





Col. MCKINSTRY, a Mason and Soldier of the Revolutionary War, saved by giving a Masonic sign when about to be burned by an Indian Tribe, under command of the celebrated Mohawk Indian, JOSEPH BRANDT, also a Mason.

THE  
MASONIC TOKEN.

A GIFT BOOK.

EDITED BY  
WILLIAM T. ANDERSON, 32°

FAST MASTER, FAST GRAND STEWARD, ETC.

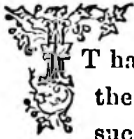
ILLUSTRATED.

NEW YORK:  
MASONIC PUBLISHING & FURNISHING CO.,  
BARKER, DU LAURANS & DURHAM,  
729 BROADWAY.  
1878.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by the  
MASONIC PUBLISHING AND MANUFACTURING Co.,  
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for  
the Southern District of New York.



## P R E F A C E .



T has been said that there is nothing new under the sun, and a majority of the world believe such to be an absolute fact. The Masonic Fraternity also teach that genuine Freemasonry must be free from all novelties, and are as steadfast in that belief as are those of the, to them, profane world, that everything we see or hear of had an antecedent.

But there must be, if we believe another proverb, an exception to every general rule; and that there is something *new* under the sun, something *purely* Masonic, which is a *novelty* to the entire Fraternity. their wives, daughters, and families, we think will not be denied when they will for the first time have placed before them a Masonic Annual.

The want of such an Annual Offering, or Gift Book, has long been felt by Masons and their families; and the Editor of this volume, clearly understanding their wishes, has labored diligently and faithfully to prepare for them something worthy of their acceptance in the **MASONIC TOKEN.**

## INDEX.

Is Masonry Cosmopolitan? By John W. Simons.....	9
Masonic Prologue .....	15
The Soldier Mason .....	20
The Indian Mason. By A. G. Mackey .....	25
The Holy Place, or Sanctuary of the Temple .....	27
December Duties. By John W. Simons .....	29
Egypt the Mother of Arts and Sciences .....	33
Requiem. By George P. Morris.....	34
The Heart. By A. C. L. Arnold.....	35
Arch of Heaven .....	37
A Fragment of History. By John L. Lewis.....	38
The Chamber of Death.....	41
The Marquis and the Mason's Widow.....	43
King Solomon's Temple. By A. J. H. Duganno.....	49
Faith, Hope and Charity .. .. .	59
Burns' Centenary .....	60
Necessity of Study to a Mason. By Albert Pike .....	65
Freemasonry and the Church. By W. D. Haley .....	67
Political Influence of Freemasonry. By A. C. L. Arnold ...	69
Letter from George Washington .....	72
Masonic Burial. By B. B. French .....	73
Why? By John W. Simons.....	75
Resolved. By John W. Simons.....	80
Darkness. By M. B. Smith.....	83
Caryatides .....	84
The Judgment Hall.....	85
African Architects .....	86
The Triangle as a Symbol. By A. G. Mackey .....	87
Masonic Charity to Females. By W. F. Sanford.....	93
Pulling off the Shoe .....	90
The First Temple .....	97
Desaguliers .....	104



The Exile and the Return .....	109
Lying Fallow. By John W. Simons .....	109
Rabboni .....	112
The Masonic Ladder .....	113
The Cloud on the Way. By William C. Bryant .....	116
Under Bonds. By John W. Simons .....	117
Mystery.....	122
Cagliostro .....	123
High Twelve .....	130
The Secret Vault .....	131
Exhibiting the Emblems .....	133
Masonry in 1776. By John D. Hoyt .....	136
The Sailor Mason .....	145
That Man Deserves your Praise .....	152
The Juryman Mason .....	153
What I Live For. By G. L. Banks .....	190
Lady Masonry ; or, Masonry of Adoption .....	191
Beauties of Freemasonry. By George Oliver .....	201
Wisdom Better than Strength .....	220
The Captivity .....	227
Notes and Gleanings .....	228
Light. By William Pitt Palmer.....	229
Brother, or no Brother .....	231
The Cherubim.....	241
The Mystery of Freemasonry .....	242
Great Outlines of Speculative Masonry. By Salem Town ..	243
A Night in the Ægean .....	256
Epistle. By W. Gilmore Simms .....	260
Waterloo Masonic Anecdotes .....	262
Masonry in High Places .....	263
Truth.....	270
A Word and a Blow .....	271
Initiation of a Lady .....	276
Masonic Anecdote.....	277
Good Humor .....	278
Anti-Masonic Vicar.....	279
Prejudice .....	280
Life's Better Moments .....	290

# MASONIC TOKEN.

---

## IS MASONRY COSMOPOLITAN ?

BY JOHN W. SIMONS.

IN looking over the published orations, discourses, lectures and what not of the last generation of Masons, we find that they all present three topics for discussion: first, the great antiquity of the Fraternity; second, an excuse for its secrecy, and third, an apology to the ladies; and these points furnished the staple of articles in the Masonic publications of the day. In the present generation the literature of the Craft has certainly attained a wider range and a more elevated level of thought, showing a better degree of education and a more extensive and varied course of reading among those who have the courage to "rush into print" and expose their thoughts to public appreciation. Of the addresses and other publications of the last twenty years but few will be found in which the author is not at some pains to point out and dwell upon the universality of the institution—the fact that it neither inquires into nor offends the religious or political convictions of its adherents, that it is in fact a platform, a retreat, where the dividing influences of sect, creed and prejudice have no place and can exercise no influence. The assertions thus made are founded in truth because the landmarks and funda-



mental doctrines of the society expressly declare that it only recognizes that universal religion in which all men agree, leaving each individual member to enjoy his own particular opinions. The universal religion, we need hardly add, is the belief in the existence of one ever-living and true God, the Creator and ruler of the universe, and the immortality of the soul; doctrines which were taught in the ancient mysteries, and which maintain their ascendancy in the present day of general light and education. These speakers and writers tell us, what indeed is self-evident and known to reasoning men, as it were, instinctively, that but for these doctrines Masonry could never have attained its present widespread popularity, nor have united in the bonds of friendship so many men who would otherwise have remained at a distance from each other. But for them the antagonistic views and prejudices which are constantly setting up their barriers between men, and keeping up the sentiments of prejudice, selfishness, and division, would have made Masonry but the echo of that sect which, for the time being, might have the greatest number of representatives; and but for them the institution which to-day displays its banners in every land on the globe, and teaches its humanizing precepts to every kindred and people, would long since have been consigned to the reliquaries of the dead past, where lie entombed so many evidences of the great struggle for a purer light and a better civilization, which is the history of humanity.

We all know, or at least ought to know, that these principles are the very basis and vitality of the Craft, its arms and cognizance, inscribed on its banners, emblazoned on its shield, and so interwoven with its life and practice that to remove them is to shear its locks, put out its eyes, and make it grasp the pillars

and pull down the temple on its own head. And, yet, we ask is Masonry cosmopolitan? We have shown in the preceding statement that its doctrines are purely so, and we are happy to add that, very generally, the practice of Lodges and Masons conforms to the theory. But we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the spirit of sectarianism is constantly seeking to find a lodgement in our sanctuary, and to sow its seeds in the broad and inviting fields so many centuries have contributed to form; and we esteem it a duty we owe to Masonry to say that unless the attention of the brethren is awakened to this source of danger the seeds will take root, and growing into maturity, overshadow and destroy the labors of many generations, destroy our temples and turn back the wheels of progress we have so long and so earnestly striven to move forward.

The apprehension of danger arises from two causes; one, the thoughtlessness and apathy of the masses, the other mistaken zeal for the propagation of what men term faith. In the first instance, the brethren who compose our Lodges are, in the main, believers in the truth of the Christian dispensation, not necessarily professors of religion or members of churches, but accepting the Christian religion as the true faith, just as they accept any other assertion which they do not feel called to investigate or deny. When such men hear in the religious services of the Craft expressions in which the mediation of the Savior is appealed to, their ears are not offended, because they are accustomed to hear them at church or in the family, and they do not reflect that there may be standing alongside of them one born in a different faith, and initiated into Masonry with the distinct understanding that that faith shall neither be interfered with nor insulted, who will be grievously offended, and who has a right to be so offended, because



he has sought Masonic communion as the place of all others where his peculiar faith would neither be propagated nor opposed, where he could enjoy the association of his fellow-man apart from all extraneous and conflicting influences. They forget that, in thus quietly allowing the religious belief of a brother to be rebuked, they are in fact preparing the way for a similar affront to themselves, and, what is infinitely worse, they are tacitly allowing the foundations of the temple to be uprooted, and the vast and magnificent edifice to be toppled about their ears. They fail to perceive that if the Hebrew brother may be compelled to listen to invocations in direct opposition to his mode of faith, it will not be long before the Baptist, the Methodist, the Catholic, the Universalists will in turn be obliged to submit to a like infliction, harmony be obliged to give way to discord, and chaos take the place of symmetry and order. And all this, too, be it remembered, in the very face of our profession as Masons, and in direct contravention of our established landmarks and immutable laws. The second source of danger arises from the mistaken zeal of men, good, earnest, religious men, if you please, but men who *will* not understand that Masonry is not a branch of the established church, whichever that may be, nor its meetings a place for the assertion of any theory of religion in conflict with that laid down in the ancient charges. These men, who are generally ministers of some one of the many sects into which the church is divided, assume that their calling is of God, and that they are bound, at all times, to be the advocate and champion of what they deem his cause. They seem to forget that the wisest of men has declared that "there is a time for all things," and that if their calling will not allow them to respect the publicly declared principles of our society then they

should not mingle with us nor promise obedience to laws which they do not mean to respect. As a rule, ministers—of say the Baptist persuasion—do not attend worship in Catholic churches or Hebrew synagogues, for the reason that they do not believe the forms of doctrine there prevailing to be the true ones; but if perchance one should be present he surely would not feel called to rise in his place and insult the faith of the worshipers there assembled. By a parity of reasoning, when one finds himself in a Masonic Lodge, composed of men of different nationalities, of every shade of opinion, religious and otherwise, a decent respect for the opinions of others should incite him to avoid expressions which cannot be expected to produce any legitimate effect, because they do not convince those who are already of the same faith, and they do embitter those who are not. We will do the brethren of the class who most frequently err in this respect the justice to say that we do not believe them, taken as a body, so bigoted as not to be willing to conform to our wholesome rules and regulations, and are willing to admit that, in almost every case, their offense against the proprieties is the result of long habit in the exercise of their vocations, and an ever-present conviction of the magnitude of the trust imposed on them as ministers and teachers of the people. But for this very reason we think that they should be exemplars of moderation in all things, and, by their strict obedience to law, force their example on the respect and imitation of the brethren. And we earnestly trust that whenever these lines fall beneath the observation of a clergyman Mason, he will take the trouble to convince himself that we have correctly stated the Masonic doctrine, and then resolve ever afterward in his ministrations among the brethren to conform thereto.

There is still another class of offenders against the



Masonic law, for whom no excuse can be or ought to be made, because knowing the law, being in many instances its authorized exponents, they wilfully, and of "malice aforethought," offend against it. We refer to those who, in the very face of Masonry, in the presence of its indisputable and long established landmarks, with a full knowledge of what it claims to be, and the immense success which has attended its labors under the inspiration of those landmarks and claims, coolly sit down and write out arguments to prove that *Masonry is a Christian Institution!* or assembled in a legislative capacity representing Jew and Gentile among their constituents, with equal or greater coolness, "resolve" the same thing. We say, and we say it in all sincerity and calmness, that such men have mistaken their vocation, have misunderstood Masonry, have never expanded their minds to the comprehension of its glorious position, have never learned its great doctrine of toleration; should go back to the profane, and, divesting their minds of the narrowing effects of prejudice, reënter the temple with a larger appreciation of our mission, and a more earnest resolve to be Masons in deed rather than in name.

While the causes to which we have here referred are allowed to continue at work, while their insidious advances are quietly allowed to be made, while we know that men of differing faiths are allowed to be insulted in the most vulnerable point, can we honestly allow those men to come among us, or can we say on our consciences that Masonry is cosmopolitan? We think not, and we therefore urge the brethren to thought and to action, that we may ward off this growing danger, and preserve the society for our descendants as it came to us from the fathers, a bond of union between men of every country, sect, and opinion.

MASONIC PROLOGUE.



DELIVERED JANUARY 31, 1772, BEFORE A PLAY PERFORMED BY DESIRE  
OF UNION LODGE, EXETER, ENGLAND.

SCENE.—*Evening—A neatly arranged parlor—Mother sitting at  
a table, knitting, upon which lies a play-bill—The daughter  
enters and 'akes it up.*

SPEAKERS.

A FATHER.

A MOTHER.

A DAUGHTER, about ten years old

## FATHER.

Who e'er believes in an Almighty cause,  
 And strict obedience pays to moral laws,  
 Of whatsoever faith or clime he be,  
 He shall receive a brother's love from me  
 "For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,  
 "We know he can't be wrong whose life is right."  
 What tho' we here such diff'rent roads pursue,  
 All upright Masons, all good men and true,  
 Shall meet together in the lodge above,  
 Where their good names shall certain pass-words prove

## MOTHER.

No, God respects not persons, but will bless  
 Those of all climes who follow righteousness.

## FATHER.

Whene'er philosophy, by rigid law,  
 And brow severe, to Virtue strives to draw,  
 Men are disgusted ; we take diff'rent ways,  
 And make fair Virtue and her lessons please.  
 We at our work are rationally gay,  
 And Music call to tune the moral lay.  
 Intemp'rance never at our lodge appears,  
 Nor noisy riot e'er assails our ears ;  
 But Pleasure always, with her bosom friends,  
 With Cheerfulness and Temp'rance, there attends  
 Our secrets (of importance to mankind)  
 The upright man, who seeks, may always find.

## MOTHER.

But women, ever seeking, seek in vain ;  
 Be kind enough this mystery to explain

## FATHER.

Tho' women from our order we exclude,  
 Let not that beauteous sex at once conclude  
 We love them not ;—or think they would reveal  
 What we as secrets wish them to conceal.  
 We fondly love, and think we might impart  
 (Sure of their faith) our secrets to their heart.  
 But we're afraid, if once the lovely fair  
 Were at our happy lodges to appear,  
 That Love and Jealousy would both be there. }  
 Then rivals turn'd, our social bonds destroy'd,  
 Farewell the pleasures now so much enjoy'd !  
 We're taught to build 'gainst Vice the strongest fence  
 And round us raise the wall of Innocence :  
 Happy! thrice happy! could we Masons see  
 Such perfect workmen as they're taught to be ;  
 Could we behold them everywhere appear,  
 Worthy the honorable badge they wear.  
 Thus I've explain'd, my child, our Royal Art.

## DAUGHTER.

I'm much oblig'd, I thank you from my heart.  
 All you have said I have not understood ;  
 But Masonry, I'm sure, is very good ;  
 And if to marry 't is my lot in life,  
 If you approve, I'll be a Mason's wife.

---

MERIT.—The art of being able to make a good use of moderate abilities wins esteem, and often confers more reputation than real merit

## THE SOLDIER MASON.

A Sketch from Real Life.

"As a military man, I can say, and I speak from experience, that I have known many soldiers who were Masons: I never knew a good Mason who was a bad soldier."—LORD COMBERMERE.



URING an early period of my life, it was my fortune to hold a curacy in Worcester.

The parish in which I had to labor, though limited in point of size, was populous, and in it were to be found, densely packed together in two narrow, close, unhealthy streets, some twelve or fourteen hundred of the working-classes. It was a post at once interesting and distressing; interesting, from the varied aspect it presented of human sorrow, struggle, and suffering; and distressing, from the poverty which prevailed in it, and the utter inability of an individual clergyman to cope with its many wants and requirements.

In my rounds I lighted upon a party whose name was PARKER. He had been a soldier, a corporal, and had served with some degree of distinction in India and the Peninsular war. Subsequently he was stationed at Gibraltar, and there, from some peculiar circumstance which at the moment I forget, came under the personal notice of General DOX. He had a certificate as to conduct and character from the General, written by himself throughout. If I mistake not, he had been orderly for months together to the old chief. At all events, the testimony borne by him to PARKER's services and character was of no commonplace description. There was something in the bearing and conversation of this man which ar-



rested my attention. He was in bad health, suffered at intervals acutely from the effects of a gun-shot wound, and was frequently disabled for weeks together from all exertion. In his domestic relations, too, he had much to try him; his means were narrow, not always prudently administered, and he had some little mouths around him clamorous for bread. And yet no murmur escaped him: he suffered on in silence; but personal sufferings did not render him selfish. To eke out his scanty pension, he resolved on returning to Worcester (still famous for its gloves), and there resuming the calling of his boyish days—leather staining. Now this department of labor, though it may be carried on with tolerable impunity by the strong and the healthy, is, to the feeble and the failing, most pernicious. Dabbling with the cold water hour after hour, and walking about in garments dank and heavy with moisture, tell, eventually, even upon a vigorous constitution. Imagine, then, its effects upon a frame enfeebled by a tropical climate, and worn down by continuous suffering.

“It mauls me, sir, somewhat!” was his cheerful reply to my close inquiries on this point, one bitter November morning. His surgeon had told him, and this I knew, that his only chance, not of checking his complaint, for that was impossible, but of staying its progress, was to keep himself warm and dry, and to avoid, systematically, cold and damp.

Of this I reminded him.

“He may talk,” was his answer, “but these”—looking at his children—“must not starve!”

Once only his equanimity failed him. I surprised him one evening in excruciating pain, without fuel or food in his dwelling, or money in his pocket.

He then said to me, the admission was wrung from

him by bodily and mental agony, that, "considering the cripple he was, and why; where he had served, and how; he thought that his country should have done something more for him. My lot," continued he, "has been a hard one. I was compelled by bad health to quit Gibraltar. The doctors ordered me home; they said, if I remained on the Rock six weeks longer, death was certain: I obeyed. Three months after General Don died, and to the man who succeeded me in my post under him, left his wardrobe, his arms, his personal valuables, what in fact proved a competence for life. This was crying; but certain tenets tell me that I ought to be satisfied with whatever portion of work or labor is allotted me. Fidelity to my mighty Maker is one point; tranquillity, stillness, and silence, while I perform my task, and that cheerfully, are others."

"You are a Mason?" said I.

He smiled.

"You may guess wider of the mark than even that."

"Why not apply to your brethren in Worcester? You are aware that here there is a lodge?"

He shook his head.

"A soldier can not beg: it is hateful to him: he fears a repulse from a board of gentlemen at home far more than an enemy's bayonet abroad."

"Then I must act for you. Your case is pressing; and, giving full credit to your narrative from past experience of your character, I shall now take my own course. Of intentional mis-statement I believe you to be incapable."

"I have my credentials with me," said he, calmly; "I was made in a military lodge in Ireland. My certificate, duly signed, is in my oaken chest: all will bear 'the light,' and on all is stamped 'Fidelity.'"

I took the initiative and succeeded. The order was worthily represented in Worcester then and now. The appeal was heard and heeded.

POOR PARKER has long since escaped from earthly trials and bodily ailments, and no feelings can be wounded by referring to his history. But it may be instanced as involving a lesson of some moment. Here was a man who unquestionably had spent the prime of his life in his country's service. He had carried her standard and had fought her battles. His blood had flowed freely in her cause. His adherence to her interests had cost him dear. Wounds which neither skill nor time could heal, disabled him from exertion, and rendered life a burden. To acute bodily suffering positive privation was added.

Who relieved him?

His country? No. She left him to perish on a niggardly pension. Who succored him? The great Duke, whose debt to the private soldier is so apparent and overwhelming? No. His Grace had become a statesman, and in that capacity wrote caustic letters (from any other pen they would have been pronounced coarse) to those who ventured to appeal to him.

Who aided the wounded and sinking soldier in his extremity?

The brotherhood—a secret band, if you will, but active—which requires no other recommendation save desert, and no other stimulus than sorrow.

And yet how little is it understood, and how strangely misrepresented!

In "The Crescent and the Cross," by Mr. WARBURTON, there is a glowing passage, which winds up with the remark, "Freemasonry, degenerated in our day into a mere convivial bond."

I laid down the volume with a smile and a sigh. A sigh, that a writer of such highly-cultivated intellect and generous impulses should have so sadly misunderstood us. A smile, for taking up an able periodical, the *Morning Herald*, my eye rested on the passage: "This day £3,000, contributed in India principally among the Freemasons, was lodged in the Bank of Ireland to the credit of the Mansion House Committee, for the relief of the destitute poor in Ireland." Weighty results, these, from a society which is nothing more than "a mere convivial bond."

---

IN the year 1748, Mons. PREVEROT, a gentleman in the navy, and brother of the celebrated M. PREVEROT, M.D., in the faculty of Paris, was unfortunately shipwrecked on an island, whose Viceroy was a Freemason. Along with his ship, M. PREVEROT had lost all his money and effects. In this destitute condition he presented himself to the Viceroy, and related his misfortune in a manner which completely proved that he was no impostor. The Viceroy made the Masonic signs, which being instantly returned by the Frenchman, they recognized and embraced each other as brethren of the same order. M. PREVEROT was conducted to the Viceroy's house, who furnished him with all the comforts of life, till a ship bound for France touched at the island. Before his departure in this vessel, the Viceroy loaded him with presents, and gave him as much money as was necessary for carrying him into his native country.

A MAN often imagines he acts, when he is acted upon; and, while his mind aims at one thing, his heart insensibly gravitates toward another.

## THE INDIAN MASON.

BY ALBERT G. MACKAY, M. D.

"Behold thy friend, and of thyself the pattern see,  
One soul, a wonder shall it seem, in bodies twain to be:  
In absence, present; rich, in want; in sickness, sound:  
Yeu, after death, alive mayst thou by thy sure friend be found."

*Nic. Grimould, 16th century.*



NOT among civilised men only, has the universal genius of Masonry extended her purifying and protecting influences. Many Indians have passed through the ordeal of initiation, and it is worthy of remark, that the red Mason of the forest is said to be as tenacious of his obligations, and as observant of his duties as the most intelligent and high minded of his white brethren.\* A fact, in proof of this assertion occurs in the revolutionary history of our country.

JOSEPH BRANDT, a celebrated Mohawk Indian, had, on account of the strong natural intelligence he exhibited when a boy, been taken under the especial patronage of Sir WILLIAM JOHNSTON, Governor of Canada, by whose care he received all the advantages of a European education. Subsequently, he went to England, under the patronage of the EARL OF MOIRA, afterwards the MARQUIS OF HASTINGS, and, while in that country, was initiated into the mysteries of Freemasonry.

On his return, however, the habits of early life resumed their influence, while the acquired ones of education were

\* At the annual communication of the Grand Lodge of Georgia, in 1854, we are informed, that "the Grand Master presented to the Grand Lodge, Col. P. P. PITCHLYNN, a chief of the Chotaw nation of Indians, who addressed the Grand Lodge in a most interesting and eloquent manner, giving good evidence, that he thoroughly felt and understood the true principles of the Order of Masonry; and also gave a very favorable account of the condition of the craft in his tribe, which he considered a convincing proof of their progress in civilization."

*Pro. G. L. of Geo. 1854.*



abandoned ; and BRANDT, throwing off the dress and usages of civilization, assumed once more the blanket and the rifle, and seemed to forget, in the wilds of his native forests, the lessons he had learned in his trans-atlantic schools. But the sequel of our story will show that, however treacherous his memory may have been in other things, on one subject, at least, it proved to be admirably retentive.

During the revolutionary war, at the battle of the "Cedars," thirty miles above Montreal, on the St. Lawrence, Col. MCKINSTRY, then a captain in Paterson's regiment of Continental Troops, was twice wounded, and afterwards taken prisoner by the Indians, employed in the British service.

The previous bravery and success of Capt. MCKINSTRY had excited, at once, the fears and resentment of his Indian conquerors ; and, in accordance with the customs of savage warfare, he was forthwith doomed to die at the stake, accompanied with all those horrid and protracted torments which the Indians know so well how both to inflict and to endure. Already had he been fastened to the fatal tree, and the preparations for the human sacrifice were rapidly proceeding, when, in the strong agony of his despair, and scarcely conscious of a hope, the captive made the great mystic appeal of a Mason in the hour of danger. It was seen, and understood, and felt by the Chieftain BRANDT, who was present on the occasion. BRANDT at once interposed in his behalf, and succeeded, by the influence of his position, in rescuing his American brother from his impending fate. Having freed him from his bonds, he conducted and guarded him in safety to Quebec, where he placed him in the hands of the English, by whom he was permitted to return to America on his parole. Col. MCKINSTRY lived several years after to repeat, with great emotions, the history of this singular occurrence, and died at length, in the year 1822, in the State of New York.

## THE HOLY PLACE, OR SANCTUARY OF THE TEMPLE.



HOW few there are who, while speaking of the "Holy Place," or "Sanctuary of the Temple," erected by the wisest of kings to the glory of God, have any idea of the form, structure and embellishments of the same. While all imagine, from the immense treasures that were expended in its erection, that it was not only gorgeous, but appropriate in the extreme; there is still nothing but imagination upon which they form their ideas, and according to the structure of the mind of the imaginer, who most generally bases his opinions from personal observation of modern works of art, some more large than others; as a matter of course, their estimates fall greatly short of the reality.

Freemasonry, however, in its higher branches, has preserved with a faithfulness which cannot be controverted even by those who have studied the subject from the most reliable of ancient and modern writers, the true representation of the Sanctuary, and enables her devotees to become thoroughly conversant with its astonishing beauties.

The Sanctuary, as will be seen in the accompanying plate, was divided from the Holy of Holies by a balustrade of white marble and heavy hangings. In the balustrade of white marble was a door of two leaves, made of olive wood and beautifully ornamented. Immediately in front of this entrance were four small columns of white in quadrangular position united by rods, from which hangings of four colors, white, blue, purple, and crimson, were suspended. On each side of all these were two brazen columns supporting each a sphere.

Elevated in the East was a large circle composed of

a serpent having its tail in its mouth representing eternity, enclosing three luminous triangles, interlaced, forming nine beams with a blazing star in the centre. This brilliant star, had in its centre a  $\gamma$ , and in the interstices of the interlacing triangles the characters which are the initials of the nine sacred words.

Within the East will be found represented the SACRUM SANCTORUM, or Holy of Holies of King Solomon's Temple. There were fitly placed the Ark of the Covenant, with its gorgeous furniture, the ten golden candlesticks, the tables of the law, the veiled figure of Beauty, the Enochian column, the altar of incense, and table of shew-bread.

If the Queen of Sheba could not help expressing her wonder and astonishment at the beautiful proportions of the outside of the Temple, it may well be imagined what was the surprise, amounting to reverential awe, which affected those who were permitted to behold the inner recesses of the Holy Place.

---

Let not any one say he cannot govern his passions, nor hinder them from breaking out and carrying him into action; for what he can do before a prince or great man he can do alone, or in the presence of God, if he will


---

Every man ought to endeavor to shield others from the evils he has experienced.



## DECEMBER DUTIES.

BY JOHN W. SIMONS.

 IN one of his annual addresses before the Grand Lodge of New York, the M. W. JOHN L. LEWIS, Jr., made use of these memorable words: "As the traveler, pursuing a distant journey, pauses by the way, toil-worn and weary, to look back upon the landscape and to gather strength for a renewal of his efforts, and contemplates the hills and valleys he has traversed, the pleasures he has enjoyed, and the dangers he has escaped, so do we suspend our life-long labors for a brief space, and halt in our progress toward the final rest, to see what we have achieved, and to consider what remains to be accomplished. The retrospect cheers or pains us, as a calm reflection upon our own conduct shall convince us whether we have striven to perform well and wisely in our respective stations what was given us to do, or whether in the passionate struggle to claim or maintain real or imaginary *rights* we have not left undone the actual *duties* incumbent on us." We repeat them here, because they

seem especially to commend themselves to the attention of the brethren, wherever dispersed, at this closing period of the year. Each one of us must answer for himself the question, whether he has faithfully discharged his covenanted duty and whether in all things he has truly sought to aid in the great design of our Institution, to the exclusion of minor and meaner aims. In like manner each must prepare his own conscience for the duties of the coming year, and to the extent of his ability endeavor to lay the foundation for deeper and broader usefulness in the future, admitting, as we all must, that we have left undone some things that we ought to have done. The past and the future are with God; the present only is ours, to redeem the omissions of the past by preparation for greater devotion in the future.

The closing month of the year brings with it a duty the proper discharge of which is of the utmost consequence to the stability of the Lodge and harmony of action among the brethren. Indeed, we may be pardoned the assertion that, of the varied duties ever pressing upon us, none can be considered as of greater importance—in view of the results depending on it—than that to which we now refer, the crowning act of our Masonic year, namely, the selection of *competent* brethren for office-bearers in our Lodges. It has been the general custom among writers, in referring to this subject, to single out the Master, as if, he being judiciously selected, the other officers would be of little consequence. It is about time this error were corrected, and that the brethren should understand the necessity of filling all the offices with their best men. We are in nowise disposed to lessen the dignity or importance of the Master; on the contrary, we think, with OLIVER, that “to maintain his authority, the Master of a Lodge must possess talent,



moral virtue, and courtesy, blended with firmness. He must teach, both by precept and example, Faith the most lively, Hope the most pure, Charity the most unfeigned. He must inculcate Temperance unmoved, except by the delights of science; Fortitude, unshaken alike by prosperity and adversity; Prudence, united with inflexible Justice; and he is bound to instruct the brethren in the development of the mysterious and important fact, that man was not created to promote the selfish purposes of his own interest alone, but to use his best endeavors to advance the welfare of others; and above all, to elucidate that leading secret of Freemasonry, the absolute necessity of acquiring a practical knowledge of ourselves. He can not enforce on the younger brethren the necessity of ruling and governing their passions, of keeping a tongue of good report, of practicing all the duties of morality and social order, unless he exhibit an example of these virtues in his own person. If he be insincere, his praise of truth will stand for nothing; if he be not charitable, he can not consistently recommend the practice of relief; nor, if he be factious, can he dilate, with any effect, on the exercise of the most beautiful feature in the Masonic System, Brotherly Love or Charity—that glorious emanation of the Deity, divested of which, Freemasonry would be unworthy of attention.” And with MACKAY, that “He should rule his brethren with love, rather than with force. He should exercise firmness with moderation; cultivate a spirit of conciliation; learn to subdue by mildness and urbanity the irritations which will too often arise in an angry debate; and in the decision of every question which is brought before him seek rather to establish the correctness of his judgment by the persuasions of reason than to claim obedience by the force of authority. The office of Master is one which

should not too readily be sought, for its functions are not easily discharged." And with TOWNSEND, that "The brethren must in all lawful things obey their Master. He, on his part, should have no object but the welfare, advantage, and comfort of his brethren. We may teach him our forms, explain to him their meaning, stimulate his ambition to discharge his duties creditably; but, after all, we must leave him to look within his own heart for instruction, and to be guided by his own good sense and good feeling in his general conduct." But we still insist that our duty as members to the Lodge and to each other does not end with the selection of a good Master. The Senior and Junior Wardens are by immemorial usage and by special enactments the representatives of the Lodge in Grand Lodge, and the legitimate successors of the Master for all purposes when from any cause he is absent from the communications of the Lodge, or unable to attend to his duties in person. It is then just as important that they should be selected for their acquaintance with the principles of the Society and their ability to assume the highest official place in the Lodge, should circumstances require it of them; that they should as far as possible possess the same qualifications as are required of the Master. They are his natural counselors, and, like him, should have a thorough knowledge of the ritual as well as an intimate acquaintance with the affairs of the Lodge; and so of the others, each in his place, like the parts of a nicely arranged mechanism, contributes to the general success and assists in maintaining peace and harmony, the strength and support of all institutions, especially this of ours. If it is desirable that the Master should maintain the dignity and zealously seek to forward the welfare and prosperity of the Lodge, it is equally important that the Tiler should not only guard

its portals with scrupulous care, but that he should also be able to receive those entitled to approach with fraternal courtesy, reflecting the kindly greeting to be extended when they shall have passed his post of observation. Let, therefore, brethren, the discharge of this duty be neither an act of friendship nor favor, but rather one of conscience. Select your best men for every office, and you will find a sure reward in the character and position your Lodges will attain under their administration.

---

EGYPT was always regarded by the people of antiquity as the mother of arts and sciences. Greece was indebted to her for religion, philosophy, and her institutions. Hesiod was her first poet, Herodotus her first historian, Thales and Pythagoras her first philosophers, Isis and So'ou her first legislators. The immense ruins covering her soil attest her former splendor. Temples, palaces, and colossal sculptures, that neither time nor men have been able to destroy, give an idea of the perfection to which the Egyptians had carried the arts. The Thebade is an enchanted country, where twenty cities offer those grand old edifices, masterpieces of architecture, not only by their imposing masses, but by their grave and religious character; by their beautiful, yet simple arrangement; by the skillful disposition of the emblematic sculptures that adorn them, and by the inconceivable richness of their ornaments, which are magnificent. Thebes, celebrated by Homer, is still, after twenty-four centuries of devastation, a marvel. We feel as if under the influence of a dream, while contemplating the immensity of its ruins, the grandeur and majesty of its edifices, and the innumerable remains of its former magnificence.

## REQUIEM.

BY BRO. GEORGE F. MORRIS.

“**M**AN dieth and wasteth away,  
And where is he?”—Hark! from the skies  
I hear a voice answer and say,

“The spirit of man never dies :  
His body, which came from the earth,  
Must mingle again with the sod ;  
But his soul, which in heaven had birth,  
Returns to the bosom of God.”

The sky will be burnt as a scroll,  
The earth, wrapt in flames, will expire ;  
But, freed from all shackles, the soul  
Will rise in the midst of the fire.  
Then, Brothers, mourn not for the dead,  
Who rest from their labors, forgiven :  
Learn this, from your Bible, instead,  
The grave is the gateway to Heaven.

O LORD GOD ALMIGHTY ! to Thee  
We turn as our solace above ;  
The waters may fail from the sea,  
But not from thy fountains of love :  
Oh teach us thy will to obey,  
And sing with one heart and accord,  
“The LORD gives, the LORD takes away,  
And praised be the name of the LORD.”

## THE HEART.

BY AUG. C. L. ARNOLD, LL.D.

THE illustrious Founder of Freemasonry in Judea has left us this admonition, "Keep the heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." The cultivation of the heart and of its warm sympathies and affections, is the only way to attain to a high Masonic character. Hence the Ritual of the Order declares that the first preparation for admission to its mysteries must be made in the HEART. That is, the heart must be prepared, by meditation and self-examination, for the reception of Masonic truth and the assumption of Masonic obligation. Without this preparation, no man can rightly be made a Mason. Indeed, if the first preparation for Freemasonry must be made in the heart, how can one who has no heart, become a Mason at all? And yet, we are compelled to confess that many go through the form, and stand within our mystic circle; sometimes, even, attaining to high official stations in the Order, who are as destitute of heart as the stones. Such Masons had no interior preparation. Nay, they had no heart in which to make that preparation. Consequently, utterly incapable of appreciating the divine spirit of Freemasonry, its active charity, and broad benevolence, they are false to every Masonic duty, and become a scandal and disgrace to the Fraternity. In investigating the character of a candidate for Masonry, the inquisition should be searchingly pursued until it is made clearly manifest whether he has a heart or not. If he have a heart, admit him; if not, close your doors against him for no other qualities, of whatever kind, will compensate for the want of that. Mere morality is not, of itself, a sufficient qualification; for a man may be strictly moral,



keep with rigid exactness all the commands of the Decalogue, and yet be a mean, selfish, pitiful, and brutal knave, utterly destitute of one single qualification for the profession of Freemasonry. Morality is simply a negative quality. Freemasonry, like Christianity, demands more than this—it requires *positive, active goodness*. The young man of whom we read was moral, had “kept the Commandments from his youth up;” and yet, how destitute of that supreme quality—positive goodness—he appeared, when subjected to the searching examination of the Master! “You have kept the Commandments, you have refrained from doing what is therein forbidden. You have avoided *doing evil*, kept on the windy side of justice, but what good have you done? Where are your works of benevolence? where your deeds of charity? where your tender and merciful ministries to the poor, to the pining prisoner, the desolate widow, and the homeless orphan? Ah! poor destitute wretch. Go sell what thou hast, and give to the poor, and then shalt thou have treasure in heaven!”

Mere morality, then, is not enough. The candidate for Masonry should have a *heart*, and a large one. He should have a soul, and a just one. He should have sympathies with human sorrows, a genial spirit, and a feeling of brotherhood to all. He should be known as a man of benevolence and charity, and let him never receive the suffrages of Masons, until they have before them unquestioned proofs that he is a man of heart, and possesses virtues. Better, a thousand times, that he have some vices, with great and resplendent virtues, which are ever active for the good of mankind, than a vague morality with no virtue all.

It behooves the brethren to exercise more care in this respect. Nearly all the discords, scandals, and difficul-

ties that have ever disturbed the harmony of the Fraternity, have been caused by these Masons without heart, without charity, who have sought membership in the institution, from motives of ambition, or interest, or curiosity. They aspire to its official honors, but never seek to earn them by exercising its virtues. Cold and unfeeling, they close their eyes and turn their backs to the spectacle of suffering which the world forever displays, and stop their ears against that loud wail of sorrow, that "cry of distress," perpetually repeated, which comes forth from the broken spirit, the desolate soul and heart, pleading for sympathy. They recognize no fraternal obligations, and thus disgrace constantly the Lodge which has been so unwise as to admit them.

Let it be remembered, then, that the heart is the seat of the virtues—the very throne of charity—and, therefore, he who has no heart, has no business in an Order consecrated to virtue and charity.

---

ARCH OF HEAVEN.—JOB xxvi. 11, compares heaven to an arch supported by pillars. "The pillars of heaven tremble and are astonished at his reproof." Dr. CUTBUSH, on this passage, remarks:—"The arch, in this instance, is allegorical, not only of the arch of heaven, but of the higher degree of Masonry, commonly called the *Holy Royal Arch*. The pillars which support the arch are emblematical of Wisdom and Strength; the former denoting the wisdom of the Supreme Architect, and the latter the stability of the universe."

## A FRAGMENT OF HISTORY.

BY THE HON. JOHN L. LEWIS, JR.



N No. 26 of the "*Tatler*" for Thursday, June 9th, 1709, occurs this passage, in speaking of a class of men called Pretty Fellows:

"You see them accost each other with effeminate airs; *they have their signs and tokens like Free-masons; they rail at woman-kind,*" etc.

I do not remember of ever having seen the passage quoted; but the entire paper from which it is selected bears indisputable evidences of the peculiar style of its writer, Sir RICHARD STEELE, one of the wits of Queen ANNE'S time—a man about town, and a close observer of everything transpiring in London in his day.

It was a favorite position of the Anti-masonic writers thirty years ago, and it is asserted and believed at the present time, by those who agree with them in sentiment, that Freemasonry had its *origin* in 1717 (eight years after the date of the paper in question), at the time of the revival of the Grand Lodge; that previous to that time its only existence was in the company or guild of operative masons, styled *free*, because they were freemen of London; and that the secret language of the Craft was invented in 1717 by PAYNE, DESAGULIERS, ANDERSON, and their associates.

The sentence, therefore, is important in its bearing upon the history of the Fraternity at the commencement of the eighteenth century, and there is something more in it than a bare allusion.

The writer is addressing a miscellaneous public, and

is giving, in his usual lively style of description, mixed with good-humored satire, an account of a band of London dandies and loungers whom he terms, in the quaint language of the day, *Pretty Fellows*. He describes their effeminacy and gossip; and to give his readers the best idea that they were a closely-allied community, represents them as having "signs and tokens like the Freemasons." Of course he would employ in this, as in every other of his essays, such language as would convey the clearest and simplest idea to the mind of his readers. Is it conceivable, therefore, if Freemasonry was a novelty, that he would content himself with this simple reference?

Signs and tokens are spoken of in the same technical language which is employed at the present time, and as being something peculiarly and distinctively Masonic. What other society ever had its signs except Masons and their modern imitators? In what other, even of modern societies, except the Masonic, is the grip termed "a token?" Whether Sir RICHARD STEELE was a Mason, I *do not know*, but I *do know* that, in the extract I have given, he speaks of these signs and tokens as matters well known and well understood by the public in his day as belonging to a particular class of men. It is left for the intelligent inquirer to ascertain how long and how widely such a custom must have existed and extended, to render such a brief and pointed reference to them intelligible to the public at large, or even to a mere London public. Certainly it must have reached back to a period prior to the commencement of the century, and at a time, too, when Masonry, as described by its own historians, as well as its enemies, had fallen into neglect and disuse under the Grand Mastership of Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN, and hence claimed no particular

attention from the public to attract notice to its peculiarities.

Again : they are spoken of as "Free-masons," and not merely "masons," or artificers in stone, and brick and mortar ; and this, too, like the signs and tokens, is unaccompanied by a single word of explanation. If it meant operative masons only, freemen of the guild or corporation, why should the compound word be used, connected, as *in the original*, by a hyphen ? (I quote, by the way, from an edition of the *Tutler*, published in London in 1785.) Why not say Free-carpenters or Free-smiths as well ?

But it is needless to urge or argue this question further. The conclusion forces itself irresistibly upon the mind of every candid and intelligent person, that there existed in London in 1709, and for a *long time* before, a society known as the Free-masons, having certain distinct modes of recognition, and that this fact concerning them was known even when the four old Lodges were idle ; and that the idle assertions of Anti-masons respecting its history have no better foundation than their *stock* objections to it in other respects. And the proof of it is found, not in the assertions of Masonic writers and historians, but in a standard work : in one of that incomparable group of essays which are known wherever the English tongue is spoken or written, and which have become classical from the reputation and ability of their writers, their purity of style, and soundness of morals. It is not found in an elaborate panegyric written by a Masonic pen, but in the bare statement of a fact, unaccompanied by explanation, because it needed none then, as it needs none now, and is one of those sure and infallible guide-marks whence the materials for truthful history are taken, and by which its veracity is tested.

## THE CHAMBER OF DEATH.



WHILE by the Jewish law, no person, however exalted might have been his station, was permitted to be buried within the Temple; yet was there in that magnificent structure, an apartment exclusively appropriated to the performance of funeral ceremonies—it was the Chamber of Death. In that sombre chamber the last rites to the dead were celebrated with all solemnity, and the remains of the departed permitted to lie in state until the period arrived for committing them to the tomb.

It was always held in high veneration by the Israelites, and was first used by order of King Solomon, when the remains of one of his associate Grand Masters, slain by a band of conspirators, were recovered from the rude and hasty grave into which his assassins had thrust him.

Freemasonry has well preserved the commemoration of this sad event, and in her lodges devoted to funeral purposes, as well as in other important portions of her ceremonies, exemplifies the traditions of more than twenty centuries.

“Come ye sighing sons of sorrow,  
View with me your brother's tomb;  
Learn from it your fate—to-morrow  
Death, perhaps, may seal your doom.”

The Chamber of Death, as will be seen in the accompanying plate, was of a truly sombre character. It was hung with green cloth of beautiful fabric, from eight columns of purest white marble, four on each side of the same and equidistant. Another, draped in black, strewed with silver tears, was placed in the east at the foot of the throne. In front of the altar, the casket

containing the remains of the departed, draped in black, and resting on a bier, was placed. Upon it the decorations of the deceased.

Four lights were placed at each of the cardinal points.

The star in the interlaced triangle, as fully described in the description of the Holy Place, or Sanctuary of the Temple, was by an ingenious arrangement made to have a reddish appearance, so as to throw a lurid light, and with the exception of the audible prayers of the High Priest when celebrating the funeral ceremonies, the utmost silence—the silence of death prevailed.

---

**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 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.

---

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 MARQUIS AND THE MASON'S WIDOW.

ALL was bustle at Donnington.

The quiet of the little inn was disturbed by arrivals, and its narrow courtyard invaded by carriages of various builds and pretensions. Some were aristocratic, some plebeian. But their owners seemed actuated by one common impulse, and pressed one common inquiry.

“Had the Earl arrived at the park? When would he leave it? Could he be spoken with?”

There was anxiety on many countenances. Hurried and eager exclamations issued from many a lip. Many hopes and many fears were expressed. Will any one explain the spectacle? The single word—PATRONAGE.

The object of many inquiries and many surmises was busily engaged sorting papers, destroying letters, and signing certain lengthy parchments, prior to a long absence from England.

Lord MOIRA was on the eve of starting for the seat of government in India. Thousands of miles were soon to interpose between him and the seat of his ancestors. Was he ever to return to its shades a free, unembarrassed, independent man?

He sat in that noble library stored with no commonplace or heterogeneous array of authors. The glorious products of intellect and industry were piled around. Nor were the triumphs of art wanting. Gazing down upon him in all her beauty was the lovely but too celebrated Nell Gwynne—a priceless portrait. Its owner might well have refused to part with it to Russia for a sum almost fabulous in amount. Near him was a Jewish rabbi, by Rembrandt; while over the fireplace hung the full-length portrait of a king\* whom DONNINGTON had

\* Then Comte D'ARTOIS.



sheltered when an exile, and soothed with the most acceptable hospitality,—the credulous and misled CHARLES the Tenth.

Those who were with him on that well-remembered day did not scruple, in after-years, to relate that the Earl once and again intermitted his employment, planted himself at the window, and gazed long and wistfully on the home-landscape before him, remarking, with deep feeling, as he resumed his task: "After all, it is exile: the chains may be *gilded*; but it is undoubtedly and unmistakably *exile*."

While so employed, there was a clamor, a hubbub, the mingling of many voices; and above them all rose a woman's shrill accents. The tone seemed that of a frantic entreaty. A bell was rung. The servant in waiting appeared, and, in reply to Lord MORRA'S inquiries, remarked:

"A woman, my Lord, has, unperceived, got admittance into the inner hall, and we cannot prevail upon her to quit it. She is determined to see your Lordship."

"Her business?"

"Military business, my Lord: so she says."

"I cannot see her, be her errand what it may."

"I told her so, my Lord, but she will take no denial."

"Remove her gently—understand me—gently; let no force be used—but remove her."

"No force, my Lord, did you say?"

"None, none," returned the Noble, decisively.

"I must tell your Lordship, then, that she says she will never leave the hall till she's carried; and—and, my Lord, I believe she means to keep her word."

A scuffle, more hubbub, and then a faint shriek in the outer apartment, seemed to confirm the man's assertion.

"The shortest way to end this business," said Lord MOIRA, kindly, "will be for me to see this poor creature at once. Let her enter."

It was with a bow, respectful but reluctant, that the servant disappeared to obey his lord's orders. An order, "Eject her at all risks," would have been evidently more agreeable.

A pale, haggard, wild-looking woman—no longer young, but who must in early life have been singularly handsome—staggered in, and after a lowly reverence to all present, at once singled out Lord MOIRA, and advancing toward him, said, in a plaintive, winning voice:

"Forgive me, my Lord, for being so bold, so very bold; 'tis distress that makes me so; but to whom should those who are in deep trouble flee but to such as your Lordship? Yes! such as your Lordship, who have the power with one word to right them!"

"What may you want from me?" said the Earl, coldly.

"Your good word—nothing else—your good word—that will be all-sufficient. I'm a widow, left with four sons; the eldest is an idiot; the two youngest can't earn their own bread; but the second, as steady and good a lad as ever lived, who has kept a home over our heads, and wrought day and night for us, is drawn for a soldier—  
for a soldier—and his leaving us will be our ruin."

"I cannot help you," was the Earl's rejoinder; "if your son has been regularly balloted for and drawn in the militia, he must serve."

The poor mother listened eagerly to the Noble's answer, and wrung her hands piteously at its close.

"One word," said she, hoarsely; "one word from a great man like you would get him off. He's not fit for

a soldier. He'd work and toil forever for his poor mother, but as for soldiering—"

"Whether fitted or unfitted for military life, if regularly drawn, he must serve," said his Lordship, decisively.

"Serve!" exclaimed the poor woman, bitterly and vehemently, as if her grief was getting the better of both reason and prudence. "Yes, that's the word—'serve.' My three brothers did so, and fell on the field of battle. My father did so, and his bones lie in the sands of Egypt. My husband did so, and fell in action at Corunna. Woe! woe! that a soldier's orphan and a soldier's widow can't get a living soul to help her in deep distress."

"A soldier's widow, eh?" said his Lordship, musingly. "What was your husband's name?"

"ISAAC WARDROPER."

"Did he ever serve in the 63d?"

"He did, and volunteered out of it for foreign service."

"The 63d! I should know something about that regiment!" returned his Lordship, quickly. "I had a company in it!" Then, in more measured tones—"I think I recollect your husband—what was his rank?"

"Pay-corporal," was the reply.

"Right," said his Lordship, "I remember him, a steady, well-conducted man." Then, turning to a party who sat near him, a pinched, screwy-looking body, with not an atom of feeling in his harsh, wiry countenance (the veriest tyro in physiognomy would have pronounced him a full-blown attorney), he said, in a low tone: "What would a substitute cost—ten, fifteen, or twenty pounds?"

Old Capias vouchsafed no reply, but motioned with emphatic gesture to the parchment lying before him, and then fixed his gray, distrustful eyes intently on

Lord MOIRA's frank and manly countenance. That look carried with it its own solution. It seemed to say: "How can you, with such a heavy mortgage as this you are about to execute, think, for one passing instant, of incurring the cost of a substitute?" The Earl understood it, for he colored and looked away—away from his prudent monitor, and away from his anxious visitant.

"I cannot interfere," said he at last, in a husky, hesitating tone; the law is peremptory, and must be obeyed."

"In other words," said the woman, despairingly, "there's the cold shelter of the workhouse for me, and the still colder bed of the battle-field for my boy."

"Get a substitute—get a substitute," cried Old Capias, testily; "they are to be had—get one."

"Whence should I?" returned the woman, fiercely, fronting the speaker. "Whence should I? 'Out of the barn-floor, or out of the wine-press?'"

"Better dismiss her, my Lord," said the attorney, quickly, and very indignantly, "her expressions are highly disrespectful, and border on abuse."

"They are at all events scriptural," interposed his Lordship, with increasing gravity.

The tone, perhaps, of the Earl's voice, rebuking one whom she felt to be an antagonist, might have heartened her, or the energy of despair might have suggested the movement, and again advancing to his Lordship, she said, faintly: "About a week before he went into action for the fifth time, my poor fellow gave these into my hands, and told me that, should he fall, and I be ever able to reach England, they might, perhaps, be useful to me."

She handed to his Lordship, as she spoke, a certificate

drawn up on vellum, and certain insignia—of which a more detailed description would be objectionable—and waited, in bent and hopeless attitude, the result.

He to whom Masonry was so dear, whose devotion to its interests never varied, who held so high a place in the Order, and in the affections of the Craft, extended his hand, and examined narrowly and deliberately the various insignia; the parchment, its tenor, its signatures. The scrutiny, it would seem, left no suspicions behind it; for the Earl, with a smile, said, firmly and cheerfully:

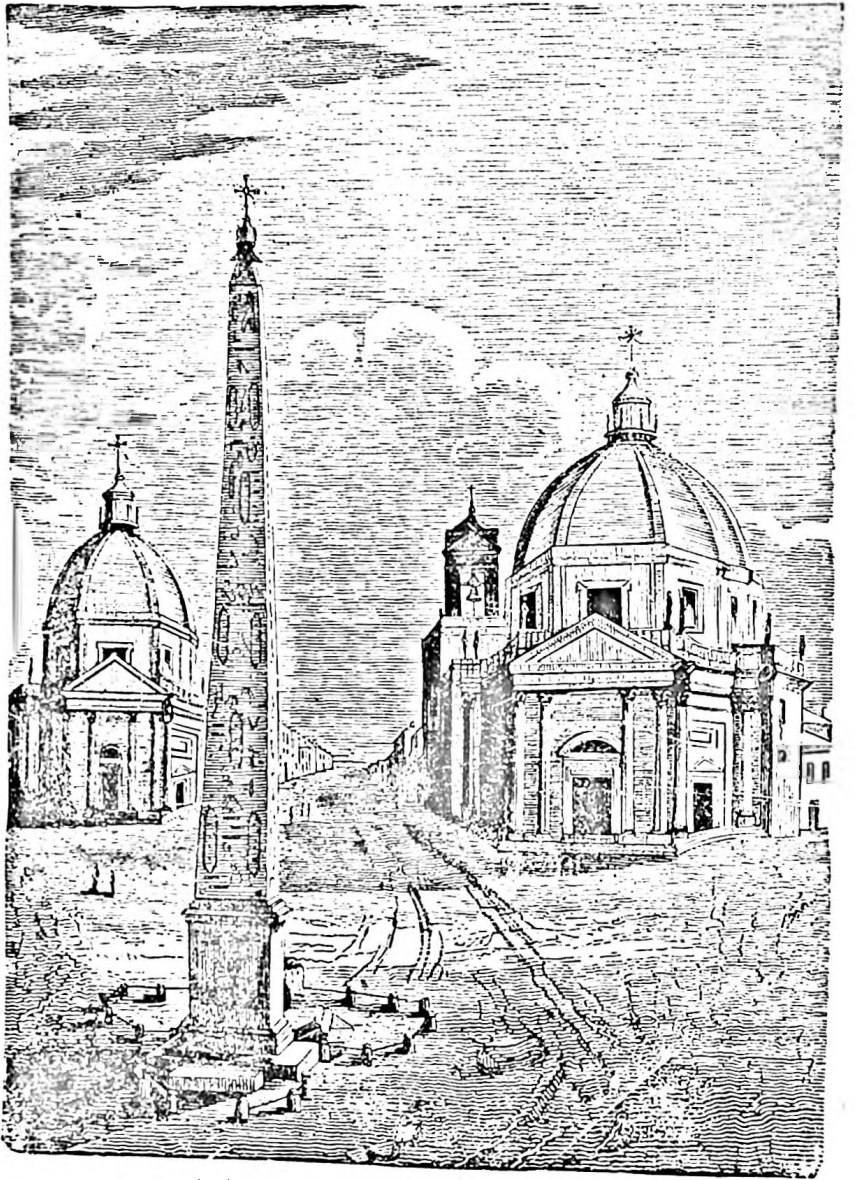
“Your husband, it appears, was a Mason. Of that I am satisfied. He belonged, unquestionably, to a Military Lodge. There are such in the army, not many, nor perhaps much countenanced by the authorities; but they do exist. For you it is well. Go, and with a light heart. STEPHEN! is that your son's name? STEPHEN, so good a son had best remain where he is. He will not be torn from you. I require no thanks. Go, I can listen to nothing further; go, and have no fears about the future.”

A substitute for STEPHEN WARDROPER was procured.

Who provided him? who sought him? who paid for him? and who, before the week's end, sent a £10 note by post to the Mason's widow? The poor woman accurately conjectured, and so, methinks, will the reader.

But those, and such there are, who delight to represent Masonry as “a hollow mockery,” “a shadow,” “a phantom,” “an after-dinner bond, broken the moment the party separates;” who contend that “it involves no moral tie,” and is “productive of no holy fruits,” would do well to muse over the moral pointed by this characteristic incident in the life of that generous and noble-minded being, FRANCIS, the first MARQUIS OF HASTINGS.



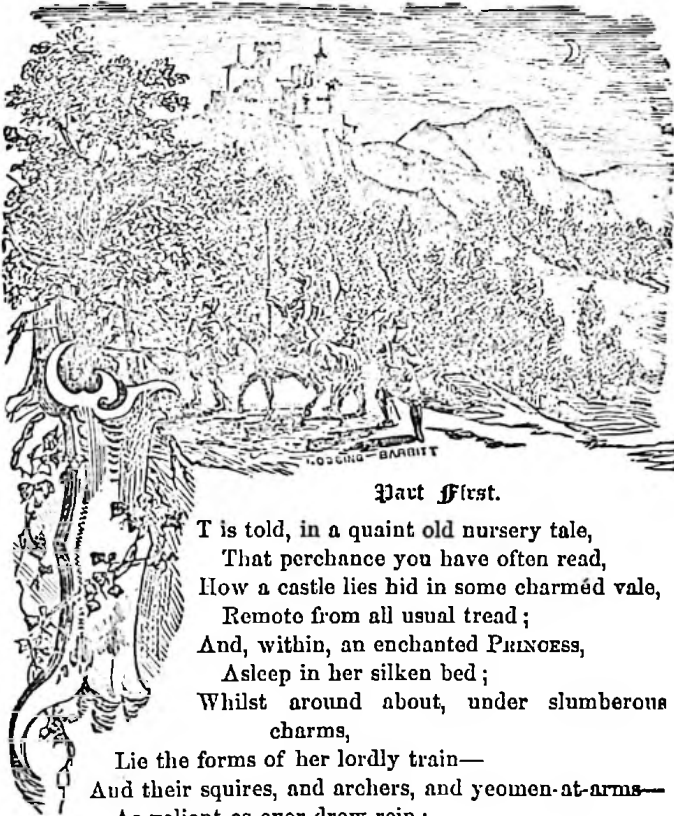


A VIEW IN ROME (PIAZZA DEL POPOLO)

## KING SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

PRONOUNCED AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE, OCT. 25, 1860, BEFORE METROPOLITAN  
LODGE, NO. 273, ON THE OCCASION OF ITS EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY, AND  
FRATERNALLY DEDICATED TO THE LODGE.

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.



### Part First.

It is told, in a quaint old nursery tale,  
That perchance you have often read,  
How a castle lies hid in some charmed vale,  
Remote from all usual tread ;  
And, within, an enchanted PRINCESS,  
Asleep in her silken bed ;  
Whilst around about, under slumberous  
    charms,  
Lie the forms of her lordly train—  
And their squires, and archers, and yeomen-at-arms—  
As valiant as ever drew rein ;  
But with helmets, and bucklers, and lances  
All clouded with mildew stain !



All corroded and mildewed with rust of time,  
They are lying in court and hall ;  
Every young knight's beard bears a frosty rime—  
Like the beard of the Seneschal,  
Who awaits, in his chair, at the postern,  
The sound of a trumpet call ;  
While below, in the crypts of this castle strange,  
Overbrooded by self-same spell,  
There are shapes like friars, in cloister'd range,  
Lying each at the door of his cell,  
And awaiting, in motionless slumber,  
The stroke of a summoning bell !

For whenever a Knight who is tried and true,  
Rides late o'er the haunted wold,  
And peals a loud summons the trumpet through,  
That hangs at the postern old,  
Then, in all the crypts of this castle,  
A bell is solemnly tolled.  
And the Princess arises, in royal gear,  
From the couch of her charmed rest,  
And her knights and her nobles take shield and spear,  
At their beautiful lady's behest ;  
And they hie to the gate of the postern,  
To welcome their midnight guest !

Then, afar through the cloisters and corridors,  
Sounds a monotone stroke of the bell ;  
And each friar steals forth, o'er the marble floors,  
From the door of his darksome cell ;  
And he creepeth away to the postern—  
His marvelous story to tell ;  
While the bell of the castle is ringing amain,  
And the wondering guest comes in ;  
And the Seneschal leadeth his ghostly train,  
Away through the ghostly din ;  
Then the friars rehearse to the stranger  
Their stories of sorrow and sin.

With a patter of prayers, and a dropping of beads,  
 They recount, to the shuddering man,  
 How their souls waxed heavy with sinful deeds,  
 In the days of their mortal span :  
 And how Heaven's avenging sentence  
 Their earthly years o'erran !  
 And the Princess reveals to the stranger knight  
 How she needs must slumber away,  
 Till a PRINCE of the TEMPLE, in valorous fight,  
 Shall a Saracen sorcerer slay—  
 And the spell of his midnight magic  
 Disperse under morn's sweet ray !

But alas ! for that guest of the haunted grange,  
 If no Templar Knight he be ;  
 And woe, when he listeth that story strange,  
 If no memories pure hath he !  
 To the spell of the sorcerer's magic  
 He must bow his powerless knee.  
 He must sink into sleep, with the shapes he sees,  
 And his buckler and helm will rust !  
 He must lie in the cloisters and crypts, with these  
 Who have risen, to greet him, from dust !  
 And await, with them, an awakening  
 By hero more pure and just !

Like that charmed castle, in haunted vale,  
 Is the wondrous MASONIC PAST !  
 Where the heroes and yeomen of History's tale  
 Are reclining in slumbers fast ;  
 With the spell of an indolent Seeming  
 Over all their memories cast !  
 But the Princess, who sleeps in her mouldering bed,  
 Is the spirit of ancient TRUTH :  
 Lying evermore shrouded with tatter and shred,  
 But forevermore fresh with youth—  
 And awaiting the pure-hearted Seeker  
 To come, with his valor and ruth !

Like the knights and the nobles in slumber profound,  
 Aro our riddles and fables of old ;  
 In their rust and their dust they encumber the ground,  
 And abide in their garments of mould—  
 Keeping TRUTH, like a charmed Princess,  
 Asleep in their ghostly hold.  
 'Mid the haunted cloisters of History's script,  
 In the HOUSE of the PAST they dwell ;  
 Like the souls of the friars, they hide in each crypt,  
 And emerge from each darksome cell—  
 At the blast of a summoning trumpet,  
 Their wonderful stories to tell !

In the volumed marvels of Grecian mind,  
 And the records of Roman lore,  
 There are riddles of wisdom for human-kind  
 To ponder, a lifetime, o'er ;  
 And to all of their mystical meanings  
 Each heart is an open door !  
 Every human heart is a postern gate  
 To the House of the wondrous Past,  
 Where the heroes and sages of History wait  
 The sound of a trumpet blast,  
 That shall break the enchanted slumbers  
 For ages around them cast !

How the voices of Song, out of Dorian aisles,  
 With their Iliad and Odyssey swell !  
 How they roll from the shadows of Tuscan piles,  
 Where the FLORENTINE chanted of Hell !  
 And how grandly, through Gothic chancels,  
 Of Paradise Lost they tell !  
 And the whispers of hearts, and responses of souls,  
 Flow around, like the west-wind kind,  
 When the song of the SINGER of AVON rolls  
 Through the gates of our listening mind,  
 And the plaint of the pilgrim HAROLD  
 Sounds fitful and strange behind !

All the climes of the earth are as Holy Lands  
 To the feet of the children of Song ;  
 Every realm hath its Mecca, where pilgrim bands  
 To some Kaaba of Poesy throng ;  
 And the Homes and the Tombs of the Poets  
 To the whole wide world belong.  
 In the paths of their minstrels the nations tread,  
 And the king on his bard awaits ;  
 For ULYSSES is dumb, and ACHILLES is dead,  
 Until HOMER their soul creates ;  
 And 'tis TASSO who frees Jerusalem,  
 Though GODFREY wins her gates.

Through the twilight of oaks and of mistletoe bowers,  
 The hymns of the Druids I hear ;  
 And the Faerie Queene lures me through labyrinths of flowers,  
 And I list to all melodies clear ;  
 From the echoes of "woody MORVEN,"  
 To the murmurs of sweet WINDERMERE :  
 And I hear the old NORSEMEN chanting their runes,  
 Under arches of boreal fires ;  
 And the TROUBADOURS singing, through long, rich Junes,  
 To their soft Provençal lyres ;  
 And the BARDS of the Cymbrian mountains,  
 O'erweeping their 'wildered wires.

Oh! those voices of Song! how they ebb! how they flow  
 How they swell, like the tides of the main!  
 Every age, every clime, hath its life-giving throe,  
 And its utterance of generous pain—  
 Till its Master-thought leapeth, full-armed,  
 From out of some Jove-like brain!  
 Oh! the Heroes and Kings have no story to tell,  
 In the dust of their funeral urns ;  
 But the songs of the Poets immortally dwell  
 Wheresoever a true heart yearns—  
 In the halls of the royal DAVID,  
 Or the cottage of ROBERT BURNS!



## Part Second.

UT the House of the Past hath its Tongues  
 of Stone—  
 Yea! its Voices of marble and brass—  
 From the sands of the desolate desert up-  
 thrown,  
 And the mould of the wilderness grass!  
 Though the myth of their awful Meanings  
 Too often we idly pass!  
 Where the Nile flows down, by its pyramid tombs;  
 Where the ruins of Tadmor lie;  
 Where the Petraean cities, from cavernous glooms,  
 Like sepulchers, startle the eye—  
 Oh! the voices of granite and marble  
 To our souls make audible cry!

Every crumbling plinth, every prostrate shaft,  
Hath a murmur of mouldering years;  
From each column and cornice the low winds waft  
A dirge to our listening ears;  
And each frieze, from its sculptured tablet,  
Seems weeping, with stony tears.  
Where the gardens of Belus o'er Babylon hung,  
And where Nineveh's walls were raised;  
Where the Hundred Portals of Thebes swung,  
And old Tyre over ocean gazed;  
And where, high upon Mount Moriah,  
KING SOLOMON'S TEMPLE blazed!

O! that mountain of God, in the realms of my love,  
Hath a marvelous glory and worth;  
And the Temple that rose, its High Places above,  
Covers more than Jerusalem's girth;  
For its aisles are the Highways of Ages,  
And its courts are the zones of earth;  
O'er its mythical meanings, and parabled sense,  
I have ponder'd, in childlike mind,  
Until, back through the ages, with yearnings intense,  
My unsatisfied heart hath inclined—  
Longing still for the WORD of the MASTER—  
The WORD that no mortal may find!

In the dreams and the visions of fervent desire,  
I have mingled with Levite and Priest;  
With the widow's son, HIRAM, and HIRAM of Tyre,  
Sitting down at meridian feast;  
And beholding King SOLOMON'S glory,  
Arising, like morn, in the East!  
With mine ancient brethren, in Masonry's craft—  
When my soul the LAMBSEIN wore—  
I have stood by the mystical corner-shaft,  
And knelt on the TESSELATE floor;  
With the glorious roof of the Temple,  
Like Heaven's roof, arching me o'er!

Under all the rude noises of battling thrones,  
 And of realms that jar and strive,  
**Flows** the voice of our **MASTER**, whose tender **tones**  
 Overbrooded the Hebrew hive,  
 When he spake three thousand proverbs,  
 And his songs were a thousand and five ;  
 When he sang of Mount Lebanon's cedar-tree,  
 And of hyssop, that springs from the wall ;  
 Of the fowls of the air, of the fish in the sea,  
 And of things in the dust that crawl ;  
**Till** the words of his love and his wisdom  
 Enlighten'd and beautified all.

To the ruler of Sidon—the Lord of the Seas—  
 Flies the word of Jerusalem's king,  
 Saying, " Bid thou thy servants that Lebanon's trees  
 Unto Judean borders they bring ;  
 And between us shall **PEACE** be alway,  
 And Blessings around us cling.  
 From his wars and his sorrows King David hath rest,  
 And he sleeps under Salem's sod ;  
 But, with trembling and awe, at his high behest,  
 I abide in the paths he trod ;  
 And I build on the Mount of Moriah,  
 A House to the **LORD** my God !"

Then, from far-away forests of Lebanon, come  
 Great floats unto Joppa's strand ;  
 And from Tyre and Sidon arises a hum,  
 As of bees, overswarming the land ;  
 And it swells through the Valley of Jordan  
 In chorals of Industry grand !  
 Under manifold halos of column and arch,  
 Through the soundless courts and aisles,  
**At** the **WORD** of their **MASTER** the **CRAFTSMEN** march  
 To their labors, in lengthening files ;  
 While the Temple arises before them,  
 From portal to golden tiles !

From the echoless earth, through the motionless air,  
 How that beautiful fabric upgrows!  
 From the heart of the King, like a voiceless prayer,  
 How it mounts, in its fragrant repose!  
 Bearing upward King SOLOMON'S worship,  
 As incense ascends from the rose!  
 In their brass and their silver, their marble and gold,  
 All noiseless the crafts have wrought,  
 Till, in grandeur of silence, their works unfold,  
 As with life everlasting fraught;  
 And the Temple ascends from Moriah—  
 A Holy Masonic Thought!

By the glow of the GREATER and LESSER LIGHT,  
 And the power of the MASTER'S WORD—  
 By the PLUMMET of TRUTH, and the LEVEL of RIGHT,  
 And the SQUARE that hath never erred—  
 Through the WORK of a MASTER MASON,  
 King SOLOMON'S prayer was heard.  
 At the fragrant morn, and the golden noon,  
 And the eventide's hour of balm,  
 All the hearts of his craftsmen were lifted in tune,  
 Like the mingling of harmonies calm;  
 And the Temple arose on Moriah—  
 A mighty Masonic Psalm!

Oh! that Temple of God, from the House of the Past,  
 Shineth down o'er the centuried years;  
 And my heart, through the veil of its mysteries vast,  
 The voice of King SOLOMON hears,  
 Asking *me*, with the SIGN of a MASTER,  
 Why MY soul no temple rears?  
 With the THREE GREAT LIGHTS ever shining above,  
 And the tools of my craft at hand,  
 Why I build up no fabric of prayerful love,  
 With the arch of a lifetime spann'd;  
 And the wings of embracing cherubs,  
 Overbrooding its yearnings grand?



Oh! the House of the Lord that our LIVES might raise,  
 How it gleams from our fair Youth-time—  
 How its manifold arches and architraves blaze  
 Through the wilderness dust of our Prime :  
 Yet our years, when they moulder to ashes,  
 Behold but its wrecks sublime !  
 For the House that we build, in a LIFETIME's length,  
 From the midst of our worldly din,  
 Hath no JACOBIN and BOAZ, Establish'd in Strength,  
 And no HOLY of HOMES within ;  
 And we bear up no ARK of the COVENANT,  
 From out of our Desert of Zin !

There's a Mountain of God in each Human Heart  
 For that glorious TEMPLE's base :  
 And the lines of each loyal MASON's art  
 May its grand foundations trace ;  
 And within it, the wings of cherubs  
 May the HOLY of HOLIES embrace !  
 Through the beautiful aisles of the charmed Past,  
 How its wonderful harmonies swell !  
 When their Meanings arise, at the Templar's blast,  
 From the mould of each darksome cell ;  
 And the Soul of the True no longer  
 With dust of the False shall dwell !

When the Thought of our Morning shall royally plan,  
 And the Deeds of our Day shall build ;  
 And the ARCH of PERFECTION eternally span,  
 With the measure Our Master hath will'd ;  
 And the depths of our HOLY of HOLIES  
 With incense of prayer be filled !  
 When the PILLARS of STRENGTH in our PORCH shall abide  
 With the LILIES of BEAUTY above ;  
 And the VAIL of the PRESENCE, encompassing wide,  
 Overshadow the ARK of our LOVE ;  
 And the Peace of the Blessed SHEKINAH  
 Enfold, like the wings of a dove !

Oh! the Cedars of Lebanon grow at our door,  
And the quarry is sunk at our gate;  
And the ships out of OPHIR, with golden ore,  
For our summoning mandate wait;  
And the WORD of a MASTER MASON,  
May the HOUSE of our SOUL create!  
While the Day hath light, let the light be used;  
For no man shall the Night control!  
Or ever the silver cord be loosed,  
Or broken the golden bowl,"  
May we build KING SOLOMON'S TEMPLE  
In the true MASONIC Soul!

---

"FAITH," "HOPE," "CHARITY."

BY BRO. SAM. WHITING.

THERE are three Stars of luster bright,  
Which cheer the Mason's conflict here,  
And cast their pure and holy light  
Across Life's billows, dark and drear.

The Star of "Faith," when doubts arise  
And veil the troubled heart in gloom,  
Points to bright realms beyond the skies,  
And lasting joys beyond the tomb.

When o'er Life's ocean, rude and wild,  
Our fragile barks are madly driven,  
The Star of "Hope," with radiance mild,  
Points to a harbor sure, in heaven.

When, reckless of a *brother's* tears,  
Down Pleasure's slippery track we go,  
The Star of "Charity" appears,  
And points us to that brother's woe.

Oh! brethren of the "Mystic Tie,"  
Pure light upon our path will shine,  
If on these Stars we fix our eye—  
"Faith," "Hope," and "Charity" divine.



## BURNS' CENTENARY:

A Poem,

READ ON THE OCCASION OF THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE BIRTH OF  
ROBERT BURNS,  
BEFORE THE  
LODGE, ST. STEPHEN'S, EDINBURGH.  
JANUARY 25, 1859.

"Him in his clay-bullt cot the muse  
Entranced, and showed him all the forms  
Of fairy-light and wizard gloom,  
That only gifted poet views."—CAMPBELL.

A HUNDRED years their onward course have sped,  
Since the "clay-bigging" saw an infant's head,  
A child of care—a "nursling of the storm,"  
When winter winds raved near a tiny form—

A child of genius, to whose awe-struck eyes  
 Earth, ocean, heaven, awoke in glad surprise:  
 To whom we're debtors for proud thoughts and high,  
 Recorded in the strains that can not die.

*His* was a spell of witchery and power:  
 When hearts beat strong in friendship's genial hour,  
 Then the eye sparkles and the heart grows young,  
 While listening to the songs which Burns has sung:  
 The "banks and braes," where youth and truth have strayed,  
 And love's fond language charmed the shrinking maid;  
 The "moors and mosses," trod amid the storm,  
 That eager eyes might catch the much-loved form;  
 The "Lammas night," when beamed the harvest moon,  
 And the sweet moments speeded by too soon—  
 The soft embrace—the lover's parting kiss,  
 Anticipation of his future bliss.

No mimic songster thou! Thy words have power  
 For many a weak one in the evil hour;  
 Nor when the kind, glad greeting passes free,  
 Can we join in it but we think of thee.  
 Bard of the social circle! bard of fire!  
 Scorning the proud ones in thy righteous ire;  
 Who hast breathed strains of hope in sorrow's ear,  
 "A man's a man"—why should he shrink or fear?

When thunder rolled and lightnings flashed forth free,  
 Was framed the battle-ode we owe to thee—  
 Which still moves men to march against the foe,  
 For honor, truth, and life to aim the blow.  
 Nor 'twas long since, as by the watchfire's light,  
 Reposed the weary sharers in the fight,  
 That thy song nerved, and kilted warriors thought  
 Of distant scenes through thee to memory brought—  
 Of home and happiness, of by-past days,  
 When thee they read by Scotland's hills and "braes."

Of "Bothwell Banks," a Scottish maid once sung ;  
 And oft by Indian streams thy strains have rung—  
 Where palm-trees shiver 'neath the tropic ray,  
 Where hardy pilgrims urge their onward way,  
 Where stalwart arms with axe the pine-tree fell,  
 To rear a home amid Canadian dell—  
 Where skiffs are gliding on St. Lawrence breast,  
 Thy thoughts have soothed the weary struggler's rest.

The "*Cottar's Night!*" How that home picture glows  
 Charming the mind with thoughts of glad repose!  
 We may have wander'd far since childhood's hour  
 Yet still the "Husband Priest" asserts his power:  
 The Book, its holy page before him spread,  
 The frost of age upon his rev'rent head:  
 The cheerful intercourse of old and young,  
*These* thy true heart and genius sweetly sung.  
 To sterling worth we bend in homage down,  
 And foudly look upon the old "farm town."

Yet ah! How soon, by dire misfortune worn,  
 The poet had to weep his lot forlorn!  
 How vain the struggle of the untiring mind,  
 By poverty's chill barriers confined!  
 That ray of hope which cheered the plowman's eye,  
 Must it so soon in chilling darkness die?  
 And, when "the gloomy night is gathering fast,"  
 That look of sadness, shall it be the last?  
 —The peasant's fame has spread. The wise and good  
 Peruse his stanzas in their varying mood.

He came a stranger to Edina's towers,  
 (Where mirth and wisdom charmed the social hours;)  
 He came—the sparkling eye and brow displayed  
 The powers that since have charmed both man and maid:  
 Lawyers, divines, philosophers he taught  
 The might of genius and the strength of thought.

O why, we ask, should genius' path be strown  
With thorns, while sparkles near her starry throne?  
We weep, when benefactors to their kind  
Instructing others, to themselves are blind.  
Mortal who blam'st! thine inward self discern,  
And to the good and right thy footsteps turn.

A hundred years! still honored is thy name,  
And more resplendent yet beams forth thy fame  
O'er thee men reared the monumental stone:  
Thy best memorial is thy works alone.

The wanderer hears thee in his far retreat,  
Where round remoter isles the sea-waves beat.  
By crowded wharfs, in wood and lowly glen  
Thy voice yet speaketh to the hearts of men.  
Yes, 'midst the squalid haunts of carking care,  
Some word of thine may mitigate despair.  
The bard who sang "the daisy" on the lea,  
Has roused the pulses of the brave and free!

Others have caught *thy* mantle—strains been heard  
That to its depth the human heart have stirred.  
Nobles a lesson from thy page may earn,  
And peasant souls with nobler ardor burn.  
We strip away the tinsel, and behold  
Man may prove worthless, 'mid his hoarded gold.

A hundred years! Thrones have been lost and won,  
Yet brighter still ascendeth Freedom's sun.  
True bard! though shaded by misfortune's gloom  
We hang this fading chaplet on thy tomb.

But yet, to-day, in many a banquet hall  
Thousands shall join in one high festival;  
But not the fellowship, the songs, the thought,  
Have to these meetings eager footsteps brought,

BURNS' CENTENARY.

But thankfulness for qualities of mind  
That rank thee with the fav'ers of their kind,  
To whom high Heaven imparted knowledge true,  
The deeper insight and the vision now.

Unvail the statue! Let the form appear  
'Mid art and nature's wonders treasured *here*,  
Where crystal walls ascending up on high,  
Disclose their splendor to spectator's eye,  
Where Art's mimetic power recalls to view  
The marvels of the Old Time and the New—  
Thronged with the effigies of great or wise,  
Who drew Promethean fervor from the skies.

---

Met here, to-night,\* we celebrate the hour  
When first broke out the light of genius' power,  
When the true heart was kindled to the strain  
Whose echoes wander far o'er earth and main—  
A BROTHER too, proud laureate of a band  
Who to their fellows reach the mystic hand.  
Hail to his memory! who has shed the spell  
Of countless charms o'er many a hill and dell.

While Scotland's streams shall run with rushing flow,  
And evening skies grow red with sunset glow,  
While lovers' vows are breathed, and home is bright,  
Shall Scotland's sons read *thee* by fireside light.

Thou'st touch'd a nation's pulse—the good, the true  
May well with chastened mind thy course review,  
Read thee in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn,"  
And tread, with rev'rent footsteps, round thine urn.

\* These lines were added to those immediately preceding, the verses having been sent for competition among the many other poems forwarded to the "Crystal Palace Company." The author of them is not ashamed to have failed in conjunction with Mrs. NORTON, GERALD MASSEY, and other true poets, whose names are yet unknown.

## NECESSITY OF STUDY TO A MASON.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

**M**ASONRY is a succession of allegories, the mere vehicles of great lessons in morals and philosophy. You will more fully appreciate its spirit, its object, its purposes, as you advance in the different degrees, which you will find to constitute a great, complete, and harmonious system.

If you have been disappointed in the three first degrees ; if it has seemed to you that the performance has not come up to the promise, and that the commonplaces which are uttered in them with such an air, the lessons in science and the arts, merely rudimentary, and known to every school-boy, the trite maxims of morality, and the trivial ceremonies are unworthy the serious attention of a grave and sensible man, occupied with the weighty cares of life, and to whom his time is valuable, remember that those ceremonies and lessons come to us from an age when the commonest learning was confined to a select few, when the most ordinary and fundamental principles of morality were new discoveries ; and that the three first degrees stand in these latter days, like the columns of the old, roofless Druidic Temple, in their rude and primeval simplicity, mutilated also and corrupted by the action of time, and the additions and interpolations of illiterate ignorance. They are but the entrance to the great Masonic Temple, the mere pillars of the portico.



You have now taken the first step over its threshold, the first step towards the inmost sanctuary and heart of the Temple. You are in the path that leads up the slope of the Mountain of Truth; and it depends upon your Secrecy, Obedience, and Fidelity, whether you will advance or remain stationary.

Imagine not that you will become a thorough Mason by learning what is commonly called the work, or merely by becoming familiar with our traditions. MASONRY HAS A HISTORY AND A LITERATURE. Its allegories and its traditions will teach you much; but much is to be sought elsewhere. The streams of learning that now flow broad and wide must be followed to their heads in the springs that well up in the far distant Past, and there you will find the meaning and the origin of Masonry.

A few trite lessons upon the rudiments of architecture, a few ordinary maxims of morality, a few unimportant and unsubstantiated traditions will no longer satisfy the earnest inquirer after Masonic Truth. Let him who is satisfied and content with them remain where he is, and seek to ascend no higher. But let him who desires to understand the harmonious and beautiful proportions of Masonry, read, study, reflect, digest and discriminate. The true Mason is an ardent seeker after knowledge; and he knows that books are vessels which come down to us full-freighted with the intellectual riches of the past; and that in the lading of these Argosies is much that sheds light upon the history of Masonry, and proves its claims to be regarded as the great benefactor of mankind.

## FREEMASONRY AND THE CHURCH.

BY REV. W. D. HALEY.



THE Church and Freemasonry meet face to face in a way that symbolizes their relations. We are here in our working apparel to serve you; we come to assist you in preparing the material temple for the dwelling of the Almighty. Our Lodges are dedicated to St. John, and as he was the forerunner of the Messiah, so would we go out into the wilderness, leveling the rugged hills and causing precipitous valleys to be filled for the passage of your truth and your glory. As there are attached to those grand old cathedrals of Europe certain cloisters without the church, so we would furnish a cloister where those may walk who, beholding through your windows the brilliant lights, faintly hearing the choral hosanna that swells to your lofty dome, may, if they never enter your stately building, at least have shelter from the pitiless storm, and learn to reverence your altar. Do you ask me what has Freemasonry done for the Church? I answer it has done what Solomon did—it has “built the house for the Lord God of Israel.” Whenever you see a specimen of that beautiful order of architecture, the Gothic—or any of its modifications—know that that is the gift of Freemasonry to the Church. Go into foreign countries, travel on the continent of Europe, and when in Strasburg, Cologne, Meissen, Munich, Milan, Prague, or Paris, you have seen the noblest church, that is the gift of Freemasonry to the Church. Visit London: stand under the shadow of that stupendous pile known as the Cathedral of St. Paul—mark its swelling dome and cloud-cleaving cross, walk in

amazement through its glorious colonnade, enter the building, and pass through its transept, aisle, and nave; then descend into its silent crypt, and, while you are surrounded by the sleeping dust of earth's mighty ones, you will see a modest slab, bearing a Latin inscription, which may be rendered thus :

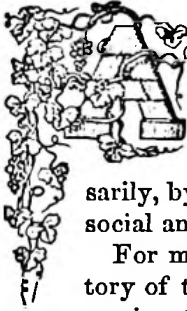
Beneath  
Lies the Builder  
of  
THIS CHURCH,  
Who Lived above Ninety Years,  
Not for himself,  
But for the Public Good.  
Reader, would'st thou behold his Monument?  
Circumspice!

That Builder was Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN, Grand Master of Ancient Freemasons.

To the moral services of Freemasonry to the Church I can make only the slightest allusion, for the disappearance of the sun again warns me to be brief, and, indeed, if I had weeks instead of moments, the time would still be too short. I have mentioned the point, however, because, as in the broadest glare of the brightest day there will be narrow valleys and obscure ravines into which the illumination can never penetrate; so I have recently read in the public journals that in a State, otherwise enlightened, a clergyman refused Christian burial to one of his flock, because, by the request of the deceased, his Masonic brethren proposed to render him the last customary mark of respect. I was pained by this—pained, not for Masonry, for you can neither add to nor take away from its glory—but pained for my profession, pained for my humanity; and I here declare that I know of no more efficient and faithful friend of morality and Christianity than Freemasonry.

## POLITICAL INFLUENCE OF FREEMASONRY.

BY A. G. L. ARNOLD, LL.D.



ALTHOUGH the institution of Freemasonry can not and does not mingle in the fierce conflicts of antagonistic political parties, nor engage in "conspiracies against the state," it must necessarily, by its moral influence, affect materially the social and political progress of a people.

For many years the Order was the sole depository of that grand idea which is now rapidly becoming the supreme political thought of the present generation—viz: *that the people are the primary source of all sovereignty, and have the undoubted right to elect their own governmental forms, their rulers, and executive officers.*

From time immemorial Freemasonry has shadowed forth, with more or less distinctness, the ideas of equality, liberty, and unity. The Lodge is itself a model government—a government of law. The brethren, whatever distinctions divide them in the world without, are equal. The officers are elected by universal suffrage, and exercise their prerogatives for the general good of the Craft. Hence we find that Masons in all ages, and especially for the last two or three centuries, have been inspired with the loftiest ideas of social progress.

This spirit inspired the ancient order of Templars. They dared to dream of the union of all the European states under a government of law which would respect the individuality of man, especially the sacred rights of conscience. On this account Pope CLEMENT V. and PHILIP the Fair of France conspired against them, and compassed their downfall. But this was all that des-

potism could do. It could destroy the bodies of those illustrious knights, but could not annihilate their ideas. These were immortal. With renewed power and splendor they came forth from the tombs of the murdered Templars, and to-day are bursting on the astonished gaze of the awakened nationalities of Europe in a blaze of glory.

Our own country presents an illustrious demonstration of our proposition. Its advancement in material wealth and power is the wonder of the world. But the moral and intellectual progress of our nation is not less marvelous than its material advancement. Mind, free and independent, has met with mind, and the electric sparks of truth have illuminated and inflamed the whole world.

Living streams, whose currents can never cease to flow, water and fertilize the trees of Knowledge and Virtue, which rise in majestic beauty among us, spreading their branches, fair and green, through the heavens. A wondrous life-tide is sweeping through the nation's heart, which will, in its irresistible progress, affect the whole circle of human sympathies, activities, and ideas. The whole world is moving. Truth is more and more unveiled. LIGHT, which for long ages has only cast its rays on the highest mountain-peaks, or quivered faintly along the eastern horizon, descends to-day to the lowest vales, devours the darkness of centuries, and baptizes the west in a golden splendor. Life glows with truth as the heavens burn with stars. Every American heart thrills with mighty agitations, and burns with grand thoughts, and throbs with mysterious expectations. All the aspects of American society indicate a movement upward, the near approach of a new epoch, when truth, duty, and virtue, and the true relations between man and man, will be more clearly comprehended, and when

society on earth will become more nearly what it is designed to be—viz: a reflex of the society of the heavenly worlds.

When we consider the origin of our government\*—the remarkable events which gave us an existence as a nation—the extraordinary progress, material, moral, and intellectual, which has elevated us to the highest rank among the peoples of the earth—and when we take note of that immense vitality which constantly agitates the heart of the nation, the burning ideas which kindle the soul with enthusiasm, the sublime ambition which dreams of universal freedom—we can not but feel that we are called to be the vanguard of Humanity, leading it forward and upward in its grand march into the perfections of the mysterious Future.

And it is to the Masonic ideal we are indebted for all this. Working in our governmental forms, inspiring our institutions, and seeking to realize itself in all the relations of life, it becomes, at the same time, a perpetual source of social progress, and a sure conservator of national liberty.

All hail, then, to the Masonic Institution! which, in the beginning, laid the foundations of society, cherished and disseminated the elements of civilization, discovered the ideas of civil liberty, and promises to spread them over the world.

---

IN our concern for the misfortunes of our enemies, there is often more pride than goodness of heart. By showing our compassion, we make them feel our superiority.

\* All but *three* of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were Freemasons.

## LETTER FROM GEORGE WASHINGTON.

THE following epistle was written in answer to an address from the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, on receiving their Book of Constitutions, which was dedicated to him. Its date is Dec. 27, 1792, seven years before he died :

*“ To the G. L. of F. and A. M. of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts:*

Flattering as it may be to the human mind, and truly honorable as it is to receive from our fellow-citizens testimonials of approbation for exertions to promote the public welfare, it is not less pleasing to know that the milder virtues of the heart are highly respected by a society whose liberal principles are founded in the immutable laws of truth and justice.

To enlarge the sphere of social happiness is worthy of the benevolent design of the Masonic institution ; and it is most fervently to be wished that the conduct of every member of the Fraternity, as well as those publications that discover the principles which actuate them, may tend to convince mankind that the grand object of Masonry is to promote the happiness of the human race.

While I beg your acceptance of my thanks for the Book of Constitutions which you have sent me, and for the honor you have done me in the dedication, permit me to assure you that I feel all those emotions of gratitude which your affectionate address and cordial wishes are calculated to inspire ; and I sincerely pray that the Great Architect of the Universe may bless you here and receive you hereafter into his immortal Temple.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.”



## THE MASONIC BURIAL.

BY B. B. FRENCH.

**W**ITHIN his earthly resting place  
His manly form is laid,  
And o'er his sleeping ashes have  
The mystic words been said ;  
And while we drop the Evergreen  
Down through the opened sod—  
That emblem of immortal life—  
Our hopes go up to God.  
And from the Master's lips there fall  
These words of holy love :  
"Brother, we only part on earth,  
To meet again above."

Now the living chain of union  
Is formed, and every one  
Bows humbly, while the solemn words—  
"Thy will, oh God I be done"—  
Are uttered, and the glistening eye  
And swelling heart attest,



That a Brother and a Friend has gone  
To his immortal rest ;  
And from the Master's lips there fall  
These words of holy love :  
"Brother, we only part on earth,  
To meet again above."

In that circle of united hands  
Is there no broken place ?  
Alas ! one single link is out—  
One dear familiar face  
Will never more on earth be seen ;  
His hands will ne'er again,  
Responsive to a brother's love,  
Be clasped in that bright chain.  
He sleeps in death, while rise these words  
Of high and hopeful love :  
"Brother, we only part on earth,  
To meet again above."

The solemn rites are o'er ; the grave  
Heaped to a grassy mound,  
And we leave our Brother sleeping  
In the cold and quiet ground.  
On earth again we ne'er shall see  
The form we lov'd so well ;  
But his immortal soul shall hence  
With God forever dwell :  
And while we grieve, the seraph, Hark,  
Whispers, in words of love,  
"True Brothers only part on earth,  
To meet again above."



## W H Y ?

BY JOHN W. SIMONS.

“And about the eleventh hour he went out and found others standing idle, and saith unto them. Why stand ye here all the day idle?”

“They say unto him, Because no man hath hired us.....”—  
*Parable.*

THE object of the parable of the laborers and the lord of the vineyard, as set forth in the sacred writings, is to show that God is debtor to no man. That the exercise of his omnipotent will, giving to some and taking from others, cannot be questioned by the creature whose very nature makes him prone to do evil, and that continually, and limits his vision within the narrowest bounds. But as we may not lawfully undertake the discussion of spiritual matters, we propose to draw from the sacred text a less weighty but still important admonition.

The institution of Freemasonry is frequently and aptly likened to a vineyard extending between East and West and between North and South, ever in need of culture, and always in want of laborers. Ever seeking to dispel the clouds of ignorance, vice and superstition,

to break down the artificial barriers of rank and caste, to unite good men of every country, sect and opinion, in the great work which looks to the ultimate enfranchisement of our race from the bondage of evil, and of preparation for that day when, the work being ended, the sixth hour of the sixth day shall find us prepared to receive the wages set apart from before the foundation of the world. This task, which really began when man first knew the difference between good and evil; this struggle which has been going on from the beginning of time to the present moment, and which will go forward until, in God's own time, the mission is completed, and a temple more glorious than all that earth ever saw of temporal architecture shall be builded, embraces within its call the entire human family, but especially is it the work of the Masonic Fraternity, and that is, indeed, a narrow view of its duties and its aims, which, in the common routine, loses sight of this great labor of humanity.

It is therefore incumbent on the brethren already within the courts of the temple to understand the nature of their profession as Masons, to know that the arcana of the Lodge-room, the inculcations of the ceremonies, the language of the rituals, the mysteries of the symbols, are but the notes out of which is to be constructed that grand diapason of harmony, that world wide choral, swelling from the uttermost ends of the earth and carrying its sublime echoes to the very feet of the Eternal, which shall announce that day when man shall stand before the Orient and all the mysteries of his travail be unveiled before him; to know that in entering the Fraternity they have taken upon themselves a covenant faithfully to do the "Lord's work, whether task or journey" that they are to prove themselves

“sons of light,” soldiers in the great army ever battling against vice and its belongings, sentinels always on duty and vigilantly guarding the sacred trust confided to them. To know that if they bury their talent in the ground where no man can find it they will fail in the duty they have undertaken and come short of the wages due to the careful steward. And these things every brother is to do for himself, according to his own ability and his own opportunities, not waiting for any man to hire him, nor for conscience to ask him, “Why stand ye here all the day idle?”

If, however, we look through the Lodges in our vineyard, we shall find many idlers. We shall discover some who have sought initiation through unworthy or mercenary motives, for the gratification of an idle curiosity, for mere companionship, or because they want to know as much as their neighbors. We shall find many who fully believe that when they attend Lodge once in a while, and pay dues with average promptitude, Masonry has nothing more to demand from them: many who, having received the light of initiation and the increased wages of a Master, fold their hands, put aside their obligations, and drone away their lives in the ranks of non-affiliation, ready enough to claim the honors of Masonry, but unwilling to make good their promises by performing their share of the labor. We shall find some who profane the temple and stultify their professions by greater or less indulgence in those vices which Masonry specially eschews, and of which she constantly reminds them by displaying the Compass, and repeating its lesson. We shall find many ready enough to discuss Lodge matters in season and out of season, in the temple and anywhere else they may happen to be, but slow to make manifest in their lives

and acts the influence of our teachings, and the fact that in them Masonry has found true exemplars. We shall find lukewarmness, indifference and apathy side by side with zeal, intelligence and good example, and each pursuing his own vocation without a word of admonition to his brother or an attempt to lead him in the better paths.

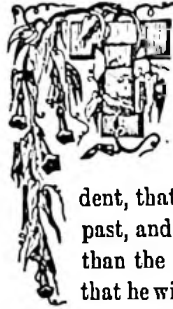
All these are as laborers in the market place, and of each of them it might be asked "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" If, making answer, they should say, "because no man hath hired us," we would tell them that the excuse is not valid; because, having voluntarily engaged in the cause of Masonry, having of their own free will and accord taken upon themselves its vows, they are regularly enrolled and bound to the performance of its duties. For them to stand idle is doubly criminal, since they do it with a guilty knowledge of what they have promised to perform, a promise they are continually neglecting.

Out of this proneness to stand idle, waiting to be called, grow many of the difficulties with which the Institution has to contend. To it is in a great measure due the sad fact that with all our numbers, all our wealth, all our Lodges, and all our influence, we have not yet succeeded in making manifest a tangible practical exemplification of our doctrines, nor placed before the world the evidence that we have not striven in vain and wasted our strength for naught. To it is due the fact that so many Masons and so many Lodges see the whole good of Masonry in the process of conferring the several degrees; that they forget apparently that Masonry has a higher and nobler aim than simply to increase its membership, and that those who ignore those loftier ideals idle away their Masonic lives to no

purpose greater than the amusement of a passing hour. And yet we have in our ranks thousands and tens of thousands fitted by natural gifts and by education to make apparent the true glory of our profession ; men who, by the pen and by that exterior sign of man's supremacy, the gift of speech, might move the world, but who unaccountably stand idle in the market place, waiting for some one to hire them. These men are scattered through our Lodges, but we rarely find a Lodge which they have persuaded to move out of the ordinary pace. They are in our Grand Lodges; but how rarely we find them asserting their individuality and, by sheer force of intellect, impressing themselves on the acts of the body and lifting it out of the dull common places of routine. They are in every station of life and every grade of society, but they do not often take their Masonry with them, and, by its exemplification, show those with whom they come in contact how vital and energetic are its principles. That we ought, one and all, each according to his strength and ability, to exercise the faculties given us, needs no argument to establish; that we should, by our personal example, educate our neophytes to a like course is clear, but it is also clear that we do not do it, and the question recurs, Why? The answer each of us must seek in his own conscience and sense of duty, and he who thus carefully scrutinizes will not be long in finding some path of usefulness, by following which he will find constant employment in the great work committed to our hands. A work never ending—a vineyard always bearing fruit and ever needing laborers—a mission appealing to all who would do good, and admitting no palliation for the heedless and the idle.

## RESOLVED.

BY JOHN W. SIMONS.



HIS is emphatically the season of good resolutions: the business man resolves to curtail his expenditures, to give closer attention to his business, to buy less and sell more than during the past year; the student, that he will delve deeper into the mysteries of the past, and bring to light more of the hidden arcana than the world has yet dreamed of; the religious man, that he will be of more fervent faith, and devote himself with greater assiduity to the cause he has espoused; all men, indeed, feel now in the presence of the budding year that they will strive to make it a more important era in their lives than any of its predecessors. While, therefore, we are in the mood, let us see what we can do in aid of the great cause of human amelioration, which is, in other words, the cause of the Masonic Fraternity. We enter the portals of the new year, surrounded by all the elements of prosperity and greatness. The scathing passions of the outer world enter not within our gates; and though, as citizens, we may be swayed by religious doctrines or political affinities, as Masons, we know of nothing to ruffle the surface of the placid waters on which we are sailing; but can we be equally certain that this happy state will always continue? Who shall certify that some ill-advised act may not change the current of our affairs, and cloud over our fair sky with adversity? Prosperity and public favor, like riches, are liable to take unto themselves wings, and fly away, leaving those who have, like the grass-hopper in the fable, sang all the summer through, the cheerless alternative suggested by the ant. May we not, then, pause a

moment, and reflect as to whether we are erecting our moral temple in such accordance with the plans of the fathers, that there is no danger of its failure from the lack of careful and secure foundations? Our institution, in this country, has already passed through a storm, in which the elements of opposition combined their utmost strength to compass its destruction. As in all previous struggles, it came out victorious—its principles, firm as the everlasting hills, unscathed and unchanged. But shall we delude ourselves with the idea that our trials are all past, and that henceforward we are to go on conquering and to conquer?—that, do what we will, our skies are henceforth to be unclouded, and our progress unimpeded as the rush of mighty waters? We trust not; and hence we raise our voice, not to point out any immediate danger—not to play the part of the spectre at a feast, and cast a shadow over present rejoicing—but to invite our brethren, wherever dispersed, to a more careful scrutiny of all their masonic acts, and a wise forecast of the future. No man of ordinary prudence conducts his affairs with a simple regard to the necessities of the day; and less than all others should Masons lose sight of the important trust confided to them, with the knowledge that, as it shall be well or ill administered, just so will those who are to succeed us revere or condemn our memories. “If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves;” and if we assert that we have thus far carefully fulfilled all the requirements of our institution, we are under the influence of a fatal delusion. We have not always exercised that careful discrimination in the admission of the profane, which is incumbent on us; for there are many, greatly too many, in our ranks, whose eyes should never have been allowed to behold the sanctuary; we have, in too many instances, failed in the exercise of that moral courage required to approach the ballot-box with a firm resolution to put a veto on every applicant whose life had not been squared by the square



of virtue. We have, in too many instances, neglected to teach our neophytes that our ceremonies and symbols are but the keys to greater and more recondite mysteries, admitting them to the Temple, but failing to direct their gaze from its outward splendors to the living waters within. We have failed so to walk in our intercourse with the world, that each should be an example in himself of the reality of our profession, and its claim to the admiration and support of all who would assist in advancing the day when all men can obey the command, "Be ye perfect." Inasmuch, therefore, as we have all failed in some portion of the task set apart to us, we all need to amend the error of our ways. Be it then resolved, brethren all, to commence this year of grace by a more determined effort to be worthy of the high calling of our fraternity, based on morality and cemented by truth. We cannot close our eyes on the errors and omissions of the past, nor refuse to recognize those daily occurrences that, step by step, are shaping the future; to do so, indeed, would be to relapse from the living action of the present to the listless apathy of fatalism. Masonry is intended to make good men better, to awaken the dormant energies of the apathetic, to arouse in the breast of its votary that divine spark—that inward symbol of the Deity—which is implanted in man, as a monitor against evil and an incentive to good. In the discharge of our duties to the Craft, we are to be moved by more than the routine of lodge attendance or the interest of our immediate friends. Not satisfied with being mere plodders, we should rather regard ourselves as part of a mystic army, doing battle against the follies and prejudices of the world.

Then let us all feel that, in entering the Temple of Masonry, we have assumed a vocation for good, which requires our constant labor, and be resolved to continue faithful unto death, that we may inherit a crown of life

## DARKNESS

Is a negative expression, since it is simply the absence of Light. In the ancient mythical symbolism, Darkness was worshiped under the name of "Nox," as "the mother of all things," who was said to have been united to her brother "Erebus," and afterward to have given birth to the Day and the Light. The Night, as the symbol of Darkness, is styled by Milton,

"Sable-vested Night, eldest of things."

The primal condition of the material universe, as we learn from "The Book of the Law," was one of darkness; "Darkness was upon the face of the deep." God spake, "and there was Light," and the earth and the worlds were robed in glory.

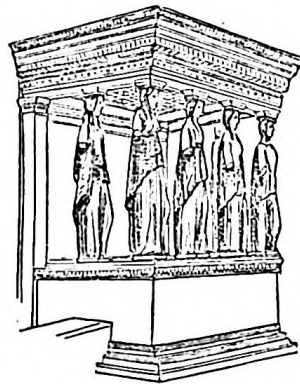
In the sublime and expressive symbolism of Freemasonry, Darkness has a meaning well understood by all, and never to be forgotten by any who have trod the tessellated floor of the Lodge. The outer world is figuratively supposed to be in darkness, while within the tiled recesses of the Lodge there is light; and the mind is taught to conceive, before the eye is permitted to behold, the symmetry and the beauty of our mystic Temple, as it stands revealed in the light by which Masons work. As of old in mythic story, Nox and Erebus gave birth to the Light, so with us out of darkness and fear, springs the light of moral truth.

The Craftsman's history, from the moment he crosses our threshold, is a record of progress out of darkness to the sunlight, and upward through the sunlight to the sun. Beginning in night, as his life began in darkness, he advances, step by step, through dawn and day-break, until he beholds the sun at meridian, the beauty

of the day, and the glory of our inner world, because it is a chosen symbol of light, and light is the characteristic of "the Temple not made with hands," and of its divine builder, the Great Architect of the Universe," in whom is no darkness at all."

### CARYATIDES.

In architecture, a name given to female figures, when applied instead of columns to support a roof. The traditional account of the origin of the name is, that the inhabitants of Caryæ, a city of Arcadia, having joined the Persians after the battle of Thermopylæ,



the Greeks, after their victory over the Persians, destroyed the town, slew the men, and carried the women into captivity. As male figures representing Persians were used for this purpose, it occurred to the Athenian artists that female Caryatæ, in their national costume, might be thus employed to commemorate the disgrace of their

country. Several eminent writers have treated this account as fabulous; but it seems to be confirmed by a bas-relief preserved at Naples, in which two female figures are represented in the attitude of Caryatæ, and which has a Greek inscription mentioning the conquest of Caryæ. Male figures used for the same purpose are called Atlantes.

## THE JUDGMENT HALL.



EVERYTHING which can tend "to point a moral," has, from time immemorial, been esteemed by the wise and elevated in thought of peculiar value, and by none more so than by Israel's King, Solomon. He, therefore, with that end in view, set apart an apartment in his beautiful and glorious Temple, from the decorations of which a great moral lesson might be drawn by those permitted to enter it, and that was, that they should be careful how they allowed themselves to be led away by excess of passion, even in a good cause, and by losing control of their tempers, be compelled to make atonement for their wrong-doing in tears of sorrow and repentance.

In that same apartment was also taught the important lesson, that all who violate divine or human laws would receive merited punishment, and it was to further that impressive lesson that it was made a Hall of Judgment.

A representation of this Judgment Hall, which accompanies this, will give a most perfect idea of it. In the East, Solomon may be seen enthroned in the judgment seat. The hangings are black, studded with silver stars, suspended from four columns on each side of the Hall, with curtains of the same material at the East, which are only opened when the throne is occupied. Near the centre of the Hall is the Altar, on which are displayed the volume of the Holy Law and the implements of justice. The altar is surrounded by eight lights in the form of an octagon, while a ninth light is placed midway between the Altar and the East.

## AFRICAN ARCHITECTS.

In the year 1767, one BAUCHERREN instituted in Prussia, with the concurrence of FREDERICK II., a society, which he called "the Order of African Architects." The object of the institution was historical research, but it contained a ritual which partook of Masonry, Christianity, Alchemy, and Chivalry. It was divided into two temples, and was composed of eleven degrees.

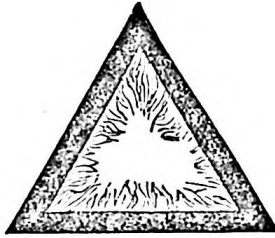
In the first temple were the degrees of—1, Apprentice; 2, Fellow Craft; and 3, Master.

In the second temple were the degrees of—4, Apprentice of Egyptian Secrets; 5, Initiate in the Egyptian Secrets; 6, Cosmopolitan Brother; 7, Christian Philosopher; 8, Master of Egyptian Secrets; 9, Esquire; 10, Soldier; 11, Knight.

The society constructed a vast building, intended as a Grand Chapter of the order, and which contained an excellent library, a museum of natural history, and a chemical laboratory.

RAGON, who seldom speaks well of any other rite than his own, has, however, in his "*Orthodoxie Maçonnique*," paid the following tribute to the African Architects:

"The intercourse was modest and dignified. They did not esteem decorations, aprons, collars, jewels, &c., but were rather fond of luxury, and delighted in sententious apothegms, whose meaning was sublime, but concealed. In their assemblies, they read essays, and results of their researches. At their simple and decorous banquets, instructive and scientific discourses were delivered. While their initiations were gratuitous, they gave liberal assistance to such zealous brethren as were in needy circumstances. They published in Germany many important documents on the subject of Freemasonry."



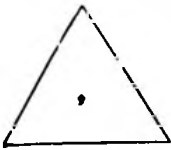
## THE TRIANGLE AS A SYMBOL

BY ALBERT G. MACKEY, M. D.



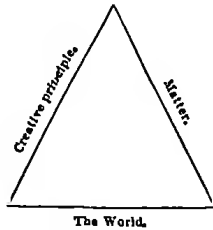
HERE is no symbol more important in its significance, more various in its application, or more generally diffused throughout the whole system of Freemasonry, than the triangle. An examination of it, therefore, cannot fail to be interesting to the masonic student.

The *equilateral triangle* appears to have been adopted by nearly all the nations of antiquity as a symbol of the Deity, in some of His forms or emanations, and hence, probably, the prevailing influence of this symbol was carried into the Jewish system, where the jod within the triangle was made to represent the tetragrammaton, or sacred name of God.



Among the Egyptians, the darkness through which the candidate for initiation was made to pass, was symbolized by the trowel, an important masonic implement, which in their system of hieroglyphics has the form of a triangle. The equilateral triangle they considered as the most perfect of figures, and a representative of the great principle of

animated existence, each of its sides referring to one of the three departments of creation—the animal, vegetable, and mineral.



PYTHAGORAS represented the creation of the world by the equilateral triangle. One of its sides he supposed to be the symbol of the creative principle, the Grand Architect of the Universe; the second, of matter, unformed and void; and the third, of the world,

resulting from the action of the creative principle on matter.

The first of these he represented by the monad, or unity, the second by the duad or two, and as the union of one and two make three, or the triad, he adopted the triangle as a geometrical symbol to show that the union of the creative principle and matter produced the world. Hence, in his system of geometry, he taught that as every superficial figure might be reduced to the triangle as its elementary form, the triangle was therefore the principle of generation and formation.

Another important modification of this system in the Pythagorean system was the *tetractys*, on which the oath was pronounced to the candidate in the ceremony of initiation. The *tetractys* was formed by ten jods or points arrayed in the subjoined triangular form.

This figure was in itself, as a whole, emblematic of the tetragrammation, or sacred name of four letters, (for *tetractys* in Greek means *four*,) and was undoubtedly learned by PYTHAGORAS during his visit to Babylon. But the parts of which it is composed were also pregnant symbols. Thus the one point was a symbol of the active principle or creator; the two points, of the passive principle or matter; the three, of

the world proceeding from their union; and the four, of the liberal arts and sciences, which may be said to complete and perfect that world.

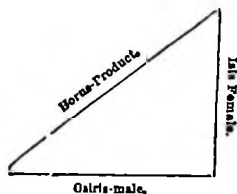
The outlines of these points form it will be perceived a triangle, and if we draw short lines from point to point, we will have within this great triangle nine smaller ones. Dr. HEMMING, in his revision of the English lectures, adopted in 1813, thus explains this symbol:

“The great triangle is generally denominated Pythagorean, because it served as a principal illustration of that philosopher’s system. This emblem powerfully elucidates the mystical relation between the numerical and geometrical symbols. It is composed of ten points, so arranged as to form one great equilateral triangle, and at the same time to divide it into nine similar triangles, of smaller dimensions. The first of these, representing unity, is called a *monad*, and answers to what is denominated a point in geometry, each being the principle by the multiplication of which all combinations of form and number are respectively generated. The next two points are denominated a *duad*, representing the number two, and answers to the geometrical line which, consisting of length without breadth, is bounded by two extreme points. The three following points are called the *triad*, representing the number three, and may be considered as having an indissoluble relation to all superficies, which consist of length and breadth, when contemplated as abstracted from thickness.”

Dr. HEMMING does not appear to have improved on the Pythagorean symbolization.

The equilateral triangle is to be found scattered throughout the masonic system. It forms in the Royal Arch the figure within which the jewels of the officers are suspended. It is in the ineffable degrees the sacred delta, every where presenting itself as the symbol of the Grand Architect of the Universe. In Ancient Craft Masonry it is constantly exhibited as the element of important ceremonies. The seats of the principal officers are arrayed in a triangular form; the three lesser lights have the same situation; and the square and compass form, by their union on the greater light, two triangles meeting at their bases. In short, the equilateral triangle may be considered as one of the most constant forms of masonic symbolism.





The *right-angled triangle* is an other form of this figure which is deserving of attention. Among the Egyptians it was the symbol of universal nature, the base representing Osiris, or the male principle; the perpendicular, Isis, or the female principle; and the hypotenuse, Horus, their son, or the product of the male and female principle.

This symbol was received by PYTHAGORAS from the Egyptians during his long sojourn in that country, and with it he also learned, as we have endeavored to prove in our "Lexicon of Freemasonry," the peculiar property it possessed, namely, that the sum of the squares of the two shorter sides is equal to the square of the longest side—symbolically expressed by the formula, that the product of Osiris and Isis is Horus. This figure has been adopted in the third degree of Masonry, and will be there recognized as the forty-seventh problem of Euclid.

The *double triangle* is the next figure that will attract our attention in this investigation.



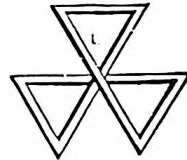
This form of the triangle is a Christian as well as a masonic symbol, or more properly we may say that it is a symbol of Christian Masonry. In the Church it was early used, as it still is, as an emblem or hieroglyphic of the two-fold nature of Christ, the divine and human. The triangle with the point above, represented Christ's divinity, and that with the point below, his humanity. The two triangles were also said to typify the two elements of fire and water, of prayer and remission, of petition and blessing, of creation and redemption, of life and death, of resurrection and judgment. ROSENBERG says that in the higher degrees of Masonry, the two triangles refer to the two temples. The double triangle is, however, to be found among

the symbols of every country and of all religions. Among the Eastern nations, a rose within a double triangle surrounded by a circle, constituted the peculiar symbol called Solomon's Seal. This is the seal so frequently spoken of by the Talmudists, as used by our Grand Master for the purpose of controlling evil genii, and with which the Mohammedans say that he compelled these spirits to assist him in building the temple. The complaint of the imprisoned genius to the fisherman in the Arabian Nights Entertainments will be recollected. "Solomon the son of David commanded me to swear fealty, and submit myself to him, which I refused. To punish me, he shut me up in this copper vessel, and to make sure of me, that I should not break prison, he himself stamped upon this leaden cover his seal, with the great name of God engraven upon it." The seal thus alluded to, and to which a similar allusion is to be continually met with in oriental writings, was this double or interlaced triangle.

The same figure, with the word אגלא, or *Aglā*, written in each of its points and in its center, was called "the shield of David." The word "Aglā" is formed out of the initials of the four words of the Hebrew sentence, "*Atah gibor lolam adonai*,"—signifying "thou art mighty forever, O Lord." Thus composed, the word was considered by the cabalistic Jews as one of the most sacred names of God, and the figure of the double triangle thus prepared was used by them as a talisman, endowed with the most wonderful properties.

In the Royal Arch degree the double triangle is a symbol of Deity.

The *triple triangle* constitutes another variety of the geometrical figure under discussion. It is arranged in the annexed form.



It will be familiar to the Knight Templar as the form of jewel worn by the Prelate of his order. Like every modification of the triangle, it is a symbol of the Deity, but as the

degree of Knight Templar appertains exclusively to Christian Masonry, the triple triangle there alludes to the mystery of the Trinity. In the Scotch Rite degree of Knight of the East, the symbol is also said to refer to the triple essence of Deity, but the symbolism is made still more mystical by supposing that it represents the sacred number 81, each side of the three triangles being equivalent to 9, which again is the square of three, the most sacred number in Freemasonry. In the twentieth degree of the Scotch Rite, or that of "Grand Master of all Symbolic Lodges," it is said that the number 81 refers to the triple covenant of God, symbolized by a triple triangle, seen by SOLOMON when he consecrated the temple. Indeed, throughout the ineffable and the philosophic degrees, the allusions to the triple triangle are much more frequent than they are in Ancient Craft Masonry.



The last form of the triangle, of which we shall treat, is that which it assumes in the *endless triangle*, or *pentalfa* of PYTHAGORAS.

In the system of PYTHAGORAS, the pentalfa was the symbol of health, and each of its points was supposed to represent one of the five letters TPEIA, signifying "health" in the Greek language.

The early Christians used it as a symbol of the five wounds of Christ: for by placing the pentalfa on the representation of a human figure, it will be found that the two lowest points touch the feet; the two above, the hands; and the uppermost one, the breast or side. Hence, in some of the old and now obsolete lectures of Masonry, the pentalfa was referred to five points in the mission of the Saviour—namely, his birth, life, death, resurrection, and ascension.

In the present system of Masonry, the pentalfa refers to the five points of fellowship. The more familiar emblem of the five-pointed star, under which it is represented in our charts, is nothing more than the pentalfa with its outlines filled up. Hence it becomes peculiarly a symbol of the third degree.

## MASONIC CHARITY TO FEMALES.

BY BRO. W. F. SANFORD.

EARLY in the present century Mr. R——, a member of —— Lodge, N. C., married the daughter of a wealthy farmer of the same State, but contrary to the father's wishes. His only objection was that Mr. R—— was a Mason. Being poor, and receiving nothing from his father-in-law, he determined to emigrate to the West, where he might better his fortune. He knelt for the last time at the mystic altar, and exchanged the mournful accents, *fare thee well*, with all his brethren.

In due course of time he reached the Mississippi, and, after penetrating that fertile valley many miles beyond the habitation of civilized man, he reared his little hut, and made such improvements upon the virgin forest as enabled him to support his little family, now increased by a lovely and hopeful child. With a sagacity peculiar to men of superior intellect, Mr. R——, considering the fertility of the soil, and the inducements offered to immigration, thought he should see, in no distant future, the time when Temples would be erected for the performance of Masonic Rites, and brethren dwell in unity throughout the length and breadth of that happy country.

Those anticipations were not, however, to be realized in his time. While his bosom heaved with joy at the thought of the much good he would be able to do, and of the imperishable monuments of charity that might be erected under his supervision, and the easy circumstances in which he should place his family, he received a summons from the Grand Lodge above, where designs are laid in righteousness and the Great Architect presides.

His wife watched by the corpse for several days, vainly hoping that some traveler in the wilderness might find his way to her hut, and assist in depositing the body of her deceased husband in the earth. But no assistance came, and, finding it impossible to retain it any longer, she dug a shallow pit at the door of her cabin, and, by extraordinary exertions, succeeded in placing the body in it.

Her situation now was in every way deplorable. The Indians, from the first day of her husband's illness, had been pilfering her field, and had not left an ear of corn upon which she might subsist. Her horse had strayed away in the forest, and the idea of attempting to reach a white settlement on foot, presented so many difficulties that she was driven to the determination to perish by the grave of her devoted husband rather than attempt it.

She was sitting by the grave of her husband, resigned to her fate, and praying for the speedy dissolution of the thread that connects time with eternity, when a voice reached her ear. A stranger, who was going to a French settlement on the Mississippi river, had lost his path, and, after wandering about in the wilderness for many hours, came suddenly upon her, and craved instructions. The lady imparted all she knew in relation to the questions asked, and then began a history of her misfortunes, but the stranger stopped her by saying, "Madam, my sympathies are always with the unfortunate, and my purse is open—but now seconds are worth dollars, and a few hours delay might cause me to lose thousands. All depends upon my reaching the French settlement to-morrow night. "Farewell!"

As the stranger reined his horse around in the direction which the desponding lady had advised him, she

raised her hand from her side, gave it a motion that was familiar to him, and uttered a word that fell upon his ear with an eloquence too powerful to be resisted. He halted, and with surprise as well as inquisitiveness, looked at the widow, then at the cabin, and then again at the forest that encircled this hermitage of misfortune. He listened to the history of her marriage, and the nature of the circumstances which had driven her husband to the wilderness, till his heart melted to tears, and his purse opened to the alleviation of her distress. As was common with travelers in those days in the sparsely-settled portions of America, he had several days' rations, which he divided with the widow, and pursued his journey. She was subsequently cared for and conducted to a point from which she could take a public conveyance, and, in due time, arrived safely at her father's house.

The above occurrence was related to me by an old Mason, who was initiated into the Order in — Lodge, N. C., about the year 1810, and I can only vouch for its truthfulness by saying that he was a man of unquestioned veracity. This occurrence also gave rise to the following lines:

- “Stay, stranger, stay! for mercy's sake;  
 Hear a poor helpless widow's tale:  
 Does not my look your pity wake?  
 'Tis hunger makes me gaunt and pale.
- “Seest thou that mound?—forgive this tear—  
 There my dear husband sleeps in death;  
 His presence made life sweet and dear—  
 With him those joys and sweets have left.
- “Those woods that echoed back his song,  
 As once he toiled with strength and glee,  
 Are now with wolves and red-men thronged,  
 Presenting nought but woe to me!

“His was a life of mystic birth—  
The square, the plumb, and level, too—  
He prized them highly while on earth,  
And named them in his last adieu.”

“Hold, woman, hold!—I’ll calm thy brow—  
I comprehend thy wants—thy all—  
A brother’s hand I’ll lend thee now  
And hearken to a sister’s call!”

Low in the Mississippi’s vale,  
One bleeding heart was filled with joy,  
And zealous Craftsmen tell the tale—  
The widow’s rescue and her boy.

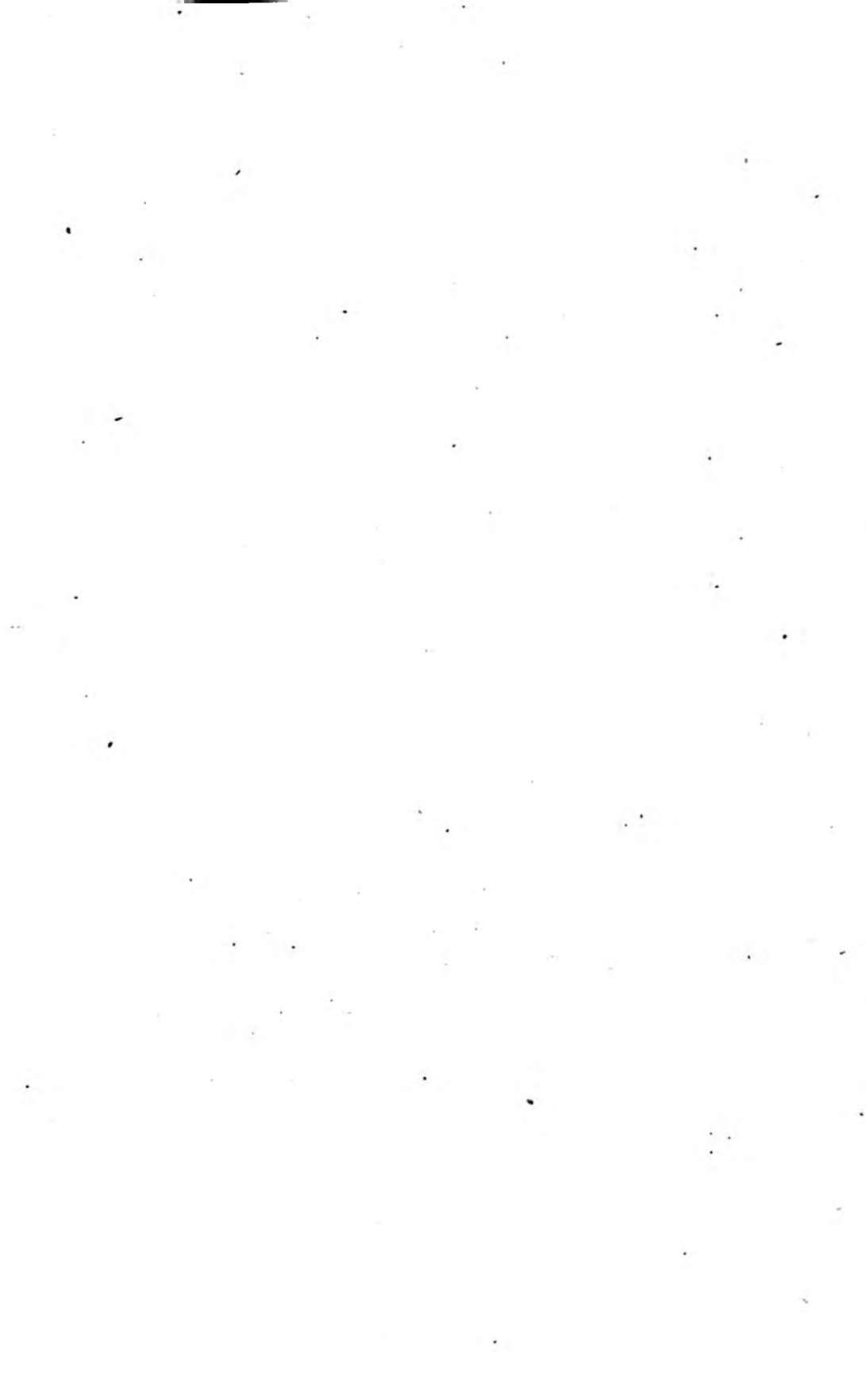
To her a needful sum he gave,  
And yet before he left her there,  
He knelt before a Mason’s grave,  
And offered up a Mason’s prayer!

Before one month had scarcely waned  
She reached Carolina’s happy shore,  
A father welcomed her again  
To those she’d known and loved before

---

#### PULLING OFF A SHOE.

The Jews attached a more extended signification to this old Masonic custom of “*pulling off a shoe*” than most of your readers understand. 1. Entering the Temple of the Lord, *they pulled off their shoes*, that no dust or pollution might profane the holy ground. 2. It was the closing or cement of a contract among Eastern nations—the party conveying the right or privilege, *pulled off his shoe*, and gave it to his fellow as a pledge of his fidelity. 3. Among the Jews it was a token of *renunciation*. Thus the kinsman of RUTH renounced his claim upon her in favor of BOAZ. He loosed his shoe from his foot, which showed RUTH was released from all engagements by which the laws of her country had bound her to her nearest of kin. J. W. L.







SEFULCHRAL CAVES IN THE CLIFFS OF WADY MOESA (IN MOUNT SEIR.)—FROM LABORDE.

## A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE FIRST TEMPLE.

BY THE LATE PHILIP C. TUCKER.



T is doubtless true, whatever credulity may effect upon minds predisposed to mystery, that, if there is any evidence of the existence of any such Freemasonry as we are acquainted with, previous to the days of SOLOMON, it is so very slight as scarcely to be appreciated as matter for reliable history.

JACOB'S ladder, the Tabernacle in the wilderness, the ford of the river Jordan, and some other things, are used in Masonry as *symbolic* only; they do not [as too many seem to take for granted] constitute links in the chain of *Masonic history*. The ladder would represent its Masonic meaning equally as well, had its place in time been centuries later, and its location have been the *Mount of Olives* instead of the *plain of Mesopotamia*. The Tabernacle would lose nothing of its mystic teachings, whether it was erected by the tribe of LEVI, in the wilderness, or upon *Mount Zion*, in the days of the Temple; and the sheaf of corn would still bear the full force of its expressive meaning, whether suspended at the ford of the Jordan in the days of the *Judges*, or at the crossing-place of the Euphrates in the days of *Alexander of Macedon*.

The *organization*, certainly, and—in the present state of our information—the *origination* of the Freemasonry which we possess, occurred in connection with the building of the Temple of SOLOMON. We propose to say a few words about the erection of that temple, desultory, perhaps, in themselves, and yet probably not unworthy of our remembrance.

It is a very prevalent idea that all the workmen engaged in the building of the Temple of SOLOMON, were Jews. *This*

is an error. The Temple was not built *exclusively* by Jewish hands. Before the death of DAVID, the Jewish kingdom had been largely extended. At the time of his death, "he left a compact and united State, stretching from the frontier of Egypt to the foot of Lebanon, and from the Euphrates to the sea. He had crushed the power of the Philistines, subdued or curbed all the adjacent kingdoms, and formed a lasting and important alliance with the great city of Tyre." The thirty thousand men who cut the timber for the Temple, the seventy thousand who were bearers of burdens, the eighty thousand who hewed the stone, and were employed in the quarries, were not *Israelites*, but STRANGERS—although they were of Canaanitish descent, and were men who had been permitted to inhabit the Jewish territory. Between them and the pure Jews SOLOMON made no distinction, either in the preparation for the building, or while the work was proceeding, or at the laying of the cap-stone, and the dedication of the structure.

Many strong facts arrest the attention as we turn our thoughts to the erection of the first edifice raised upon earth for the worship of "the one only living and true God." Our ancient brethren were, at that time, in great prosperity, and maintained a long and perfect union for the accomplishment of the work. Tyre was then the port of Palestine, and Palestine the granary of Tyre. The Phœnician league embraced Tyre, Sidon, and Aradus, and probably Tripolis, Byblus Barytus. For long years the great purposes of those wealthy countries were combined and concentrated to forward the magnificent work then going on at Jerusalem. Upon *Mount Moriah* all was quietness and peace. For seven long years, as the walls of the Temple gradually arose, no "sound of ax, hammer, or any tool of iron," disturbed the quiet and repose of the scene; nor, for that long period of time, [however

singular it may seem,] did a single storm disturb the labors of the workmen.

At length those labors are ended. The Temple is finished. The capstone is placed to bind the last arch, and the preparations for celebrating that event, and dedicating the structure to the God of the Universe, are made. The time fixed is the month of *Tisri*, or September; seven months' notice are given to the nation, for the assemblage of the Hebrews at Jerusalem, "to see the Temple which had been built, and to remove the ark of God into it." It is the Feast of Tabernacles. The "elders of Israel," the "heads of the tribes," the "chief of the fathers of the children of Israel," are there in response to the call of Israel's king. The humble hill of *Moriah*, the spot where ABRAHAM raised the sacrificial altar which tested his faith in the God of Israel, the threshing-floor of OMRI, the Jebusite, is before them, and on it stands the sacred edifice which *one* nation, of all the broad earth, has raised to HIM whose existence is written upon its whole surface, "in the painted pebble and the painted flower; in the volcano and in the cornfield; in the wild winter storm and in the soft summer moonlight."

The masses of the nation, also, are there; the brave and pious men, and the fair and devoted women of Israel. SOLOMON assembles them all upon *Mount Zion*, the city of his father DAVID. The sun shines in his glory, and no cloud is to be seen in the broad sky. The Levites take up the ark of the covenant, the tabernacle of the congregation, and the holy vessels of the tabernacle. SOLOMON and the congregation stand before the ark, and innumerable sacrifices are offered up to God. All are now ready to move from Zion to *Moriah*. The king himself, and all the people and Levites, went before, rendering the ground moist with sacrifices and drink offerings, and the blood of a great number of oblations,

and burning an immense quantity of incense; and this, till the very air itself, everywhere round about, was so full of those odors, that it met, in a most agreeable manner, persons at a great distance, and was an indication of God's presence; and, *as men's opinions were*, of his habitation with them in this newly-built and consecrated place; for they did not grow weary, either of singing hymns or dancing, until they came to the Temple." These are the *literal* words of the Jewish historian.

Zion is left behind them. Zion, long celebrated for the magnificence of her edifices, for DAVID's palace and the tombs of the kings, is, for the time, forgotten. Soaring over the humbler Moriah, she is, for the moment, as if she were not. Zion attracts no worshipers now; the impulses of the Hebrew heart are not there; it is not there that the heart bursts forth, or that the knee is bent. It is separated from its choicest and holiest treasures. The ark of the covenant and the tabernacle are no longer there. They have *descended* to a more magnificent and more sacred resting-place.

At the Temple the ark of the covenant is placed under the extended wings of the Cherubim. Then, the singers of Asaph, of Heman, of Jedathan, with their sons and brethren, arrayed in white linen and bearing their cymbals, their psalteries, and harps, stand at the east end of the altar; and with them, also, one hundred and twenty priests with trumpets. They burst forth at the same instant, and but one harmony is heard. Voices mingle among the music of the trumpets, and the cymbals and other instruments, and a whole nation is heard, in one grand unison, exclaiming, "O praise the Lord! for he is good, for his mercy endureth forever." No such worship had existed from the Creation till then no such has been heard since; and none such is likely to be heard on earth hereafter. And then, says the

Bible, "the house was filled with a cloud; so that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud; for the glory of the LORD had filled the house of God."

And "now," says JOSEPHUS, in describing the same scene, "as soon as the priests had put all things in order about the ark, and were gone out, there came down a thick cloud, and stood there, and spread itself, after a gentle manner, into the temple; such a cloud it was as was diffused and temperate; not such a rough one as we see full of rain in the winter season. This cloud so darkened the place that one priest could not discover another; but it afforded to the minds of all a visible image and glorious appearance of God's having descended into this Temple, and of his having gladly pitched his tabernacle therein."

In a state of things like this, SOLOMON, King of Israel, stood before the altar, upon a brazen scaffold, three cubits high, in the midst of the court of the Temple; knelt upon his knees before the whole congregation of Israel, extended his hands toward Heaven, and exclaimed, "O LORD GOD of Israel! there is no God like thee in heaven nor in earth. Will God, in very deed, dwell with men on earth? Behold, Heaven and the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain Thee; how much less this house which I have built." And, among other petitions to God, most glorious and sublime, he prays: "Moreover, concerning the *stranger* which is *not* of thy people Israel, but is come from a far country for thy great name's sake, and thy mighty hand, and thy stretched-out arm; if *they* come and pray in the house, then hear thou from the Heavens, even from thy dwelling-place, and do according to all that the *stranger* calleth to thee for; *that all the people of the earth may know thy name*, and fear thee, as doth thy people Israel, and may know that this house, which I have built, is called by thy name."

When this magnificent prayer was ended, the Bible informs us, that "the fire came down from heaven, and consumed the burnt offering and the sacrifices," and that "the glory of the LORD filled the house," and that "when all the children of Israel saw how the fire came down, and the glory of the LORD upon the house, they bowed themselves, with their faces to the ground, upon the pavement, and worshiped and praised the LORD;" bearing out in their praises the glorious language of the singers—"For He is good, for His mercy endureth forever."

It is not needful to follow this character of our reminiscences further at this time. We have spoken only of those things which lay directly in our path, we have passed many others, some of them too sublime and high for this place, or for the intellectual mastery of any mere human being.

The first Temple—built by man and consecrated by God—must always stand out, in human history, as *speaking* to the *present* and *pointing* to the *future*. In the quarries where its stone was prepared; in Lebanon, whence came its cedars; in its sanctum, where its architect stood; in its secret chambers, where the King of Israel, the King of Tyre, and their noble assistant associated, we believe that our society had its organization, and, most probably, its birth. And what sensible Mason asks for a nobler parentage? The little hill of Moriah, insignificant indeed among the hills and mountains by comparison, is not only the spot of all this wide world where the most interesting facts of human history, in connection with the future, have occurred, but is *exclusively* the spot where a fair answer can be given to the question: "Does God indeed dwell on the earth?" for *there*, in the cloud, the fire, and the spoken voice, humility, faith, and truth, can appropriately respond to the question.

And what Mason on earth may not well feel not only satis-

fed, but proud, that he can trace his genealogy to the hill of Moriah? What Mason may not feel his heart full at remembering that upon this sacred hill Masonry was born?

The bird foot-prints and the rain-drop impressions in the solid rocks upon the shore of the Connecticut, and the animal footprints in the firm sandstone of Scotland, embody an unspoken and unwritten history of long past ages. They speak to us of existing life and of storms, before that portion of the earth's surface, in which they appear, had hardened into rock, and the direction in which the rain-drop struck reaches even to revealing to us the quarter from which the wind then blew. Strong revelations these, indeed, where the dumb rocks of earth are our only teachers. So, the dove, which silently brought the olive-leaf to *ΝΟΑΗ*, imparted the knowledge of the existence of dry land, olive-trees, and a mild climate. The footprints and the rain-drops of Masonry are upon Mount Moriah; the east wind of Judea has borne the facts which they indicate to farthest West; the olive-leaves of Masonry have been borne on scions transplanted from the gardens and groves of Jerusalem; and the firm and solid earth basis on which the Masonic mystic temple reposes, is the traditions and the history of the land of *SOLOMON*.

“WATCHMAN—‘Does his beams alone  
Gild the *spot* that gave them birth?’  
BROTHER—‘Ages are its own—  
See, it bursts o'er *all* the earth.’”

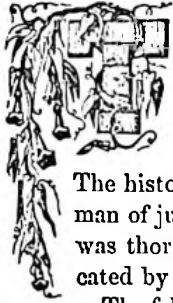
---

WIDOW'S SON.—One of the most illustrious personages in Masonic history is so called, because he is described in Scripture as having been “the son of a widow of the tribe of Naphthali.”



## DESAGULIERS.

BY THE LATOMIA SOCIETY OF ATLANTIC LODGE.



HAT the revival of Masonry in 1717, or rather, the new form which it then assumed as a *speculative* institution, was mainly owing to the efforts of Dr. DESAGULIERS, there seems to be no doubt. The history of his life demonstrates that he was a man of judgment, talents, and genius, and that he was thoroughly imbued with the principles inculcated by Freemasonry.

The following brief sketch of his biography from SAVERIEN'S *Histoire des Philosophes Modernes*, vol. vi., may not be uninteresting: "JOHN THEOPHILUS DESAGULIERS was the son of a French Protestant clergyman, and was born at Rochelle in 1683. After the Edict of Nantes, he with his father came to London in 1685, and the latter for a time kept a school at Islington. Young DESAGULIERS was afterward sent to Oxford to finish his education, and in course of time attained considerable notoriety as a mathematician and natural philosopher. In 1705 he gave a course of public lectures on experimental philosophy. He settled at Westminster in 1712, and continued his philosophical lectures there. In 1717 he was appointed chaplain to the Prince of Wales, and removed to London, where he carried on his lectures, and acquired great celebrity. Persons of all classes of society attended his lectures, and King GEORGE I. and the royal family often honored him with their presence. He was a member of several literary societies, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and corresponding member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris.

His fame by this time had spread throughout Europe. In 1723 he was commissioned by Parliament to devise a plan for heating and ventilating the House of Commons, which he effected in a very ingenious manner. In 1730, by invitation of the Dutch mathematicians, he visited the Hague, and there and at Rotterdam spent a year. He published a 'Course of Experimental Philosophy,' in two vols., besides several other works, among which is 'The Newtonian Philosophy, the Best Model of Government, an Allegorical Poem. London: in 4to.'" SAVERIEN also mentions, "that besides his other writings, a work on Freemasonry is ascribed to him." Allusion is here probably intended to the "Book of Constitutions," 1723, and to "An Eloquent Oration on Masons and Masonry," delivered by him on the 24th June, 1721, on the occasion of the installation of the Duke of Montagu as Grand Master.

There are some occurrences in the life of DESAGULIERS which merit particular attention, as having exercised a peculiar influence on the Masonry of his day. His love of mechanics, and the prominent part which that science plays in operative Masonry, no doubt induced him to become a member of the fraternity. He soon, however, found that the brethren could teach him nothing. On the other hand, the spirit of toleration which he found prevailing among the members of the fraternity, peculiarly grateful to one who had himself suffered from religious intolerance, inspired him with the idea of reconstructing the Society on a basis which should unite together in harmony those who were divided by religious and political schisms. In carrying out his plan, he was materially aided by the high position he occupied in society, and by the widespread acquaintance he enjoyed. As a French refugee, he was of course a zealous Protest-

ent, and this fact must have influenced him in making alterations in the ritual of Masonry, in which several changes were made subsequent to the revival of 1717, for the purpose of divesting it of some of the lingering remnants of Romanism. His favorite study was geometry, and it is not at all unlikely that, to him may be ascribed the introduction of the letter G into the Fellowcraft's degree, and which then may have actually signified Geometry. It is a remarkable fact, also, that the revival of Masonry in London dates from the precise year (1717) of DESAGULIERS' arrival thither. In 1721, DESAGULIERS and ANDERSON were appointed by the Grand Lodge to revise the ancient charges of the Fraternity. In 1740 a translation of the Book of Constitutions (1723) was published in Holland under the title of "*T' vrye Metzelaers Zahbockje of omstanding berigt van de vrye Metzelaers, opgesteld door W. Smith; een vrye Metzelaer, en G. T. Desaguliers, geteputeerde grootmeesters van dit Geselchap. Harlem, 1740.*" It is a little strange that ANDERSON's name is not mentioned. In the first of the ancient charges occurs the following sentence: "But though in ancient times Masons were charged in every country to be of the religion of that country or nation, whatever it was, 'tis now thought more expedient only to oblige them to *that religion in which all men agree.*" Do we not see in this passage the expression of the philosopher, of the thinking man, who, even as a child, had suffered on account of his religious opinions? So, also, in the sixth charge: "Therefore no private piques or quarrels must be brought within the door of the Lodge, far less any quarrels about *religion, or nations, or state policy, we being only as Masons of the Catholic religion above mentioned.*" If these principles had hitherto constituted the essence of Freemasonry,

why do we find no trace of them in the older charges? Why the reverse?

In 1719, DESAGULIERS was elected Grand Master; it is probable, therefore, that he must have been a Mason for some time, perhaps even while living at Oxford. PRESTON, in mentioning his election as Grand Master, says: "From this time we may date the rise of Freemasonry on its present plan in the south of England."

In 1723 he was Deputy Grand Master. In 1728, on his motion, the ancient office of Stewards was revived by the Grand Lodge. In 1731 he was deputed to the Hague for the purpose of initiating FRANCIS, Duke of Lorraine, afterward Emperor of Germany. In 1737, as Master of an occasional Lodge held for the purpose at the palace of Kew, he conferred the degrees upon FREDERIC, Prince of Wales. These two initiations are a proof of the high position he held in the Fraternity. On the 19th March, 1741, his name appears for the last time in the Book of Constitutions, and he died in 1743, in the sixtieth year of his age.



"MASONRY has a *soul* as well as a *body*. It is not a magnificent temple, beautiful in proportions, rich in architectural taste, lovely in its outward adornments, but empty, desolate, and dark within. If it is brilliant and comely without, its inner courts and sacred halls and private chambers are immeasurably<sup>1</sup> more so. If its outward splendors bespeak the habitation of a Divinity, I would invite you to go with me over its tessellated ground floor, through its middle chamber, and into its *sanctum sanctorum*, and there you will see the altar, and the fire, and the Divinity itself."

## THE EXILE AND THE RETURN.

Oh, weary hearts, so worn and desolate!  
Torn from their native land, from ruined homes,  
From desecrated shrines. Oh hapless fate!  
Better the solitude of JUDAH'S tombs  
Than all that JUDAH'S foemen can bestow.  
In the far land, where tuneless waters flow,  
Along the sad Euphrates, as they sigh,  
"Jerusalem!" "Jerusalem!" they cry,  
"When we forget thee, city of our love,  
May he forget whose city is above:  
And when we fail to speak thy matchless fame  
May he consign us to enduring shame."

Oh, joyful spirits, now so bright and free,  
Amidst the hallowed palm-trees of the West!  
No more the exile's want and misery,  
The tuneless waters and the homes unblest;  
Remember Sion now, her ruined shrine,  
And take each manly form, the work divine;  
Plant the foundation-stone; erect the spire  
That shall send back in light the Eastern fire;  
Set up the altar—let the victim bleed  
To expiate each impious word and deed;  
And tell the nations when to Sion come,  
"The Lord is God; he brought his people home!"



## LYING FALLOW.

BY JOHN W. SIMONS.

IN the economy of nature it is provided that even the most productive fields shall occasionally take a period of rest, or, in the language of farmers, "lie fallow," that in due time the plough may again furrow the surface, and the golden crop requite the labor and make glad the heart of the husbandman. The natural covetousness of the human heart would prevent obedience to this law of nature were it not that experience, the most persevering and, expensive of schoolmasters, but the most thorough-paced in the end, has demonstrated that profit is found in compliance. In other affairs of life the same rule prevails; the hardest student is obliged to unbend his mind occasionally; the business man forgets now and again the heart-searing pursuit of gain, and letting the shop lie fallow he mingles with his fellows and becomes something better than a mere machine for grinding out dollars. The editor—ah! there is no fallow spot in the year for the knights of the quill. Summer's heat, and winter's cold are alike to them, their task is never finished, their toil ever beginning, and when they have rolled one month's

stone up the hill, they must go to the bottom and begin again for the next. Theirs, however, is the exception which proves the rule. This law applies to Masonry, which is aptly likened to a vineyard, some parts of which must occasionally lie fallow that in the end they may yield more fruit. As a general thing we have been under too high a state of cultivation. We have applied the principles of heat and moisture in the shape of steam till we have forced an overgrowth which, although pleasant to behold, must in the end prove a source of weakness rather than of strength. We have pushed forward our vines rather to make branches and leaves than bunches of satisfying fruit. In summer time the prudent master of a vineyard goes forth among the plants and trims out the *suckers* which detract from the strength of the vine and produce no fruit; but if we look through our Masonic vineyard we shall find a luxuriant crop of suckers sprouting forth from every joint, rioting in the general strength, but yielding nothing in return. In some places they call them non-affiliated Masons and the reader is at liberty to choose the designation he likes best. The principle is the same in either case. If the portion of our patrimony which encourages this untoward growth were left fallow for a while the result must prove a great benefit to the general crop.

In our pursuit of numbers we have very generally been too careless in the quality and kind of vines set out in our plantation. We have not taken sufficient pains to know whether the new plant was likely to bear leaves only or fruit in its season, and what kind of fruit. There is a long distance between the fox grape which hangs uncultivated from the forest branches and the purple Isabella filled with luscious juice which rewards

the careful tiller. In our inconsiderate haste we have admitted too many fox grapes to occupy the ground that should have been occupied by a better article; better, many times better that the ground should have been without any crop.

The horticultural theory of fallow fields is not only that they rest after the production of their yield, but that by the influences of natural causes they are gathering those chemical principles necessary to successful culture. The same reason presents itself why our labors in the accretive direction should occasionally cease. While we devote our whole energies, exhaust our time and zeal in the mere aggregation of numbers, we may be likened to men who sow all kinds of seed broadcast without any regard to the fitness of things, or any hope but that there will be an abundant yield of *green* things. But if we were discreet farmers we should lay out our fields with a view to the future, we should not admit every claimant because of a plausible exterior or even an ardent desire to be within our fold, rather inquiring what he would give back for the place he occupies, and how much his advent would tend to promote the success of the cause entrusted to our supervision.

In Masonry, as in nature, lying fallow is not necessarily lying idle. As the fields have other work to do besides continually bearing crops, so Masons have other work to perform beyond and above the continued exemplification of the ritual and the increase of numbers. While we rest from the labor of initiation there is a natural and appropriate opportunity for us to acquire those principles which underlie the institution, and which, being wrought into our daily lives and practice, fructify the mind and make it rich in those graces Masonry is intended to call forth and exemplify.



At this season of leisure we may well apply ourselves to the acquirement of a greater knowledge of our art, that when again the time for labor arrives we may obey the call with hearts and minds prepared for a better exemplification of our tenets, a more practical elucidation of real Masonry, a stronger determination not to be satisfied with the same old routine of petition, ballot, and initiation, but with a zeal according to knowledge to make manifest that with us Masonry is a reality, encouraging the exercise of faith, but demanding the exhibition of works becoming the custodians of a great trust; becoming men to whom light has been given that it might shine in the darkness; becoming faithful stewards who desire to render a just account of the talent committed to their care. And so shall our fallow fields be justified by greater fruitfulness.

---

RABBONI.—A Hebrew word, signifying *teacher* or *master*. The ancient Jews employed it as a title to designate their learned men, particularly the professors in the schools of the Nabiiim, or prophets. In John xx. 16, CHRIST is thus called: "JESUS said unto her, MARY. She turned herself and saith unto him, Rabboni, which is to say, *master*." It is an important and significant word in Freemasonry.

---

High as we at present may stand, firm as may be the base on which we may rest for support, to-morrow we may bow before the whirlwind of misfortune. Virtue can claim no exemption from reproach, greatness no indemnity against calamity; as we treat others so will they treat us in turn.

## THE MASONIC LADDER.

FAITH is the true prophet of the soul, and ever beholds a spiritual life, spiritual relations, labors and joys. Its office is to teach man that he is a spiritual being, that he has an inward life enshrined in this material casement, an immortal gem set now in an earthly casket. It assures man that he lives not for this life alone, but for another, superior to this, more glorious and real. It dignifies humanity with immortality. It dwells ever upon an unseen world, announcing always that unseen realities are eternal. Virtue, knowledge, wisdom, mercy, love, righteousness and worship are among its immortal unseen realities. Lofty, dignified, transcendently glorious are its teachings, and equally so are its moral influences. It is a faculty of the human soul too much neglected. The things of time and sense—earth and sin—waste its energies and dim its sight. We are too carnal, too earthly; we cultivate not enough our spiritual senses. Let us be wise, and not fail to invigorate our spiritual parts. Life will smile in gladness, and eternity rejoice in glory, if we are faithful in this duty.

HOPE is that angel within, which whispers of triumph over evil or the success of good, of the victory of truth, of the achievement of right. "It hopeth all things." It is a strong ingredient of courage. It is the friend of virtue. It is the prophet of "a good time coming." It is full of glorious anticipations. It points on the sandy wilderness a picture of tranquil beauty, and a picture that we feel assured is no fading mirage to vanish at our approach. It promises to veneration a time when all nations shall feel their dependence on the giver of all good, and in the light of his love shall rejoice in the

unsullied purity of immortal youth—a time when that which is evil shall be banished forever, when

The right with might and truth shall be,  
And come what there may to stand in the way,  
That day the world shall see.

It breathes everywhere the idea of victory. Such are its religious sentiments. Its morality is equally inspiring, rich, and beneficent. It encourages all things good, great, noble. It whispers liberty to the slave, freedom to the captive, health to the sick, home to the wanderer, friends to the forsaken, peace to the troubled, supplies to the needy, bread to the hungry, strength to the weak, rest to the weary, life to the dying. It has sunshine in its eye, encouragement in its tongue, and inspiration in its hand. Rich and glorious is hope, and faithfully should it be cultivated. Let its inspiring influence ever dwell in our hearts. It will give strength and courage. Let its cheerful words fall from the tongue, and its bright smile play ever on the countenance. Cultivate this ever-shining flower of the spirit. It is the evergreen of life in the soul's garden.

The first day on which a child opens its unconscious eyes and raises its feeble wailing cry in this world of trial it is generally the object of trusting hope to some anxious parents or some affectionate friends, and when the aged Christian is carried out to his rest we consign dust to dust, and ashes to ashes, in a sure, and certain, and exalted "hope." \* \* \* \* Hope is the moving spring of action, without which the throbbing pulse of enterprise would soon be numbed and powerless.

CHARITY is that which seeketh the good of others—that which would pour out from the treasures of its munificence gifts of good things upon all. It is that feeling which blesses and curses not. It is the good

Samaritan of the heart. It is that which thinketh no evil, and is kind, which hopeth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things. It is the angel of mercy which forgives seventy and seven times, and still is rich in the treasures of pardon. It visits the sick, smoothes the pillow of the dying, drops a tear with the mourner, buries the dead, and educates the orphan. It sets free the captive, unburdens the slave, instructs the ignorant, relieves the distressed, and preaches good tidings to the poor. Its look is like the face of an angel, its words are more precious than rubies, its voice is sweeter than honey, its hand is softer than down, its step is gentle as love. But charity needs no encomium; it is its own praise, it works its own plaudits. Whoever would be respected, whoever would be beloved, whoever would be useful, whoever would be remembered with pleasure when life is over, must cherish this glorious feeling. Whoever would be truly happy, would feel the real charms of goodness, must cultivate this affection. It is a glorious affection because of the number and extent of its objects. It is as wide as the world of suffering, deep as the heart of sorrow, extensive as the wants of creation, and as boundless as the kingdom of need. It is the messenger of peace holding out to wrangling mortals the white flag of truce. It is needed everywhere, in all times and places, in all trades, professions, or callings which men can pursue with profit or pleasure. The world has too little of it. It has been neglected. It requires to be cultivated. The peace, the happiness, the prosperity of mankind, depend greatly upon it. Who can properly tell the power and sweetness of beneficence and charity? Be kind, be generous always. Let your words, your looks, your acts, breathe the spirit of love and charity.

## THE CLOUD ON THE WAY.

BY WILLIAM COLLEN BRYANT.

SEE before us, in our journey, broods a mist upon the ground;  
Thither leads the path we walk in, blending with that gloomy bound  
Never eye hath pierced its shadows to the mystery they screen:  
Those who once have passed within it never more on earth are seen.  
Now it seems to stoop beside us, now at seeming distance lowers,  
Leaving banks that tempt us onward, bright with summer-green and  
Yet it blots the way forever: there our journey ends at last; [flowers  
Into that dark cloud 'we enter, and are gathered to the past.  
Thou who, in this flinty pathway, leading through a stranger-land,  
Passes: down the rocky valley, walking with me hand in hand,  
Which of us shall be the soonest folded to that dim Unknown?  
Which shall leave the other walking in this flinty path alone?  
Even now I see thee shudder, and thy check is white with fear,  
And thou clingest to my side as comes that dark mist sweeping near.  
"Here," thou say'st, "the path is rugged, sown with thorns that wound  
the feet;

"But the sheltered glens are lovely, and the rivulet's song is sweet;  
"Roses breathe from tangled thickets; lilies bend from ledges brown;  
"Pleasantly between the pelting showers the sunshine gushes down;  
"Dear are those who walk beside us—they whose looks and voices make  
"All this rugged region cheerful, till I love it for their sake.  
"Far be yet the hour that takes me where that chilly shadow lies,  
"From the things I know and love, and from the sight of loving eyes."  
So thou murmurest, fearful one; but, see, we tread a rougher way;  
Fainter glow the gleams of sunshine that upon the dark rocks play;  
Rude winds strew the faded flowers upon the crags o'er which we pass;  
Banks of verdure, when we reach them, hiss with tufts of withered grass.  
One by one we miss the voices which we loved so well to hear;  
One by one the kindly faces in that shadow disappear.  
Yet upon the mist before us fix thine eyes with closer view:  
See, beneath its sullen skirts, the rosy morning glimmers through.  
One, whose feet the thorns have wounded, passed the barrier, and came  
With a glory on his footsteps, lighting yet the gloomy track. [back,  
Boldly enter where he entered, all that seems but darkness here,  
When thou once hast passed beyond it, haply shall be crystal-clear.  
Seen from that serener realm, the walks of human life may lie,  
Like the page of some familiar volume, open to thine eye.  
Haply, from the o'erhanging shadow, thou may'st stretch an unseen hand,  
To support the wavering steps that print with blood the rugged land.  
Haply, leaning o'er the pilgrim, all unweeting thou art near,  
Thou may'st whisper words of warning or of comfort in his ear,  
Till, beyond the border where that brooding mystery bars the sight,  
Those whom thou hast fondly cherished stand with thee in peace and light



## UNDER BONDS.

BY JOHN W. SIMONS.

THERE is a most natural and commendable feeling entertained by the majority of men, to be independent and untrammelled in their thoughts, words, and deeds, and many a one passes through life hugging the delusion that he at least has suffered no man to think for him, and has always acted independently and in accordance with his own convictions of right. The successful merchant, the fortunate speculator, the professional man whose words transmute themselves to gold, or whose skill at the bedside of suffering humanity is gladly purchased at any price; the minister whose congregation hang on his words as though they were the utterances of a demigod, and who pay for his services without counting, the farmer who patiently tills the earth and gathers the golden harvests that are the legitimate reward of intelligent labor, the mechanic whose never-ceasing toil provides his little ones with home, and food, and raiment, and enable him to obey the Scripture, which commands us to "owe no man anything," each feel that they are sufficient unto themselves, and that in the exercise of

their vocations they find that great desideratum, independence. But we all know that they are mistaken, that in fact each of them is some degree dependent on the others for the very success in which he rejoices. They are in fact, under bonds which they cannot repudiate, and the fulfillment of whose very letter, nature and nature's God will require of them. They are under bonds to use the very means which success in their several pursuits may have placed at their command for the honor of the creator, and for the elevation of their kind to higher and better levels; for the dissipation of vice, ignorance and superstition, and for the hastening of the day when men shall be men indeed, disenthralled from their long and degrading bondage, and become but little lower than the angels. No principle is better established, and no law asserts itself with greater force than this one of general dependence, without regard to the positions occupied by the great multitude of individuals. Nobility is obligation! proclaimed the monarch, and in doing so he enunciated a profound and all-pervading truth. Aye, light is obligation; intelligence, education, wealth, power, genius, are obligation, and their possessors are under bonds to use them, so that when in the fullness of time the great day of settlement arrives, the balance may not appear on the wrong side of the account. Masonry, too, is obligation, and he who does not thus understand it has failed in making application of its earliest lessons. He who imagines that he can be a Mason for himself alone, that when he has attended his Lodge and witnessed the ceremonies of initiation, when he has posted himself up in the text of the ritual, when he has proposed a friend or black-balled an enemy, he has fully discharged his Masonic duties, deceives himself and forgets that he is

under bonds, voluntarily assumed, but which can never be shaken off, to a constant exemplification of the tenets laid before him at his first entrance within the Lodge, and constantly reiterated whenever he visits the temple; nay, stored in his memory, imprinted on his conscience, and ever demanding a place in his daily life. Masonry is obligation in this, that Masons are bound by their tenure strictly to obey the moral law, not on stated occasions at long intervals, not as a garment worn only on high days and holy days, not as a mask to hold between themselves and the world, but as an active governing principle, working silently and without ostentation, but crystallizing words and thoughts into deeds, and making itself manifest to all who observe its professors. Masonry is obligation in this, that whoever, by the favor of his brethren, becomes Master of a Lodge, places himself under bonds to exemplify the standard ritual, to maintain order and give prompt and equitable decisions on points of law, think you? Aye, this and more too. He is under bonds to know the doctrines and tenets of Masonry, to look beyond the ceremonies and seek to understand the mysteries they veil, to make the knowledge thus acquired apparent in his own deportment, that by his example the brethren may profit and be led to seek themselves for the truths that bear such precious fruit. He is under bonds in his dealings with the brethren, to lead them in ways they have not known, to make crooked things straight before them and darkness light; to teach them to be peaceful citizens, to pay a proper respect to the civil magistrates, to work diligently, live creditably, and act honorably by all men; to avoid private piques and quarrels, and to guard against intemperance and excess; to be cautious in their behavior, courteous to each other, and faithful



to the Craft; to promote the general good of society, to cultivate the social virtues, and to exemplify the teachings of the mystic art, and that his teachings may not be in vain, that his precepts may not fall on dull or heedless ears, that the seed he scatters may not fall in the clefts of rocks, nor be lost by the wayside, he must practice as well as preach; see that his own lamp is trimmed and brightly burning as well as those of the brethren under his charge.

Masonry is obligation in this, that the brethren who accept the subordinate offices of a Lodge are under bonds to a faithful discharge of their several trusts; to be promptly at the post of duty, to make apparent their love for the institution by industrious research into its history, its philosophy and its ethics; to so conduct themselves both in and out of the Lodge, that in them the bigot, the prejudiced, the ignorant enemy shall find nothing to carp at; that their example shall force itself upon the brethren as one to be imitated.

Masonry is obligation in this, that every one who becomes a Mason is under bonds and covenant to comply with the useful rules and regulations of the Craft, to study its sublime tenets and weave them into his daily walk and conversation, to take them with him into the domestic circle, into his communications with his fellow men, into all the affairs of life. He is under bonds to his Lodge and to the Craft in general, to make return for the privileges conferred on him by Masonry, in striving to learn and obey the behests of the institution, in proving to the world that its principles are lodged in his heart, have become a part of his life, influencing his acts and relations as men's acts and relations should be influenced by an active, virtuous principle. He is under bonds to consider the duties which belong to Masonry

as ever active and never dormant; that they are not confined to the Lodge meetings and public ceremonials of the Craft, but are to be with us, and of us, wherever we go, and whatever we do. He is under bonds to know that his duties to the Lodge are not fulfilled by occasionally attending a communication and being always ready with an excuse when appointed on a committee or otherwise called upon to bear his part of the burden; to know that it is neither fair nor sufficient to elect officers and then leave them to fight their way along as best they may; to know that while it is the business of the officers to direct, it is the duty of the brethren to labor; that if the brethren expect their officers to be promptly in their places, the officers have a right to entertain the same expectation in regard to the brethren, and that all should unite in spreading the cement of brotherly love. Masonry is obligation in this, that our Lodges are under bonds not only to maintain, but, if possible, to elevate the standing of Masonry in the community by greater care in the selection of material, remembering that as a tree is judged by its fruits so will a Lodge and its members and Masons in general be judged by the character and conduct of men who may have the right to say, "I am a Mason;" that if a Lodge be composed of men who respect neither their neighbors nor themselves, who think nothing of Masonry beyond their hopes of personal advantage, and whose line of conduct is neither oblong nor square, the world will be all too apt to judge it harshly and to condemn the whole for the possible faults of the few; that if, on the other hand, it be an exemplar as well as a preacher of Masonry, the favorable opinion of the public will be conciliated, and Masonry continue to flourish in their hands. While thus we see that in all the relations of life dependence

is the rule, and independence the exception, while we see that in this mutual dependence lie the bonds that unite men together, and the great law which, amid all their blindness and shortcoming is gradually leading them upward and onward, we also find in it the strongest argument for the continuance of our Fraternity as one of the means selected by the creator for the accomplishment of a design which, in his good time, will be made manifest to all.

---

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 heighten 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 everything here below and solemnizes all things to the eyes and heart.—*Lamartine.*



## CAGLIOSTRO.

BY THE LATOMIA SOCIETY OF ATLANTIC LODGE.

**I**N the history of our Institution we occasionally meet with bold, unscrupulous men who have made use of Masonry for the attainment of their private aims, and who have for a time successfully imposed upon the Fraternity. Such a man was the celebrated impostor, JOSEPH BALSAMO, better known at Paris by the title of COUNT CAGLIOSTRO, and at Venice as the MARQUIS DE PELLEGRINI. Born at Palermo in 1743, at an early age he entered the convent of the fraternity of Mercy, at Cartagirone, and here, as an assistant to the convent apothecary, he learned his first lessons in chemistry and medicine. His love of pleasure and dissolute conduct, however, soon caused his dismissal. Being subsequently detected in

the commission of a forgery, he was obliged to leave Palermo, and sought refuge at Rome. Here he married the beautiful LORENZA FELICIANI, who became his confederate in the performance of his impostures, and, by her feminine cunning, proved a worthy helpmeet to the audacious adventurer. Her special mission was to captivate the hearts of the people, while he, by turns doctor, alchemist, freemason, sorcerer, spiritualist, necromancer, exorciser, seized hold of the mind and the imagination, always with an eye to the pockets of his victims. On one of his visits to London he was made a Mason, and shortly afterward, in Germany, he was initiated in the lodges of the *high, strict, and exact observance*; the so-called higher degrees of these systems being at that time held in high estimation on the Continent. The first of these systems embraced everything pertaining to hermetic Masonry, magic, divination, apparitions, etc.; the second pretended to be a continuation of the order of Knights Templars; and the third was a combination of the two former. It was in the school of the famed charlatan, SCHROEDER, that BALSAMO learned his first lessons in theosophy, evocations, and the occult sciences. Imbued with all the follies of ancient and modern cabala, he conceived the idea of a reform of Freemasonry, or rather of the creation of a series of new degrees, which should answer his purpose. He therefore invented a peculiar system, which he termed the Egyptian rite, based upon a manuscript written by one GEORGE COSTON, and which he accidentally discovered and purchased while in London. Assuming the title of Grand Cophta, he at once set about promulgating his Egyptian Masonry, and met with surprising success. As a reward for their labors, he promised his disciples to conduct them to perfection by means of a

physical and moral regeneration. By physical regeneration they were to discover the "*materia prima*," or philosopher's stone, and the acacia, which was to impart to them perpetual youth, beauty, and immortality. By moral regeneration they were to be restored to that state of pristine innocence from whence man had fallen by original sin; and were to receive a mystic talisman, a pentagon of virgin parchment on which the angels had placed their seals. Both men and women were admitted to his mysteries, the form of ritual being nearly the same for both sexes. It consisted of three degrees—Egyptian Apprentice, Egyptian Fellow-Craft, and Egyptian Master. In the reception of the first two degrees, the candidate at each step prostrated himself as if in adoration before the Master, and took an obligation of secrecy and blind obedience to the commands of the Grand Cophta. At the reception of a man in the Master's degree, a young child was introduced, who was supposed to be in a state of perfect innocence, and was termed the *Pupil* or *Dove*. The Master first addressed the candidate in a discourse concerning the power possessed by man before the fall, and which consisted in authority over the good spirits, seven in number, who surrounded the throne of God, and were charged with the government of the seven planets. The *Dove*, clothed in a long white robe, adorned with blue ribbons, and wearing the red ribbon of the order, was then conducted before the Master. All the members of the Lodge then addressed a prayer to God, that He might grant permission to the Master to exercise the power with which he had been divinely invested. The *Dove* also offered up a prayer, that he might be permitted to obey the behests of his Master, and serve as mediator between him and the spirits. The Master then took the *Dove*.

and breathing upon his face, from the forehead to the chin, pronounced certain magic words, and placed him in the *Tabernacle*. This was a small closet, behind and above the throne, hung with white drapery, and containing a small table, on which were placed three burning tapers, and a seat. A small window or opening, through which issued the voice of the Dove, communicated with the Lodge-room. The Master now again invoked the seven spirits to appear before the Dove, and mentioning one by name, commanded the Dove to ask him whether the candidate possessed the necessary qualifications to entitle him to receive the degree of Master. An affirmative answer having been returned, the reception proceeded as in regular Masonic Lodges. In the reception of a female in the third degree, the Lodge was presided over by the "acting Mistress," whose title was "Queen of Sheba." Her attendants, twelve in number, were termed Sybils, each bearing a characteristic name, as PELLESPONTICA, ERYTHREA, SAMNIA, DELPHINA, etc. The Lodge was hung with blue, spangled with silver stars; the throne elevated on seven steps, canopied by a dais of white silk, embroidered with silver lilies. Men were admitted to these Lodges as visitors. On the admission of the candidate, all present knelt, with the exception of the acting mistress, who, raising her eyes and hands toward heaven, addressed a prayer to the Most High; after which, striking the altar with a sword which she held in her hand, all rose except the candidate, who remained prostrate, her face bowed upon the earth. In this position she repeated aloud the psalm, "*Miserere mei Deus.*" The acting mistress then commanded one of the angels to appear to the Dove, and bid her ask whether the neophyte might be purified. Having been answered in the affirmative, three sisters

chanted the "*Veni Creator*," and the candidate was placed in the center of three burning altars. The ceremony of purification was then performed, myrrh, incense, and laurel being cast into the flames. The presiding mistress then, taking a vase containing some portions of gold leaf and blowing them into the air, said: "Wealth is the first gift I can bestow on thee." The mistress of ceremonies responded: "So passes away the glory of the world." The candidate then drank of the "*elixir of immortality*," which was to insure to her never-fading youth and beauty, and was placed kneeling in the center of the Lodge, her face turned toward the tabernacle. The Dove was commanded to summon all the seven angels, together with Moses, that they might consecrate the apron, sash, gloves, ribbon, and other ornaments destined for the new sister. The investiture then took place, a crown of roses was placed upon her head, she received a garter of blue silk, embroidered with the device, "Silence, Union, Virtue," and the ceremonies closed.

The trials necessary to attain moral regeneration consisted in long-continued mystical studies and exercises, by which the requisite qualifications were acquired to enable the candidate to hold communion with the seven angels. To sustain him in his trials, he was promised the possession of divine fire, boundless knowledge, immeasurable power, and the final attainment of immortality. In order to obtain physical regeneration, which was to restore their bodies to a childlike purity, they were directed, once in every fifty years, commencing on the night of the full moon in May, to spend forty days in strict diet and seclusion, repeated blood-letting, and the taking of certain drugs. On the last nine days they were to take daily one grain of the "*materia prima*,"



which was to render them immortal, and the knowledge of which was lost by the fall of man.

In 1779, CAGLIOSTRO introduced his Masonic rite at Mittau, in Courland, where he established several Lodges and initiated many ladies, especially the Countess ELISE VON DER RECKE, who became his ardent admirer, and recommended him to the notice of the Empress CATHERINE. The Countess suffered herself for a time to be deluded, but finally discovering the baseness and immorality of the impostor, she publicly exposed him, and denounced him in a book entitled, "*Nachricht von des beruchtigen Cagliostro Aufenthalt in Mittau* (Berlin, 1787)." This exposure did not prevent his establishing a Lodge of his Egyptian rite the same year at Strasburg. In May of the following year he instituted one at Warsaw, and here he promised his adepts to perform the "*great work*" in their presence. He was provided with a country seat; numberless fools flocked to his magic experiments, and followed the various phases of the *operation* with lively anxiety. After twenty-five days' preparation, he announced that on the succeeding day he should proceed to break "*the philosophical egg*," and demonstrate to them the brilliant results of the transmutation. When the day arrived, the arch impostor had disappeared, and with him many valuable diamonds and large sums of money, with which he had been intrusted by his gullible disciples.

In 1782, he founded at Lyons a mother-lodge of the Egyptian rite, under the title of "TRIUMPHANT WISDOM," and the same year, at Paris, an adoptive mother-lodge of High Egyptian Masonry. Here his career was brilliant; he made countless proselytes; the highest and noblest of the land disputed for his friendship; women of rank and fashion worshiped at his feet; it became

the fashion to wear his miniature set in rings, brooches, and necklaces; and his bust, sculptured in bronze and marble, with the inscription, "the divine CAGLIOSTRO," adorned the palaces of the nobility. The Prince of Montmorency Luxemburg accepted the office of Grand Master Protector of his rite, and even LAVATER, with all his knowledge of human nature, was one of the most eminent dupes of the Sicilian impostor. Being implicated in the affair of the "Diamond Necklace" in 1786, he was banished from Paris, and went to London. Here he inserted the following advertisement in the *Morning Herald*: "To all true Masons. In the name of JEHOVAH. The time is at length arrived for the construction of the new temple of Jerusalem. The advertiser invites all true Masons to meet him on the 3d inst., at nine o'clock, at Kelley's Tavern, Great Queen street, to form a plan for leveling the foot-stone of the true and only temple in the visible world." The meeting took place, but he failed in his designs; he was exposed, and again sought safety in flight. In May, 1789, he, with his wife, reached Rome, and again devoted himself to Masonry, as a lucrative branch of industry. But his career was short; denounced by two spies of the Inquisition, who had suffered themselves to be initiated, he was arrested on the 27th of December, 1789, and after a long trial, on the 21st of March, 1791, was condemned to death. On the 7th of April following, Pope Pius VI. commuted his sentence to perpetual imprisonment, and he died in the dungeons of Fort San Leon, in the Duchy of Urbino, in 1795.

---

FREEMASONRY is an establishment founded on the benevolent intention of extending and conferring mutual happiness, upon the best and truest principles of moral life and social virtue.

## HIGH TWELVE.

Last to the stroke of the bell—  
High Twelve!  
Sweet on the air they swell,  
To those who have labored well—  
And the Warden's voice is heard,  
From the South comes the cheering word  
"In the quarries no longer delve."

Again 'tis the Warden's call—  
"High Twelve!"  
"Lay aside gavel, hammer, and maul,  
Refreshment for Craftsmen all,  
By the generous Master is given,  
To those who have cheerfully striven  
Like men in the quarries to delve."

There is to each mortal's life  
High Twelve!  
In the *midst* of his early strife—  
With earth's groveling luxurious rife—  
The voice of the Warden comes,  
Like the roll of a thousand drums,  
"In earth's quarries no longer delve."

List to the tones of the bell—  
High Twelve!  
As if from on high they fell,  
Their silvery echoes swell;  
And again the voice we hear,  
As if from an upper sphere,  
"Hence for heavenly treasures delve."

There shall ring in the world of bliss  
High Twelve!  
When relieved from our work in this -  
If we've not lived our lives amiss—  
The Master shall call us there,  
Our immortal crown to wear,  
No more in earth's quarries to delve.

## THE SECRET VAULT.



**A**MONG the several apartments which Solomon in his wisdom caused to be built, was the Secret Vault, the approach to which was through eight other vaults all under ground, and access to which was had by a long and narrow passage from the royal palace.

It was in this apartment that King Solomon held his private and confidential conferences with his associate Grand Masters. After the death of Hiram Abiff, King Solomon and King Hiram ceased to visit it, and did not again do so, until the discovery of the cube of agate and the mysterious name, when with the three persons who discovered it, both Kings entered the secret vault, and deposited the precious and inestimably valuable relic.

In the east of this wonderful apartment were nine lights which illumined the decoration. In front of this was the burning bush, at each side of which were two thrones for Kings Solomon and Hiram.

In advance of the Sovereigns and plainly within their view, were the table of shew-bread, the pillar of Beauty, the seven-branch candlestick, the tablets of the law, the pillar of Enoch, and the altar of incense.

In the centre of the vault was the Sacred Altar, while nearer the west, but equidistant from the altar, were the Altar of Sacrifice and the brazen salver. There were also three lights on the left, and five lights on the right of the West a little in advance towards the East.

The pillar of Beauty, mentioned above, was of rare excellence. It was a twisted column of the purest white marble, about three and a half feet high, on

which was the cube of agate, measuring about six inches on each face, on the upper side of which was the triangular Enochian plate of gold set in with precious stones, and having on it the Ineffable name.

The accompanying plate will give an entirely correct idea of the Secret Vault, as above explained.

---

**BALLOTING.**—In the lodges of England there is no balloting for the second and third degrees. It is there held "that all necessary inquiry has been made prior to a candidate being initiated, and that the lodge which admits him as a brother, is about to give him the other degrees without further ballot." In this country, the universal practice, so far as we know, is to ballot for each degree. This practice is, at least, of doubtful propriety. It is true, the law requires unanimity in receiving a new member, but that unanimity was originally applied only to initiation, and the candidate was regarded as entitled to promotion, after having made suitable proficiency in the degree taken. The present rule in this country sometimes works a grievous hardship, and does injustice to a deserving brother. It might be well enough to remark here, that the sixth of the "General Regulations," as established by the Grand Lodge of England in 1723, required 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;" but this rule, which has been followed by all other Grand Lodges of the world since that day, only applies to *initiation* and *affiliation*. The candidate was considered "admitted," "made a mason," etc., when he received the first degree.

## EXHIBITING THE EMBLEMS.

THE custom of wearing Masonic jewelry about the person has of late years increased to a large extent. In some communities, a large proportion of the Lodge members exhibit the emblems of their profession in this public manner. In some sections of the country, the traveler, by going through a railway car, may see the peculiar glitter that denotes the Masonic emblems on every second or third seat. The most ordinary country store has, now-a-days, its card of Masonic breast-pins exposed for sale; while the regular jewelry shops teem with an infinite quantity and variety of patterns.

Nor are we of those who deprecate this use of the emblems, and object to wearing them. We have almost always found, in our own travels, that a person whose hand or front sparkles with one of these peculiar antiques, is social to a degree, willing to make acquaintance, to answer questions, and to lessen the weariness of the way. Much valuable information have we received from persons, total strangers to us, to whom we have been irresistibly drawn by this suggestion of a common tie. Let him who has had a dull, lonely day thus transformed to a cheerful pleasure-jaupt acknowledge the pleasure and advantage that may be derived from this "exhibiting the emblems."

In visiting a strange place, detained over Sunday, I am in the habit, if the weather is agreeable, of taking an afternoon stroll into the grave-yard, and musing upon the universal lot of our race. There the sight of our familiar emblems, standing upon the white marble fronts, is as the tongue of childhood. I go to every such grave's head, read the epitaph, address the un-

known dead as "my brother," and study with delighted interest the emblems.

In the selection of a Masonic emblem, there is too often a want of taste and fitness displayed that should be corrected, and it is one object of the present article to do this. No man should wear our emblems "indiscriminately;" he might as well wear the entire trestle-board. Every real emblem or symbol in Masonry has a distinct moral meaning, which should be kept in view in making a selection. No Mason is justified in exhibiting before the world a sign of a virtue which he does not possess. It is a falsehood and a mockery to do so. If, for instance, a brother is not a God-fearing man, *he has no right* to wear the letter "G" as an emblem. The same thing may be said of the other emblems.

The following lines were written to convey this idea of fitness and appropriateness in the public exhibition of the Masonic emblems. It is hoped that those who read them will pluck off their false feathers, if any they are wearing, and either select an emblem appropriate to their moral character, or, if they possess no virtue salient enough to be thus exhibited before the world, modestly confess it by laying away their rings and breast-pins until they have brought up their minds and consciences by the use of the Common Gavel, to a better condition!

You wear the SQUARE! but do you have  
 That thing the Square denotes?  
 Is there within your inmost soul  
 That principle which should control  
 • All deeds, and words, and thoughts?  
 The Square of Virtue—is it there,  
 Oh ye who wear the Mason's Square?

You wear the COMPASS! do you keep  
    Within that circle due  
That's circumscribed by law Divine,  
Excluding hatred, envy, sin,  
    Including all that's true:  
Your Compass—does it trace that curve  
Outside of which no passions swerve?

You wear the TROWEL! do you have  
    That mortar old and pure,  
Made on the recipe of God,  
As stated in his ancient Word,  
    Indissolubly sure?  
And do you spread with master-care  
The precious mixture here and there?

You wear the TYPE of DEITY!  
    Ah, Brother, have a care:  
He whose All-seeing Eye surveys  
Your inmost heart with open gaze,—  
    He knows what thoughts are there!  
Oh send no light, irreverent word  
From sinful man to sinless God.

Dear brethren, if you will display  
    These emblems of our Art,  
Let the grand moral that they teach  
Be deep engraven, each for each,  
    Upon your honest heart!  
So shall they tell to God and man  
Our ancient, holy, perfect plan.



## MASONRY IN 1776.

BY JOHN D. HOYT.

Toward the close of an afternoon in the middle of April, 1776, the quiet village of Œsopus was roused from its drowsiness by the shrill notes of the fife, accompanied by the measured beat of the drum. The old men hastened to the doors, the boys to the street, while the matrons, with their timid daughters, sought to solve the mystery of the uproar by what intelligence could be gained in peering through the curtained windows.

The village tavern was emptied of its visitors, who thronged its piazza to review a company of Liberty Boys, on their way to the place of general rendezvous. They were not exactly uniform in their dress or equipments, yet the most casual observer could not fail to discover a oneness of purpose in the lineaments of every face.

"Well, doctor, what do you think of that?" said the host of the tavern (as the last straggler of the company filed past the door), addressing himself to one whose black dress, silver shoe and knee-buckles, with his ruffled wrist-bands, spoke him at once but a visitor of the place; while the small sword, more for ornament than use, that dangled at his side, gave him a semi-military appearance.

"Think!" said he, "think! why I would rather physic them for a month than see them hung for an hour."

"Generous—very!" replied the interrogator; "but come, doctor, why not join us then?"

A cloud of seriousness played over the doctor's features, like the shadow of the moth fitting around a candle, as he replied,

"No, no—that cannot be now; whatever might have been, cannot be now. What might have been rebellion, would now be treason; and what might have been a resignation, would now be desertion;" and then, resuming his usual jocose manner, he continued, "and, beside, what will become of your ragged regiment when they get into Sir HENRY'S hands? They will all die of the rot, if they have no doctor; and then, you know, what can a man be without a clean shirt and a guinea? for your Congress are not worth enough to buy a dose of jalap. So I must be off in the morning."

"Not so soon, sir," said one of several new comers among the group; "your company is too good to be lost so soon."

The doctor turned himself to the speaker, who was dressed in the full uniform of a Continental captain, and giving him a familiar nod, replied,

"So, so, captain! got the first lesson by heart already—know where there is good quarters. Well, I think you had better stay here and enjoy it."

"Indeed, so! we calculate to stay here for a while, till we hear from Boston or New York, and we calculate to have the doctor's company, though we don't care about his physic. As to the guinea a-day, King GEORGE can furnish that, as we don't mean to stop either the doctor's grog or pay."

"Can't stay, captain; can't stay," replied the doctor; "must be off in the morning; but, for old acquaintance sake, come and quarter here to-night, and we'll have a rousing bowl of punch, without politics—eh?"

"Dr. BETTS," said the captain, in a solemn tone, that made the physician look a little more serious than was his wont, "a truce to jokes! I conceive it my duty, ac-

ording to general instructions, to say to you that you are my prisoner."

A thunder-storm gathered over the doctor's features, and his hand mechanically sought the hilt of his sword; but the captain continued, "It must be either your parole or the jail."

"Prisoner! jail!" echoed the doctor, as a half-dozen bayonets gathered around him, while his hand still rested on his weaponless weapon, as the small sword at his side might be justly styled; and fixing his eyes on the captain, who met their angry flash with a half smile, he continued, "What do you mean, sir? Is it not enough for you, and the like of you, to be turning the country upside down with your rebellious clamor; but must you bring your ragged regiment here to stop the king's officer?"

"Well, well, doctor, replied the captain, "it is not worth while to bandy words about it at this time of day, you know. Rebels or no rebels, you know what a soldier's word is, and I am willing to risk it, coming from you. So you may take your choice; either to mess here with us, like a gentleman, or mess by yourself yonder;" and he pointed to the court-house a little distance off. "If you choose the former, we'll have the punch."

The light and shade that played over the doctor's face showed his irresolution, as he muttered, "Parole or jail!" then, raising his hand, and pushing aside a bayonet that was ambitiously protruded beyond its fellows, he remarked, "That's rather a rusty joke."

"Yes," said the owner, "but it is somewhat *pointed*."

This retort caused a smile of good-humor, that was soon followed by three hearty cheers, as the doctor extended his hand to the captain, saying, "Well, captain,

then you have my word! I am yours till exchanged, or honorably discharged, or recaptured, which I should not like to be; for they might judge me by the company I am in. So, let's have the punch; because we have broke jail, it is no reason why we should stay out doors all the time."

So saying, the party withdrew, and soon were busy with their wit and cups; which, according to the doctor's theory, was much better for the head than plumbago pills.

---

The city of New York, at the time we write of, was not what it is at the time we write. Then its longest shadow to the east could not extend to what is now known as Chatham-square. Pearl-street was the eastern boundary, and Chatham-street, then the Bowery Road, was a defile through hills and meadows. On the northern side was a hill, commencing at or near the Fields, now the Park, and gaining its highest altitude a little east of Duane-street; thence sloping off to the Collect, its summit was graced by a seat of learning, where *A*, by itself *a*, was "licked" into the young idea with a yard or two of birch, more plentiful in those days than school-books. On the opposite side were a few scattered country houses, with gardens stretching away up the hill-side, toward Rose-street. On the corner of the road, toward Duane-street, then a mere narrow way for convenience, was a suburban house, with brick front, a little loftier in appearance than its neighbors, although its occupants were as well known to the poor as the rich; but few, even of the most inveterate grumblers, would

venture on a remark against the well-known generosity and kindness of Dr. BETTS or his family.

A few days after the transactions at Œsopus, the doctor's wife was plying her needle in a way known to but few, if any, of the ladies of the present day, when idleness is considered a mark of gentility, and a knowledge of the *modus operandi* of making a shirt is decidedly vulgar. Beside her was sitting a little girl of some seven years, taking from her mother the first lessons for the ball of yarn, which was soon to come off in the shape of a stocking.

"Come, SARAH, don't be looking toward the window so much, or I shall think you want to go to school, instead of learning to knit," said the mother, addressing herself to her daughter.

"No, mother, no! I would rather knit all day than go to Mr. SHANKLAND."

"And why do you not like Mr. SHANKLAND?"

The child looked for a moment into her mother's face, and replied, "He is such a *tory!*"

A smile from her mother was the only answer; for a strain of martial music put an end to the conversation, and brought SARAH to her feet and the window, with the exclamation, "HANNAH JONES told me they were coming to-day!"

Nearer and nearer came the sound, and a few minutes brought the head of the column to SARAH's view, when clapping her hands, she exclaimed, "Here they come! here they come!—mother! mother! do come to the window!—none of them have got red coats on, mother—do come and see—*aint* this General WASHINGTON, mother? HANNAH said he was coming to-day."

"SARAH! SARAH!" replied her mother, "do cease your

noise! You will waken your brother, and you know your father is not there."

And the good wife applied her foot to the cradle by her side, and commenced humming a lullaby to the waking child, while SARAH amused herself by muttering, "Yes, they are the whigs—they are the whigs!"

The last notes of the bugle had died away, the last straggler had disappeared, and SARAH had resumed her yarn, while the sights she had seen furnished an endless theme for her childish prattle, when a rap the hall-door announced a stranger; who, preceded by the colored house-maid, entered the room with no other ceremony than the military one of touching his chapeau to the mistress, which he did as MARTHA finished the sentence of "A gentleman wishes to see you, ma'am." He was booted and spurred, with the dusty appearance of a long ride. Addressing himself to the mistress, who stood before him, he coolly remarked, "The location and appearance of your house, madam, makes it necessary and convenient for my quarters while the army shall remain in the city. It is the fortune of war, and necessity knows no law. I will retire for a couple of hours, that you may make what arrangements you see fit."

During the delivery of this short speech his eye was met more than once by a look as proud and unflinching as ever bid defiance to oppression. Touching his hat again, with a slight inclination of the head, which was coldly returned, he left, and as the door closed upon his retreating steps, the tears rushed to her eyes, as Mrs. BETTS exclaimed, "Where is your father?" One arm of SARAH was round her mother's neck, while the other hand was busy with the corner of her apron, wiping the

tears that coursed each other down the parent's cheek, at the same time running over a catalogue of places where they might go in this emergency. Another summons at the door soon removed each wrinkle of complaint, and MARTHA again entered, with "A letter for you, ma'am." It was eagerly seized and soon read. A slight palor was observable, as the wife exclaimed, "I wonder where this war will end?—but there is no use of moping away our time. MARTHA," she continued, addressing herself to the servant, "the Doctor is a prisoner of war; we must do the best we can; we will pack up first, and look for a shelter afterward."

But little time elapsed ere the neatly-furnished parlor became strewed with papers, crockery, and clothing; and what an hour before seemed the abode of peace and quietness, now resembled the rendezvous of disorder. While thus engaged, the author of all this confusion entered, and was met by the exclamation, "The time is not yet up, sir!" spoken in a manner that none but a woman who feels her rights invaded can speak.

"It is not," was the cool reply; then, glancing around the cheerless apartment, the intruder took up a paper from the floor, that had attracted his attention, and turning to the woman, he asked, "Is that your husband's?"

A new idea flashed across her mind, and might have been read in her eye, as she promptly answered, "It is."

It was a Masonic notice, signed by her husband.

"Where is he now?" asked the intruder. The open letter that lay upon the table was placed in his hands; and he read as follows:

DEAR MOLLY: The boys are up and doing, and have caught the doctor to begin with. In other words, I am a prisoner on parole. Give yourself no uneasiness about me, as I am well cared for. The

only drawback is being away from you and the children. Ascertain who and where the nearest general officer is, and I will report to him, so as to be exchanged as soon as possible. Should any of the Lodge ask for me, you can tell them how I am situated. You are so far out of town as to escape from the uproar of WASHINGTON'S army when he comes to New York; but if they are all like the specimen I am with, they are a jolly fine set.

In haste, yours truly,

J. B.

(Esopus, 16th April, 1776.

Placing the letter on the table, the soldier made a memorandum on the notice with his pencil, and turning to Mrs. B. he said, "War at the best is a great misfortune, madam; and though some may win, it is a curse to others. Were it not that some high power occasionally turned its shafts, its horrors could scarce be borne. I am sorry for the trouble I have given, occasioned in some measure by the meddlesomeness of others. You may make yourself easy where you are, and I will try and make amends for the evils that may have been committed."

Thus saying, he left the room, to which the energies of a light heart soon gave its wonted appearance, while SARAH insisted upon it that the whigs were not such bad men, after all.

A week had elapsed. The arrival and departure of troops, the active preparations for defending the city, and the nightly meetings of the citizens, who were cooperating with the military authorities, seemed to absorb and swallow up every other interest. Even "the church-going bell" could scarce be heard amid the din of "the drum and trumpet's warlike sound." It was afternoon. A single horseman, dusty and travel-worn, came dashing through the Bowery Road. The sigus of



military occupation that met his practiced eye put new energy to his heel, as he plied the spur to his evidently jaded steed, who, taking the hint, acceded to his rider's wishes, and gave evidence of his mettle by the speed with which he neared the city, the suburbs of which were soon gained. A sudden check brought him to a full stop, and the doctor leaped from his back, and was met at the threshold by wife, children, and servant, each eye brilliant with tears of joy. His story was soon told. An order had been received by the captain in whose custody he had remained, to allow him forthwith to return to the city on his parole, and request him to report on his arrival to Col. ——. But few preliminaries were necessary on the receipt and announcement of this order. The saddle-bags were soon filled, the parting bumper soon drank, and with the aid of a good horse, urged by a husband's and father's feelings, the loved ones were speedily gained; the result of a notice, carelessly thrown on the floor, and picked up by the Colonel, who was a Mason true to his pledge. And this was but one of many instances where the shield of Brotherhood had proved too strong for the shafts of envy and the missives of war.

---

**BY-LAWS.**—Every Subordinate Lodge is permitted to make its own by-laws, provided they do not conflict with the regulations of the Grand Lodge, nor with the ancient usages of the Fraternity. But of this, the Grand Lodge is the only judge, and therefore the original by-laws of every Lodge, as well as all subsequent alterations of them, must be submitted to the Grand Lodge for approval and confirmation before they can become valid.

## THE SAILOR FREEMASON.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

It was in the winter of 18—, when the "Cherokee" sloop of war dropped anchor in Leith Roads, after a very stormy cruise. Having for some time labored under a pulmonary disease, from cold, I was sent ashore to recruit my health; and from the long-boat I made my way to a Leith stage-coach—one of the most lubberly conveyances I ever traveled by, for the horses had scarcely anything like legs to stand on, and fairly came to anchor once or twice in ascending the steep called Leith walk, the connecting link between the port and city of Edinburg, whither I was bound.

On my arrival in the city, a Highland porter assisted me to alight, and preceded me to my dear home, where I was cordially received by my mother, brothers, and sister; and here my shattered hulk was laid up for repair; and, thanks to my kind family, I soon found myself in ship-shape order to move about, and revisit the scenes so dear to my boyish days.

It was one night during my stay at home that I accompanied my brother and sister to the ball of the Celtic Lodge of Freemasons, in the Calton Convening-rooms. The company consisted chiefly of Masons, their wives and relatives—many of them dressed in the Highland garb, or sporting ribbons and sashes of the clan tartan. On entering the hall, my brother and party were received, with every welcome demonstration, by one of the strangest-looking characters I ever beheld. My brother, perceiving I was preparing for a good laugh, frowningly informed me that this was Mr. RICHARD SIMP-

son, the W. M. of the Celtic Lodge; and I therefore struggled hard to contain myself in the presence of the worshipful figure now before me.

He was a man of about five feet six inches high, very lame, and short on one leg, which required the sustentation of a hand-crutch. His outward man was clad in a rich Highland costume, bedizened with Masonic emblems, which strangely contrasted with his ungraceful gait. But his head—and such a head!—was inexpressibly ludicrous. He had lost the sight of one eye, the sightless orb protruding far beyond the socket, which ever and anon rolled about as he addressed his guests; but, to complete the picture, on his head he wore a 42d Highland bonnet, with a huge plume of black feathers, on one side of which was stuck a colossal red feather, which, towering over the whole, was constantly waving to and fro; and when he walked, its undulations resembled those of a pendulum.

However, "Dickey SIMPSON," as he was familiarly called, was, with all his oddity, a kind-hearted, well-meaning creature, for he seemed not to notice, or else not to care for the mirth which his presence created; and he was, moreover, an enthusiastic Mason. Although out of place, I may here mention that the Celtic Lodge was then in its infancy, and has since been presided over by several eminent brethren, it being now one of the most respectable Lodges in Edinburgh. But to my tale. The ball went off gallantly, many reels, dances, and strathspeys were tripped either to the band or the bagpipe, and, as the saying is, the company did not "go home till morning."

Some days after this fête, I asked my elder brother if he would advise me to become a Mason. He told me, what I then thought a strange reply, that he could not

possibly *advise* me; I was at liberty to follow my own free will and accord, however, as he made no objection, I went to the Celtic Fraternity, and, next Lodge-night, received the first degree.

After work, the brethren adjourned for refreshment, the same Brother Sampson being in the chair, with his ponderous head-gear waving proudly from the throne. All the Celtic brethren were also covered, according to the custom of the country. The repast consisted of a cold collation of sandwiches, which we washed down with porter and ale. After supper, quart bottles of wine-negus and whiskey-toddy were placed before the respective brethren, which had been brewed for the occasion. The harmony of the evening then commenced, and was kept up till twelve o'clock, at which hour we separated. I afterward received the other degrees; and as I was for some time at home, I spent much of my leisure in visiting all the Lodges round about, until my returning health enabled me to join my ship.

From that time I became enamored of Freemasonry, and while on board ship I gave my mind up to that study, and frequently, on our cruising excursions, dropped ashore to visit some Lodge on the coast. It was a common remark on board, that if sailors had sweethearts at every port, I had *brothers* in every harbor. On one occasion I went ashore at Greenock, when a remarkable circumstance occurred, worthy of record. On entering the Lodge, to my great surprise I found one of my superior officers there before me. Till that moment I was not aware of his being a brother; for on board ship he was rather austere and repulsive in his manner to all beneath him in command,—a deportment which, I believe, many of our commanders

assume, from a notion that it is best calculated to secure obedience and respect. On this occasion our eyes met, and we were now, for the first time, on an *equality*; and I shall never forget the hearty manner with which he saluted me,—not in the voice which thundered terrors to the crew, but in the bland tones of a brother. Thou heaven-descended beam of light, beauty, and perfection!—how often has the endearing epithet of brother reconciled the most conflicting interests, and united the firmest friends!

While I remained in his Majesty's service, and it was not long, I experienced many acts of kindness and civility from my gallant superior, who often conversed with me on Masonic topics. Obligated to return home in bad health, I was only in part enabled to resume my Masonic friendships; but during that period I enjoyed much tranquility, when, with book in hand, I visited the classic caves of Gorten and Hawthornden, or scanned the rich entablature on Roslin's ruined college, or sought the mouldering castle of the lordly St. Clair—

“Lifting o'er blooming groves its head,  
In the wan beauty of the dead;”

and gazing from the loopholed retreat on the varied tints of a sylvan paradise—

“A lovely scene, but sadly sweet,  
Like smiles and tears on beauty's face:  
Far may we wander ere we meet  
So dear a dwelling-place,  
That, formed by hand of Nature, seems  
For lovers' sighs and poets' dreams!”

Amidst scenes like these I found quiet and repose; and ere summer clothed the hawthorn tree with bloom, my spirits, with my health, began to rally; but I yearned

for my favorite element; and as I did not wish to be burdensome to my dear friends, I left them once more, contrary to all parental and fraternal entreaties, and joined the merchant service, thinking that a foreign voyage might perhaps recruit my health.

My leave-taking of my brother was most solemn and affecting; he entreated me to return back with him, but I would not. He shook his head mournfully, and murmured "Farewell!" I could see him keeping his eye on the vessel, till his figure became like an atom, and presently it vanished from my anxious gaze.

Our voyage was tempestuous; the evening of our departure was greeted by no solar ray; and the wind, which, in gloomy murmurs, gave "fearful note of preparation" for a coming storm, soon increased to a hurricane. Our little world was tossed about at the mercy of the waves; the night was spent in fear and anxiety. 'Twas then I thought of home; I imagined I heard my brother beseeching me to return; but to hear a voice was then impossible; the thunder rolled, and the forked lightning flashed in awful majesty. The morning came, but the tempest raged with unabated violence, threatening to hurl us into the yawning abyss. In this manner we were tossed about for two days at the mercy of the winds and waves, having lost two masts. On the night of the second we were driven on shore on the coast of Norway, near Bergen. The captain, who was a cowardly fellow, (in mercy to whom, I do not name the ship,) went ashore, with four others, in the only boat we had, promising to return. I was certainly offered a place beside the chicken-hearted commander, but I preferred to await the return of the boat, in the company of those that remained.

    Hanging to the wreck for hours, no boat came to our

rescue; and as the vessel was now under water, I resolved on swimming ashore, where I saw lights moving to and fro,—no doubt, to aid the wreckers in their greedy business. Seeing a spar floating by, I jumped upon it, and I was soon away from the vessel; the tide seemed to aid my efforts, for I was carried toward the shore. In my eagerness to hold on by the spar, my watch-glass was broken into pieces, which were lodged in my side, and this, no doubt, brought on fainting from loss of blood. But there is a wonderful tenacity in life, and I still held fast, although unable to make any effort. I became insensible; a gurgling noise assailed my ears, and I sank, as it were, into a dreamy sleep. In this situation I was cast on shore, and how long I remained in this state I know not. I heard voices in the midst of the storm, and the sound of footsteps near, but I could neither speak nor open my eyes. My first sensation arose from the rough handling of some of the people, who talked together in, to me, an unknown tongue. Still unable to open my eyes, or to move, I remained insensible, until I felt my hand lifted up, as if to feel the pulse. Instinctively, I clutched the hand in a *grasp* that it was found impossible to disengage it from. The form and pressure of that *grip* was immediately understood, and I was lifted from the strand into the arms of a foreign *Brother*. He held some spirits to my lips, and, after a shiver or two, I opened my eyes upon a scene of wreck and ruin. I was conveyed to the house of my preserver, the glass was picked out of my side, and I was consigned to a couch, where I was carefully watched.

By the kind attention of my newly-found *Brother*, I soon recovered, and heard that all had been lost; for

what had been saved from the deep had fallen into the hands of the wreckers.

The kind-hearted fellow who had acted the true Samaritan introduced me to the consul, also a Brother, who supplied me with clothes and other necessaries. As soon as I was in a fit state to move about, I determined on returning home, for I had a presentiment that death had put his mark upon me, as my pulmonary complaint increased daily. Accordingly, I took the first ship which was bound to the port of London. \* \* \* Here ends the sailor's narrative.

He arrived in London much emaciated, where he found an asylum in his sister's house; but he longed to see his old mother once more; and, with staff in hand, the frail, weather-beaten fellow went and secured a berth in one of the Leith smacks, (there were no steamers then,) which was to sail next day. He returned back, his luggage was put on board, and he retired to rest with the hope that he would once more see his parent, who, having been apprised of his intention, anxiously awaited the arrival of the ship. It arrived, but her boy was not there; the captain knew not how to account for the mystery, for he had seen him the night before, with his own hand, write his name on a piece of paper, and pin it to the curtain of his bed; and there it remained. By next post his afflicted family were made acquainted with his dissolution.

His last filial effort was too much for him; he died two or three hours before the vessel sailed. He was only twenty-five years of age; his voyage is o'er, and with him "the dream of life is past;" his shattered hulk is now free from earthly storms, awaiting, it is to be fervently and devoutly hoped, a translation to the Grand Lodge above!



### THAT MAN DESERVES YOUR PRAISE

Know you a man whose early life  
Had little promise but of care,  
Whose prospects in this wide-world strife  
Were anything but fair ;  
Who yet has, step by step, uprose  
Above the dreams of early days,  
And smiles upon his youthful woes?  
That man deserves your praise.

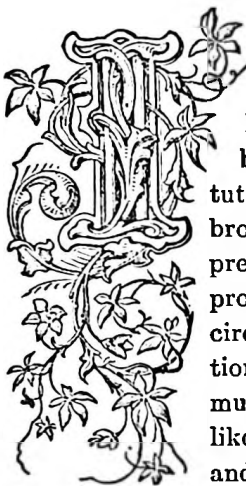
Know you a man whose soul outpours  
Wild music to melodious spheres,  
Who moves mankind's half-hidden stores  
Of joyfulness and tears ;  
Who sings of what is good and fair,  
And wishes strife and warlike frays  
Had ceased to cause mankind despair?  
That man deserves your praise.

Know you a man of wealth and fame  
Who kindly lendeth to the poor,  
Not seeking to blaze forth his name  
At every rich man's door ;  
Who daily doeth good by stealth  
In many different kindly ways?  
That man has lofty moral health—  
He well deserves your praise.

Know you a man who aids to teach  
True moral worth to fellow men,  
By life and action, time and speech,  
By payment and by pen ;  
Who shows unto the rising race  
A thousand pleasing rainbow rays  
Throughout this vast created space?  
That man deserves your praise.

## THE JURYMAN MASON.

---



It is the deep-seated conviction of our ablest masonic writers that Masonry is best understood, and best exemplified, where it constitutes a secret but electric bond of brotherhood ; *perpetually existent* ; prepared for every emergency ; and prompt at all seasons and under all circumstances to display itself in action. To constitute this bond there must be sympathy, courage, child-like confidence, *instant co-operation*, and unity.

Is this rare combination of qualities ever instanced in every-day life ?

I think it is.

The little court at . . . . was crowded. A trial was on before Mr. Justice GAZELEE which excited considerable attention. It involved a question of identity, and a question of character, and presented more than one debatable point for the gaping crowd to cudgel their brains about. The facts were these : Mrs. HARPER, a lady whose purse was heavy and whose passion for

dress was great, went into the shop of Messrs. STEELE and WHITTENBURY, silk mercers, to inspect some foreign shawls. The lady's taste was somewhat difficult to hit; and a bale of shawls was turned over, and an entire morning spent before a shawl could be found of which the color, size, and texture were such as, thoroughly, to satisfy Mrs. HARPER's fastidious eye. At last, to Mr. WHITTENBURY's infinite relief, this doubtful result was attained, and the lady proceeded to pay for her purchase. She looked on her right hand and on her left; turned first crimson and then pale; gazed around her with a most indignant air; and finally said firmly to the wondering Mr. WHITTENBURY—

“I will thank you to find my purse; I laid it upon these gloves three minutes ago; you and you only have served at this counter; a bank-note for fifty pounds—I have the number—lay in a corner of that purse; I beg it may be at once forthcoming.”

Mr. WHITTENBURY looked aghast at this imputation on his honesty, and blurted forth some incoherent disclaimer, when one of his assistants drawled out—

“Who was that party that left the shop so suddenly, without making any purchase? Can he be the thief!”

“He's not out of sight! I'll follow him!” screamed rather than said, the senior partner, Mr. STEELE; and, suiting the action to the word, started after the supposed delinquent with an alacrity and energy wholly irreconcilable with his portly form and wheezy breathing.

Pending the absence of his principal, Mr. WHITTENBURY indulged in a strain of the most elaborate imagery, all leveled at the resolute Mrs. HARPER.

“For the first time in my life have I had the finger of scorn pointed at me ! I, who have so far played my part on the motley stage of existence without my fair name ever being sullied with the breath of slander. All my actions have been weighed in the scales of Justice. Equally would I loathe injuring my neighbor’s fame, or abstracting a penny from his purse.”

“I wish I saw mine again !” remarked the matter-of-fact Mrs. HARPER.

Mr. WHITTENBURY rather winced at this last remark ; then pitched his voice a note higher, and proceeded :

“Hitherto my career has been peaceful ; but now the winds of adversity assail me from a quarter—from a quarter—from a quarter that——”

The speaker paused from sheer perplexity how to finish his sentence.

“Well ! never mind the quarter !” cried the anti-sentimental Mrs. HARPER—“attend to me. Somebody has raised the wind at my expense. That’s but too evident. I want to see my fifty-pound note again, and I shall not leave this shop till I do.”

“Madam !” rejoined the distracted draper, “*here* it cannot be. The accumulated experience of two-and-twenty years assures me of the unimpeachable integrity of those around me. We, madam, in this establishment, rise superior to temptation ; we are proof against it ; for note——”

“Ay ! where is it ?” interrupted the undaunted claimant ; “I don’t want words, but paper ; once more, my note !”

"*Was it ever lost?*" demanded the desperate WHITTENBURY, with a very successful sneer.

"So!" cried the lady, "you're come to that, eh? A subterfuge! a juggle! Hah! I understand you! You insinuate that I had neither purse nor money when I entered your shop. No note, eh? I'll make you change yours, depend upon it. You shall sing to another tune; and that shortly. Neither purse nor money had I, eh? That's your meaning, is it?"

"No, no! madam, we don't say that, yet!" interposed Mr. STEELE, who now made his appearance, panting from exertion and purple in face, from the unexpected demands made upon the activity of his lungs, and their utter inability to answer them. "We have a question—ugh! ugh! ugh! or two—oh dear, this cough! to put—ugh! ugh! to this party," and he pointed to a young, feeble, and timid-looking young man who followed him into the shop "with unwilling step and slow," and upon whom Mr. STEELE seemed to exercise something rather more stringent than mere "moral compulsion." A policeman appeared in the doorway. A crowd surrounded the shop, and eagerly gazed in at the windows. "Now, sir," cried Mr. STEELE, with emphasis, being in better wind—"we don't wish to be other than courteous; will you submit to be searched, without further struggle or ceremony?"

The latter word sounded oddly enough: with the policeman standing in the background, and two dark objects, which had a very awkward resemblance to handcuffs, lying on the counter; and so the prisoner seemed to think, for he smiled painfully as he answered:

"Come, come, no gaffing; say what I am brought here for, and by whose order. Out with it! What have I done amiss?"

"Much to this lady. Her purse is missing. That purse contained a fifty-pound note, and we believe you could tell us something about it."

"I cannot," returned the youth, in a calm, firm tone, and with an air of ingenuousness and honesty which prepossessed a few of the by-standers in his favor; "I know nothing of the lady; never saw her purse; never saw her note; know nothing at all about the matter."

"You stood by her side at least ten minutes," observed Mr. WHITTENBURY—speaking for once in his life without the aid of trope or figure—"you made no purchase; you bolted from the shop suddenly, and started off at a run; and within two minutes afterwards the purse was missing. This is highly suspicious, and I insist on your being searched."

"I left the shop," said the young man—still speaking in the same calm, deliberate tone—"because I could not get served. I waited not ten, but full twenty minutes, before any one of your young men would ask what I wanted. I don't blame them. I don't blame you. Of course a rich customer must be waited on before a poor one. I ran because I knew I should be late for my mother's funeral, hurry as I would. The parson required us to be at the church-gate by three."

"And what might a person of your stamp need from *our* establishment?" said Mr. STEELE, with an air of unfeeling pomposity, which contrasted strongly with

the mild and deprecating tone in which the prisoner replied—

“A small piece of crape, to put round my hat: it was all, and indeed the only mourning I could afford!”

“Gammon!” cried the policeman. “I take it upon myself to say that’s gammon.”

“Oh! you know him, do you?” inquired Mr. STEELE, sarcastically.

“Perfectly! Perfectly well; and have for years,” returned A, No. 175.

“Now are you not surprised, madam?” cried Mr. STEELE, delightedly, turning from the policeman to the lady—“are you not surprised at the wickedness of human nature?”

“No! nothing surprises me!” returned the fair one, bluntly; “nothing upon this earth ever can or will surprise me more, after the way in which my purse has vanished, while I was—as I may truly say—actually sitting by and looking at it.”

“It shall be found, madam; it shall be found,” persisted WHITTENBURY.

“Set about it, then,” said the lady, sharply; “act, and don’t chatter. Oh!” cried she, yawning fearfully, “how hungry, weary, and worried I am!”

“I trust, madam, that *you* do not believe that I am the guilty party—that I stole, or that I hold one farthing of your money?” said the accused, with an earnest and deferential air.

“Know nothing about you,” returned the lady, promptly; “nothing whatever; not even your name”



THE ASSAULT.

"RALPH WORTHAM," returned he, frankly; "a name that—let this policeman say what he may—has never yet had 'thief' added to it; and, I trust in God, never will."

"Search him," cried Mr. STEELE, furiously advancing towards WORTHAM as he spoke, with a menacing air, and beckoning on Mr. WHITTENBURY to his assistance.

"Have a care, sir, how you handle me," cried WORTHAM, firmly; "I will not be turned inside out by *you*; the policeman is the proper party——"

"Pooh! *I* stand on no ceremony!" ejaculated the rash Mr. STEELE, most unadvisedly collaring the pliant form beside him.

"Nor I!" returned the assailed. And he then tipped Mr. STEELE a rattler that could hardly have been expected from one so slight in form, and, apparently, so deficient in strength. Again did the senior partner



aim at grasping his victim. WORTHAM closed with him; and, after a gentle shaking, sent Mr. STEELE spinning across the floor into the arms of the amazed WHITTENBURY.

"Oh mercy!" cried Mrs. HARPER, "here will be bloodshed!" and then recollecting a word which ladies can invariably command in the midst of the most desperate encounters, screamed with all her might—"Murder!"

At this word of ill-omen the policeman, the junior partner, and "Mr. WHITTENBURY'S young men," all rushed upon the unfortunate WORTHAM, whom they speedily dragged, with united effort, to an inner room, where they summarily searched him. There was a strange clamor for a few seconds. Half-a-dozen parties seemed vociferating all together; and at a very high note in the gamut. On a sudden the uproar lulled. The policeman appeared in the doorway, and, addressing the weary Mrs. HARPER, inquired whether she could "tell him the number of the note which she had lost."

"Unquestionably I can. I remember it perfectly: No. 3,746."

"Its amount?"

"Fifty pounds."

"Was it a provincial note, or a Bank of England note?"

"A Bank of England note: I had no other."

"Had it any mark or signature that you can recollect on the back?"

"Yes: 'PHILIP FURZE' was written in one corner;

and I put my own initials, M. H., in another. I can swear to the note among a thousand."

"This is it, madam, I believe!" said the policeman, holding up, with a most complacent air, a soiled and crumpled piece of paper; "we have lighted on it, together with a purse, in the coat-pocket of that dutiful young vagabond."

"Mine! both mine!" cried the lady, delightedly. "Give me them. I claim them, and am too happy to recover them."

"Madam," said Mr. WHITTENBURY—his partner, STEELE, being far too stiff and sore to indulge in oratory—"we are in fetters; we have no free-will; we are bond-slaves; we cannot hand over to you either note or purse, because we dare not. We must prosecute!"

"Fetters! Free-will! Bond-slaves! Fiddle-faddle!" responded the lady: "the note is mine, and the purse is mine; and both I must and will have."

"Alas! alas!" murmured the soft-voiced mercer—"your commands, on any other subject, we should have been but too proud to obey. The law of the land is now our master: we must proceed to the nearest magistrate; acquaint him with the details of this deplorable occurrence; take his instructions, and abide by them. Policeman!"—here he waved his hand with an air that would have drawn a round from the gallery of any one of the minors—"Policeman, you know your duty; perform it."

"Hah!" cried the lady, starting to her feet and looking, beyond all question, remarkably red and wroth—"do you presume to lay down the law to me? Have

you the assurance to maintain that it can be either legal or just to detain *my* note and *my* purse, when I have already identified the one, and can swear to the other?"

"The law, madam, is omnipotent. To its requirements we must all submit. Pray acquiesce in what is unavoidable, without further remonstrance."

The lady paused, then slowly took up her handkerchief and card-case, and prepared to depart. Ere she did so, she turned to the shrinking Mr. STEELE, and said distinctly—

"You have had many a profitable visit from me at this counter. No small sum has from time to time passed from my hand into yours; but if I ever again enter your shop, may I be strangled with the first shawl you show me!"

"Now! heaven, in its mercy, avert such a calamity from such a desirable ready-money customer!" promptly ejaculated the much perplexed WHITTENBURY.

Such were the circumstances—pardon the long digression, patient reader!—on which the trial then proceeding in the little court at —— was founded. The general impression was against the prisoner. The fact of the money being found upon him, and the determined resistance which it was understood he had offered to being searched, appeared conclusive of his guilt. He, undauntedly, maintained his innocence. Much as appearances told against him, he declared that he had never taken Mrs. HARPER's money, or dreamt of taking it; that he had never seen either her purse or fifty-pound note until the policeman drew them forth, to his

(WORTHAM'S) distress and surprise, from the side-pocket in his jacket. He stood in the dock, haggard, emaciated, and apparently friendless. Want of means had disabled him from retaining a counsel. A preconcerted and well-sustained line of defense was, therefore, out of the question. Nor, if counsel's aid had been his from the first, did it appear clear how the accused could have successfully rebutted the strong presumptive evidence against him.

The clerk of the arraigns then read the indictment. Had it referred to the stealing of a tomtit, and the penalty been the fine of a farthing, payable some fifty years hence, greater unconcern could not well have been manifested. With a hideous nasal twang he wound up with the formal inquiry—

"How say you, prisoner, are you guilty of the offense charged against you in this indictment?"

"Not guilty," said a firm, strong voice.

"You say you are 'not guilty;'" and then some horrid mumbling, and a repetition of much nasal intonation ensued, of which the only intelligible accents were the closing ones, "good deliverance."

The counsel for the prosecution now took up his brief; and in very temperate language opened, with extreme fairness and moderation, the case against WORTHAM. At the close of his statement, the judge inquired "who was counsel for the prisoner."

The answer was then given, "the prisoner was undefended."

"Why?" asked his lordship, in a low tone.

"Want of means," said WORTHAM, boldly: "I had but

five shillings in the world, and those were taken from me."

Few as these words were, and uttered with no cringing and servile air, but with the spirit and freedom of one who was conscious of his innocence, and hopeful to establish it, they arrested the attention of that just man to whom they were addressed. He raised his eyes from his notes, and gazed steadily and fixedly at the prisoner. Apparently the impresson left by this scrutiny was satisfactory. His lordship turned towards the barristers' table, and said, with feeling :

"This is a serious case for the prisoner. He ought not to be undefended. Perhaps some gentleman at the bar will undertake to watch the case on the prisoner's behalf?"

There was a movement among the juniors ; but—such are the bands of professional etiquette—no individual advocate put himself prominently forward or responded, promptly, to his lordship's appeal.

"Mr. LACONSTONE," continued his lordship, "you will perhaps kindly give the prisoner the benefit of your competent knowledge of criminal law?"

The young pleader, so flatteringly addressed, instantly bowed his acquiescence to his lordship's request ; made a snatch at his bag, gathered up his papers, ran across the table, and in a few seconds placed himself immediately below the felon's dock where he could communicate without difficulty with his client.

Now Mr. LACONSTONE, to WORTHAM'S cost, labored under the most decided impression that he was a speaker. "The gods," he felt convinced, "had made him elo-

quent." He was not quite clear whether he did not surpass Lord BROUGHAM in vigorous diction and apt and ready sarcasm. He approached Lord LYNDEHURST very closely—of that he was quite sure—in the order and clearness of his statements: and the irresistible force of his argument. A little more practice was requisite, and he should beat CANNING upon his own ground. He had no fears whatever on the subject. He would beat him not only in the wit, and point, and finish of his oral efforts, but in their exquisite flow and rhythm. In a word, Mr. LACONSTONE had the impression that he was a promising and very remarkable and rising young man. His *forte*, however, was oratory. He was an advocate. Some wag—as a joke—assured him that he much resembled in manner, voice, and fluency, the most accomplished advocate of modern times, SCARLETT. He took the remark as serious; and subsequently spoke of Baron ABINGER as his model. At some public dinner he sat next a gray-headed functionary who told him he had known intimately the celebrated pleader when a junior at the bar, and could say—having heard the statement from his own lips—that in criminal cases, when engaged for the defense, he “invariably regarded and treated the accused party—be his asseverations of innocence ever so earnest and repeated—as really criminal. He found this idea serviceable. So perilous an impression roused his energies, and kept his attention perpetually on the *qui vive*.” Mr. LACONSTONE accepted this tradition as genuine, and relied upon it. It struck him as being remarkably fine. It was valuable. He should reduce it

to practice. It was a legacy. It embodied a principle. It might be worth many important verdicts. Ah! what might it not *eventually* insure him? The ermine and a peerage! What it did *immediately* insure him was this—the conviction, on somewhat doubtful evidence, of three unhappy men for whom he was concerned! A straightforward jury was unable to understand his various quirks and quibbles. He treated his own client as guilty. The jury thought he surely ought to know best; and they could not possibly err in agreeing with him! They framed their verdict accordingly. Still, Mr. LACONSTONE thought his principle sound, and abided by it.

Upon this conviction he persisted in acting; and the case of the unfortunate WORTHAM came in most opportunely as a further exposition of the "ABINGER" principle. Remonstrance was vain. The poor fellow in the dock, in an earnest whisper to his counsel, solemnly avowed his innocence. Mr. LACONSTONE listened; gave a knowing shake of his head, equivalent to—"Of course you're innocent: never knew a prisoner otherwise: up to all that: and shall take my own course." So that while the accused, agonized at his position, and conscious that he was not the thief, begged and implored that "every witness might be well questioned," and the whole matter "opened up from beginning to end," his advocate thought "the less the affair was stirred the better. The case was bad: he should reserve himself" for his speech!

The first witness called was Mrs. HARPER. She sailed majestically into court, accompanied by an old

erly friend of most forbidding aspect. Both ladies, by the sheriff's order, had seats on the bench. Never had the owner of the stolen note felt greater self-complacency. She was very handsomely dressed. She had a part to play. She had a crowded audience for spectators. She sat in high places. She was within three of the judge. She was a person of importance. All eyes would be fixed on her. She was the leading witness in the case. Her testimony was most material. It would be reported in the county paper. Very possibly counsel would comment on it. And the honey-drop was—she should recover her property! The day was all sunshine. She was on the very eve of becoming celebrated. She was satisfied with herself and all the world!

“GRACE HARPER” was called. And GRACE HARPER rose, and showed a handsome face under a most becoming bonnet; curtsied gracefully to the judge, and told her story.

She was, in counsel's language, a capital evidence. Her statement was clear—calmly and resolutely given. It hung well together. There was no inconsistency, no contradictory point about it. She was neither fluttered nor abashed in dealing with the various questions put to her; spoke distinctly; and was accurate as to dates. The judge inquired if the prisoner's counsel had any questions to put to this lady. Mr. LACONSTONE declined to cross-examine. The prisoner, hurriedly and in a low voice, made a remark to him. Mr. LACONSTONE was still passive. His thoughts were busily employed upon his coming speech. WORTHAM



looked wretchedly distressed. Some point not quite clear seemed to strike the judge. He mused a moment, and then asked the lady :

“When did you see your purse again after the prisoner left the shop in the hurried way you have described ?”

“Not until I saw it in the policeman’s custody.”

“You mean to swear that the purse was lying before you on your handkerchief up to the time the prisoner quitted the shop ?”

“I do.”

“And you never saw it afterwards—even for a moment ?”

Mrs. HARPER paused.

“I have no recollection of seeing it. I think I did not. To the best of my knowledge and belief I did not.”

The judge put this reply upon his notes ; and the prosecuting counsel called the next witness.

Mr. WHITTENBURY rose in the box. His evidence, tendered in his usual figurative style, referred to the restless and uneasy deportment of the prisoner while waiting at the counter. He declared he had never watched the movements of a more mercurial individual. The airiness of his deportment reminded him of vacillations . . . . .”

The judge frowned.

“What are you, sir ?” said he.

“A mercer, my lord.”

“Then express yourself in intelligible and ordinary language, and not in such absurd and high-flown terms.”

Mr. WHITTENBURY was nettled beyond concealment ; sulked ; affected deafness, and then said, pettishly—

“Perhaps my evidence can be dispensed with altogether ?”

The judge eyed him sternly for some moments, and then said, with emphasis—

“If you misconduct yourself in this court, I shall commit you.”

Mr. WHITTENBURY was cowed, and then, bursting with chagrin, condescended to speak plainly. His cross-examination was brief, and so managed by Mr. LACONSTONE as to strengthen the case against the prisoner.

ISHAM DADD, a shop-assistant, was next called on. He deposed to seeing the purse on the counter before Mrs. HARPER ; to missing it immediately after WORTHAM'S exit ; to the abrupt manner in which the prisoner quitted the shop ; and to the fact of his making no purchase.

There was something sinister in the mode in which this witness gave his evidence. He hesitated repeatedly ; looked pale and ill at ease ; and studiously avoided meeting the prisoner's eye. His voice, too, was disagreeable. Some would have called it hypocritical. It was wiry and high-pitched. He spoke in the falsetto key. The expression of his eye was subtle and his attitude crouching. Altogether, a more sinister-looking personage has rarely appeared as a witness in a court of justice.

Him also Mr. LACONSTONE declined to subject to cross-examination.

He had made a rapid and joyous descent from the

witness-box, when the judge desired him to be recalled.

"How long have you been in the employment of STEELE and WHITTENBURY?"

"Four years."

"During that period, has any occurrence of a similar nature taken place upon the premises?"

DADD's pale complexion assumed a more ashy hue : apart from this he gave no indication that he had heard the question.

"You understand his lordship?" said the junior counsel for the prosecution, feeling somewhat puzzled by the silence of the witness.

DADD's lips moved, but not a word was audible.

"I asked you," said the judge, "whether, during the period you have lived with your employers—four years, you state—any similar loss has come to your knowledge?"

"One lady *said* she had lost some money," was the sulky answer, most unwillingly given.

"Was she a customer?"

"She was."

"Was the money ever traced?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Did the loss take place in the shop?"

"It did."

"And the missing money was never—that you heard of—recovered?"

"No."

"How many shop-assistants do Messrs. STEELE and WHITTENBURY keep?"

"In the whole, nine."

The senior partner next presented himself. He deposed to pursuing the prisoner; overtaking him; requiring him to be searched; to the resistance which he made; and to the amount of personal suffering which he, the fat and wheezy Mr. STEELE, endured in the encounter.

He gave his evidence in a decided, business-like tone; and the point in it which told most against the prisoner was this—the minute detail embodied in STEELE's testimony of WORTHAM's unwillingness to be searched.

The concluding witness was the policeman, who deposed to searching the prisoner; finding on him the missing purse and note; and to Mrs. HARPER's at once describing and identifying both.

The prosecutor's case seemed complete.

The judge now called on the accused for his defense; and Mr. LACONSTONE began his address to the jury.

It would be injustice to withhold from it this praise—that it was a clever, off-hand, fluent speech. But it was altogether declamatory. It presupposed WORTHAM's guilt throughout. And it never allowed a listener a respite from the fact that the prisoner had the great good fortune to have Mr. LACONSTONE as his advocate. One point, by no means immaterial, he left altogether untouched; namely, that long previous to WORTHAM's committal, a purse had been missed by a lady-customer in this fashionable shop, and never recovered. With a happy compliment to the judge, and another to the jury, he drew towards a close; inti-

mated that he should call witnesses as to character, and then leave the case to their merciful consideration.

The witnesses alluded to answered to their names, and gave highly favorable testimony in the prisoner's behalf. They confirmed, amply, every assertion which he had made when first taken into custody. They proved that his errand to the little town of — was to attend his mother's funeral; and that her funeral had been fixed, as he had said, for "three o'clock precisely, by the officiating clergyman." They swore that he had left the house where he was staying for the purpose of buying a bit of crape to put round his hat, "which was all the mourning he could afford." In reply to a question from one of the jury, the witness under examination stated that the prisoner was "friendless; that he had neither father nor mother, nor any near relative in the wide world."

"What is he?" said the judge; "what is his calling?"

"He has been a sailor," was the answer, "and thrice shipwrecked, losing each time every rag of clothing he had. Now he's a clerk—a collecting clerk I think they call him—on board a river-steamer."

The greatest impression left on the auditory was made by the last witness—a superannuated pilot—a venerable-looking old man with a profusion of glossy white hair, a keen bright eye, and an honest and contented smile. He said he had known the prisoner "for a matter of eighteen years," and had never heard any "harm of him, but much in his praise." Once, to his knowledge, he had saved a man who had fallen

overboard, by jumping after him and keeping a firm hold on him till help could be had. "Some gentlemen made a subscription, and handed it to him. He wouldn't have it. No! not he. He said he 'didn't want to pocket money for saving a fellow-creature!' A likely chap that!" concluded the old seaman, with a most contemptuous air, "to turn pickpocket! to go into one o' them cussed vanity shops and steal a lady's puss. Yah!"

There was a hearty cheer in court as the old man turned indignantly away.

The judge instantly repressed this burst of public feeling, and proceeded to sum up.

Calm, dignified, and impressive, he seemed, by the impartiality of his statements, and the sustained suavity of his manner, the very impersonation of justice. His powers of analysis—and they were great—were instantly brought to bear upon the case; and in a very few sentences he presented to the jury the whole transaction, thoroughly divested of the false coloring which the exaggerated statements of counsel had thrown around it. He traveled quickly through the testimony of Mrs. HARPER and ISHAM DODD, and laid stress upon the circumstance of the purse and note being both found on the prisoner's person, and on the resistance made by him to the necessary search. On the other hand, he reminded the jury of the fact elicited from DADD during his examination in chief, that money had been previously lost by a lady in that very shop and never recovered. The prisoner's defense was, that he had not stolen the purse or the note. That he was

not aware that they were upon him ; and that they must have been put in the side-pocket of his jacket by another person. He made no attempt to support this statement—somewhat improbable upon the very face of it—by any evidence. The jury's province was to judge to what degree of belief such a defense was entitled.

Then followed the question of character. The testimony given in WORTHAM's favor the judge read over slowly, deliberately, and emphatically. Then came his comment. "Character," he remarked, could not avail but in cases where there was conflicting evidence—cases where there was absence of proof: character could never be allowed to outweigh facts."

The prisoner listened anxiously to this remark, and its purport seemed to cut him to the very soul. An expression of deep, unmitigated, indescribable anguish passed over his countenance. The muscles about the mouth worked convulsively for some seconds ; and then—the nervous action suddenly ceasing—his face assumed the ghastliness and rigidity of a corpse. Despair, for the moment, had the mastery.

Suddenly a thought struck him. He stood up erect in the dock, and looked the jury down. Face after face he eagerly and rapidly scanned ; and then came a slight gesture. Its nature I could not well define ; nor can I, for obvious reasons, describe it now. But I fancied I saw it answered. Low down in the second row of the jury-box sat a diminutive, dark-visaged man, with a truly Spanish face and flashing eye, whom I had regarded earnestly, from time to time, for his

singular resemblance to KEAN. For distinction's sake, I will term this Spanish-looking personage the eleventh juror. He had paid, from first to last, close attention to the case ; and had more than once put a pertinent question to a witness. His eye—for I watched him narrowly—rested with a stern and inquiring gaze upon the prisoner ; and then his whole countenance lit up with a kind and encouraging expression. Whatever was the nature of their communication, and whatever the medium through which information was conveyed, I was convinced that the prisoner and No. 11 understood each other ; and with redoubled curiosity I awaited the result.

The judge still proceeded to charge the jury, but his observations were on the point of closing.

"You have now the whole of the facts belonging to the case before you ; upon those facts it is your province to decide ; that decision, you must be well aware, is most important to the prisoner : if, after the declarations on oath of the various witnesses called before you, you entertain any reasonable doubt, it is your duty to give the prisoner the benefit of such doubt : your verdict in that case will be an acquittal."

His lordship sunk back in his soft and well-cushioned easy chair, looking somewhat faint and exhausted, and the clerk of arraigns instantly was ready with his nasal roar—

"Gentlemen of the jury, consider your verdict."

The jury turned round in their box to consult and agree. And the while a species of running comment



on the trial might be heard here and there buzzing about the hall.

“Case too clear to admit of doubt!”—“Ingenious defense, but flimsy!”—“Transportation to a certainty!”—“Young to leave his country for fourteen or twenty years!”—“A first offense, doubtless, poor fellow!”—“Hasn’t the look of a hardened thief!”

Time went on. Three—five—ten minutes elapsed. Still the jury seemed absorbed in an earnest and even angry debate. At length the foreman turned round and addressed the judge.

“My lord, one of the jury seems to think that Mrs. HARPER hasn’t identified the note—she hasn’t sworn to it in court.”

His lordship seemed for the moment struck by the objection. Perhaps the interruption might annoy him. He looked, for a judge, slightly flushed, and fidgeted. After a brief pause, during which he consulted his notes, the *dictum* came forth:

“Mrs. HARPER identified both note and purse in STEELE and WHITTENBURY’S shop; identified them immediately after their having been taken from the person of the prisoner: she has sworn to that effect in the witness-box.”

“But, my lord, they were not shown to her in court—she did not swear to them in court. She did not identify them in the jury’s presence and hearing, and in open court say they were her’s.”

So persisted the eleventh juror, who was spokesman.

“Mrs. HARPER has identified her property with suffi-

cient accuracy and decision for the purposes of public justice," returned his lordship, stiffly.

The jury again consulted. But in vain. After a short pause, the foreman said, piteously :

"We cannot agree, my lord ; we wish to retire."

The judge at once assented.

"Call a fresh jury ; and give these gentlemen in charge of the proper officer. Let *them* be locked up ; and *him* sworn to their legal and efficient custody."

With rueful glances the twelve slowly withdrew. An hour went by, and again they came into court. They required—using the foreman as their mouth-piece—"fresh instructions, and further information from his lordship."

"On what point?"

"The resistance made by the prisoner when searched: some of the jury are of opinion that he did not resist." Again the judge turned to his notes.

"Resistance he unquestionably offered. It is so stated on oath. The evidence of Mr. STEELE is conclusive on the point."

And the judge here read, *seriatim*, from his notes, what that worthy had undergone, in his love for justice, upon his own premises !

The eleventh juror here remarked, with much deference of manner, that he had listened with extreme earnestness to the evidence, and his impression was that the prisoner had not objected to being searched, but to being searched by an interested and unauthorized person."

A glorious apple of discord proved this skillfully

contrived observation. It brought three counsel on their legs at once; and the judge to his notes once more. Mr. LACONSTONE rose and spouted for his client. The prosecuting counsel, senior and junior had also their say; and the judge, as a matter of course, had to act as umpire. After a sharp burst of wrangling, it was agreed that the prisoner had not objected to being searched, but to being searched by *an unauthorized person*; that Mr. STEELE put himself forward to perform this obnoxious duty; that the prisoner then resisted, and that to Mr. STEELE'S cost. The jury again retired. Three hours went by. Twilight gave way to darkness. The court sat late. There was a heavy cause before it, and the judge seemed resolute that no sacrifice of personal comfort on his part should be wanting to expedite public business. At seven a message was delivered by the proper officer to the court. An elderly gentleman was on the jury who was subject to fits; and, as in WORTHAN'S case, there seemed to him no prospect of the jury's agreeing; and as, if they did not agree, they would have to sit up all night, he begged that he, for one, might be dismissed. He had not slept out of his own bed for a matter of three-and-forty years! (Some wicked creatures in court were hardened enough to laugh at this authentic and touching statement.) If he did not go to bed at his own hour, in his own dwelling, he knew very well what would be the consequences. "Might he, therefore, go?"

It was signified to this afflicted old gentleman that the judge, at present, had no power to release him.

Time sped on. Ten o'clock arrived. The court was

on the point of breaking up, when it was intimated that the jury in WORTHAM'S case were unanimous, and wished to deliver their verdict. In they came. Some very flushed, very angry, and very jaded faces were visible in the group ; but in the dark, flashing eye of my Spanish-looking friend—his name I subsequently ascertained to be ZILLET—there was undisguised triumph.

The clerk of the arraigns, taking up his customary snore, inquired :

"Gentlemen of the jury, are you agreed upon your verdict?"

The foreman bowed assent.

"How say you—is the prisoner, RALPH WORTHAM, guilty or not guilty of the felony, with which he stands charged in the indictment?"

"Not GUILTY!"

"You say he is not guilty: that is your verdict, and so you say all?"

For this result the spectators were evidently unprepared. A low buzz of surprise was audible in court, intimating that a different issue had been expected. Apparently the judge shared this impression. He remarked :

"Prisoner, you have had a merciful jury. Let the past never be forgotten as a warning for the future!"

In a feeble and faint voice came the reply :

"I am innocent, my Lord ; and so I shall one day be proved."

\* \* \* \* \*

Some sixteen or eighteen hours after this result

circumstances favored my wish of having an introduction to Mr. ZILLET. He was alone ; and the conversation was easily brought to bear upon the recent trial. It was solely with reference to *it* that I sought him.

"The verdict seemed to take the spectators by surprise," said I, carelessly.

"It was a lenient verdict ; and the more I reflect upon the evidence, the more satisfied I feel with our conclusion," was his reply.

"You had some difficulty in arriving at it?"

"Yes ; we had some obstinate spirits to persuade and bend ; one or more such there will always be in every jury-box."

And he laughed, as if tickled by the recollection of some obdurate colleague—the old gentleman, for instance, "subject to occasional fits," and apprehensive of the most horrible consequences, if he was a night absent from home.

"The prisoner must deeply feel his obligations to you."

"*I did my duty*, nothing more," he rejoined, with marked but quiet emphasis : an emphasis so peculiar, that I was satisfied his reply involved a double meaning.

"He was aware, I think, of your favorable disposition towards him."

My companion eyed me keenly, but was silent.

"I could almost fancy," I continued, "that you understood each other ; that some telegraphic communication passed between you."

"Oh ! ah ! indeed ; that we talked with our fingers under the very eye of the judge!"

"No! no! that is not my meaning: such open communication could not well pass in court."

"To the point, then—be explicit—for I am really at a loss to guess your drift," observed Mr. ZILLET slowly, with an admirably feigned air of perplexity.

"This, I mean; that the prisoner knew by some medium of communication, impenetrable by others, that in you he had a friend!"

The rejoinder was immediate. Mr. ZILLET lifted up his eyebrows, and exclaimed—

"Never saw him before in my life; shall probably never see him again; know nothing about his friends, his connections, his intentions. When he entered the dock, to me he was a prisoner, and nothing more."

"Did he remain such to you *throughout the trial*?"

He laughed heartily at my query, and then parried it.

"You question closely, sir; and, if in the law, do honor to the special pleader under whom you have commenced your career."

Another laugh, and he continued:

"Do I fail in making you comprehend that I was merely a juror on this occasion: most unquestionably no personal friend or even acquaintance of this unfortunate party?"

"But on a sudden," persisted I, "you took the most decided and extraordinary interest in the case."

"I did so from the first. I had an impression—which deepened as the evidence was developed—that the real criminal was in court, but not in the dock. I recognized him, methought, in the witness-box. You cannot—will not expect me to be more explicit. It

would be improper. But with such an impression, deeply and conscientiously entertained, nothing would have induced me to pronounce WORTHAM guilty."

"And," said I, "from the time he entered the court to the time he quitted it, *his relation to you remained unchanged?* From the commencement to the close of the trial he was to you a stranger, an alien, nothing more?"

Again he laughed long and merrily.

"You are puzzled," said he "as wiser men have been before you. Come! come! I affirm nothing. I deny nothing. You are no Inquisitor; nor am I before the Holy Tribunal. I am, therefore, not compelled to make admissions. Owing no adherence to the Romish Church, I am, therefore, not enjoined to confession! Now for a change of subject. How is our mutual friend, ILLINGWORTH? Have the Buxton Baths agreed with him?"

Other chit-chat followed. But the conversation closed with, on my part, the most decided impression that there was a mystery—powerless as I was to unravel it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Years—I forget how many—rolled away ere we again met in Warwickshire. ZILLET needed, however no remark on my part to freshen up his recollections of the past. He was, himself, the first to advert to them.

"Inquisitor!" said he, with a smile, "what are the latest tidings you bring from Mr. Justice GAZELEE? You remember the last time we sat in the law chief's presence?"

"I do ; and our subsequent interview."

"At which you were foiled ? Ha ! ha ! ha ! Come ; forgive me ! You will respect my opinions in future. My suspicions, you see, were well founded !"

"On what subject ?"

"What ! have you yet to learn the disclosures at STEELE and WHITTENBURY'S ?"

"I had forgotten their names."

"But not WORTHAM'S ?" said he, somewhat reproachfully.

"No, no ! whatever relates to him has interest for me."

"So I thought : now listen. Eighteen months after that memorable trial, during which you would have it that the prisoner and myself privately communicated——"

"And which opinion," I ejaculated, "I entertain to this hour !"

"Oh ! ah ! well ! Eighteen months afterwards, ISHAM DADD, whose bearing in the witness-box you cannot well have forgotten, was apprehended for embezzlement. Some dozen frauds were established against him ; and at his employer's instance the government of the day compassionately sent this delicate-looking young man, for change of air, to Sydney ! Before he sailed, it occurred to him that it would be somewhat awkward to land in a new colony penniless ; and that his acknowledged reputation for raising the wind demanded that he should make a final attempt at duping the knowing ones. From mere force of habit he selected Mr. WHITTENBURY. To that figurative person



age he sent, through an unsuspected channel, a message, bearing this import: that he had information to give Mr. W. on a most interesting point; that this information none could impart but himself—DADD; that it had reference to commercial matters: that, before he divulged it, he demanded ten pounds down, in gold; that his stay in England was 'uncertain;' and therefore that 'an early application was desirable.' The junior partner," continued Mr. ZILLET, "was sorely puzzled. DADD he believed to be a consummate rogue; but still he might be in possession of valuable information. The firm might have been robbed to a greater extent than had as yet been ascertained. DADD might have accomplices. WHITTENBURY shuddered at the idea, and sought counsel of his experienced principal. That worthy was furious. 'What could his partner mean?' he demanded. 'Did he wish to fool away the entire means of the firm? Were they not sufficient losers by that villain DADD already?' Mr. W. shook his head in truly mournful acquiescence. 'It's all *Bam!*' continued Mr. STEELE, vociferously, as soon as his breath would permit him to indulge in a hearty ejaculation. 'Ugh! ugh! ugh! This cough will kill me. It's imposition from beginning to end. Ugh! ugh! Ten pounds, forsooth! Give, if you will; but let the money be your own. The firm shall never advance it That I'm resolved on. Ugh! ugh! ugh! Oh dear, these cough-pills, at five shillings a box, do me no manner of good. I shall break a blood-vessel. And then, WHITTENBURY, you'll be, morally, my murderer. But, mark you; I've directed every farthing of my cap-

ital to be withdrawn from the firm.' 'Don't allude, pray don't, to anything so dreadful,' cried WHITTENBURY, piteously. Whether this remark," said ZILLETT, slyly, "had reference to the demise of his partner, or to the diversion of his capital, does not clearly appear. 'But suppose, persisted the junior, earnestly, 'that truth has not entirely deserted this wretched creature, DADD; suppose that there is some important disclosure impending——' 'Fiddle-faddle with your long words,' shouted STEELE (his face grew very purple)—'fiddle-faddle! there is nothing pending but doubtful debts to the tune of a thousand pounds, which I wish you would get in.' 'There may be accomplices,' insinuated W., softly; 'there may be associates; there may be snakes in the firm—snakes which we are warming at our own fire, only hereafter to sting us. We steer, Mr. STEELE, we steer, believe me, between Scylla and Charybdis——' His partner would hear no more. He roused himself up, looked his partner full in the face, and remarked, with upbraiding emphasis, 'I've heard you mention these people very often before; so often, indeed, have their names been upon your tongue, that I have searched the books carefully, to see when and for what they were customers. I can find no mention of 'em. None—none whatever! and therefore,' said STEELE—looking daggers the while at his delinquent colleague—'my mind's made up! They're improper characters! Yes, yes! That has long been my impression. And now let me tell you, sir, that, as a family man, you should have scorned to have soiled your lips with any mention of such people. Sylleo

and Chybdis, indeed ! For shame of yourself ! For shame ! I say ! ' Good heavens, STEELE ! ' began the junior ; ' is it possible you can labor under such a mistake as——' ' Not a word, sir ! ' said the senior, severely ; ' not a word ; or I make it my business, this very evening, to call on Mrs. WHITTENBURY.'

"That was a potent name to conjure with, and the menaced man by no means relished even a passing reference to it ; but, masking his chagrin under a smile, he observed : ' Well, sir, we will waive that subject for the present ; hereafter I will return to it.' ' Return to it ! ' exclaimed Mr. STEELE, with horror ; ' what ! you glory in your shame ? Now I've done with you ! No ! not another word this awful night ! Rummage the jail for ISHAM DADD when you will ; say to him what you will ; give him what you will : but mind—no message from me ; no money of mine. Return to Syllee and Chybdis hereafter, eh ? Infamy ! infamy ! That unfortunate Mrs. WHITTENBURY ! If there's a wife upon this earth to be pitied, it's that deceived, much enduring, and most unsuspecting woman ! ' And waving his hands before him, in token of irrepressible horror, Mr. STEELE went, or rather waddled, his way. His partner, meanwhile, sought the jail, and obtained, with some difficulty, an interview with DADD. The turnkey, at the former's request, left them alone. For a moment the dishonest servant seemed abashed by the presence of his injured master. Recovering himself, he quickly asked, with great coolness, whether he ' came thither to reproach him with the past, or to comply with his conditions.' ' Reproaches, though deserved, would be

useless,' said WHITTENBURY; 'and thus, though with strong misgivings, I am prepared to close with your proposal.' 'The money?' was the next inquiry, made with as much effrontery as if he was urging the payment of a just debt. 'It is here.' 'Hand it over.' 'No; not until you have given the information you profess to possess.' DADD eyed him, and remarked sullenly, 'Pay first: listen afterwards.' From this position no persuasion or remonstrance could induce him to depart. At length Mr. WHITTENBURY held out to him, in silence, the bribe agreed on. The convict keenly scrutinized the coin, to ascertain that it was genuine; satisfied on this head, he stowed it away carefully in various parts of his felon's garb. These precautions completed, he turned towards his late employer, and said, with something very like a sneer, 'Having paid down the purchase-money, let me wish you joy of your bargain!' The junior recollected his senior's repeated cautions, and felt that 'he was *done!*' 'What I have to say,' continued DADD, 'will bring no money into your till, or take a single doubtful debt off your books. But it will startle your mind, and relieve mine. You remember Mrs. HARPER's purse, and the trial of RALPH WORTHAM for taking it?' 'Yes; and the scandalous verdict of the jury in acquitting him.' 'It was a just verdict,' said the felon, gravely; 'he was not the thief.' 'Who was?' 'I!' returned the other, in a daring tone. 'I took it. I wanted money. I had lost a whole year's salary at a low shilling hell. My debts were pressing, and I was desperate. I took the purse. Could I have kept it, I should not have

been here ; but STEELE's activity ruined all.' ' You took it !—how ?—when ?' ' The moment in which WORTHAM, tired of waiting, bolted from the counter. The silly, vain woman had paraded her bank-note and purse so frequently and ostentatiously, that the temptation was more than I could resist ; my debts made me frantic, and fifty pounds would pay most. I seized it slyly, hoping that suspicion would light on WORTHAM ; and so it did. As to getting the note quickly off my hands I had no fears. At one or other of my gaming haunts I knew I could pass it. I watched my opportunity and succeeded——' ' And then ?' ' Oh ! STEELE brought him back ; and with him a policeman ; and then there was a hubbub, and a search, and a row, which you must well remember ; my courage failed me ; I began to fear that the search might become general ; so availing myself of the confusion and uproar which prevailed when WORTHAM upset STEELE, I helped, and *very gladly* helped, to drag the supposed thief into the inner shop to be searched ; while so doing I securely placed note and purse in the side-pocket of his jacket. The rest you know.' ' And is this *all* you have to tell me ?' cried the amazed and sickening WHITTENBURY, after a pause. ' Yes ! *all* ! No : stop—not all. I have a word or two more to add, and they are words of advice : Pay your assistants better, and you will have fewer thefts ; treat them not as brutes, but as Christians, and you will have more chance of their regarding your interest as their own : don't let them see in so many of their masters the most wanton waste and extravagance, unlimited expenditure, and

the most costly follies, and expect *them*, with such an example before their eyes, to be frugal, industrious, self-denying, and trustworthy. Farewell! You don't repent of your bargain, do you? You have surely had your money's worth?" And with a low, mocking laugh, the villain turned away."

\* \* \* \* \*

"And now," inquired ZILLET, as he closed his recital, "what is your opinion of Mr. ISHAM DADD? and what your opinion of the refractory juryman?"

"That both suggest matter for thought. But tell me—where is WORTHAM?"

"On the bounding sea; a prosperous man; independent, and respected."

"Another inquiry: Since LIGHT has dawned upon myself, and I, like you, am bound by the 'mystic tie,' reply to me unreservedly."

"I will."

"Did you not discover him in court to be a Mason?"

"I did; and *in distress*. You know our creed. Was I to stand aloof from him because the world frowned on him: and the more when, from the first, I entertained deeply-rooted and irremovable suspicions that he ought not to have been in the dock at all?"

"But he owed his deliverance mainly to the recognition of brotherhood?"

"And to the influence of previous character: both weighed strongly with me. Strongly, do I say?" said ZILLET, warmly and eagerly, correcting himself: "un-governably, is the proper term. A brother—view him where you will—is a brother all the world over"

WHAT I LIVE FOR FOR.

BY G. LINNÆUS BAKER.

I LIVE for those who love me,  
Whose hearts are kind and true;  
For the heaven that smiles above me,  
And awaits my spirit too;  
For all human ties that bind me;  
For the task by God assigned me;  
For the bright hopes left behind me,  
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,  
Who've suffered for my sake;  
To emulate their glory,  
And follow in their wake;  
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,  
The noble of all ages,  
Whose deeds crown History's pages,  
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion  
With all that is divine;  
To feel there is a union  
Twixt Nature's heart and mine,  
To profit by affliction,  
Reap truths from fields of fiction,  
Grow wiser from conviction,  
And fulfill each grand design.

I live to hail that season,  
By gifted minds foretold,  
When men shall live by reason,  
And not alone by gold;  
When man to man united,  
And every wrong thing righted,  
The whole world shall be lighted  
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me—  
For those who know me true;  
For the heaven that smiles above me  
And awaits my spirit too;  
For the cause that lacks assistance,  
For the wrong that needs resistance  
For the future in the distance,  
And the good that I can do.

## LADY MASONRY, OR MASONRY OF ADOPTION.\*

M. CESAR MOREAU, a very distinguished French Freemason, has written at great length on this subject, and we have much pleasure in laying before the Fraternity and our numerous lady readers some particulars of "*this dependence on Freemasonry.*"

It may be asked, what is this Masonry of Adoption or Lady Masonry? Some authors carry its origin as far back as the times of the rites of CERES, CYBELE, or the Vestals; according to others, to the institution of the Gaulish Druidess; others, again, to the religious female congregations of various countries from the fall of the Roman Emperors to the times of FRANCIS I.

In the "Mystic Temple," published by NEGRE and PIOT, it is said that in the temples of MINERVA and CERES in Greece females officiated, and that a Grand Priestess interpreted the oracles of APOLLO. We see in the Bible that MIRIAM, the sister of MOSES, told the Hebrew people that she was in communication with God. We also know that Levite women participated in the duties of the Temple. DEBORAH, the Israelitish prophetess, is a proof of this; and MAACHAH, the grandmother and instructress of King ASA governed the kingdom of Judah, and the people were happy. Thus there was no objection that females should participate, to a certain degree, in the Masonic Mysteries, as also in the works of philanthropy which so eminently characterize our Order: these are the motives that have served as bases for the foundation of Lodges of Adoption.

\* Translated from "Précis sur la Franc-Maçonnerie, son Origine, son Histoire, ses Doctrines, et Opinions diverses sur cette ancienne et célèbre Institution; par Le Chevalier CESAR MOREAU, de Marseilles (33ème. Grand Inspecteur-Général). Ledoyen, Libraire-Editeur, au Palais Royal, Paris.

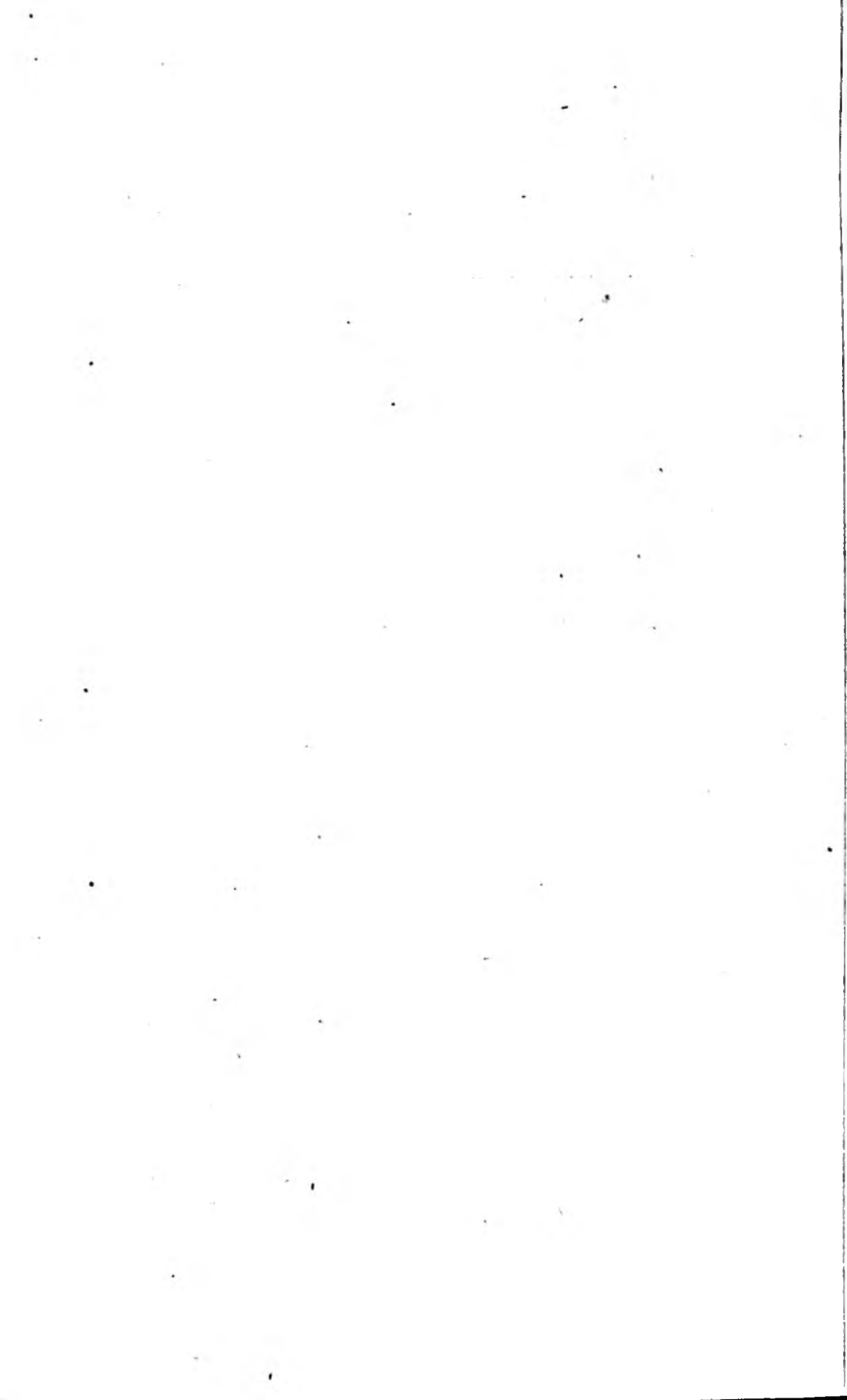


The Worshipful Master of the Lodge La Jérusalem des Vallées Egyptiennes, M. J. S. BOUBÉE, and who may be called the father of French Masonry, places the origin of Masonry of Adoption in the seventeenth century, and names as its author the widow of CHARLES I. of England, daughter of HENRY IV., and sister of LOUIS XIII. of France. This princess returned to France after the tragical death of her husband; and one of her greatest pleasures was to recount to the King of France the heroic efforts made in England by the "children of the widow" (Freemasons) to reestablish her son upon the throne. The queen made known to the ladies of the court the *words* and *signs* which formed their bond of union, and thus she instructed them in some of the mysteries of the institution, of which she had been proclaimed the protectress after the death of CHARLES I.

It has been said that Russia was the cradle of Masonry of Adoption, and that it originated with CATHERINE; for we observe in 1712 the Czarina, after having saved, almost miraculously, PETER the Great, who was surrounded by the Turkish army in the Pruth, and when his defeat seemed inevitable, obtained from PETER, in commemoration of her devotion, ability, and valor, the permission to found the Order of St. Catherine, an order of knighthood instituted for females only, of which she was proclaimed Grand Mistress.

Some time afterward, and in the eighteenth century, we again see four Grand Mistresses belonging to the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, which order, as is well known, was an emanation of primitive Masonry. In Italy it was the Princess of Rochelle; in France the Countess of Mailé and the Princess of Latour; in Germany the Duchess of Wissembourg.

In the "Univers Maçonique" of MOREAU, he assures





INTERIOR OF A TOMB AT PETRA.—FROM LABORDE

us that Masonry of Adoption is of French origin. "What other people," he observes, with rather more gallantry than truth, "could have raised this beautiful monument of national gallantry to a sex who in the East are subjected to the most humiliating dependence; who in Spain are guarded in living sepulchers, namely, the convents; while in Italy this admirable half of humanity is in the same position, and in Russia the husband receives from the father-in-law, with his wife, the right of flogging her at his pleasure? The French," adds MOREAU, "know too well how to appreciate the numberless merits of this charming sex to allow themselves to be influenced by any other nation in the happiness of proving to women that they are at all times their idols, from youth to age."

We will, however, retrace the history of Masonry of Adoption from 1775, which appears to be the real epoch of its establishment in France.

"Then," says BOUBEE, in his "Etudes Maçoniques," "the French ladies, not wishing to remain indifferent to the good done by Freemasons, wished to form Lodges of Adoption, so as more efficaciously to exercise charity and goodness."

The Grand Orient of France, it appears, did not sympathize at first in the formation of Lodges of Adoption. It resisted for a long time giving its sanction, but at last consented to take under its care this important institution, on the express condition that these assemblies should be presided over by a Worshipful Master of a regular Masonic Lodge. Permission having thus been obtained, several ladies of distinction strove, by an active and efficient concurrence, to give to this new institution a happy and powerful commencement. Amongst them were the Duchesses of Chartres and

Bourbon, the Princess of Lamballe, the Countesses of Polignac and Choiseul-Gouffier, the Marchioness of Courtebonne, and others.

Ladies' Masonry is composed of Five Degrees; the doctrine for the first degree regards the creation of Man and the temptation of Eve; and for the four other degrees the book of Genesis and the Bible. These assemblies were not exactly secret; but they had little in common with Freemasonry, excepting being held in a regular Lodge, and by the performance of acts of charity, esteem, and affection. A Lodge of Adoption was composed of a Grand Mistress, a Sister Inspectress, a Sister Depositress, a Sister Oratress, a Sister Secretary, a Sister Introductress, and a Sister Mistress of Ceremonies. They all wore a blue watered ribbon over the shoulder, with a golden trowel as a jewel. The three first had their mallets. All the Sisters and Brothers who composed the Lodge wore white aprons and white gloves.

The Duchess of Bourbon was the first to receive the title of Grand Mistress: her installation took place in May, 1775, with great pomp, in the Lodge of Saint Antoine, in Paris. The Duke of Chartres presided in his quality of Grand Master.

Nearly a thousand persons, the *élite* of society, assisted at this meeting. This first assembly was followed by others no less brilliant, and during several years, says BOUBEE, there was united under the sacred banners of charity and the graces all that the court and the city contained of the most illustrious and distinguished, to the great joy and happiness of the poor in the capital.

In 1777 her highness, the Grand Mistress, the Duchess of Bourbon, presided over the Lodge of Candour, and at one of the meetings there was a voluntary subscription to recompense an act of civic courage in

the person of a brave soldier of the Anjou regiment, who had thrown himself into the frozen Rhone to save two drowning children.

The 12th March, 1779, a letter was directed to the Duchess of Bourbon, in her quality of Grand Mistress. It was sent by a poor family from the country. A meeting was held, presided over by the Duchess; funds were subscribed for the poor family, who had thus solicited alms.

In 1779 the Lodge of Candour offered a prize for the best Essay on the following subject: "Which is the most economical way, the most healthy, and the most useful to society, to bring up foundlings, from the period of their birth to the age of seven years?"

A titled Mason, but a victim to family hatred, without a profession or resources, thanks to the noble Sisters composing the Lodge of Candour, obtained, in 1779, from the king a pension and a lieutenancy.

The court movements, we read in the "Univers Maçonnique" of CESAR MOREAU, caused the Lodge of Candour to be broken up in 1780.

The Quadruple Lodge of Adoption of the "Nine Sisters," so called after the regular Lodge of the same name, in 1776 and in 1777, of Antenil, was held at Madame HELVETIUS'; in 1778 at the same sister's, in honor of Brother BENJAMIN FRANKLIN; and in 1779, at Waux-hall, philanthropic fêtes were held. In 1780, to celebrate the convalescence of the Grand Master, the Duke of Chartres, the Lodge Social Contract formed a Lodge of Adoption at Waux-hall, presided over by the Abbé BERTOLIO, assisted by the Princess of Lamballe. Three ladies received the *Masonic light*, viz: the Viscountesses of Afrey and Narbonne, and the Countess of Maillé. The approaching revolution prevented the continuance

of these most agreeable and charitable meetings; even Freemasonry itself was scarcely able to resist this most violent and sanguinary of political disturbances.

During the revolutionary period Masonry of Adoption almost disappeared; and it was only at the commencement of the Empire that we see it rise again. In 1805 the Empress JOSEPHINE, who had been previously received in Paris, being at Strasbourg, presided over the Imperial Lodge of Adoption in that city—the Francs-Chevaliers—assisted by Madame DETRICH, wife of the Mayor, and Grand Mistress. The Empress at this meeting admitted one of her ladies of honor, Madame F. DE CANISY, into the mysteries of the Order. At no period, says M. BOUBEE, had there been so brilliant a Lodge; the city itself took part in the solemnity, excepting the more secret portion.

In 1807 the Lodge of St. Caroline, at Paris, held a meeting of Adoption, presided over by Madame DE VAUDEMONT. Among the persons present were the Prince DE CAMBACERES, the then Grand Master, and other high dignitaries of the Grand Orient of France.

The Lodge of the Chevaliers de la Croix, writes MOREAU, formed many Lodges of Adoption. "In 1811 and 1812, through the Lodge des Militaires Réunis of Versailles, many Lodges of Adoption were formed. There appeared successively in this struggle of honor and usefulness the Lodges of Themis, the Golden Age, Anacreon, Perfect Union, St. Joseph, &c.; and, in imitation of the Lodge of the Chevaliers de la Croix, the Lodge of the Commanders of Mount Thabor, created a charitable association under the name of the Lady Hospitaliers of Mount Thabor."

Under the Restoration, and subsequently, Masonry of Adoption was but little in vogue; there was a meeting, however, on the 19th of February, 1819, at which there

assisted the Prince Royal of Wurtemberg, the meeting being presided over by Madame DE VILETTE, the devoted friend of VOLTAIRE. There was also another on the 17th, same month, presided over by Madame DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD, assisted by those celebrated artists TALMA and Madame DUCHENOIS.

All these Lodges of Adoption, according to BOUBEE, were distinguished "by the regularity of their work, by the large amounts given to the unfortunate and to the poor, but more particularly by those liens of friendship which are so expressive, where the etiquette of rank was not observed."

Such is, in short, the history of Masonry of Adoption; and to complete our observations on this interesting subject we will give some idea of the meeting of Adoption held 8th July, 1854, for the installation of Madame CESAR MOREAU, as Grand Mistress of Masonry of Adoption, under the regular Lodge of La Jérusalem des Vallées Egyptiennes, which we extract from the journal *Franco-Maçon*, edited by F. DUMESNIL.

This fête was admirably arranged, and was most interesting. . . . It had been delayed several times in consequence of the illness of the Grand Mistress, Madame MOREAU, an English lady, the wife of Brother CESAR MOREAU, long time French Consul in London, and distinguished amongst other acquirements by that of being one of the principal Masonic historians. After the introduction (according to the rites and customs of the Lodge) of a large number of Sisters and Brothers, the Grand Mistress was announced, preceded by the *five principal lights* of the Lodge. Madame MOREAU made her entry into the Lodge, due honor being rendered, escorted by the Sisters Inspectress, Depositress, of Eloquence, and of Ceremonies.



The Worshipful Master, M. J. S. BOUBEE, of the Lodge La Jérusalem des Vallées Egyptiennes, one of the Grand Officers of the Grand Orient of France, and its Archivist, conducted her to the altar, where she was duly installed.

Then, handing her the mallet, the symbol of power, the Nestor of French Masonry (M. BOUBEE is nearly a centenarian) addressed her touching the responsible duties committed to her charge.

The Most Illustrious Grand Mistress, after having thanked M. BOUBEE, assured the members of the Lodge of her eternal friendship, and, taking the mallet in her hand, thus addressed M. BOUBEE: "And you, Most Illustrious Worshipful Master, when you gave me this mallet, conferred upon me the mark and symbol of the authority which you hold. Be assured, Worshipful Sir and Brother, that by doing so you have doubled your own power to do what is noble and charitable in confiding to us its exercise." . . . .

The Lodge being in working order, the reception of the beautiful and graceful Mademoiselle ANAIS G— commenced; and, having gone through the initiation, she replied to the various preliminary questions with much tact and intelligence.

Of the various trials there was one which made a deep impression upon the fair recipient, as well as upon the assembly. There were four boxes, one before each of the Officers (Brothers); she was told to open them, and out of the two first she drew faded flowers, soiled ribbons and laces, which, being put in an open vessel, were instantly consumed by fire, as a proof of the brief duration of such objects.

Conducted before the Brother Secretary, she withdrew from a box an apron, a blue silk scarf, and a pair of gloves.

From that before the Brother Orator, a basket, containing the working tools in silver gilt.

Then, brought before the altar, and on opening the box placed there, several birds escaped, so as to justify the words of the Worshipful Master, viz: "Liberty is a common good to all the world; no one can be deprived of it without injustice."

After having taken the obligation, the recipient was conducted to the Grand Mistress, who gave her the *words, signs, and touches*, and having clothed her with the silk scarf, and handing the gloves and basket, explained to her the meaning of these emblems. . . .

The Brother Orator and the Sister of Eloquence pronounced discourses; the first upon the advantages of such charitable associations, directed by the Sisters themselves; and the second upon the rights and duties of a Sister Mason. . . .

Then a voice, sweet and plaintive, reciting, as if coming from Europe (for the Lodge represented the four parts of the globe), was heard; it was that of the Grand Mistress of Ceremonies, ending with this couplet:

"Soulagez-vous sur cette terre,  
Dieu dans le ciel vous le rendra."

To this appeal for charity, the first of Masonic virtues, the Grand Mistress commended that the poor-box should be handed round. The Brother Hospitaller conducted the recipient, who presented the box to each Brother and Sister, while the Sister of Eloquence repeated the hymn in favor of the poor and unfortunate, pressed upon the assembly the pleasures of administering to the wants of others, and concluded in touching and beautiful language. . . . Madame MOREAU died January 11, 1855, of consumption, and at an early age.

If Masonry of Adoption has found, even among some portion of the Craft, a little opposition, it must be confessed that the great majority are in its favor. Very many are the discourses written on this matter by Brother CESAR MOREAU, and he has allotted a large space in his "Univers Maçonique" to this subject.

---

In the Roman Catholic countries of Europe, generally, Freemasons are not allowed to exist as a publicly recognized body, which causes the liberal and charitable sentiments of the Craft to be practiced in secret, and in such despotic countries Masonry of Adoption has progressed.

In the southern parts of the United States Lady Masonry is extensively known; also in the Island of Cuba.

It may be mentioned that in the late Spanish colonies, now rising republics, although under the papistical form of Christianity, Freemasonry has taken such root as not to be eradicated.

---

☞ One powerful hold which Masonry maintains upon human affections is its honorable attention to the dead. Each of us has a yearning love for our own clay-tenement, though compelled to leave it behind us when we depart, and we would fain have some one to preserve it and show it respect.

---

☞ Masonic cement is composed of truth and justice; put up in true hearts, and sealed with Faith, Hope and Charity; is not affected by change of climate, and may be had at the office of "good-will to men."

## Beauties of Freemasonry Exemplified.

---

Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits; camphire, with spikenard;

Spikenard with saffron; calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices;

A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon.—Sol. Song. iv. 13, 14, 15.



THE System of Freemasonry, as now practiced, combines the Speculative and Operative divisions, as they were reunited at the building of King Solomon's Temple. By the latter I would not be understood to mean the mechanical business of a bricklayer or a mason, but the study of the liberal sciences, including geometry and architecture. The morality of the first degree, blended with the science and doctrines developed in the second and third, constitute the peculiarity, as well as the perfection of the system. If Freemasonry were merely an institution for the propagation of moral truth, it must long ago have yielded to a superior teacher—THE PULPIT. Had it been confined exclusively

to science, a common literary society would have answered all its purposes. It is the *dulce et utile* mixed together—it is the beauty of the arrangement that convinces the understanding and fascinates the heart.

The hours of labor are marked by pursuits which dignify and adorn the mind. The W. M. expatiates with clearness and perspicuity on the beauties of geometry, astronomy, and other liberal arts and sciences, with their reference and application to the designs of Providence in the creation of man. The imagination luxuriates on his lecture, and the heart is improved, while the ideas expand under a course of training, which blends amusement with instruction; and all his illustrations tend to inculcate a knowledge of those three great branches of masonic morality and true religion—the duties we owe to God, our neighbor, and ourselves.

In the hours of refreshment, science is not abandoned. Music and poetry take the lead, and contribute their aid to enliven the graver pursuits of our more serious hours.

Our excellent and lamented Brother PRESTON, (whom I always quote with pleasure, because he was one of my first instructors in the science of Freemasonry), with equal brevity and truth, thus delineates the design of our lectures. Of the first, he says: "In this lecture, Virtue is painted in the most beautiful colors, and the duties of morality are strictly enforced. Here we are taught such wise and useful lessons as prepare the mind for a regular advancement in the principles of knowledge and philosophy; and these are imprinted

on the memory by lively and sensible images, well calculated to influence our conduct in the proper discharge of the duties of social life. The second degree extends the plan, and comprehends a more diffusive system of knowledge. Practice and theory are united to qualify the industrious Mason to share the pleasures which an advancement in the art necessarily affords. Listening with attention to the opinions of experienced men, on important subjects, the mind of the Craftsman is gradually familiarized to useful instruction; and he is soon enabled to investigate truths of the utmost concern, in the general transactions of life." Of the third, he says: that "In twelve sections, of which this lecture consists, every circumstance that respects government and system, ancient lore and deep research, curious invention and ingenious discovery, is collected and accurately traced. To a complete knowledge of this lecture few attain; but it is an infallible truth, that he who acquires by merit the mark of pre-eminence to which this degree entitles him, receives a reward which amply compensates for all his past diligence and assiduity."

From these general remarks let us take a brief view of some of the Beauties of the Order; for the impossibility of noticing every point, part, and secret by which we are distinguished, will be apparent from the preceding observations.

The ceremonies of Freemasonry are numerous and significant; although, if considered abstractedly, they are of little value, except as they contribute their aid to impress upon the mind a rich series of scientific

beauties and moral truths. And I will undertake to affirm, that the system of Freemasonry, complicated as it is throughout the whole routine of its consecutive degrees, and abounding with appropriate ceremonies, does not contain a single rite that is barren of intellectual improvement; and they all bear a reference to similar usages contained in the Holy Book that has been revealed from heaven.

Out of the numerous and fruitful store of rites and observances contained in this noble system, I shall select a few for illustration, that every inquirer may be informed of the source whence they are derived, and convinced that they have been conceived in a spirit of universal benevolence, and are practiced with the design of making us wiser and better men.

#### 1. BRIEF SKETCH OF THE THREE PRINCIPAL STEPS, OR DEGREES.

Like all other sciences, Freemasonry is progressive, and can only be acquired by time, patience, and a sedulous application to elementary principles, as a preparation for the higher and more abstruse points of doctrine, which convey pre-eminence in the superior degrees. And that no mistake may arise respecting the qualification of candidates, tests have been instituted, to mark at every step their progress in the preliminary degrees, before they be admitted to a more exalted place in the lodge.

The Three Degrees of Masonry, as they were probably arranged by the Grand Masters, at the building of the Temple, might bear a general reference to the

three Orders of the Jewish Priesthood, an arrangement which has also been introduced into the Christian Church. Indeed, this number was universally adopted in every ancient system. Even the Spurious Freemasonry had the same number of steps. The first consisted of probation, purification, and expiation. The second was called the Lesser Mysteries, into which the candidate *passed* by solemn ceremonies; and also to the third, after a long period of additional trial, which was denominated the Greater Mysteries. These consisted of fearful rites, introductory to a full revelation of all the ineffable doctrines, which he was bound, under an obligation and heavy penalties, never to reveal.

The Essenes, who preserved the true Freemasonry from extinction in the dark ages, which preceded the advent of Christ, admitted only three degrees; and the probationary term extended to one whole year. If, during this period, the candidate gave satisfactory proofs of his temperance, fortitude, prudence, and justice, he was accepted, and received the first step or degree, in which noviciate he remained another year before he was passed to the second step; and it was not until the expiration of three years that he was admitted to a full participation in the secrets and benefits of the society. And even here the utmost precaution was used. The candidate was previously bound by the most solemn vows, to keep inviolably secret the mysteries of his Order, and to act upon and abide by the ancient usages and established customs of the fraternity. The brethren distinguished each other, in



darkness and in light, by signs and tokens. The most profound silence was imposed at their assemblies, the Lecturer only expounding the tenets of their creed, which were enfolded in a series of allegorical symbols, the rest listening with a grave and solemn attention.

In every civil institution, the progress to rank, honor, and distinction, is, in like manner, graduated and slow. In the church, the bar, the army and navy, and all other social establishments, the candidate for fame must toil through a weary probation, and be content with a slow passage through many preliminary steps, before he can hope to attain the object of his ambition. It is the same in Freemasonry. It has several degrees, which are not communicated indiscriminately, but are conferred on candidates according to merit and ability.

The very first step taken by a candidate on entering a Masons' lodge, teaches him the pernicious tendency of deism and infidelity; and shows him that the foundation on which Masonry rests is the belief and acknowledgment of a Supreme Being, the Creator and Governor of the world; accompanied by a confession, that in Him alone a sure confidence can be safely placed, to protect his steps in all the dangers and difficulties he may be called on to encounter in his progress through the mazes of good and evil with which this world abounds; assured that if his faith be firmly grounded in that Supreme Being, he can certainly have nothing to fear. In connection with this faith, the first degree of Masonry teaches him that his actions must be squared by the precepts contained in the Holy

Bible, the constant study of which is strongly recommended. It goes on to enforce the practice of the three duties of morality—to God, his neighbor, and himself. It reminds him of the value of time, by an emblem which points out the division of the day into twenty-four equal parts; and the absolute necessity of regularly appropriating certain portions of it to the purposes of labor, rest, and the worship of his Maker, is forcibly impressed upon his mind. It teaches him the Three Theological and the Four Cardinal Virtues; connected with which, it points out to him the necessity of cultivating Brotherly Love—the cap-stone, the glory, and the cement of the Institution; it incites him to the duty of relieving the necessities of others, with the superfluities of his own substance, and in all places, and on all occasions, to adhere strictly to truth, as one great and effectual means of pleasing God. These are all emanations of the faith which the candidate professes at his first admission. We have three luminaries in our lodges; and what do they point out? They refer to the three precepts of MICAH, the prophet, that, as Masons, we ought to do justly in every transaction of life; to love mercy, and to walk humbly with our God. We are clothed in white, as emblematical of the innocence and integrity which ought always to distinguish a Free and Accepted Mason. Our jewels have all a moral tendency; and there is not a figure, letter, or character in Masonry, but points out some moral or theological duty.

If we pass on to the Second Degree, the first object that strikes us is the symbol of an eternal and self

existent Deity, who will reward or punish us everlastingly, according to our works. In this degree we are solemnly reminded, that the All-Seeing Eye of Providence observes our actions, and notes every improper word or thought, to produce against us at the day of judgment. The star of this degree points to that supernatural appearance in the heavens, which directed the Wise Men of the East to the place where the Incarnate God was prepared to receive the rich tokens of their adoration.

When the veil of the Third Degree is raised, we are presented with a series of historical facts and ceremonies which illustrate many passages in the Jewish Scriptures, and refer to the fundamental truths of our holy religion. It is truly called a sublime degree, for it contains the essence of Purity and Light.

This degree has a reference to the Christian dispensation, when the day of salvation is more fully revealed, atonement is made for sin, and the resurrection from the dead plainly communicated and confirmed by the resurrection of Christ from the grave.

The Jewish Law had degenerated into a mass of rottenness and corruption; piety, which planned the Temple at Jerusalem, was expunged; the reverence and adoration due to the Divinity, was buried in the filth and rubbish of the world; and religion and morality were scattered to the Four Winds of Heaven. Three Ruffian Nations, from the South, the West, and the East—the Syrians, the Chaldeans, and the Romans—gave, in succession, this temporary dispensation its death-blow; those who sought religion, through the

wisdom of the ancients, were not able to raise her; she eluded their grasp, and their polluted hands were also stretched forth in vain for her restoration. Her Tomb was in the rubbish and filth cast forth from the Temple, and Acacia wove its branches over her monument.\* In this state of darkness and despair, she lay until the Saviour came, instituted the Five Points of Christian Fellowship, and raised her from the dust in which she had been indecently interred, to a more glorious inheritance; to be the means of salvation to generations yet unborn; to unite mankind by the ties of a common Faith and a common Hope, and to produce that perfect and unsullied Charity, which shall have its consummation in glory at the Resurrection of the dead.

## 2. FREEMASONRY POSSESSES AN UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

Do you inquire what is its utility? It is for the purpose of enabling a worthy brother in distress to convey his wants and necessities, even though we are ignorant of his vernacular tongue; for thus the stranger and sojourner can freely explain their wishes. Is he surrounded by difficulties? His peculiar distresses are soon made known, and commiseration and relief are promptly administered. By the use of this valuable art, we are enabled to hold an intelligible intercourse, and even to maintain a connected conversation with

\* Freemasonry tells us, in a figure, that the acacian branch shall be severed from its parent stem, and we shall be triumphantly raised from the tomb of transgression, and conveyed by angelic attendants to the Grand Lodge above, if we discharge our respective duties here in Faith, and Hope, and Charity, as good Masons, and worthy members of the community at large.

brethren of every clime, and every language. We thus express pleasure and pain, sympathy and disgust, reverence and distress, with many other affections of the mind, even in the most public situations, without attracting notice or exciting curiosity. If a brother, then, should forget himself, so far as to be guilty of any public indiscretion, a formidable display of this Universal Language would restore his recollection, and bring him back to virtue. So truly has it been observed, that "however a brother may mistake himself as a man, he has the motive and opportunity of recovery as a Mason."

A knowledge of this invaluable secret—a language of universal application—has saved multitudes of lives in times of war and public discord; "when shipwreck and misery had overwhelmed them—when robbers had pillaged—when sickness, want, and misery had brought them even to the brink of the grave. In such hard and dismal calamities, the discovery of Masonry has saved them. The discovery of being a brother has stayed the savage hand of the conqueror lifted in the field of battle, to cut off the captive; has withheld the sword imbrued in carnage and slaughter, and subdued the insolence of triumph, to pay homage to the Craft."\*

So efficacious is the universal language of Masonry; and to show that its benefits are not imaginary, I subjoin two anecdotes, out of the stores which every brother would be able to furnish from his own experience; the former communicated to the *Freemasons' Quarterly Review*, (1835, p. 167), by Brother LEIGH, of

\* HUTCHINSON, *Spirit of Masonry*.

Taunton, and the latter by an uninitiated individual, under the signature of ALPHA. (1836, p. 442.)

“During the late war, a small coasting vessel, trading between Plymouth and Hampshire, returning with a cargo to the former, was suddenly surprised in the evening by a French privateer, who had taken up her position under one of the bold promontories of the Devonshire coast. The crew of the English vessel, being composed of the Captain and two or three persons, could make no resistance to a ship of war, and was taken possession of by the enemy. The French officer who performed that duty, in the course of his overhauling the cargo and papers of his prize, discovered a Master Mason's certificate from the Grand Lodge of England. He demanded of the English Captain if he were the individual named in it; and, on receiving an answer in the affirmative, the Frenchman observed, that although he was not himself a Mason, this was a circumstance which he knew would very much interest his commander, and that he must, therefore, go aboard the French ship and inform him of it. Having done so, the French Captain now came aboard his prize, and having satisfied himself that his captive was entitled to his fraternal protection, *by the universal language of Masonry*, proposed to him, that if he would give him his word, as a man of honor and a Mason, that on his return to Plymouth, he would use his best exertions to obtain the release of his (the French Captain's) brother, who was then a prisoner of war in Mill Prison, Plymouth, he would give him up his vessel, and allow him to proceed on his voyage. The Englishman, happy

to be liberated on terms so truly masonic, made the best of his way to Plymouth, in which harbor he, in a few hours, arrived with his cargo and crew. He immediately went ashore, and having assembled the Masters of the lodges of that port, communicated to them this extraordinary convention. One of the Masters, happening to be employed at that time by the government, in the management and supply of the French prison, lost no time in communicating it to the head department in London, and by the next post received an order to complete, with dispatch and fidelity, an exchange, which the French Brother had commenced with so much generosity and confidence. The French prisoner was shortly conveyed by a flag of truce to the shore of his native land."

ALPHA thus relates his adventure: "In the year 1825, I left England for Bogota, in South America. In journeying with a party consisting of eight persons, from Carthagena to a small village, called Baramquilla, situated on the banks of the river Magdalena, we were unable to procure mules to carry us to our destination. Application was made to those persons most likely to supply our wants, without effect; they informed us that several persons had been detained there for the same reasons. The following day we redoubled our search, making very liberal offers for the use of the beasts, but it availed us nought. What to do in this predicament we knew not; we were in a most unhealthy place, with a burning sun upon us, and last, though not least, tormented almost to death with musketoes, without a prospect of being released from these

miseries for some weeks. But, thanks to Masonry, our troubles were of but short duration; for, in the evening, we chanced to call upon the Alcade of the place, when it was discovered by him that one of our party was a Brother Mason. Judge of our surprise, when he told us that we should all have mules, and be enabled to proceed on our journey the next morning; a promise which he most religiously kept, for, at six o'clock the following day we left the place, with many blessings on the founder of Masonry."

### 3. WE MEET ON THE LEVEL AND PART ON THE SQUARE.

In the open lodge, Masonry knows no distinctions but those of merit. In the pure language of that sacred volume, which is always displayed on the pedestal, we honor all men, love the brotherhood, fear God, and honor the Queen. The glitter of pomp, the plumage of grandeur, form, however, no passports to especial commendation, except as they are united with moral worth. In our lodges the rich and the poor meet together. What is their common Charter? The Lord is the maker of them all.\* It is the mind—the intellect—improved by diligence and industry, that elevates the Free and Accepted Mason to the highest honors of his profession. In the system of Masonry, like that of nature, when the lodge is open, the badge of innocence assumed, the bond of friendship in active operation, and the Jewel of Equality sparkling in the West, all are on a Level—all are men formed in the image of their Maker. Of noble shape, tall, godlike,

\* Prov. xxii. 2.



and erect. Nature subjects the wealthy to pain, sickness and death, equally with him who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow. In like manner the Mason, whether rich or poor, is subject to destitution, to helplessness; in both cases, time, in its irresistible progress, brings on the third degree—the final catastrophe of life; and Death will have his prey. Sickness approaches without a summons; disease never knocks at the chamber door, or inquires whether he be a welcome guest; Death breaks through bolts and bars; he spurns the bribes of the rich, and is deaf to the heart-rending supplications of the poor. Both must repose together on the same lowly bed. The sprig of acacia—that striking emblem of innocence—is rifled from the spot where it grew and flourished, to decorate the crumbling remains of the departed brother; and the draperies of mourning will be alike extended over their place of burial.

From the dust acacias bloom,  
High they shoot and flourish free;  
Glory's temple is the tomb,  
Death is immortality.

With such illustrations in view, Masonry asks the enlightened brother, what is the glory of the world? Is any thing really great, except virtue? Is any thing truly mean and contemptible except vice? "According to the eternal rules of celestial ceremony and precedency," says a celebrated moral writer, "in the sublime and immortal heraldry of nature and of heaven, Virtue takes place of all things. It is the nobility of angels—it is the majesty of God."\* A king in the

\* FAWCET, vol. i. p. 95.

lodge is reminded, that although a crown may adorn the head, or a sceptre the hand, the blood in his veins is derived from the common parent of mankind, and is no better than that of the meanest subject. The statesman, the senator, and the artist, are there taught equally with others; they are, by nature, exposed to infirmity and disease; and, that an unforeseen misfortune, or a disordered frame, may impair their faculties, and level them with the most ignorant of their species. This checks pride, and excites courtesy of behavior. Men of inferior talents, who are not placed by fortune in such exalted situations, are instructed to regard their superiors with peculiar esteem, when they discover them voluntarily divested of the trappings of external grandeur, and condescending, in the badge of innocence, and bond of friendship, to trace wisdom and follow virtue, assisted by those who are of a rank beneath them. Virtue is true nobility, and Wisdom is the channel by which virtue is directed and decayed; Wisdom and Virtue alone mark distinction amongst Masons."

Thus, if Masonry read the rich man a lesson of humility, it teaches also to the poor, obedience and gratitude, while it reminds both of their mortality. It inculcates the necessity of practicing Brotherly Love, in our onward march from this world to another and a better. The wealthy and the wise are admonished to use their riches and talents, for the purpose of cheering and enlightening the poor and ignorant; knowing that it is to their persevering industry, and mechanical knowledge, that they are indebted for the elegancies

and luxuries of life. And both are admonished to make their accounts perfect, by deeds of the purest morality and virtue.

In the mechanism of Masonry, the graduated scale of rank is strictly and immutably observed, and subordination is perfect and complete; for its government is despotic. The Master in the East is absolute in his authority over the brethren of his lodge. Yet this does not, in the least, militate against the doctrine of equality, which is inculcated both by precept and example, in all the illustrations of Masonry. For it is an authority founded on brotherly love, and exercised in a spirit of kindness and suavity, which is the more effective, as it brings into operation, both with rulers and brethren, supreme and subordinate, the amiable sympathies which spring from fraternal esteem. If the power vested in the Worshipful Master be steadily maintained, on the judicious principle of *suaviter in modo*, it will be unnecessary to display the sterner features of *fortiter in re*. In a word, a Masonic lodge is governed by love, not by fear. And if, in any instance, this officer should so far forget his Master's obligations, as to exercise the despotic power with which he is undoubtedly invested, tyrannically—the bond of union would be violated—the great principles of Masonry would be scattered to the winds of heaven—and the lodge, how numerous and respectable soever it might be, would soon cease to exist.

But though Masonry thus inculcates the most impartial equality amongst the brethren, while the lodge is tyled, and masonic duties are in progress, it yields to

every one his proper rank, when the lodge is closed, and the jewels put away. Honor must be given to whom honor is due. Grades of human rank are necessary to support the framework of society; and Masonry, which is Order personified, cements the social system.

Order is heaven's first law, and this confest,  
Some are and must be greater than the rest.—POPE.

This is one of the peculiarities of Freemasonry. We meet on the Level and part on the Square. Is it not an amiable regulation? In our intercourse with the world, in the courtesies which we exchange with our species, a worthy Brother Mason is preferred to any other connection. Freemasonry is a science, universal as the Deity we invoke at the very first step of our initiation. It is a chain of affection where the whole brotherhood is linked in the strictest bonds of amity and friendship; and it teaches the incumbent duties which we owe to each other, and to ourselves, in every state of life, from the highest to the lowest grades. In whatever station our lot may be cast—whether we move in those magic circles which circumscribe the society of princes and the great ones of the earth, or whether we occupy the lower and more retired grades—we have an incumbent duty to perform; and it is on the discharge of that duty, including benevolence and protection on the one hand, and humanity and gratitude on the other, that our future lot will be determined in the day when the Grand Architect of the Universe shall make up his Jewels.

4. THE AVOCATIONS OF MASONRY ARE REGULATED BY THE  
MUTATIONS OF THE HEAVENLY BODIES.

The Master opens the lodge at sunrise, with solemn prayer; the Junior Warden calls the men from labor when the sun attains its meridian height; and the Senior Warden closes the lodge with prayer, at sunset, when the labors of our ancient brethren ended. The great luminary of creation rises in the East, to open the day, with a mild and genial influence, and all nature rejoices in the appearance of his beams. He gains his meridian in the South, invigorating all things with the perfection of his ripening qualities. With declining strength he sets in the West to close the day, leaving mankind at rest from their labors. This is a type of the three most prominent stages in the life of man, infancy, manhood, and old age; the first characterized by the blush of innocence, pure as the tints which gild the eastern portals of the day. The heart rejoices in the unsuspecting integrity of its own unblemished virtues, nor fears deceit, because it knows no guile. Manhood succeeds; the ripening intellect arrives at the meridian of its powers, while, at the approach of old age, his strength decays, his sun is setting in the West; and, enfeebled by sickness, or bodily infirmities, he lingers on, till death finally closes his eventful day; and happy is he, if the setting splendors of a virtuous life gild his departing moments with the gentle tints of Hope, and close his short career in Peace, Harmony and Brotherly Love.\*

This is the model on which the brethren are admon-

\* See my Ant of Mas. p. 35.

ished in the lodge to conduct their own private affairs. If the day, like the lodge, open and close with prayer, the Deity, in all his dispensations, both of mercy and justice, will ever be present to their recollection. And prayer is the key that unlocks the gates of heaven. In this angelic exercise, our thoughts and aspirations ascend to the throne of grace, and piety and holiness become habitual to the soul. If we look into the starry firmament, and behold Orion rising in the south, clothed in gigantic majesty—if we contemplate “the sweet influences” of the Pleiades, Arcturus, and the Wain, what are they but so many speaking evidences of His immortal power and goodness, who contrived, created and upholds the vast machine of nature? and all those myriads of brilliant orbs that roll over our heads, form a bright blaze of eternal and intelligible Masonry. The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. The reflections arising from such contemplations expand the mind, by unfolding the secrets of the skies, which are a sealed book to the ignorant or indifferent observer.

—What a range of sublimity does a survey of the heavenly bodies afford? How is the mind lost in the immensity and magnificence displayed in the spacious firmament on high? How do the affections soar beyond the trifling concerns of this short and transitory life—absorbed in the vast idea of Omnipotence?

—I have been much pleased with a view of the immensity of the creation, which appears in the “*Christian Almanac*” for the present year. The writer says: “Some astronomers have computed, that there are not

less than seventy-five millions of suns in the universe. The fixed stars are all suns, having, like our sun, numerous planets revolving round them. The solar system, or that to which we belong, has about thirty planets, primary and secondary, belonging to it. The circular field of space which it occupies is, in diameter, three thousand six hundred millions of miles, and that which it controls much greater. The sun which is our nearest neighbor, is called Sirius, distant from our sun about twenty-two billions of miles. Now, if all the fixed stars are as distant from each other as Sirius is from our sun, or if our solar system be the average magnitude of all the systems of the seventy-five millions of suns, what imagination can grasp the immensity of creation? Who can survey a plantation containing seventy-five millions of circular fields, each ten billions of miles in diameter? Such, however, is one of the plantations of Him who has measured the waters in the hollow of his hand—meted out the heavens with a span—comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure—and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance." This, for a speculation, appears immense; but it forms only a point in the vast idea of universal space, which the human mind is altogether incompetent to grasp; for, who shall attempt to place a limit to the designs of Omnipotence?

The study of this subject, which forms a part of the Fellow Craft's Lecture, prepares the mind for the contemplation of a future world, and elevates our thoughts to the great central emblem, whose sacred initial character, surrounded by a blaze of glory, recalls our minds

from the work to the Architect—from the science, to its mysterious symbols.

And what reference has the situation of the lodge? Why is it placed due East and West? The tyro in Masonry will answer the question. But this should not only be a station of order and science, but it should also be a station of seriousness and devotion. A Masons' lodge should be a company of Masons, who should behold the rising and setting of the sun with piety, with gratitude, and with devotion! It should be an assembly where the ignorant are taught Wisdom, where the wanton are taught sobriety, where the dissolute are reclaimed, and where the unruly are influenced to perform all the important duties of religious obedience. As the sun riseth in the East to enlighten the day, so the Master of the lodge should stand in the East to enlighten, with true Wisdom, his masonic companions, and guide all his Fellow Craftsmen to work out their salvation with fear and trembling! As the sun setteth in the West to close the day, so the Wardens of the lodge should stand in the West to close the labors of the lodge, and see that none go away, not only not dissatisfied, but also to see that none go away unimproved in moral virtue, and in pious resolutions. This is the perfection of Masonry.\*

5. THE PROPRIETY AND DECORUM OF PROCESSIONAL MOVEMENTS CONSIDERED.

Processions may be deduced from the highest antiquity. They are the very essence of every ancient institution which has had the most remote alliance

\* INWOOD'S Sermons, p. 66.



with religion, and particularly they form so great a portion of Freemasonry, that it could not exist without them. If Freemasonry be considered in all its parts and bearings, from the most simple elements to the highest and most ineffable degrees, this inevitable conclusion will result, that if Masonry be good for any thing, its excellence is derived, in a great measure, from Processional Observances. Take away its processions, and obliterate the illustrations consequent thereon, and where is the system of Freemasonry? Our *public* processions have been instituted for many noble purposes. We visit the house of God, in public, to offer up our prayers and praises for mercies and blessings—we attend in a body, to show the world our mutual attachment as a band of brothers—we are arranged in a set form, to exhibit the beauty of our system, constructed on the most harmonious proportions, and modeled into a series of imperceptible grades of rank, which cement and unite us in that indissoluble chain of sincere affection, which is so well understood by Master Masons—and blend the attributes of equality and subordination in a balance so nice and equitable, that the concord between rulers and brethren, is never subject to violation, while we meet on the level and part on the square.

But I will bring forward such a cloud of witnesses from the sacred records,\* in favor of this practice, as

\* The Spurious Freemasonry was all, in like manner, processional; (see my signs and Symbols, and Hist. Init. passim), and I name it here, only to show, that as their system was borrowed from the true one, it follows as an inevitable deduction from this general and uniform practice which distinguished the secret rites of all nations, how widely soever dispersed, or sepa-

shall silence all objections to its antiquity and usefulness. To establish the point, I need not mention the solemn procession of ADAM and EVE out of paradise, though it forms a prominent illustration of Royal Arch Masonry. It will be unnecessary to adduce the procession of angels on JACOB'S ladder;\* or that splendid procession, the most numerous, perhaps, ever witnessed in the world, which took place at the deliverance from Egypt, when the people came out with a mighty hand, and were conducted through the wilderness by the rod of MOSES.† These, however, bear upon the subject, because they are peculiarly connected with Freemasonry, and received the sanction of God himself, who attended them in person, enveloped in a cloud of glory.

These processions were accompanied by the banners rated from each other by impassable barriers, that our science has always, even from the earliest times, been accompanied by the use of processions.

\* Gen. xxviii. 12.

† This rod, or sceptre, was the visible agent which God thought proper to make use of for the deliverance of his people from captivity; and it was emblematical of the united authority which MOSES possessed, as king, priest and prophet. It subsequently became the subject of many Rabbinical fancies. With the Hebrews, the sceptre was always a badge of authority. In Heb. xi. 21, we read, that JACOB leaned on the top of his sceptre, or staff, as the patriarch of his race, while he was in the act of blessing the sons of JOSEPH. And it may be observed, that *virga* is frequently used in Scripture for a sceptre. So in the Iliad, book ii.—

“The King of kings his awful figure rais'd,  
High in his hand the golden sceptre blaz'd;  
The golden sceptre of celestial frame,  
By VULCAN formed, from JOVE to HERMES came.”

After which, follows a long list of very important personages, through whose hands the sceptre descended to him; and, in a subsequent book of the same poem, the crier is introduced, placing this sceptre in the hands of MENELAUS, and commanding the Greeks to be silent while he spake.

of the twelve tribes,\* and many others emblazoned with various devices; and they were conducted on certain prescribed principles, under the immediate direction of God himself.†

Look at the procession of DAVID to Mount Moriah, when it pleased the LORD to put a stop to the pestilence which raged among his people, in consequence of his inadvertently having them numbered;‡ and that most pompous one of SOLOMON, when his stately temple was dedicated.§ Look at the Jewish processions generally, and in particular, the triumphal one which preceded the feast of Purim.|| Contemplate finally, that grand procession through the streets of Jerusalem, in which the SAVIOUR of mankind was the most prominent character; when the people shouted in strains of gratulation, Hosanna to the Son of DAVID! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the LORD !¶ These are the holy models on which our processions are founded; and you will, therefore, no longer be inclined to think, that such observances are useless, or frivolous, or unnecessary.

Masonic processions are conducted with much greater

\* This was a most magnificent spectacle, if, as some writers think, (viz: MONTANUS, SIMLERUS, THEODOTION, JUNIUS, and particularly OLEASTER), from the construction of the words *ascenderunt quintati*, that the Israelites marched by five in a rank, *militari ordini*, in battle array; for then, as the whole procession consisted of not much less than two millions of souls, it would have extended nearly a hundred miles in length—led by Jehovah in a cloud—attended by the ark of the covenant and tabernacle, and the whole host overshadowed by numerous banners waving in the air.

† The order of this procession may be found in the tenth chapter of the book of Numbers.

‡ 2 Sam. xxiv. 20.

|| Esth. vi. 11.

§ 2 Chron. v.

¶ Matt. xxix. 9

splendor on the continent than in this country. The superior officers of foreign lodges wear splendid robes of silk and velvet, of the three pure colors, decorated with gold and precious stones. I copy from a ritual of Helvetian ceremonies, in my possession, some other attendant circumstances, which are calculated to swell out the gorgeous magnificence of a masonic procession. "The Great Master walks under a purple, blue, and crimson canopy, with fine linen and bells, and decorated with tassels and fringes; the staves of his canopy are four, or eight, which are borne by Master Masons of the oldest lodge present; on the right hand of the Great Master is a sword-bearer; and on his left hand is a sword-bearer; before the Great Master is a standard, and behind him is a standard. 'All Masters of lodges present' are under blue canopies, each borne by four Master Masons, of his own company; the canopies are six feet long, and three feet broad; the staves are six feet long; the framework is of cedar, or pine, or box-wood; the covering hangs down not less than three feet on each side, and in front likewise. In the middle of the procession is carried the ark, covered over with a veil of blue, purple, and crimson, by four of the oldest Masons present."

Such are the ceremonies and observances of Freemasonry. They speak a language to which every brother's heart responds, because they are connected with associations which are highly cherished and prized. These ceremonies cement an attachment to the Craft, which becomes more overwhelming as it is better understood; and as there does not exist a single

rite which is barren of instruction, so they are all and each essentially necessary to the perfection of the system. Every increase of knowledge only shows more clearly the necessity of preserving the Ancient Landmarks, and of enforcing those technicalities which every true Mason regards with respect and veneration, because they are at once the guardians of our treasures, and the discriminating tokens by which our claims to fraternity are unequivocally substantiated.

---

#### WISDOM BETTER THAN STRENGTH.

"THERE was a little city," says the Preacher, the Son of DAVID, "and few men within it; and there came a great King against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it. Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he, by his wisdom, delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man. Then, said I, wisdom is better than strength: nevertheless the poor man's wisdom is despised, and his words are not heard." If it should chance to you, my brother, to do mankind good service, and be rewarded with indifference and forgetfulness only; still, be not discouraged, but remember the further advice of the wise King: "In the morning sow the seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not which shall prosper, this or that, or whether both shall be alike good." Sow you the seed, whoever reaps. Learn, that you may be enabled to do good; and do so because it is right, finding in the act itself ample reward and recompense.

## THE CAPTIVITY.



NO event recorded in sacred history, except, perhaps, the account of the construction of the first temple, can be more interesting to the advanced Mason than that which relates to the destruction of Jerusalem, the captivity of the Jews at Babylon, and the subsequent restoration, under King Cyrus, for the purpose of rebuilding the "house of the Lord." From the death of Solomon to the final destruction of the Temple, the people were engaged in civil dissensions among themselves. No sooner had Rehoboam, son and successor of Solomon, ascended the throne, than his harsh and tyrannical conduct so incensed the people, that ten of the tribes revolted from his authority, and, placing themselves under the government of Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, formed the separate Kingdom of Israel, while Rehoboam continued to rule over the tribes of Judah and Benjamin, which then constituted the Kingdom of Israel, whose capital remained at Jerusalem.

The Jews being thus divided, and having offended the Almighty by their idolatry and licentiousness, were delivered over to the Chaldeans to be chastised. The instrument selected by the Deity, for the carrying out his designs, was Nebuchadnezzar, King of the Chaldees, then reigning at Babylon, who with a large army, laid siege to Jerusalem, and after a severe struggle of eighteen months' duration, reduced it. He then caused the city to be leveled with the ground, the royal palace to be burned, the temple to be pillaged, and the inhabitants to be carried captive to Babylon. The Jews remained in captivity until they were released by Cyrus, King of Persia, who in the first year of his reign, issued his proclamation, which liberated the Hebrew captives, and permitted them to return to Jerusalem to "rebuild the city and house of the Lord."

## NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

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 Sadduces. It is true the Jews entertained 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 nothing can more clearly prove the distinct reference of Freemasonry to Christianity than the doctrine of the resurrection so distinctly inculcated in the third degree.

---

· 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 modeled upon the ancient constitutions of the Roman and Greek colleges, and the provisions of the civil law.

## LIGHT.

BY WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

From the quickened womb of the primal gloom,  
The sun rolled black and bare,  
Till I wove him a vest for his Ethiop breast,  
Of the threads of my golden hair;  
And when the broad tent of the firmament  
Arose on its airy spars  
I penciled the hue on its matchless blue,  
And spangled it round with stars.

I painted the flowers of the Eden bowers,  
And their leaves of living green,  
And mine were the dyes in the sinless eyes  
Of Eden's virgin queen;  
And when the fiend's art on the trustless heart  
Had fastened its mortal spell,  
In the silvery sphere of the first born tear  
To the trembling earth I fell.

When the waves that burst o'er a world accursed  
Their work of wrath had sped,  
And the Ark's lone few, tried and true,  
Came forth among the dead;  
With the wondrous gleams of my bridal beams,  
I bade their terrors cease,  
As I wrote on the roll of the storm's dark scroll,  
God's covenant of peace.

Like a pall at rest on a senseless breast,  
Night's funeral shadow slept—  
Where shepherd swains on the Bethlehem plains  
Their lonely vigils kept;  
When I flashed on their sight the heralds bright  
Of heaven's redeeming plan,  
As they chanted the morn of a Savior born—  
Joy, joy, to the outcast man.



Equal favor I show to the lofty and low,  
 On the just and unjust I descend;  
 E'en the blind, whose vain spheres roll in darkness and tears,  
 Feel my smile, the blest smile of a friend.  
 Nay, the flower of the waste by my love is embraced.  
 As the roses in the garden of kings;  
 At the chrysalis bier of the worm I appear,  
 And lo! the gay butterfly's wings.

The desolate morn, like a mourner forlorn,  
 Conceals all the pride of her charms,  
 Till I bid the bright hours chase the night from her flowers,  
 And lead the young day to her arms;  
 And when the gay rover seeks Eve for his lover,  
 And sinks to her balmy repose,  
 I wrapt the soft rest by the zephyr-fanned west,  
 In curtains of amber and rose.

From my sentinel steep, by the night-blooded deep,  
 I gaze with unslumbering eye,  
 When the cynosure star of the mariner  
 Is blotted from out the sky;  
 And guided by me through the merciless sea,  
 Though sped by the hurricane's wings;  
 His compassless, dark, lone, weltering bark,  
 To the haven home safely he brings.

I waken the flowers in their dew-spangled bowers,  
 The birds in their chambers of green,  
 And mountain and plain glow with beauty again,  
 As they bask in their matinal sheen.  
 O, if such the glad worth of my presence to earth,  
 Though fitful and fleeting the while,  
 What glories must rest on the home of the blest,  
 Ever bright with the Deity's smile.

## BROTHER OR NO BROTHER;

OR,

### WHICH WAS THE WISER?

“Your own feelings must dictate your decision: I can express no wish: make no suggestion—but you have known my life-long devotion to Masonry, and the importance I have attached to its precepts. This is no hour for trifling,”—a spasm of acute pain contracted the features of the speaker, and enforced an involuntary pause; “but specially an hour for truth. I have never unduly exaggerated the force of Masonic principles; never regarded them as superseding the highest and holiest of all teaching; but as suggestive of it and subsidiary to it. Whether, however, the connection of Masonry with my family terminates in my own person—whether you eventually belong to the Craft, or continue strangers to it—remember that he is deeply criminal who lives for himself alone.”

But who was the speaker—who the listeners—and what were the accessories of the scene?

Mr. MORSHEAD, formerly a surgeon in India, who, by steady perseverance, force of character, and stern avoidance of all that bore even the semblance of what was base and unworthy, had risen from obscurity and indigence to station and opulence, was supposed to be in dying circumstances. The parties whom he was addressing were his two sons, PHILIP and RUPERT, youths very different in temperament and character, but both inexpressibly dear to their generous father. These, during his last interview on earth, he was most anxious to impress. He knew that his decease would render them both wealthy. Talent was theirs by inheritance;

and the added polish of education had not been wanting. The dying man was anxious that they should not abuse the first, or omit to follow up and improve the second. He coveted for them usefulness, and he dreaded for them sloth. His will was by his side: he pointed to it and spoke to them calmly of the advantages and responsibility which his death would open to them. He then signed to them a silent adieu, and betook himself in solitude to his religious duties.

But not then did the angel of death claim him. He waved his wings over the sufferer, but forbore to strike. Mr. MORSHEAD rallied. "His composure, submission, patience—they, humanly speaking, have saved him," exclaimed his professional attendants. "A mind so admirably poised as his—so thoroughly acquiescent in the arrangements of Providence, arms medical remedies with tenfold power. His trusting, confiding spirit, is his real doctor." Patience! thou rare and homely quality, what enduring medicament is thine!

If the young men had cherished any expectation that their father, during his short interval of convalescence, would once more recur to Masonry, and avow his deep conviction of its value, they were doomed to disappointment. Mr. MORSHEAD never approached the subject again. The respite "so mercifully granted"—his own words are used—was "devoted to meditation on the mighty future and to preparation for its dread awards!" and, if composure, submission, faith, and hope, fitly characterize such an hour, the veteran Mason passed from earth not ill-prepared for his dreamless rest. The sons, the event affected variously. PHILIP, the younger man, shrunk from society, and indulged in many and earnest musings over the past. RUPERT, the elder,

courted gayety; talked of the absurdity of grief," and was all impatience for "the distribution of the property," and for means of prosecuting a scheme of foreign travel. The first seemed to cherish whatever could recall the memory of his father; the other bent on forgetting him with all convenient speed. They were together one morning, when searching in Mr. MORS-HEAD'S secrétaire for some paper that was needed, they lighted unexpectedly on a packet carefully and elaborately sealed, and in a feeble and trembling hand, thus inscribed :

"For him, allied to me by blood, who values my memory, recollects my conversation, and heeds my opinions, however lightly and casually expressed."

"What may this enclose?" exclaimed RUFERT. "Marvellous pains seem to have been taken to secure the contents from injury! What may be within? Eh, PHIL! Valuables?"

"Yes! in one sense as having been *worn by HIM*," was the reply slowly given, and not without emotion; "I imagine that packet to contain his Masonic insignia."

"Oh! Ah! That was one of the governor's infatuations—one of his infatuations to the very last. Masonic, Eh! So! I imagined that, sooner or later, we should stumble upon some memento of this kind. What is to be done with it?"

PHIL<sup>R</sup> pointed in silence to the inscription.

"All stuff and nonsense," remarked the elder brother, angrily; "I ask again, how shall we dispose of it?"

The younger man read deliberately the address; but trusted himself with no comment.

"Pooh! Rank absurdity!" cried the elder son. "We're not going to keep it! *That*, like other matters, must be disposed of."

"Disposed of!" exclaimed PHILIP, "with that memorandum endorsed on it, and written by himself the very day before he died!"

"No heroics, PHIL—no heroics! This is a money-getting age, which has scant sympathy with them. I ask once more who will be the buyer?"

"I, cried the younger, indignantly; "I, at any estimate that may be formed."

"Ah! well! that's business-like, and I understand you."

"Would that I could return the compliment," rejoined PHILIP, sadly. "My dear brother, are the dead at once to be forgotten, and their wishes—"

"Oh! if you are about to moralize, I wish you good morning. I don't affect homilies at any time; but least of all when delivered by a layman! Adieu!"

And, whistling his dog to his side, RUPERT quitted the apartment.

PHILIP mused on in silence. Memory recalled to him many a touching trait of the departed. He thought of his father's unvarying affection and consideration for both his children—of the costly education he had bestowed on RUPERT—of the extent to which all his predilections had been gratified, and his expensive habits borne with—of the invariable gentleness with which the deceased rebuked, and the eagerness with which he praised; and with these he contrasted RUPERT's levity, heartlessness, ingratitude and avarice.

It was a melancholy hour; and more than once the exclamation rose to his lip, "If so selfish in youth, what will he be in age?"

But that secrétaire, crowded with papers, must be examined; and those huge packets of letters must be

sorted, classed, and perhaps, to a vast extent, destroyed: and with a sigh PHILIP seized the lightest and thinnest bundle, and addressed himself wearily to his task.

That feeling speedily gave place to eagerness and admiration. The packet was made up exclusively of letters from various individuals at different periods of Mr. MORSHEAD'S career, thanking him for patronage, pecuniary help, successful intervention, and availing influence, exerted in their behalf in the hour of need.

It was a marvellous testimony to the unwearied and life-long benevolence of a most open-hearted man.

The blessings of the widow were there, and the manly acknowledgments of the orphan, and the prayers of the aged, and the buoyant and sanguine thanks of the young. Few seemed to have applied to him in vain.

Around the packet was a broad label, with these words in pencil: "The preservation of such letters seems to savor strongly of vanity; but I leave them, that my children may see that self was not always uppermost in my thoughts. I assume no credit, covet no posthumous praises: Masonry taught me never to witness sorrow without endeavoring to relieve it. That I have been able occasionally to do so, all praise be to the Most High!"

This comment opened a long train of thought in the mind of the excited reader; and at last issued in this conclusion:

"That can be no unholy bond which prompts and ripens such noble fruits. If life be spared me, I will join the Fraternity!"

It was with a feeling of indefinable uneasiness, that PHILIP on the following morning, looked forward to an exchange of greetings with RUPERT at the breakfast-

table. That gentleman rose late, and in no very equable frame of mind. The amusement of the previous evening bore but badly the test of reflection. He was aspiring to the position of a "fast man," and had paid for his "footing" by the loss of a heavy sum at hazard. This result galled him; his night's rest was broken; and he had risen with curses on his lips at his own folly—ill at ease, feverish, and irritable. Nor was his ruffled spirit soothed by observing PHILIP's self-possessed and happy air—his cordial and ready smile.

"Oh! by the way," exclaimed the elder, after a volley of growls at everything on the table, "how about those Masonic insignia we discussed at such length yesterday? What do you intend to do with them?"

"Wear them," was the reply.

"I asked you," said RUPERT, angrily, "how you intended to deal with them?"

"And I," returned PHILIP, with pleasant and smiling mien, "as frankly avowed my intention to wear them."

RUPERT was silent for some moments; first from astonishment, then with rage—

"So, then," rejoined he, at length, with a sneer, "lunacy seems hereditary in our family?"

The younger son pointed to a portrait which fronted them, and asked, "Did *he* ever show any symptoms of unsettled or ill-regulated intellect?"

"Yes; in his absurd consideration for the wants of others. But he's gone; and what he *did* or *did not* do is beside the question. Your intention, then, is to become a Mason?"

"If the Fraternity will accept me."

"You'll repent it. Fraternity! There's no fraternity; the whole affair is based on vanity; there's nothing real and abiding in it."

"Some of the best and ablest men in our country have maintained the contrary," was PHILIP's firm rejoinder; "for my own part, I wish to be one of a Brotherhood."

"And I wish to stand *alone*. A young fellow with means at command can dispense with a Brotherhood. He can help himself and laugh at the idea of a Fraternity as I do."

Did an hour ever come when RUPERT remembered this expression, and—bewailed it?

To a traveler weary of wandering, Genoa "the magnificent" affords a tempting home.

Its lovely bay, screened by towering mountains which rise like an amphitheater behind it and give to its harbor the semblance of unassailable security; the palaces of its nobility, and the treasures of art they contain; its gay lounge, the *Balbi*; the palace of the former doge, linked with many a thrilling legend; its solemn and memory-haunting cathedral; the palaces of Balbi and Doria, and the Jesuit College—are all, more or less, objects of interest, and render Genoa indisputably an attractive haven to a wearied spirit.

Moreover, there is in the frank hospitality of the Genoese that which colors agreeably the first impressions of a stranger. There is a courtesy and a kindness about the merchant-princes of this picturesque port which puts the stranger at once on good terms with his entertainers and himself. True, of the civilities which were showered upon RUPERT MORSHEAD some portion might be traced to the current impression that the young "Inglese" was wealthy; but of the attentions lavished on him many were spontaneous, and sought neither requital nor return.



Among the houses at which he was ever a welcome guest was that of the Signora VALDI, who, with her young widowed daughter, the Marchesa MARDINI, and an invalid son, were early introduced to the music-loving Englishman, and speedily succeeded in making a permanent lodgement in his good opinion.

Nature had been very lavish to that youthful Marchesa. A face of surpassing loveliness; a voice of rich and peculiar melody; a manner so winning and graceful, that it insensibly converted the passing acquaintance into the passionate worshiper, were hers. So much for exterior. He who looked beyond it—he who inquired what motives and principles animated so fair a form, and gave their impress to the round of daily duties which an immortal being has to discharge, would find shrined within the casket purposes the most base, selfish and sordid—aims the most dishonest and unscrupulous.

But to RUPERT the voice that breathed such entrancing melody—the eye that beamed so brightly when he was nigh—the lips that would pour forth such touching legends, or on a sudden inspire a languishing conversation with such brilliant flashes of witty criticism or mocking mirth—were to him all he cared to hear or know. The future rose before him. He ruminated, “What a charming companion she would make for life. True, she was poor. What then? He was wealthy. There was a difference, unquestionably, in their creeds. No matter. It was a subject they would by consent ignore: it need never be adverted to. As to her relatives, some of them appeared apparently dissolute and undeniably ‘seedy.’ *N’importe*. He married the marchesa, not her aunts and uncles? and the morning following the ceremony would cut the whole fraternity!”

His proposals were made—accepted—and the contemplated nuptials became the gossip of Genoa. Slave as he was to the marchesa's beauty, and intoxicated with the wild delerium of passion, it did strike the infatuated young man even then that when they appeared in public as an affianced couple some extraordinary smiles were bestowed on her, and some pitying glances directed toward him. Nay, more—as they were passing through a crowded ball-room the expression reached his ear, "At last the quarry is hit." That it bore any reference direct or indirect to himself never for one moment occurred to him. Moreover, a letter or two abounding in queer Italian phrases, which he did not give himself the pains to master, reached him by unknown hands, and were petulantly thrown aside. Meanwhile, Signora VALDI eagerly hastened on the marriage, and an early day was fixed for its celebration. An evening or two previously the expectant bridegroom was strolling in the *Balbi* when two Englishmen, cousins, of the name of Hensingham, passed him. He heard—or fancied he heard—the younger say to the elder, "Let us save him he is our countryman—the consequences are so frightful and life-long." They passed on in eager conversation—repassed him—and renewed their gazes. Then the younger man, throwing as it were, all conventional usages aside, announced himself as a compatriot, and challenged the musing RUPERT's acquaintance. After some desultory remarks, the elder Hensingham addressed his auditor as Mr. PHILIP MORSHEAD.

"No!" said the affianced bridegroom, "that title is not mine, it belongs to my student brother."

"With whom, on public occasions, I have had more than once much agreeable intercourse," said the elder gentleman.

"Very probably," returned RUPERT. "At some Masonic dinner, perchance—for the youth PHILIP," continued he, jeeringly, "is or was a Mason. Of the absurdity of that connection I never could convince him, though my efforts have been neither few nor slight. To that fraternity, with its imposing pretensions and palpable uselessness—its marvellous assumptions and its undeniable impotency—he clings pertinaciously up to the present hour."

The HENSINGHAMS exchanged glances, and walked for a few moments by his side in silence.

"And do you believe," said the elder gentleman, earnestly, "that Masonry, which has numbered among its ranks so many devoted, exemplary, self-denying men—so many true lovers of their species—is so tainted and hollow an association?"

"I entertain the worst opinion of it," returned RUPERT, firmly: "my only consolation is, that it is powerless; powerless alike to protect or to injure, to counsel or to save."

"But if some needful and necessary caution were given—some highly important and opportune information—"

"I should reject it," interrupted the young man, quickly, "if offered by a Mason."

"On what ground?"

"This—that I distrust the whole Fraternity. Brothers, forsooth! Pshaw!"

"Farewell!" said his two companions, in a breath—and left him.

RUPERT hurried on, absorbed in his own reflections. Had he been less engrossed he might, perchance, have heard one of the HENSINGHAMS whisper quietly to the other:

“What chance of rescuing so prejudiced, so unreasonable a being. Leave him to his fate, as doomed and impracticable!”

“No alternative presents itself,” replied the other, sadly; “but if he had belonged to us, we would have braved his displeasure, and made one determined effort to save him.”

“I’ve given those fellows a rebuff,” said RUPERT, merrily, as he reached his hotel. “How gloomily they listened! Gad! I half suspect they were Masons! How capital if this conjecture be correct. Ah! here is something better worth thinking of!” And he turned, as he spoke, to an exquisitely finished miniature of the marchesa, which a struggling artist had completed and sent home that evening. “A faithful, but not a flattered likeness,” was his comment after a lengthened and delighted inspection.

Thus we leave him.

Dreamer! Enjoy thy vision while it lasts. Its tints are on the point of fading! Stern realities are thickening around thee. Revel in thy present day-dream while thou mayst. There awaits thee an early and terrible awakening!

---

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 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.

---

PEOPLE frequently reject great truths, not so much for want of evidence, as for want of an inclination to search for it.

THE GREAT OUTLINES  
OF  
SPECULATIVE FREEMASONRY.

---

Delivered before the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of New York.

---



THROUGH the merciful Providence of God, another opportunity is presented of addressing you in terms of fraternal affection. Once more, of asking that kind indulgence, that serious and candid attention, you have never denied me.

An attempt will now be made, briefly to exhibit, some of the great outlines of Speculative Freemasonry, in one general view. General, I say, because a single address cannot embrace but the mere outlines of a system, on which the mind may range with fresh and admiring prospects, or dwell with unspeakable delight. A subject, involving truths weighty and important in their nature, and consequences everlastingly serious and eternal.

The science of Speculative Freemasonry seems to have been made a subject of inquiry, in some general degree, in every age of the world. Hence various opinions have been entertained by mankind, as to its origin and proper design. While some have really approved the Institution, others have wholly condemned it. While some have expressed a belief, that in few instances it might be beneficial to individuals, others have utterly denounced it as the bane of society. While some have wisely suspended their opinions, others have cast odium on the very name. In the abodes of ignorance, where the genial rays of science have but dimly shone on the human intellect, Masonry has usually been denominated a scheme of practical impiety, bewildering the head and corrupting the heart. From such unfounded and uncharitable opinions have originated numerous fables, by which enchantment and witchcraft are said to be practiced in Masonic assemblies. From these and various other causes, the public mind has long been laboring under serious doubts, whether to consider the Institution laudable and good in its nature and design, or not. In view of such a consideration, we are loudly called upon, as Free and Accepted Masons, to unfold the tenets of our system in the most plain, unequivocal terms. Distinctly to explain the moral nature of the Institution to the world, and by convincing the understanding, lay a sure foundation for its universal approbation by all mankind.

That Speculative Freemasonry is wisely calculated to irradiate the understanding, enlarge the capacity of

the mind, and improve the heart, no man can doubt, who has been correctly taught in its principles. These are facts capable of as positive proof as the nature of moral fitness will admit. We are, therefore, bound by that benevolence and charity we profess, to adopt every laudable expedient to remove error, prejudice or misconceptions from the public mind. On the accomplishment of this desirable object depends much of the celebrity of the Institution, and the great accession to human happiness.

That our minds may be refreshed on this subject, let us turn our thoughts on some of the more prominent features of the Masonic Institution.

Speculative Freemasonry, as a system, evidently embraces, in body and substance, the whole duty of man as a moral being; comprising a summary of principles, conformable to the very nature and fitness of things. Here is presented that variety and richness of scenery which charms the understanding, that beauty, sublimity and grandeur of objects, which fill the contemplative mind with admiring views. Here we discover the wisdom of God in the symmetry of nature, and the finger of Providence in the government of the world. The great outlines in the history of creation are also unfolded. The primitive innocence of man, the fall and consequent scenes of natural and moral evil—in a word, the history of nature and grace is most beautifully prefigured in a lively display of Masonic symbols. Here we view the coincidence of principle and design, between the Christian scheme and Speculative Freemasonry, with that pleasing admir-



tion which satisfies inquiry, and clearly proves our system based on truths of Divine revelation. As the subject continues to open, the mind is presented with an endless variety of sublime contemplations. Such are the deep mysteries of the Divine Word, in whom all the fullness of the Godhead dwells bodily. Such the terrible majesty of Him that rideth upon the heavens by his name Jah, who plants his footsteps in the sea and manages the storms. Such the boundless displays of the unsearchable riches of Divine Benevolence. Such the Grand Council of Eternity which devised and executed that great plan of man's redemption. The mind is thereby presented with the coequal and coeternal existence of the adorable persons in the Sacred Trinity. The allusions are direct, and meet the understanding in a convincing light. Here we view the numerous allusions to that essential Divinity, which foiled the powers of darkness and brought salvation to the world. Here are we taught in meekness to reverence the name of JEHOVAH, and dwell on the infinitude of his perfections—the eternity of his nature. Within these consecrated walls are clearly unfolded the numerous relations of man, as a being destined to survive the general destruction of nature herself, and triumph in immortal existence. The wisdom, and goodness, and mercy, and justice of the great God, as displayed in the moral world, and his controlling, governing power in the natural. All the combined, unspeakable excellences of the Omnipotent Creator. Time, with all its interesting relations; eternity, with its everlasting consequences. This world, as a dreary

wilderness; heaven, as the paradise of God. Mortal existence, interwoven with pains and sorrows and death; a happy immortality, endless fruition in the regions of bliss. Vice, with her scorpions to the naked conscience; virtue, with her sceptre of peace and her crown of rejoicing. Here, in short, is a vast plenitude of moral and religious instructions.

The admiring views are sometimes turned on that Wisdom which could devise, and that Power which could call into being worlds and systems of worlds by the WORD of his power. To adore that Divinity, whose goodness and mercy are so astonishingly displayed in the salvation of man. Here we are led to trace the streams of human happiness, to the inexhaustible fountain of Divine goodness.

Such are a few of those numerous excellences found in the system of Speculative Freemasonry. On these are indelibly impressed the scale of imperishable worth. If such, in very deed, were not the facts, no man of sense and independence of mind could, in any shape, become attached to the Institution. If all were a mere specious form, a shadow without substance, a name without meaning—was there no other or higher attainment than the mere externals, the naked ceremonies, the semblance of virtue, the appearance of sincerity, a kind of hypocritical sanctity, the badge of innocence to conceal the blackest crimes, the mask of friendship to allure and deceive, a mantle and profession of charity to wrap up a heart of fraud and malevolence, the empty names of moral and religious principles, basely prostituted and stripped of their

appropriate meanings, the Institution would justly deserve nothing but infamous disgrace, and meet with little else than sovereign contempt. The sober and discreet part of community who might become members, indignantly frowning on such base duplicity, such sanctimonious yet damnable deception, long ere this time would have stripped off the mask and exposed the monster naked to the world. Regardless of the frowns or flatteries of their fellows, they would have triumphed in the extinction of the Institution. No age of human depravity, no country so far sunk in the depths of moral pollution, but has been honored with Masonic members; who, dreading nothing but the displeasure of heaven, would have trampled in the dust the very constitution of a corrupt and wicked association. Such attempts, however, are nameless on the records of time. And such, we are sure, never will be made till the laws of nature shall be reversed, till light becomes darkness, virtue, morality and religion the blackest of human crimes. No individual, however corrupt in heart or abandoned in principle, however lost to a sense of duty or honor, however regardless of present conduct or future consequences, could for once concentrate the whole vileness of his nature into a single point sufficiently daring and desperate as to revile the true principles of Speculative Freemasonry. An admiring world has often witnessed this cautious reserve with astonishment, and as often been inclined to ascribe it to some mysterious, controlling influence of the powers of darkness. Little, however, do mankind imagine, that nothing but some lingering sense

of the great, intrinsic excellences attached to this Institution, can at any time restrain slanderous expressions in disgraced and apostatized members. The very name itself of Masonry forces on the mind some faint, perhaps unwilling remembrances of truths, which for the moment command the approbation of the heart, and draw the tribute of praise even from polluted lips.

This consideration, and this alone, is sufficient to account for that uniform applause from the vain and worthless, or prudent reserve in the vile and abandoned. Such, we know, is the fact. When an unprincipled member, one who can not be reclaimed, is expelled from the Society, his lips are closed in eternal silence, or only opened to approve that Institution from which he is forever excluded.

Brethren, have you not sometimes considered these things with a degree of astonishment? What nation or government on earth but has been execrated by disaffected members of its own domain? What society or institution, except the Masonic, in any age or country, but has been reviled and slandered by outcast individuals, once the members of its own body?

Have you not sometimes, in a measure, been lost in contemplating the great antiquity and universal identity of Masonic economy, as now existing amongst all civilized nations? Have you not sometimes viewed the Institution, in that point of light, which filled the mind with a high and exalted sense of its divine excellence? Have you not sometimes been truly astonished that this Institution hath survived the ruins of states, of kingdoms, and empires? That in every nation un-

der heaven, amidst the clashing interests of religious sectarians, the merciless persecutions of enthusiastic bigots, the jealousies of un pitying tyrants, and all the convulsions of the moral, and revolutions of the political world, Masonry hath escaped the ruin, preserved her integrity and purity, and by the influence of her principles, like the sun in his strength, hath, again and again, irradiated the nations. Herein is abundantly verified that wise remark of Gamaliel, a doctor of the Jewish law: "If this counsel, or this work, be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it."

Brethren, the design of this address, was said, merely to present the outlines of Speculative Freemasonry. But, if what has been exhibited be true, you already discover, through the magnitude of the subject, the greatness of the undertaking.

The characteristic principles are such as embrace the whole subject matter of divine economy. The further you attempt to investigate the whole system, the more deep, and solemn, and interesting, the subject appears.

Such, therefore, is the nature of Speculative Freemasonry, that the most exalted human intellect can never survey the whole field of improvement. The attainment of a full and adequate view lies far beyond the powers of any finite mind.

Perhaps my brethren may consider this description rather too great. If so, be persuaded to suspend your final decision for one moment.

Where is the beginning, and where is the end of eternity? What is the length, and breadth, and height,

and depth of eternal truth? Where the finite mind, which can look through the vast machinery of nature? Where the vain presumer, who dare assert he can trace, unerringly, the footsteps of Omnipotence in all his works? Where the created being, however exalted in rank, of ethereal mind, who comprehends the great mystery of God in the plan of redemption? The wonder of angels—the eternal Word manifested in the flesh! Where such profound wisdom which can fathom that mystery of mysteries, a Trinity in Unity? In a word, where is that created being in the universe of God, who will fully comprehend, through a boundless eternity, the great and unsearchable riches of un-created Divinity, or the amazing displays of the divine character and perfections? Or who can trace immortal existence through all its relations?

These subjects, collectively considered, constitute the vital parts of Speculative Freemasonry. Full of interest as the nature of immortality, solemn and momentous as everlasting consequences. Say then, my brethren, who is sufficient for these things? Who can unfold the mysteries of this Institution, or explore the utmost boundaries of the Masonic system?

Brethren, are our minds duly and solemnly impressed with these truths; We may pass through all the forms, understand all the ceremonies, participate in all the communicative knowledge, but unless we discover the great point to which these precious instructions allude, and experience in very deed what they were designed to effect, we fail of the great object in view. Although many things are discovered in the midst of

our ceremonies, which affect the mind with peculiar delight, yet these are but the mere externals, the appendages, the symbols, the visible features, the index of those sublime principles which characterize the nature of our Institution.

The man who desires to improve in knowledge must apply the constituted means. Here are we presented with an inexhaustible fountain; yet this fountain, with all its streams of knowledge, in itself considered, avails nothing till we comprehend the instructions, and practice them in our life and conduct. Notwithstanding the moral precepts of our Order may be equally sacred and equally precious with those of Christianity; yet, unless they become ours by sentiment, identified with our affections, and flow from the heart in every act of duty, how are we benefited? Notwithstanding this solemn and interesting truth, that the Divine Being views no moral character in man with greater complacency than his, who in heart strictly conforms to Masonic requirements; yet, if these requirements are not conscientiously obeyed, from a view of their reasonable nature, and a just sense of Divine authority, they avail us nothing. No moral truth presented to the mind, can be greater, more evident, more comprehensive, more universally binding, and at the same time more reasonable in its nature and requirements, than what is taught in the first Masonic lesson; that is, to discharge every incumbent duty which arises from the nature of our existence, to our God, our neighbor, and ourselves. Herein is comprised the whole subject matter of divine revelation, as respects

the duty of man. These duties, therefore, must be discharged with that sincerity of heart which comports with the fitness of moral propriety, or no relative good is derived to ourselves or others.

Hence, brethren, for our own personal happiness, and the increasing celebrity of our useful Institution, we are loudly called upon to prove the excellency of our profession by the purity of our practice. Let us, therefore, bear this strong testimony to the world, not only by publicly avowing what we are taught by precept, but also by exhibiting the reasonable fruits, in the bright example of our life and conduct. In this way truth may be displayed with a convincing power; the principles of Masonry will then appear to mankind in their original purity, combining all the moral excellences in the moral world. Then, and not till then, will the tongue of slander be silenced, or the lip of prejudice sealed. Then, and not till then, will the Institution appear in all its loveliness to the world; then, and not till then, shall we experience that sweet consolation which flows from a heart and conscience approved in the sight of God.

Brethren, I cannot close this address without expressing the most earnest solicitude, that the Companions of this Grand Chapter will redouble their exertions, will use all their influence and weight of character to remove every prejudice or misconception from the minds of community, and plainly set before the world the leading principles of Speculative Freemasonry. We, as Masons, do know for ourselves, that the system, as such, is TRULY and EMPHATICALLY excellent in its



nature, and we are bound by conscience, and every benevolent affection which warms the heart, which rejoices in the promotion of human happiness, to proclaim it distinctly to the world. Let the veil of ignorance, therefore, be rent from the understanding, let the true LIGHT shine into the heart, and Masonry will be hailed with acclamations of joy as the harbinger of peace. It is time for us to arise, that the world may be brought to light.

By a full and fair exposition of our great leading principles we betray no masonic secrets; these are safely locked up in the heart of every Mason, and are NEVER to be imparted except in a constitutional manner. Were these secrets communicated, they could be of no material service to mankind; their appropriate use is to distinguish our brethren of every nation and kindred and language. On these no man has any claim, except he enter the door of Masonry. By these, Masons of every nation are recognized as brethren, and thereby entitled to privileges which the world can never enjoy in common. No moral quality can be predicated on those tokens by which Masons distinguish each other.

These considerations, therefore, should silence every murmur, allay every undue apprehension, and satisfy every candid mind.

But our leading tenets are no secrets. It is no secret that the abstract principles of Masonry are of Divine origin. It is no secret that the system embraces and inculcates evangelical truth. It is no secret that there is not a duty enjoined, nor a virtue required,

in the volume of inspiration, but what is found in and taught by Speculative Freemasonry. It is no secret that the appropriate name of God has been preserved in this Institution, in every country where Masonry existed, while the rest of the world was literally sunk in heathenism. It is no secret that we feed the hungry and clothe the naked, protect the widow and orphan, and in all things, according to our ability, do good to the whole human family. And, above all, it is not, neither can it be, a secret, that a good Mason does aim at the appropriate discharge of all Christian duties.

Finally, my brethren, in view of this whole subject, we see what a great mystery is involved in Speculative Freemasonry. How weighty, and solemn, and interesting is our profession! No period, short of a boundless eternity, can fully display the moral beauties, the unsearchable riches of this system. Let us, therefore, rejoice in the light, persevere in ways of well-doing unto the end, that we may at the last receive a crown of righteousness incorruptible, which can never fade away.

---

JUDGMENT.—We are mistaken in supposing that intellect and judgment are two different things. Judgment is merely the greatness of the light of the mind; this light penetrates into the recesses of things; it observes there everything remarkable, and perceives it is the greatness of the light of the mind which produces all the effects attributed to judgment.

## A NIGHT IN THE ÆGEAN.

EARLY in the summer of 182-, the port of Athens was visited by the beautiful yacht *Violante*. Its owner, an English gentleman of fortune, had been for some time cruising in the Mediterranean, and was then making preparations for his return to England. After bidding adieu to his numerous friends on shore, Mr. N. . . . went on board, and with a fair breeze the little *Violante* stood out of the harbor. England was the word, and it fell not ungratefully on the ears of the crew.

When they had made some leagues, one of these beautiful nights, for which the Mediterranean is so celebrated, began to close upon the scene. The outline of the distant hills and little islands which stud the Ægean, became less and less distinct, and the ripple of the waves against the vessel alone broke the solemn silence which prevailed. It was just the night to make one muse of home, and all its sweet associations. This, at least, seemed to be the chief occupation of the two young men who were gazing over the bulwarks on the deep blue sea.

"Well, N. . . .," at last exclaimed the younger of the two, "I suppose, like myself, you are thinking of Old England, and the changes which two years may have made at home?"

"You are not far wrong, ERNEST," replied his companion, "and I fancy your little crew are just as anxious as we are to be again in Plymouth harbor; old MORGAN there has been pressing me to sail these last three weeks. He does not seem to wish to share the fate of his two messmates whom we buried, poor fellows, last month."

"By the way," returned ERNEST, "who is that intelligent-looking sailor you sent on board yesterday?"

"His name is MORRIS," replied Mr. N. . . . ; "I met him in Athens, and recognized him as a Brother. He was in great distress, as the ship he came out in had been wrecked, and only three of the crew were saved. His replies to my questions proved to me that he was a worthy Mason, and I accordingly did not hesitate to engage him. He will, I am sure, be a great assistance to MORGAN and our five other men."

"I dare say you expected a little bantering from me on the subject," answered ERNEST, "and I must say your Masonic notions appear rather quixotic. Here is a man, of whose character you know nothing, who may work himself into your confidence to rob and plunder you, and you offer him every opportunity, merely because he is one of the Craft, as you call it."

"On my own head be the risk," replied his friend ; "I am bound to help my brethren in distress, and I always will endeavor to do so."

"Well, as you like it," said ERNEST ; "it is, in truth, a fine thing for a poor fellow like that to be a Mason, if he can obtain such help from his rich brethren; but what good are you ever likely to get from the Order?"

"The pleasing consciousness of benefiting my fellow-creatures," was the reply ; "but it is getting late, suppose we turn in."

Mr. N. . . . was just going down, when an exclamation from his companion caused him to turn round. By the light of the moon, which was then shining most brilliantly, they observed a long dark vessel bearing down upon them. It was rigged like a lugger, and Mr. N. . . . at once pronounced the terrible words, "a pirate."

Knowing well the speed which the Greek piratical

vessels possessed, Mr. N. . . . at once called up his little crew to make all sail. Resistance he well knew would be hopeless; for what could seven men, almost unarmed, do against probably four times the number of armed desperadoes? The little vessel was accordingly put under all the sail she could carry, and apparently gained slightly on the pirate. The breeze, however, was so faint, that neither vessel made much way, and about daybreak it dropped altogether.

Hope now began to dawn upon the crew of the *Violante*, but it was quickly dispelled by the appearance of two enormous sweeps, or long oars, which projected from the sides of the pirate. Urged on by them, the lugger was soon alongside, and a gruff voice hailed the yacht in French, and demanded her surrender.

"We must make the best terms we can, ERNEST," said Mr. N. . . ., in assuring tones, though his blanched cheek showed how well he knew their peril; "these ruffians, though furious if resistance is offered, will often show mercy to those who surrender at discretion."

Calling his crew around him, he awaited the pirate captain, who sprang on deck, followed by a body of determined-looking ruffians, armed to the teeth.

There was something, however, in the appearance of the leader, which distinguished him from his men, more than the mere exercise of power could confer; something of the "face that had not yet lost all its original brightness."

"At any rate it is worth trying," muttered Mr. N. . . ., as he stepped forward, and, looking earnestly at the pirate captain, made the sign of the Masonic Order.

IT WAS RETURNED.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I have now fulfilled one part of my obligation," said the pirate to Mr. N. . . . , as his men were unlashng the vessel, having first received a considerable sum of money, and a cask of wine, as a compensation for the loss of their prize, "may I ask you to exercise another? Think of me charitably, as of one driven by circumstances to this terrible course of life, which I loathe and detest, and I will take the first opportunity of quitting."

"And now ERNEST," said Mr. N. . . . , as under a fair breeze they were fast leaving the object of their fears, "what good have I obtained from being a Freemason?"

ERNEST was initiated within a month after his return to England!

---

In the year 1779, Gen. SULLIVAN, a New Hampshire officer and a zealous Mason, was sent into the Susquehanna country, by Gen. WASHINGTON, to check the inroads of the Indians. Col. PROCTOR, of the artillery, had secured a warrant from the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania to form a Military Lodge. Almost every night, after the halt and refreshments, this Lodge was opened. At Tioga Point a large tent was prepared for this purpose, and, on clearing away the leaves, an *old iron square*, very rusty, was found, which coincidence so pleased the brethren that they used it for Masonic purposes all through the campaign.

---

QUARRELING.—As a Mason, you are to cultivate brotherly love, the foundation and cape-stone, the cement and glory of this ancient Fraternity, avoiding all wrangling and quarreling, all slander and backbiting, nor permitting others to slander any honest brother, but defending his character and doing him all good offices, as far as is consistent with your honor and safety, and no farther

## EPISTLE

TO A BROTHER MASON IN AFFLICTION.

BY BRO. W. GILMORE SIMMS, LL.D.,  
OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

DEAR Brother of the Mystic Tie,  
With brethren ever on the Square,  
Why creeps the sadness to thine eye,  
Why now the sigh, and now the tear?  
Doth sorrow brood beside thy hearth?  
Is fortune to thy hope adverse?  
These are the Fates that sadden earth,  
From ADAM down to us, the curse!

But, with the bitter comes the sweet;  
There's love and friendship giv'n to man;  
And ties more sacred round thee meet,  
To give thee succor if they can!  
Our Brotherhood of holiest ties  
Commends thy sorrow to *my* care;  
A Mason's love shall dry thine eyes,  
And lift thy spirit from despair!

Ay, but thou griev'st o'er fortune's fall,  
Thy wife and children are at need;  
My purse is thine—I give thee all;  
Go, make them happy—see them feed!  
There's more; begin the world anew,  
Strike bravely out for fortune's boon,  
A thousand brothers, fond as true,  
Will join with me to succor soon?

Could'st thou distrust the pledges given  
By thee, and me, and others, where,  
On that bright night, the blest of Heaven,  
We all, together, sought the Square?  
On the same goodly level stood,  
Shared in the ancient rites that made  
Of all a glorious Brotherhood,  
The same in sunshine as in shade?

Our Masters, from old MOSES down,  
Had made the self-same pledge of old;  
'Twas sacred held by SOLOMON,  
Even when he sate on throne of gold:  
'Twas precious with the MACCABEES,  
A law to bind in HIRAM's heart;  
And, crossing lands, and spanning seas,  
It won new links in growth of art.

The bond is sacred now as then,  
Our hearts as true as their's have proved;  
We weep, with tears of brother men,  
With all who suffer and have loved;  
Though dim may grow our lesser lights,  
Though all our sacred pillars fall,  
A brother's grief, each lamp relights,  
And what is one's belongs to all.

Then cheer thee, brother, for the strife;  
New fountains shall around thee spring,  
And, honoring God, and succoring life,  
A thousand brothers to thee cling.  
The gavel and the trowel thine,  
With Masters at thy hand to guide,  
Go build thy home, go plant thy vine,  
And, in thy brethren find thy pride.



## WATERLOO MASONIC ANECDOTES.

A Belgian officer, during the engagement of June 18, 1815, recognized in the opposing army, about six in the evening, a former associate and Brother Mason, member of the same Lodge; they were at such distance apart, that he feared the chance of a mutual greeting was impossible, but he dreaded more the possibility of a personal conflict; at length he saw his friend attacked and wounded—he forgot everything but that they were Brothers. The Belgian rushed into the *melée*, and at the risk of being considered a traitor, he protected him—made him prisoner—placed him in safety—and, after the battle, renewed his friendship.

On the same evening, about nine o'clock, about fifty men, nearly all wounded, the miserable remains of two French regiments, found themselves encompassed by a considerable party of the enemy; after performing prodigies of valor, finding retreat impossible, they decided on laying down their arms; but the enemy, irritated by their obstinate defense and the havoc they had made, continued to fire on them. The Lieutenant in command, as well as the men, considered that nothing but a miracle could save them; a sudden inspiration seized the officer, he advanced to the front in the midst of the firing, and made the sign of distress. Two Hanoverian officers observed him, and by a spontaneous movement, without consulting their commander, ordered the troops to cease firing, and, after securing the prisoners, they placed themselves at the disposal of their general, for the breach of military discipline; he also was a Mason, and instead of punishing he approved their generous conduct.

## A MASON IN HIGH PLACES.

BISHOP GRISWOLD.



“NOTHING surprises me more,” was the remark of a young and intelligent American who had come on a visit to his father-land, “than the influence of the Church in the old country. It is marvelous. We know nothing of it in the States.”

“So I should imagine,” was my reply.

“Nothing at all,” continued he, musingly ; “but on this side the Atlantic, ‘Hear the Church’ are words of import. Two of the ablest of your prelates—Bishops PHILLPOTTS and THIRLWALL—I had the rare opportunity of hearing in the House of Lords, on the same evening. The former reminds me a good deal, in his personal bearing, courage, fluency, determination, and decision, of a model churchman in our own country—Bishop GRISWOLD.”

“He differs from him, though, in one respect, and that an important one,” remarked a bystander.

“Name it.”

"In his treatment of Freemasons : Bishop GRISWOLD cherished them ; Bishop PHILLPOTTS discountenances them."

"He but follows, in that respect, his right reverend brethren," contended the first speaker.

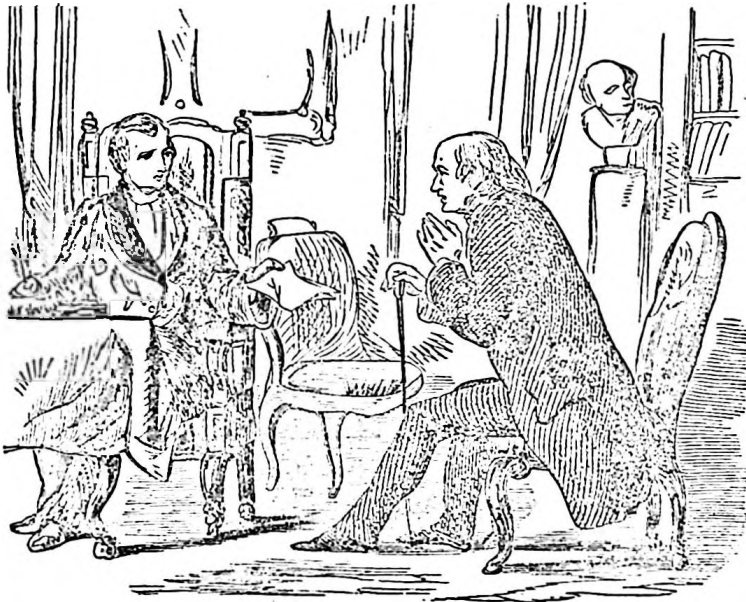
"That can hardly be, seeing that the present Bishop of Lincoln is a Mason ; and further, that the Primate, Dr. HOWLEY, not only belonged to the craft, but was at one period of his life Master of a working lodge at Bristol."

"As to Dr. GRISWOLD's favorable feelings towards Freemasons," said the young American, those are easily explained when you are told that the bishop was himself a Mason."

"That *does* surprise me!" remarked a very formal gentleman, in a most amusing tone of unequivocal amazement—"a bishop—a Mason!! Oh dear! oh dear! These *are* the latter days. What sort of person was this dignitary—in practice, I mean, as well as intellect? The latter, I presume, was feeble."

"Why!" returned the American, bluntly, "we form our opinion of an individual most safely when we judge him by his acts. Of the party *under dissection* I will give a trait or two, then say whether or no his opinions are entitled to respect. He was bishop of the Eastern diocese, and senior bishop of the Episcopal Church in the United States. As a matter of course, many were the odious representations to which he was obliged to listen ; for in England, let me tell you that you have no idea of the minute, and jealous, and unceasing *surveillance* to which, in America, church

clergy are hourly subjected. One morning—this was about a year and a half before his death—he was surprised in his study by a clergyman, who poured into his unwilling ear a series of remarks, inuendoes, fears, doubts, and surmises respecting the conduct and character of a neighboring church minister. The bishop, apparently, did not heed him; but wrote on, assiduously and in silence. When his visitor had completed his statement, Dr. GRISWOLD looked up from his paper,



and said, gravely, 'I have committed to writing every syllable you have said to me: I will now read it over to you deliberately, paragraph by paragraph; sign the memorandum, and I will instantly act upon it.' His visitor looked aghast. 'Oh dear, no! by no means!'

cried he, pushing the long catalogue of misdemeanors away from him—"I contemplate nothing of the kind. I merely called, Right Reverend Sir, to put you in possession of certain rumors, remarks, and suspicions current, respecting my unhappy neighbor; it was a visit of information: nothing more." "Ah! very well! but I will teach you, sir," said the bishop, "that to a party filling my office there can be no such thing as what you phrase a '*visit of information.*' Mine are functions far too solemn to be trifled with. There can be no gossiping visits to me. Sign this paper, taken down from your own lips—your own voluntary, unasked-for, and spontaneous statement, be it remembered—sign it, as a needful preliminary to its being laid before the next Clerical Convention, or—I *proceed against you.*" The visitor grew paler and paler—hemmed, coughed, explained, and hawed—still flinched from substantiating his statement. The result was speedy. The bishop drove the eaves-dropper from his diocese!"

"Would that other official authorities were equally proof against the poison of eaves-droppers!" sighed the formal gentleman.

"An act of self-denial scarcely to be expected; its results would be so horribly inconvenient," suggested the American, slyly; "see you not how marvelously it would thin the ranks of great men's toadies?"

"Adjuncts which," remarked I, "*your* bishop, clearly, could dispense with."

"He did—and on principle," observed my transatlantic companion; "in public and in private he abhorred the *genus*. He never allowed it to fasten on him; and

to this may be ascribed the weight which attached to his opinions, and the respect and reverence which waited on him till his last hour. During the persecution sustained by Masonry, some years since, in America, a wealthy layman accosted the bishop, and after sundry insinuations to the discredit of a clergyman whom for years he had been endeavoring to injure, wound up with the remark, 'And now, bishop, you will be shocked—much shocked—at hearing what I am quite prepared to prove : this man is—I have no doubt of it—a MASON !' 'A Mason, is he ! I am one myself,' returned Dr. GRISWOLD. The objector was flabbergasted. 'I wish,' continued the bishop, 'ALL my clergy were Masons ; I wish they all belonged to the craft ; provided they would act up to its obligations and fulfill its engagements.' 'And in what may these consist ?' said the tale-bearer, hurriedly ; bent on bettering his position, or, at all events, regaining his composure. 'I will show you practically,' returned the bishop, after a short pause. 'You have sought me, sir, with a long and labored statement, and have given me a variety of details relative to Mr. — ; you have said much that has a tendency to injure him, and that to his ecclesiastical superior ; his failings—and who is without them ?—have not escaped you ; his merits—and he has many—have been barely adverted to. Such a conversation as we have had cannot but lead to some immediate and grave result. Now, in awarding to it the importance which it may deserve, I will believe that you have been actuated by no other than perfectly pure and disinterested feelings ;

I will forget that between you and your minister there has existed for years strong personal dislike ; I will forget that he once remonstrated with you in private on the course of life you were then leading ; and I will further believe that *you have yourself altogether lost all remembrance of that incident !* I will believe, too, that in seeking me this morning you had no wish whatever to crush him ; that your sole aim was to benefit the church ; that your distinct object was to preclude from doing further mischief one whom you considered to be a rash and an ill-advised minister ; I will believe that no personal animosity, no impulse of private pique, no revengeful or malicious feeling, have in the most remote degree moved you ; but that on public grounds, and from religious considerations, and those alone, you have sought me. *This conclusion you owe to MASONRY.* That, sir, teaches me charity ; don't mistake me ; I don't allude to mere almsgiving ; but to charity in its purest, largest, most comprehensive, and most effective form—*the charity which bids us invariably put THE BEST CONSTRUCTION upon the acts and motives of others* This I learn from Masonry.' Would you believe it," concluded the American, with the most extraordinary and laughter-moving twist of his droll mouth, "that the rich planter never cared to converse with Bishop GRISWOLD afterwards !"

Ha ! ha ! ha ! burst from the party, tickled as much by the anecdote as by the contortions of the speaker.

"But was he benevolent as a Mason?" asked the formal gentleman, in a querulous tone, from his distant corner.

"This I can say, that to my own knowledge one of the

fraternity applied to him in a moment of great distress. The bishop coolly demanded a clear, correct, and candid *exposé* of his position and his perplexities. Now, bear in mind, the bishop was not opulent. We have no wealthy prelates amongst us. We have no deans who die worth fifty thousand pounds. We have no churchmen with large revenues at their disposal and few claims upon their exertions and leisure. These are found in the 'ould country.' Dr. GRISWOLD'S means were limited. The petitioner obeyed ; and then named a sum. 'This,' said he, 'will relieve me.' 'No ! no !' cried the bishop, 'that won't do. Don't tell me what will *relieve* you ; but what will *RELEASE* you.' A further and much heavier sum was then stated. This the bishop raised and gave him. But by far the largest donor on the list was himself."

Our formal friend in the corner with his lugubrious tones again struck in :

"A bishop—a Mason !—I cannot understand it. I presume, however, that Dr. GRISWOLD was not a man of mind ; or a scholar ; or a student ; or a man devoted to literary research ?"

"He was our greatest mathematician, after Dr. BOWDITCH," replied the American, firmly ; "a man of indisputable attainments and strong natural mental endowments. His domicile was Boston, where he had to cope with no less an antagonist than Dr. CHANNING : and this eloquent and accomplished advocate of opposite (Unitarian) views always spoke of the churchman as an able and learned man. This, remember, was the testimony of an opponent."



“And his faults?”

“It is hardly fair to dwell on them. They were lost amid the brilliancy of his many virtues. Those who love to expatiate on a great man’s failings would say that he was somewhat too self-reliant; unbending in his judgments; and stern in his reproofs. But towards the decline of life, every harsh feeling mellowed under the controlling influence of Christian charity and Christian love. He was verging on seventy-eight when he died. In the last week of his life he said to a young friend, who watched by his sick couch—‘We are all of us apt to think too harshly of our fellow-men; to reprove too willingly, and to condemn too exultingly. But listen to me. *FORBEARANCE is the great lesson of life.*’ A sentiment to which his age and experience lent strength; and worthy, let me add, of a Bishop and—a Mason.”

---

TRUTH.—The adorer of Truth is above all present things. Firm in the midst of temptation, and frank in the midst of treachery, he will be attacked by those who have prejudices, simply because he is without them; decried as a bad bargain by all who want to purchase, because he alone is not to be bought; and abused by all parties, because he is the advocate of none: like the dolphin, which is always painted more crooked than a ram’s horn, although every naturalist knows that it is the straightest fish that swims.



## A WORD AND A BLOW.

BY JOHN W. SIMONS.

It occurs to us as just possible that some of our readers may feel inclined to the opinion that whatever use Masonry may have for words—and it must be admitted that if words had the qualities of warlike projectiles, opposition to its progress would long since have been annihilated—whatever use, we repeat, Masonry may have for words, blows are certainly not in her line of business. Softly, good brother. There are blows *and* blows; blows with the clenched fist upon the resisting occiput, and blows metaphorical, given in the name of truth, and striking home upon the already abraded cuticle of error. We refer naturally to this latter kind of blow, and desire, in the closing issue of our volume, to call attention to the method of its employment, as a kind of summing up of the doctrines we have had the honor to enunciate in preceding numbers.

We have now arrived at the final month of the year, and such of us as are engaged in business are preparing to close up our books, take an account of stock, and ascertain the nett gain or loss resulting from our year's

labor. From the results of this investigation we shall be able to decide whether we have transacted our business to the best advantage, and whether, in the future, there remains anything to be done likely to make our labors more profitable. In like manner we may well, at this turning point of the year, review the acts of our Masonic life, take stock, and, by the results, judge whether we have done all that we ought to have done, and whether, by a more careful and enlightened direction of our labors, we may not, in the coming year, make our Masonry more useful to ourselves and to our fellow-men.

We have thus far conducted this journal to little purpose if, in what we have written, there has not appeared to our readers the indications of a purpose to make Masonry more practical henceforward than it has been in the past. We have rung the changes on this theme even at the risk of being wearisome, but always with the one end in view, to wit, that the power and influence of our organization, the zeal, the energy, and the intellect of the brethren should be directed to more practical channels, and results evolved of greater moment to ourselves and our friends, to our country and humanity, than the mere aggregation of numbers or the perfection of the formula of initiation. We are still of the same mind, and although we are far, very far from the end we seek, we can look back upon the labors of the year without desponding, and with a feeling of encouragement for the future.

In the general tone of the Masonic press, in the reports and addresses before Grand Lodges, we detect a gradual awakening to the necessity of higher aims and better work. We find among the brethren themselves a greater desire to understand the esoteric doc-

trines of Masonry; to read, to study, to think, to search out for themselves the real instruction concealed beneath the symbols and veiled in the legends and allegories. Masonic literature has assumed a recognized place, which it could not have done without the consent and approbation of the Craft, and, in its behalf, minds have been enlisted whose effusions would be welcomed in any walk of letters. These are evidences of progress in the right direction, which afford great satisfaction to those whose efforts have tended to promote them; they are evidences of encouragement to other workmen yet to enter the field, and help to elevate the mental status of the Masonic association; they are signs in the heavens, forecasts of a future when Masonry shall have accomplished another stride forward, and placed herself on a higher level, where she can look back on the toilsome way already passed, and forward to greater and more glorious achievements, each tending to the completion of our moral edifice, and preparation for that day when trowel and apron shall no more be needed.

We note also that there is a disposition among the brethren to encourage a practical demonstration of the power of Masonry in some other and better way than in the internal works of the Lodges. We are gradually rising to the appreciation of the fact that whatever may be the intrinsic value of the institution, however vital and valuable may be its principles, however much it may have lived and flourished when principalities and powers, empires and kingdoms, declined and fell, however much it may have energized and developed its civilizing tendencies amid the storms of opposition and the adverse and depressing influences of prejudice and error, however firm it may now stand in the estimation of the people as one of the agencies selected and

established by the Creator to aid in the moral and spiritual enfranchisement of man, the time has arrived when its present position cannot long be maintained without some outward and tangible evidence of its good works. The people are sufficiently educated to understand that a society may have methods of transacting business peculiar to itself, that it may keep its own counsels, and refuse to admit the outside world to its deliberations, and yet not be a secret society; they have got over the old prejudice that, because we do not transact business on the highways and in the public squares, we are necessarily doing evil; they perceive that in whatever direction they turn, wherever they go, whatever they do, they are constantly coming in contact with the Masonic institution; they see in the ranks of its adherents the rich and the poor, the merchant, the mechanic, the farmer, and the tradesman; soldiers and sailors, lawyers, doctors, and divines, and they are at last convinced that all these men could not be united for any object which they could not openly acknowledge and avow, but they need the evidence that this union of all classes is directing its efforts to some object not selfish in itself; and unless this evidence is furnished the world will first neglect and then oppose us, which time being arrived, we shall find our progress much less smooth and agreeable than it is at present. We shall find Masonry popular and Masonry unpopular, two very different things; and we shall realize in its fullest sense that real merit is the only sure foundation for our temple if we expect to transmit the building in all its present glory to our successors. In Masonry, as in everything else, the multitude will not think; they accept daily routine as the full measure of duty, and its demands satisfied, look no farther. Fortunately for

Masonry there are those among her disciples who place the ceremonies and symbols at their true value and accord them their true place in the temple. These men know that to continue we must bring forth better fruit than will ever come from mere form, and their labors are directed to the realization of the doctrines we preach. Their progress, earnest and zealous though it be, like all great works, is slow, requiring faith, and hope, and charity, fortitude, prudence, and justice, zeal, energy, and industry; but it is accomplishing some success, and when the day of trial comes, as come it will, it will be found that the unselfish devotion of these Craftsmen will have provided the stay and the anchor of safety against the very dangers growing out of success.

Whoever, then, would feel in his heart that he is a real Mason, a Mason on principle and for principle, who sees in the institution the means of doing a great and good work for humanity, who believes that as its inculcations are understood and practiced the world will advance toward the day of ultimate perfection, will also believe that he must exercise his own personal influence, do his own share of the work, rise superior to the every day routine, and cast his weight in behalf of a more practical exemplification of Masonic doctrines and precepts. He will acknowledge the necessity of preparing for the evil days, and, by that very preparation, avert, or, in a great degree, mitigate, the evils to be feared in the future; and on such brethren Masonry will rest secure. By their devotion it will be made triumphant in the future as in the past, and to the very least of them she will return the consciousness of duty performed as the highest and most legitimate reward of manly devotion to the right.

Let us see to it, brethren, as we enter upon another year, that our perceptions of duty be more sharply defined, that our resolutions be to make our Masonry practical, to prove to all who may feel an interest in our acts or our welfare that, in entering the fold, we have entered upon a mission, taken part in a covenant which only death can dissolve; and let us see to it also that, instead of preaching one thing and practicing another, instead of leaving our share of work for another to perform, we don the harness ourselves, and, unsheathing the sword of truth, strike with words and blows in its cause.

---

#### INITIATION OF A LADY.

THE lady of General FAINTRAILLE, having adopted the military uniform, served as adjutant to her husband; she had distinguished herself by several heroic deeds of arms, but so particularly by her kindness and liberality to mankind in general, that the first Consul presented her with a commission as Captain of Cavalry, should she feel disposed to continue in the profession of her choice.

The Lodge of "Frères Artistes," of which many military officers were members, having arranged to hold, AFTER one of their assemblages, a Lodge Meeting for ladies (*fête d'adoption*) previously to adjourning, notice was given to the Master (Bro. Cuvelier de Tric,) that a staff officer, in full regimentals, was anxious to take part in the forthcoming ceremony. A certificate had been demanded and was submitted, but appeared to belong to a Ladies' Lodge (much to the astonishment and consternation of the Venerable, and all present), addressed to *Madame FAINTRAILLE, Adjutant or Captain*. He recollected, however, that this lady, by her conduct

and talents, had earned this extraordinary distinction, and doubted not that the officer mentioned was the lady, and was irrepressibly seized with the overpowering impulse of making her a Freemason; and suggested it to the Lodge, saying, "As the first Consul has seen fit in the deeds of this lady to swerve from the usual course, by making no difference in her sex, I do not see that we can err by following the example." Many objected, having the fear of the Grand Orient (Grand Lodge) before their eyes; but the eloquence of the Venerable, and the example of the first Consul, induced the majority to consent. Preparations were immediately commenced to receive the female adjutant into the Brotherhood, with every possible and cautious form, consistent with her sex. The ceremony passed off with honor to all parties; and at its conclusion the Lodge of Adoption was opened.

---

#### MASONIC ANECDOTE.

THE *Minerva*, a Dutch merchantman, returning from Batavia to Europe, June 14, 1823, with several rich passengers, nearly all of them Masons, among others, Brother ENGLEHARDT, Deputy Grand Master of the Lodges in India, arrived on the coast of Brazil, where it encountered a corsair, under Spanish colors. The Dutchman was attacked, and after a bloody engagement was obliged to strike. The corsair, irritated, ordered pillage and massacre: the conquerors had fastened one party of the vanquished to the masts, but the passengers, by prayers and tears, at length obtained permission to be taken on board the corsair. They were received on board, but nothing could assuage the fury of the captain. In this extremity, Brother ENGLEHARDT



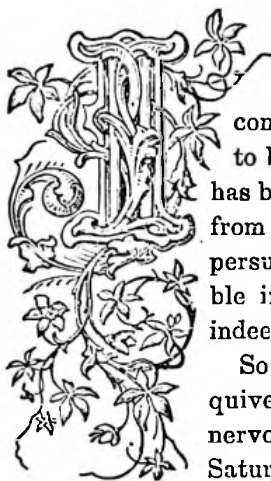
made the sign for aid, and on the instant the same man, who the moment before was insensible to prayers and entreaties, became moved even to softness. He was himself a Mason, as well as several of his crew, who were members of a Lodge at Ferrol. However, although he acknowledged the appeal, he doubted the truth of it, for the *signs, tokens* and *words* agreed but imperfectly with his—he demanded *proofs*. Unluckily the Dutch Brethren, fearing, and with some reason, to excite the anger of pirates, whom they considered to be the enemies of Freemasonry, had thrown overboard, previous to the battle, all their jewels and Masonic papers; it was, however, providentially ordained, that among some fragments that were floating was a torn parchment diploma; it was seized, and on being shown to the captain of the pirate, his doubts ceased; he acknowledged the Brethren, embraced them, restored their vessel and property, repaired the damage, demanding, as the only remuneration, affiliation with a Dutch Lodge; he then gave the ship a safeguard against the Spaniards for the remainder of the voyage.

---

GOOD HUMOR—"Good humor is the clear blue sky of the soul, on which every star of talent will shine more clearly, and the sun of genius encounter no vapors on its passage. 'Tis the most exquisite beauty of a fine face—a redeeming grace in a homely one. It is like the green on a landscape, harmonizing with every color, mellowing the glories of the bright and softening the hue of the dark; or like a flute in a full concert of instruments—a sound, not at first discovered by the ear, yet filling up the breaks in the chord with its bewitching melody."

## THE ANTI-MASONIC VICAR.

---



HAVE sent for you, although I know my summons must be inconvenient, because I choose you to be present at an interview which has been forced on me by a deputation from the Freemasons:—they aim at persuading me to allow them to assemble in my church. A likely matter indeed! a very likely matter!

So spake, with flushed cheek and quivering lip, my well-intentioned, but nervous incumbent, one memorable Saturday in the month of August.

“Very well, sir,” was my reply; “you may depend on my heeding and recollecting the sentiments of each party.”

“Would to Heaven!”—this was an aside—“that these Mason people had chosen some other day than Saturday for their conference! Neither sermon written! The Lending Library accounts all in confusion; Mrs. WATKINSON’S sick baby to baptize; and two funerals in the afternoon to a certainty!”

"They must be cut short—yes ! very, very short !" ejaculated the vicar, decisively and emphatically.

"What ! the sermons ?" cried I, reverting at once to the topic uppermost in my own mind. "Oh, very well : your views, sir, are mine. They shall be shortened to a certainty."

"You are dreaming," remarked my superior, pettishly. "I allude to the speeches, the oratorical displays, the verbiage of these mystics."

"Ah ! precisely so," was my dutiful reply. "You, sir, and no other, hold the check-string : the length of the interview must depend on *your* pleasure. Masons !"—this was another *aside*—"I wish they were all walled up in the Pyramids. Six : and no tidings. It will be midnight before I shall have completed my preparations for to-morrow."

"I am not narrow-minded," resumed Mr. GRESHAM, fidgeting fretfully in his chair ; "far from it ; my views are liberal and enlarged ; I never by any chance indulge in a harsh surmise touching any one of my fellow-creatures. But these Mason people alarm me. They have a secret : there is some extraordinary bond, stringent and well understood, by which they support each other. I look upon them as little better than conspirators." Then, after a brief pause, "*In fact*, they ARE conspirators !"

"You really think so ?" said I, for the first time feeling an interest in the subject.

"I do—seriously and solemnly," said the vicar, with an air of the most earnest and portentous gravity.

"Rat-tat-tat ! Rap, rap !"

"The Deputation, sir," said the butler, bowing five middle-aged gentlemen into the study.



THE INTERVIEW.

For a set of "conspirators" they were the oddest-looking people imaginable. There they stood, a knot of portly, frank-featured, cheerful men, upon whom the cares of life apparently sat lightly, who greeted their pastor with a smile, and seemed in high good humor with themselves and all around them. Nor, while I curiously scanned their look and bearing, could I, for the life of me, imagine a reason why men so happily circumstanced should take it into their head to turn *plotters*. The foremost of the group I knew to be a man of wealth. He had "a stake," and no small one,

in the permanent prosperity of his country. His next neighbor was a wine-merchant, with a large and well-established connection, and blessed with a rising and most promising family—what had he to “conspire” about? The party a little in the background was a Dissenter of irreproachable character, and tenets strict even to sternness. Moreover, on no subject did he dilate, publicly as well as privately, with greater earnestness and unction than on the incalculable evils arising from war, and the duty of every Christian state, at any sacrifice, to avoid it. What! *he* “a conspirator!” Fronting the vicar was the banker of our little community. And to him I fancied nothing would be less agreeable than “a run” upon his small but flourishing firm in Quay street. And yet “runs” severe—repeated—exhausting “runs,” would inevitably result from any widely-spread and successful conspiracy. The banker’s supporter was a little mirthful-eyed man—a bachelor—who held a light and eligible appointment under government, and looked as if he had never known a care in all his life. He perplexed me more than all the rest. He, of all created beings, a conspirator! Marvelous!

The spokesman of the party began his story. He said, in substance, that a new lodge being about to be opened within a mile and a half of Fairstream, it was the wish of the brethren (the more firmly to engraft on the noble tree this new masonic scion) to go in procession to church, and there listen to a sermon from a clerical brother. In this arrangement he, in the name of the lodge, represented by the parties then

in his presence, most respectfully requested the vicar's concurrence.

That reverend personage, with a most distant and forbidding air, replied, that he could sanction no such proceedings.

Perplexed by this response, which was equally unpalatable and unexpected, the deputation, with deference, demanded my incumbent's reasons for refusal.

"They are many and various," replied he; "but resolve themselves mainly into these four. *First: There is nothing Church about you!*"

The deputation stared.

"I repeat, that of Freemasons as a body the Church knows nothing. You admit into your fellowship men of all creeds. Your principles and intentions may be pure and praiseworthy; and such I trust they are. But the Church is not privy to them. The Church is in ignorance respecting them. The Church does not recognize them. And, therefore, as a ministering servant of the Church, I must decline affording you any countenance or support."

The banker here submitted to the vicar, that in works of charity—in supporting an infirmary, a dispensary, a clothing club, a stranger's friend society—identity of creed was not essential. Men of different shades of religious belief could harmoniously and advantageously combine in carrying out a benevolent project. And one of the leading principles of Freemasonry was active, and untiring, and widely-spread benevolence. Could success crown any charitable

project, any scheme of philanthropy, any plan for succoring the suffering and the necessitous, (*the operation of which was to be extended, and not partial,*) if no assistance was accepted save from those who held one and the same religious creed? "*Charity,*" he contended, "*knew no creed.* No shackles, forged by human opinions, could or ought to trammel her. He was no friend to his species who would seek to impose them."

The vicar shook his head repeatedly, in token of vehement dissent from these observations, and proceeded :

"Next I object to you because you are friendly to processions ; and, I am given to understand, purpose advancing to church in long and elaborate array. All processions, all emblems, all symbols, I abominate. Such accessories are, in the sanctuary, absolutely indecent ; I will not call them unholy : I term them downright profane. What has a thinking being—particularly when proceeding, for the purpose of worship, to the temple of his Creator—what has *he* to do with processions ? They are, one and all, abominations."

The little placeman here briskly stepped forward and said, that "in that Book, with which he was sure the vicar was better acquainted than any one of them, processions were repeatedly mentioned, and never condemned. They occur in all parts of the sacred volume, and in a *very* early portion of it. A procession of no ordinary description followed Jacob's remains when, with filial love, Joseph brought them out of Egypt into

Canaan. A procession, long and elaborately arranged, attended the removal of the ark from its temporary sojourn in the house of Obed-Edom. A procession, glorious and imposing, preceded the dedication of Solomon's temple. A procession— . . . ”

“Pray,” said the vicar sharply, “do you mean to contend that any one of these processions was at all the counterpart of a masonic procession?”

“I do not ; I disclaim all such irreverent intention,” returned the other, gravely : “my object was simply to show that, by the VERY HIGHEST authority which man can produce, processions are not forbidden. Usage sanctions their adoption among ourselves. They form a part of our most august ceremonies. When the peers present an address to the sovereign on his escape from the hands of an assassin, on the birth of an heir to the throne, on the marriage of one of the royal family, they repair to the royal presence in procession. At the coronation of the sovereign one of the most important features in the pageant is a gorgeous and lengthened procession. That procession, let me remind you, sir, wends its way to the house of God, and for the purposes of worship. It enters the abbey. There divine service is performed ; in the course of which the sovereign receives the crown and takes an oath to the people. These points are pressed on you as pertinent to the subject. Surely, after considering them, you will hold us blameless, if, as Masons, we wish to ‘Go up to the house of God in company’—in other words, ‘in procession?’ ”

“Plausible, but hollow !” was the vicar's comment :



then, after a pause, "you have failed to convince me I object to you, strongly, on the score of your processions, and I object to you still more decidedly on the score of your——secret. You are a secret society; are held together by a stringent oath; now I hold that, wherever there is mystery there is iniquity!"

"A harsh conclusion, indeed!" exclaimed Mr. WALFORD, the wine-merchant, who now took part in the discussion; "you cannot be serious in maintaining it? When you assert secrecy to be criminal, you have forgotten its universal agency. It has escaped you how largely it pervades both public and private life. In every department its operation is traceable. The naval commander sails from his country's shores under sealed orders. He has private papers which contain his instructions. These he is to open in a certain latitude and longitude. Meanwhile their import is 'secret' to him, and to those who serve under him. But he accepts his trust unhesitatingly. The 'secrecy' in which his orders are veiled does not indispose him towards their fulfillment, make him suspicious of their origin, doubtful of their necessity, or render their faithful performance one whit less obligatory upon his part. His duty is to obey. Take another instance: The cabinet council which deliberates on the interests of this great country, and advises the sovereign in matters of policy, is sworn to secrecy. No member of it is allowed, without distinct permission from the reigning prince, to divulge one syllable of what passes at its sittings. *It is a SECRET conclave.* But no one questions, *on that account*, the legality or propriety of its decisions. In

private life secrecy obtains. In a commercial partnership there are secrets—the secrets of the firm. To them each co-partner is privy; but is solemnly bound not to disclose them. In a family there are secrets. In most households there are facts which the heads of that household do not divulge to their servants, children, and dependents. Prudence enjoins secrecy. So that, in public and in private life, in affairs of state, and in affairs of commerce, secrecy, more or less, prevails; why, then, should it be objected to the Freemason, that in his Order there is a secret which is essential to the existence of the fraternity, and which he is bound to hold sacred?"

"Ha! ha! ha! An adroit evasion of a very awkward accusation!" cried the vicar, with an enjoyable chuckle: "who is the General of your Order? There must be Jesuits amongst ye! No argument from STONEYHURST could be more jesuitically pointed!" And again the vicar laughed heartily.

The deputation did not join him. They looked on in silence. Perhaps they thought the refusal of the church a sufficient annoyance, without the addition of the vicar's bantering. His pleasantry was not infectious. Perchance they held with the delinquent negro, in one of our West India colonies, who was first severely reprimanded, and then soundly thrashed, by his owner: "Massa, massa; no preachee too and floggee too!"

At length one of them, with great gravity, inquired, "Whether Mr. GRESHAM had any further objection to urge?"

"Oh dear, yes! I am hostile to you, because you COMBINE."

The banker now fired his broadside.

"We do. We are as a city at unity in itself. We form a band of united brethren, bound by one solemn obligation, stringent upon all, from the highest to the lowest; and the object of our combination? boundless charity and untiring benevolence. We must be charitable and kindly-affectioned to all; but more especially to our brethren. With them we are ever to sympathize readily, and their necessities to succor cheerfully. Respect are we to have none, either as to color, creed, or country. And yet it is our charity to be neither indiscriminate, wasteful, nor heedless. We are to prefer the worthy brother, and to reject the worthless. And our warrant for so doing is HIS command who has said, 'Thou shalt open thine hand wide to thy brother, and to thy poor, and to thy needy in thy land.'"

"The latter remark none can gainsay," said the vicar, coldly; "and thus, I believe, our interview terminates."

The deputation retired, desperately chagrined.

The church was closed against them. The new lodge was opened; but there was no public procession, and no sermon. To me, lightly and carelessly as I then thought of the fraternity, there seemed much that was inexplicable in the rebuff which it sustained. Here was Mr. GRESHAM, a conscientious and well-intentioned man, who lamented, Sunday after Sunday, the prevalence of sorrow, care, and suffering around him; who spoke, with tears in his eyes, of the apathy

of the rich and the endurance of the poor; who explored the selfishness of the age; who averred, *blithely* and repeatedly, that "all sought their own"—*was* he, withstanding to his utmost a *brotherhood* who declared—and none contradicted them—that their leading object was to relieve distress and sorrow. Of him they seek an audience. When gained, they use it to request the use of his pulpit, with the view of making their principles better known; of effacing some erroneous impressions afloat respecting them: in other words, of strengthening their cause.

That cause they maintain to be *identical with disinterested benevolence and brotherly love.*

Mr. GRESHAM declares "off," refuses them his church: and will have nothing to do with them! "They may solve the riddle who can," said I, as, thoroughly baffled, I sought my pillow. "Each and all are incomprehensible. I don't know which party is the most confounding—the Masons, with their well-guarded secret, or Mr. GRESHAM, with his insurmountable prejudices?"

---

#### PREJUDICE.

HUMAN nature is so constituted, that all see, and judge better, in the affairs of other men than their own. There are habits of misapprehension and misjudging, common among all degrees of men; capriciousness, ingenious in perverting the meaning of words; partiality, warping everything to its own purpose; self-interest, averse to discern the real motives of acting, besides many more.

## 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.