyn lodges, that the elegant instrument was oftentimes silent in those very passages where it would prove most effective, and all for some Orpheus at the keys. If this deficit affects our city brethren, how oppressive it would prove to us. We doubt if there are two score lodges in Kentucky that have a man in their respective memberships who could play a tune upon the organ or melodeon!

But some may suggest a method for overcoming this difficulty by the use of violins and flutes, players of which, of some sort, may be found in every lodge: but these instruments do not *solemnize*. They cheer and enliven, but they do not solemnize; and, therefore, they are out of place in the lodge. They are no more suitable to masonic ceremonials than they would be to a funeral. We have tried them—the flute we should say—and seen them tried in all manner of ways; but there is not *force* enough in them to accord with the sentiments expressed in masonic rites. The same remark is applicable to the flageolet, clarionet, etc. The accordeon, if of the largest sort, well played, answers for a make-shift, but that is all. The organ or melodeon is the only instrument ponderous enough in its notes and otherwise suitable to lodge purposes.

What then, asks the reader, who regrets to see this conclusion? Why, then, as you can not get organs and melodeons, and we, the editor, do hereby forbid your using fiddles and flutes, why then use your vocal organs, and, like the black-birds, *sing!* Sing with the spirit and with the understanding—sing with open *throats*. Lift up your shoulders that their weight may not oppress the bellows under them, and *sing* as though the very motions of the planets depended upon the act.

This kind of music, the vocal, is accessible to every lodge. It involves no expense; it demands no professional leader; its instrument, the throat, is always in tune, barring an occasional catarrh, and upon the whole—though there may be a little of the fox-and-the-grapes spirit in it—we avow that in the long run we like it best of any.

Our memory calls up from its mass of pleasant pictures—snugly stowed away "where neither moth nor rust can cor-

rupt"—one of a musical lodge. We reached it one night late. We had the dyspepsia bad. We had been fed on putty biscuit—we believe they are in use yet—saturated with *very* strong coffee. Our stomach, none of the best at digesting putty, had rebelled, and all the nervous system joined in the insurrection. Oh, how we felt about that time—how we looked—how we talked!

Arrived at the lodge we were hitching our nag to an oak sapling, when, from the second story, over the old log school-house, through the big cracks, there came a gush of harmony that electrified us. Never have we duplicated that sensation. It fell upon our neuralgic, our dyspeptic stomach, our cruelly-tried temper, like—like—like nothing else that we ever tried. It was Pleyel's Hymn, and the words—we all know them by heart, good readers—were "Solemn strikes the funeral chime." If Vinton had been expelled from masonry forty times over—yea, twice forty, he should be forgiven in view of the authorship of that hymn. Ten thousand masons' graves have been sanctified by masonic rites under the influence of "Solemn strikes the funeral chime!" Ten times ten thousand of the stanchest of our nation have received their last and best lessons of masonry to the tune of Pleyel's Hymn and the words "Solemn strikes the funeral chime." But we digress.

We entered, after a proper delay, inquisitive to learn who was the master-spirit of such celestial sounds. Good reader, it was a plain old gentleman, whose hat was old, and coat home-made, and breeches copperas-dyed, and all that, but whose internals were of gold and silver. He was one of the best Lodge Masters we ever became acquainted with; and, as an evidence of it, he had learned the gamut after passing the age of three score so as to be able to teach music to his members. They sung in every part of the exercise—at opening and closing, dispensing and resuming, circumambulating, and what not, every where that a song could be edged in sideways they edged one in.

The consequence was not that they became weary with singing, but that they became active in the performance of their masonic duties. The influence of music is never so fascinating as when we per-

sonally engage in it; and in the lodge referred to, it was required in the by-laws that *every member* should take a part in *every exercise*—hence all sung.

In many other lodges that we have visited, and in all in which our personal influence is powerful enough to effect such a work, the use of music, especially in conferring the degrees, is a *sine qua non*. It should be commanded, we think, by edict of Grand Lodges, enforced by Grand Lecturers, and encouraged and promoted by all who love the Order, with a zeal which is according to knowledge.

This subject is scarcely complete without a suggestion or two as to the character of the songs to be selected. That they should be Scriptural in sentiment will scarcely be opposed by any who agree with us as to the particular purpose they are to fulfill in connection with our masonic rites. But the English and foreign collections will not suit this purpose. They are mostly filled with the convivial, to supply the great demand for "refreshment" music. We want "working" music. The olden American masonic songsters, of which there were scores, are subject to the same objection—though not immoral, they are not serious, and *seriousness* is the characteristic feature of American Freemasonry. Why, we were once taken sweetly to task by a sharp-featured Junior Warden for singing the piece,

"Come let us prepare,  
"We brothers that are," etc.

to the brethren at refreshment, (pipes and cold water.) And when we thought to astonish and silence him by the information that that is a very old masonic song, having been printed in the first edition of Anderson's Constitutions, and being in use goodness knows how long before, his response was, "if the old fellows were loose as that, 't is no reason we should be loose too!" Whereat we marveled and wilted.

While, then, we would not totally discountenance the use of the old convivial songs, or of those at present used by our foreign brethren, yet our readers doubtless perceive how much more appropriate are those of the serious cast. Burns' "Adieu, a heart-felt, warm adieu," is a type of the tender and pathetic that might be made, in good hands, subjects for a

volume of appropriate song. Powers, of Massachusetts, has some that are excellent, though too many of them, to our poor perception, are incomprehensible. We always like to know what an author means. But the genius of masonic ballad-writing has not yet appeared among us. Where is he? At the plow, like Burns, or in the counting-room, or in one of the professions? Surely, in our vast membership, composed of material in which all classes of talent are found, there is one, who in the prolific, suggestive field of Freemasonry, might immortalize himself and give a new impetus to our cause by devoting his gift to this branch of poetry. It was said by one of old, "Give me to make a nation's ballads, and I will accomplish all I desire." This wish, expressed with a higher intention, might well inspire the true masonic poet, for whoever makes the song for the Craft will live in undying fame. Burns' character as a mason rests upon his own masonic song. Vinton has stamped himself upon all our hearts by his. Come forth, oh ye hidden one, and strike your lyre to the full circle of masonic subjects.

We return to our suggestion, at the risk of wearying the reader by repetition, and would affectionately counsel Masters, Wardens and brethren to get up and sustain a spirit for vocal music in their lodges. The benefits will prove far greater than we have anticipated; and as the trouble and cost are by no means commensurate with the promised advantage, they will find it one of the readiest means of testing the interest their members feel in masonry.

In some instances, we have known lodges to procure the services of professional singers to teach them the elements of music, and with happy results. At others, and more frequently, the readiest voice leads off in the selected pieces, and the rest are encouraged to follow with what success at imitation they may. True there is not always harmony in this process, but fortunately for the success of good intentions, melodious sounds are always louder than discordant ones, hence the combination for the most part is agreeable. Under all circumstances, the practice of music in lodges is feasible and to be recommended.

#### LOCALIZED MASONRY.

ONE of the greatest annoyances a masonic editor suffers is the criticism of those who know nothing of masonry save the fragments they gathered at their initiation, and yet who presume to raise the cry of "You are telling too much." How in the name of common sense can a man, who never visited a dozen lodges in his life, nor read a hundred pages of masonic literature, know what "too much" means! and yet such are the only men who have ever ventured to give us this very unnecessary caution.

We have deferred saying anything on this subject for nearly three years; but have "nursed our wrath to keep it warm." In a certain corner of our desk we have laid up the letters of warning, amounting to *twenty-six* in number, and now briefly, but *ill-humoredly*, propose to dispose of them in a heap, and then burn them up.

Nineteen out of the twenty-six refer to passages in our various editorials and writings for the last ten years, and boldly pronounce them "violations of the obligations;" "parts of the ritual which ought not to be published;" "words that a man should die rather than write"—and all such stuff as that. Now, will the reader be pleased to take a manual in his hand, (Maccoy's, for instance, the best of them all,) and follow us while we cull at random from these letters two or three of these awful, these hair-twisting, these soul-defying passages. "Carefully observe that none of the craft be suffered to convert purposes of refreshment into intemperance and excess." Now, no less than five out of our twenty-six critics refer to that expression as one that "no mason dare to write." See manual page 115 for it, and find it in every other manual that is in the bookstore. Now these sapient brethren heard this passage *read from the manual* the very last time they witnessed an installation, unless, indeed, they went to sleep before the presiding officers reach that part;—yet we are *anathama maranatha* to them because we published it in the American Freemason!

"There was not the sound of ax, hammer, or any tool of iron heard in the house." Two of our sharp-eyed critics object to this passage, and one of them

says, "If this can be written and printed, I do not see why we should keep any of our mysteries secret!" See page 75 of the manual. Also see, what that particular correspondent has certainly never seen, 1 Kings, 6, 7. "And the house when it was in building was built of stone, made ready before it was brought thither: so that there was neither hammer, nor ax, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was building." The same observations apply to the following passages objected to, viz:—those relating to the Winding Stairway; the Slipper; Jachim and Boaz, with their translations, *establishment* and *strength*; Jacob's Ladder; Gibhlim, with its translation, *stone-squarers*;—and some thirty others, all of which we get directly from the Bible.

Another class of criticisms in answer to the general remark that we have Dr. Oliver for our reference. True, his writings may be objected to on the same grounds that ours have been; all that we can say in that case is, the man who pits himself against Dr. Oliver has got to rise early, and will be likely to "eat the bread of sorrow." To say the least, we do n't envy him his job.

Passages like those illustrating the five points of fellowship, which were particularly objected to by our critics, we get from the "*Masonic Miscellany*," published thirty years ago, by William Gibbs Hunt. Other passages are from Webb's, Preston's, Calcott's, and Anderson's various writings, of which it were superfluous to make a detailed catalogue here. *We have never published a passage that we can not give such authority for; nor a passage that would disturb the mind and conscience of any mason, who knows as much as every entered apprentice ought to know about the literature of the institution.*

We are a little sore on this subject. In several instances the advocates of "Scissors and paste literature" in masonry, have unsettled the minds of our readers, inducing them to believe that we were "blind guides," and it were dangerous to follow our opinions. True, with such an overwhelming catalogue of patrons, we ought not to be annoyed at the loss of a few; nor are we. It is not *the lost*, it is the ignorant and ungenerous accusations, the ignorant and inconsiderate admis-

sions, that have called out this harsh response. Once for all, we are responsible for what we publish.

Bro. Mackey, whose Lexicon particularly has called out a squad of these detractors, and than whom there is not a more cautious writer living, is responsible for what he writes. If any are afraid to let all the light of the American Freemason in upon their eyes lest they become dazzled, let them turn away. The blind are not expected to be good judges of colors, nor the deaf of music. But, in their local and contracted notions of masonry let them at least show the humility of the blind, and avoid arguing about the hues of the rainbow. Let them give us the ordinary credit which every editor claims, that "we know upon which side our bread is buttered," and that to expose the secrets of masonry upon paper for the sake of making readable articles, would be as silly and self-destructive as for the painter to draw his heart's blood to make more brilliant the hues of his picture. And so, tossing the twenty-six letters into the stove, we forgive the writers and dismiss the subject.



#### THE ANCIENT LANDMARKS OF MASONRY.

THE following thirty-one paragraphs are given as "the Ancient Landmarks," in the new Constitution of the Grand Lodge of New York. While we very much doubt whether *all* of them are ancient or even Landmarks at all, yet beyond controversy *the most* of them are; and the concise manner in which they are given makes them highly available for use:

1. That belief in the Supreme Being, "the Great Architect of the Universe," who will punish vice and reward virtue, is an indispensable pre-requisite to admission to masonry.

2. That the moral law which inculcates charity and probity, industry and sobriety, and obedience to law and civil government, is the rule and guide of every mason, and to which strict conformity is required.

3. That obedience to masonic law and authority being voluntarily assumed, is



of perpetual obligation, and can only be divested by the sanction of the supreme government in masonry.

4. That the rites and ceremonies (which include the *unwritten language*) of the true system of the Ancient York Rite, and which constitute a part of the body of masonry, are immutable, and that it is not in the power of any man, or body of men, to make innovations therein.

5. That contentions and lawsuits between brethren are contrary to the laws and regulations of masonry.

6. That charity is the right of a mason, his widows and orphans, when poor and destitute to demand, and the duty of his prosperous brother to bestow.

7. That masonic instruction is, like charity, a reciprocal right and duty of masons.

8. That the right to visit, masonically, is an absolute right, but may be forfeited or limited by particular regulations.

9. That men made masons must be at least twenty-one years of age, free born, of good report, hale and sound, not deformed or dismembered, and no woman, no eunuch.

10. That no one can be made a mason except in a lawful lodge, duly convened, acting (except when made by the Grand Master at sight) under an unreclaimed Warrant or Dispensation, and at the place therein named.

11. That the Grand Master may make masons at sight, in person and in a lawful lodge, and may grant a dispensation to a lodge for the same purpose; but in all other cases, a candidate must be proposed in open lodge, at a stated meeting, and can only be accepted at a stated meeting following, by the scrutiny of a secret ballot, and an unanimous vote, and must pay a fixed price before admission.

12. That the ballot for candidates or for membership is strictly and inviolably secret.

13. That a petition to be made a mason, after being presented and referred, can not be withdrawn, after the report of committee, but must be acted upon, by report of committee and ballot.

14. That a ballot for each degree separately is an undeniable right, when demanded.

15. That initiation makes a man a mason; but he must receive the Master Mason's degree, and sign the by-laws, before he becomes a member of the lodge.

16. That it is the duty of every Master Mason to be a contributing member of a lodge.

17. That a lodge under dispensation is but a temporary and inchoate body, and is not entitled to representation in the Grand Lodge, and those who work in it, do not forfeit their membership thereby in any other lodge, while it so continues, but such membership is thereby suspended.

18. That the Master and Wardens of every warranted lodge must be chosen annually by its members, and if installed, can not resign their offices during the term for which they were elected; and are, of right and inalienably, representatives in, and members of the Grand Lodge; and in case they do not attend the Grand Lodge, a proxy may be appointed by the lodge to represent in the Grand Lodge, who in such case shall have three votes.

19. That no one can be elected Master of a warranted lodge (except at first election) but a Master Mason who shall have served as Warden.

20. That no appeal to the lodge can be taken from the decision of the Master, or the Wardens occupying the chair in his absence.

21. That every mason must be tried by his peers; and hence the Master can not be tried by his lodge.

22. That masonic intercourse with a clandestine or expelled mason is a breach of duty, and an offense against masonic law.

23. That a restoration to the privileges of masonry by the Grand Lodge does not restore to membership in a subordinate lodge.

24. That a mason, who is not a member of any lodge, is still subject to the disciplinary power of masonry.

25. That the disciplinary powers of a lodge may not be exercised for a violation of the moral law, (as distinguished from the law of the land,) until the offender has been thrice admonished by the Master or Wardens of his lodge.

26. That a failure to meet by a lodge for one year, is cause for the forfeiture of its warrant.

27. That it is the duty as well as the right of every warranted lodge to be represented in the Grand Lodge, at its annual communication.

28. That a Grand Lodge has supreme and exclusive jurisdiction, within its territorial limits, over all matters of Ancient Craft Masonry.

29. That no appeal lies from the decision of a Grand Master in the chair, or his deputy or warden occupying the chair in his absence.

30. That the office of Grand Master is always elective, and should be filled annually by the Grand Lodge.

31. That a Grand Lodge, composed of its officers and representatives, must meet at least once in each year to consult and act concerning the interests of the Fraternity in its jurisdiction.



#### THE MASONIC ROOM AT MARSEILLES.

PERHAPS there is no masonic hall extant more completely fitted up than the one at Marseilles, France. We condense our account of it from Calcott's "Disquisitions," London, 1769. The lodge is styled "The Lodge of St. John."

At the bottom of the hall, under a gilded canopy, the valences whereof are blue, figured with gold, is a painting which represents the genius of masonry supporting the portrait of the king of France upon a pedestal, under which there is this inscription: *Dilectissimo rego monumentum amoris latomi Marsilienses*. A genius seated below the pedestal presents with one hand this inscription and with the other the arms of the lodge, with their motto, *Deo regi et patriae fidelitas*. Above this is a genius which crowns the king. To the right of this painting is placed another, representing the wisdom of Solomon, with this inscription above it, *Prudentia*. To the left is another, representing the courage of St. John the Baptist in remonstrating with Herod upon his debaucheries. The inscription above it is, *Fortitudo*.

The right side of the hall is ornamented with paintings of equal grandeur.

The first represents Joseph acknowledging his brethren and pardoning them for the ill usage he had received from them, with this inscription, *Venia*. The second represents Job upon the dunghill—his house destroyed, his fields, laid waste by storm, his wife insulting him and himself calm, lifting up his hands toward heaven, with this inscription, *Patientia*. The third, represents St. Paul and St. Barnabas refusing divine honors at Lystra, with this inscription, *Humilitas*. The fourth represents Jonathan when he warned David to keep from the city in order to avoid the danger which threatened his days, with this inscription, *Amicitia*. The fifth represents Solomon surveying the works of the temple, and giving his orders for the execution of the plan which his father David had left him of it, with this inscription, *Pietas*. The sixth, the charity of the Samaritan, *Charitas*. The seventh, St. Peter and the other apostles paying tribute to Cæsar by means of the piece of money found miraculously in the belly of the fish, *Fidelitas*.

The left side of the hall contains three paintings. The first represents Tobias curing his father, *Filiale debitum*. The second, the father embracing the Prodigal Son and forgiving him, *Paternus amor*. The third, the sacrifice of Abraham, *Obedientia*.

On each side of the door are two paintings of equal grandeur. One representing the apostles giving alms in common *Eleemosyna*; the other, Lot receiving the strangers into his dwelling, *Hospitalitus*.

Each of the four corners of the hall is decorated with an allegorical picture. The first represents two geniuses holding a large medal, in which are three pillars of golden hue, *Hic possuere Locum, Virtus, Sapientia, Forma*. The second two geniuses equally supporting a large medal, on which are represented three hearts set on fire by the same flame, united by the bond of the Order, *Pectora jungit Amos, Pietas que ligavit Amentes*. The third represents a single genius holding a medal having three branches of olive, laurel, and myrtle, *Hic pacem mutuo damus accipimusque vicissim*. The fourth, a medal in the hands of a single genius having a level in a hand coming from heaven, placed perpendicularly upon a heap of stones of unequal

forms and signs, *Equa lege Fortitur insignes et imos.*

All these paintings are upon a line, those opposite the windows being entirely in front. Over the inner door of entrance is this inscription, in a painting displayed by a child, *S. T. O. T. A. Varia hæc virtutem exempla Fratre nœ liberalitatis monumenta D. V. and C. Latomi Marsilienses, Fratribus quæ assequenda præbent anno lucis 5765.*

Each painting bears below it the arms and blazon of the brethren who caused them to be painted.

Every space from one column to another forms an intercollumination. Upon the middle of each pilaster, being twenty-four in number, are raised corbals in form of antique Guaines, upon which are placed the busts of great and virtuous men of antiquity.

The curtains to the gilded canopy are in the Italian taste, and four in number.

Three great branches of crystal light this hall at proper times, and serve as an additional ornament. The hall is capacitated for sixty brethren, without making use of the inside of the horse-shoe table.



#### MASONIC OATH OR OBLIGATION.

THAT a masonic writer is in danger of going too far, and exposing the secrets of masonry, is an opinion in which we can only partly coincide. It depends so entirely upon the writer's experience and character for prudence, that you can not make a rule of it. But we will tell you what is a rule, and one, too, without exception: "Inexperienced readers ought not to set themselves up for judges." Men who never read a masonic book save a manual, and never saw a masonic paper save ours, are very, *very* incompetent to decide whether "he is not going a little too far." When Oliver's writings, especially his landmarks, first reached this country, a Brother of considerable celebrity wrote us "that he would sooner have lost his right hand than have written that book!" and yet Oliver is a writer of the profoundest learning and prudence, and of fifty years' experience in authorship!

The brethren think "the world should never know that masons communicate

oaths for obligations!" Why, in the name of sense, don't they know that this has never been denied—but a thousand times over, admitted, explained and justified. Do n't they know that when Odd-Fellowship first began to spread out of Baltimore, say about the years 1825 to 1830, that its votaries made a point in the contrast between this modern society and our ancient one, "that they have no oaths, only pledges of honor!" If they are ignorant of all these, and think we "went too far," let them begin their masonic education over again—and they will not read a great ways, until they see that those passages referred to are but the repetition of what has been said a thousand times before.

In good connection with this subject, read what Harris, the best American writer of the early part of the present century, says concerning the obligation: "What the ignorant call *the Oath* is simply an obligation, covenant and promise, exacted previously to the divulging of the specialties of the Order and our means of recognizing each other; that they shall be kept from the knowledge of the world, lest their original intent should be thwarted and their benevolent purpose prevented. Now, pray, what harm is there in this? Do you not all, when you have any thing of a private nature which you are willing to confide in a particular friend, *before you tell him what it is*, demand a solemn promise of secrecy? And is there not the utmost propriety in knowing whether your friend is determined to conceal your secret, *before you presume to reveal it*? Your answer confutes your cavil.



#### SIDE DEGREES.

A GREAT deal of sarcasm has been assumed, and an undue stress placed upon the term *side degrees*, as if *side degrees* were necessarily trivial, bastard, and clandestine. This is a great mistake. The proper definition of the term relates to the Temple of Solomon, which possessed *side chambers* collateral to the main design. Any degree which is not comprised in a system of degrees having a governing body to whom allegiance is sworn, is

a side degree. Some of the side degrees are extremely beautiful, ancient, and instructive. Degrees are *side* in some countries which are regular in others. Degrees are *side* at one period of history and regular at another. Finally, degrees are *side* in one system of rites which are regular in another. For example, the degree of Mark Master is a regular degree in the United States, but a *side* degree in other countries; so is the Past Master's degree, which, to some extent, is *regular* here, but always a side degree elsewhere. So of the Most Excellent. The degree of Knight of Holy Sepulcher is regular abroad, but *side* here.

The degrees of Mark, Past, Most Excellent, Royal Master, Select Master, etc., etc., were all *side* degrees in this country until within the last sixty or seventy years. Thos. Smith Webb, and others, took liberties with them which some enterprising brethren may yet take with the side degrees of Knights of Constantine, the Cable Tow, Ureka Hiatus, etc., etc., and made them up (by borrowing largely of the Scotch Rite for ornaments and cement) into Orders.

Degrees in this country are regular in Councils of Royal and Select Masters which are side degrees in Scotch Rite. For instance, one brother may communicate the degrees of Royal and Select Master with nothing more than a pledge of secrecy; while another, living in the same house, could only join eight others, and with a regular chamber, furniture, by-laws, etc., and with a systematized form of ceremonial, and a thoroughly arranged covenant, *assist* in conferring them.

So much, then, for *side* degrees, about which such an amount of sarcasm has been consumed. The fact is, all degrees, save the three symbolic degrees, are *side* degrees.



### DIVIDING THE TESSERA.

BY ROB. MORRIS, K. T.

THE ancient practice of sealing a devoted friendship between parting friends by separating some metallic substance, as a ring, a coin and the like, and dividing

the fragments between the parties, is not altogether disused. In the rural districts of England and Scotland it is a frequent custom of lovers, and many a poor laborer whose body lies buried in the soil of the Western Continent, bore upon his person at his dying hour this token of betrothal to one who shall never again meet him on earth.

As a masonic practice, we could wish it were more common. It is ancient, more ancient than any other manner of expressing friendship at parting,—it is suitable to the symbolic character of our lessons; to rescue it from its present position as a mere amatory token were worthy of our most accomplished leaders.

The following verses relate to an incident in the history of two orphan youth, educated together at the expense of a benevolent widow in New Jersey. They became masons at the same communication, were deeply indoctrinated in the symbolic beauties of the Royal Art, and, when they parted to pursue different fortunes—one to fill an honorable post in the army in Mexico, the other an officer on board an India Merchantmen—they divided a *golden ring* between them, as a Tessera, and each suspended a portion nearest his heart. They never met again. They, of whom it has been said, as of the early Christians, "they possessed all things common," filled graves as widely separated as the east is from the west. The lady whose charity gave them education, and the opportunity for usefulness and distinction, has now in her possession both the *golden fragments*, sent her with dying messages—the one from Vera Cruz, the other from Ceylon :

AIR—" *Sul margine d'un Rio.*"

Parting on the sounding shore

Brothers twain are sighing :

Mingle with the ocean's roar.

Words of love undying ;

A ring of gold is severed then,

And each to each the giver

His faith renews in mystic sign,

And binds his heart for ever.

"Broken thus THE TOKEN be,

While o'er earth we wander ;

One to thee and one to me,

Rudely torn asunder ;

"But though divided we are one—  
This scar, the bond expresses,  
When all our painful wandering's done,  
Will close and leave no traces!

Warmly in thy bosom hide,  
The golden voice, *I love thee!*  
Keep it there whate'er betide,  
To guard thee and to prove thee!  
And should THE TOKEN e'er be lost,  
Or chilled, what now is riven,  
I'll know that death has sent the frost  
And look for thee in heaven!"

Parted on the sounding shore,  
Each THE TOKEN keeping,  
Met those brothers never more—  
In death they're widely sleeping.  
But yet love's victory was won,—  
The scar that bound expresses,  
Their long and painful wandering's done,  
Has closed and left no traces!

#### THE BURIAL OF A BROTHER.

WE moved along with solemn tread,  
While sadly toll'd the fun'ral knell;  
For we were marching with the dead,  
To its lone, dark, and narrow cell.

We placed the coffin o'er the grave,  
We formed the mystic circle there;  
And each awe-stricken mourner gave  
Ear to the lecture and the prayer.

The coffin low' red beneath the sod—  
All viewed the scene with sad dismay:  
The soul had gone to meet its God,  
The body rested in the clay.

'Twas then that earth to earth was given,  
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;  
Each breast seemed then with anguish  
riven,  
Each heart with sorrow's arrow thrust.

The pure, unsullied lamb-skin white,  
Was then deposited with care;  
It was our brother's fond delight  
This badge of masonry to wear.

A dirge was raised—we gently moved  
In slow and sad succession round;  
With grief for him we fondly loved,  
Our saddened voices did resound.

The evergreens were then thrown in,  
Where on the coffin lid they lie—

Fit emblems of that within,  
That which can never, never die.

Public grand honors then we gave,  
The closing prayer has now been said:  
Within this dark and dismal grave  
We now must leave the cherished dead.

The last sad tribute has been paid—  
We leave him with a righteous God:  
In death's dark chamber he's been laid,  
We hide him now beneath the sod.

No more we'll meet our brother dear  
Around the sacred shrine of love;  
Vacated now must be his chair,  
He's joined the lodge above.

#### THE LODGE IMMORTAL.

WHERE the faded flower shall freshen—  
Freshen never more to fade;  
Where the shaded sky shall brighten—  
Brighten never more to shade;  
Where the sun-blaze never scorches;  
Where the star-beams cease to chill;  
Where no tempest stirs the echoes  
Of the wood, or wave, or hill;  
Where the morn shall wake in gladness,  
And the noon the joy prolong,  
Where the daylight dies in fragrance,  
'Mid the burst of holy song;—  
Brother, we shall meet and rest,  
'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where no shadow shall bewilder,  
Where life's vain parade is o'er,  
Where the sleep of sin is broken,  
And the dreamer dreams no more;  
Where the bond is never severed—  
Partings, claspings, sob, and moan,  
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,  
Heavy noontide, are all done;  
Where the child has found its mother,  
Where the mother finds the child;  
Where dear families are gathered,  
That were scattered on the wild;—  
Brother, we shall meet and rest,  
'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where the hidden wound is healed,  
Where the blighted life re-blooms,  
Where the smitten heart the freshness  
Of its buoyant youth resumes;  
Where the love that here we lavish  
On the withering leaves of time,

Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on,  
 In an ever spring-bright clime;  
 Where we find the joy of loving  
 As we never loved before—  
 Loving on, unchilled, unhindered,  
 Loving once and evermore;—  
 Brother, we shall meet and rest,  
 'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where a blasted world shall brighten  
 Underneath a bluer sphere,  
 And a softer, gentler sunshine,  
 Shed its healing splendor here;  
 When earth's barren vales shall blossom,  
 Putting on her robe of green,  
 And a purer, fairer Eden,  
 Be where only wastes have been;  
 Where a King in kingly glory,  
 Such as earth has never known,  
 Shall assume the righteous scepter,  
 Claim and wear the holy crown;—  
 Brother, we shall meet and rest,  
 'Mid the holy and the blest.

—◆◆◆—  
 DONA NOBIS PACEM.

O, God of mercy, let our cries  
 Unto thy throne of light ascend;  
 Cast on the earth thy gracious eyes,  
 And bid this wild contention end,  
 Dona nobis pacem!

Behold the world thou mad'st so fair—  
 Its brightest spots are stained with  
 gore;  
 The smell of carnage taints the air,  
 The waves are red from shore to shore,  
 Dona nobis pacem!

Behold beneath the blessed sun,  
 In Freedom's wronged and outraged  
 name,  
 How hell itself is far outdone  
 In shouts and shrieks, in smoke and  
 flame,  
 Dona nobis pacem!

Behold thy best of gifts to man,  
 The heavenly mind, by him employed  
 In seeking every deadly plan  
 Whereby his kind may be destroyed,  
 Dona nobis pacem!

O God! there's not a day since first  
 A mortal by his brother bled,

But in some strife or broil accurst  
 The precious tide of life is shed,  
 Dona nobis pacem!

There was a period to the rain  
 Which drowned the mountains in a  
 flood—  
 O let us not beseech in vain  
 A period to this rain of blood,  
 Dona nobis pacem!

One word of thine, O God of love,  
 This ever-gushing wound will stanch—  
 Send forth, O Lord, another dove  
 To bear another olive branch,  
 Dona nobis pacem!

—◆◆◆—  
 THE CONTRIBUTING MASON.

BY ROB. MORRIS, K. T.

A PLACE in the lodge for me;  
 A home with the free and bright;  
 Where jarring chords agree,  
 And the darkest soul is light:  
 Not here, not here, is bliss;  
 There's turmoil and there's gloom  
 My heart it yearns for peace—  
 Say, brothers, say, is there room!  
 A place in the lodge for me, etc.

My feet are weary worn,  
 And my eyes are dim with tears;  
 This world is all forlorn,  
 A wilderness of fears;  
 But *there's one green spot below*,  
 There's a resting-place at home,  
 My heart it yearns to know,  
 Say, brothers, say, is there room!  
 A place in the lodge for me, etc.

I hear the orphan's cry,  
 And I see the widow's tear;  
 I weep when mortals die,  
 And none but God is near;  
 From sorrow and despair,  
 I seek the mason's home,—  
 My heart it yearns to share,  
 Say, brothers, say is there room!  
 A place in the lodge for me, etc.

With God's own eye above,  
 With brother-hands below,  
 With friendship and with love,  
 My pilgrimage I'll go;  
 And when in death's embrace,  
 My summons it shall come,

Within your hearts' best place,  
 Oh, brothers, oh give me room.  
 A place in the lodge for me,  
 A home with the free and bright  
 Where jarring chords agree,  
 And the darkest soul is light.



### THE GAVEL.

THE common gavel is one of the working tools of an entered apprentice. It is made use of by the operative mason to break off the corners of the rough ashlar, and thus fit it the better for the builder's use, and is therefore adopted as a symbol in speculative masonry, to admonish us of the duty of divesting our minds and consciences of all the vices and impurities of life, thereby fitting our bodies as living stones for that spiritual building not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Hence, too, we see the propriety of adopting the gavel, as the instrument for maintaining order in the lodge. For, as the lodge is an imitation of the temple, and each member represents a stone thereof, so, by the influence of the gavel, all the ebullitions of temper and the indecorum of frivolity are restrained, as the material stones of that building were, by the same instrument, divested of their asperities and imperfections.

In the first edition of this work, I confessed myself at a loss for the derivation of the word "gavel." I have, however, no longer any doubt that it borrows its name from its shape, being that of the *gable* or *gavel* end of a house, and this word again comes from the German *gipfel*, a summit, top, peak, the idea of a pointed extremity being common to all.

In the name, as well as the application of this implement, error has crept into the customs of the lodges. The implement employed by masters is not a gavel, but a mallet, (the French masons, in fact, make use of the word "maillet,") and is properly not one of the working tools of an E. A., but a representation of the *setting maul*, one of the emblems of the third degree. The two implements and the two

names are entirely distinct, and should never be confounded, and I am surprised to see so learned a mason as brother Oliver, falling into this too usual error, and speaking of "the common gavel or setting maul," as synonymous terms.



### RICHEs OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

THERE is scarcely a surer evidence of low attainments in religion, than undervaluing the Old Testament. The mature christian finds it rich in the same Gospel as the New, and the New is the key to the Old. "If the Psalms," says Irving, in his brilliant introduction to Horne, contain not the argument of the simple doctrines, and the detail of the issues of the Gospel, to reveal which the Word of God became flesh and dwelt among us, yet now that the key is given, and the door of spiritual life is open, where do we find such spiritual treasure as in the book of Psalms, wherein are revealed the depths of the soul's sinfulness, the stoutness of her rebellion against God, the horrors of spiritual desertion, the agonies of contrition, the blessedness of pardon, the joys of restoration, the constancy of faith, and every other variety of christian experience? And if they contain not the narrative of the Messiah's birth, and life, and death; or the labors of his apostolic servants, and the strugglings of his infant church, as these are written in the books of the New Testament, where, in the whole Scriptures, can be found such declarations of the work of Christ, in its humiliation and its glory, the spiritual agonies of his death, and glorious issues of his resurrection, the wrestling of his kingdom with the powers of darkness, its triumph over the heathen, and the overthrow of all its enemies?"



Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall give the desires of thine heart. And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.

## Masonry around the Globe.

WE continue our *resumé* of the condition of masonry throughout the world, as exhibited by the proceedings of Grand Lodges. In alphabetical order we brought the list up to, and included, Kentucky. We now commence with

LOUISIANA.—During the year 1857, this Grand Lodge granted a dispensation to certain parties “emigrating” to Nicaragua, endowing them with plenary powers to establish a lodge “at Grenada, or elsewhere in that State, in order to introduce and disseminate the blessings of Freemasonry, and thereby to aid in the regeneration of the benighted people” of that region. This laudable enterprise, however, did not meet with that success hoped for by its patrons. The W. M. was killed at the battle of San Jacinto, the J. W. was drowned, and another of the brethren, named in the dispensation, fell at Asaya. The dispensation was returned to the Grand Lodge by one of the nine dispensated brethren upon his return: and this novel effort to establish masonry, with the olive branch of masonic peace and good will on one hand, and the sword of the destroyer on the other, was blighted in the flower. Grenada, thus approached, is hardly ripe for the scythe of masonic jurisdiction.

The prominent feature of masonry in this State, at present, is the “Louisiana Relief Lodge, No. 1,” a lodge chartered in 1854 by the supreme masonic authority of the State, with a full complement of officers, but expressly prohibited from conferring degrees or doing any other ceremonial work of masonry beyond what may be necessary to assume the character of a lodge, and exempt from paying Grand Lodge dues, fees, or charges, or making any returns beyond a list of the officers and members, and the names and numbers of the lodges they represent. Its sole office is what its name purports—to grant masonic relief to necessitous masons—their widows and orphans; to nurse the sick, and bury the dead. Its seat is in New Orleans: and up to the

31st Dec., 1856, it had expended \$1550 in pecuniary relief, besides purchasing a burial place for the dead, and expending \$3500 in erecting therein a suitable tomb: but \$320 of this relief was for claimants residing under the jurisdiction of Louisiana; and the balance went to relieve the wants of brethren, and the widows and orphans of brethren, hailing from almost every quarter of the world. “In dispensing relief,” its rule is “to furnish assistance to a sick brother, to bury the dead, and relieve those widows and orphans whose antecedents are known,” within the limits of the State of Louisiana. Otherwise, its brotherly love and charity knows no limits of country or birthplace, but are as “boundless as the domain of masonry itself.” Its funds are derived from contributing lodges and the donations of individuals. The example set by this charity, and a like one at San Francisco, will, we presume, be, in course of time, followed by the lodges of the principal cities in the Union. For their own benefit and protection, such a course will be found necessary. It is in cities where masonic relief is most required: and when it is not afforded, a feeling of dissatisfaction is engendered as unforgiving as disagreeable. No fear of imposition or expression of inability will eradicate this impression from the minds of men who too often sink the retiring modesty of begging relief in the brazen demand of rightfully claimed pecuniary assistance. Where such a lodge as the Louisiana Relief is in existence, charity can be systematized; and while all may be helped to such extent as the natural promptings of the relieving party may determine, the worthy brother, his widow or orphan, whose claim is clearly determined, shall meet that response at once his due to receive, and the gratification of the donors to bestow.

In this connection, no greater obstacle has been met by this charity than the inability of its officers to determine, from want of suitable knowledge, at once upon the worthiness and truth of the distressed



party. Bro. FELLOWS, W. M. of La. Relief Lodge, deprecates the policy of many Grand Lodges in failing to print, with their annual proceedings, the returns of their subordinate lodges, to the end that the names of the masonic membership at large may be known, and imposition avoided. The few instances where Grand Lodges do this have afforded protection against impostors, by reference to the published returns, and application by such self-styled worthy brethren very healthily checked. In very many other cases, however, have been relieved those who it was subsequently discovered were arrant impostors, expelled or suspended masons who prowled about from city to city, living on what they could thus acquire by their narration of pitiful personal experience of sudden misfortune, heavy and calamitous.

This Grand Lodge is promptly paying the large indebtedness incurred for the erection of the masonic temple. The payment of this debt, heavy as it at present presses upon the brethren, will be subject of great future relief, and afford them opportunities of future usefulness hitherto unattainable.

Organized on the 11th July, 1812, this Grand Lodge is composed of the representatives of 104 lodges, and a membership of nearly 4000 brethren.

MAINE.—The Grand Lodge of this State was, as we have already shown in the first No. of this magazine, organized on the 1st day of June, 1820. With a present jurisdiction over 80 lodges, composed of some 3300 brethren, the growth and increase is as gradual as it is mature. No sudden bursts of masonic enthusiasm convulse the even tenor of masonic career in this State of working and thinking men: but, inspired by that calm dignity that characterizes the true mason, they are as little affected by the dread, as by the possession of numerical force. ¶

The principal question mooted in Grand Lodge was the right of a resident but non-affiliating brother to visit. The Grand Lodge decided that no such absolute right exists; but that a mason in good standing may ask the privilege of visiting, while the master may concede or withhold his consent at his discretion.

This decision strikes us as rather novel. It begs the question, that the applicant must be in *good standing*—the affirmation of which must be denied; for how can a non-affiliating mason be in good standing? 'Tis true there may be no charges lying against him in the lodge where he was made; but with the exception of such lodge, who can decide upon his standing as a mason? His very position denies him that privilege.

The jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge has been invaded by a lodge in the neighboring province of New Brunswick, which persists in entertaining petitions from residents in Maine, and "conferring the degrees of masonry upon such as would be unable to obtain them in their own jurisdiction." This is an evil susceptible of speedy remedy, we should suppose, on the part of the aggrieved party. A law forbidding the right of visits or masonic communication between the membership of the lodges of Maine and those parties who, in the adjoining province, are made masons, would, we think, be found tolerably effective in repressing the desire for masonic light gleaming on unworthy materials. There would not be much advantage in being a mason in one's locality or State, if one were under the ban of masonic disfavor and non-intercourse.

MASSACHUSETTS.—This Grand Lodge, organized April 30, 1733, being the senior in our confederacy of Grand Lodges, is slowly breaking the ties that for many years have bound it to a narrow-minded exclusiveness, far from being creditable to the enlightened brethren who compose its membership. Instead of yearly, it holds quarterly communications, and publishes the proceedings of such, in the most scanty manner, semi-annually. From this publication, no knowledge of its statistics can be acquired, as nothing of the kind is given. Were it existing coterminous with the age when the most enlightened were held in disrespect, their sole crime being their ability to read and write, it could not be more wedded to the manner of that period, or, evidently more tenacious of keeping up its exclusive and unfraternal habit of secrecy in even those things which the most mys-

terious are free to throw before the world. To so great an extent has this policy obtained, that the late Grand Master, a man of enlightened understanding and high moral worth, was forced to protest against it, and express his dissatisfaction in the following terms:

"Since occupying the chair of this Grand Lodge, the incumbent has felt the want of information respecting the standing and condition of the other Grand Lodges in the United States—their actions, opinions, and decisions. It is evident that such information would be highly valuable and important. It might shed 'more light,' and make us better acquainted with the great band with which we are united. It is submitted to you whether our accomplished Corresponding Secretary might not be requested to prepare an annual statement, embracing the subjects just alluded to."

Evidently Grand Master LEWIS felt he was treading upon tender ground, from the cautiously submissive manner the above extract exhibits—evincing a spirit very different from the undaunted language in which Grand Masters in America usually couch their expressions. That this subject continued to dwell upon the mind of our Bro. LEWIS, his parting recommendation, when leaving the oriental chair, affords almost painful evidence. In that recommendation he suggested the expediency (the propriety) of printing the entire proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts—a recommendation, we must say, that met with but little response, as might be expected.

This Grand Lodge very decidedly discountenances the action of the brethren in Canada in organizing their Independent Grand Lodge. In this act the former is as exclusive among the Grand Lodges of America as in every thing else in which it can differ: and its too plain submission to the one-man power that fosters this spirit of isolation is as discreditably to the enlightened minds of its membership as it is to their manliness and vigor. A little of the spirit exhibited by their forefathers of that love of liberty and hatred of oppression which characterized the teaparty and the "Old South" massacre, would, in this day of enlightened regeneration, become far better men who, knowing their rights, dare maintain them.

MARYLAND.—This Grand Lodge, organized on 17th April, 1787, holds jurisdiction over thirty-three lodges and a membership of 1500 brethren. Money-making seems to be the principal business of this Grand Lodge. It has a fund of \$36,600: and the Masonic Hall at Baltimore, in which a portion of this fund is invested, has recently been sold to the United States for \$50,000. There were originally 102 lodges in Maryland; but they have all become defunct in the lapse of time, save the thirty-three which at present represent masonry in this jurisdiction. The idea of reducing the Grand Lodge dues to correspond with the reduced expense of the administration, seems to meet with but little favor, as the amount of dues—some \$80 average per lodge, and one-third of their number being located in the principal city—received during the last year very evidently testifies.

MICHIGAN.—This Grand Lodge, organized on the 28th June, 1826, has, at present, within its jurisdiction 93 lodges, with a membership of — brethren. There does not appear to be any matter of special interest at issue in this body. The dislike evinced to recognize the legality of the Grand Lodge of Kansas is not supported by sufficient reason to justify the decision. The main cause assigned—viz.: doubt of the authority of lodges in a *Territory* being sufficient to organize a Grand Lodge—we do not consider worthy of the position given it. What has the adoption or rejection of "Lecompton" to do with masonry? Certainly nothing: and if a sufficient number of lawfully constituted lodges feel justified in resolving themselves into a Grand Lodge, most assuredly they have the right to do so as perfect and inviolate in a *Territory* as in a *State*. Upon this ground, if it obtained, the Grand Lodges of Minnesota or Oregon ought not to be recognized—a conclusion that it will be very difficult to force upon the fraternity at the present day.

MINNESOTA.—This Grand Lodge was organized on the 23d February, 1853. Since that time but eighteen lodges have received charters, and four are working

under dispensation. The membership figures at about 700, among which may be found as noble and warm-hearted masons as the world ever saw. This good nature, we are sorry to see, is about to be taxed to an extent perfectly appalling, considering the number called upon to support it. The Grand Master proposes the erection, in the village of St. Paul, of a masonic edifice, to cost at least \$50,000, with a fund of \$1000 to start on, and whatever surplus the Grand Lodge may have for all time to come. Truly may the brethren exclaim, "*Hic labor; hoc opus est.*"

What is the reason, we ask, and pause for a reply, that the subject of building a material edifice fastens itself with forty horse-leech power upon the minds of the brethren either of Grand or subordinate lodges, inevitably upon their getting successfully started as a Grand or subordinate body of Freemasons? Why is it that the idea of speculative masonry is immediately swallowed up in the more powerful votes of operative labors? Why is it that no amount of example of defeat and failure, of charity extinguished and destroyed, of unfraternal broils and embittered feeling, prove of any effect in deterring brethren of new lodges and new States from "going and doing likewise?" If we look around us, we have not one solitary instance of operative masonry of this kind which has afforded an example of harmonious fellowship from its inception to its completion. No, not one. And yet, without stopping to consider this, or if considered, all powerless in its effects, the brethren, no matter how few their number, or how sparse their means, act as if imbued and driven forward by the exclamation, "I will not climb upon my bed, nor close my eyes in sleep, nor my eyelids in slumber, until I build an house, an habitation" for my dwelling place!

This Grand Lodge is at one with the Grand Lodge of Virginia in the expression of innovation in reference to the appointing of special committees upon petitions. Upon this subject the views of the Grand Lodge of Virginia are very clearly expressed in the article in another portion of this number of our magazine, from the pen of Bro. John Dove, the Grand Secretary. That the practice did not obtain as late as the date of Ander-

son's Constitutions, is evident; for in that document no mention whatever of such a committee is made: and the usage, almost general as it has become, it is plain, is derived from no fundamental law of masonry, but rather from the necessities of cases growing out of fancied inability of the many to do faithfully the work of the few, as well as the tendency that in our time obtains to recognize and foster a proper division of labor. "Whatever is every body's business is no body's business," says the proverb; and hence that practice that threw "every body's business" in this case into the hands of a select few, without absolving the many from expression of their opinion, either for or against, as their proclivities and knowledge favored the decision of that few. It is plain that in this practice the operation is one-sided, or rather that it does not go far enough; for the same cause that induced the lodge to give the matter up to the committee ought certainly, if they had confidence in the judgment of the committee, induce them to receive their report as decisive, whether for or against: but this course would debar the brethren from expressing their opinion "in their own prudent way," and, necessarily, had to be discountenanced, no matter how much opprobrium the result might reflect upon the judgment of the committee to whom the inquiry was intrusted.

That there is evidently a sore place here somewhere, is plain to the most obtuse; but that the remedies can effectually be applied, and where, and by whom, are matters of more doubtful solution, which we leave to the contestants to decide—always recording our own opinion as being adverse to the reception of a report from, or appointment of, a special committee, notwithstanding the practice is of such general usage.

This Grand Lodge takes issue with the Grand Lodge of Iowa in the decision of the latter, that the refusal on the part of a lodge to bury with masonic honors a non-affiliating brother is kindred with the practice of that church which refuses christian burial to those who die without its pale, and a pursuing of the dead, vindictive and unmasonic. The Grand Lodge of Minnesota say they can not as-

sent to this conclusion. Reciprocity for obligation is among the plainest duties of masons; and the consequence of a failure on the one side does not, nor can not, justify the assumption of vindictiveness on the other. A willful standing aloof and avoiding all the duties and responsibilities the active member must bear, renders the delinquent unworthy: and there is no propriety in saying that such a one must not expect the same honors that await the faithful laborer who dies in his harness.

This decision is eminently worthy of general affirmative response; and it has ours, most freely given.

The Grand Secretary, Bro. PRESCOTT, seems to be hugely edified with the "sensible practice that prevails in Rhode Island Grand Lodge of serving up a bounteous repast to its membership upon their call from labor to refreshment." In their case the technicality means something, and constitutes "a very nourishing feature of the proceedings of that body," which he would recommend to others as worthy of emulation. This is an old custom that Bro. P. evidently favors, preferring the substance to the shadow, the practice to the theory of eating, as being immensely more satisfactory to his digestive apparatus. We hope his masonry is not like DE QUINCY, the opium eater's—composed of brandy and *bounce*!

MISSISSIPPI.—This Grand Lodge, organized on the 27th July, 1818, has jurisdiction over 197 lodges composed of nearly 8000 brethren.

We congratulate the brethren of Mississippi upon the outspoken candor which animates their Grand Lodge, and gives expression to their opinion as to the necessity of a belief in the Bible being a prerequisite in the making of a mason. To those who would underrate this requirement, they say, "Let the Holy Bible remain, as the great light upon our altars, and the symbol of our chart, and there will always be those present who will know that the Word is nigh unto them, and who will look upon that book, teeming with all that is wonderful in the plans of the Godhead, and all that is marvellous in the mercies of heaven," with a faith as pure as it is strong and abiding.

The question of the right of demit has exercised this Grand Lodge very effectively. The question had able partisans *pro. and con.*, who left it, we are sorry to say, "upon the fence"—deeming the denial of demits to brethren "inconsistent with the nature and genius of the institution" on the one hand, while, on the other, admitting "that every mason *should* belong to some lodge, and contribute as much as he can to the honor and prosperity of the Order.

The Grand Master's principle, that "the character of the Order was cheapened by the swelling of mere numbers," did not seem to have much effect upon a lodge U. D., at whose *first* meeting five petitions were received and referred to a committee, with instructions to report instantaneously, which was done, and three of the candidates initiated the same day! An application for a charter for this lodge was properly refused.

#### FREEMASONRY IN CANADA.

THE new movement of that portion of the fraternity in Canada, who did not come into the organization known as the Independent Grand Lodge, seems, contrary to its expectations, to have given any thing but satisfaction to the mother Grand Lodge of England.

For the benefit of brethren who have not kept pace with the actions of the fraternity in the provinces, we will briefly state the course pursued by them in their efforts for responsible government during the last three years.

Since Freemasonry was introduced into that country, the Freemasons of Canada, in common with those of the other British provinces, have been working under warrants derived from the Grand Lodges of England, Ireland, and Scotland, indiscriminately, as the proclivities of the petitioners favored. Within the last ten years the Order has increased fourfold, the number of lodges become formidable for respectability and membership, inasmuch that it was found necessary to organize them into district or provincial Grand Lodges, similar to those of England, and under the jurisdiction of provincial grand masters.

In 1855, after submitting for many years to neglect on the part of the mother Grand Lodge of England, the fraternity, feeling they had the right to more respect and attention than was shown them, resolved to establish a Grand Lodge of Canada, and, after sundry meetings held during that year for the purpose of inducing as many subordinate lodges as possible to join them in this object, a number of them, composed principally of those holding warrants from the Grand Lodges of Ireland and Scotland, at Hamilton, Canada West, on the 10th day of October organized a Grand Lodge, under the title of the **INDEPENDENT GRAND LODGE OF CANADA**.

This was the commencement of a series of hostilities and unfraternal intercourse which but finds a parallel in that of English masonry prior to the union in 1813. But this sort of thing could not last long. The subordinate lodges, still holding allegiance to the Grand Lodge of England, to the number of forty-one, under the title of the *Provincial Grand Lodge of Canada*, and claiming Sir Allen N. McNab as Grand Master, held several meetings, at which various action was had, all tending to show that the cord of their allegiance to England was daily becoming weaker.

On the 13th of June, 1857, at a half yearly communication of this Grand Lodge, at which were present "the past masters, masters, and wardens of several lodges, and several members of *private* lodges,—a rather heterogeneous assemblage, we would say, considering what they did,—it was

"*Resolved*, That with unfeigned grief this Provincial Grand Lodge, in fidelity to the order within this province, is constrained to declare that separate organization is necessary for the efficiency and stability of Freemasonry in Canada."

This resolution had to lie over for confirmation at the ensuing meeting, and it was further

"*Resolved*, That on confirmation of the foregoing resolution, this Grand Lodge shall declare itself an independent Grand Lodge; all warrants from the Grand Lodge of England being returned thereto."

The minds of the representatives aforesaid, however, being greatly exercised with the subject, as new beauties in the

arrangement constantly unfolded themselves, they could not wait the stipulated period, but on the 9th day of September last held an "*especial*" meeting, at which was present and presiding for the first time since the subject of another Grand Lodge for Canada was mooted, Sir Allen N. McNab as Grand Master, and the representatives of thirty-nine lodges. This last item of information is had from general statement only; as the names of the lodges represented are not given. The proceedings are so direct that we prefer to copy them as follows:

"The R. W. Grand Master addressed the Grand Lodge as follows:

"The Provincial Grand Lodge of Canada West having now declared its independence, I, as the representative of the Most Worshipful Grand Master of England, now direct and require that any master or delegate holding any warrant of a lodge from the Grand Lodge of England, do now return the same to me, in accordance with the suggestion of the Gr. Master of England, contained in his address to the Grand Lodge on the 4th of March last."

"Whereupon the warrants of thirty-eight lodges were handed to the R. W., the Provincial Grand Master, by the delegates of their respective lodges. And the Grand Lodge then *unanimously*

"*Resolved*, That in true, loyal, and constitutional succession to the Provincial Grand Lodge of Canada West, a Grand Lodge of Canada be now formed, constituted, and proclaimed, under the title of **THE ANCIENT GRAND LODGE OF CANADA**, and further

"*Resolved*, unanimously, That *the late* representative of the Most Worshipful, the Grand Master of ancient, free, and accepted masons of England, our esteemed and distinguished brother, Sir Allen N. McNab, of Dundurn, baronet, be now elected Grand Master of the Ancient Grand Lodge of Canada."

After further resolving that an address, bidding farewell to the mother Grand Lodge of England be prepared, the meeting adjourned for the day.

On the next day it was

"*Resolved*, That the R. W. Bro. Thomas Douglas Harrington, Provincial Grand Master for the district of Quebec and the Three Rivers, be *accorded* the rank of Past Grand Master in this Lodge."

And, further,

"*Resolved*, That the Grand Master elect,

R. W. Brother Sir Allen Napier McNab, he now installed in the chair of this Grand Lodge.

"The R. W. Bro. Sir Allen N. McNab, having vacated the chair, it was taken by M. W. Bro. T. D. Harrington, Past Grand Master, who, in accordance with the above resolution, proceeded to install the Grand Master elect, which, having been done with the accustomed ceremonies, the M. W. Brother Sir Allen Napier McNab, of Dundurn, baronet, was proclaimed and saluted as Grand Master of the ancient Grand Lodge of Canada in ancient form."

Among other things, it was then

"Resolved, That warrants be prepared and issued free to such private lodges as have returned their original English warrants, to which dispensations are now granted."

The meeting then adjourned until the next morning, September 11, 1857, when it assembled with the Deputy Grand Master as presiding officer. But the Grand Master, Sir Allen N. McNab, having subsequently arrived, "delivered *dispensations* to the various delegates who had on the 9th surrendered the warrants of their respective lodges to him as Provincial Grand Master.

The farewell address to the mother Grand Lodge of England was then read and unanimously adopted, and the organization of the "Ancient Grand Lodge of Canada" was complete, and the meeting dispersed, congratulating themselves upon the greatly-to-be-desired recognition of their new body by the Grand Lodge of England, as the reward of their loyalty.

On the 9th of November following the cidevant Provincial Grand Master of Quebec and Three Rivers, in a letter or memorial addressed to Bro. W. G. Clarke, Gr. Secretary of the Grand Lodge of England, tendered his resignation of his office, and solicited instead the proxy of the M. W. G. M. of the United Grand Lodge of England in the *Ancient Grand Lodge of Canada*. Such an appointment, he adds, "he should regard as expressive of the confidence of the G. M., and in which honorable capacity, and as a Past P. Grand Master, he would be rejoiced to look after English masonic interest; not anticipating that he should be otherwise than acceptable to his brethren in Canada, as they had already thought proper to

confer on him the rank of a Past Grand Master."

This letter was answered by the Earl of Zetland, on the 5th of last December, in terse and vigorous terms of unmistakable condemnation; the resignation of Bro. H. was promptly accepted, and the office conferred on a new man; and neither the ancient Grand Lodge of Canada recognized nor the proxyship accorded to Bro. the Past Provincial Grand Master Harrington.

The clandestine nature of this new formation, styling itself the Ancient Grand Lodge of Canada, we think can not be controverted. Upon the surrender, by the lodges represented, of the warrants under which they had worked and were recognized, it is plain such lodges were but disbanded bodies of masons, and their representatives nothing more than private masons assembled in mass meeting. By their own record it is shown that but one lodge was represented which did not surrender its warrant. And yet the residue, after surrendering into the hands of the Provincial Grand Master as "the representation of the M. W. G. M. of England," their thirty-eight warrants, *then* resolved themselves into the "Ancient Grand Lodge of Canada," and by resolution unanimously elected as their Grand Master, this notoriously inefficient Provincial Grand Master, whose culpable neglect of his duties while occupying that position under the G. Lodge of England was prime cause of the first troubles which gave birth to subsequent "rebellion."

The next movement of this loyal body was worthy of it. There being no person of sufficient official grade present to install the new Grand Master, it was resolved to *accord* the Provincial Grand Master Harrington the rank of Past Grand Master of the new body. This being done, unanimously, like all the other movements, and the chair being vacated by the new Grand Master, it was taken by the new Past Grand Master, who, in accordance with the resolution creating him, did install "with the accustomed ceremony," and Sir A. N. McNab was "proclaimed and saluted as Grand Master of the ancient Grand Lodge of Canada in due and ancient form."

About this time the meeting began to

consider in what position as masons the members of it stood. They had, two days before, surrendered their charter of warrants, and without warrants the lodges they represented were defunct. It would not do to break up the meeting without remedying this evil; for, if they did so, they might never meet again. There being no lodges, there could be no representation. So the final move was for the new Grand Master to issue *dispensations* to the lodges who created him to go on with their work,—such dispensations to remain active until they were replaced by warrants.

Here was blunder upon blunder by this fast "Grand Lodge." If the "Grand Master" had power to grant dispensations the "Grand Lodge" had power to vote themselves warrants. But instead of this they have put themselves in the position of lodges *in posse*,—a position in which, it is highly probable, they will remain.

The fact is, this "Ancient Grand Lodge of Canada," like the man who, imagining himself piously inclined, broke ground for heaven by stealing his neighbor's Bible, has made, as that neighbor told him, "a clumsy start." And neither its puling protestations of loyalty on the one hand, nor its galvanic exhibitions of independence on the other, will ever be placed before either the Grand Lodges of England or America in a position of honorable recognition.

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#### MOUNT VERNON AND THE GRAND LODGE OF VIRGINIA.

**T**HROUGH a circular letter issued to the several Grand Lodges in the United States by the Grand Lodge of Va., that body solicits the coöperation of the others for the following object, viz.: To purchase the tract of land known as Mount Vernon, including the grave of the illustrious WASHINGTON, and two hundred acres of land adjoining and surrounding it, and present the same to the State of Virginia, in fee simple, for ever; reserving only the right to use the same one day in every year for a grand assemblage of the masons and their guests.

To do this, the Grand Lodge of Virginia, proposes to the fraternity in that State a capitum tax of one dollar, and believes

that, if like action is had by the other Grand Lodges of the Union, the object can be accomplished.

Mr. John A. Washington, the present owner of "Mount Vernon" has fixed upon \$200,000 as the price of this property. The land, exclusive of the tomb, is worth, as better and more desirable farms sell in that portion of the country, less than \$250 an acre, or \$50,000. This will leave \$150,000 as Mr. Washington's price for the grave of his illustrious "ancestor." If Mr. John A. Washington was a "Yankee," he would be esteemed an intensely mean one; as he is not, we presume this exhibition of his desire to make money out of a dead man's bones will not be noticed. The Grand Lodge of Virginia seems perfectly willing to pay him his price, provided the other Grand Lodges will coöperate. Whether they will or not, remains to be seen. A dollar a man from all the Freemasons in America would buy the place with ease, even at Mr. John A. Washington's figure, and without taxing the efforts of the Hon. Edward Everett on behalf of the "Southern Matron or Mount Vernon Association," with which it is proposed to join purses. But the question, we presume, will be, not whether the fraternity in the United States have patriotism enough to do this, but does it accord with their principles of justice and honesty to enrich so avaricious a cormorant as Mr. John A. Washington, at their expense? We believe not.

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#### NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

**THE LANDMARKS.**—The Landmarks of masonry constitute the foundation of our faith in the system, and it is this coincident, which stamps the order as the handmaid of religion. We look for a house not built with hands eternal in the heavens. We journey toward a city whose builder and founder is God. We aspire to enter that great temple, never to be dissolved, which the great Architect of the Universe himself has framed for the reception of all who, having done their work, shall be assembled to receive their due.

**MASONIC STUDY.**—The study of Free-

masonry is the study of man as a candidate for a blessed eternity. It furnishes examples of holy living and displays the conduct which is pleasing and acceptable to God. The doctrine and objects which distinguish the order are obvious, and suited to every capacity. It is impossible for the most fastidious mason to misunderstand, however he might slight or neglect them. It is impossible for the most superficial brother to say that he is unable to comprehend the plain precepts, and the unanswerable arguments which are furnished by Freemasonry.

**SETH.**—Of all the children of men, up to his time, Seth was especially favored by the Almighty; and he is named in our ancient traditions, as the proprietor of the stone of foundation, so famous is the illustration of masonry. He spent his life in acts of piety and devotion. The Jewish traditions say, "The descendants of Seth continued in the practice of virtue till the fortieth year of Jared, when one hundred of them, hearing the noise of the music and the riotous mirth of the Cainites, agreed to go down to them from the holy mountain. On their arrival in the plain, they were immediately captivated by the beauty of the women; and this is what is meant by the intermarriage of the sons of God with the daughters of men. The example of these apostate sons of Seth was soon followed by others; and, from time to time, great numbers continued to descend from the mountain, who, in like manner, took wives from the abandoned race of Cain. From these marriages sprung the giants, who being as remarkable for their impiety as their strength of body, tyrannized in a cruel manner, and polluted the earth with wickedness of every kind. This defection at last became so universal, that none were left in the holy mountain except Noah, his wife, his three sons, and their wives.

**EFFECT OF THE CONFUSION OF TONGUES.**—When the Almighty confounded the universal language of mankind, and split it into dialects, and expelled the multitudes which crowded the plains of Shinar, in separate companies, according to the several tongues which were now imparted to them, to people the distant quarters of the

globe, each leader of a tribe settled on a chosen spot, and founded his system of religion, laws and jurisprudence, on the plan which was in general use before the separation. Hence the similarity of religious worship, its mysteries, and all the usages thereto attached, which are found to exist in every part of the habitable globe.

**JACOB'S VOW.**—Mr. Morier, in his "Second Journey through Persia," notices a custom which seems to illustrate this act of Jacob. In traveling through Persia he observed that the guide occasionally placed a stone on a conspicuous piece of rock, or two stones one upon another, at the same time uttering some words which were understood to be a prayer for the safe return of the party. This explained to Mr. Morier what he had frequently observed before in the East, and particularly on high roads leading to great towns, at a point where the towns are first seen, and where the Oriental traveler sets up a stone, accompanied by a devout exclamation in token of his safe arrival. Mr. Morier adds, "nothing is so natural, in a journey over a dreary country, as for a solitary traveler to set himself down fatigued, and to make the vow that Jacob did: "If God be with me and keep me in the way that I go, and will give me bread to eat and raiment to put on, so that I may reach my father's house in peace; then shall the Lord be my God;" or, again, that on first seeing the place, which he has so long toiled to reach, the traveler should set down and make a thanksgiving; in both cases *setting up a stone for a memorial.*

**A SHEAF OF CORN HANGING.**—When Joshua, the great leader and captain of the Jews, was conducting them toward the promised land, one of the many great miracles that were wrought in favor of this peculiar people, was made manifest at the crossing of the river Jordan. As the priests, with the ark, approached the foot of the ford which crossed the river, and were preparing to go over it, the waters instantaneously separated, in a most miraculous manner, to the right and left, leaving the ground entirely dry for the passage of the people with their wives,



children, cattle and substance. In commemoration of the exercise of this miraculous power in their favor, Joshua commanded that twelve of the largest stones from the foundation of the north side of the ford or bridge, that could safely be removed, should be brought out of the river, and laid as a foundation of a pillar in Gilgal, on the opposite side of the river, should be taken and placed near the spot whence the other twelve were removed, to form the foundation of another pillar, that both might remain as perpetual memorials of God's power and protection of his chosen people. These two pillars Joshua commanded to be solemnly dedicated to the God of Israel: and from that day the manna ceased, because they had come to a land of plenty, which was their own inheritance by the gift of Jehovah to their forefathers.

EFFECTS OF NOAH'S CURSE.—“Cursed be Canaan, a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren. Blessed be the Lord God of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant.” The full effects of this curse was not visible until the invasion of the Israelites. The descendants of Ham were always a wicked people, as is evidenced in Nimrod and in his associates; in the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah; and in the defilements of other nations who worshiped stocks and stones as the greatest deities. Wherever this race fixed themselves after the general dispersion from Shinar, their residence was characterized by rebellion against God, and the commission of every unnatural sin. The apostacy of the Canaanites, in particular, was so offensive to the Almighty, that he promised to give their land to the posterity of Abraham, when their iniquity should be full, and every abomination which the Lord hateth should be done to their gods. Thus, when they burned their children in the fire as a religious ceremony; when they were guilty of every unlawful lust; when adultery, incest, sodomy, bestiality, and the like monstrous crimes were common among them, then were they expelled, and their country given to the Israelites.

REMAINS OF THE GIANTS.—In Le Clerc's notes to the first book of Grotius, we find

the following observations: “Josephus says, there remain to this day some of the remains of the race of giants, who, by reason of their bulk and figure of their bodies, are wonderful to see and hear of. Their bones are now shown—far exceeding the belief of the vulgar. Gabinius affirms that the bones of Antenus, when joined together, were sixty cubits long, (ninety feet). Trallianus speaks of digging up a human head which was six times as big as that of an ordinary woman; and adds, that there were many bodies, found in Dalmatia, whose arms exceeded sixteen cubits in length, (twenty-four feet). He further says, that there were found, in the Cimmeric Bosphorus, a heap of human bodies, twenty-four cubits, or thirty-six feet in length.” Ferragus, who was slain by Orlando, nephew of Charlemagne, was eighteen feet high. Rioland, a celebrated anatomist, who wrote in 1614, says, that some years before, there was to be seen, in the suburbs of St. Germain, the tomb of one Isoret, who was twenty feet high. There are numerous other evidences in existence of human bones being found of great dimensions.

REVIVING CHARTERS.—It is a bad practice to restore a charter to a lodge. It makes the most knotty and complicated question known to masonry. If the charter is restored, does it establish all the members of the old lodge as members of the new? Does it require the members to adopt the same by-laws? Does it enforce upon the members to pay the liabilities and close up the unsettled business of the old lodge? Does it entitle the members to the property and uncollected claims of the old lodge? No: it does none of these things. And, among the other evils, it opens up, for the thousandth time, the vexed question of numerical precedence, so jealously recognized and desired. Better, far, file the old charter in the archives of the Grand Lodge, and issue a new one.

SPOILING THE MATERIAL.—In the ancient charges, we are told that the younger brethren should be instructed at their work, so that they may not *spoil the material*. Vast amounts of material are an-

nally spoiled in our country from neglect of this injunction. Fortunately, our Zeradatha and Lebanon are exhaustless, or we would be, long ere this, ruined.

MASONRY AND QUASI-MASONRY.—Weisshaupt, the celebrated adventurer, accumulated degrees, teaching by the machinery of masonry, by its secrecy, its binding ties, and presuming upon its ancient character; but, being an infidel, he could not see the *animus* that gave all these things life, and cemented them together. He made the great mistake of omitting its grand moral principles, its devotion to God and the laws of the country; its recognition of, and submission to, religion and patriotism. His system, therefore, being no more masonry than an ape is a man, failed to find an echo in the hearts of its proselytes, and, naturally, expired in their keeping.

PRIVILEGES OF ENTERED APPRENTICES.—The prime reason why we do not communicate to an entered apprentice the peculiar and extended bonds that unite fellow crafts and master masons together, is the fear of his indiscretion, which grows out of his want of trial. This is an argument against giving him the right of selecting material, of balloting, of holding office, etc. A lodge of entered apprentices is merely a primary school—a lyceum of morals, meeting upon the chequered pavement. All the morality of masonry should be taught in it, and the character fashioned and almost fixed for the reception of the higher mysteries. If he is not faithful here, he will not be faithful higher up. If flaws are found in him here, the higher degrees, in their action elaborate, may smooth them over and partially cover them from sight; but they are there, and sooner or later will speak in their own language, to the disgrace of the workmen who failed to discover them and reject the block. How necessary, then, is it, that this probation be not hurried, but that months be allowed and exacted for trial, and that the tools be well applied.

POWERS OF THE GRAND MASTER.—Some say a maimed man may be made a mason by dispensation of the Grand Master.

We question this. Can the Grand Master make a mason out of a murderer or a thief? No; whence, then, is his power to make masons out of maimed or dismembered men. Is he not, although Grand Master, and the more for his position, called on to obey the landmarks? Where do we find a landmark recognizing this power in him peculiarly vested, *ex officio*. No where, and he has it not. A maimed or dismembered person, in such condition prior to his being made a mason, is a record and a public posting of the sin of those who made him. And has a Grand Master the right to afflict a lodge locally, or the brethren generally, with such an exhibition? We are convinced not.

#### THOUGHTS RELATIVE TO GRAND LODGES.

A Grand Lodge being but an appellent court, settles the *law*, in cases of grievance, and not the *facts*. This is the rule, not the exception. If a brother is, by the decision of his lodge being confirmed by his Grand Lodge, unjustly punished, the latter can order a correction to be made in the matter, for a Grand Lodge is supposed to be above prejudice or feeling; but never to such extent as to restore an expelled person to membership in his lodge. This is a stretch of authority that opens up the question whether in this country lodges should not be deprived of the power to expel offending members. There are many wise and thoughtful brethren who believe that expulsion should be a prerogative of Grand Lodges alone. And their idea would be for a lodge to suspend an erring brother convicted under proper and conclusive testimony, until the next ensuing communication of the Grand Lodge, and then and there let the sentence be confirmed, revoked, or extended to expulsion. Others there are who think this would be depriving the lodges of the greatest of their privileges, the high prerogative of chastising to death an erring brother. Charity, the brightest gem in the masonic diadem, makes us incline to the opinion of the former class. It is too great a power to be placed in the hands of brethren localized in feeling, and at best too apt to be swayed by feelings of humanity prone to prejudice. Our history will give us many instances of partial juris-

diction on this subject, and harsh injustice honored rather than love and clemency.



#### A FEW THOUGHTS FOR MASTERS.

MASTERS in many of our lodges are more indebted to the courtesy of members than to any solid grounds of respect; and if ever another Morgan difficulty arises, it will have its apology in the ignorance of our Masters.

A Master has no right to expect his members to sit patient, obedient and attentive under his government if he stints them in their wages. The covenant of masonry is twofold; obedience and respect only inure upon light and knowledge, which is the very purpose of visiting the lodge.

Corn, wine, and oil, are the symbols of masonic wages. Nourishment, refreshment, and joy, are their explanation. There is nourishment in the lectures of the aged Bro. —, when he draws from the Revealed Word weighty truths. There is refreshment in the eloquence of Bro. —, when making an application of the masonic covenants to the hearts and consciences of his hearers. There is joy in the cheerful hilarity of Bro. —, when, in hours of refreshment, he communicates the results of his thirty years of masonry.

The fourteen pledges made at the installation of a Master are distributed throughout the landmarks esoteric or exoteric, and may all be found there. It is a mistake to suppose that these pledges were got up to suit the particular purpose of an installation; there is not a duty enunciated in them but what, in perhaps a lesser degree, is binding upon every Master Mason in the lodge. These fourteen pledges, it must be admitted, are very unphilosophically and unsystematically arranged; there is considerable tautology in them; nor is the language employed always the most select, but the sense is clear enough for every one, especially that of the first rule: "You agree to be a good man and true, and strictly to obey the moral law."

The Master can not be degraded from office during his term so as to authorize the lodge to elect another in his place. Even if removed, expelled or deceased,

his name is Worshipful Master. But he is not Master before he is installed any more than a man is President of the United States before he is sworn.

Strike the head heavily, and the body is paralyzed. The very life of the lodge, so far as any usefulness or honor is concerned, is the Master. "The king can do no wrong." The Master must be sustained until the higher power (the Grand Master or Grand Lodge) discountenances his acts, and justifies the disobedience of the lodge. Of two evils we should choose the least—anarchy is worse than tyranny. Time will soon remove the tyrant; but anarchy works lasting and irremediable evils. One of the strongest links that unite masonry, operative and speculative, is *obedience*, without which nothing in either branch can be rightfully performed. In some of the older documents there are but two divisions—Masters and Fellows.

To estimate correctly the importance of a judicious selection of Masters, the brethren should consider the amount of evil a bad one can do. The real worth of such a brother does not consist of his landed, ancestral or moneyed interests in society, but in his dignity and knowledge as a man, and his education as a Master. A man, poor in the world's goods, may command respect by his knowledge, and honor the oriental chair, when one relying on the contents of his pocket, and the blood of his veins, instead of an advantage prove a serious drawback to the pleasure and profit of his constituents.

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
A man's a man," without it.

The three reasons for so particular a method of selecting a master given in the Ancient Charges, may be expressed thus: 1st. That our divine Grand Master may be worthily served. 2d. That the brethren over whom the officer is particularly placed, may be honored in their choice, and receive good wages through his skill and success. And, 3d. That the Institution at large may be duly honored, and the cause of masonry advanced.

Many lodges elect Deacons and Tylers. Such a practice is plainly an innovation, and lessens the importance and dignity of an election. It is true these brethren are officers, but they are subordinate

officers. The very rehearsal of their duties must convince them of that. And as waiters upon the will and pleasure of their respective principals, they must feel that they are filling subordinate though honorable positions. It is as reasonable to elect a Secretary of State for a President as it is to elect a Senior Deacon for a Master. Common sense as well as common custom will discountenance such a practice, and stamp it wrong.

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### REFRESHMENT IN LODGES.

**T**HIS is a subject which many brethren seem to think is neglected at the present day, to the great detriment of masonry. They maintain that corporeal refreshment would brighten intellect, and nerve the body for increased exertion, and quote from Dr. Oliver in support of their assumption. With them we differ, and will give a reason for this difference.

The present system of masonry is recognized as exclusively speculative in character. We are told that masonry is of two kinds—operative and speculative; that the system by which we work is not operative or physical, but purely speculative or mental. This being the acknowledged fact, where, then, we ask, is the propriety of contributing to the physical wants during a purely mental occupation? Where the call for physical refreshment in a place and at a time when the "work," so called, is limited to the hours intervening between the evening meal and bedtime, and during which did we not visit the lodge, it is well known we would partake of no physical nourishment whatever?

What is labor, at a lodge, that requires physical refreshment? What is it more than an agreeable passage of time in a perfectly laborless manner? Is talking labor? We would talk at home. Is listening labor? We would listen at home. Is reading labor? We would read at home. Is there any thing that is done at a lodge suggestive of the need of refreshment physically? Within my experience there is not. If lodges take your advice, and close their labors at the usual bedtime, what draw has there been upon the

physical system that calls for physical refreshment? We know of none.

The fact is, as all know, who know anything of the history of Freemasonry, the social meeting, as it was called—and the *physique* of which is so well described by Dr. Oliver—the porter-house steaks, the bread and cheese, the wine and beer, and brandy, the decanter and the glass—constituted in other days the greatest attractions of modern masonry; and in Europe, at the present day, such practice meets with the countenance that the but little improved or more temperate system of its people's living demands. With us Americans, however, the case is different. Masonry can not be so conservative in its requirements and habits, as to continue a practice that more than any other has tended to debase its glorious principles and heaven-born distinctions. And we thank God that it is so. If we have retained the language of ancient craft masonry, it is no good reason we should retain the acts,—that is, so far as the fruits of those acts have a tendency to militate against the good name, well-being, and virtuous intentions of the order.

We are called upon, in the language of king Solomon, to remove not the landmarks which our fathers have set. We will not, so far as their conservation tends to our advancement in knowledge and virtue, in peace and happiness, in charity toward all mankind, but especially to the brethren in brotherly love, relief, and truth; and we have not. But a practice that has proved alike destructive to, and subversive of, such advancement, should be removed—it has been removed—and we for one fervently trust it will never again, even in an inferior degree, be countenanced by Freemasons in America.

Ours is a Pythagorean—not an Epicurean system. It recognizes the fullness of the intellectual—not the physical man. It labors for the *mind*—the immortal ever-green portion of man's inheritance. And so long as this proves to be its object, so long will it command that homage and respect to which it is justly entitled. But make the lodge a social gathering;—make one of its three principal officers the tapster who stands behind the bar—because, forsooth, part of his duty is to see that the hours of refreshment are not converted

into those of intemperance and excess—and a repetition of former scenes will open up former sores that long festered upon the broad surface of our noble and philanthropic institution.

We could go deeper into the negative of this subject. We could show that of all the symbols by which Ancient craft masonry is characterized, there is not one to justify the belief that our ancient brethren recognized eating and drinking as any part of either refreshment or labor. This will suffice to show that we have some grounds for the belief that is in us.



LET THE LIGHT SHINE.—The vile, papistical practice of prohibiting the free use of the Holy Writings to the world is powerfully reprehended in the following extract from Rev. Charles Wardsworth's discourse on last Thanksgiving Day (Nov. 30) in Philadelphia.

Speaking of the contradiction involved in asking a sealed Bible in administering judicial oaths, he says: "What! administer oaths on the Bible and yet not require any subject of such an oath to understand the Bible! why the world has never heard of a parallel to such suicidal absurdity. All as safely to your liberties might you inaugurate a president or empanel a jury by pressing to the man's lips some old volume of pagan mythology, which the man had never read, whose gods he did not know, whose authority he did not recognize!"



## AN HOUR AMONG NEW BOOKS.

### DIPS IN GRAEFENBERG.<sup>1</sup>

PREISSNITZ DESCRIBED.

EARLY in the morning Preissnitz came into our room, followed by Franz, the bathman, and by Irwine, who lent himself as interpreter. I saw before me a medium-sized person, with weather-beaten features; a complexion which would have been fair, but for deep sunburn; eyes of blue, inclining to gray; light thin brown hair, touched in

<sup>1</sup> From *European Acquaintance, or Sketches of People in Europe*. By J. W. Deforest. The author, traveling for the benefit of his health, visits the "Water Cure" at Graefenberg, under the direction of the great original himself, and details his adventures.

with silver, and an expression reserved, composed, grave, and earnest. He sometimes smiled very pleasantly, but he spoke little, and wore in general an air of quiet simple dignity. Altogether I felt as if I was in the presence of a kindly-tempered man of superior mind, accustomed to command, and habitually confident in his own powers. I afterward observed that he kept the same impassive self-possession in the presence of every one, were it even the highest noble of the Austrian empire.

#### DIP THE FIRST.

He listened to a brief story of my malady, seemingly very indifferent to its past symptoms, but examining attentively the color of my skin and the developments of my muscles. He then ordered the wet sheet to be spread, and signed me to stretch myself in it. As soon as I had measured my length on the dripping linen, Franz folded me up rapidly, and then packed me thickly in blankets and coverlids, as if I were a batch of dough set away to rise. Neuville followed my damp example, and our teeth were soon chattering in chilly sympathy. Having noted the intensity of our ague, as if it were a means of judging what degree of vigor in the treatment we could bear, Preissnitz marched off to survey the agonies of Irwine and Burroughs. Neuville and I remained as fixed and nearly as moist as King Log in the pond, but in a state of anguish far beyond the capacities of that solid potentate. We were so cold that we could not speak plainly, and shivered until our bedsteads caught the infection. Then a change came,—a graduated, almost unconscious change to warmth; and, at the end of ten minutes, it was hard to say whether we were uncomfortable or not. A few minutes more brought a sensation of absolute physical pleasure, and I began to think that, after all, water was my element, and that it was quite a mistake that I was not furnished with tasty red fins like a perch, or a convenient long tail for sculling, like a polliwog.

#### DIP THE SECOND.

Just at this pleasant stage of the experiment, Preissnitz came back, and declared us ready for the plunge bath. Franz turned up the blanket so as to leave my feet and ankles free, shod me with a pair of straw slippers, set me unsteadily upright, like a staggering ninepin, took firm hold of my envelopments behind, and started me on my pilgrimage. I set off at the rate of a furlong an hour, which was the top of my possible speed under the circumstances. Forming a little procession, with Preissnitz ahead, as the officiating priest, then myself as the walking corpse, and then Franz as sexton, we moved solemnly on until we reached a stairway leading into a most gloomy and low-spirited cellar. Dank, rude, dirty flagstones were visible at the bottom, while from an unseen corner bubbled the threatening voice of a rivulet of water. The stair was so steep and the steps so narrow that it seemed impossible to descend without pitching forward; but, confiding myself desperately to the attraction of gravitation, I cautiously raised my left foot, made a pivot of the right one, wheeled a half a diameter, settled carefully down six inches, wheeled back again to a front face, brought my dextral foot down, and found myself on the first step. Ten repetitions of this delicate and complicated manœuver carried me to the flooring of the cellar.

Franz now engineered me into a side-room, and halted me alongside of an oblong cistern, brimming with black water, supplied by a brooklet, which fell into it with a perpetually chilly gurgle. In a moment his practiced fingers had peeled me like an orange, only far quicker than any orange was ever yet stripped of its envelope. As I shuffled off the last tag of that humid coil, the steam curled up from my body as from an acceptable sacrifice, or from an ear of hot boiled corn. Preissnitz pointed to the cistern like an angel of destiny pointing to my tomb, and I bolted into it in a hurry, as wise people always bolt out of the frying-pan into the fire when there is no help for it. In a minute my whole surface was so perfectly iced that it felt hard, smooth, and glossy, like a skin of marble. I got out on the first symptom of permission, when Franz set about rubbing me down with a new linen sheet, still possessed of all its native asperity. If I had been a mammoth, or an ichthyosaurus, with a cuticle a foot thick, he could not have put more emphasis into his efforts to bring my blood back to a vigorous circulation. Preissnitz joined in as if he enjoyed the exercise, and honored me with a searching attrition from his knowing fingers. Then, after examining me to see if I grew healthfully rosy under the excitement, he signed me to throw a dry sheet over my shoulders, and give myself an air-bath before a window, into which a fresh morning breeze was pouring. Holding tight with both hands to the corners of the sheet, I flapped my linen wings as if I was some gigantic bat or butterfly about to take flight through the orifice, and soar away over the meadows. "Goot!" said Preissnitz, nodding his solemn head in token of ample satisfaction; and folding my drapery around me, I marched up stairs, like a statue looking for a pedestal, or a belated ghost returning to its churchyard.

#### THE BATHMAN.

Neuville and I had a pearl of a bathman. He was a strong, slow, blue-eyed, light-colored Silesian peasant, who had once possessed a scalp full of sandy hair, but had lost at least half of it in his journey to middle life. His whole appearance, and especially his smooth shining pate, reeked with an indescribably cool, deavy expression, which made one think of cucumbers, wet pebbles, drenched roses, or heads of lettuce after a shower. Neuville insisted that he gained this fresh appearance by living on celery and water-cresses, and by sleeping in one of the cisterns, or perhaps down a well, like a bullfrog. It may be, indeed, that the instinct of association deceived us, and that we imputed this aqueous nature to the man solely because he had so much to do with our baths; but however that was, we certainly never looked on him without being impressed with the idea that he would slide up cold and juicy like a melon or a tomato.

#### ONE OF THE PATIENTS.

Among so many homely people as we had about us, there were necessarily some whose ugliness ran into eccentricity, if not absurdity. Neuville, who had an extraordinary faculty at discovering resemblances between men and beasts, or birds, soon fixed on one old gentleman as the owl; and I was obliged to confess that, bating the claws, the said human did bear a striking likeness to the solemn anchorite of ornithology. He was a man of about sixty, with light gray hair, light gray beard, and light gray suit of clothes, so that, from a distance,

you might suppose him to be dressed in a light gray suit of feathers. He was tolerably bare of chin, and his mouth had retired under a bower of light gray moustaches. His long, curved nose looked wonderfully like a beak, and his eyes were always wide open with an expression of unqualified astonishment. However early we rose, however fast and far we went, we invariably met him already returning, as if he had started out for his morning walk some time the day previous. Neuville affirmed that he staid in the woods all night, amusing himself hooting and chasing field-mice until daybreak, when he would leave off at the approach of the earliest patients, and hurry down to the establishment to take a bath.

#### UNABLE TO STAND IT.

They told us at Graefenberg of a Mexican who came there a year or two before us, for the sake of trying the cure on his dyspepsia. He went through his first packing with great indignation, and was then taken down stairs into that horrible abyss of plunge-baths. Preissnitz pointed to the cistern and bade him get it. "Never!" he thundered, and, marching up stairs, he dressed himself and went straight back to Mexico. Another man, in the same situation, is said to have fallen on his knees before Preissnitz, exclaiming: "Oh, sir! remember that I have a wife and children!"

#### THE EFFECT OF THE "CURE."

There was a fascination in the labors of hydro-pathy, an epidemic in the immense faith of every one around me, which made me look forward with vague expectation to quick and satisfactory results. I waited for a crisis of some strange sort,—a fever, an eruption, or as many boils as Job, and then a sudden falling of the burden from my weary shoulders. What I found was a gradual increase of strength, a hitherto unknown power of enduring fatigue, a new buoyancy of hope and cheerfulness. Day by day the spirit of my dream changed from sickness to health, until I discovered, to my surprise, that I was recovering without a miracle. I learned to walk ten miles over the hills in the early morning without other stomachic support than water, and felt after it when I sat down to breakfast, as if I could eat, not only the sour milk before me, but the cow that gave it. There was no fatigue from which a bath would not raise me, and send me out again to track the mountain paths until my long-tasked muscles demanded another invigoration from the water-naiad. To the habitual invalid, to him who feels it for the first time in years, or perhaps in life, there is no sensation more glorious, more superhuman, than the consciousness of abounding and sufficient strength. All labors seem so easy, all trials so insignificant, all nature so friendly and sympathizing.

John Phoenix most happily hits off the getters-up of fancy fairs for charitable purposes in the following:

But when our fair countrywomen lend their talents to the illustration of ideal and historical subjects, by means of waxwork and the aids of costume, we can not deny the potent temptation to purchase at any price—even at a fair—the fruits of their labor. Behold that commanding figure, the Goddess of Liberty, in a faxen wig and scanty skirts, resolutely clutching the cap-crowned staff,

as if, emulous of the magnet, she had determined to be true to the pole, at even the fearful price of being taken for a disguised barber!

View with hushed emotion that biblical group of the good Samaritan; who, if faces mean any thing, is an irreclaimable villain, as Lavater is my judge; and see how, with the grace of a milkman he pours nothing out of an impossible jug into an incredible chasm in the head of a serene though mandlin wretch, evidently in the last stage of whisky!

Admirable, also, is that other scene from inspired history—the fraternal consignment of the beleaguered Joseph to a deep hole pending the advent or the approaching caravan, suspended by a ligament round the pit of his stomach over a pit for which he has evidently no stomach, in which transaction the paternal gift of the polychromatic jerkin plays no minor part. The inherent love for the traffic in secondhand clothes among the Jews, of which this is the first example in history, is displayed by the fondness with which the fraternity are visibly regarding this variegated vestment.

I have been better pleased, however with the reconciliation of the repentant Mrs. Partington with her reputed offspring, just arrived from his foreign tour—we refer to the return of the “probable” son of that venerated lady, for whom she has slain an “infatuated” calf, and the household made merry over the young sinner who closely resembles a destitute returned Californian, looking more hungry than honest. This genial group enforces her own proverb that a “veal dinner in the suburbs where love is, is better than a stolid ox” and hatred therewith.

There are other subjects which might be treated successfully in this style, such as Moses having narrowly escaped being gored by a bulrush; Samson slaying the gates of Gaza; the convivial meeting of David and Goliath, exhibiting the effects of the immoderate use of a sling upon the human constitution—all capable of being made the vehicle of much instruction and entertainment to the youth of our land.

The stories of scripture may thus become a key to the revelations of science: the phenomenon of the rainbow, for instance, (whose colors, like those of a toper's nose, exhibit the natural result of being constantly on a bender) being explained to the meanest capacity, and established as a knower's arc, (thus by a neat and serviceable pun indicating its origin,) and truth be in divers ways evolved in every department of knowledge.

What caitiff so rash as to dare deny the presence of *Art* among us? Take him to a fair, and let that gorgeous picture, affluent in all the colors of the rainbow, the battle of Waterloo, with its “crewel” and sanguinary scenes, (wherein both Napoleon and his enemies are “worsted”) depicted with a darning needle, reply, and extinguish the traitor for ever! The appalling extent of this mode of delineation is calculated to excite the liveliest apprehensions of all true lovers of art and patriotism,

for what, may I ask would become of our veneration for the adored Father of his country, should the “crewel” workers assail *his* sacred image with premeditated punctures, and hold him up in variegated lambs wool through all coming time, to the horror stricken gaze of new-begotten generations?

The *Jackson* (Tenn.) *Madisonian* is a “great paper,” and its editor will put up for the office of a political writer. To say the least with the most words is an attainment he has fully acquired. Hear him:

What a glorious confederacy we live in, and how proud we should be of the essentials which make us the greatest people beneath the canopy of heaven's wide domain! Let us, for one moment, take a retrospective view of the past; the contaminated evils introduced by egotists, and the entire annihilation of the same by the people in their power, it is an inducement to give every true lover of his country an enthusiastic impulse to yield to nothing that savors of inconsistency. The egotistical meanderings of monomaniacs in fusion form, has caused the true admirers of the Union to enthusiastically rally around the mementoes bequeathed to them by their fathers. We should be proud in our present enviable category, for having shaken off all allegiance to any thing the least tinctured with anarchy, deception and secrecy: we stand before the world and heaven as the beacon-light—a bright and gorgeous star, whose rays shed a benign influence over the whole universe.

To the deep and poignant regret of all conservative devotees, the weaker sons of the fathers have introduced a combination of non-essentials, concocted for the avowed purpose of deterring the Republican in the discharge of his imperative duty. A dynasty has been established, and men, disregarding the primitive injunctions instituted by the pioneers of Liberty, have run into inconsistencies the most horrible, setting at defiance the great teachings of a WASHINGTON, a JEFFERSON, and other patriots, who sought the perpetuity of the right, and the wrong condemned. We allude to those who have demolished within themselves the prime essentials which bind together the ingredients that demands from every Freeman's hand, that legitimate protection so incumbent upon every man who venerates his or their ancestors, as the case may be. The wild and mysterious hyperbolic phantasm of enthusiasts would create a furor and stampede, run riot over the safe-guard of American liberty—the constitution—stab the very vitals, the great incentives which cluster around the spot that gave birth to the mighty instrument, mock their primitive fathers and mothers, sing the requiem to the death-knell of Liberty, and gormandize over the destruction of the confederacy!

“Clear as mud.”

# American Freemason



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## Romance of American Masonic History.\*



INNOCENCE, SORROW, AND DEATH.

### CHAPTER X.

#### REVERSES.

"Of chance nor change let not man complain,  
Else will he never, never cease to mourn."

FESTUS.

"CHANGE, change," is written on all things terrestrial. We read it in the rise and fall of empires, and in the workings of each individual mind. We note it in the rapid strides of science, as she rushes on before the astonished gaze of her myriad admirers, and in the destruction of an ant-hill. We hear its tones in the

bellowings of the rushing main, and list it in the gentle whispers of the evening winds. We see it as the fiery star shoots from its sphere on high, and in the cloud of beautiful tint as it fades away into seeming nothingness. It mocks us in the thunder-tones that deafen with their trumpet-voice, and greets us in the swelling bud of beauty and of fragrance. It speaks to us in the revolutions of the hosts of worlds above us; we feel it in the muffled beatings of our own sad, weary hearts.

\* Entered, according to Act of Congress, by J. F. BRENNAN, on the 5th day of October, 1857, in the Clerk's Office of the U. S. District of Kentucky.



Change, change! Yes, always change for man, poor restless traveler! Yet why should he complain? Does it not meet and gratify the tastes of his nature? Most assuredly. Monotony wearies the senses, satiates the tastes, pall the desires, makes faint the heart, and we turn with loathing and disgust from what is changeless. We tire of gazing on the same calm summer scene, however beautiful; we weary listening to the same soft low notes, however sweet and touching, and the richest, rarest viands of to-day, and so gratifying to the eager appetite, surfeit when repetition has made them common and unpalatable. It is a law of our nature which no stoicism can supplant, no philosophy disprove, no intention overcome. It reigns triumphantly; then why should man swear and fret at what is inevitable, at what the laws of his being demand?

CHANCE, there is no such thing. The term belongs alone to the vocabulary of the atheist. "Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds communion with those who own it." There is a Great First Cause, from whom every thing proceeds, and who governs the minutest concerns of life according to the dictates of his own will—that will which is founded in unerring justice. And whether we argue for established laws from the beginning, working out the infinite plans of the Eternal, or that there is a daily, hourly Providence which watches over the affairs of men, it resolves itself into the same thing at last. God governs according to his own incomprehensible understanding. "He doeth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of earth, and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou?"

Short-lived were the pleasures purchased with the wages of avarice and deceit. Morgan found that what he had so eagerly sought—that for which he had borne contempt and vituperation, had demeaned himself even in his own eyes—had melted from his mercenary grasp, had faded out before his covetous vision. His habits of reckless indulgence, and his neglect of business, together with the unbounded extravagance of his partner, Elston, swept from him in the short

space of two years all that Lucinda had inherited from her aunt's estate, and left of the property from her father only a remnant.

Margaret, after her marriage, had taken possession of the paternal mansion which fell to her in an equitable division of the estate. Her grief at her father's death, Lucinda's melancholy consequent upon the loss of her idolized parent, and the unhappiness she experienced because of her husband's daily increasing profligacy, together with their mutual apprehension with regard to the future, kept the sisters almost entirely aloof from society. A few old tried friends, who truly sympathized with them in their trials, and who had the good common-sense and the true kindness of heart not to pry into their troubles for the sake of offering their advice and suggestive warnings, were yet admitted, as they had always been, into their secluded privacy. The sisters found much consolation and enjoyment in each other's society; Lucinda still leaning on Margaret for support, and looking to her for advice, as a child would to a parent.

Debt after debt increased; disaster followed disaster, until Morgan was compelled to give up at first the handsome furniture of his house, and then the house itself; yet none of these misfortunes, consequent upon his own prodigality, seemed potent enough to teach him wisdom. He appeared as one blinded and driven on by some unseen, irresistible deity, toward the fearful ruin which inevitably awaited him, unless he should break away from its fatal spell, and turn aside from the broad highroad of vice which he was now treading. His neglected business was becoming more and more circumscribed each day. Debts, warded off by promises and mortgages, were no longer to be kept in abeyance. His credit, once very good, was now so run down, that insult would be offered him rather than time granted.

One short year had run its round; Lucinda left the home which had welcomed her a young and trusting wife, wherein she had lived, in the space of a few brief months, a life of unspeakable misery, over which cloud and darkness had hovered, to find an asylum in the

bosom of that home where life had been one happy dream, and from which she had been turned, as Eve from Eden, by her own willful disobedience. Margaret and her husband, when they saw the extent of Morgan's disasters, forgave him his transgressions far enough to invite him with Lucinda to become inmates of their peaceful home. It was mortifying to his pride thus to be indebted for favors to one whom he had so deeply injured, or rather we would hope for him, that his conscience reproved him for the evil he had done to her, who with noble magnanimity overlooked his grievous offense.

It was a pleasing yet painful feeling Lucinda experienced, as she trod again the old halls and walks of her childhood's home. She felt as the returning prodigal to his father's house. She had exiled herself; had fed on the swine's husks; she had suffered; ah, how deeply! no words of hers could ever tell: but now her wanderings were done, she was in her "father's house," repentant and forgiven.

Margaret assigned Lucinda the old room where they had reposed together night after night through all the years of their innocence and love; where they had pressed the same pillow while the dream-angel led them through the Elysian bowers of the spirit's home. Where morning had touched with rosy finger their folded eyelids, unsealing them to a happy awakening; and where, too, alas!—and oh, how vividly it came back to her, as she now stood there gazing on that old familiar dressing-stand, with the bed beside it, and on the window through which she had looked forth into the pale cold starlight for the approach of her destroyer!—where, and her heart grew faint as it pictured itself before her, she had stood beside the sleeping form of her own dear Margaret, and looked, for the last time before that fearful act, upon the calm, sweet features before her.

Life was not so cheerless, the future was partially robbed of its darkness, as she wandered about amid the old loved haunts, or rested, after her wanderings, in the drawing-room where every piece of furniture wore a familiar look, like the faces of our childhood's friends; or

sat beside Margaret in the comfortable arm-chair which had been her father's; or listened to the kindly tones of the old family-servants in whose hearts she was enshrined an idol. "Miss 'Cindy'" had been the pet of the household, and she was "Miss 'Cindy'" still, though her joyousness was gone, and the ringing laugh had been supplanted by the pensive smile, and the cheerful, joyous voice exchanged for subdued tones that told of the heart's long deep sufferings. The future was not really less unpromising; it was just as dark and fearful, but it was less dreaded; the present secure refuge assuaged to her trusting heart the fury of the coming storm.

A few weeks passed by, and there came, to claim her keeping, a rich, rare gem of priceless value. A little life sought her fostering care, which she knew, ay, *felt*, contained the germ of immortality. Two soft blue eyes, deep-shaded, looked up into hers, and her soul leaped with the wild throbbings of a mother's love, as she met the gentle look. She gazed upon it, and there sprung up within her bosom a fountain of affection which shall flow on ever increasing in volume and power as long as life shall last. Ay, shall it not swell and widen throughout the cycles of eternity? Shall we not know and love our little ones in heaven?

What a deep sense of responsibility awakens in her bosom as she looks into its innocent face, and sees the traces of the faint smile called up by the angels' whisperings! How she watches each delicate movement, lists each feeble wail! What a fearful trust is hers! How she shrinks from its fulfillment!

"Even as a father" (she thought it must mean a *mother*) "pitieth his children, even so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." Could it be so? Would the Lord pity her even as she did her little Margaret? Then she would trust him and love him.

A dark, dark day came at last, Lucinda's heart was rung with sorrow; it was almost broken. The old family-servants were to be sold. She had loved "Old Aunt Chloey," as everybody called her, next to her own family. Aunt Chloey had nursed her, had watched over her in

her childhood, and had been a kind old friend to her as long as she remained under her father's roof, and even when that father had turned against his erring daughter, old Aunt Chloey "loved poor Miss 'Cindy more 'n ever, and wished massa would forgive the poor thing." In the division of the estate she had fallen to Lucinda, but owing to her strong attachment to "the old place," she had never moved from the old homestead, but had remained with Margaret during the time of her young mistress' housekeeping.

The dark day came at length; it could no longer be warded off. Morgan was hopelessly ruined. The estates of the aunt and father had been swallowed up in wild, reckless profligacy, until there was scarcely a vestige of them left. Irretrievably involved, with no hope or prospect of extricating himself, the only refuge left Morgan was to give up all he had, and leave Richmond for ever. The old family-servants were disposed of privately. The other property, upon all of which mortgages were held, was sold publicly. And with aching, breaking heart, Lucinda found herself, at the age of eighteen, destitute, stripped of everything, with a husband whose confirmed habits of dissipation and idleness gave no promise for the future, with a babe clinging to her for support; its very feebleness and dependence, while they called up all the yearnings of her mother's heart, also awoke deep fears.

The little Margaret was a beautiful child, with the soft, sweet look of the mother—her raven hair, and sloe-black eyes so full of gentleness and love. So timid, so retiring, she seemed like one chastened by suffering. A hard lot, poor child, so young to encounter the fierce, chill blasts of poverty and want!

## CHAPTER XI.

### REMOVAL TO CANADA.

AFTER Morgan's downfall in Richmond, he determined to leave there and seek a home in some distant region where the story of his disgrace would not follow him. He communicated his intention to Lucinda and her friends. She, poor, broken-hearted, sorrowing woman, felt willing to submit to anything that

might be best. Upon the advantage of any step she did not trust herself to decide. She had *once* acted—oh, how misguidedly, the wearisome days and sad nights of silent grief attested!

Her sister and friends endeavored to dissuade Morgan from his determination. Margaret offered her a home with her as long as she would remain; but with that perverseness to adhere to a course, when opposed, which was a characteristic of Morgan's disposition, and which always manifested itself at every opportunity, he very soon gave her friends to understand that his mind was fully made up on the point, and not to be changed by persuasion or offers, however flattering.

"I am a disgraced man," said he to Mourdant, one day; "and I will no longer remain to be treated with contempt by those who fawned upon me in my prosperity. I will go where my name is not known, and where people will not point the finger of scorn at me as I pass along."

"I would not endeavor to dissuade you from your purpose, Mr. Morgan," replied Mourdant, "were it not for your wife; but it is a cruel sin to take her from us; to separate her from her sister, to whom she is so strongly attached, and who looks upon her with the love of a sister and a mother."

Morgan's lip curled in sarcastic defiance as he listened to this appeal, but he made no answer.

"Perhaps you could get into business here, such as would support your family while they remain where you now are. Suppose you make an effort, and see what can be done, before you seek a distant home."

"I have tried business here to my heart's content, Mr. Mourdant, and I am convinced that I can do nothing. What is the use of making another effort? I know I can't succeed."

"Perhaps you undertook too much, Mr. Morgan; more than you could well manage. Suppose you try business on a smaller scale, or take a clerkship for the present, if you can do nothing better. You surely can make a living in Richmond?"

Morgan hung his head for a moment. He seemed to be considering the proposition. The speaker regarded him with a

look of anxious inquiry. As he gazed on the ground his face changed color; the evil workings of his mind were pictured on his flushed countenance; his brow knit fiercely. Suddenly raising his head, he looked at Mourdant scornfully, and said:

"And why are you so interested in my staying, sir? I did not know before that I claimed the least of your consideration. I am much obliged to you for your kind consideration of my welfare; but permit me to tell you that I shall neither take a clerkship, sir, nor engage in a small business. I will not stay where I can not be respected. I will go where these people will never hear from me again; I am determined on that."

"But you have no right, sir, to drag your wife from her home and friends to some wild, unsettled country, where they shall never see her or hear from her again. It would be cruel in you to do it. You should consider her happiness, and respect it. Her friends expect this at your hands," answered Mourdant, warmly.

"I have a right to do as I please, and I will do it," retorted Morgan, keenly. "I will not suffer any man to tell me what I must do with my own wife. I'll not be driven by any man, sir. I know my own business, and I won't suffer anybody to interfere in it."

He trembled with rage as he spoke, and looked on Mourdant angrily. The latter returned his look with one of cool determination.

"I have no desire to interfere in your business, sir; but, as a cousin and friend of your wife, I claim that I have a right to advise you for her happiness."

"A friend and cousin," muttered Morgan between his teeth, and with a look of defiant scorn, he turned from Mourdant, and walked away.

Mourdant fully understood the meaning of his words; he read, too, the vile insinuation in his bitter look, but he heeded it not; it was too low to claim his notice. He was to sup that evening with his cousins. At the table he met Morgan, but neither of them betrayed, by word or act, the unpleasant occurrence of the evening. Morgan was silent and sullen. He was unusually gay. As Lucinda seated herself at the tea-table, he

saw that she had been weeping. He instantly divined the cause, and forbore any allusion to it; but laughed and talked very pleasantly to her and to Margaret. Mr. —, observing that but little attention was given to Morgan, directed his conversation to him. He asked him various questions respecting his intentions with regard to his future course, and yet so delicately that Morgan could not feel insulted, though he would fain have taken the slightest occasion for offense. He answered evasively.

Gradually Lucinda recovered her spirits, and as the evening wore on, she seemed to entirely forget her sorrow. Mourdant made no allusion whatever to her future. Morgan remained morose and silent throughout, and, under pleas of headache, retired quite early. As he was leaving the room, he turned to Lucinda, and beckoned her to follow him. She obeyed the summons, and taking her little girl in her arms, she bade a good-night to the company, and sought her room.

After she had left, Mourdant told Margaret and her husband of Morgan's determination to seek a western home. They heard him with surprise and sorrow. It was the first intimation they had had of his plans for the future. Before, whenever the subject had been introduced, he had expressed his desire to engage in business in Richmond as soon as he could see a suitable opening. Margaret was shocked at the idea of having her sister torn from her bosom to be transferred to a rude western home, where she might perhaps want the necessaries of life; where she would surely be robbed of all its comforts.

A few evenings after this, Lucinda was sitting in her room with her little Margaret, now about eighteen months of age, playing at her feet. Morgan had been absent through the day in the city.

Margaret, as was usual with her, went to sit with her a few hours after dinner. As she entered the room she observed Lucinda sitting abstractedly by the window, gazing out upon the distant river.

Stepping up to her and playfully tapping her on the shoulder, she smilingly asked her what she was thinking about, that caused her to look so melancholy. . .

Lucinda raised her face to hers, while the tears rushed to her eyes and rolled down her crimsoned cheek. She could not speak.

"Tell me, Lucinda, what is the matter? Why do you weep?" and Margaret knelt by her side and took her hand in hers.

Lucinda leaned sobbing on her shoulder; she attempted to speak, but tears choked her utterance. Margaret endeavored to quiet her, and to ascertain the cause of her distress.

"Do not, Lucinda, give way to your feelings thus, but tell me what it is that makes you so sad; you have not much cause for unhappiness," she said, soothingly, as she smoothed back the soft jetty hair from the flushed forehead.

After a few minutes, in which she calmed herself sufficiently to speak, she said:

"I was thinking, sister, about having to leave you so soon."

"Leave me so soon, Lucinda! What do you mean, child? You are not going away?"

"Yes!" she replied, weeping, "I can not stay with you much longer."

"What do you mean, child? Do tell me. You are not going away; I am not going to let you," she said pleasantly. "Don't you know you belong to me. My house is to be your home, and I shall not suffer you to run away."

Lucinda hesitated as if scarce knowing how to reply. Looking on her sister, while the tears started afresh, she said:

"Mr. Morgan says we must find a new home."

"A new home! find a new home! Where? You are not to leave us. No, no! I can not give you up!"

"He says we must go where we can make something to live on. He can not get into business here, and he feels he must do something for a support. He told me this morning that, just as soon as he could settle his affairs here, we would go west or somewhere else, where he could engage in some occupation that will maintain his family."

"There is no need of this, Lucinda; you can have a home with me, and, surely, for the present, he can find something to do in Richmond that will be profitable enough to enable you to live."

"I have told him so, sister, but he feels that he does not want to remain where he has so hopelessly failed in business. It seems that he can not bear the thought of it. He told me to-day, that I must get ready to leave, for he intends to go in a few weeks."

"He must not take you from me, Lucinda; I can not give you up. It would be cruel to tear you away from us, and take you to some new country where we should never again see you. I can not submit to this. Mr. Morgan must change his plans."

"I am afraid he can not be persuaded to do so, sister; he is so determined. He has been talking about this thing a long time, and now that he has fully made up his mind, I do not think you can change it."

"Well, well, you'll see," she replied, cheerfully, as she saw the sad expression deepen on Lucinda's tear-stained countenance. "I think we can prevail upon him to change his mind on this point, if he is a determined man."

She spoke lightly, for Lucinda's sake, but she did not look very hopefully to accomplishing her object. She knew the dogged fixedness of purpose that characterized Morgan, which rendered reason of but little avail with him, and which was invariably increased by any show of opposition to his undertakings.

Margaret gently smoothed the rich dark hair that hung like an ebon veil over the swan-like neck, and spread out in luxuriant wealth over the alabaster shoulders of the girl-mother, and kissing her heated cheek, she spoke words of encouragement to the desponding girl.

The sisters seated themselves where they could look out on the magnificent scene before them, and conversed together upon such topics as were consonant with their feelings. They reverted to the past, and dwelt upon its shadows and griefs; and together they wept tears of sad and holy remembrance. Theirs were rich, full, sensitive natures, that could seize upon sorrow with all the thrilling intensity of the most acute susceptibility; and as they dwelt upon the death of their venerated parent, their souls were wrung with keenest anguish. In heart-broken accents, Lucinda dwelt upon that fatal act of hers which she knew had robbed

her father's last days of every happiness, and which, she was forced to believe, had hastened his death. She reproached herself in the bitterest terms for her want of faithfulness and trust, and mourned, as only the hopeless penitent can mourn, her irreparable want of opportunity to undo the detested deed. Alas! how unavailing was her regret! She knew it—she *felt* it, and her soul sickened within her as she felt.

Margaret broke the matter very cautiously to Morgan, at first; for she knew that in order to insure a successful issue he must be *managed*, and this had to be effected by soft and gentle persuasion. She knew that his nature was selfish; and, with much tact and skill, she appealed to this most unenviable trait. She represented to him, in most somber colors, the many sacrifices he would have to make in leaving Richmond; the many trials and hardships he would have to undergo in establishing himself in a new home; the many privations he would have to be subjected to; and, above all, she urged the probable deleterious effects of a western climate upon his already impaired health.

For a time he really appeared to consider her arguments seriously; but so soon as she grew sufficiently unreserved to urge Lucinda's claims, he forgot all of his former considerations in his determination to go. It was found that persuasion and entreaty were no longer potent in diverting him from his intent; and with a sad, yea, breaking heart, Lucinda commenced her work of preparation. It was a crushing burden to her and to Margaret; nature could scarcely support it. It was a fearful, painful work, to the performance of which they brought stricken, bleeding bosoms. Day by day they moved on in the accomplishment of their hated object, until at length the weary task was done.

It was decided by Morgan to seek a home in the province of Upper Canada instead of emigrating to the West. What his idea was for giving preference to this more northern climate remained to be ascertained. He chose not to render a reason for his decision. All that could be done by his wife's friends was to wonder at the choice, and abide silently the

very strange and unaccountable preference. He did not attempt to refute objections to his course, or to show the wisdom of his conclusion. All the answer he could give was, that "he had decided to do it, and when he had made up his mind to a thing, he was going to do it." And although entirely illogical and unsatisfactory, yet her friends had to receive it because they could obtain nothing more.

It was the evening before their departure to Canada—a soft, sweet, fresh evening in June. The morning had been passed in completing the arrangements for the removal. All the little odds and ends of such a preparation, which have, of necessity, to be left to the last day, had been gathered up and stowed away in suitable places. It was touching to see the two sisters, as they went silently on with their work, neither daring to trust herself to broach the painful theme, which lay like a mountain-weight on their hearts. It was a pent-up sorrow to which they dared not give utterance, lest, with torrent power, it should overwhelm every thing before it.

The sun was kissing a farewell to the lowlands and meadows, and to the merry, dancing river, as it sung its song of praise, and found its way to the ocean. Its last rays were lingering lovingly round mossy nooks, burdened with the fragrance of rich flowers, and bidding a silent, sweet adieu to tiny, rippling brooks, whose soft, low music grew more plaintive from the parting. The verdurous slopes lay sleeping luxuriantly in the warm embrace of the rich roseate evening hues, while hill and mountain light were bathed in a flood of glorious light and beauty.

It was a gentle, quiet hour. Lucinda, taking her little Margaret by the hand, stole silently from the house to seek her father's grave. Slowly she wended her way along the narrow path, all unheeding her child's sweet prattle, for her overburdened heart was busy with sad thoughts.

It was a lovely spot where they had laid the old man down to rest beside the partner of his earthly joys and sorrows. It was on the sloping hillside that overlooked the river, and it was marked by a plain

white slab, like to the one that stood by it, which had so long pointed out to his earth-worn eye the resting-place of her remains who to him had been an ever-springing fount of gladness. A willow, by his own hand planted, threw its shadows round the graves, and ivy, with its tiny purple blossoms, had wound itself around the marble pillars, and sent out its gently-reaching arms to hide from loving looks the forbidding coffin-shaped hillock, with its cold clay clods. The evening requiems of the ever-flowing river stole, on the wings of the sighing wind, up the hillside, and died out in low mournful cadence round the tombs.

Lucinda reached the graves, and seated herself beside them. Her little Margaret was at her knee, and the little innocent prattled away of the flowers and the sunshine and the smooth green grass; but the mother heeded her not. With bowed head and stricken heart, she sat and wept by the graveside of him whose gray hairs she had brought with sorrow to the grave.

"Mamma! what makes you ky so?" asked the child, as, with one hand resting on her mother's knee, she stooped to gather a flower. "Don't ky, mamma; do n't ky," she said soothingly, as she handed the gathered rose to her mother; "here's a pretty f'ower for you! See it, mamma? Don't ky!"

The simple accents of the child reached the heart of the mother, and awoke a class of feelings new and strange. "Could it be, her own sweet babe, now so pure and guileless, should ever rise up in disobedience to plunge her in distress and disgrace?" Never, never had she so deeply felt her vile ingratitude, as she did now in view of this startling inquiry. Poignant regret filled her bosom, and she wept afresh, tears of bitter, bitter remembrance. She knelt, with her child beside her, and prayed for forgiveness. Oh, how torturing the grief that rends the soul of the disobedient child, over the grave of the injured parent! Its intensity no pen can describe; words can not utter it. The heart can feel it, and break with the feeling, but the tongue is sealed—powerless.

Lucinda lingered with her child round the last home of her parents, till the

twilight faded out in the western sky, and the dark shadows of evening hung themselves over the peaceful landscape; then gathering carefully a rose and bud, and some ivy leaves and flowers, she knelt beside the mound, and clasping her hands in the attitude of prayer, sent up to heaven a short, fervent supplication for forgiveness and protection.

"And he, who hears the infant's lisp,  
Recorded there the suppliant's plea."

The morrow came, and with it the parting scene. Its painfulness we will not describe. The sisters bade each other adieu, never again to meet on earth. They felt, as they hung in tenderness round each other's neck, that this was the final separation. Morgan witnessed their grief with undimmed eye. The little Margaret kissed her aunt, and took her seat in her mother's lap. The last words were spoken, and Lucinda looked for the last time, through scalding tears, upon the home she had so long loved.

And now begin those deeper trials, which have made her name known and pitied by the world, and have brought down upon her husband the execrations of all noble, honorable men.

(*To be continued.*)

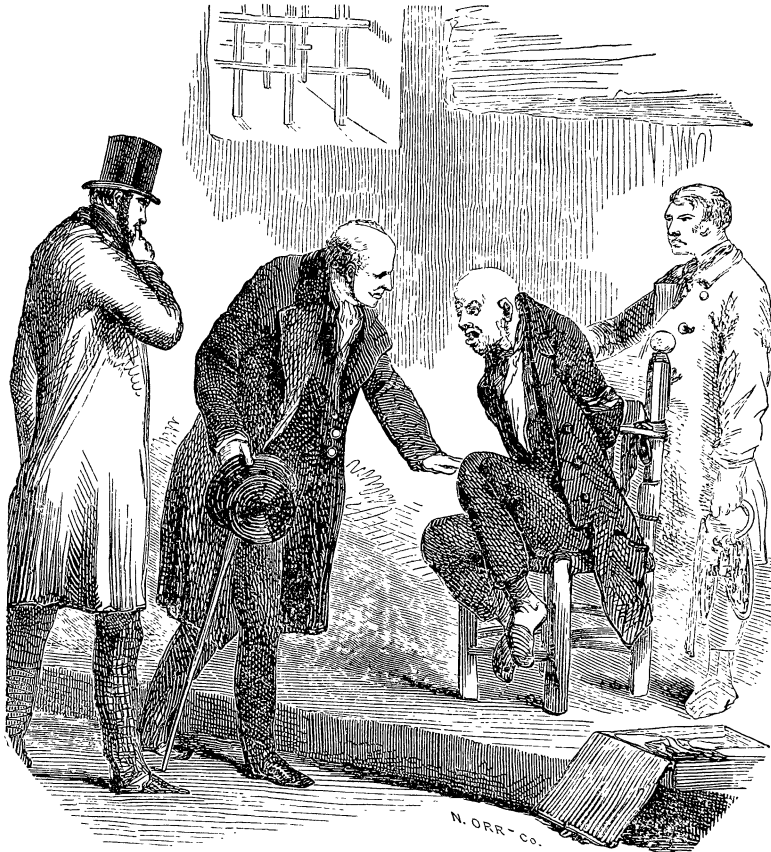
#### A BEAUTIFUL PERORATION.

THE peroration of Chandlers' Funeral Discourse, at the removal of the remains of Bro. Stephen Girard to the sarcophagus in the vestibule of Girard College, is in these forcible words:

"We have come up hither in the plenitude of masonic dignity, and the proprieties of masonic insignia, to give final deposit, with masonic honors, to the slumbering ashes of a Brother. *No stolen grave shall receive the remains of our dead. No noon of night shall shed its dews upon an unhallowed sepulture, nor in all time shall a sinking earth tell where the Brother reposes.* High twelve pours down the glory and beauty of the day upon our solemnities. The pride of art in incorruptible marble is substituted for the decaying *cassia*. And the sealed treasure will rest beneath an unperishable stone, which only the archangelic trump shall roll away."

# THE FREEMASON'S DAUGHTER.

BY AN ENGLISH BROTHER.



EFFECT OF GRIDLEY'S HYEROGLYPHICAL LETTER.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### A WIFE'S SORROW.

"THE runic sign, the cufic stone,  
Egypt's dark mysteries—all are known;  
For we are of the banded three,  
To whom the word and sign were given,  
Whose might unfolds that mystery,  
Which the angel read as he fell from heaven."

FROM THE BABYLONIAN TARGUM.

DAY was beginning to break, the Dispensary clock had struck the hour of four, when poor Meg, who had sat up, anxiously awaiting her husband's return, started from the chair by the expiring embers of the kitchen fire, where she had been sitting, trying for the last three hours alternately to rock and argue herself into composure. Her blood was at

fever heat. During the many years they had been married, Tim's Dick had never been absent a single night from his home before. A vague presentiment was on her mind that something dreadful had happened. She knew the heart of her husband too well to suppose, even for a moment, that he had purposely absented himself merely to punish her for the little breach of conjugal discipline in the morning. Besides, he had forgiven her, and, with Tim, to forgive was to forget.

"The clock must be wrong!" she exclaimed. "It can never be so late!"

Her eye glanced at the little Dutch clock, which kept mournfully ticking against the kitchen wall: she had never



known *that to deceive her*; it was the regulator of the clocks, good, bad, and indifferent, in the humble neighborhood; the accusing hand stood exactly at four; so even that consolation was denied her. She tried to deceive herself, but could not. God help her! her woman's heart was heavy.

"What can have happened?" she added, wiping away a tear with a corner of her apron; "and what could he want with that cord and hook which he asked for when he left the house? Surely he has never been tempted to—no, no! if Tim is not a religious man, he has too much sense for that!"

And the poor creature, with an involuntary shudder, closed her eyes, as if to shut out the dreadful thought which her excited imagination had conjured up.

"Perhaps, after all," she thought, "he is only out drinking."

She knew that he was vexed; but then she remembered that her husband never drank; so that poor consolation was dismissed, as every preceding one had been which had presented itself to her imagination. She felt more and more convinced that whatever the cause of his absence, it was involuntary—and her tears flowed the faster. Much as she detested drunkenness, she would have deemed it the happiest moment of her life to have seen Tim brought home drunk—senseless drunk—anything but dead.

When death strikes the head of a family, it is always an awful visitation: but how much more so, when that family is poor—when children, crying for bread, cling round the desolate widow, and add to the pangs of the bereaved wife—the agonies of a mother's wounded heart! To the poor even the luxury of sorrow is denied. The iron task-master, necessity, raises the inexorable scourge, and bids the stricken mourners toil, when nature whispers, "Meditate and pray."

"The children—the poor children!" sobbed Meg; "what will become of them? what of me?"

With a true woman's heart, her first thought was for her offspring—the second for herself. By this time the clatter of the wooden clogs of the hands hurrying to the different factories sounded on the

rough pavement of the yard in which the cottage of the weaver stood. Simple as was the circumstance it was a relief to her. She now wished for morning, that she could go forth and make inquiries—learn the worst at once; for there are minds to whom

"The fear of ill is worse than ill confirmed."

With nervous hand she undid the shutters, and let the first beams of morning stream into her humble abode. She almost regretted that she had done so: the gray, cold, uncertain, misty light, made every thing look doubly cheerless and wretched. In a few minutes the clatter of the clogs ceased, and not a sound was heard but the slow tic-tac of the clock, which sounded like a death-watch. Poor Meg could stand it no longer: rushing up the narrow staircase which led to the sleeping-rooms, she seated herself upon the children's bed and cried bitterly. And there they slept, the sturdy little creatures, unconscious of their mother's misery. Little Tim, with his curly head lying on his sister's arm, his face half buried in the pillow, the girl, in her coarse, clean night-dress, looked the picture of healthful innocence: she had fallen asleep upon her back, not to disturb her brother; and there she lay, with her face to heaven, her half-closed lips and smiling face, as if in her dreams she saw the angels whose task it is to watch the couch where childhood sleeps.

Their mother, although she longed to kiss them, and felt that it would be a consolation to press them to her heart, would not disturb them. She thought, poor things, that they would wake to misery soon enough; and so she sat by them till the stir of the neighbors in the yard, as well as the increased light of the morning, told her it was time to descend.

No sooner did she open the door of the cottage, than the first person who passed happened to be the very man who had bid Tim's Dick good night on quitting Flanagan's cellar. He was an honest, industrious fellow, and was hastening to his work when he saw Meg.

"You are up early, mistress!" said the man. "Has Tim gone to his work yet?"

"Alas!" replied Meg, "he has not returned all night. He never served me so before since we have been married.

Something must have happened," she added, bursting into tears, "for if he was angry with me he would never desert the childer."

"Desert!" repeated Hall, by which name our readers will recollect Tim, on the previous night, had addressed him as he left the cellar. "Desert be hanged! Why, it's only a few hours since I left him at Flin's coffee-shop."

"Where?" demanded the astonished woman.

"At Flin's coffee-shop, close by. I had been to carry some relief from the society to a poor devil on tramp, or I should not have gone to such a place, and must confess I *was* rather surprised to meet my old pal there, for Tim had always a pride above his station."

"At what hour was this?"

"Just after the Firmary clock struck twelve. Good bye! Don't make yourself uneasy: he will soon be home. You need not tell your husband," he added, "that I told you where to look for him."

The speaker resumed his way to the factory, and poor Meg hastened into the cottage. To put on her bonnet and shawl was the affair of an instant. Calling to a neighbor with whom she was in the habit of exchanging those little friendly services so common between the poor, to look to the house, she started off to Flin's, accompanied by her husband's favorite terrier, Pepper, who had been wistfully watching by the side of the desolate wife for the return of his master. Pepper was no ordinary dog. When only nine months old, he had won himself a reputation in the rat-catching annals of Manchester, was as good as a ferret after rabbits—that is to say, wild ones—for the little weaver had so long disciplined him that he never ventured to cast a forbidden look upon the long-eared favorites in the yard; and, on one occasion, even defended a patriarchal buck, which had escaped from the hutch, from the felonious attack of a stray cur who had ventured into the yard; from which moment he became an increased favorite with his master. The sleek, sharp-faced, intelligent little animal, marched soberly on by the side of Meg. On all other occasions when she had taken him out, he had expressed his joy in noisy barkings and in-

describable gyrations, bounding in advance, returning and gamboling around her; but now he walked with an air as subdued as a mute at a funeral.

"Poor Pepper!" exclaimed his mistress, struck by the change in the dog's manner, "thee art grieving for him too."

Pepper looked wistfully into her face on hearing his name, slightly wagged his tail, and walked on.

The cellar of Flin was half filled by men and boys who were taking their breakfasts at the little dirty deal tables ranged against the walls, and down the center of the place. The proprietor of the establishment was busy serving his customers with coffee, cocoa, rolls and butter; while a boy of about thirteen was seated on a block of wood, which served as a stool, superintending the cooking of sundry red herrings and rashers of bacon, which frizzled on an enormous gridiron, or species of wire grill, suspended in front of the fire. The odor from the fish-grease and hissing fat overpowered, for a time, the foetid smell arising from the damp and mildew of the ill-ventilated place.

Poor Meg, although born and bred in Manchester, where the olfactory nerves are more tried, perhaps, than in any town in England, felt sick as she entered the cellar where so many human beings were inhaling a corrupted atmosphere. We would wish no better punishment for the advocates of the window tax, than a week or two's imprisonment in some of the cellars of Manchester, where men breathe gas instead of air. What a number of converts we should have!

Flin's countenance slightly changed when he saw Meg, for he guessed her errand.

"Where is my husband?" she demanded.

"Faith and I'd be puzzled to tell you. I have n't seen him since last night, when he dropped in to take a cup of coffee, and left the place with some man who came in soon after.

Flin knew by the poor woman's manner that she had heard of Tim's visit, and thought, by his own frank allusion to it, to remove any suspicion she might entertain of foul play toward the little weaver.

"What man?" said the disappointed wife.

"That's more than I can tell you. I have something else to do than ask the names of my customers. Shall I serve you with anything this morning?"

The cool, easy, well-acted indifference of the scoundrel completely disarmed, or rather prevented Meg from entertaining any suspicion of the truth.

"Mike!" exclaimed a tall, dissipated lad of about sixteen, whose countenance was marked by those lines which precocious vice and excess trace upon their victims, "here's a 'oman has lost her culley!"

The fellow whom he addressed was seated, with two wretched looking girls, at a table, near the fire, having breakfast.

"Well," said the man, "I ain't found him. I wonder if it was the chap we seed dragged out of the canal this morning?"

"More likely," replied the youth who had first spoken, thrusting his tongue into his cheek, and giving a knowing wink to his companion, "it's the one we met last night with that pretty girl. Do you remember what a kiss he gave her?"

A general laugh followed this miserable attempt at wit, and the speaker felt proud at his achievement: he thought it manly.

In her distress, poor Meg's heart felt indifferent to the *last* insinuation, which at any other moment would slightly have roused her jealousy; for despite Tim's regular habits and general character for steadiness, she was as susceptible as most wives on the subject of conjugal fidelity: but the allusion to a body and the canal had aroused a far worse fear.

"Pray, do not jest with me!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands together, and fixing on the man a look of anguish, which made even his callous heart feel a momentary regret for the pain he had inflicted. "I am his wife—the mother of his children. Has there been a body found in the canal?"

Mike remained doggedly silent.

"No," said one of the girls, who, at first, had joined with the rest in the laugh, "there has not—at least, as far as he knows. He is the greatest liar in Manchester."

"There has!" roared the ruffian, furiously.

"*There has not,*" repeated the girl, "and you know it. Never mind him, missus. Go home. Most likely your husband will be back by the time you get there. Mike would tell a lie, and swear to anything, for a spree. Jem Mills was quodded at last 'size, only because Mike gave him a character."

This time the laugh was turned against the fellow so completely, that he became savage, and, turning around, struck the poor girl, whose heart vice, and its consequent degradation, had not entirely corrupted, a violent blow on the temple, only for speaking the truth—an act of brutality which so disgusted several of the young men present, that they immediately took her part.

"Fettle him! Kick him out!" roared several.

"I should like to see you," said the ruffian, starting from his seat, and standing in attitude of defense.

"I'll oblige you," exclaimed a respectable-looking mechanic, walking up to him, and laying his hand upon his collar. "Why did you strike the girl? Out with you!"

The struggle was not long. The brute is generally a cur: and Mike and his companion—the tall, wretched-looking youth who had just commenced the piece of chaff, as they termed it—were glad to make a hasty retreat, carrying with them certain not very satisfactory proofs that Lancashire lads are not all ready to side with the blackguard and the bully.

Satisfied that she should gain no intelligence of Flin, poor Meg, after thanking the girl for her kindness, and forcing a sixpence into her hand, was about to quit the cellar, when her attention was suddenly attracted by the loud barking of Pepper, who, darting between the legs of the coffee-house keeper, with a joyous bark, dashed into the inner room, where he continued yelping and whining in a most extraordinary manner.

"Curse the rats!" exclaimed Flin, with great presence of mind, jumping, at the same instant, aside, as if one had passed by him. "I am eaten up by them. That's a good terrier of yourn, missus: I wish to goodness you would leave him here!"

Not knowing what to think, the woman followed the dog into the inner room, and found him barking under the bed. The man had followed her with a candle; for the place was completely dark by day as well as by night.

"Too late, old boy" said the old man, whistling, and stooping down, apparently to call the animal from under the bed, but in reality to hide his confusion. "The varmint has run to cover! Here, here! Whew!"

And the fellow snapped his fingers, to draw the animal away; but Pepper, with the instinct of his race, had scented out the person of his master, and was not to be drawn off, but continued to bark and whine the louder.

"Call him away, missus," said the man. "It's no use: he'll not catch it."

Meg looked round the place. There was nothing but the bare walls and the low truckle-bed which marked the carefully-contrived entrance to the inner cell.

She peered under the bed—there was no one there.

"After all," she thought, "it must have been a rat!" and she called the dog away; but Pepper refused to come, and she had to scold and coax him alternately, before she could draw the faithful animal from underneath the bed.

"Well," muttered Flin, as the poor creature disappeared up the cellar steps, followed by her four-footed companion, "that was an escape! If that cussed dog comes here agin, I'll give him a taste of something to stop his barking. I have no time to lose," he added. "The police will soon be upon the scent. If I had been missed there would not have been such a hue-and-cry for me. But, then, I have neither wife nor dog to care for me. I must see old Grindem directly. There's a ship sails for 'Meriky to-morrow."

It was in consequence of this resolution that Flin, the very same day, called at the office of the partners in Canon street. His conversation with the senior partner, which Small overheard, and resolved to profit by, is already known to our readers.

With a heavy heart, the wife of the poor weaver returned home to prepare the children's breakfast, who eagerly as-

sailed her, on her arrival, with questions for their father—the gossiping neighbor, in whose charge she had left the cottage, having informed them that something had happened to him. Little Tim, who was accustomed to eat his porridge seated upon his father's knee, roared lustily for his daddy, and refused to eat his mess for some time without him.

It was past eight o'clock by the time breakfast was over, which Meg had vainly tried to partake of: she could not—her heart was full—the food seemed as if it would choke her. Leaving the house this time in the care of the girl, with strict injunctions to look after her brother, she sallied forth, with the intention of calling on widow Bentley, where her husband was frequently in the habit of visiting, in the hope—the very faint hope—of hearing something of him.

"Sit down," exclaimed the kind-hearted widow, who was preparing the children's breakfast, to send them to school. "Sit thee down, and don't thee take on so. Tim will be back again, I'll warrant. Who could hurt a hair of his head? Isn't he always ready to help a neighbor? I can feel for thee, for I have had trouble enough of my own: there's poor old Mr. Gridley, the best lodger I ever had, gone mad—they ha' taken him up to Crab's 'sylum, and won't even let me see 'un—poor old man!"

"Aye, there it is," replied Meg. "That's the cause of all of it—it's all about them papers—I'm sure it is."

"What papers?"

Her visitor then related to the astonished Mrs. Bentley the history of the letters which the old clerk had intrusted to her husband's keeping, and how she had been cajoled out of them by Marjoram, by the offer of ten sovereigns.

"Well, well!" exclaimed the astonished listener, "that is curious. I thought Squire Grindem looked uncommon queer when he came to take him away to Crab's. Do you know," she added, "it's my belief that Gridley is no more mad than I am."

"You are wrong there, then," said little Lizzy, the keeper's daughter, who entered the house just as the widow made the last observation. She had called to accompany her young companions to

school. "Mr. Gridley is very mad—you should only hear him go on!"

"I've heard him often enough, my dear," replied Mrs. Bentley, "raving at night when all the lodgers were in bed; but I never paid any attention to it—it was only the gin: the next morning he was all right again."

"But it's not the gin now," observed the child; "for he do n't get any."

"Perhaps it's the want of it," said Meg.

There was more truth in the observation than the poor woman was aware of—few confirmed habits are to be suddenly and entirely broken at once with impunity: as the progress in dissipation is progressive, so, to be permanent and healthy, should be the cure.

"But how do you know, Lizzy?" demanded Mrs. Bentley's little girl—the same who had sent the poor old clerk the orange.

"Why—why," replied the child, "I crept sily to the door of the cell to speak with him. At first he talked just as usual—said he was not mad; and asked me to give him pen and paper to write something with."

"And did you?"

"I gave him a leaf out of my copy book, and pencil—and, oh, such writing! Why, it aint writing at all! And when I told him that poor Mr. Lawrence was dead—he wanted me to give Tim the paper to take to him—he raved and stormed, and so I got frightened and ran away, for fear any of the keepers should come, or father—should n't I have caught it!"

"And what did you do with the paper?" anxiously inquired the widow.

"Oh, I've got it!"

The child felt in her pocket, and, after tumbling out a variety of odds and ends—such as bits of silk for her doll's dresses, needlecase, pincushion, an apple, and sundry other childish treasures—produced the leaf on which the old clerk had traced such odd-looking characters.

"There it is!" she exclaimed, as she spread it out on the table before them. "There's writing! and poor Mr. Gridley who used to set me such beautiful copies, and flourish so nicely a swan and a pen

—why, he has not made a single letter: it's all scratches and nonsense!"

The two women examined the paper closely, and were convinced that the child was right: there was not a single letter, properly so called, in the, to them, unintelligible scrawls traced upon the paper.

"Well, now, I am convinced," said the widow, "he must be mad! such a nice writer as he was! He used to make out my bills for my lodgers like copper-plate."

"I told you," said the child; "but you would n't believe me. Of course, if it had really been writing I should have shown it to you before."

While the widow and her visitor were still examining the paper, there came a rat-tat—the short, peculiar knock of the postman—at the door. The man brought a letter for one of the lodgers; and, contrary to his usual habits—for he was very punctual in his delivery—entered the house to inquire after his old friend and *brother*, Gridley.

"Mad!" replied the widow, wiping her eyes, "quite mad! He has forgotten even how to write his name!"

"Forgotten how to write his name!" repeated the astonished postman. "Poor fellow—he must be mad indeed, then!"

"Look there!" said Meg, handing the paper. "He thought he was writing a letter! Who could make head or tail of that?"

The man took the paper. No sooner did his eyes glance upon the *sacred characters*, than an exclamation of surprise broke from him.

"Where did you get this?" he demanded.

"Lizzy brought it," replied Mrs. Bentley, pointing to the child. "Canst thee make anything out of it?"

"I can," said the man; "but there are *others* who will make more of it than I can. If there are no better proofs than this that poor Gridley is mad, we shall soon see him among us again!"

"It is writing, then?" demanded Meg.

"*It is writing!*" replied the postman.

"Can you read it?"

"*I can!*"

"Do tell us what he says!" eagerly exclaimed Mrs. Bentley, who was burn-

ing with curiosity; "Lord, Lord! only to think I should have lived all these years, and not know writing when I see it. But I suppose," she added, "it is not common writing? I must have known that."

"It certainly is not *common writing*," observed the man, with a smile.

"Well, what does he say?"

"That I must not tell you."

"Not tell!" repeated both the women, in a tone of disappointment.

"You will one day know. Good bye," added the postman; "it's a fortunate thing for more than one that this paper fell into my hands!"

With these words, the speaker placed it carefully in his pocket-book, and left the house of the widow, to distribute, from door to door, the tidings of joy, misfortune, wealth, poverty, and death.

After all, the postman is the only real fate—the three sisters, with their thread, distaff, and shears, as Michael Angelo has gloriously painted them, but an old Grecian fable.

Poor Meg, unable to obtain intelligence of her husband, returned home, and passed the day as wretchedly as an affectionate heart would do under such distressing circumstances.

That same night a summons was issued, and the masters and wardens of the different Masonic lodges in Manchester met together: what passed can only be guessed at, by the majority of our readers, from the progress of the tale. We respect the *landmarks* too much to lift the veil which covers the entrance to the sanctuary.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### ANIMAL INSTINCT.

"Who goes there?"

A dog—what's he that asks?

A friend to dogs—for they are honest creatures,  
Never betray their masters—never fawn

On those they love not."—OTWAY.

WHEN Flin returned to his cellar after his interview with Gilbert Grindem, he found, to his no small annoyance, that Pepper was crouched before the door, like a sentinel on duty. He perfectly well understood that the dog had tracked his master by the scent; and he felt that the perseverance of the faithful animal in returning to his place must eventually draw unpleasant attention to his goings

on. He resolved, therefore, to rid himself of an enemy whose instinct was likely to prove more dangerous than human intelligence, under the circumstances, would have done.

"Whew, Pepper, Pepper!" he exclaimed, in a tone which he tried to make affectionate.

The dog looked in his face, and uttered a low growl.

No sooner was the door opened than the affectionate creature darted down the steps, rushed into the inner room, and began barking and scratching under the bed.

"I have him now!" muttered the ruffian, as he closed the door, and descended into the den after him. "It will be my own fault if he betrays me now!"

Hastening into the inner room, he crept after the dog, pretending all the while to encourage his exertions to scratch an entrance to his dying master; for poor Tim was all but dead from the want of air, close confinement, and the injury he had received on the back of his head—which was more serious than the ruffian supposed.

"Soho! at him! at him!" he cried: and Pepper renewed his useless efforts, howling all the while most piteously.

"I have him!" exclaimed the fellow, seizing the terrier by the neck. "Curse thee, but I'll silence thee barking!"

With these words he retreated backward from under the bed, keeping a firm grasp on the dog all the while, which he carried into the outward room, where the gas was still burning. Poor Pepper was nearly choked by the frantic efforts which he made to disengage himself from the iron hand of his persecutor. His little sharp, intelligent eyes were almost starting from his head; he *foamed* freely at the mouth, and inflicted severe scratches with his hind claws upon the hands of his tormentor.

The foam upon the muzzle of the animal was also streaked with blood.

Catching up a sharp knife which he used for cutting bacon and bread for his customers, Flin laid the head of his intended victim upon the edge of the table, partially disengaging his hand in order to get at his neck more easily. Pepper made a last exertion to free himself: by

a great effort stretched out his neck, and in an instant his sharp teeth met in the fleshy part of the villain's left hand, who dropped him with a yell of pain.

The next moment Pepper was again under the bed.

Furious with disappointment, Flin seized a stick, and began striking at random at the animal, whose agility easily enabled him to avoid the blows, barking, at the same time, furiously.

"Curse him!" said the man; "but I'll unkennel him yet!"

Seizing the under-beam of the bedstead with both hands, he dragged it to the other end of the room; but Pepper sagaciously retreated with it, so that his persecutor had only his trouble for his pains. It was curious to mark the instinct—the almost human intelligence—with which the faithful little creature avoided every attempt of his enemy, either to drive or cajole him from his retreat; it would have been a pity the ruffian should have succeeded, for the dog was by far the nobler animal of the two.

While Flin was meditating how to proceed, a violent knocking was heard at the outward door of the cellar, and several voices were heard calling on him by name to open. To have refused might have excited suspicions; so after closing the door of the inner room, into which his customers never had occasion to enter, he at once admitted his, for once, unwelcome customers; determining to complete the design against the life of his sagacious little enemy as soon as they were gone.

It is true the door of communication between the two dens was shut; but there was a window, to afford a sort of light from the gas in the coffee-room. Flin, in his calculations, had forgotten that.

"What be 'est at?" demanded the first man who entered the cellar; "taking a snooze, or saying thee prayers?"

"Neither," replied Flanagan; "I was only rat-hunting."

"Rat-hunting?"

"Ay, I am eaten up we'un; I have borrowed a rare dog—Tim's Dick's—see how the varmint has bitten me."

The speaker held out his hand, which

was still bleeding, and showed the wound to his customers as he spoke.

"That be an ugly bite," observed another of the men; "I would not have it for the weight o' the dog in gowd!"

"Why not?" demanded Flin, evidently very much surprised.

"'Cause of the 'phoby!"

"'Phoby be hanged!—the dog be no more mad than you—he be only vicious."

"Thee hadst better go to the bone-doctor, down i' the lane. I tell thee," repeated the man, "it be an ugly wound."

"Ugly or not, I have no time to go to no bone-doctors, not I. I've had worse bites nor this," said the ruffian, "and nothing never came on 'em. What do ye take?"

Coffee was ordered, and the master of the cellar, who secretly wished his customers anywhere but in his place, set about preparing it. Although dreadfully annoyed by their ill-timed visit, he was too prudent to show it. The fire was soon made to blaze cheerfully up, and the water began to give notice that it was boiling. Flin was in the act of pouring it from the large iron kettle into the coffee-pot, when he was startled by a loud crash and the sound of falling glass.

"What the devil's that?" he demanded.

It was poor Pepper, who had watched his opportunity to spring through the window in the division between the rooms, and make his escape out of the place. The ruffian's heart misgave him as he saw the little animal rush yelling up the steps: he felt that all was not so secure as he imagined.

"Well," said one of the men, "that is a go!"

"Was that the dog that bit thee?" demanded another.

"Yes, curse him!" replied Flin.

"Go to the doctor, I tell thee, once more!" repeated the fellow, who had first advised him to take such a step; the dog's not right: who ever saw a dog in his *right senses*, jump through a window in that fashion?"

Although Flin did not think the bite of sufficient consequence to require any doctor's stuffs, as he called them, he did not feel quite at his ease on the subject, but began sucking the wound. He was

too much preoccupied by the idea of the thousand pounds, which in a few hours he was to receive, and his contemplated flight to America, to spare the time necessary to visit the old bone-setter, whose reputation for skill in Manchester with the lower orders was so great, that many have been known to refuse being removed to the hospital, because they could not have their favorite practitioner to attend them.

"Beside," thought Flin, as he continued to suck the wound, "there will be time to attend to it when I get to sea, if it should trouble me."

*It did trouble him when he got to sea, but it was no longer time.*

"Curse the dog!" he muttered, when he was once more left alone, by the departure of his customers; "I'd sooner have given five out of the thousand pounds I am to receive than have this cursed bite!"

Could the unhappy man have read the fearful punishment which was ready to overtake him for his crimes, he would willingly have given the whole thousand to avoid it—but we must not anticipate.

It had been finally arranged between Flin and the Devil's Hack, as he was called, that the moment the money was procured and the papers given up, they should start for Liverpool, from which port they had ascertained a vessel was to sail for America the following morning. With money every thing may be procured in the way of outfit at a moment's notice, in that mart of business. Once on the sea, they thought they should be safe; for, long before the death or captivity of Tim's Dick would be discovered—and neither of them cared much which—they expected to be out of the reach of justice. They forgot, in their calculations, that there is an avenging arm to strike the guilty every where. Flin had been anxiously watching the time—hour after hour he counted the strokes of the Infirmary clock. As ill fortune would have it, the cellar, at the hour of nine—within one of the time Grindem was to come—was more than usually full.

"He will never venture here?" whispered Ben to his partner in crime.

"Yes, he will," replied the ruffian; "his fears will bring him." After a mo-

ment's pause he added, that he would just slip out into the lane and wait for him—he thought it more prudent than receiving him before so many people.

"Honor?" said the Hack, regarding him doubtfully.

"Do ye think I'd play you false?"

"I don't know: but it would be bad for both of us if you did. The distance between here and Liverpool is not so great but a man on horseback might reach it before sailing—twice you did. So I think I may trust you.

With a low growl and look of defiance, Flin left the cellar. He certainly had thoughts of securing all the money for himself, and leaving his companion in the lurch, but the fellow's last threat gave him cause for reflection.

"I must take him," he muttered; "but, once in America I can soon settle his account; and then for a life of ease and independence."

*How* he intended to settle his account with Ben, our readers, from previous knowledge of the speaker's character, can form a pretty shrewd guess.

He had not been waiting long before the door of his cellar when Mr. Small, whose three sons were prudently watching at a distance, made his appearance. The little man felt a weight removed from his mind that he should not have to enter the cellar, and be alone with its unpollished tenant: in the lane he knew he should be safe, as the least cry would bring not only Matthew, Mark, and John to his side, but the inhabitants to his assistance.

"Good night, Flin!" he said, walking up to him with a familiar air.

"Good night, sir!" replied the man with some surprise.

"You did not expect to see me?"

"Can't say I did, sir," answered the ruffian, who was instantly on his guard—for the treacherous invariably suspects treachery; "and what, may I be so bold to ask, brings you to such an out-of-the-way place as this?"

"Mr. Grindem has no secrets from me."

"Indeed, sir?"

"None: he has sent me to receive the papers—you understand," said Small, lowering his voice, as if fearful the stones should hear him; old Gridley's papers!"



"And by what token am I to know that he sent you?" demanded the man suspiciously, for he had not forgotten Small's treatment of him in the morning.

"A very good and sufficient one," replied the treacherous partner, at the same time taking out his pocket-book; "a thousand pounds to be paid on their delivery."

Flin's eyes glistened with cupidity and joy. "A thousand pounds!" the sum seemed almost fabulous to him; and yet there it was—in a few moments he would clutch it—it would be his.

"This way," he whispered; "this way."

"Not into the cellar?" observed Small, endeavoring to conceal his alarm.

"No, we shall be safer here," returned his companion, "under the doorway; we can settle all our business there, as well as in the cellar."

He pointed to a large old-fashioned gateway, the back entrance to the premises of a manufacturer. They were always closed at nine, but the gas-light over the door was left burning all night.

"First," said Flin, "the thousand pounds?"

"No, first the papers, that I may see if they are all right?"

Neither party seemed disposed to trust the other. There was a mutual hesitation, which the coffee-house keeper at last undertook to settle in his own peculiar way: deliberately taking a clasp-knife from his side-pocket, he opened the pointed blade with his teeth—for his left hand was too painful, from the bite he had received, to raise it—and placed himself before Small, who was directly under the doorway.

"Good God!" exclaimed the terrified merchant, "You don't intend to murder me, my good fellow, do you?"

"That will depend upon yourself," replied Flin, coolly, at the same time giving him the papers. "There they are—read—examine them—and when you have done so, hand me over the thousand pounds, without a word! Mark!" he added, in a whisper, which sounded very much like a hiss, between his clenched teeth, "If you but open your lips, unless in answer to me, more than is necessary to breathe, till I have the money and examined *your token* in my turn, I'll cut

your throat, if I swing for it at next 'size!"

The only fear of Small's risking the execution of the speaker's threat, was from a species of involuntary chattering which his teeth made, something like a pair of castanets played out of tune and time.

He was pale as death, and his hand shook so as he opened the packet, that the fellow felt little apprehension of his either resisting or attempting to escape.

"Well, is it all right?" he savagely demanded.

"Qu—qu—ite—my dear sir," faltered Small, putting them into his pocket with one hand, and holding out the pocket-book with the other; "there—there is the money!"

Flin eagerly examined the contents, counted the notes with a joy almost as tremulous as the other's fears, and found the promised sum, to his great satisfaction, complete.

"You are a trump, after all!" he exclaimed, letting his huge fist fall upon Small's shoulder, in what he intended to be a friendly way, but which nearly dislocated the little man's shoulder-bone. "All right! Will you take anything?"

"No, no, I thank you," muttered Small.

"A drop of summut short?"

"Dear me, no! I am equally obliged to you; but I never drink. And now, as this affair," continued the little man, "is all pleasantly settled, I—I'll bid you good-night."

"Oh, good-night, if you won't," said Flin. "I didn't want you to *pay* for it!" he added, with a sneer, "I'm not such a shab as that; only it would have looked friendly-like."

"Some other time," muttered Small, who was in an agony of fear, lest Grindem should arrive and detect his villainy, when his position would have been a most unpleasant one; for his wealthy partner would not have hesitated to have offered the ruffian any sum to recover the papers, and, perhaps, dissolved their deed of partnership in a manner which the law has never yet contemplated, in any of its multifarious provisions, by putting him out of the way.

"Good-night," said Flin, making way

for him to pass; "our affairs are settled, and I don't suppose that either of us care much about continuing the acquaintance."

With these words the ruffian retired to his cellar, and Small, half dead with terror, made the best of his way to the spot where his three sons were waiting for him.

"Well, governor," whispered Matthew, at the same time brushing the ash of cigar which he held in his mouth from the front of his coat, which showed how affectionately he had been occupied during his father's absence; "all right?—have you got them?"

"*I have got them;*" said the little man, wiping the perspiration from his brow, which fear for the safety of his invaluable person had caused to collect there. "But let us not lose an instant! Grindem will soon be here, and I don't want him to come to an explanation yet. I should like him to feel the gnawing pangs of disappointment, doubt, fear, and shame, and mark his anxious look and inquiring eye—to torture him by degrees—not crush him at once."

"And so should I," said the son, puffing a fresh cloud; "take it by instalments—just as he gave it to us."

"Besides," added the prudent parent, "I am not quite sure that the vessel has sailed with Beacham; and we don't want him here."

"*Decidedly not,*" observed the courageous Matthew Small, remembering, with a bitter feeling, the castigation he had received. "When Amy Lawrence," he whispered, "is Mrs. Matthew Small, and his uncle completely in our hands, then he may come back. *I should like to see him then!*"

Just as they turned the corner of Shude Hill, they saw Gilbert Grindem, his face completely muffled, so as to conceal his features as much as possible, coming toward them from Canon street. They recognized him in an instant by his gait. To avoid meeting him, father and sons entered a tavern near, where they called for wine and a private room up stairs, from which they had the satisfaction, hidden behind the blinds, of watching him, as he impatiently paced up and down the side of the street in which the yard leading to Flin's cellar opened.

The Smalls grinned with delight, as they watched his nervous impatience; they fancied that they could almost hear his muttered curses, as he struck his cane fretfully upon the stones, and peered into the face of every man of the working class who approached him.

"It's only the first symptom of the fever," quietly chuckled his partner, as he feasted his eyes on the old merchant's anxiety; "it will soon be at raging heat. Then will be the sport! I do long to see that!"

"What does it all mean, father?" demanded Mark and John, who were not as deep in their parent's confidence as Matthew.

"Nothing, boys—nothing; only, for the future, you need not be quite so respectful to Mr. Gilbert Grindem; maintain your dignity and independence, *as I have always done!* If he is insolent, give him as good as he sends; the tables are turned at last!"

The boys, as their affectionate father familiarly called them, grinned with delight at the recommendation of their parent. They felt that the tables must indeed be turned before he would venture on such advice; for he had hitherto trained them in slavish obsequiousness to the hitherto wealthy and much-dreaded head of the firm.

It was half-past eleven before Gilbert Grindem abandoned the hope of meeting Flin, and obtaining the papers; and he slowly left the place of rendezvous, ready to gnaw his heart with rage, fear, and disappointment. His punishment, after so many years of successful rapacity and villainy, had fallen like a thunder-clap upon him; and he began to entertain a vague suspicion that there really was a Providence which, sooner or later, even in this world returns

"The ingredients of the poisoned chalice  
To our own lips;"

and he hastened to his carriage—which had all the while been waiting for him opposite the Infirmary—a sad, but not a better man.

"Come," said Small, buttoning up his coat, "the fun is over for to-night: your mother and sisters will be expecting us. Beside," he hiccupped—for the wine, which he had drunk freely, had

taken effect upon him—"we must not forget evening prayers: a bad example to the servants, and an ingratitude to Providence."

"But the sovereigns, father?" said Matthew.

"What sovereigns?" demanded the half-muddled parent.

"Why the two a-piece which you promised us for coming with you."

"Did I? *I'll owe them to you.* What," he added as a low grumble of discontent reached him, "do you object to trust your poor father, who has just expended a thousand pounds on your account? No gratitude in this world—even from one's children!"

"It is your own lesson," observed Mark, sulkily. "You know you always taught us never to trust any one."

"Well, well; you shall have," replied Small, with a smile, for the argument pleased him; "you shall have them. Now, Matthew," he hiccupped, "give me your arm, and let's walk steadily down stairs, and home to your precious mother and sisters. Why don't you learn to take your wine steadily," he added, "like a gentleman. How often have I told you that drunkenness is a sin in the eyes of heaven, and imprudent in those of the world?"

"And which is worse, father?" slyly inquired John, the youngest of the brothers, and the wit of the aspiring family.

Small was too well satisfied with the night's work which put his overbearing partner so completely in his power, to feel angry at the question; added to which, he was drunk—not so much, perhaps, with the wine he had taken, as with the success of his scheme; he quietly poked the speaker in the ribs, and, marching down to the bar as steadily as he could, paid the reckoning, and left the house.

Flin's object, on returning to his cellar, was to rid himself of his customers as speedily as he could. What was the importance of few pence to the possessor of a thousand pounds? In his own eyes, he was a *Cresus*—a second *Rothschild*; his only anxiety was to get safely over to America, and enjoy the fruits of his dishonesty in peace. He

little thought that his doom had already been pronounced, and that he carried the punishment of his cold-blooded villainy lurking in his veins.

"Have you seen him?" demanded the Devil's Hack, in a low whisper, as he descended the dirty steps of the cellar.

"All right."

"*Thank God!*" impiously muttered his companion in crime; but how are we to get off? the train starts exactly at twelve, and the ship, you say, sails with the first tide?"

"Leave that to me," replied the owner of the den, in the same low tone; "I've hit upon a plan. A precious noodle you would be, without me to work the affair!"

"Coffee"—"bread"—"roll and butter," shouted several voices, at the far end of the room.

"Flin's getting rich," observed a factory hand; "he neglects his customers!"

"Perhaps he is in love!" said a second.

"With dumpy Bet at the corner," added a third; "he ought to have a wife and Bet's just the *gal* for him: she's fond of gin, and Flin likes a drop of the *crater!*"

"Ugh!" growled the ruffian; "It's not often I take my pleasure: Black Harry has just been gossiping a bit, to tell me *Holl's* factory, down in Salford, is on fire!"

The words were no sooner out of his mouth, than a general rush was made to the door. A fire! it was *excitement*—something to see and talk about. In a few moments, those who had been most vociferous for their coffee, rolls, etc., complaining that they were famishing, were half down *Shude Hill*, on their way to the scene of the supposed calamity, without waiting to be served; the rest hastily swallowing the contents of their cups, followed their example.

In no country has so little been done to provide healthy amusement for the people, as in England. Wealth, from the legislative enactments upon the subject, would appear to have but one idea—that the poor *should only work*, and have no time for recreation. The rich man has the opera, the hunt, the excitement of the turf, or the less intellectual

pleasures of the table. The poor one is debarred from all but those spectacles which the sufferings of humanity or its vices present: consequently a fire, or an execution, or a fight—are his *opera, spectacle, and amusement*. Refine the pleasures of a people and you elevate their character. The inmates of the cellar rushed to the fire, some to assist, but the greater part, for the excitement, which varied the monotony of their existence.

Flin and his accomplices were left alone.

Rushing into the inner room, he hastily caught up a couple of bundles, which he had prepared. Tossing one to his companion, he bade him follow him.

"Where to?"

"Why to the train. Did n't you say, you fool, it started at twelve?"

"And Tim's Dick?" faltered the Hack, pointing toward the inner room.

"Can rot very well where he is," coolly observed the ruffian, taking the key off the nail, to lock the door after him. "Why, what is the man staring at? The lads will soon be back, when they find the dance I have led them. Say the word—will you go or stay?"

"Stay!" repeated the man, with a shudder; "not for the world! I must go with you—you know that—you have left me no other resource!"

Before the clock struck twelve, Flin and the speaker were seated in the third-class train for Liverpool, the signal was given, and the hissing engine rolled on with its comet-like train. This time the avenger was with them, not behind them. The morning after their arrival the vessel sailed. Great was the astonishment of his numerous customers, the next day, on finding Flin's place closed, and many were the speculations of the neighbors. Still, as he had been known to absent himself during the day several times, no great suspicion was excited.

Poor Meg, remained inconsolable for the absence of her husband; a hundred times would she start from her seat, fancying that she heard his footsteps in the yard: but it invariably proved to be some neighbor dropping in to console

her, or a workman returning to his meals at evening or mid-day.

"I shall never see him again!" she sobbed; "never—never—he must be dead! nothing but death could keep him from his children, however angry he might be with me—he has too kind a heart, and loves the poor things too well for that!"

At such times, Pepper would look up wistfully into her face, and howl in sympathy. Nothing could exceed the restlessness and uneasiness of the dog: he left the house, and returned every quarter of an hour—refused his food—and seemed quite as unhappy as his disconsolate mistress.

The second day after Flin's departure, a crowd was gathered round the still closed door of the cellar: old women were gossiping over the tenant's disappearance, which, coupled with Tim's absence, afforded a field for speculation. Some suggested that the place ought to be broken open; others, that Flin had suddenly died during the night.

"More likely hanged!" observed a shoemaker, who lived at the corner.

"Hanged!" repeated the group.

"It's my belief," continued the man, "that all's not right. I have seen from my stall Tim's Dick's dog come a hundred times during the day, and sniff and whine at the door. He was there the last thing last night, and the first this morning."

"Why do n't you speak to the police?" demanded several.

"Oh, it ain't my business," replied the shoemaker; "if it was I'd soon settle it!"

"How—how?"

"By breaking open the door."

The words were no sooner spoken than poor Pepper came creeping timidly toward the assembled group, his tail between his legs, and his ears laid back to his head; but no sooner did he come within a certain distance of the cellar, than he sprang toward it as if he had received an electric shock, and began barking and scratching violently.

"*He smells something!*" was the general observation.

The dog's howls and efforts became

terrific: everything like fear seemed to have abandoned him, and he scratched and tore away the earth from beneath the door till he came to the stone step, which effectually barred his passage. Nothing daunted, the faithful creature tried to gnaw his way, and when he found that was impossible, looked, with piteous intelligence into the eyes of the spectators, as if to implore their assistance.

At this moment a policeman, attracted by the crowd and noise, made his appearance in the yard. Like the rest, he, too, was struck by the action of the dog, and, after listening to the comments, surmises, and suspicions of the neighbors, sent off a man to inform the inspector on duty; who, on his arrival, at once gave orders to force open the door.

The lock was a strong one, and many efforts were made before it could be broken. No sooner, however, was the task achieved, than Pepper, with a brisk bark, leaped down the steps, dashed into the inner room, and began scratching under the bed.

The officer, who had followed with several of the crowd, could distinguish nothing till they had lit the gas; all even then appeared in its usual state. The inner room was next examined; but there was no sign either of a struggle or of bloodshed.

"Strange!" said the policeman.

"Very," replied his equally-puzzled superior; "we want Mr. Marjoram here—he would soon find it out, if there is any thing to discover."

"Where is the dog?" demanded the shoemaker, who, being lame, had not descended till the last.

They looked round, and Pepper was discovered under the bed, tearing the earth with his sharp claws at the foot of the wall at the head.

To drag the bedstead aside was the work of an instant. Lights were procured—for the gas was only laid on in the first division of the cellar. On looking closely, they found that the brick-work, just where the head of the bedstead had stood, had been removed, and a stout door, painted to look exactly like the wall, fitted in its place.

The same instruments with which the

outward door had been forced were now applied to that of the recess. It yielded with a sullen sound, as if unwilling to give us the hideous secret it concealed. The dog sprang in, and the policeman followed: the sight which met their view appalled even their hearts, accustomed, as they were, to gaze on scenes of cruelty and crime.

Stretched at its length upon the damp floor lay the body of Tim's Dick, to all appearance dead. The legs of the unhappy little weaver were spasmodically contracted. He must have suffered fearfully from cramp in the confined space in which he had been so long a prisoner.

"There has been a murder here!" exclaimed the inspector, at the same time sending off one of his men to bring down a reinforcement of police; for he knew that the news must spread like wildfire in the populous neighborhood, and that a mob would soon surround the place.

"And Flin must be the murderer," observed the shoemaker; "or why shut up his place and fly the town, like a thief, in the night?"

Another now recollected the ruse by which the landlord had disembarrassed himself of his customers on the evening of the transaction between him and Small; and a third, that he had met Flin, just before midnight, close to the railroad station.

"You must leave the place," said the inspector, mildly, for he felt that he was unsupported, "you can give your evidence before the coroner."

But the people showed no disposition to leave the place—on the contrary, their numbers increased every minute: some began to ransack the cupboards, others to break the chairs and tables, smash the coffee-cups, and commit other senseless and useless devastations. It was a great relief to the officer when the arrival of a large body of men, who were accompanied by Mr. Marjoram, made their appearance—he felt that his responsibility was at an end.

Under the directions of Marjoram the cellar was soon cleared: some he threatened, others cajoled, took down the names of those whose evidence was likely to be useful, promising that they should be

summoned to say what they had to say at the inquest.

But no cajoling or threats could induce the faithful Pepper to quit his beloved master. The little creature seemed to feel that he had still a duty to perform.

"Let him remain," observed Marjoram to the inspector, who had been vainly trying to call him away; "he keeps off the rats."

Just as he was about to leave the place, after having carefully fastened the door, and placed two of the force to guard it, he found himself suddenly face to face with the unhappy Meg. She had just heard of her supposed bereavement, and, mad with grief and horror, she frantically demanded to see the body of her husband.

"Not now, my good woman; not now," said the functionary, in a tone of professional commiseration; "go home—we will do all that is necessary—the affair is in the hands of justice—you will be much better at home."

To impress his words yet more, Mr. Marjoram had laid his hand upon the woman's shoulder—a habit he had when he wished to be very condescending.

"Do n't touch me!" shrieked Meg, as if a serpent had stung her. "*You*—you have caused all this!"

"I!" exclaimed the astonished officer.

"You and your accursed gold, for which I gave those papers! I never disobeyed him but that once, and then," she added, bursting into tears, "it was to save my children from starving!"

"You think, then," demanded the party to whom the reproach had been addressed, "that those papers have been the cause of your misfortune?"

"Oh, I am sure of it—I am sure of it!" sobbed Meg. "It was a bad hour when Tim took charge of them; and a worse," she added, "when you tempted me to give them up! God help me! I am punished; sorely punished!"

A light seemed suddenly to break in upon the mind of Marjoram. Small and Grindem had both been extremely anxious for those papers; he himself had been mysteriously robbed of them; was it possible, he thought, that *they had any hand in the murder*? He determined to keep an eye upon them.

It was useless to oppose the passionate vehemence of Meg—she would see the body of her husband; and the people began to cry out that it was a shame to refuse her. The Jack in authority for once gave way.

Pepper, who had shown his teeth and furiously resisted all attempts to touch his master, whined piteously at her approach. The intelligent animal seemed to know that her rights were not to be disputed; and, when Meg, raising the body in her arms from the cold, damp floor, carried it from the cell to the bed, he followed, howling piteously.

It was not till Meg had dragged her burden to the light, that the full sense of her supposed bereavement burst upon her.

"Curse them!" she exclaimed, sinking on her knees by the side of the bed; "a widow's curse pursue them, the orphans' shrieks yell in their ears—haunt them into sleep—strike terror to their hearts! may the ear of God be deaf to their last prayers, and his justice overtake them when man's fails! Who will bring up the children now in honesty and labor?" she added, wildly; "our stay is lost—the poorhouse must be their home when I am gone! Oh, Tim—husband—my heart is breaking—God, I shall go mad!"

Tears—nature's solace to the o'er-fraught heart—came to her relief. Throwing herself upon the body, she strained it convulsively to her desolate heart, while her neighbors, who stood weeping by—for the poor can always commiserate each other—could only vent their sympathy in muttered curses upon Flin.

Suddenly Meg started from the bed, as if she had received an electric shock—gazed wildly upon the features of her husband—placed her trembling hand upon his heart—held her cheek to his lips, to assure herself that imagination had not deceived her. His heart still beat, but so faintly, that the pulsation of a new-born infant was a giant's struggles to it; and the breath came, like the last sigh of the dying breeze in summer, which scarce ruffles the rose-leaf in its path.

"He lives!" she exclaimed; "he is not dead! God has heard my prayer—my children will not be fatherless!"

Overwrought nature could support no more: with an hysterical laugh, she sank upon her knees in gratitude to that Providence, which had not abandoned her to the worst of misery — poverty, borne alone.

The neighbors eagerly raised the body of the weaver from the bed, and bore it gently to the cottage. The air of the yard, pure in comparison with that he had so long breathed, revived him, and he gave unequivocal signs of life.

So fearful an attempt at murder excited the indignation of the population; and Marjoram installed himself at the public-house opposite, to collect evidence against Flin.

Among the persons he questioned was the wife of the landlord, who deposed to having seen Flin on the Thursday evening, which was the last one he had ever spent in Manchester.

"But how do you know that it was Thursday?" demanded Marjoram. Not that the date was important, for the fact amounted to nothing.

"By a very remarkable occurrence," replied the woman, smiling.

"Name it?"

"Why, Mr. Small, of the firm of Grindem and Small, passed the evening up stairs in our house; and — no — that's all."

"Nothing else?"

"Nothing particular," added the woman.

"Remember, you will be examined on your oath," added the functionary.

"Well, then—he got drunk here."

Marjoram took up a pen, and began writing.

"What are you writing?" demanded a brother officer.

"Something which may one day be useful," he said drily, as he folded the paper, and put it in his pocket.

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### DEATH OF MRS. LAWRENCE.

"ON some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;  
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,  
E'en in their ashes live their wonted fires."

GRAY'S ELEGY.

AMY LAWRENCE was not mistaken in the sad anticipations she had given utterance to respecting her mother, on the

day when she parted with Henry Beacham. The poor old widow — prematurely old — for time had marked his course by the scars which each succeeding year had left upon her heart — continued gradually to sink from a state of dreamy apathy to a still more perfect unconsciousness of all around. The approach of death was so gradual, and the sufferer so worn and subdued by the trials and struggles of life, that the grim monarch found not an unresisting, but a willing victim. Misery had dimmed his terrors — grief so numbed her heart, that it was all but insensible to nature's last pangs.

Amy's trial was indeed a severe one; but her courage was sustained by that holiness of affection, and strong sense of duty, which supports the virtuous mind through struggles in which mere feeling would be impotent, and passion useless.

Faithful to his promise, the warm-hearted friend of her lover, William Bowles, was a daily visitor at the cottage. If he could not remove the cause of Amy's sorrow, he at least could soothe it by speaking of Beacham, and predicting a bright and happy future. Hopes are to lovers like toys to children — they amuse and pass the hours, which else would hang with fearful heaviness.

The evening before the widow's dissolution, the lethargy which, like a nightmare, seemed to have spell-bound her faculties, was dissolved — it was the last flicker of the expiring lamp, ere its light is changed to darkness; and it seemed more brilliant by the coming contrast. Amy was delighted at the change, and for the first time since her brother's death, began to indulge in hope.

"Don't be deceived, Amy," said her mother, faintly. "I have but some hours — nay, perhaps not so long — to live. God has mercifully given me a few moments' consciousness, that I may bless my child before I die. Forgive me!" she continued, as the weeping girl sank upon her knees by the side of the bed, and clasped her attenuated hand, covering it at the same time with kisses. "Forgive me, Amy, I know I ought to have struggled for your sake, after poor Richard's death, and not have abandoned you in a harsh, unfeeling world; but I could not: my heart was crushed, Amy — crushed and broken."

"Mother!" sobbed the unhappy girl, "not a word like that! Forgiveness! what have I to forgive? Your life has been a life of sacrifice to your children—a daily offering on the altar of maternal love! Oh, at this moment, how many memories of neglected duties, thoughtless words, and disobedient wishes, rise to accuse me? Forgive your child!" she added; "forgive her, that she is not all your excellent example should have made her! There, mother—lay your hand upon my head, and bless me! God will hear a dying mother's prayer, and bless an unprotected orphan, too!"

With an earnestness which gave dignity to the action, the widow placed her hand upon the head of the fair girl, and, with all the gushing tenderness of a mother's heart, breathed a last blessing on her child; who received it with that deep reverence and awe which an act so solemn merits. Her heart felt lighter after the benediction; for, although, the faults of Amy—and what child is without faults toward its parent?—had been those of childhood, the approach of death magnified their importance. A thousand, till then, forgotten duties and slight neglects, occurred to her recollection with painful freshness.

"Amy," said the widow, "raise me! I would not quit the world, and leave a mother's most important duty unfulfilled. There, that will do," she added, as her daughter raised her from her pillow. "Now let me lean my head upon your bosom—yours has a hundred times reposed on mine. Now listen to me."

Our readers can well imagine the nature of the advice which a tender parent would give to a lovely girl whom she was about to leave deprived of virtue's truest stay—a mother's watchful care—the prudent cautions, the experienced counsels. The last words which faltered upon her lips, were of mingled prayer and blessings for her future happiness. Then came the death-struggle, the closing of the eyes, the lips quivering with the parting breath, the last look of undying love—and all was over—poor Amy was doubly an orphan.

The conduct of William Bowles, on the unhappy girl's bereavement, was truly that of an affectionate brother. All the

painful arrangements rendered necessary by death were made by his care: and the day at last dawned which was to convey the body of the widow to its final resting-place.

While those who were to assist at the funeral were waiting, Amy, for the last time, entered the chamber of death, and prayed by the coffin of her parent. It is astonishing how prayer can both elevate and strengthen the heart! She asked for fortitude and it was given her. While thus occupied, she was startled by the opening of the door, and, turning round, beheld the warm-hearted William Bowles, accompanied by an interesting-looking girl of about her own age.

"Mr. Bowles!" she exclaimed, endeavoring to repress her tears, "and ——"

"A sister," said the young female, kindly advancing toward her, and throwing her arms round her with that soothing confidence which makes its way at once to the wounded heart: "one who can share your sorrows, Amy; for I, too, am motherless!—one who can feel for your lonely position; for, till lately," she added, with an ingenuous blush, "I had none to love me, and you have many!"

The two innocent girls embraced. William seized the occasion to lead Amy from the room: the funeral was proceeded with—the dying widow's prayer was heard! God had raised up a friend for the orphan; and the day which consigned her mother to the grave, was not passed without the consolation which kindness and sympathy can alone bestow!

"Amy," said the friend of her lover, as soon as the melancholy ceremony was concluded, "this is no longer a home for you—a young, unprotected girl—living alone in a place like Manchester. Even my visits," he added, "might be misconstrued by evil tongues, who know no higher pleasure than traducing virtue."

"True!" said the orphan. "I had not thought of that. Alas!" she added, "how sad it is to feel one's self alone!"

"But I *have* thought of it," replied William; "and have found you an asylum, where the shafts of malevolence can not reach you."

"Indeed!" said Amy, doubtingly. "It must be the grave, then?"

"No," continued the frank-hearted



young man; "but a home where you will find the protection of a mother—since it is the arms of mine are opened to receive you: and my own kind, generous girl," he added, turning a look of love toward his young companion, "has come with me to press the offer on your acceptance, and accompany you to it. You ought to love each other, for Henry and I are like brothers; so it is only right our future wives should be as sisters."

That very night the grateful Amy slept under the hospitable roof of William's parents at Burnley.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

##### THE FREEMASONS VISIT THEIR BROTHER.

"Is he skilled—this mummy-looking leach?  
In drugs and minerals, sir, beyond belief?  
'T is said he can breed poison in the air,  
Send death or madness in a perfumed flower,  
And work his will by ways so strange,  
That ignorance deems it magic!"

THE ROSICRUCIAN.

MR. CRAB was seated in the little room in the asylum which he called his study, and where he generally received his visitors. It was studiously arranged for effect: a small library of books, chiefly on medical science—or rather that portion of it which treated on insanity—filled the handsomely-carved cases which lined the walls; over them were plaster casts of Galen, Hunter, Sir Astley Cooper, and other friends to humanity. Mr. Crab's own bust, in Parian marble, presented to him by a subscription of private friends, stood upon a pedestal between the windows, which looked into the show-yard of the establishment. We use the term show-yard advisedly, for it was the only one intended to be seen by the general class of visitors—those who came to consult him, or make arrangements for the reception of some relative or friend, deprived by Providence of that nobler quality which alone distinguishes man from the inferior animal—reason.

Directly opposite to him was a little, withered, skinny-looking personage, whose face would have been as impassible as a death's head, but for the keen, dark eye, which seemed instinct with life, and restless as a captive viper's. This was Dr. Chinon, a Frenchman by birth but naturalised, and a member of the

English College of Surgeons. Why he had left his native country, no man ever knew, or what part of France he came from. Although his extraordinary skill was admitted by all who had occasion to test it, still he never succeeded as a general practitioner. There was a something in his manner which repelled confidence; and, after vainly attempting to establish himself in Manchester, he ultimately accepted the post of house-surgeon in Mr. Crab's establishment, where he found time to pursue his studies in science and philosophical investigations together. The field was rich in opportunities, and the learned little doctor was not slow to avail himself of them.

"Well, doctor, have you finished your report?" demanded his employer, glancing at the paper which the other held in his hand, and from which he had been reading.

"Not quite."

"Proceed, then, for I have an appointment at twelve with the Pawnee Indian Missionary Society. A wretched people, doctor!—neither schools nor priests! Religion and science equally unknown among them!"

"Is madness known among them?" demanded the little Frenehman.

"Madness!" repeated Mr. Crab, who perfectly understood the character of the man who put the question. "I should say not. The benighted wretches are not sufficiently civilized ever to go mad! Animals, sir—mere animals!"

"And where do these animals reside?"

Oh, in America. Some degrees—*two hundred and fifty-six, I believe*—but, you know, I never remember figures—south of the equator. You understand—most praiseworthy object—interesting case! All the respectable persons in Manchester are members of the society—the funds flow in—they talk of making me treasurer."

"But why don't you interest yourselves for the Pawnee Indians at home?"

"At home!" repeated Mr. Crab, beginning to be somewhat mystified.

"Ay," continued the doctor, "the little ragged, shoeless wretches, that run the streets of Manchester! Religion and science are *equally unknown to them*; and they are not quite so far off," he added,

with a satirical smile, "as *two hundred and fifty-six degrees south of the equator!*"

Mr. Crab, as you see, was not without tact: like a prudent swimmer, he no sooner felt that he had ventured beyond his depth, than he turned round, and made toward the starting place.

"We will proceed," he said, "doctor, with the list, if you please."

"Certainly," resumed the man of science. "Which is the next name on the list?"

His superior referred to his books, and read the name of Simon Gridley.

"Calm!" said the doctor, continuing the report. "Never has been mad!"

"Not mad? You mistake!"

"I never mistake: simply a case of delirium tremens, brought on by drink and dissipation: nothing more."

Crab was annoyed. The frankness of the man of science obliged him, for once, to deviate from his usual policy of making his wishes understood without committing himself by an explanation. He was one of those men who, in the performance of an act of villainy, try to deceive even themselves.

"Hem!" he began, "sad case, very! Of course there's no disputing your opinion; but it's strange that the medical men who signed the certificate should be both deceived."

"They were fools!" was the abrupt rejoinder.

"The peace of a highly respectable firm—family, I should say—compromised. Don't you think, my dear sir, that there is frequently that moral kind of insanity which requires restraint, quite as much as the aberration of mind? You can understand the distinction, I am sure?"

"No, I can't."

"Besides, he is an excellent patient, and his friends pay well—in fact, I may say, liberally."

"I can understand that," interrupted Chinon, with a shrug. "When you speak plainly, I can perfectly comprehend you; but I never take hints. If you wish him to be mad, of course he is mad."

"Wish him! Oh, doctor!"

"If you do not, I pronounce him sane."

"Well, then," whispered Crab, with a violent effort to unmask himself even to his subordinate, "I do wish it! There are secrets in all professions—even in ours."

"Many," said the Frenchman, "as we both know."

"I may rely upon you, then?"

"Implicitly: only be frank, and you will find me useful. I have no ridiculous scruples about serving those who trust me: and you know that I am to be trusted."

Further conversation was interrupted by the entrance of one of the keepers, to announce to his superior that two gentlemen—Messrs. Mordaunt and Keeting—requested to see him. As they were both persons of consideration in Manchester, they were ordered to be shown into the room at once.

"Shall I retire?" demanded the doctor.

"No: you may as well remain a few minutes. Perhaps they only have come to inspect the establishment."

Mr. Mordaunt, the elder of the two visitors, was a man of about sixty, with a most benevolent cast of countenance, not unmarked by shrewdness. His companion was considerably younger. They were the actual masters of the two principal masonic lodges in the town, commissioned by the brethren to visit the asylum, and personally ascertain the state of poor Gridley; for the paper which the honest postman had delivered into their hands was, although perfectly intelligible, written in so excited a style, that they were not altogether convinced by it.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said Mr. Crab, pointing, at the same time, to the keeper to place chairs for his visitors. "To what am I indebted for the honor of this visit? The surgeon of the establishment," he added, at the same time introducing Dr. Chinon to them.

"To the circumstance of your having a poor friend, in whom we feel deeply interested, under your care—Mr. Simon Gridley. We come to visit him."

Crab felt that his countenance changed as he heard the name—nay, he almost fancied that he blushed; but long experience convinced him how improbable that was, so he felt reassured. An instant restored him to his self-possession, and he answered, in the blindest tone of voice he could command—in his benevolent and parochial meeting manner—that it was impossible.

"Impossible!" repeated the visitors, ex-

changing significant glances with each other, which did not escape the lynx-eyed proprietor of the asylum.

"Impossible, my dear sirs!" he continued. "He is at this time in one of his most violent paroxysms, as the worthy Dr. Chinon will inform you: in fact, we were just consulting on his case. At times he is mild in the extreme—nay, almost rational—only troubled with 'thick-coming fancies,' as the poet has it. At any of his quiet moments I shall be delighted to admit you to visit him."

"*It must be now!*" replied Mr. Mordaunt, drily.

"Must be!" repeated the astonished Mr. Crab.

"You are aware that I am a magistrate?"

"Certainly—certainly: it did not strike me that any gentleman would think of visiting my establishment in a magisterial capacity. You can go, Dr. Chinon," he added, turning, with a meaning look, to the Frenchman; who replied, with a sign of intelligence, that he perfectly understood him. "I will not detain you from your inspection."

The surgeon bowed, and left the room. The next instant his voice was heard in the courtyard, calling loudly for Barnes, *the confidential keeper*.

"And now, gentlemen," said Mr. Crab, who felt greatly relieved, and whose only object *was to gain time*, "perhaps you will favor me with the reason of a demand which, to say the least of it, is a little extraordinary. I am not an unknown man in Manchester—in fact, without vanity, I may say in the kingdom. I have been twice consulted before both Houses of Parliament—received the thanks of the Commissioners—in fact, I should have hoped," he added, with the air of a man whose feelings had been deeply wounded, "I should have thought that my character would have saved my establishment under *my direction* from the honor of a magisterial visit."

We have some reason to believe that our poor brother Gridley—" began Mr. Keeting.

"*Brother Gridley!*" exclaimed Crab.

"Yes," continued the speaker. "He is a member of the masonic lodge over which I have the honor to preside—has been

confined *in error*—of course," he added, "on suspicion merely, it would be unjust to use a more offensive word. We are aware of his unfortunate habits. It is possible that delirium tremens may have been mistaken for insanity. Have you seen him yourself lately?"

"This very morning, sir!" The assertion was a lie; but the speaker was too far gone in villainy to hesitate at a breach of truth to serve his purpose. "And do you suppose, gentlemen," he added, with a well-acted smile of pity, "that, with my experience in such cases, *I could be deceived?* The man is mad—frantic—violently mad! A feeling of humanity alone prompted my refusal; for the sight of strangers only enrages him more. The friend I should peremptorily have refused permission to see him. Of course I yield to the magistrate!"

The sneer which accompanied the last word was not unnoticed by the two masons, but they thought it better to pass it without observation; for, after all, the speaker might be in the right, and the letter they had so strangely received, the result of some strange hallucination of the writer's wandering brain.

Crab, seeing that they made no reply, and pretty well confident that the doctor and Barnes had taken the necessary precaution, rang the bell: it was answered by one of the keepers.

"As soon as Barnes is disengaged, send him to me."

The man bowed, and withdrew.

"Of course you can have no objection to tell me upon what ground a suspicion, which is levelled no less at my moral character than my professional reputation, rests—I have a right to demand that justice at your hands?"

"There you must excuse us," replied Mr. Mordaunt: sufficient to say that the mason has a means of communication with his brethren, of which the world little dreams!"

"Has he!" thought Crab. "If once I get over this difficulty, I'll place him where Satan himself shall be his messenger; for he shall see no other!"

"Added to which," observed Mr. Keeting, "at present we have expressed no suspicion, either of your integrity or professional skill—an error is not always a crime."

"In my case it *could* only be the latter," said Mr. Crab; "and to such a supposition the evidence of a long life in the service of my fellow-creatures is a sufficient reply."

At this moment a knock was heard at the door of the apartment.

"Come in," said the proprietor of the establishment. "Oh, Barnes, is that you?" he added, as the keeper made his appearance; "have you finished your rounds?"

"*All's right, sir!*" replied the fellow, with a glance which his master perfectly well understood; for, as we before observed, the man was in his confidence.

"You will attend me and these gentlemen to Gridley's cell—they wish to see him."

"See him!" replied Barnes, with a well-affected air of surprise; "Lord, sir, you know the state he is in—outrageous!"

"You hear, gentlemen?"

"Strangers only makes him worse!"

"I told you so," said Crab, turning to his visitors; doubtless expecting that they would not persist in their intention.

A few words in a low tone passed between them, at the end of which Mr. Mordaunt intimated to the director of the asylum that they were ready to follow him to visit their unhappy brother.

On entering the cell, they found the poor clerk bound in a chair, which was fixed in the center of the floor. A straight-waistcoat confined his arms; he seemed in a state of stupor: his eyes were fixed, and a drop or two of blood oozed from the corners of his month. There was a powerful aromatic perfume in the place.

"You see," said the triumphant Crab, "the state he is in!"

"Dreadful!" replied Keeting, who was deeply moved at the sight; for he had known the poor old man from boyhood, and felt interested in his fate. "How long will the fit last?"

"Impossible to say," replied the keeper, "Sometimes for days—won't it, sir?"

The last words were addressed to his master, who replied only by a knowing nod.

Mr. Mordaunt approached the chair,

and, in a soothing voice, demanded of the patient if he knew him.

"He knows no one in this state," observed Crab.

Gridley made an attempt to speak: his chest heaved, and his eyes, changing from their fixed expression, rolled fearfully.

"I won't! I won't!" he shrieked. "Devils! I am not mad! God will judge; and——"

A choking sensation seemed to cut short his words. His throat swelled, and a kind of hiccup followed, which seemed to relieve him. A mixture of froth and a dark-looking liquid flowed freely from his lips. Mr. Mordaunt *wiped his mouth with his handkerchief, and carefully put it in his pocket.*

Barnes and his master exchanged an uneasy glance with each other.

"Murder! murder!" groaned the maniac, for such, at the moment, the clerk really was. "I did not do it! There's one above knows all! Don't look so strangely, Lawrence, at me! I did not do it! Richard dead—his father dead! Well, well! If I must hang, Grindem shall swing with me. Ha! ha! ha!" he added. "How the fiends will laugh to see Dives and Lazarus both on the same gibbet!"

"Are you convinced?" demanded Crab, addressing his visitors.

"Perfectly," replied Mr. Keeting; but his companion remained silent.

"Do you not know us?" demanded the former.

"Ah!" shrieked the wretched victim of the *benevolent* Mr. Crab's villainy, and his doctor's skill; "the execution? Well, it will soon be over! Do n't put me to much pain! I shall not resist; for in the grave I shall be at peace!—peace!—peace!"

A shout of idiot laughter followed, and then a rush of incoherent words, mingled with blasphemies, prayers, and imprecations.

"Our presence indeed seems to excite him," observed Mr. Mordaunt, with difficulty mastering his emotion. "This is a very fearful scene! We had better leave him to the *skill* of those who best know how to treat him!"

The shouts of the patient became

terrific; and the two masons, horror-stricken at the scene, hastily retreated from the cell. Great as was Mr. Keeting's agitation, that of his companion was *still greater*—a circumstance to be remarked in one usually so cool and observant; but perhaps it was the last quality which made him so.

"Would you like to see the rest of the establishment?" blandly demanded Mr. Crabs.

"No, no," said the elder of his visitors; "we have seen quite enough for one day. My nerves have received a shock I shall not easily recover."

"I trust you are satisfied of the error into which you have either fallen or been misled?" continued the hypocrite.

"Perfectly satisfied," said Mr. Mordaunt, shaking him warmly by the hand; "perfectly. If I had any doubts, the scene I have witnessed has entirely removed them. You must forgive our persisting in seeing our unhappy brother. I trust the visit will not *ultimately prove injurious to him!*"

"I trust not," gravely responded Mr. Crab, now perfectly satisfied that all was as right as he could desire. "Will you allow me to offer you lunch?"

"No, I thank you."

"A glass of wine?"

"God for—I mean I never take wine in the morning—a single glass would prove too much for me; and I am so overwhelmed with business—affairs in America—one thing or another, that I have scarcely a moment to call my own."

"So much the better," thought the owner of the establishment; "he will have less time to occupy himself with affairs in which he has no concern!"

Fresh compliments and shakings of the hand were exchanged, and the visitors left the asylum, not less to Mr. Crab's satisfaction than their own.

For some time they walked together in silence; the scene they had witnessed had produced a profound impression, although a *different* one upon each.—There is nothing more melancholy than a visit to a madhouse—more humiliating to human pride and human reason—to watch the various phases of the disease which destroys the distinguish-

ing quality of man, and reduces the statue of the Divinity to clay.

"Poor Gridley!" sighed Keeting; "how we have been deceived!"

"We have indeed!" said his companion.

"And yet his letter seemed rational enough!"

"And he, I doubt not, is as rational as his letter; though how long the ruffians into whose hands he has fallen will allow him to remain so is another question."

The look of astonishment with which Mr. Mordaunt's observation was received, at any other time, had the occasion been less serious, would have provoked a smile: it seemed to ask if he was mad too.

"Is it possible," demanded the speaker, "that you suspect nothing?"

"You observed a peculiar aromatic smell when you entered the cell?" he added.

"Yes."

"And saw me wipe poor Gridley's lips, when the blood and froth flowed from them?"

"And what of that?" said the puzzled Mr. Keeting, not in the least comprehending the drift of the other's question.

"I will tell you—our brother has been drugged for the occasion!"

"Drugged? oh! it is too terrible! You must be mistaken—Crab never can be such a villain!"

"I am all but sure of it. I shall at once take the handkerchief to London, and place it in the hands of the first practical chemist of the day. If my surmise should prove a correct one, the affair shall be laid before the Chancellor instantly: I am not unknown to his lordship, and he will listen to any representation I may make upon the subject."

"But what can be Crab's motive," demanded his still doubting companion. "Gridley is too poor to be an object of speculation to any one. You must be mistaken?"

"We shall see," said Mr. Mordaunt; "we shall see! Wealth is not the only reason for which men have been sequestered from the world; in fact, my suspicions are aroused, my mind is made up, and I am determined, if it cost me

a thousand pounds, to investigate this dark affair till I find out the secret of it?"

"Will you report this to the lodge?"

"Not a word; it would be useless to excite suspicion which may prove false. You will make your report—I shall send mine from London."

With these words the two masons separated; Keeting to his occupation as a merchant in the city, and the benevolent Mr. Mordaunt to make preparations for his going to town.

The next morning Mr. Crab called upon Grindem, at his office in Canon street, and had a long interview with that worthy gentleman. It is to be presumed that it was a satisfactory one, as he was seen to put a check into his pocket-book as he left the house. He had not been gone many minutes before the bell of the inner-room rang twice—the usual signal when the head of the firm required the attendance of the junior partner. Before Small could obey the summons, the signal was repeated, a sure sign that Grindem was in one of his savage humors, which, on such occasions, he invariably vented upon his hitherto cringing subordinate.

"Now for it, father!" whispered Matthew, as his parent leisurely walked toward the door; "give him as good as he sends!"

"Better, Matthew,—better!" chuckled the little man; "It's my turn now; the Smalls have played second fiddle long enough!"

The next moment the green baize door, instead of being closed in the usual careful, quiet way, was banged after him, and the two partners were alone together.

"How often must I ring? you are getting strangely neglectful of late!" exclaimed Grindem, his face red with passion; "and, for the future, pray be more careful how you close the door: you know I hate a noise."

"Very likely," coolly answered Mr. Small.

"Very likely!" repeated the astonished merchant, "very likely! Are you aware to whom you are speaking to, sir! You are impertinent."

"Pshaw!"

Grindem's astonishment at the insolent monosyllable was so excessive, that for a few minutes it absolutely suspended his passion. Unlike the world, he was not deceived by the pretensions of his partner to sobriety and morality: he knew that in secret he regularly indulged in many excesses, and naturally concluded that for once his usual prudence had deserted him. With a stern look, he calmly replied:

"Leave the room—you are drunk, sir!"

"Drunk?" repeated Small, throwing himself on a chair opposite to the speaker, and coolly stretching out his legs; "what do you mean by that? Do you want to destroy my character after having lost your own? Be more careful of your words, Gilbert Grindem, and take care how you insult a better man than yourself, sir!"

"Better man!" repeated the merchant, still more surprised.

"Ay, sir, a better man! I have put up with your ridiculous airs of superiority and vile temper long enough: it is time," added the little man, "that it ended!"

"It is ended!" replied his partner, by a violent effort restraining himself; "quite time. You will make up your accounts, Mr. Small, and you and your three cubs will quit my office directly!"

"As you please: my account is quite ready—shall we go over it?"

"At once!" exclaimed the indignant merchant, opening his private ledger; for he felt so enraged at the tone his hitherto subservient tool had suddenly assumed, that he resolved to end with him that very day. Had he seen the quiet grin of satisfaction on his partner's countenance, or the twinkle of hate in his little gray eyes, perhaps he would not have been so precipitate.

Small opened a corresponding memorandum-book, and began to read:

"Brown and Tyars, three thousand pounds."

"Right," said Grindem checking it.

"Smith and Morton, seven thousand pounds thirteen and eightpence."

"Correct," drily answered his partner.

And so they continued—one reading a list of names and the other checking

them—till they came to the end of the page in the senior partner's ledger.

"Make out your commission, sir," said Grindem, contemptuously; "add to it the *wages* of your sons, and quit the place at once!"

"Here is another item—a thousand pounds advanced to——"

"I gave you no authority," interrupted Grindem; "how dare you make such an advance without my permission?"

"I thought——"

"And who gave you permission to think? You have been the hand of the firm, but not its head! If you have advanced a thousand pounds without my permission, you must bear the responsibility, and consider it a private speculation on your own account!"

"Very well, sir!" replied Small. "I dare say I shall not lose by it. You positively," he added "refuse, then, to have anything to do with it?"

"Positively."

"That's hardly fair!"

"Don't talk to me of fairness, sir! What right has a thing—a drudge—a fellow like you to advance a thousand pounds of my property, without consulting me?"

"But this money was my own," replied Small, gradually working himself up to give the finishing blow; for, despite the insulting provocation he had received, he still felt a degree of awe of the man who had so many years tyrannically ruled him. "Well, then," he exclaimed, "I will consider it *private speculation*. You will regret it, sir!"

"I never regret anything," testily replied the merchant.

"Not even the loss of Gridley's papers?" mockingly inquired his partner.

Grindem bounded from his seat as though he had received an electric shock, or a serpent's tooth had stung him. The full sense of his position flashed upon him: he—the rich, the proud and overbearing Gilbert Grindem—suddenly found himself at the mercy of a man whom he had treated for years as an abject thing, fit only to vent his humor on—to bear his sneers, reproaches, insults and temper—a sort of human conductor to disperse his spleen and choleric temper. The veins in his tem-

ples and forehead swelled like cords, so great was the rush of blood which the shock sent to his brain. Even Small, prepared as he was for the effect his communication would produce, felt appalled: for several moments there was a doubtful struggle whether apoplexy would or would not deprive him of the fruits of his cunning.

"Gridley's papers?" at last faltered the wretched man.

"Ay, sir, Gridley's papers!" repeated the little man; "the proofs of your fraud and villainy: proofs which will crush you, despite your wealth; place you a miserable culprit in the felon's dock, as the spoiler of the widow and the orphan; hold your name up to the scorn of those who have hitherto trembled at your frown! Providence," he hypocritically added, "has made me the chosen instrument of unmasking you!"

"Villain!" muttered his partner, looking wildly round the room, as if for some weapon to silence the mocking tongue of the speaker, "you prate of Providence. You forget how long I have known you—your pettifogging ways—your aptitude for crime!"

"And who profited by them?" demanded Small, fiercely. "You! Who employed me to do the dirty work of the firm and reaped the gain? You! Who for years treated me like a dog, and threw me a dog's pittance? You! You forgot," he added, "that the hound you spurned, trampled on, and ill-used, could bite; but I have no wish to trample upon a fallen man! I give you four-and-twenty hours for reflection—for atonement, if possible; at the end of which time, as an honest man and a christian, I shall do my duty, and place the proofs of your delinquency in the hands of the magistrates."

"You will?" demanded Grindem, glaring fiercely on him.

"Most assuredly!" was the cool reply.

"Liar!" shouted the merchant. "I know your object. It is to extort a price for your silence: but I'll disappoint you! I'll dissolve the firm—leave my wealth to found an hospital for fools—die—die!" he roared, "rather than gratify your avarice with one penny!"

"No, you won't!" replied his torment-

or, not in the least alarmed at his hint at self-destruction. "That pampered soul of yours clings too much to life. You dare not die! Were the officers of justice at your door and the pistol in your hand, you would not find the courage to pull the trigger. The dread of meeting the accusing spirit of poor Lawrence, whom you robbed—of his son and widow, whom you morally murdered—would restrain you! Pshaw! I know you: you would brave the felon's dock much sooner than the grave!"

"Devil—devil?"

"Good bye!" added Small, with insulting coolness. "You will not provoke me to act upon the impulse of passion! I give you four-and-twenty hours to dissolve our partnership: for I should not wish my name to be mixed with yours in the assize calendar.

The speaker rose from the chair on which, during the interview, he had been lolling, and slowly moved toward the door, evidently expecting to be called back; for our readers have already seen too much of his character to suppose for an instant that he had any serious intention of coming to a positive rupture with his wealthy partner. His real object was to revenge the many years of insult and degradation he had submitted to, and, like a skillful chapman enhance his price.

"Stay—stay!" said Grindem, with a violent effort.

"I thought so!" muttered Small to himself, as he turned from the door.

"No!" added his partner in a fresh paroxysm of passion; for the sneering smile upon the hypocrite's face nearly drove him to madness. "Go: leave my house. I defy, spit at, and curse you!"

"As you please," said Small. The next moment the door of the inner office was closed after him.

No sooner was Grindem alone than he gave way to the whirlwind of passion which rage and despair had concentrated in his heart. He could have gnawed his very flesh with anger to think that the tool—the human thing he had so long trampled on and despised—should turn against him, hold his destiny in his hands, menace and insult him—him, the wealthy Gilbert Grindem—the Cræsus of Manchester, the dictator of the exchange,

the leviathan of the markets! A thousand wild and impracticable schemes for disposing of Small, or obtaining the evidence, passed through his brain, only to be rejected. Bitterly did he regret the absence of his nephew, whom his pride had banished. All might have been repaired had he but been in England—his honor preserved and his partner defied—by Henry's marriage with Amy Lawrence—now it was impossible.

"Too late—too late!" he murmured, as he sank despondingly into a chair. I am in the toils: nothing can extricate me—fool—fool—the meshes of the net were woven by my own hands!"

For nearly an hour the crushed and humbled merchant sat brooding over his position, which, view it which way he would, seemed desperate enough. Of course he was not deceived by his partner's discourse on atonement and exposure: he knew him too well for that. It was *the price he should have to pay for his silence* that distressed him: he knew it would be fearful. A doubt that Small had his price never once entered his head; for he was about the last man in the world to risk a thousand pounds for the mere satisfaction of a virtuous action.

"I must submit to the extortionate rascal!" he murmured: "no help for it now—no help for it now!"

The words had scarcely passed his lips when the door of the room was pushed rudely open, and Matthew Small, with a cigar in his mouth, entered. The usual cringing air of the fellow was changed for a coarse look of defiance.

A bitter smile passed over the lips of Gilbert as he noticed the alteration in his manner: it was a foretaste of what he had to expect.

"Well," he demanded, "what would you?"

"These invoices to sign," replied Matthew, at the same time puffing out a cloud of smoke. "They ought to have been sent off an hour ago."

"And why did you not send them?" mildly demanded the merchant.

"Something else to do," answered the young man, with a grin.

"Take them to your father," said Grindem, with difficulty repressing an inclina-



tion to knock him down, so much did he feel provoked by his insulting manner.

"Father's gone home."

"Go after him, then!" exclaimed the old man, starting from his chair, and fixing a glance upon the speaker, beneath which his eyes quailed, "and bid him sign them."

"Very well, sir."

"And add that I shall expect him here at four o'clock, punctually, to arrange the affair of which we have been speaking."

"I'll not forget, sir," said Matthew, his long habit of respectful submission returning at the firm and decided tone in which Grindem spoke, for the fellow was a cur to the very heart of him.

"And one word by way of caution," continued the merchant: "if ever you presume to set foot into the inner office again without my permission, I discharge you from the firm, *despite your father's influence*. Tell him that the firm is Grindem and Small," he added, striking his knuckles on the table, "and not *Small and Grindem yet!*"

Matthew sneaked out of the office very much with the air of a dog detected in the act of some petty larceny, and not quite assured of immunity for the attempt.

Once more left to himself, Gilbert, with the air of a man who had taken a desperate resolution, sat down to his desk and wrote two long letters: one was directed to his correspondent at St. Petersburg; the other—in which he inclosed a note for five hundred pounds—was to his nephew, Henry Beacham.

"We shall see," he muttered, as he carefully sealed them. "Small has a clear head, but I shall overreach him yet!"

He rang the bell: as he had concluded, Matthew appeared, but advanced no further than the door: he remembered the caution he had received.

"Come in," said the merchant, as calmly as if nothing had occurred. "Take these letters to the post instantly."

"Certainly, sir."

"And enter them in the letter book," added Gilbert, pointing to the one kept for that purpose.

His orders were obeyed, and the young man left the room. An hour after the two letters were in the hands of his

father, who had foreseen the attempt. They had both been opened, and several lines in the one to Beacham crossed out.

Perhaps they were the lines relating to the inclosure.

(To be continued.)

#### WASHINGTON'S CONNECTION WITH THE MASONIC INSTITUTION.

In a late perusal of Lossing's "Field Book of the Revolution," a capital work, and one which, years ago, we heartily recommended to every patriotic reader, we regretted to see this passage, vol. 1, page 307: "The American army was encamped in log huts at Morristown, and Washington's head-quarters were at the Freeman's Tavern, which stood on the north side of the village green. In the Morris Hotel, a building then used as a commissary's store-house, the chief was initiated into the mysteries of Freemasonry, in a room over the bar which was reserved for a ball-room and for the meetings of the masonic lodge. There he received most of the degrees of the Order; and his warm attachment to the institution lasted until his death." There are two historical errors in this passage, which we are surprised to see so careful a man as Mr. Lossing make. Washington was initiated at Fredericksburg, Va., in Nov., 1752, nearly twenty-five years before the period referred to, and instead of taking "most of the degrees of the Order," we have no historical account of his taking over three in all.

#### DARKNESS.

DARKNESS among Freemasons is emblematical of ignorance; for, as our science has technically been called "Lux," or light, the absence of light must be the absence of knowledge. Hence the rule, that the eye should not see, until the heart has conceived the true nature of those beauties which constitute the mysteries of our Order. In the spurious Freemasonry of the ancient mysteries, the aspirant was always shrouded in darkness, as a preparatory step to the reception of the full light of knowledge.

The time of this confinement in darkness and solitude, varied in the different mysteries. Among the Druids of Britain, the period was nine days and nights; in the Grecian mysteries, it was three times nine days; while among the Persians, according to Porphyry, it was extended to the almost incredible period of fifty days of darkness, solitude and fasting.

In the beginning, LIGHT was esteemed above darkness, and the primitive Egyptians worshiped *On*, as their chief deity, under the character of eternal Night; but, as the learned Oliver observes, "this worship was soon debased by superstitious practices." Darkness was then adored as the first born, as the progenitor of day, and the state of existence before creation. The apostrophe of Young to Night, embodies the feelings which gave origin to this debasing worship of darkness:

"O majestic night!  
Nature's great ancestor! day's elder born!  
And fated to survive the transient sun!  
By mortals and immortals seen with awe!"

#### THE MASON'S DUTY.

To stretch the liberal hand,  
And pour the stream of gladness,  
O'er misery's withered strand,  
To cheer the hearth of sadness—  
To dry the orphan's tear  
And soothe the heart nigh broken,  
To breathe in sorrow's ear  
Kind words, in kindness spoken:  
This is the Mason's part,  
A Mason's bounden duty;—  
This rears the Mason's heart,  
In wisdom, strength and beauty.

To practice virtue's laws,  
With fervency and freedom,  
And in her noble cause,  
Advance where'er she lead 'em.  
To curb the headlong course  
Of passion's fiery pinion,  
And bend its stubborn force,  
To reason's mild dominion,  
*This is the Mason's part, etc., etc.*

To shield a brother's fame,  
From envy and detraction,  
And prove that TRUTH'S our aim  
In spirit, life and action,

To trust in God through all  
The danger and temptation,  
Which to his lot may fall,  
In trial and probation:  
*This is the Mason's part,  
A Mason's bounden duty;—  
This rears the Mason's heart  
In wisdom, strength and beauty.*

#### THE REPROOF.

WHISPER it softly,  
When nobody's near,  
Let not those accents  
Fall harsh on the ear,  
She is a blossom  
Too tender and frail,  
For the keen blast—  
The pitiless gale.

Whisper it gently,  
'T will cost thee no pain;  
Gentle words rarely  
Are spoken in vain;  
Threats and reproaches  
The stubborn may move—  
Noble the conquest  
Aided by love.

Whisper it kindly,  
'T will pay thee to know  
Penitent tear drops  
Down her cheeks flow.  
Has she from virtue  
Wandered astray?  
Guide her feet gently,  
Rough is the way.

She has no parent,  
None of her kin;  
Lead her from error,  
Keep her from sin.  
Does she lean on thee?  
Cherish the trust;—  
God to the merciful  
Ever is just.

#### SMATTERERS.

ALL smatterers are more brisk and pert than those that understand an art; as little sparkles shine more bright than glowing coals, that give them light.

LIVING AMERICAN MASONIC JURISTS.



PHILIP C. TUCKER,

*Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Vermont, etc., etc., etc.*

THE masonic career of Mr. Tucker is engraven upon the records of the fraternity in this century "with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever."\* While there is respect for high talents, sympathy of unselfish sacrifices, and gratitude for long and unrequited services, in the great masonic heart, his monument will be secure. Ages to come, looking back to this as the transition state of the institution, will view Mr. Tucker's labors as among those that have given the direction, shaped the molds, and marked the drafts by which this generation has been guided in its masonic progress, aims, and work.

Mr. Tucker early turned his attention to the history and claims of the masonic institution. His father had been in his lifetime an active mason, and had instructed him in all that it is proper for

the uninitiated to know in relation to the purposes and merits of the society, and upon this basis the son has erected a superstructure of masonic knowledge, legal and historical, that places him in the first rank of masonic jurists.

Mr. Tucker was made a mason in Dorchester Lodge, No. 1, at Vergennes, Vt., and since that time has made such progress in his knowledge of the workings of the institution, as to induce his brethren to place him successively in every office of trust and position within their gift. His present seat, as Grand Master, he has occupied for several successive years, notwithstanding he has repeatedly declined reelection, and remains in office only at the urgent request of his brethren.

May he be long preserved to them and to masonry, to aid by his counsel, govern by his wisdom, and decide by his strength of character and practical knowledge, difficulties of position, discord, or malpractice into which they may fall.

\* To "Reminiscences of the Triennial Convocation at Hartford," in 1856, by Bro. Rob. Morris, published by him, at his own expense for private circulation, are we indebted for this excellent sketch of the subject of our portrait.



## THE VIRGINIA EQUESTRIAN STATUE AND MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON,

*Situate and Inaugurated at Richmond, on the 22d February, 1858.*

AS many of the facts connected with the origin of this monument, a work now so nearly brought to completion, may have passed from the mind of the more mature reader, and as those of a more youthful age, perhaps, have never been acquainted with them, a brief sketch, made up from such data as have been hurriedly gathered by the Grand Secretary of Va., for publication, we lay before our patrons, with a correct engraving of the monument itself.

The Virginia Washington Monument, in its inception, was designed to be the voluntary offering of the people of the commonwealth, and subscriptions to it were begun, under the provisions of an act of the Assembly of that State, more

than thirty years ago. As the act most unwisely limited the subscription of each individual to the sum of *one dollar*, the fund accumulated slowly; and, after a few thousand dollars had been collected, the object was, for a time, abandoned. The money, however, was put out at interest, and reached, at length, the figure of \$40,000.

The matter, however, was not allowed to rest. The absence of a monument to commemorate the virtues of the good and illustrious WASHINGTON, in his native State, was deemed a reproach to her sons. The question began to be agitated among the people, whether the State did not owe it to the memory of Washington to build the monument, and to supply

what was necessary to defray the expenses of the work beyond the amount already secured, from the public treasury. No definite action, looking to the accomplishment of the object, was taken, until the year 1848. During that year, an intelligent committee of the Virginia Historical Society memorialized the legislature for a monument to WASHINGTON.

The petition proved successful, and, on the 22d February, 1849, a bill, providing for the completion of the Washington monument, unanimously passed both houses of the general assembly of Virginia. It was a noble work for a noble day. The first section of the bill empowered the executive to appoint commissioners to procure, under his direction and control, a model for the monument, with all necessary plans and estimates for the erection thereof. The second section authorized the executive to appoint commissioners for each county, city, and borough of the State, to receive donations for the monument. The third provided for the commencement of the structure so soon as the model was selected, the site determined, and the contracts entered into. The fourth fixed the cost at \$100,000, and ordered the erection of the monument on the capitol square, in the city of Richmond.

It is proper to add, that a much greater sum than that contemplated in the bill has been already expended.

On the 5th of February, 1850, the formal acceptance of Mr. Crawford's model was announced. It was selected out of sixty-four, which the premium of \$500, offered by the commissioners, had caused to be designed.

The corner stone, a splendid block of granite, weighing about 10,000 pounds, quarried above Richmond, was presented by the James River and Kanawha Company. The cap stone was presented by the Richmond and Danville Railroad Company. The city council of Richmond appropriated \$1000 toward entertaining the military and other guests on the occasion of laying the corner stone.

The President of the United States, ZACHARY TAYLOR, with his *suite*, arrived in Richmond on the 21st, and, after a public reception in the hall of the House of Delegates, was quartered at the Exchange Hotel.

The corner stone of the monument was laid, with imposing ceremonies, by the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Virginia, on the 22d day of February, 1850.

After the ceremonies of laying the corner stone, which were conducted by the masonic fraternity, an eloquent address on the character of Washington, was delivered by Past Grand Master, Bro. ROBERT G. SCOTT, the orator of the day, which was followed by a beautiful and impressive speech from Gov. FLOOD.

Fireworks were displayed on the capitol square at night; and a magnificent ball, under the supervision of the masonic fraternity, at the Union Hotel, terminated the festivities of the occasion.

Thus began, the work progressed slowly. The granite pedestal, presenting the appearance shown in our engraving, was completed, and the bronze statue, fresh from the master hand that fashioned it, was landed and put in its place,—a position it had not attained ere that hand was cold and still in the icy clutch of death—when, on the 22d February, 1858, according to invitation of the Executive, the Grand Lodge of Virginia was convened to repair to the capitol grounds, there to dedicate that monument to the memory of the illustrious Bro. GEORGE WASHINGTON—the corner stone of which they had laid on that day eight years before.

The procession, being formed in the most correct manner, was marched from the hall of the Grand Lodge to the grounds, where was present, upon a raised platform, prepared for the purpose, his excellency HENRY A. WISE, Governor of the State, and the other commissioners; Hon. JOHN B. FLOYD, Secretary of the Treasury; Lient. Gen. WINFIELD SCOTT, and many other distinguished officers of the Federal and State departments.

The M. W. Grand Master then ordered the Grand Secretary to give notice of the commencement of the masonic ceremonies; and R. W. Bro. JOHN DOVE made the proclamation in the following words:

*"Fellow Citizens:—*You are assembled here at the metropolis of Virginia, on this auspicious day, to commemorate the greatest epoch in the history of the last century, the birthday of that illustrious man

who earned and obtained for all time the proud name of 'FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY'—of him whose indomitable will, with the torch of battle smoking in one hand, and the banner of his country uplifted in the other, prompted to march upon the supposed magazine of foreign despotism, and amid the lurid and angry light of its flames and thundering horrors of its explosion, planted the standard of our Union on the blood-stained citadel of vanquished usurpation and tyranny, and left it, flaunting to the breeze, on the consecrated ramparts of the American Revolution.

"By the invitation of the honored chief magistrate of this commonwealth, as chairman of the Virginia Washington monument committee, the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons are here to-day to take part in the most pleasing ceremonies of inaugurating a statute of our illustrious WASHINGTON, and of dedicating this monument to the memory of him who was 'first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.'

"How appropriately meet is it, then, that our institution should have been selected to inaugurate this august ceremony? An institution, with whose liberal principles he was early indoctrinated as a brother, and which, becoming afterward intimately conversant with, he proclaimed, 'were founded in the immutable laws of Truth and Justice!'"

The Rev. Bro. FRANCIS J. BOGGS then delivered an impressive and effective prayer; from which we make the following extracts:

"O God, thou great and 'supreme architect' and Ruler of the Universe! the Father of our spirits and the kind Preserver of our lives! in Thy august presence we are assembled! To Thee would we render the homage of adoring hearts and voices, earnestly, yet humbly, invoking Thy blessing and guidance in all the delightful exercises of this day, dear to a nation's heart, and dedicated to the offerings of Brotherly Love and Patriotism. \* \* \* \* \*

"We meet this day, O Lord, to do honor to man, and we pray that while we offer our tribute to the memory of the glorious instrument, we may not be unmindful of the power and goodness which made it efficient, but heartily and gratefully acknowledge that whatever has contributed to our happiness as individuals, or to our glory and renown as a nation, is of Thy mercy and providence. May the impressive scenes and associations of this day teach us to recognize

Thy hand in all blessings bestowed upon us, and while we recall, with grateful emotion, the name and deeds of WASHINGTON, and hail, with delight, the return of that day that gave him to America and mankind, do Thou preside over the assembly, and so direct our thoughts and regulate our enthusiasm, as that Thou shalt have the homage of our hearts, and Thy name the glory of every good we recognize; so that it be not laid to our charge, that we have forgotten to be grateful to Thee, or have exalted the creature above the Creator.

"We thank Thee, O Lord, for the mercies bestowed upon us as a nation, from the birth of our Republic to this hour. Thou hast guided us thus far in a manner so signal, as to illustrate Thy power and wisdom, and teach the world, how manifestly and absolutely dependent on Thee men and nations are for every gift of happiness and true greatness. We thank Thee that, in our early struggles against oppression, Thou didst bless us with the services of the great and good WASHINGTON, whose fame is in all the earth, whose name is the charm of the Arab in his tent, and is pronounced with reverence by the wandering Scythian upon his sands, and who, in Thy providence, became the deliverer of his countrymen, and in his own life illustrated his sense of dependence upon Thee, by retiring from the tumult of the camp to ask Thy blessings on his fellow sufferers, and the seal of divine approval to the cause in which he was engaged. We bless Thee that Thou hast permitted his precepts and example to survive and pervade the hearts of his fellow-citizens and brethren, to inspire in them alike devotion to our country and our God. We pray Thee that his mantle may fall upon us, that as citizens we may learn our duty to our institutions; as soldiers, to be first in war, only when the heart is animated by the justice of the cause; and as Masons, that we may look well to the Great Lights of our order to direct our faith, shape our actions before the world, regulate our desires, and incite us to the exercise of due restraints on our passions toward all mankind. \* \* \*

"And now, O Lord, we ask Thy blessing on this masonic band of brothers, and pray Thee to extend Thy mercies to the Fraternity throughout the habitable globe. Watch over our cause, which Thou hast wonderfully preserved in Thy providence, amid the severe vicissitudes of its progress in the earth, and may the brotherhood everywhere illustrate in their lives the declaration of our

illustrious brother, 'that the principles of Freemasonry are founded in the immutable laws of Truth and Justice, and lead to purity of morals and beneficent action.' \* \* \*

"Accept, O God, our fervent acknowledgments for the mercy which has crowned the work of our own hands, in rearing this monument to the memory of Washington, and for the privilege accorded us of to-day participating, as citizens and brothers, in the grateful task of inaugurating this splendid statue of the worthy mason and chief man of all time. Graciously guide the hands which shall execute the residue of the work. May it be safely and speedily accomplished, and may this monument which now, we dedicate to Virtue and Patriotism, stand through remote ages, and speak to coming generations the glory and renown of the Chieftain Patriot and Mason, and the duty of gratitude to God for such a deliverer. \* \* \* So mote it be. Amen."

The Grand Architect then, in a pertinent speech, presented the working tools to the M. W. G. Master, who upon receiving them, replied with words of satisfaction and gratification.

After the public grand honors were given, an ode was sung—during the singing the brethren divesting themselves of their masonic clothing and jewels; the Gr. Secretary then, introduced the Grand Orator, who had eight years before delivered the oration at the corner-stone celebration, and who at this time delivered a most effective and appropriate address.

The masonic ceremonies being concluded with a benediction and prayer by the Rev. PATRICK G. ROBERT, P. G. Chaplain, the R. W. JOHN DOVE, Grand Secretary, by order of the M. W. Grand Master, waited upon his Excellency HENRY A. WISE, Governor of Virginia, and informed him that in obedience to the invitation of the commissioners of Virginia Washington Monument, that "the Masonic Fraternity be specially invited to participate in the ceremonies of the 22d February, 1858, in such manner as they may adopt," the M. W. Grand Lodge had now completed the usual, and to them, on this occasion, most gratifying ceremony of dedicating this monument to Virtue, Patriotism and Republican gratitude, and in the pleas-

ing anticipation of its arousing and perpetuating for all time those precious characteristics of an enlightened and free people.

Whereupon the governor came forward, and delivered the following eloquent and thrilling address:

"*Countrymen and Fellow Citizens*—Virginia has called the nation, its elders and councilors—her sister States, their governors, lawyers, and judges—her own people and all the children of this confederate family of Freedom—to assemble this anniversary birthday, around the Monument she has raised to the memory of that son whose wisdom, valor and virtue won the grandest, proudest, purest of all earthly titles—'FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY!' In her name, I bid you all—all! welcome to the gathering around *Virginia's Monument to Washington!*

"Magic name! If none under Heaven can draw us to each other, that talisman can touch the chord of unison, and clasp us hand in hand, and bind us heart to heart, in the kindred heirship of one Patriot Father! Before that august name feud and faction stand abashed—civil discord hushes into awed silence—schisms and sections are subdued and vanish; for in the very naming of that name there is the sweet concord of love, veneration, gratitude, duty, patriotism, and self-devotion—in it there is the harmony of peace, and the power only of victorious war, the spell of order, liberty and law, and the strength and beauty of *national union*. It typifies all that there is and ought to be of goodness and greatness and majesty in that country we call 'our country'—the United States of America! And that country is the best type of its father.

"We will, then, this day gather together the national affections, and bind them as American fasces around this statue, erected by the Mother-State to the Father-Son—Virginia!

"Parent of valor,  
Cast away thy fear:  
Mother of men,  
Be proud without a tear!"

"What a theme! What a scene for men and angels! May our God, in whose bosom he rests, who guarded him in our country's battles, and who guided him in our country's councils, vouchsafe that this spirit may continue to hover over the land he saved, and perpetuate it, peaceful, powerful, plentiful, and free, through all vicissitudes of storm and sunshine, until earthly monuments shall molder into dust, and humanity shall

triumph over the probation of time; or time itself shall be no more!

"Many are here, but one is absent. The artist—Crawford—has been called away! He worked out of the clay! Alas! his own form has gone back to it—and he modeled 'Revolution,' (the Henry,) and 'Independence,' (the Jefferson,) and he cast the equestrian statue, and mounted the Washington on the war-horse, and—laid down his chisel. It was finished—it was enough—and he was called from his work here to meet the great original, the 'hero and the sage,' himself, in a land of spirits, where images are molded not in clay, and monuments are not 'built with hands,' but 'eternal in the heavens.'

"His widow is here. She sees, through her tears—the joy of grief—a husband's master-piece linking his loved name, perennially as bronze and marble last, to all the worth of WASHINGTON! Gently, softly, tenderly, we bid her welcome, but *not to mourn*. No! Fame has already sounded—

"Crawford! thou art fallen . . . .  
 And some limbs of  
 Sculpture fell with thee;  
 But from the ranks of Virginia's chivalry  
 A glory has burst forth, and matchless powers  
 Shall make the eternal grace of sculpture ours.  
 Th' eternal grave, alas! the date assigned  
 To works, called deathless, of creative mind,  
 Is but a speck upon the sea of days,  
 And frail man's immortality of praise,  
 A moment to the eternity of time  
 That is, and was, and shall be the sublime,  
 The unbeginning, the unending sea,  
 Dimensions as God's Infinity."

The festivities of the day were closed by a magnificent dinner given by the Knights Templar, who had so courteously acted as the escort of the Grand Lodge during the ceremonies of inauguration, and to which the Grand Officers and their guests were politely invited.

At this repast brotherly love and good-fellowship prevailed, and suitable toasts were suitably responded to. The response of Bro. B. B. French, of Washington, D. C., to the toast, "*Our Guests*—we bid them a cordial welcome to our festive board," consisted of a poem, the measure of which, we are sorry to say, being too wide for the columns of our pages, we are compelled, though very reluctantly, to omit.

It is expected that the monument will, by the addition of all details contained in the design of the lamented Crawford, which are yet unfinished, be completed in the course of the next two years, when this erection will take that position it

is so eminently entitled to, namely, that of the most costly and effective monument to Washington, as yet in America.

MASONIC LAW.

A COMPENDIUM OF THE FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF INTER-MASONIC COMITY:

*Being a Digest of the Laws, Usages and Compacts which compose the polity of Freemasonry, considered morally, historically and philosophically.*

BY JAMES THEODORE HOLLY, S. P. R. S. S.

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PART I.—DIGEST OF MASONIC POLITY.

CHAPTER I.—Definitions.

SEC. 1.—*Fundamental principles.* The fundamental principles of masonry are those moral laws, traditional and ceremonial usages, and conventional compacts that constitute the whole polity of the fraternity, and embrace the whole extent of its landmarks.

SEC. 2.—*Landmarks.* The Landmarks of Masonry are those sanctions that give authority to the moral laws; traditional and ceremonial usages, and conventional compacts that compose the polity of the fraternity.

SEC. 3.—*Divine Sanction.* The moral laws of masonry have the Sacred Scriptures<sup>1</sup> revealing the Will of God to man for their Divine Sanction, and therefore, they form the Theocratic Landmarks<sup>2</sup> of the fraternity.

<sup>1</sup> This term is used for God's written word, because it may be applied to the Koran, the Vedas, the Zend Avesta and the various sacred books of different nations believed by them to be written by inspiration from God. And as the opinion prevails among quite a number of eminent masons that either of these books may be used as the first Great Light of Masonry among the nations who believe in their Divine inspiration, no more exclusive term should be used in the fundamental definitions of masonic polity. Nevertheless in the development and elucidation of the Theocratic Landmarks in this work, the Jewish Christian Scriptures alone will be adhered to as the first Great Light of Masonry.

<sup>2</sup> This word is derived from the Greek words, θεος and κρατος signifying jointly the government of God; and hence the Theocratic Landmarks of masonry may be called the Laws of God's Govern-



SEC. 4.—*Historical Sanction.* The traditional and ceremonial usages of masonry have the various records and immemorial practices of sacred and mystical rites of religion and philosophy as perpetuated in different countries and ages for their historical confirmation and constitutional sanction; and therefore, they form the Ritualistic Landmarks<sup>3</sup> of the fraternity.

SEC. 5.—*Conventional Sanction.* The conventional compacts of masonry have the intervention of various legislative enactments,<sup>4</sup> dogmatic decrees<sup>5</sup> and diplomatic stipulations<sup>6</sup> for their settlement and arbitrary sanction; and therefore, they form the Pragmatic Landmarks<sup>7</sup> of the fraternity.

ment, introduced into the polity of the masonic fraternity.

<sup>3</sup> These Landmarks all pertain to the ceremonial ritual of masonry which are derived from the most ancient forms of religious worship; and also to the symbolic instruction of the fraternity which is derived from the ancient systems of philosophy.

<sup>4</sup> This term may be applied to special conventional regulations adopted in local masonic representative bodies as state or national Grand Lodges and Grand Masonic Conventions.

<sup>5</sup> This term may be applied to the balustres of supreme administrative bodies governing masonic systems, as Supreme Councils of the 33d and last degree Ancient and Accepted Scotch Rite, which are not representative assemblies.

<sup>6</sup> This term may be applied to the treaties, concordats, etc., promulgated by a convention of the representatives of various independent masonic powers and systems, as the Masonic Congress held in Wilhelmbaden, in 1782; the concordat between the Grand Orient and Supreme Council of France, in 1804,—the articles of agreement between the Rival Grand Lodges of England, in 1813; and the "Treaty of Union, Alliance and Masonic Confederation" promulgated by the Congress of Paris in 1834.

<sup>7</sup> From the Greek word *Πραγμα* signifying, in the singular a solemn act, deed, or stipulation; in the plural the administration or carrying out of state affairs. The term *Pragmatic Sanction* is used in questions of civil and ecclesiastical law, to express an umpire arbitration and definite settlement of a mooted point. The word Pragmatic is also applied in an absolute sense as a substantive to an ordinance decreed by Charles VII at the assembly of Bourges in France, in the year 1438, when he received and modified some of the decrees of the Council of Basle. Hence, then, by an analogous use, we propose to apply this term to all Conventional Landmarks that become matters of usage in the fraternity, by virtue of Special Grand Lodge regulations, masonic treaties, or concordats concluded by masonic powers, settling questions of difference between them, or modifying some points of ancient usage in the Ritualistic Landmarks, to harmonize them with the progressive genius of

SEC. 6.—*Interpretation of Masonic polity.* Enlightened reason<sup>8</sup> developing its conclusions by an analytical and synthetical process,<sup>9</sup> is the medium by which the problems of masonic administration, legislation and jurisprudence contained in the landmarks of the fraternity must be solved and applied. This is a fundamental axiom by which all questions of masonic polity that may arise, must receive their final solution.

SEC. 7.—*Theocratic Corollary.*<sup>10</sup> The Theocratic Landmarks, having the sacred Scriptures of Divine Revelation for their sanction, they are therefore, absolute and unchangeable in their requirements.

SEC. 8.—*Ritualistic Corollary.* The Ritualistic Landmarks, having the sacred traditions and immemorial practices of religions and philosophic rites held sacred in every age and among every people for their historical sanction, they are therefore, unalterable in their chief

the age. The Grand Lodge system agreed upon by the four old lodges of London, in 1716-17, may be instanced as special conventional regulations that have grown into almost universal usage, and therefore, entitled to be considered as Pragmatic Landmarks; but these regulations, however venerable and revered by the use of a century and a half, yet they are not of the same absolute and unchangeable authority as the Theocratic Landmarks, neither can they be considered so sacred and immovable in their essentials, as the Ritualistic Landmarks that had been handed down, in the ancient customs and ceremonial usages of the fraternity, ages prior to the perfection of the present Grand Lodge system in the beginning of the 18th century.

<sup>8</sup> This qualification is used in order to declare a fact that the teachings of masonry everywhere recognize, viz: that human reason needs to be enlightened, illustrated, exalted and purified by Divine Revelation, in order to arrive at just conclusions.

<sup>9</sup> These qualifying words are also used to declare another fact no less distinctly set forth in the teachings of masonry; viz: that Divine revelation is not given to man to entirely supersede the activities of his own mind; but only enough of Divine light is given to lead and guide the mind aright in its investigations; and thus it is to arrive at a full discovery of the truth in working out the problems of science by the double process of analysis and synthesis. The interpretation of masonic polity thus qualified and defined, may be set down as one of the self-evident truths lying at the basis of all the regulations of the Fraternity.

<sup>10</sup> This corollary, and the two that follow it, are the immediate consequence of applying the foregoing canon of masonic interpretation to the definitions of the three classes of landmarks which precede it.

essentials; but may be modified in some of their minor peculiarities in order to adapt them to different times, places and customs, by which each generation adds its experience to that of past generations.

SEC. 9.—*Pragmatic Corollary.* The Pragmatic Landmarks having legislative enactments, dogmatic decrees and diplomatic stipulations of various masonic powers for their arbitrary sanction, they may be altered, amended, or abolished, as may be deemed necessary in the practice of each masonic jurisdiction, at different times, in different places, and to suit different customs.



#### REVIEW OF ROB. MORRIS' "STANDARD FORM OF BY-LAWS."

BY JOHN DOVE, M. D., OF VA.

I PROPOSE to review Wor. Bro. Morris' code of by-laws for the government of subordinate lodges, in as summary a manner as I can, by no means intending to take them up, seriatim, and cavil about what are non-essentials, but, taking them entire, to show that the author has wholly misconceived his subject, and gone to work to *make* a set of by-laws for a whist club or debating society, to which they would, in soberness, be admirably adapted, where each is independent of the other, and none subject to any controlling authority; and where the president or presiding officer is a mere chairman, whose duty it is to preserve order, and whose power to enforce that duty is derived solely from the said by-laws, and, in modern parlance, from the prescriptions of parliamentary usage.

How entirely different is the case with our noble and dear old institution, called into existence, I had almost said, by the fiat of our Heavenly Grand Master, at a period too remote for authentic history or tradition to fix its birth, yet incontestably proving its existence anterior to both, since neither has been able to fix a period at which it was not known, though often appealed to by its enemies and revilers. Thus created, it had passed the ordeal of ages, governed by laws, manuscript and oral, very few in number, but plain and

emphatic, until it arrived at the year 1720, when all these laws, manuscript and oral, of all languages, were collected and elaborated to form such a code as would be applicable to the wants of masonry in the four quarters of the globe: and this code, thus written out in the XXXIX articles of Anderson's Constitutions, occupies twelve pages of Brother Morris' book, while his code of "Standard By-Laws," for the government of subordinate lodges, occupies twenty-four: these, too, confined in their operation to a neighborhood often not more than three or four miles in extent.

The laws which govern any body, whether state, corporation or club, to be effective, should be few, plain, and emphatic. There is no evil more to be dreaded by all governments than excessive legislation. The experience of all mankind attest this fact. The perpetuity of our glorious old institution is, and ever will be, due to the few plain requirements of the third degree—simple in diction, but emphatic in obligation. They embrace all the provisions of the holy decalogue, and any attempt to elaborate them would require more than a Pentateuch, and, in all probability, end in more obfuscation of their primitive teachings than is contained in the commentaries of the great Jewish legislator in those five books.

Our excellent Bro. Morris proposed to himself an extremely laudable task,—the propagation of a *uniform* code of "Standard By-Laws," for the government of subordinate lodges,—but seems, at the outset, to have entirely overlooked the fact, that the only uniform code of such laws, intended to operate alike on masons every where, is already enrolled in the first eleven sections of the thirty-nine articles of the English constitutions, and which owe their uniformity to the fact, that no mason, or set of masons, can alter or abrogate them in form or sense. If this were not the case, what would become of a lodge working under dispensation from the Grand Master? What guarantee would he have that the requirements of his precept would be carried out masonically? He sends them no code of by-laws, nor are they entitled to any, until their work is approved, and they receive a charter.

The sole provisions of a dispensation to form a new lodge, are the authority and requirement to "initiate apprentices, pass fellow crafts, and raise master masons." To do this, all the powers and duties of the master and his officers are called into requisition and held amenable—to what? Not to a code of by-laws of their own adoption, perhaps mal-formation, but to a few simple rules contained in the first eleven articles of the constitutions of masonry, and the esoteric teachings of the third degree, which are binding alike on *Grand* and subordinate lodges. When this lodge has thus passed, approvingly, through its pupilage, and attained seniority, it obtains a charter, which gives it a local habitation and a name; and it is that locality and designation to which *by-laws* are mainly necessary and applicable, namely—provisions for time and place of meeting, elections, fees and expenses, and some *few* particular duties of members and officers.

And now, my dear brother, having, I fear, taxed you too much, and tired your readers, with this lengthy statement of principles in masonry, rendered necessary, as I thought, to a full understanding of my objections to Wor. Bro. Morris' "Standard By-Laws," and the motives which induced me to give publicity to those objections, I will proceed to offer a few of the most prominent of them, sincerely trusting and confidently believing that when they meet his eye, they will be received in the same fraternal spirit which prompted them.

The very first line, then, in this Standard, affords me ample text for animadversion: it reads, "The title of this lodge shall be"——. The power to say, shall, necessarily implies the power to say, shall not; and, yet, Bro. Morris knows that the privilege to change that name or title can only be obtained by a respectful petition to do so, accompanied with good and sufficient reasons; for, being fixed by charter, no power can change or alter it, except the body whence that charter emanated.

In Sec. 2, he says, "The most implicit respect and obedience shall ever be paid to the constitutional rules and edicts of the Grand Lodge." Why insert this, unless to attempt to make a merit of that

which is inevitable; for the Grand Lodges are, themselves, bound by obligations they dare not disregard, to enforce obedience to all their laws, resolutions and edicts, and so would Bro. Morris readily admit, but he has taken the unmasonic liberty to qualify his obedience by the introduction of the word "*constitutional*," thereby offering an insult to the Grand Lodge, by supposing and suggesting them capable of such an offense; and further aggravating the insult by making a young lodge, composed, perhaps, of ten or twelve illy-educated masons,—at least, in masonic law,—the umpire of an edict of a Grand Lodge, composed of the representatives of some one hundred and fifty lodges.

In Section 3, "The meeting of this lodge shall be either stated, festival, or called." Now, there can be but two kinds of meeting: stated, as ordered by the by-laws, and consequently stated; or called, as directed by the Wor. Master—a festival meeting must, therefore, be of one or the other kind, and as a term applied to meetings has no meaning in masonry—it is also a dangerous epithet, as it leads the uninitiated certainly, and often the poorly-instructed initiate, to conclude that some of our meetings are for purposes of festivity and frolic; while all well-indoctrinated masons know we never meet for such purposes alone. Thus we meet, on the anniversary of the birth of St. John the Baptist, and of St. John the Evangelist, to perform certain solemn duties—as the election or installation of officers, etc.; having thus met to honor the day which gave to the world those two eminent Christians and masons, and having performed the important work allotted to the day, we are called to, and partake of such refreshment as the laborer has been pronounced entitled to from all time. These anniversary meetings are now, however, made stated meetings by nearly every Grand Lodge in the United States, as days of election or installation of officers, and in England are made the time for the semi-annual meetings of the Grand Lodge.

In the same section he says: "The *order of business*, at every stated meeting of the lodge, shall be as follows, subject, however, to be changed at any time, or

temporarily *dispensed* with, at the *discretion* of the lodge;" he then goes on to lay down this order in seven grades. I would ask any intelligent mason to say, after a careful perusal of the foregoing, whether he supposed as many egregious masonic blunders could be crowded into so few words? The whole theory, framework, and genius of the institution is assailed. The business of the lodge, and the order of that business constitute, at once and wholly, the designs upon the tressel-board, and, pray, whose duty is it to draw them? To whose official use is that board devoted? Do the craft draw designs for the master, or does the master draw his designs for the craft to work by? Who is amenable for unmasonic drawings or badly-conducted business? and to whom is the delinquent responsible? Is not the master alone responsible to the Grand Lodge? Can his lodge try him?

These rules may be "changed" or "temporarily dispensed" "at any time;" a law dispensed with, is a law repealed for the time. No lodge can alter, modify, or repeal any of its laws, after a copy has been approved and filed with the Grand Lodge, except by the authority and sanction of that body, obtained in regular masonic form. Therefore, that provision is nugatory. This change may be made at the "discretion" of the lodge. In exercising the masonic formula of the lodge, they have no discretion but the discretion of implicit obedience to law and order, as defined and issued by the master. They must meekly, patiently bide their time, and look for remedy in a change of officers, or an appeal to the Grand Master. The basis, which underlies all this tissue of masonic error, is an entire misconception of the true position of the Master of a lodge. The charter granted, in the name of masonry, and attested by the seal and signature of some Grand Lodge, to some qualified mason by name, invests him with the prerogative of command; and his installation, made a condition to the exercise of that authority, makes him, during the tenure of office, *de facto et de jure*, the representative of the Constitutions of Masonry; and the esoteric teachings of that impressive ceremony qualify him for the

faithful performance and observation of the inexorable and unalterable behests of that code of masonic law calculated and intended to operate alike on all. In fine, such a Master, thus duly qualified, is the Constitutions of Masonry acting through an agent, and which, all will admit, than none dare disobey.

Here let me do Bro. Morris the justice to say, that he is supported by the concurrent authority of many Grand Lodges in making this requisition of time, and to add, that I intend my arguments as much, if not more for them, than for him. All must readily admit, and the opening addresses of Grand Masters teem with the reiteration of the fact, that there is greatly too much haste now being exercised in passing necessarily unqualified candidates from one degree to another. But does this requisition remedy that crying evil—that destructive injustice to masonry? Unqualifiedly not; for, unless he will read, study, and thoughtfully digest the teachings of each degree, he will be no better prepared to answer the requisition of our ritual, of suitable proficiency, by a probation of one year, as to time, than he was one day after the ceremony of initiation. Again, it operates unpardonable masonic injustice, by making a bed of Procrustes for all candidates, where one, favored with high natural endowments, previous liberal education, and leisure for application, would master the prescribed lesson in far less time than one not possessing those advantages.

In the next paragraph of Section 3, Bro. Morris says: "all business of this lodge must originate at stated meetings, *except elections*"—"and all balloting for advancement," and "all appropriations of the funds of the lodge must be done at *stated meetings*." If he had exactly reversed this order, he would have come much nearer the true masonic practice; for I thought, if there was any rule more general than the rest, it was that, which declares that "all elections shall take place at *stated meetings*." The reasons for which are too obvious for repetition here; but upon reflection, it occurs to me there is one rule of more universal application, and that is, that the charity of a lodge, like that of an individual mason, operates *sur le champ*, and must

be exercised at the moment of application, or satisfactory reasons assigned for declining. A brother Fellow-craft, about to travel, sets himself sedulously to study, and in a fortnight after, proves himself ready to answer your requisition of "suitable proficiency,"—the only one you have the right to impose—where is the justice, to say nothing of the fraternal obligation to promote his welfare, in adding the requisition of the annoying and useless addition of time.

Again, in Section 3, he says: "Called meetings may be held at any time, at the discretion of the Worshipful Master, by giving due notice to a *reasonable* number of the members." And, pray, who is to be the judge of the masonic meaning of the word *reasonable* in this connection? I will venture the assertion, that this is the very first instance of power attempted to be conferred on a Master, however worshipful, to summon a *part* of the members of a lodge, of course known to be favorable to his projects, and to call their vote the action of *the* lodge. No! the uniform masonic order is, to the secretary, "to summon the lodge for a given purpose, say advancement of Bro. Jones." This may be done orally, or in writing, through the tiler, who is presumed to have served this summons on *every* member, or to be prepared to give good and sufficient reasons for each case of failure—and no called meeting can form a just and legal lodge, in masonic parlance, except those where all these requirements have been fulfilled.

Further on, in this Section 3, we find, "No meeting of this lodge, either stated, called, or festival, can be held unless the *charter is present*, and displayed in view of the members present." Apart from the never-ending perplexities incident to the carrying out this law, particularly in country lodges, held in courthouses, taverns, or private residences, in most instances many miles from the location of the Master, who is the proper masonic custodian of that charter, and who, from paramount business obligations, is sometimes also necessarily absent; I hold, that the presence of that instrument, *pro forma*, is only needed, to give perfect validity to any and every act of the lodge, on two occasions. The first is on

the day of installation of a Master of the lodge, when, by our esoteric teaching, he is solemnly invested with the duty of preserving and transmitting it to his successor—and the second, is where any question is to be answered involving the legal existence of the lodge, as in the case of demand of a strange visitor to see it, in order to protect himself from the imposition of a clandestine body of spurious masons. Its unavoidable absence, from causes over which the members could exercise no control, would, in the latter case, even be remediable by causing a very slight inconvenience, as the brother would only be deprived of the pleasure of visiting at that time, unless he should be satisfied with the statement of the facts.

Bro. Morris concluded this Section 3, and Chapter 1, by saying: "This lodge shall be represented at each Grand Communication of the Grand Lodge, *when practicable*." Had he reflected but for a moment, he would have seen this was essentially a case of hyper-legislation;—first, because no reasoning body or power would require its dependents to do that which was impracticable;—and, second, Grand Lodges have already adopted the most efficient means to secure the performance of that duty, namely, by imposing a pecuniary fine for the first failure, and a forfeiture of charter for a repetition of that failure more than once.

And now, dear Brother Brennan, methinks I see you, after the perusal of this, perhaps, now too tedious review, throw up your hands, and exclaim: Oh, Bro. Dove! *eheu! jam satis!* Well, I think so too; twelve pages to review the first page of a work containing twenty-four, is appalling indeed, nay, insuperable to me even; at no time of my life a rapid writer, I find it quite a task now, at my advanced age. I am much consoled, however, by being able to say, that, as very much the same vein of principles of government runs through the whole work, the few imperfect criticisms, I have sent you, may suffice to give your readers my opinion of the entire code; and last, though by no means least, of their results, induce our excellent Brother Morris, in any subsequent edition, to

review and rewrite his "Standard By-Laws."

P. S.—Inclosed, I send you what I consider a model code of by-laws, and for the history of them, I refer you to the Preface of the Text-Book of the Grand Lodge of Virginia. If they are approved by you, it may save me much time and labor in pursuing the review; for the publication of them, in the skeleton form to be found in the same text-book, page 293, with a few comments, would perhaps operate as the best commentary on Wor. Bro. Morris' code; and he might be induced to work his code up into a "Manual for Masters," for which it would be admirably adapted.

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### MASONIC MISCELLANY.

#### THE UNIVERSAL MASONIC CONGRESS.

RICHMOND, VA., April, A. D. 1858, A. L. 5858.  
*Office of the G. Secretary of the G. L. of Va., and  
 Member of the Permanent Committee of the  
 Universal Congress.*

M. WOR. SIR AND BROTHER:—The time has now arrived when the Grand Lodges of the United States, having had the proceedings of the masonic congress at Paris before them for two years, should speak out in approval or otherwise of those resolutions which embody their deliberations. To the efficient and zealous agency of our talented Brothers, Dinwiddie B. Phillips, of Virginia, and Parker Cummings, of the District of Columbia, we are greatly indebted for the enactment of most of the ten resolutions adopted by that august body, and now submitted for the ratification of the Grand Lodges of the world. Indeed, if they had closed their labors after passing the fifth proposition, they would have been entitled to the highest commendations in our power to bestow. The noble stand taken by Brother the Count de Donoughmore of Ireland, and the effective speeches of our American brothers prove the high estimation in which they held their mission; and when, in this connection, we take an impartial view of the truly masonic manner in which they were received by Brother Heullant, Deputy Grand Master of

France, and Brother Rosenthal, the representative of the Netherlands, we can not too highly estimate the laudable zeal of the former, and the high-toned masonic spirit of concession of the latter.

I invite, then, M. Wor. Brother, an attentive perusal of the ten propositions, as submitted for your action by the Universal Congress, and my arguments appended in support of them:

1st. "This Congress will only submit such measures—few in number—as bear the character of evident utility; are clearly defined; and in all cases manifest the greatest respect for the accepted and internal customs of each country."

This resolution seems, from its rich and high-toned masonic character, to have been adopted in accordance with the opening address of the M. Wor. Grand Master Prince Lucien Murat, and presents the relative duties of the representatives of foreign jurisdictions, each to the other, for the good of the whole, when assembled for consultation and combined action; and is utterly at war with the Machiavelian policy of introducing the groveling arts of diplomacy. The simple but truly beautiful words in which this congress thus gave expression to their appreciation of the high masonic mission with which they were charged, must at once convince every one of their entire fitness for the responsible duty confided to them; and they were, indeed, fortunate in being thus animated and sustained by the liberal and enlightened views of their presiding officer.

2d. "It is proposed to all the Grand Lodges on the globe, that no diploma shall be given to a brother who has not attained the degree of master mason."

This being already the law, or entirely general usage in the United States of America, we might suppose it to have been unnecessary, or at least expletive, to enact it as a law at this late date. Its masonic propriety is, however, too apparent for any comment; and seems only to announce the fact, that a contrary usage prevails in some of the other Grand Lodges of the world, and therefore rendered absolutely necessary as the basis of a series of resolutions calculated and intended to operate alike in both hemispheres.

3d. "The adoption of a standard form

of diploma is proposed to all masonic authorities. The diploma to be in Latin, with a translation in the national language; and to have also a testamentary formula, setting forth the desire of the recipient that, after his death, it may be returned to the lodge whence it emanated."

This resolution is drawn simply in obedience to those words of the constitution of masonry which say in chap. 1, sec. 4: "there is no excellence without its opposite, and no true coin without its counterfeit:" and looking to ancient schisms of the fraternity in the old world, and the present rife spirit of schism and rebellion in the new, we are at once forcibly impressed with the importance of duly protecting the lovers of law and order from the impositions of their counterfeits. It is, however, greatly to be regretted that this congress did not embody in this proposition the form of said diploma. The self-evident propriety of the measure would, before this time, have led to its adoption throughout the masonic family, and the large number of traveling impostors and mendicants, which infest this section of the fraternity, been exposed and punished. We would also suggest, that, instead of the testamentary clause, requiring the surrender of the diploma, it should so read as to require the return of it to the Grand Secretary, whence it was issued, to have endorsed thereon the time and place of the death of the brother, and thus attested, to be returned to his widow or orphan, to be, by them, preserved as evidence of their claim to protection and succor in the hours of adversity or want. Such an appropriate endorsement would render it utterly useless to any brother desiring to use it as a passport to masonic favor, and would go farther to suppress the so-called adoptive masonry or androgenine degrees, than all the legislation upon the subject can effect, the most specious and plausible reason for the propagation of these degrees being the necessity for some mode of recognition of the claims of these persons to the charities of our institution. The propriety of engrossing the standard formula in that proud monument of Roman greatness, the Latin language will not be questioned by any one at this day, when it is remembered that it is the language which is now being

taught in all seminaries of polite literature throughout the civilized world, and the grammar of which forms the basis of nearly every living language.

4th. "A permanent commission of five members is hereby constituted. The commission will have its seat in Paris, in the temple of the Grand Orient. It is charged with the duty of forwarding to the various masonic authorities the propositions and publications of the congress; to keep up its correspondence; to receive all letters, communications or propositions, emanating from Grand Orients or Grand Lodges, or from individual masons desirous of offering the fruits of their meditations to the congress: in a word, all that may be deemed useful in forwarding its labors: and, finally, they are to fix the time and place of the next meeting of the congress. The commission is composed of the following illustrious brethren:

"CHEVALIER DE ROSENTHALL, for the Netherlands.

"COUNT DOUGHNOMORE, for England.

"JOHN DOVE, for the United States.

"HEULLANT, for France.

"RAZZ, for France.

"In case of the inability of any of the above-named brethren to serve, the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge, or Grand Orient, to which he may belong, will designate his substitute."

This article, which contains nothing more than the organization of a permanent commission, *ad interim* of the congress and prescribing their duties, needs no comment farther than to show, as it does on its face, the careful manner in which those duties are prescribed and limited.

5th. "Masonic authorities are in future to abandon the practice of constituting lodges in countries where masonic powers already exist.

"Authorities having lodges in the territories of other powers, should consent to these lodges passing under the actual authority of the Grand Lodges having jurisdiction over the territory where they are located.

"The lodges are to be left to their own discretion, and the authorities of the countries where they are located should treat them with fraternal consideration."

The truly masonic spirit which prompted the adoption of this resolution can not be too highly appreciated, when it is borne in mind how disastrous to the harmony of the fraternity in this hemisphere the evil it seeks to cure has been; and when it is further remembered that the concession is all on one side, and that from the

parties who have exercised this until now undisputed privilege from all time—a practice certainly exercised among themselves, with mutual disregard to geographical lines of jurisdiction, and only protested against, by the Grand Lodges of these United States, since their political independence. Had such a provision been engrafted in the constitutions of 1721, we, in this country, should have been saved the mortification of seeing masons made of men whose social status entirely precludes the idea of their elevation to a level with the white man in civil rights. The admirable and convincing argument of Brother Cumming on this resolution we take much pleasure in adopting, and recommend them to the careful perusal of every friend of the universality of our beloved institution in both hemispheres; and for the unanimity with which they were received and endorsed by the congress, no true mason can be sufficiently grateful.

6th. "Before proceeding to the initiation of a non-resident, inquiry shall be made of the authorities of the country to which the candidate owes allegiance, except in well-authenticated cases of emergency."

This resolution is simply carrying out among nations and governments that etiquette of fraternity which is practiced in all well-regulated Grand Lodges in this country at this time, and has for its object the prevention of working up unfit material in the moral edifice which we are erecting—a fact, too, of such notorious importance that it should be constantly practiced on by every craftsman engaged in the building.

7th. "The masters of lodges, in conferring the degree of M. M., should invest the candidate with the words, signs and grips, of the Scottish and Modern Rites."

Those of us who are familiar with the history of the many schisms and great difficulties which beset the pioneers in the revival of masonry at the commencement of the last century, will fully appreciate this resolution of the congress. The sum total of their exertions was directed to the reorganization of the internal polity of masonry, by reducing it to a representative form of government, in which the lodges technically, or three first officers only, should form a Grand Lodge

for legislative and supervisory duties. In this undertaking were engaged the fraternity of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, and subsequently Prussia, each acting through Grand Lodges, and while it seems all kept steadily in view their high and holy mission of erecting a moral edifice for the amelioration of the human family, wheresoever dispersed, speaking different languages, the structure, tone, and accent of which scarcely admitted of mutually convertible terms; yet, keeping in view the performance of their arduous duties to their mission, they persevered, and amid almost appalling difficulties, accomplished their cherished object. This constituted the esoteric school, and scholars rapidly flocked to it from all classes of society—from the sceptered king to the humblest artizan. The gross outline of its features were easily understood and duly appreciated by every nation, however different the language in which those features were portrayed. The esoteric teachings, however, being all oral, and comprehending those individual formulas of ritual which were intended to possess the power of a universal language, were necessarily cause of great embarrassment. They were not now, for the first time, inventing this language: indeed, the more conscientious and reliable portion of them felt positively inhibited from any attempt at innovation upon the ancient and accepted ritual. All agreed that that which could be satisfactorily proved to be the most *ancient*, should be adopted and practiced. For this palm there were many aspirants; prominent among which, was Anderson and Desaguiler, the champions of the Ancient York school of England, and Dermot and the Duke of Althol, of the Ancient and Accepted Scotch Rite of Scotland, each contending for the palm of antiquity, and while agreeing in the main, yet differing with uncompromising acrimony upon some minute details. At this juncture, the Grand Lodges of France and Prussia were organized by charters from one and the other of the two first named, and seeing these differences existing with their mother jurisdictions, adopted an esoteric formula, founded upon their teachings, but varied in a few particulars from both. Each of these



grand bodies began now, as commerce and civilization progressed, to issue charters, sending masonry into the remotest nations; each, however, retaining, with scrupulous exactness, the esoteric teaching of the source whence each derived his warrant. This practice continues to the present day; and hence the palpable necessity for the practice indicated in this resolution, the plain object of which is to place all genuine masons, (and by this word genuine we desire to be understood as meaning all masons made under a charter derived from either,) upon a footing of perfect equality of rights and privileges. The next congress, we may confidently expect, will take up this subject, and submit such a well-digested ritual, as operating alike in all nations, will settle for all time the difficulties which the 7th proposition proposes to remedy only temporarily.

8th. "This meeting—considering the apron as the symbol of labor, that it has always been an important symbol in masonry, that it is in general use—proposes to decide, that in all masonic assemblies the apron is indispensable."

This proposition suggests, on its face, the startling fact, that there are meetings of *unclothed* masons held somewhere. It is certain they can not be of that body of masons who are acting under Anderson's Constitution of York Masonry; for it is there written, (Sec. 3—1. Of Attendance,) "Every brother ought to belong to some regular lodge, and should always appear therein *properly clothed*, and in clean and decent apparel." If, however, there are any who admit the practice of assembling without the characteristic badge, and we are to suppose there are some, we cheerfully endorse this resolution.

9th. Convinced of the great utility of a regular and uninterrupted correspondence between the various masonic powers, the congress invites all masonic authorities regularly to exchange copies of their printed proceedings."

We, in the United States of America, have so regularly practiced upon this suggestion, made at the first organization of our oldest Grand Lodges, that we had hoped the practice was universal. In any event it is a wholesome provision, and engenders and perpetuates brotherly love and kindly feelings.

10th. "The congress insists upon the necessity for certain central points in each country, for the reception of correspondence, whence it could be diffused throughout the jurisdiction."

This, also, seems almost an act of supererogation, as time and custom have established the practice with us, and the Grand Secretary's office of each Grand Lodge, as that point or place, to and whence all such communications are made.

It is also a matter of some moment to designate the time and place for holding the next congress, and while this duty has been, by the 4th proposition, delegated to the committee therein named, yet, in a question involving so many interests, for one, I should greatly prefer that some indications should be made by the Grand Lodges of the United States. The suggestion has been already made, that another world's convention be held in London in 1861; and I think it not improbable that the Grand Lodges of Europe, Asia and Africa, may prefer that as the time and place. My own judgment, however, leads me to suggest, that New York would be preferable as the place, and 1862 as the time. 1st, Because the large majority of Grand Lodges is on the American Continent, and a very large majority of that number speaking the same language and working the same ritual, there would result a greater probability of unity of action in agreeing upon a masonic language adapted to the idioms of all nations: and 2d, As to time, it will be as early as the Grand Lodges can confer and make known their wishes to the committee—perhaps some importance may attach to its being a septennial period from the first congress.

By reference to page 56 of the printed proceedings of the M. W. Grand Lodge of Virginia, it will be seen that the ten propositions of the Universal Masonic Congress were entirely satisfactory to them, and it would give me great pleasure to receive from you, M. Wor. Brother, either through the action of your Grand Lodge or by letter, during recess, your views upon these most interesting subjects.

I have the honor to be,  
Most fraternally, yours,

JOHN DOVE,

Member of the Permanent Com. for U. S. A.

RICHMOND, *April*, 29, 1858.

J. F. BRENNAN, Esq.

*Dear Sir and Bro.*—

. . . . . In your April number, received just as the foregoing circular was being printed, I received your criticisms on the action of the Universal Masonic Congress, and from a careful perusal of them, I fear you have not done them justice. When you have perused the foregoing, and thought the subject over, let me hear again from you.

Very fraternally,

JOHN DOVE.

LOUISVILLE, KY., *May*, 3, 1858.

JOHN DOVE, Gr. Sec., etc.

*Dear Sir and Bro.*—

Your favor of the 29th ult. is this morning at hand. . . . .

I have read your circular with care, and will, as you request, furnish you, with pleasure, my humble views of it. With the addition of your explanations, I must admit, the resolutions of the "Universal Masonic Congress" do not look quite so trifling as they did standing alone. But even with these explanations, which, it is evident, you have exhausted the subject in making, I can not see any one particular in which I have been severe in my strictures, where such severity is not entirely deserved.

As stated in "Remarks," in April number of *American Freemason*, the fraternity expected the submission of decisions or resolutions of a character corresponding with the august body assembled; yet, although they announce, in the preamble to the decalogue submitted, that none other than such as bear the stamp of evident utility will have their attention, I can not lay my finger upon one, among the whole ten, that will bear any such character.

Their very first proposition "lets them down," to use a Westernism, in the attaching so much importance to diplomas—documents which in America, a country that in numerical strength comprises a large half of the masonic world, are thought so little of. With us, as you are aware, a diploma is almost useless, if the presenter can not work his way into a lodge in a creditable manner. It matters not, if he has his pockets full of "di-

plomas" and other letters of credit, if he is deficient in that esoteric knowledge every Freemason is presumed to be in possession of, he is, if a stranger personally to the brethren of the locality, debarred the privilege of visiting or taking part in their work. If a diploma, like a bank note, was totally dependent upon its genuineness to enable the possessor to obtain the value of it sought, the case would be very different. In that case the presenter of a counterfeit article would have little hope of success, and an importance would attach to the genuine article that would naturally occasion a peculiar form, and fashion, and language to be used in the manufacture of it. But this, as you know, is not the case.<sup>1</sup> Upon this point I have been severe, even to ridicule; and I do feel the occasion demanded it.

Passing the fourth, I proceed to the fifth resolution, and as you have divided it exactly and properly, I can not do less than reiterate what I have said. It contradicts itself. If lodges are to be left to their own discretion, as provided in the third clause, where is the necessity of granting masonic authorities in their locality permission to exercise such authority over them? I see none. Yet that is what is required by the third clause. Your explanation is not explicit enough. It generalizes too much. We know that heretofore very little respect has been rendered by masonic authorities to geographical bounds. At any time during the last century, Grand Lodges were perfectly at liberty to grant warrants to applying parties, no matter where resident. The first Grand Lodge of France held its warrant from the Grand Lodge of London. In this instance not even the excuse of a unity of language or government obtained to countenance the grant. It was only when the matter was made a

<sup>1</sup> Except the State of New York, which, from its internal masonic broils and diversity of Grand Lodge claimants, such a practice is rendered necessary, there is not, in the United States, any recognition of masonic diplomas had by the Grand Lodges. The vendors of these documents, as a general thing, are Freemasons, and, understanding what form is correct, generally give satisfaction, in the emblems and language of the blanks they produce. As stated, so little *per se* value attaches to them, that, although in great variety, one is considered as good as another.

question of grievance in Grand Lodges, that it began to dawn upon the minds of masonic legislators, that State and county bounds ought also to be considered masonic bounds. We all know *now* what contention and dissension this subject has afforded during the past ten years, but we do *not* know what particular good has resulted out of all the legislation upon it. And, so far, there has never yet been presented a good or satisfactory reason why a man, worthy and well qualified, resident across the State line, say ten rods or less from a lodge, if made therein, is not as well and truly made, for all theoretical or practical purposes, as if he lived ten miles in the other direction, and within the State in which the lodge is located.

As to the sixth, you do not state what a well-authenticated case of emergency is; and I can but repeat what I have already stated — that no such case can be recognized.

As to the seventh, you are well aware, dear sir, that not one Master Mason out of a thousand, with us, knows any thing about the words, signs, and grips of the three first degrees of the "Scottish" (Ancient and Accepted), or "Modern" (French), Rites; that it is only within the last ten years, out of South Carolina and Louisiana, that even the first of these rites has obtained a foothold, and the last is, we may say, unknown; and that, save among the Chiefs of Councils, nothing is known of the work in the three first degrees of these rites or either of them; because it has been surrendered entirely to the Grand Lodges of the York Rite. Therefore, it must be self-evident that such legislation, as the passage of that resolution for masons in America (U. S.), is entirely superfluous. For what is the use of solemnly declaring that men *shall* (or "should") do a thing, if they, to a man, do not know what that thing is, nor how to do it; and are not constrained by any local authority to know?

As to the eighth, your explanation is as startling as "the fact" that you communicate in such an indefinite way. And I can only say, that if there *are* assemblies of unclothed Freemasons, we, as Free and Accepted Masons, governed by the ancient constitutions and the an-

cient charges—the Urim and Thummim of all true masons—can not at any time, or to any extent, recognize, such un-clothed workers as Freemasons, no more than we could recognize as such, either Odd Fellows, Druids, Rechabites, Good Templars, or any other of the thousand and one secret societies who *do* wear aprons, although for what purpose, it is believed, they do not know themselves.

As to the ninth, as you state, the practice, in this country, renders the requisition, so far as we are concerned, unnecessary.

The tenth is proper and correct. It is a matter that concerns the congress to meet where it would do the most good, and I coincide with you, that New York, in 1862, would be that place;—though as to the Grand Lodges of Asia and Africa having any voice in the matter, I am free to believe, they will be tolerably silent. *En passant*, Bro. Dove, where are they located? I see they had no representative in the last congress, and I must confess that I have never noticed any so direct allusion to them as operative bodies before. Upon this head I write for that information, which I know that you, as a true Freemason, will be as ready to impart as I am to solicit, and remain

Cordially and fraternally yours,

J. F. BRENNAN,

32°

FREEMASONRY.—Masonry, whitened with the frost of ages, comes down to us bearing on his grim countenance and furrowed brow the relics of antiquity. It lives while kings and conquerors have passed away, and thrones and scepters crumbled to dust—while cities which were once renowned for their greatness, and magnificence, and splendor, have had *Ichabod* written upon them by the finger of time, and empires rocked and crushed have split into fragments and disappeared. Masonry, like some mighty tree, has spread itself from the center to the circumference of our globe. Neither the weakness nor perfidy of its proposed friends, nor the malice of its enemies, have been able to retard its onward march, or for any length of time cripple her energies.

UNIVERSALITY vs. CHRISTIANITY.<sup>1</sup>

"Prior to the Union in 1813, the Lodges in this country had, to a great extent, assumed an almost entirely Christian character, and were dedicated to St. John. When the Union took place, in order to prevent the charge of sectarianism being brought against the Craft, that practice was discontinued, and the lodge dedicated to king Solomon. As we claim for our institution a high antiquity, we ought not to allow a limit to the present era; and to preserve its universality with all who acknowledged the true and living God Most High we must adhere to king Solomon; it having been the great object at the Union to preserve the universality. . . . The principles of masonry can be held irrespective of any sect of religion, and any attempt to expand them into Christianity more than our established rites allow, must be destructive of the principle of universality, which is our great claim on the good-will of all mankind."—*Freemasons' Magazine*, 1858, pages 70, 72."

WE have abundant evidence in the old York Constitutions to prove that, in the earliest times on record, Freemasonry was inseparably united with the "Holy Catholic Church," and the fraternity were strictly enjoined to a constant and regular attendance on its religious services, under a denunciation of heavy penalties for disobedience; and in the lodge prayers the divine blessing was invoked through the mediation of Jesus Christ. This continued till the Reformation, when the Order began to be repudiated by the Romish Church, which had hitherto been its steady and consistent patron; and it was then identified with the Church of England, whose liturgy was added to the first Great Light as an indispensable part of the lodge furniture, and an intelligible demonstration of its Christian character. The lecture was newly revised and constructed on a principle which might prevent any mistake on this important point; for not only was the floor of the lodge consecrated by an admitted type of Christ—not only were the three great theological virtues of Christianity prom-

inently introduced—but the G.A.O.T.U. was authoritatively and truly pronounced to signify "Him that was placed on the pinnacle of the Temple, because by Him were all things created that are in heaven and that are in earth," as the first "Great Light" reveals to us. (Col. i: 16.)

It would be curious to inquire then, since these have ever been the established principles of the Craft, how it happens that in the nineteenth century a party should have arisen, who not only deny its Christian reference, but ignore the dominant religion altogether, which they venture to denominate "sectarianism;" and while admitting that it may be pagan, or Jewish, or cosmopolitical, or infidel, will not allow the Christian element to exist in any of its ordinances, and, like the late government of India, would abnegate the true faith altogether (while at the same time professing its belief) under an apprehension lest they should displease a few professors of false systems of religion, and of trenching on its *universality*. Can such freethinkers flatter themselves that the Jew or Turk will thank them for thus repudiating their own belief out of respect to their prejudices? On the contrary, it is to be feared that they will despise them as traitors to their God, and, like the Brahmins of Hindostan, impute that feeling to pusillanimity, and the exercise of an absurd and uncalled for liberality; praising them, perhaps, to their faces, but when their backs are turned, spitting in contempt, and exclaiming to each other—"The wretches! Can they really believe in a God whom they thus practically deny—or are they disguised hypocrites and atheists?"

The Jews themselves are less tolerant and more consistent. M. Cotte informs us that in Morocco "They hate the Christians quite as much as the Mussulmans, although the little protection they enjoy at Tangier is due to the Christian consuls. When a Christian enters the house of a protected Jew he is received with every mark of hospitality; but no sooner is his back turned than the glass out of which he has drunk is broken to pieces, and everything he has touched is sub-

<sup>1</sup> This excellent article, communicated to the *London Freemason's Magazine*, (for March 24, 1858,) is shrewdly suspected to have proceeded from the pen of the celebrated Masonic author, Rev. G. OLIVER, D.D. It speaks the language of true masonry, and its every paragraph has our heartfelt response in the affirmative. It also serves to show that while the editor of the above named excellent periodical favors the latitudinarian doctrine affected by the "new lights" of masonry, he is not suffered to do so unopposed, or unanswered.—*Editor A. F.*

jected to a rigorous purification, performed with many complicated ceremonies. A Jewish servant will not eat the meat she has cooked for a Christian (although bought at a Jewish butcher's, because it has been cooked in Christian vessels."

But while we hold that in Freemasonry Christianity ought to occupy a prominent and undisguised situation, we would not refuse admission to the Mahometan or Hindoo, or any other citizen of the world. Our lodges should be open to them as are our churches; but as in the case of the latter, the candidate ought to be previously made acquainted with the true character of the institution, and that (which is really the case) *in becoming Masons they become Christians*, for an assent to the lectures of masonry is accorded by their presence, in which they tacitly declare their belief in the leading doctrines of Christianity, including many undisputed types of the Redeemer, which those lectures promulgate and enforce. It must be admitted, however, that such a result is considered altogether undesirable by the universalists; for shortly after the Union in 1813, the Lodge of Reconciliation, acting under the sanction of the Grand Master, took especial pains to expunge from the lectures all direct references to our holy religion, that the Order might be universally accessible to all mankind, without subjecting them to hear the discussion of tenets which are revolting to their feelings, or alien to any preconceived notions which they might entertain respecting systems of religious worship.

Such was the admitted design of the Lodge of Reconciliation in its revision of the lectures; and if I am not misinformed, the present Grand Lodge adheres steadily to the same principle, and virtually ignores Christianity so far as Freemasonry is concerned. But I am afraid such a practice will subject that body to the heavy charge of deviating from the ancient landmarks, which, as I have just observed, pronounce Christianity to be an indispensable element in the composition of Freemasonry; and a new element (unknown to the Order prior to the Union) called UNIVERSALITY

has been substituted in its stead, and is now used as a central landmark, from which all other attributes are supposed to radiate.

This is believed, by the party alluded to, to neutralize the teaching of Christianity, in common with all other religious systems, that Freemasonry may be altogether unshackled and at full liberty to pursue its own exclusive destination, without reference to modes of faith. It is a neutrality that I am unable to approve, because I can find no authority for its existence. A genuine Christian will never consent to be neutral when his religion is in question. The author of that religion has himself pronounced the awful fiat—"He that is not with me is against me!" a fatal blow to the doctrine and practice of neutrality, which indeed is only another word for proscription. And it is false policy as well as false religion to sacrifice our own convictions for the sake of expediency; putting the faith of the majority under a bushel in the hope of satisfying the scruples, and confirming the prejudices of a very small and insignificant minority. The results of such a proceeding are sure to place us in the estimation of mankind between the horns of this dilemma—either we are a society of infidels, or, as was predicated of the late Indian Government, on account of a similar abnegation of Christianity under the apprehension of giving offense to the idolatrous Hindoos and Mahommedans—"we are cowards in the sight of men, and traitors in the sight of God."

We are assured by Mr. Montgomery, that "in Hindostan the native Christians as a body have, with rare exceptions, *been set aside*. I know not one in the Punjab (to our disgrace be it said) in any employment under government; a proposition to employ them in the public service, six months ago, would assuredly have been received with coldness, and would not have been complied with."

Now I can not take on myself to assert that the officers of our Grand Lodge are appointed on a similar principle of exclusiveness, because I am really ignorant of their peculiar masonic faith; but we all do know that when the late Bro.

Tucker asserted in his Provincial Grand Lodge the Christian tendency of Freemasonry, the late Grand Secretary (whose letter is before me, in which the reasons are assigned for dismissing him from office) pronounced the doctrine to be "historically incorrect!" And he added, that though any brother is "at full liberty to promulgate what doctrines he pleases, *out of lodge*, he has no authority—in fact it is penal—to do the same when the lodge is open."

Again, if it be a simple neutrality alone that is insisted on, we have a right to claim for Christianity, as a mere exercise of common impartiality, the same privileges as are awarded to the professors of other systems of faith. But, unfortunately, these are not accorded; for while we are allowed to take our illustrations from Judaism, in the references to the tabernacle and temple, or from Paganism, as in the Pythagorean triangle and the *summum bonum* of Plato, all allusion to Christianity is strictly forbidden, so far as it may be possible, in the absence of penalties (and we are not aware that a brother out of office is liable to admonition, fine, or exclusion, for asserting the Christian character of Freemasonry), under an impression that its claims would be damaged by such a proceeding.

It is clear, however, that masonic universality is an unsubstantial fiction; and I shall now proceed to show that the acknowledged immutability of Freemasonry, added to the peculiarity of its construction, and the stringent character of its prohibitory laws, makes such an hypothesis not only untenable, but absolutely impossible, although its existence is pertinaciously urged by some inconsiderate brethren of our own times, as one of the enduring attributes of the craft, as well as an impervious landmark, to the degradation, if not to the extinction, of our holy religion, by reducing it to a level with systems of heresy and error. I can not conceal from myself that my opinion on this subject may wound the prejudices and paralyze the belief of a certain portion of the fraternity, but *fiat justitia, ruat cælum*—truth must be maintained although preconceived notions may be difficult to remove;

and I am of opinion that, in the sense which modern induction assigns to it, FREEMASONRY IS NOT, AND CAN NOT BE, UNIVERSAL.

Before proceeding to investigate the truth of this proposition, I would premise, that it is far from my intention to trouble you or the fraternity with any baseless or untenable hypothesis of my own, but to place Freemasonry on its true foundation as a moral and scientific institution, divested of all improbable facts and dubious assumptions, that the craft may neither be misled by the one, nor startled by the other. And if the arguments be defective, the reasoning devoid of proof, or the conclusions do not rest on the firm basis of truth, let them be summarily rejected.

In order to clear the way, let us first examine the arguments which have been advanced in favor of the hypothesis that masonry is universal. These are, first, the extent of the lodge; secondly, the absence of religious creed; thirdly, the eligibility of all persons for admission, and hence its unbounded influence; and fourthly, the universal application of its symbols.

1. The extent of the lodge is considered by the Universalists as a triumphant proof of the proposition. The passage is as follows: "How long?—From the east to the west. How broad?—between the north and the south. How high?—From earth to the heavens. How deep?—From the surface to the center." On a *prima facie* view of the argument this reason might appear decisive of the question. That which is without bounds may be evidently pronounced universal. But the extent of a mason's lodge is said to be unbounded, and therefore Freemasonry—of which the lodge is a type, as the church is a type of Christianity—is universal also. The syllogism appears perfect, but a slight consideration will show that the minor is defective. The lodge is by no means unbounded, even in its most extended acceptance, viz., from the earth to the heavens; from the east to the west; between the north and the south; and from the surface to the center. The heavens, which are referred to in this definition, can only mean, strictly speaking, the atmospheric heav-

ens, and therefore the lodge can not be a type of the entire universe; and although it is said to extend from the east to the west, it is still bounded by some imaginary limit between the north and the south; and consequently the argument is inconclusive, and of no value as an evidence of masonic universality.

2. Again. It is contended that as we acknowledge no religious creed, but admit, without inquiry, the members of every system on the face of the earth as candidates for initiation, the Order can not but partake of that universal brotherhood which classes all mankind as the children of a common parent, without any distinction of rank, character, country, or profession. Now even if the terms of this argument were true, it would not be sufficiently cogent to establish the proposition of an absolute universality. But I must demur to its fundamental principles, for masonry *does* acknowledge a religious creed in its frequent invocations of the Redeemer, under the names of the Great Architect and Geometrician of the Universe; and, according to the belief of our Protestant brethren since the Reformation, our doctrines are commensurate with those contained in the Book of Common Prayer used by the Anglican Church, for, it then formed a necessary part of the furniture of our Lodges, along with the Holy Bible; and anterior to that event, as is plainly evinced by the Constitutions of Athelstan, Freemasonry was intimately linked with ecclesiastical observances; and the brethren of all classes and degrees were strictly enjoined to habitually attend the Christian church and sacrament, as I shall presently show.

Freemasonry is not a proselytizing institution, for we invite no one to become a partaker of our mysteries; and therefore, it is truly stated that a religious test is never required for admission among us. Nor is it a *sine qua non* with any other religious institution. For instance, if a person is desirous of uniting himself with any body of professing Christians, he may, or he may not, avow himself to be a Jew, a Turk, or a heathen—a Churchman, a Unitarian, or a Methodist—for no such profession will constitute a bar to his acceptance. So in Free-

masonry; a candidate may be of any of the above persuasions; he may profess it or be silent, at his pleasure. No questions will assuredly be asked; he is only required to avow his faith in the G.A.O. T.U. But, from the moment of his initiation, he becomes a genuine Christian, if he were not so before, by subscribing, *ex animo*, to our Christian lectures, which, as I have already observed, he openly sanctions and approves by the unmistakable evidence of his presence, from time to time, during their delivery.

3. It is further urged that the universality of masonry is proved by the fact that all persons are eligible for admission into the Order, without any reference to their creed, country, or profession; and it is for this reason that the lectures pronounce its influence to be unbounded.

It might be confidently replied that the passage in the lectures, above referred to—viz., “the unbounded influence of its excellent rules and regulations,”—was unknown in the ancient rituals, and never introduced into the lectures of masonry till the latter end of the eighteenth, or the commencement of the nineteenth century. But such a course would be equivalent to evading the question instead of answering it.

An unbounded influence evidently implies that it is applicable at all times, under every variety of circumstances, and to all classes of society, however they may be constituted, and whatever be their situation, climate, or color, in the different regions of the habitable globe. But does this characteristic correctly apply to an institution which is unknown, even by name, to one-half the population of the world? Is the influence of Freemasonry felt in Siberia; in the wild and pathless steppes of Tartary; among the American Indians; or in China or Japan? Is its influence felt, even in the Christian world, among the Roman Catholics of Spain, Italy, and Naples, who denounce and launch the thunders of the Vatican against it; or among the uninitiated Anglo-Saxons, whether in Great Britain or America—the prisoner, the cowan, or the profane? Does it operate beneficially on the female portion of the community, whom it sys-

tematically excludes, and who, in many cases, repudiate and condemn it; on private soldiers, and uneducated men, who are equally ineligible for initiation; or on whole villages of agricultural laborers, who are ignorant of its existence? Nothing like it. How, then, can its influence be *unbounded*, or how can it be consistently pronounced a universal institution?

4. We are free to admit that some of the advocates for the universality of masonry are more moderate in their demands, and confine the argument solely to the universal application of its symbols, which, they contend, will admit of a solution favorable to the professors of every existing religion. On this hypothesis, the Christian, the Jew, the Turk, the Buddhist, is at liberty to improvise an interpretation according to his own fancy, whether it be "to point a moral or adorn a tale;" and hence it is hastily concluded that the *symbols* of masonry, at least, are absolutely universal. But even if we admit the premises to be correct, we might reasonably demur to the conclusion which is deduced from them; for, instead of proving Freemasonry to be universal, they would only show that it is latitudinarian.

And this is not all, for the Universalists, in order to confirm their theory, are bound to establish the assumption that the symbols of masonry are really of so uncertain a character as to admit of various and hostile interpretation—which, I think, they would find a very difficult task. If such an attempt were made, it would signally fail; for the explication of the masonic symbols is certain and uniform; and the slightest deviation from their legitimate meaning would be productive of inextricable confusion to the society. If a loose and arbitrary mode of interpretation were to receive the sanction of authority, the system would fall in pieces, and its landmarks be shattered like a potter's vessel.

Having thus demonstrated the fallacy of affirmative arguments, I shall now proceed to consider the negative proposition, and state my reasons for supposing that Freemasonry has no legitimate claims to the attribute of universality: and it will throw some light upon the inquiry if we

consider, first, the abstract meaning of the word UNIVERSAL. Our great lexicographer describes it thus:—“(1) general, extending to all; (2) total, whole; (3) not particular, comprising all particulars.”

If the first of these meanings be applied exclusively to the society of Freemasons, the advocates of universality will naturally conclude that, as it extends universally *over the fraternity* wherever lodges have been established, its influence is, therefore, necessarily unbounded in all countries where it flourishes, so far as the members of the craft are concerned: and I do not feel inclined to disturb the assumption, because so limited an operation excludes all idea of universality; for, by the same rule, the order of the garter, the bar, or the stage, might be pronounced universal, which would be an absurdity that no sane person would think of advancing; for, secondly, it must be *total*, and embrace the whole, not merely of a small and comparatively insignificant body, but of the entire human species, without exception—which Freemasonry never did, nor ever can.

Universal! Where was Freemasonry at the latter end of the seventeenth century, and what was its character then? The annals of the craft shall answer the question.

“In the beginning of the reign of Queen Anne, the lodges were more and more *disused*, partly by the neglect of masters and wardens, and partly by not having a Noble Grand Master as in times past; whereby the annual assembly was, for some years, not duly attended: and what was the worst of all, Sir Christopher Wren, through his great age, bodily infirmities, and retirement from business, was no longer able to preside in their assemblies, by which the craft suffered some detriment. After the rebellion was over in 1716, there were only four lodges remaining in the metropolis; and the members, finding that their Grand Master was not able any more to attend them, thought fit to *cement*, under a Grand Master of their own choice, as the center of union and harmony.”

Where was the universality of masonry at that period? The fact is, no such figure was ever entertained by our ancient



brethren; for how can a society that systematically rejects certain classes of men, claim for itself so untenable an attribute? In the laws of masonry promulgated by the Grand Lodge in the reign of Charles II, A. D. 1663, this exclusion is distinctly enunciated. "That no person be hereafter accepted, but *such as are able of body, honest in parentage, of good reputation, and observers of the laws of the land;* and the master of every lodge shall enrol the same on parchment, and shall give an account of such acceptance at every general assembly:" and, in our present constitutions, the disability is extended to women, minors, private soldiers, and all unlearned men, of whatever description, *who are unable to sign their names to the declaration.*

These statements are fatal to the doctrine of universality; for nothing can be universal that is in the slightest degree exclusive: and this brings in the third definition, that universality can not be confined to any isolated institution; but must be an absolute genus "*comprising all particulars.*"

Hence no religion or church, at present existing, can claim this attribute. No christian church, any more than Freemasonry, is, or can be, universal. Neither the eastern, nor the western; neither the Greek, the Latin, nor the reformed churches, nor dissenters from them all, any more than the religion of Mahomet or Buddha, or of the worshipers of the Great Spirit on the prairies of either America, are able to establish for their respective codes an universal application. Even the wildest of them all would not be so inconsistent as to advance such a baseless claim; for it would be ignored by the common consent of mankind.

And, further, it is a novel demand in the system of Freemasonry, introduced only about a century ago by Bro. Dunkerly, who was an amiable enthusiast, and never dreamt that it would be distorted to the meaning which has been assigned to it at the present day: and he only asserts that "as there are masons dispersed over the whole face of the globe, so ought a mason's character to be equally universal."

Now, it will be observed that Bro. Dunkerly, by this expression, could have no

intention of inculcating or asserting the universality of the entire Order, but only that of a mason's character: and yet, on such a feeble foundation, many of our brethren speak of the universality of masonry as if it were an indisputable and well-established fact, as ancient as the hills; but, in reality, it is neither the one nor the other.

For what proportion do the masons bear to the population of the world? One in twenty—one in a hundred—or one in a hundred thousand? The latter computation would approximate nearest to truth. Away, then, with this incredible figment; for Freemasonry does not—can not—nor ever will, embrace the whole human species, and consequently never can be universal.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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#### HEDGING IN THE APPLICANT'S WAY.

BY ROB. MORRIS.

FROM one or two of the very many communications received from ardent admirers of the craft, we gather the phrase, "Hedging in the applicant's way," at the head of this article. One of our correspondents, a young mason, but a chip of a *sound old block*, suggests that we are "rather too closely hedging in the applicant's way," and of making masonry distasteful to the mass. Another, whose head has long been bare with age, commends us, in that we are endeavoring "to narrow in, and hedge up, the entrance into masonry, now made too broad and too common." In explanation of our course, and in pursuance of our correspondent's joint thought, we propose to occupy an hour with this subject.

We wonder the inquiry has not oftener been made, What is the breadth of masonry's doorway? It were certainly to the profit of the fraternity, if the dimensions were accurately taken and noted,—for sure we are, but few of our friends have clear perceptions of the subject. Let each of our readers pause here for a moment, and ask himself the question, What is the breadth of ma-

sonry's doorway? Wonderful will be the variety of blunders made in answering it.

Now, there is nothing in the form of queries upon the work or features of masonry, to which our answers are so unsatisfactory to the inquirers, as those which relate to the subject in hand. In truth, we doubt if we ever have changed the mind of a single reader, once bent upon working some favorite friend into the Masonic Order! Such a confession, as unwelcome to our feelings as injurious to our masonic credit, proves that light is needed upon this quite as much as any other topic in the system. The minds of many being once directed to it, perhaps the long-lost measuring stick of king Solomon may be brought to light.

It is absurd to suppose, that a temple would be built perfect in its proportions, without a corresponding perfection in its entrances. Whatever our masonic system is, *when you get in*, the portal of admission must be as seen from the outside.

Now, it is on record, "that the Temple on Mount Moriah was small and holy. The apartments were contracted in size, and in correspondence with that, but few persons were permitted to enter. Compare our theoretical temple with that—*seven* may meet on its ground-floor or courts—*five* may enter its middle chamber—but when you arrive at its Holy of Holies, *three* only can enter there.

Is there nothing practical in this? Is this one of the symbolism of masonry, of which there is no "rational explanation?" Common sense and consistency forbid!

The applicant's way must and ought to be hedged in. The entrance into masonry must and ought to be difficult. All the *myteries* of old, the rites of Adonis, of Eleusis, etc., made this the prominent point in their respective systems, that a protracted and severe probation should be an essential to entrance. This they borrowed from ancient masonry. This *was* ancient masonry.

In the Ancient Charges (chapter iv), we see the standard by which we are to judge every applicant for initiation, viz.: Whether he be fit, some day or other, *to be Grand Master!* Hearken to

the law! "No Master should take an Apprentice who is incapable of serving his master's lord, and of being made a brother, and then a Fellow Craft in due time . . . that he may arrive to the honor of being the warden, and then the Master of the lodge, the Grand Warden, and then *the Grand Master of all the lodges.*" In brief, no man should be made a mason unless he is fit morally, mentally, and corporeally, to become the Grand Master. Read it for yourselves, and see if it is not so.

Now, to reduce our standard a little, and look no higher than the *Master of a lodge*; let us ask, what are the qualifications requisite for such an office? We have them in all our manuals, under the head of Installation ceremonies. They are of fifteen classes, to wit: He must be a good man and true, and strictly obey the moral law. A peaceable citizen, who strictly conforms to the laws of the country in which he resides. Not concerned in plots and conspiracies against government, but patiently submitting to the decisions of the supreme legislature. One who pays a proper respect to the civil magistrates, who works diligently, lives creditably, and acts honorably by all men. Who holds in veneration the original rulers and patrons of the order of masonry, and their regular successors, supreme and subordinate, according to their stations; and submits to the awards and resolutions of his brethren, when convened, in every case consistent with the institutions of the order. Who avoids private piques and quarrels, and guards against intemperance and excess. Who is cautious in his behavior, courteous to his brethren, and faithful to his lodge. Who respects genuine brethren, discountenances impostors, and all dissenters from the original plan of masonry. Who promotes the general good of society, cultivates the social virtues, and propagates the knowledge of the art. Who pays homage to the Grand Master for the time being, and to his officers when duly installed; and strictly conforms to every edict of the Grand Lodge, or General Assembly of Masons, that is not subversive of the principles and groundwork of masonry. Who admits

that it is not in the power of any man, or body of men, to make innovations in the body of masonry. Who gives regular attendance to the committees and communications of the Grand Lodge, in receiving proper notice and attention to all the duties of masonry on convenient occasions. Who admits that no new lodge shall be formed without permission of the Grand Lodge; and that no countenance shall be given to any irregular lodge, or to any person clandestinely initiated therein, being contrary to the ancient charges of the order. Who admits that no person can be regularly made a mason in, or admitted a member of, any regular lodge, without previous notice and due inquiry into his character. Who agrees that no visitors shall be received into his lodge without due examination, and producing proper vouchers of their having been initiated into a regular lodge.

Now, suppose, when Mr. A B presents his petition before your lodge, fifteen of you rise successively and inquire, "Is he all this? does he believe all this? will he do all this?" And let the candid replies be your guide in selecting the color of your ballots.

There is another and a solid standpoint for us, in judging of Mr. A B's qualifications. It is to ask, Will he be of service to masonry? No doubt masonry will be of service to him! The quarry-block, all full of flaws and crevices and veins of weak matter, would be essentially benefited and honored by building it into the wall, where the pressure from above and laterally would keep it from falling to pieces, but would that vile block strengthen, dignify, or adorn the wall? Answer for yourself.

Look at this man, A B, and say what is there about him to dignify, strengthen, or adorn your lodge? Is he such a man as you would like to trust your money with? your secrets with? your wife and daughter with? your character with? Suppose the lodge was made up of such men, do you think it would hold together? Suppose he were Grand Master, do you think he would fill Solomon's seat creditably? Would you like to have him for your secretary? or your treasurer? Would you even like to ride to the lodge

in his company? If you were dying, would you like to think that he is to perform the funeral ceremonies over your grave? When your sons get old enough to become masons, would you be willing to point them out to him as a standard and example of masonry? Should another Morgan trial sweep over the land, would he stand fast, think you?

What a string of questions, you say, to apply to any one! Who could stand such an inquisition? Why thousands could! *you* could,—but Mr. A B, could he? that's the question.

Now, let us hedge in this applicant's way. Let's put him into a furnace seven times heated. If he is pure gold, all the better for *him*—all the better for *us*. If not, now is the time to purge him; for after he becomes a mason, we must shoulder all his defects as well as his merits; and do you know how hard that is? Do you recollect that brother C, who drank? and D, who quarreled? and E, who was sceptical on the subject of God's Bible? and F, who leaked the proceedings of the lodge like an old cider barrel? and G, who was lecherous? and H, who was unruly? and I, who never would attend the lodge? and J, who defaulted in the lodge funds? and K, who was stingy as a miser? and L, who loves slander as a hen loves corn? Say, do you recollect them? and do n't you know that any one of these, from C to L inclusive, might have been left out of the lodge, and out of the masonic order, and out of the power of doing such injury to masonry as they did, by one little black ball, not bigger than the bullet that killed the amiable brother Gen. Wooster?

Oh! hedge in the applicant's way, by all manner of means. If he gets through, all the better,—he will think more of himself, and twice more of you. If not, who cares what he thinks? not we, nor you, nor any mason who chews bread.

As we sit here to-night, we believe that one-half our present number of lodges, and one-fourth our present membership, would comprise all that is really wheat. Fact. It would take in all who regularly attend lodge, and do

some good after they get there—all who strengthen the temple, or dignify it, or ornament it—all who will be missed as masons after the grass grows over them.

Then, when Mr. A B puts in his petition at the next meeting, let's hedge in his way! will you?

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### MASONIC DUTIES.

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BY BRO. J. R. CHANDLER, P. G. M. OF THE  
G. L. OF PENNSYLVANIA.

**T**O be a good mason, a simple, unjeweled brother, is to have all the good principles, and to practice all the virtues which can be imputed to the highest officer of the craft. Other qualities joined to these, and various circumstances commend a mason to official station; but these make beautiful and useful all of every grade.

1. **A MASON MUST BE OBEDIENT.**—It is one of the first of masonic virtues to be obedient, to bend to the high authority that is above, to feel that the officer in whose presence he stands is clothed with rights and powers that command respect. The character and wordly condition of the man is merged in the officer, and he sits in the east not to exercise an arbitrary, but a delegated power; and he is thus in some degree the infallible exponent of the rules and landmarks of the craft, the impersonation of the genius and the authority of masonry. The good mason inquires what are the rules, the prescriptive regulations? what are those customs of the craft that are to affect the members? He asks thus that he may adopt them as governing causes, and that he may throw himself into their influences, and thus mold and fashion his masonic life by all their action, and make it conformable with all their requirements. He may startle at some exposition of the hidden laws; but no sooner does he find them obligatory, than he yields himself up to willing obedience, and sacrifices to the genius of the craft all of personal predilection in that regard.

2. **A MASON MUST BE CONSTANT.**—No man is ever endued with the spirit of our craft without having that fixed attachment to its principles, its ordinances,

and its labors, which makes him a willing attendant upon the lodges, and induces in him a constantly growing fondness for our assemblies. The man who catches the honors of the craft, and leaves the lodge as he hands to his successor the jewels of his place, may have some of the secrets of Freemasonry, but he has none of its principles. His attachments are to the fleeting honors of the officer; he knows nothing of the constancy of the true and faithful brother.

3. **A MASON MUST BE FAITHFUL.**—Fidelity implies a strict conformity to all the solemn requirements of a Master Mason; a full, perfect, continued fulfillment of all the obligations of the craft; obligations deep, strict, unconditional—asservated, sealed with awful solemnities; obligations to do and to forbear. To some of these I may not, and need not, refer with more distinctness. But fidelity—the fidelity of a mason, involves a watchful care; a delicate but unwinking vigilance upon all that concerns the craft. No movement that has a direct bearing upon the order can escape the faithful mason's notice; he sees the evil and gives the alarm. Our order is wounded through the brethren. Her glory is the pure morals and correct principles of her children. Her shame is found in neglected ordinances, a desolate fraternity. Can, then, a true mason see a brother falling into errors, lapsing from the path of rectitude, wandering away after the enticements of pleasant vices, and neglect the solemn duty of admonition? Can he admonish, lure, entreat the erring brother in vain, and yet be faithful if he neglect to inform the craft of the danger they incur by the relaxed morals of the offenders? Surely not. He forgets the letter and the spirit of the craft; he overlooks the ties that bind him by one link to the brother and by another to the order, and cowardly and traitorously lets the enemy of our race get possession of the heart of a brother to whom he should give due and timely notice; and he lets that enemy of our institution find ingress to our lodges, secreted in the bosom of a vicious brother. Fidelity to the craft involves the unpleasant duty of rebuking the erring, as well as of admonishing the tempted brother.

4. A MASON MUST BE CHARITABLE. — Of all the words in our language, there seems to be none so much abused as the term charity. With some, the charitable man is he that gives his thousands of dollars to an object of public benevolence, or who doles a small portion to the beggar at the door. Either act may be charitable, or it may be a contemptible ostentation, as undeserving the name of virtue as it is unworthy the approval of heaven. The charity which is the bond of love with masons, lies deeper in the heart; it is the principle of the act, rather than the act itself; it is the motive sanctifying the movement and giving merit to the deed. True masonic charity finds its expression often in alms deeds; it is evinced in the small pittance which the brother can spare to the widow and the fatherless; it is evident in the princely liberality with which a Girard endowed our Grand Lodge.<sup>1</sup> But it has also other modes of expressing itself; it finds out the object for its exercise; it pours a light on the pathway of the wanderer; it guides him onward in his course, and silently blesses him. True masonic charity exhibits itself in solicitude for the welfare of all interested in the benefits of the order; it rejoices in the elevation and prosperity of a brother; and it sympathizes in the humiliation and adversity of the unfortunate. It startles the erring brother that was beginning to fall, and comes not with noisy purpose or ostentatious liberality, which, like the potent storm, tears up the earth which it should enrich, but falls gently and equally, like the blessed dew of heaven that nourishes and invigorates where it rests, and sparkles in the sunlight as if in token of its gratitude.

These are some of the branches of the virtues of our craft—only some. Who shall count them all? They are the life of social existence—they are of the blessed things of earth that take hold on heaven.

<sup>1</sup> The late Stephen Girard bequeathed to the Grand Lodge of Penn. the sum of \$20,000, which, by his direction, has been allowed to increase to \$30,000—the income of which is distributed to poor, worthy masons.

## THOUGHTS FOR REFLECTING BROTHERS.

BY ROB. MORRIS.

THE present aspect of masonry demands your most serious reflection. The call is not as formerly, from *without* but from *within*, and that call is LIGHT, LIGHT. It is not that we *ought* to have light for our enjoyment and growth in masonry, it is that we *must* have it, or our ancient temple will tumble in ruins about our ears.

The signs of the times are ominous. The increase in innovation—the growing difficulty in the members of one jurisdiction passing themselves as masons in another, a difficulty never imagined in the olden time—these and other indications of approaching danger call up the lover of the institution to its rescue.

Never before has masonry fallen into the hands of the masses. An eclectic system at its outset—preserved in the hearts of the few of each generation for twenty-eight centuries—calculated in its very nature to interest and benefit certain classes only, masonry has become, in this nineteenth century, a property of the people, and as such, lacks but one step of being cast abroad to the winds as a useless relic of barbarian times.

The masonic system, as your own researches have amply demonstrated, is a thing of rules. It is, so to speak, a piece of mechanism of which each organic part has its exact place and its exact purpose, both being designated by the highest intelligence ever allotted to man. Being thus originally framed, it follows that the loss of any one of these parts, or the displacement of any, or the addition of a new part, changes its original name, character, and efficiency, and renders it, for its original purpose, totally inoperative.

The love of masonry, so touching in the bosoms of the old, so charming in the young—the love of masonry, so disinterested, ineradicable, and sincere in the breasts of thousands living and dead, must not be confounded with the mere love of morality elevated as that affection is. It is of a kindred yet different class, compounded of our veneration for old things—old homes, old thoughts, old

friends—and of our respect for the enlarged and unchangeable in nature. It is not the morality of masonry that principally wins, converts, and retains the love of its devotees—rather it is its antiquity, its unchangeability, and its universality, those three prime pillars of its support.

Take away either of these three essential and peculiar features, and masonry is no longer masonry. It may be a better thing, or it may be worse—more or less attractive to the senses—but it is no longer masonry. Our fathers, were they called from their silent beds, would not recognize it any more than they would recognize a steam-engine or the latest circle of spirit rappers. It would be no longer masonry, and one of the last ties that holds the present to the past would vanish.

These obvious reflections are offered here as a prelude to an inquiry into the best method of calling back the fraternity into the former paths, and satisfying their sense of the moral, the ancient, the beautiful, the consistent, with a perfect view of what constitutes masonry.

What inquiry could there be proposed as significant of the highest aims of masonry on this? It is not a proposition to heal a broken law or salve over a small defect. It is rather the repetition of the original thought which was in the mind of the Wise Man of Israel when he cast about him for a means to wed the men of nature with the men of God. How shall we call back a wandering people into the ways their fathers trod?

We have been a reader of the Grand Lodge doings in this great confederacy for the present generation to small purpose, if we have failed to see that this is what all our masonic instructors have been seeking for. Read the addresses of Grand Masters and Grand Orators; examine the lengthy and elaborate reports of Grand Committees appointed to seek for light; listen to the speeches to be made at Grand Annual Communications the ensuing year;—and is not the burden of them all, *call back, call back, an erring nation to their altars: for lo, this people have gone grievously astray!*

A sound and available masonic literature, we shall assume to be the *sine qua*

*non* of success in this department. There are no two opinions upon this subject among all who have written and spoken upon it. Books from minds of superior stamp, embodying the thoughts and experience of all who have favored the masonic institution with their attention, are what we want, and to cull directly from the mass of existing masonic literature, and devise the most available plans to disseminate their light to the masonic masses, are the problems to be solved.

It is to draw out your thoughts, honored brother, whom this article may reach, that we have prepared it. The work is one that demands the heads of all, and the hands of all. No selfish or presumptuous scheme should so occupy your minds as to close them to the great fact that you have a part to do in this matter. No, no: wit and wisdom are not the inheritance of the few, and in a matter wherein all have felt the *want* each may furnish a portion at least of the *remedy*.

MASONIC LIGHT, that comprehensive term, is of two sorts—*oral* and *written*. The former, however, *may be* and *is* written *symbolically*: therefore, this division is unsound. We may say, then, that MASONIC LIGHT is either SYMBOLIC or OPEN, esoteric or exoteric. The former is that which the craft chiefly value, because it is peculiar to their institution, received in the most impressive manner, and forms the means of recognition or that means by which stranger brothers become readily acquainted with each other as masons. Masonry has a peculiarly rich symbology of her own. It was conceived in wisdom, established in strength, and its details laid together with beauty. We need no better evidence of this, than the fact that the multitude of fraternities extant, professing a symbolic language, have all borrowed largely of it because they could find nothing so good elsewhere.

But it is the exoteric or open class of instruction in which masonry abounds. Volumes, large and small, by hundreds and thousands, have been published upon this great topic. It has been divided into departments and each department critically explored by eager examiners, the results of whose investigations have been published to the craft, all the while avoiding any public exhibition of the arcana

of masonry. What a field for the masonic enthusiast is a collection of masonic books<sup>1</sup> in various tongues, written in various ages, but with the one great purpose of speaking forth the masonic love and admiration with which their authors' hearts were overflowing! Can any fail to see that if such collection were made common, the institution would stand upon a much surer basis.

Have our words, in any degree, convinced you that a free diffusion of masonic literature and nothing else can recall our brethren to the ancient landmarks? That was our aim in this article. If there is any other method, we have failed to see it, and others have failed to see it, even those who have allowed themselves to oppose the spread of sound masonic journals and books, have failed to point out any substitute for them, and this alone would suffice to establish the fact of their incompetency to sit in judgment.

Masonry has fallen into the hands of the populace, as we remarked at the outset of this leader. But, asks an ardent admirer of *oi polloi*, where's the danger in that? The danger is, honest inquirer, that the mass will not study its rules sufficiently to see their propriety, whence arises their essential value. If the populace will look behind its symbols and observe their profound signification,—if they will examine its organism and see how each part is mutually dependent upon the others, and how the removal of one, or the addition of one, or the displacement of one, will stop the movement and destroy the efficiency,—if the populace will take up this subject as philosophers have taken it up, then we say spread abroad the knowledge of it from the rivers to the ends of the earth: and, to return to the original argument, it is that they may do it, or a considerable portion of them may do it, that we recommend a more general diffusion of masonic literature.

<sup>1</sup> Such, for instance, as that of Bro. Carson, of Cincinnati, who, amid the duties of an acting and absorbing vocation, has found time, and appropriated means, to form the largest collection of masonic literature upon this continent. A sight of his literary treasures would shock those *old fogies* who shudder at every prospectus to publish masonic book or journal, and who would have a mason confine his knowledge to a scanty morsel of esoterics.

By the time this paper comes to the hands of our readers, an enterprise long maturing will be ripe for presentation to the craft, whereby all the masonic literature extant—of a standard character will be offered to lodges and individuals in a series of thirty volumes of 400 pages each, uniformly printed, bound and lettered under the head of The Universal Masonic Library. Such works as Clavel's Picturesque History of Masonry, The Freemason's Encyclopedia, etc., etc., books heretofore unattainable save at ruinous prices and in foreign tongues, will be translated, published in the library, and sold at the ordinary rates for American masonic works. We shall take occasion again to refer to this great enterprise, the most important one of a masonic character that the age has produced, and in the meantime will answer any inquiries that may be made us by letter in our usual prompt manner.

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#### MYSTERY.

IN the beauty of form, or of moral character, or of the material creation, it is that *which is most veiled* which is most beautiful. The mysteries of the heart and of nature are the delight of the intellect, the soul and the eyes. It seems as if the Creator had drawn a shadow over whatever he has made most delicate and most divine, to lighten our aspirations after it by its secrecy, and to soften its luster from our gaze, as he has placed lids over our eyes to temper the impression of light upon them, and night over the stars to incite us to follow and seek them in their airy ocean, and measure his power and greatness by those studs of fire which his fingers, as they touch the vault of heaven, have stamped on the firmament. Valleys are the mysteries of landscapes. The more we long to penetrate them, the more they try to wind, bury, and hide themselves. Mist is to mountains what illusion is to love—it elevates them. Mystery hovers over every thing here below and solemnizes all things to the eyes and heart.—*Lamartine*.

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EVERY man ought to endeavor to shield others from the evils he has experienced.

## Record and Review for the Month.

### A CLEVER WRITER INEXTRICABLY ENTANGLED BY AN EFFORT TO EXPOSE FREEMASONRY.

In 1818, THOMAS DE QUINCEY first thrilled English readers with his *Dreams of an Opium Eater*.

"I have been every night of late transported into Asiatic scenes. I know not whether others share in my feelings on this point, but I have often thought that if I were compelled to forego England and to live in China, and among Chinese manners and modes of life and scenery, I should go mad. The causes of my horror lie deep, and some of them must be common to others. Southern Asia, in general, is the seat of awful images and associations. As the cradle of the human race, it would have a dim and reverential feeling connected with it. But there are other reasons. No man can pretend that the wild, barbarous, and superstitious of Africa, or of savage tribes elsewhere, affect in the way that he is affected by the ancient, monumental, cruel and elaborate religions of Indostan, etc. The mere antiquity of Asiatic things, of their institutions, history, modes of faith, etc., is so impressive, that to me the vast age of the race and name overpowers the sense of youth in the individual. A young Chinese seems to me an antediluvian man renewed. Even Englishmen, though not bred in any knowledge of such institutions, can not but shudder at the mystic sublimity of castes that have flowed apart, and refused to mix through such immemorial tracts of time; nor can any man fail to be awed by the names of the Ganges or the Euphrates. It contributes much to these feelings that Southern Asia is, and has been for thousands of years, the part of the earth most swarming with human life; the great *officina gentium*. Man is a weed in those regions. The vast empires also into which the enormous population of Asia has always been cast, give a further sublimity to the feelings associated with all oriental names or images. In China, over and above what it has in common with the rest of Southern Asia, I am terrified by the modes of life, by the manners, and by the barrier of utter abhorrence and want of sympathy placed between us by feelings deeper than I can analyze. I could sooner live with lunatics or brute animals. All this, and much more than I can say, or have time to say, the reader must enter into before he can comprehend the unimaginable horror which these dreams of oriental imagery and mythological tortures impressed upon me. Under the connecting feeling of tropical heat and vertical sunlights I brought together all creatures, birds, beasts, reptiles, all trees and plants, usages and appearances, that are to be found in all tropical regions, and assembled them together in China or Indostan. From kindred feelings I soon brought Egypt and all her gods under the same law. I was stared at,

hooted at, grinned at, chattered at, by monkeys, by paroquets, by cockatoos. I ran into pagodas, and was fixed for centuries at the summit or in secret rooms. I was the idol; I was the priest; I was worshiped; I was sacrificed; I fled from the wrath of Brahma through all the forests of Asia; Vishnu hated me; Scava laid wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris; I had done a deed, they said, which the ibis and the crocodile trembled at. I was buried for a thousand years in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers at the heart of eternal pyramids."

This was a mild "dream." Intensely thrilling and deeply dramatic do they become as he continues the stimulus. In 1820—

"The dream commenced with a music which now I often hear in dreams—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense; a music like the opening of the coronation anthem, and which, like that, gave the feeling of a vast march—of infinite cavalcades filing off—and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and laboring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where—somehow, I knew not how—by some beings, I knew not whom—a battle, a strife, an agony was conducting—was evolving, like a great drama or piece of music, with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue. I, as is usual in dreams, (where of necessity we make ourselves central to every movement,) had the power, and yet had not the power to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantes was upon me, or the oppression of inexorable guilt. 'Deeper than ever plummet sounded,' I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms, hurrying to and fro; trepidations of innumerable fugitives; I knew not whether from the success of the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempest and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed—and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! and with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud—'I will sleep no more!'"

In 1822, DE QUINCEY published his "Dreams" in a small volume, having (469)



collated them from the pages of the *London Magazine*, to which he was a contributor. This publication was succeeded, subsequently, by his "Narratives and Essays," historical and critical, which, while they evince a rare combination of logical and argumentative ability, exhibit, at the same time, that nervous tremor and excitability so plainly perceptible in the effusions of those who produce literary composition under the lash of stimulants. Though finally emancipated from the use of the deadly narcotic, his after productions betrayed the evil effects of his former indulgence, in a wavering from the point in hand, and a wandering into digression very pitiable. One of his latest productions, a paper upon *Secret Societies*, while it testifies to this aberration of a fine intellect, will add another to the witnessses of inevitable entanglement that attends the efforts of "outsiders" to unravel the knot of masonic mystery.

In 1824, he happened upon a German work, the production of a German professor named BÜHLE, "the same (Ebelson) that edited the 'Bipont Aristotle,' and wrote a history of philosophy, in eight large volumes." This book, or books—for the work was in several volumes (what German professor ever confined himself inside the covers of one book)—founded its peculiar claims to distinction in the inquiry: "What is the origin of Freemasonry?" De Quincey fancied he saw something in the query that, by tracing it out, and putting it in a presentable shape, would attract the public, at that time, and to use his own language, "dressed up the professor's inquiry, washed its face, and made it presentable among Christians;" but, upon a closer examination of its logical bearings, he ascertained that the learned Buhle had another inquiry, equally important and inseparably coupled with the former, viz., "What is the *nature* and *essence* of Freemasonry?"

These two questions, the professor, in discussing, finds to be constantly coming out, shouldering and elbowing each other for precedency; and every sentence being charged with a double commission, he gets angry with himself, begins to splutter unintelligibly, and finds, on looking

round him, that he has wheeled about to a point of the argument considerably in the rear of that which he had reached, perhaps, a hundred and fifty pages before. In managing such a case, the ingenuity of De Quincey was taxed to the greatest degree, and he takes credit to himself for rendering his abstract much less paralytic than the original. But having begun his task upon the assumption that the first chapter naturally came before the second, the second before the third, and so on, he found, when the mischief was irreparable, that he had made a great mistake in that assumption, which perhaps was not applicable to Gottingen books, and that if he had read the professor's book upon the Hebrew principle of *boustrephidon*, that is, beginning at the end and reading backward, or had tacked and traversed, or done any thing but sailed in a straight line, he could not have failed to improve upon the materials in hand. Nevertheless he takes credit to himself for having whitewashed the professor; and believes that nothing but a life of gratitude on his part, and free admission to the Gottingen logic lectures for ever, could possibly repay him for his services—a reward which we hope he reaped the full pleasures of.

With such difficulties to contend with, it is not to be wondered at, the failure, to a signal degree, of De Quincey, in educing from the materials before him, either light or instruction upon either of the great and leading inquiries to which answers satisfactory were sought. Indeed, so far from this, he leaves the matter nearly as far in the mud as the Gottingen professor left it in the mire. He tells us "that the earliest accredited records of the Rosicrucian and Masonic Orders do not extend beyond the two last centuries; while on the other hand, it is alleged that they have existed for eighteen hundred years." Here is a mingling of Rosicrucians and Freemasons at war with facts and dates. There is no affinity between these orders whatever, nor has there ever been—if we except the temporary effort of Gugomos,<sup>1</sup> Schroepfer, and Stark, who introduced

<sup>1</sup> Gugomos professed the art of making gold, of discovering hidden treasures, and raising the spirits of the dead. Being exposed, he was induced, un-

an extension of the Hermetic Masonry, including Rosicrucianism,<sup>2</sup> magic, alchemy, divination, necromancy, and many other of the occult arts, into the higher degrees that found so many converts in the years 1770-4. But these charlatans soon quarreled, and each one set up a separate system, in which there was nothing of Freemasonry but the name.

He then advances the argument, that because nothing is found in ancient history bearing upon Freemasonry, the assumption of its great age is without foundation in truth. He can not tell what ancient records Freemasons themselves may possess, nor can he say what records may, unknown to him, be found in public libraries; still less can he—not being a mason himself—recognize masonic allusions in books, which, though unintelligible to, and therefore unnoticed by him, speak plainly and unmistakably to the Accepted Mason, who thus recognizes a brother, even though centuries have rolled between them. He next alleges that, although he can find no notice of them, as a society, in any portion of the first sixteen hundred years they claim to have existed; yet this silence of history, although it might have secured their mysteries from being divulged, could not have so kept muffled the mere fact of their existence. And thus he goes on, floundering about, first to the right and next to the left, until finally he takes a

der fear of the Inquisition, to sign a paper retracting his errors, and acknowledge himself an impostor.

<sup>2</sup> Professor Robison says: "This was not the society of Rosicrucians, which had appeared formerly under that name, and was now extinct, but a set of alchemists, pretenders to the transmutation of metals, and the elixir of life, who, the better to inveigle their votaries, had mixed with their own tribes a good deal of the absurd superstitions of that sect, in order to give a greater air of mystery to the whole, to protract the time of instruction, and to afford more room for evasions, by making so many difficult conditions necessary for perfecting the grand work, that the unfortunate gull, who had thrown away his time and money, might believe that the failure was owing to his own incapacity or unfitness for the possession of the grand secret. These cheats found it convenient to make masonry one of these conditions, and by a small degree of art, persuade their pupils that they were the only true masons. Thus these Rosicrucian lodges were soon established, and became numerous, because their mysteries were addressed both to the curiosity, the sensuality, and the avarice of men."

survey of his several hypotheses, and firmly fixes himself in position that he has "established the fact upon historical research that, before the beginning of the seventeenth century, no traces are to be met with of the masonic orders, and challenges any individual to contradict him." And thus, fully satisfied, he informs us, in a subsequent paper upon Secret Societies, that he has shattered the masonic bubble, never again to delude its followers into a belief of its antiquity, or to consider its claims worthy that respect such antiquity would command.

It is plain that neither De Quincey nor the Gottingen professor had supposed any such record, as they ignored the existence of, did so exist. Nevertheless, as far back as the year 1358, in the Acts of the English Parliaments, had they looked, they might have discovered an act, passed in that year, forbidding masonic assemblies. So easy is it to contradict what they affirmed could not be contradicted.

Leaving, then, this unsuccessful effort of De Quincey to "shatter the bubble of Freemasonry," at this time, we will proceed to take up his subsequent one, in which he opens with the following language:

"At a very early age commenced my own interest in the mystery that surrounds secret societies; the mystery being often double—1. *What* they do; and, 2. *What* they do it *for*. Except as to the premature growth of this interest, there was nothing surprising in *that*. For everybody that is by nature meditative, must regard, with a feeling higher than any vulgar curiosity, small fraternities of men forming themselves as separate and inner vortices within the great vortex of society, communicating silently in broad daylight by signals not even seen, but if seen, not understood, except among themselves, and connected by the link either of purposes not safe to be avowed, or by the grander link of awful truths which, merely to shelter themselves from the hostility of an age unprepared for their reception, must retire, perhaps for generations, behind thick curtains of secrecy. To be hidden amid crowds is sublime—to come down hidden among crowds, from distant generations, is doubly sublime."

This paper, being De Quincey's own, is very readable, although far from satisfactory in affording us the proofs of his hypothesis that he believed himself competent to furnish.

It was the Abbé Baruel's book, he says, that first induced him to a study of the subject. As a churchman, the

Abbé was keenly alive to the growing importance of secret societies, and his ignorance of the true intent of masonry, added to his fears, induced him to brand it as the foe to Christianity. The plot, according to his account, extended itself into many nations, and more than one century. This general statement perplexed De Quincey :

"How men, living in distant periods, and at distant places—men that did not know each other, nay, often had not heard of each other, nor spoke the same language—could yet be parties to the same treason against a mighty religion, towering to the highest heaven, puzzled my comprehension. Then, also, when wickedness was so easy, *why* did they take all this trouble to be wicked? The *how* and the *why* were alike mysterious to me. Yet the Abbé, everybody said, was a good man, incapable of telling or countenancing falsehood."

His ingenuousness, at an early stage of his inquiry, is very amusing :

"Things in manuscript might be doubtful, but things printed were unavoidably and profoundly true. So that if I questioned and demurred as hotly as an infidel would have done, it never was that by the slightest shade I had become tainted with skepticism." . . . "Other people, when they could not comprehend a thing, had often a resource in saying, 'But, after all, perhaps it is a lie.' I had no such resource. A lie was impossible in a man that descended upon earth in the awful shape of four volumes octavo. Such a great man as that was an oracle for me, far beyond Dodona or Delphi."

This faith led him into the prime difficulty of placing implicit confidence in the Abbé's statements, and after stating the case more at length, he concludes his approaches thereto, with—

"My purpose, with regard to Baruel, was not tentative, as if presumptuously trying whether I should like to swallow a thing, with the reserved thought, that if not palatable, I might reject it; but simply the preparatory process of a boa constrictor lubricating the substance offered, whatever it might be, toward its readier deglutition; that result, whether easy or not easy, being one that followed at any rate."

He next proceeds to describe, with all the *naïveté* and freshness of a boy, the person who induced him to read Baruel's book. There is vivacity enough in the passage to recompense one for the pressure of a ton weight of Buhle's logic :

"The person who introduced me to Baruel was a lady, a stern lady and austere, not only in her manners, which made most people dislike her, but also in the character of her understanding and morals—an advantage which made most people afraid of her. Me, however, she treated with unusual indulgence, chiefly, I believe, because I kept her intellectuals in a state of exercise nearly

amounting to persecution. She was just five times my age when the war of disputation commenced—I being seven, she thirty-five; and she was not quite four times my age when this war terminated by sudden separation, I being ten, and she thirty-eight. This change, by the way, in the multiple that expressed our chronological relations, used greatly to puzzle me; because as the interval between us had diminished, within the memory of man, so rapidly, that from being five times younger, I found myself less than four times younger, the natural inference seemed to be, that in a few years more, I should not be younger at all, but might come to be the older of the two; in which case I should certainly have 'taken my change' out of the airs that she continually gave herself on the score of 'experience.' That decisive word 'experience' was indeed always a sure sign to me, that I had the better of the argument, and that it had become necessary, therefore, suddenly to pull me up in the career of victory by a violent exertion of authority; as a knight of old, at the very moment when he would else have unhorsed his opponent, was often froze into unjust inactivity by the king's arbitrary signal for parting the tilfers. It was, however, only when very hard pressed that my fair antagonist took this *not fair* advantage in our daily tournaments. Generally, and if I showed any moderation in the assault, she was rather pleased with the sharp rattle of my musketry. Objections she rather liked, and questions, as many as one pleased upon the *pourquoi*, if one did not go on to *le pourquoi du pourquoi*. *That*, she said, was carrying things too far: excess in any thing was what she disapproved. Now, *there* I differed from her; excess was the very thing I doated on. The fun seemed to me only beginning, when she asserted that it had already 'overstepped the limits of propriety.' Ha! those limits, I thought, were soon reached."

How "thoughtless youth" is here rebuked by the thoughtful woman, who will always know where to stop and where to begin again! His secret belief with Abbé, nevertheless, though at war with his reason, he could not well overcome. To see how that learned gentleman could be right, when all logical argument whispered to him that he was wrong, was the difficulty hard to be conquered. The stern lady assured him that she had shown how, over and over again: nevertheless, though politic in De Quincey to take it for granted that she had done so, he would have given much to have witnessed one joust between her and the Abbé "on Salisbury plains"—the result of which, he was confident, would prove that she had not. In such case his heart told him that he would earnestly pray that they might for ever defeat him, while his mind oppressed him with the melancholy conviction that he would defeat them. Victorious, he should find his belief and under-

standing in painful schism; beaten and demolished, he should find his whole nature in harmony with itself.

But the point upon which his irreconcilability was greatest, respected the *cui bono* of this alleged conspiracy. What were the conspirators to gain by success?—and no body pretended they could gain any thing by failure. The lady assured him, that, by obliterating the light of Christianity, they prepared the readiest opening for the unlimited gratification of their odious appetites and passions: but, to this, his retort was too obvious to escape any body; and it threw itself, for him, into the pleasant story from the life of Pyrrhus, the Epirot. The story runs thus: "One day, a friend requesting to know what ulterior purpose the king might mask under his projected expedition to Sicily, 'Why, after that is finished,' replied the king, 'I mean to administer a little correction (very much needed) to certain parts of Italy, and particularly to that nest of rascals in Latium.' 'And then?' said the friend. 'And then,' said Pyrrhus, 'next we go for Macedon; and after that job is jobbed, next, of course, for Greece.' 'Which done,' said the friend. 'Which done,' interrupted the king, 'as done it shall be, then we are off to tickle the Egyptians.' 'Whom having tickled,' pursued the friend. 'Then we—tickle the Persians,' said the king. 'But after that is done,' urged the obstinate friend, 'whither next?' 'Why, really, man, it is hard to say. You give one no time to breathe: but we'll consider the case in Persia, and, until we have settled it, we can crown ourselves with roses, and pass the time pleasantly enough over the best wine of Ecbatana.' 'That's a very just idea,' replied the friend; 'but, with submission, it strikes me we might do that just now, at the beginning, instead of waiting for the end of all these tedious wars.' 'Bless me!' said Pyrrhus, 'if ever I thought of that before. Why, man, you are a conjuror: you've discovered a mine of happiness. So, here, boy, bring us roses and plenty of Creton wine.'"

Surely, upon the same principle, as it appeared to De Quincey, the French Encyclopédistes and Bavarian Illuminati needed not to postpone any jubilee of li-

centiousness, which they promised themselves, to so very indefinite a period as their ovation over the ruins of Christianity. Obviously, this strong point, in the lady's estimation, was, in De Quincey's, entirely too weak for the weight which it had to support; and she, becoming sensible of this herself, became sterner—even angry—with him, and not quite satisfied with the Abbé, for leaving such valuable openings to inroad.

After acquainting us with the manner of his quarrel that ended in being separated from the lady,—which, by the way, was not the emptiness of Baruel's logic, but a matter of purely English feeling and patriotism, in which she took a false and anti-national position, and he the opposite,—he finally gets back to Baruel again, like the moth to the candle, but to be, like that foolish insect, once more scorched rather than satisfied.

Through the web of the Abbé's self-contradictions and tortuous tergiversations, De Quincey could not fail to perceive that sublimity lay in the actions of men so utterly self-denying as these same Freemasons were; and upon this idea, which took a strong hold of his more manly and corresponding nature, he thus descants:

"The secrecy, and the reasons for the secrecy, were alike sublime. The very image unweaving itself by unsteady glimpses, of men linked by the subtle chain of brotherly love and perfect confidence of meeting in secret chambers at the noon-tide of night, to shelter, by muffing, with their own persons interposed, and at their own risk, some solitary lamp of truth, from the carelessness and stormy ignorance of the world which would soon have blown it out—sheltering it from the hatred of the world that would soon have found out its nature and made war upon its life—that was superhumanly sublime. The fear of these men was sublime; the courage was sublime; the stealthy, thief-like means were sublime; the audacious end—viz., to change the kingdoms of the earth—was sublime. If they acted and moved like very cowards, those men were sublime: if they planned with the audacity of martyrs, those men were sublime—not less as cowards, not more as martyrs; for the cowardice that appeared above, and the courage that lurked below, were equally parts of the same machinery."

A feature, equally grand with the foregoing, that struck him, was the self-perpetuation and defiance to mortality of the society. This feature it was that threw a grandeur "over the humbug" which nothing could lessen. Such a condition as a *sede vacante*, expressed in the constitutions

of other societies, was impossible in this. The great case, described by Chateaubriand, as governing the throne of France, was here realized :

"*His Majesty is dead!*" shouts a voice; and this seems to argue, at least, a moment's internum: not at all; not a moment's. The thing is impossible. Simultaneous (and not successive) is the voice that ejaculates '*May the king live for ever!*' There is a synchronism of metaphysical nicety here inconceivable to the book-keepers of earth. These wretchedly inaccurate men imagine that the second rider's foot can not possibly be in the stirrup until the first rider's foot is out. If the one event occurs in moment *m*, the other, they think, must occur in moment *n*. That may be as regards stirrups, but not as regards metaphysics—which is a science, I stoop to inform book-keepers, in which the effect is, if any thing, rather ahead of the cause."

Here we are compelled to leave De Quincey with the promise that, in our next number, we will return and finish our, and his, labyrinthine wanderings after the *ignis fatuus* that deluded him into so extended an exhibition of his ignorance of the true spirit that animates Freemasonry.



#### BY-LAWS—SHOULD THEY BE BRIEF OR DIFFUSE?

THE notion that by-laws must necessarily be *brief* to be *practical*, has been carried out in some places to an absurdity. If well systematized, and the running heads made full, a set of by-laws might occupy a hundred pages without being inconveniently long. It is not the length, but the *intricacy* of by-laws that is blameworthy. A very concise code of by-laws is no better than none. In relation to this matter, however, read what a committee of Columbian Lodge, Boston, Mass.—of which brother John T. Heard, the present Grand Master, was chairman—said in 1854. Being appointed to draft a new form of by-laws, they reported—“On examining the existing constitution and by-laws of Columbian Lodge, the committee observe that they embrace only partially the regulations to which the lodge owe obedience; that many and important printed edicts of the Grand Lodge, designed for the government of subordinate lodges, are not included therein—rendering a frequent reference to the statutes of the parent institution indispensable to ascertain various duties

and obligations that no well-regulated lodge would disregard. The inconvenience of seeking out the path of duty through the medium of the code of the Grand Lodge, which includes regulations not material to the government of a subordinate lodge, would seem to demand such a change in the by-laws of this lodge as would obviate this difficulty. *A remedy that suggests itself is to render the by-laws as full and comprehensive as, under prudent masonic limitations, is practicable.* The embodying of all written regulations, applicable to a lodge, into their by-laws, would tend to facilitate business and insure accuracy in their proceedings; as the officers and members having the legal guide always at hand, in a convenient form, could rightly inform themselves as to their respective duties and powers.”

This is exactly the ground taken by brother Morris, in 1853, when he was appointed chairman of a committee to draft a model form of by-laws; and, as an instance of the manner in which he carried out the doctrine, we quote a paragraph from the model:—“CHAPTER THIRD. The officers. Section 4. Duties of officers. The *Worshipful Master*. In addition to those duties which appertain to every individual mason, and those which are purely traditional, and therefore unwritten, the duties of the *Worshipful Master* are:—1. To open and preside over the lodge when present, and to make all necessary provision for the faithful performance of those duties when absent. 2. To preserve the charter of the lodge with unflinching care, and deliver it to his successor in office. 3. To see that these by-laws, the constitution of the Grand Lodge of —, and the ancient constitutions of masonry be duly understood, respected and obeyed by the members. 4. To give masonic instruction at every meeting of the lodge. 5. To take command of the other officers, and claim of them, at any time, advice and assistance on any business relative to the craft. 6. To represent this lodge, in conjunction with the Senior and Junior Wardens, at all the Grand Communications of the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of —. 7. To see that the proper officers collect and truly keep the monies of the lodge; to see that the furniture and other

valuables are not wasted, damaged or lost; and in the event that the charter of this lodge should ever be forfeited or surrendered, to preserve these things, subject to the order of the Grand Lodge. 8. To draw all orders upon the Treasurer, but not without the consent of the lodge. 9. To act upon the Standing Committee of Charity. 10. To appoint all committees, except the Standing Committee of Charity. 11. To see that all unmasonic conduct that comes to his knowledge be faithfully dealt with according to the by-laws of the lodge and the general rules of masonry. 12. To guarantee to every one charged with unmasonic conduct a fair trial, and an appeal to the Grand Lodge, if demanded. 13. To preside at the burial services of deceased Master Masons, members of this lodge. 14. To appoint the Senior Deacon. 15. To fill vacant offices by *pro temp.* appointments. 16. To convene the lodge in called meeting whenever there shall appear to him an emergent occasion. 17. To install his successor in office. 18. To see that worthy brothers, visitors from other lodges, have courteous attention and a welcome to this lodge. 19. To give the casting vote at any time in the event of a tie. 20. To appoint the Standing Committee of Finance on the day of his installation. 21. To read and expound to the lodge the proceedings of the Grand Lodge. 22. To decide all questions of order, subject to an appeal to the Grand Lodge." Now, does not the reader see that such a full, elaborate and systematic statement of duties as this, must serve a valuable part in prompting the Master to duty, and a guide to members in the selection of brethren to perform such duties!

In our present number we present the opening chapter of a review, by brother John Dove, of brother Morris' code of by-laws, from which we have quoted. In that paper, brother Dove has handled some vulnerable points of the "Model By-Laws" with a critic's scalpel. No occupancy, however, of space here by us is necessary to defend brother Morris. He can take care of himself and his productions. The fact that too little law has been the evil of Freemason's lodges is too patent to require support. While there are a few

men in every lodge who do know their duties, and the duties of others, there are many who do not; and it is for this latter class that by-laws are particularly necessary. The great drawback to a masonic education in this country has been the want of books—a scarcity of vehicles through which the right kind of knowledge may be conveyed to the right person, at the right time, and in the right place. Grand Lodges have never supplied such vehicles, and hence there is no supply. Grand Lodges seem to think that if they start lodges, *i. e.*, do as the boy did with the snowball on the top of the hill, give it a spherical form and then a push, it will go of its own gravity, and gather size and strength and velocity and consequent importance as it goes. They may do so for a season, but without *wisdom*, their *strength* and *beauty* are artificial as superficial, and, like the snowball, they will melt and resolve themselves into disaffected and disorganized elements. The true policy for our Grand Lodges to pursue is to put their offspring in the way of adopting the advice of our Grand Master Solomon, when he says, "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; get understanding; forget it not. Take fast hold on instruction; let her not go: keep her, for she is thy life."

We are happy to know that a new régime is dawning; and that in the course of the next decade of years, masonic books will be supplied by Grand Lodges to their subordinates with the same freedom with which a knowledge of their usefulness is now felt. All hail to so delightful a prospect.

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#### CELEBRATING ST. JOHN'S DAYS.

THE Grand Master of Kentucky, (D. T. Monserrat,) two years ago, recommended, in his opening address, a better attention to this subject. He says: "A more general attention to the festivities of the St. John's Days—those time-honored periods of masonic rejoicing—is to be earnestly recommended. A due attention to the practice of our fathers in this respect can not fail to have a most vivifying influence upon the masonic fraternity. Masonic

festivals teach to her members the symbolic and emblematic lessons of the institution. The regular ceremonies observed upon such occasions are full of symbolic instruction to the initiated; nor can a brother be said to have his masonic education complete until he has frequently participated in, and thoroughly comprehended them. Masonic festivals polish the glorious chain of sociability. Masons who join heartily and understandingly in them grow brighter by the act; become more social; are more amiable; enjoy better the society of the craft. Half the difficulties that come before us to be quieted, originate in the want of mutual and intimate acquaintance—a want that can only be remedied by frequent social meetings on the festival days, sacred to masonic memorials in the dead ages past. Masonic festivals exercise a beneficial influence upon the minds of the *uninitiated public*. All that the community demands, to estimate our institution above all others, is to hear their sublime principles enunciated, and to witness their admirable ceremonies as performed upon festival days. The effect is ever to swell our ranks by the wise and good, who are charmed by that which appears public upon such occasions. I would, therefore, warmly recommend to the lodges in each district, to unite in convenient bodies and celebrate, stately, the St. John's Days of June 24 and Dec. 27. Put the eloquence of our best-informed brethren into requisition for public orations. Set the liberality of the craft at work for abundant feasts. Call around you the charms of women, the dignity of old age, the reverence of religion, the excitement of masses, and make them all to see wherein masonry is the friend of man, the servant of God.



#### "IN MEMORIAM."

THROUGH the courtesy of our respected Bro. O. S. SANDERS, W. M. of Revere Lodge, Boston, Mass., are we enabled to notice a pamphlet, containing the proceedings of a regular monthly communication of that lodge, held at Masonic Temple, on the 2d February last.

As a specimen of style for the purpose.

to which this pamphlet is devoted, it presents an appearance well worthy of being copied by brethren of other lodges; and we could not help being at once, on sight of it, impressed with the simple manner, and at so slender an expense, the memory of departed worth could be preserved by those among whom the deceased brother lived and moved, and had his daily intercourse.

The pamphlet comprises ten octavo pages each printed within the surrounding of a deep black border upon a quarto page of fine thick paper, and covered with a drab-colored wrap or cover, upon the first page of which, in the center of a black oblong, are the words we use as a head for this article—nothing more, nothing less. Upon the first page or title of the pamphlet, this inscription is repeated, to which are added, in letters of funereal aspect, "A Tribute of Respect to the late WILLIAM W. DELANO, by the members of Revere Lodge." A suitable quotation, in verse, next has place, and the title finishes with the words "William Walter Delano, born in Boston, April 8, 1828. Died, January 21, 1858."

Upon the second page, or "backing the title," we have the following paragraph:

"This brief tribute of respect to one who was widely known, was prepared at the wish of the Brothers of Revere Lodge—who followed him to the grave—thus testifying their brotherly love for one whose good name was known to all. The interesting proceedings of the lodge are given, that his friends may have a memento of him whose life was productive of so much happiness to all who enjoyed his acquaintance."

Here then we have the reason, why this pamphlet was published, followed by eight pages of the proceedings under the title of "memorial,"—being all that was necessary to mark the speciality of this solemn circumstance. Of their proceedings, we have first the prayer of Bro. THOMAS W. SILLOWAY in these words:

"Our Father and our God, we desire that Thy blessing may descend upon and continue with us. We realize that without Thee we can do nothing; that all we may say, or may do will be to no purpose unless Thou, O God, assist us. We thank Thee that so many of us are permitted to assemble here. Enable us to be

duly grateful for the blessings that we receive. We thank Thee that we have been created intelligent beings, so that by sympathy and service, each may assist and aid the other; that Thou hast discovered unto us that we are all members of one family, and sons of the same Father, who is God over all.

"We rejoice in our condition and estate. We are encouraged, when we remember that, while all earthly things perish by the using, Thou art immutably the same: that through all the vicissitudes of our mortal life, we may confide in Thee; and now, O God, as we remember that in Thy coming Thou hast removed from our midst one dear to us all, we pray Thee sanctify the event to our good. May each, as we shall renewedly discover that one link of the fraternal chain that binds us, has been removed—as from time to time we observe recorded against his name—*departed*, be also reminded of his faithfulness, his integrity, and the zeal with which he labored. Engraven on our hearts, in characters never to be effaced, be the story of his life. May we often think of his respect for our association in its day of small things, nurturing it tenderly in its infancy, and at our early day, enrolling his name on the first page of its history, thus unmistakably identifying himself with its interests and its needs. As remembrances like these shall come upon us, may we be inspired to faithfulness as was he. Enable us to do our duty as truly and as well.

"We know that we can not expect to be heard by reason of any merit that may come of our much speaking. Thou, O God, knowest what we are, and what is best; do Thou for us what we need; and at last, when we are done with the services and the scenes of earth, take us to Thyself, where, with all we love, the present and those who are gone before, we will unite in rendering ascriptions of praise to Thee, to whom be glory and dominion for ever. Amen. *So mote it be.*"

After business had the attention of the brethren for a short time, the Worshipful Master, O. S. SANDERS, then addressed the lodge as follows:

"Brethren—It becomes my painful duty as Master of Revere Lodge, to announce to you, that since our last communication our ranks have been visited by the angel of death, and one of our number has obeyed his mandate, and taken his departure from us.

"On the 21st day of January last, our esteemed friend and worthy brother William W. Delano was summoned from

earth away, and his spirit took its flight beyond the veil which concealeth from our view things celestial and eternal.

"It was not my privilege to have a personal acquaintance with Bro. Delano. He met with us but a few times, in consequence of his long continued feeble health,—still, enough is said by those who best knew him, of his unimpeachable character, and high moral and masonic worth, to call largely upon our sympathies, and induce us ever to cherish in our memories the many virtues of our fallen brother.

"He was the first of *our number* to meet the swift messenger—he the first to feel the icy hand of death. His sun had reached its meridian hight, AND HE DIED.

"Although young in life, he won unto himself a 'good name' and the respect and esteem of all who knew him; but alas! he has fallen—like a leaf in mid-summer from some tall cedar upon the mountain of Lebanon, whose top seems to pierce the clouds and wave in the calm sunshine that ever dwells beyond. \* \* \*

"It is good for us to go to the house of mourning and pay our respects to the departed; and I trust that this lesson of mortality will improve both our minds and our hearts, not only as individuals, but as a masonic brotherhood. We can not be too often reminded that we are born to die, for of the bitter cup of *death* we all must sooner or later taste, and who of our number will next be called to partake of this *libation* is unknown to us.

"Brethren—It is pleasant to congregate in this sweet inclosure with men of the same faith and common sympathy—guarded from the intrusion of vicious feet and profane eyes. Here in a masonic retreat are symbolized and shadowed forth important and immortal truths, pointing us forward to man's great destiny—his final abode—whether we all are fast approaching, and where we all shall be rewarded according to our merits."

After these solemn and loving words we have tributes of respect to the memory and character of the deceased from the lips of Bro. W. W. BAKER, introducing the usual resolutions; W. W. CLAPP, Jr., seconding the same; Bro. RICHARD BRIGGS, Junior Warden of the lodge, and Bro. WM. D. COOLIDGE, D. D. G. M. of Mass., by invitation of the W. M.; and it was then unanimously voted that the altar should be draped in mourning, in respect to the memory of the departed. A notice of the death of Bro. Delano, taken from



the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette, eulogistic to a fault, concludes the subject matter of the pamphlet, and the whole finished with the neatly sketched representation of a symbolic urn.

We have been thus particular in our description of the matter and manner of this memorial, because it having struck us as being an exhibition of such true taste, we desire that such description might animate scores, and hundreds of our lodges, to emulate both manner and matter, as occasion may require. The cost would be so trifling that there is not, in America, a lodge that could not afford such a record of each death that might occur in its ranks. A contribution of the small sum of thirty cents each from the average membership of our lodges would be sufficient to meet the expense on each occasion; and what would such a sum be in comparison to the gratification the possession of so chaste a tribute to departed worth would engender in the minds of those who remain to mourn as friends and brothers. Nothing—absolutely nothing; and we feel we need but to mention this matter as we have done, to excite that emulation we desire.

There it lies before us, that neat—nay, elegant—pamphlet, in the habiliments of sacred, though respectful mourning dressed—that simple tribute, yet refined, and speaking more intelligibly than costly marble cut by sculptor's careful hand.

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#### AN HOUR WITH A NEW BOOK.

**THE FREEMASON'S MONITOR.** By THOMAS SMITH WEBB, *P. G. M., etc.* To which is added a Monitor of the Ancient and Accepted Rite, Thirty-three Degrees, including those generally known as the Ineffable Degrees. By E. T. CARSON, *Sov. G. Com. Ohio G. Consistory of P. R. S. 32°.* New and Illustrated Edition. Cincinnati: Applegate & Co. 1858.

SUCH is the title of a neat manual or hand-book of masonic degrees, recently laid upon our table for notice. With the old work, known as "Webb's Monitor," it is possible but few of our readers are not familiar. Its author was the first

successful compiler and originator of a masonic manual in this country, having, as early as 1797, presented to the craft his first edition of the original of the work before us. In 1802, his work was recommended by the masonic authorities of the State (R. I.) in which he resided; and it was subsequently translated into the French and Spanish languages, and published. The old work has been "out of print" for several years, and its place occupied by numerous hand-books claiming notice, and useful to the fraternity, published at different times and at distant points from each other. Three or four have been published in New York, one in Boston, one in Charleston, one in Philadelphia, one in Cincinnati, one in Nashville, and one in Mississippi—the latter compiled by Bro. G. H. Gray, sr., a work of much merit. Nearly all of them, however, have been modeled upon the basis of the original of the work before us—"Webb's Monitor," and the publishers inform us that it was only in response to the repeated call of the masonic public for the old book, in a modern and improved dress of printing and paper, neat, clear, and cheap, that they were induced to furnish it as they have done.

The old book had no engravings of symbols, as it was printed at a time antecedent to the introduction of wood engraving into this country, and the only description of engraving extant, copperplate, entirely too expensive for introduction into cheap books. This edition, on the contrary, is illustrated, not as profusely as some manuals in use, nor the symbology, either in design or execution, as correct as publishers of the present day affect, but sufficiently good for practical purposes. A portrait of the author, tolerably copied in lithography from the original on copper, forms a vivacious frontispiece to the work. With this exception, the illustrations are cheap designs on wood, not at all in keeping with the excellent typography and beautifully clean presswork and paper, which every page presents. The fact is, Cincinnati designers and engravers on wood, since the exodus of D. W. C. Hitchcock, rank below mediocrity; and Cincinnati publishers, in adhering to their desire to

patronize home workmen, would do well to honor this rule, in the matter of their book illustrations, occasionally in the breach rather than in the observance. Cheap-looking cuts, at the present day, are unendurable; and, however the engraving may be slighted, bad drawing is abominable—particularly if the subjects are centered in modern typography, with the kindred accompaniments of good paper and printing.

Leaving Bro. Webb's department, we approach Bro. Carson's, and find it open with a picture of his thoughtful face, in better taste than execution. His "Monitor of the Ancient and Accepted Rite" is the first that has ever been published in this country. It is compendious and useful; giving the various authentic testimony on most questions, and adding his own; which in all cases, if not correct, has the advantage of being sensible.

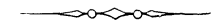
The original idea of musical notes to represent the batteries, is good, and we are only surprised they were never used before. Being arbitrary in their requirements, these characters convey the necessity of both concussion and time, more exactly than any other style of symbols could; and to those who know how much importance is set by this necessity, it is needless to inform or advise them of its proper understanding.

In one thought, we must differ with Bro. Carson. His rendering of a certain inscription is good, but not as good as a more patent one. *Mors non disjungit quod virtus conjungit*, is not by any means as elegant a version of "What virtue joins, death can not separate," as *Virtus junxit, mors non separabit*.

In the odes scattered through this portion of his work, Bro. Carson has been very happy, both in adaptation and language. Cavilers about undue exposition, and what not, may object to the ode given in the degree of Perfection, as being rather explicit, but we can not join with them; particularly when we know that the Most Excellent Master's Song, given in its proper place, in another portion of the book, has been before the fraternity, without objection, for sixty years. This remark will apply to other portions of Bro. Carson's work, but with less force when we consider that great

looseness and inaccuracy, joined with disregard for privacy, has of late years attained quite a culpable place, particularly in the southern jurisdiction, in the matter of the Ancient and Accepted Rite.

Here we must leave this new edition of "Webb's Monitor," with the single additional remark, that it is no less the last than best work of the manual kind extant; and we trust it may have a sale remunerative to the enterprising firm who have published it.



### MASONIC EMBLEMS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

**THE CUBIC STONE.**—The cubic stone is one of the principal emblems wrought upon the tapestry, with which the original lodges of the order of St. John (or Freemasons) was decorated.

As the rough stone represented man in his uneducated state, so likewise the regular form, the level surfaces, and solid firmness of the cubic stone typified the accomplished, ennobled man, so rendered through the elevating principles of masonry.

It stands written in the Archives of the Masonic Lodge, of Leghorn, (printed in Leipsic, 1803, p. 272,) that the cubic stone upon which the workmen sharpened their tools should remind them, that as their tools, blunted through use, must be resharpened, so also, that a man, who strives toward perfection, will, from time to time, find it necessary to sharpen his faculties, through reflection, and rouse his slumbering energies, to make still further exertions for the attainment of his noble wishes.

According to the English system, it is in the smooth or perfect Ashlar, *i. e.*, a polished cubic stone, that the enlightened mason sees portrayed his present highly cultivated state, to which said state of intellectual advancement he has arrived through the benefits he has received from a liberal education, and the good examples of those around him.

**THE EQUILATERAL TRIANGLE.**—Morsdorf, in his communications to the reflective mason, printed in Dresden, 1818, p. 248, says: By means of an equilateral

triangle, illuminated or otherwise, the Egyptians symbolized their idea of the Supreme Being, it has also the same meaning in masonry; this figure is a most important one to the masonic fraternity, and, as has been already stated, was to the Egyptians the image of the Godhead, and, in unity with the triangles used to typify fire and water, represented the six acting powers of nature. This holy sign was held in great veneration by the Jews, and in this feeling many of the early Christian sects participated.

An equilateral triangle, says brother Born, had the same meaning with the Egyptians as it has in modern chemistry. Such a triangle, with another within its highest angle, signifies fire; with points sideways or downward surrounding it, water. Fire and water were also the great working elements in the formation of the world from chaos.

According to Plutarch, the myth of Osiris, Isis and Horus, is but a delineation of the operations of the great working powers of nature. The Egyptian priests gave the precedence to water in their worship of the elements. "Fire," say they, "is scorching and withering in its operations, and the natural enemy of water;" and further to exemplify their meaning, they liken one to the good, and the other to the evil genius, which by them were believed to be constantly striving for the mastery. Water, which is the source of all vegetation, they regarded as a symbol of the beneficent Osiris; but fire, that in its fierce strength destroys all, to Typhon, the malignant spirit, and the sworn foe of Osiris.

**THE SQUARE.**—In the Egyptian hieroglyphics, the square, the paralelogram, as well as the circle and triangle, occupy a distinguished place, as a species of geometrical alphabet. Palin has devoted much time, and has made quite clear many of the hitherto hidden meanings of this ancient picture alphabet; especially has he succeeded in rendering luminous the before obscure manner of employing the numerals, 2, 3, and 4. According to this same author's account, the two angles on one side of the triangle signify the sun and moon; the quadrant typifies the material body of the universe, and the continual increase thereupon,

and the endless march of growth and decay.

The square and triangle were much esteemed by Pythagoras as symbols, whereby to render intelligible to his pupils the great religious, moral, and natural truths he wished particularly to impress upon their minds; these two signs were often placed by him one within another, and, so combined, were to the esoterically taught most powerful in their meaning. In the modern lodges these figures so arranged are often to be met with, and are a fruitful source of reflection to the intelligent mason.

The letter Y was also a favorite simile with the great philosopher (Pythagoras). He caused it to typify the whole life of man; the stem part of the letter represented the innocent happy days of childhood; the point where this line ceases, and the two lines of the upper part of the letter commence, the point where youth ceases and manhood begins; the line to the right is the path of virtue, and happy is the youth whose footsteps move therein; that to the left, that of vice, and woe to the unhappy one who treads her flowery but deceitful paths—from this consideration this letter is often called the Pythagorean letter.

Y was also to the disciples of this great master a holy numerical emblem, it being a species of triad, for in it, from I proceed II Y. The great aim of this learned man seemed to be to impress the most valuable truths upon the minds of his disciples through the medium of emblems drawn here and there from objects found in the natural world, or in the world of letters; he seemed impressed with the idea that the emblematic manner of conveying instruction made the profoundest impression upon the memory, and that knowledge so acquired would be longer retained than by any other method.

**THE PENTALPHA** has also a great reputation among scholars for its various significations; it is a regularly formed star figure, whose angles contain  $36^\circ$ . Pythagoras, probably on account of its so regularly turning back upon itself, made it an emblem of the goddess Hygea. The Druids also held this figure in great veneration; with them it was a symbol

of superabundance and overflowing plenty; the septagon and octagon were also holy and favorite figures with these priests of nature and expounders of divine truths.

In the French Order of the Perfect Architect, the following dialogue takes place between the Master and the Disciple previous to the latter's reception.

*Master.*—"What is the signification of the triangle?" *Disciple.*—"The glory of the Eternal Uncreated One. By it is portrayed the unity of the Trinity, whose dwelling place the nine choirs of angels, in three bands divided, do continually surround."

*M.*—"What is the perfect point or sum of the triangles?" *D.*—"The second person of the Trinity, who unites in himself the perfections of the other two. He is our beginning, our middle, and our end."

Thus it will be seen, that in all the highest grades in the masonic lodges, the hidden and the revealed meaning of the rites and ceremonies are but the advancement of man, by the imparting to him the knowledge, that by studying and obeying God's holy laws, he best secures his own, and promotes the happiness of those around him, and that the united lodges form one great universal church.

In Reuben's Latin manuscript we find, concerning cabalistic figures, the following:

If love, in union with humility, is, in an inferior sense, perfection in this world, already it must needs be that which is perfect, in the highest fullness of perfection, in the world to come; when this mysterious and prophetic character, (said to have been the seal of David, that great warrior, and of Solomon, that prince of peace, and that eminent lover of wisdom,)—when this character, (the double triangle,) denoting, hieroglyphically, the spiritual signature, both of David and of Solomon; denoting the two eternal principles *in union*; denoting the creation of the *third principle*; denoting the six working properties of *eternal* nature in their everlasting rest; denoting fire and water, in harmonious union; denoting the *two tinctures* restored into One, who is All in All, or without whom there can be nothing; denoting

that all whatever was, or is, or shall be, is of, and through, and to, that One; denoting *almost the whole* instance of time and eternity, when this character, spiritualized with the addition of a cross, shall be the broad seal, not only of the eternal King of Kings, but also of *every one* of his subjects; not only of that everlasting kingdom of light and glory, but also of *every individual* inhabitant thereof; although not in all of the same size, being in some broader, and in others narrower; yet in all of them, from the highest to the lowest, the same as to its spiritual shape and figure. AMEN.

#### NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

CANDIDATE, aspirant, seeker, probationer. Received or admitted one.

The aspirant or seeker is one who has applied for membership, but, as to whose reception or rejection, the lodge have not, as yet, decided upon. When the decision is in his favor, he becomes a candidate. During the time of his trial he is styled a probationer, and "The received one" during the ceremonies consequent to his admission.

According to the statutes of the Old Lodge of Free Unionists, in Essingen, established in the year 1784, the qualifications necessary to entitle one to membership, were—1st. That the applicant should be an honest, upright man, able to bear, with fortitude and equanimity, the vicissitudes incident to his chequered lot; not revengeful, sociable, sympathetic and benevolent; no hypocrite, neither superstitious nor sceptical, but tolerant of all religious creeds; compassionate, no babler, modest, temperate and provident, full of neighborly love and ardent desire to advance their best interests, a good and true citizen, an affectionate and just father, a sincere friend and zealous servant.

2dly. That he should be a free man—the nobility of mind and independence of thought requisite in a mason being totally incompatible with the servile habits of mind and body inevitably engendered by slavery or serfdom, a: that he should be of an old and well-established family, c: of a sound judgment and correct behavior, so that, by precept and example,

he may set forth the excellency of the rules of the Order, of which it is his highest pride to be a member.

In the constitution of the United Grand Lodges of England, printed in London, 1815, part 2d, page 90, is found the following statute respecting the qualifications necessary for admissibility into their Order.

Every candidate must be a born freeman, and his own master; also, in reputable circumstances at the time of his initiation; also, a lover of the liberal arts, and himself an artist of some reputation, or a distinguished scholar, and, at the time of his reception, affix his signature to the following formula:

"To the Honorable Masters, Superintendents, Civil Officers, and Members of this lodge, I declare and affirm, that I am a free man, twenty-one years of age: that through no desire of personal advancement, or pecuniary profit, or any other unworthy motive, do I here present myself as a candidate for admission to this masonic lodge; but that I am thereto moved from what is known to me of the merits of this most honorable Order, and from an ardent desire for further knowledge of its laws and ordinances; and that, with all my powers of mind and body, I will further its best interests and obey its laws."

CLEMENT the Fifth, after having filled the bishopric of Bordeaux, was elected Pope, mainly through the instrumentality of Philip the Fair, of France, the 5th of June, 1305, and probably from this fact, or from some other obligation incurred by him to Philip, was an arch enemy and bitter persecutor of the Knight Templars. He departed this life, April the 19th, 1314, of a disorder with which he was seized a few days before the execution of Molay, whereupon the report arose that, on the 18th of March of the same year, Guido of Vienna had summoned him to appear before God's judgment seat, to answer for the murders committed in his holy name.

THE CONSTANTINES. — One of the most numerous of the Student Orders of Northern Germany; they were known by their present name as early as 1786, which title distinguished them from the

student associations of the Leyden and Marburgher Universities. Still later, their title was that of the Free United Brethren.

CONSTITUTION, Patent.—Charter, a written deed, or instrument, by which the independence of a lodge is secured, and legally ratified by a Grand Lodge or Grand Orient. Prior to the establishment of the English Grand Lodge of Modern Masons, when a number of the brethren wished to form themselves into a community, the Grand Lodge furnished them with a charter, in virtue of which, although their individuality was acknowledged, yet they remained under the superintendence of the Grand Lodge. The duty of such daughter lodges, toward the mother lodges, consists in the payment of a certain tax, and a strict observance of the rituals.

CONSUMMATUM EST (it is finished) is an exclamation that closes a ceremony or rite, in the highest degrees of the Order.

THE DRUIDS. — As in ancient Egypt the priests were the repositories of learning; and the umpires in many of the secular affairs, as can be proved from the hieroglyphical records of the time, where the priest stands ever by the right hand of the king, so the Druids, until the time of Julius Cæsar, were the prophets, priests, and judges among the Celtic nations. From their decrees there was no appeal; from their body the supreme courts of the State were formed; they prophesied, spoke in oracles, were skillful astrologers: their religious ceremonies were conducted in silence and mystery, generally at midnight, in the forests. A knowledge of their rites or scientific acquirements is very difficult to arrive at, it being confined to their caste, and has perished with them.

Hutchinson, in his "Genius of Freemasonry," German translation, Berlin, 1780, p. 61-74, endeavors to prove that Freemasonry is identical with Druidism—the rites and ceremonies (as far as known) being in many respects the same, especially in the resemblance to the Pythagorean ritual. The best authorities to consult, upon this subject, are John Smith's

"Gallic Antiquities," Edinboro', 1780,  
 "Gallic Antiquities," Leipsic, 1784.

Druid, in the Celtic language, signifies wise man, and is synonymous with the eastern word Magi, *i. e.*, men who were priests and philosophers. Great similarity also exists between their creed and that of the Noatic Church; like them, they raised no roofed temple to their one god, made no image of him, their altars were constructed either of stone, or turf, their offerings were, either of the increase of the flocks or of the fields, offered with pure hearts and clean hands; their most ancient written creed contained the following sentences only: "Revere God, shun evil, be brave and fearless." Their places of public worship were formed of inclosures of various extent, the entrances to which were formed of enormous stone pillars, the most remarkable remains of which are in England. Only sensible men of respectable families were admitted into their ranks. The greatest monument of their mechanical skill is the ruins of Stonehenge, situated in Salisbury plain.

Smith closes his remarks upon the Druids with these words: "Druidism is, without doubt, the wisest of all the heathenish forms of belief, and probably the freest from imperfections of any uninspired form of religion."

**CABALA.**—The strict meaning of the word is "Verbal traditions of the wisdom of the ancients." With the Hebrew writers, it signified "A knowledge of the secret operations of nature, or of God made manifest in his works," which the prophets, through their holy lives, acquired. Later, it became a mania with the Jews to add to the knowledge allowed them by the masonic law, the mysteries of the Egyptian and Grecian schools of philosophy.

A new dispersion of these afflicted people, made it necessary to alter their code of laws, adapting them to meet the wants of the brethren in the various countries in which they resided. In this work, all the learned Hebrews of the time participated, and joining together holy, profane, and symbolical lore, compiled what is now known as the Cabala, a work held in the highest estimation, by the learned

of all countries, at the time of its appearance. The Cabala is divided into two parts; the first treats of the mysteries of the art of healing, the latter of the secret knowledge of God, of the mind, of the beginning and end of the world, and of the soul of man. Although modern discoveries in the natural sciences may have greatly lessened the value of the Cabala, as a source of reliable information in these branches, yet its varied and unique contents will always render it a favorite with the scholar.

LAWRENCE DERMOTT was the author of the English Ahimon Rezon. He was several years first secretary of the Grand Lodge of London, and once acted in the capacity of Grand Master. In conjunction with the Duke of Athol, he raised the lodge to a most flourishing condition;—as Lord Waters Dermott, founded, in Paris, conjointly with two other Englishmen—the Knight Maskely and Lord Hagarty—the first French lodge, and styled it Order of the Silver Lewis, otherwise St. Thomas. Later, it received its charter from the Grand Lodge of England, (May 7th, 1729.) Lord Waters was its president until 1736; so that he may be styled the first masonic Grand Master that existed in France. Indicted for treason for favoring the views of the pretender, he was beheaded in London, 1746.

ABDAMON is an abbreviated manner of making use of the Hebrew words Habdamon, signifying servant. As so used it means *Orator* in the great Scottish grade of the Holy Sepulchre of James the 6th.

ANDREAS (*i. e.* Master) is the fifth grade in the Swedish lodges, and is nearly synonymous with the *Grand Elu écossais* of the Clesmontish Chapter.

JOHN GOTTLIEB DESAGULIERS was Doctor of Laws and Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts and Sciences. He was Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Modern Masons of England in the year 1719, and Deputy Grand Master of the same from the year 1722 to 1725, under the following Grand Masters, *viz.*: the Duke of Wharton, Earl of Dalkeith, and Lord Paisley. According to the annals of this lodge, he was the most active of

the eight brethren, employed in 1717, in remodeling the government of the lodges. Great honor is awarded to him in the records for his urbane deportment, keen, penetrating judgment, and scholarly acquirements; and much gratitude is due to him by his fellow masons, for his judicious and untiring endeavors to advance the best interests of their lodge. He dedicated the first edition of "Anderson's Constitutions" to the Duke of Montague.

**A MASONIC COGNOMEN.**—The Corresponding Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts has a name so strictly masonic, that it must have been made on purpose. It is *George Washington Warren!*

**THE SWIFT WITNESS.**—There are few sentences of holy writ more terrible in threatenings than this relating to the "swift witness" in Malachi, 3d chap.: "I will come near you to judgment: and I will be a SWIFT WITNESS against the sorcerers, and against the adulterers, and against false swearers, and against those that oppress the hireling in his wages, the widow, and the fatherless, and that turn aside the stranger from his right, and fear not me, saith the Lord of hosts."

**RECIPE TO SECURE LONG LIFE.**—In the volume placed upon our altars to guide and instruct us, we have this sure recipe for a long and happy life. "He that will love life, and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile: let him eschew evil and do good; for the eyes of the Lord are open unto the righteous, and his ears are open unto their prayers."

**DEMITTING UNDER EXCITEMENT.**—A lodge shall never permit a member to demit under excitement. It is unworthy the character of our institution to be influenced in its membership by fits of passion and impulse; and whenever petitions for demits are presented under such circumstances, action upon them should be postponed to future meetings.

**BRO. VICTOR PEPIN.**—An incident that occurred in relation to the Grand Lodge of Penn., in 1819, in which this brother was concerned, is worth relating. Bro. Pepin was the manager of a circus. In

1819, April 5, being in prosperous circumstances, he proposed to give a benefit to the Grand Lodge of Penn., in view of the then late disastrous conflagration of its hall. The proceeds were \$351—which amount Bro. Pepin promptly paid over in cash.

Thirteen years afterward, (in 1832,) fortune had turned with Bro. Pepin, and, being in great want of money, he applied to the Grand Lodge for a loan of \$100, to enable him to recommence his business. Whereupon, to the credit of that illustrious body, the committee of charity was directed to loan him the amount desired upon his promissory note.

**PASSWORD.**—(*Semestervort*) *le mot de semestre* is used only in France, and is communicated, semi-annually, from the Grand Orient to all the lodges under its jurisdiction. This custom was introduced Oct. 28th, 1773, during the Grand Mastership of the Duke of Chartres, with the view of enabling him the better to control the subordinate lodges, and, at the same time, of affording them a means whereby they could recognize the members who were not constant in their attendance, and also those masons who either belonged to an unrecognized lodge, or to no lodge at all.

The chapters of the higher degrees receive a word annually from the Grand Orient for the same purpose. This, with the password, is given to the tyler on entering the temple.

**MUSTARD SEED,** (the Order of,) which has long been extinct, originated in the year 1739, in the lap of the evangelical brotherhood. The members of this Order were called "Ecclesiastical Freemasons." It was founded on the fourth chapter of St. Mark, 30 and 32d verses, and its aim was to spread christianity throughout the whole world. The sign of the Order was a golden ring, on which was engraved the following legend: "Not one of us lives for himself alone," and a blooming mustard plant, at the foot of a gold or silver cross on which was inscribed, "*Quod fuit ante nihil.*" This cross was worn attached to a green ribbon. The brethren held a solemn annual meeting in the Palace Chapel at Gnadestadt, they likewise celebrated the 15th of March and 16th of April.











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