

HISTORIC MAGAZINE



NOTES AND QUÉRIES

A MONTHLY OF

*History, Folk-Lore, Mathematics, Literature,
Art, Arcane Societies, Etc.*



"Thou meetest Plato when thy eyes moisten over the Phædo."



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“Understanding is the well-spring of life unto him that hath it.”

“Spirit is matter potentialized, while matter is Spirit solidified.”

“Everything comes to the Man who in Silence can Wait.”

“Every achievement of Spiritual power is attainable to man.”

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MY STUDY.

" This is my Cáabá — a shrine below,
Where my Soul sits within its house of clay,
Listing the steps of Angels come and go,
Sweet mission'd Heralds from the realms of Day :
One brings me rays from Regions of the Sun,
One comes to warn me of some pending dart,
One brings a laurel leaf for work well done,
Another whispers from a kindred heart —
Oh ? this I would not change for all the gold
That lies beneath the Sacramento's waves,
For all the jewels Indian coffers hold,
For all the pearls in Oman's starry caves,
The lessons of all pedagogues are naught
To those I learn within this holy Fane of Thought,"

NOTES AND QUERIES

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No. 1.

Encke's Comet and Assassination.

Astrologers the world over are seeking to fathom the curious coincidental connection between Encke's comet and the assassination of three Presidents of the United States.

President Abraham Lincoln was assassinated April 15, 1865. Encke's comet appeared January 25, 1862, and was visible five months.

President James A. Garfield was assassinated July 2, 1881, and died September 19. Encke's comet appeared August 20, 1881, and was visible to the naked eye.

President William McKinley was assassinated September 6, 1901, and died September 14. Encke's comet appeared August 15, 1901, and was visible for several weeks.

These coincidences afford a parallel, puzzling if not significant, and have led to a research through back pages of history, which plainly shows that the visit of almost every comet to this mundane world's celestial vicinity has been marked by some great tragedy.

Credence has been given to this since the earliest times. Throughout the middle ages they were regarded as presaging the death of kings. Josephus mentions a comet as foretelling the destruction of Jerusalem. It had a tail like the blade of a sword, which hung over the doomed city a full year. The death

of the Emperor Constantine was said to be announced by a comet. The plagued which afflicted Constantinople in the year 400 was presaged by a comet.

Halley's comet, a periodical comet, like Encke's, which would be visible at the present time were it not lost in the tremendously powerful rays of the sun, appeared in 1060, when William the Conqueror was about to invade England, *Nova stella, nova rex*, "a new star, a new king," being the proverb of the time.

Coming down to modern times the famous comet of 1769 appeared in the year that Napoleon was born; and the equally celebrated one of 1812 was seen just before he started on his disastrous campaign.

The great comet of 1861, one of the most magnificent comets on record and the beginning of the great American civil war, were coincidental.

In 1865, the year of President Lincoln's assassination, Encke's comet appeared on January 26, and was visible for five months. Two other comets, of lesser brilliancy, are reported to have been seen during that year.

Eight comets visited the solar system in 1881; one of them, discovered by Prof. Barnard, remained visible for six weeks. Five more appeared on September 19, the very day of President Garfield's death; after his assassination, July 2, Encke's come was one of the eight and was first seen in August.

THE LAST WORDS OF THE DECEASED PRESIDENTS. (Vol. XTIII, p. 280.) I doubt whether you can publish the "last words" of all the Presidents. I have heard it said that the last words of John Adams were "Jefferson lives; and that Mr. Jefferson left his child to his country.

The words imputed in the newspapers to John Quincy Adams were these: "This is the last of earth; I am content." Gov. Briggs, it is said, repeated these words in the House of Representatives. But it is also declared that Mr. Adams was suddenly paralysed and unable to speak at all; and that one of the fellow Representatives, as they bore him from the chamber, made the utterance in question, which being so appropriate was inscribed to the dying statesman.

DR. WILDER, Newark, N. J.

JOSEPH CILLEY OF NOTTINGHAM, N. H.

(FROM THE MASONIC-VOICE REVIEW, CHICAGO.)

BY GILBERT PATTEN BROWN.

The old and renowned State of New Hampshire has a glorious place in the history of our grand Republic. Her sons defended colonial homes from the warlike hand of the Redmen. They thundered forth to defend the crown (and the honor of the Anglo-Saxon race) at the siege of Louisburg. And at Crown Point no troops fought braver than those of the New Hampshire colony. During the eight years of the American Revolution, she produced among the defenders of human kind such patriots (and daring Freemasons) as General John Sullivan, LL.D., General William Whipple, Colonel John Langdon, and Dr. Matthew Thornton. Among her rural and most cherished spots in the historic town of Nottingham, where was born in 1734, Joseph Cilley; he was of the bluest of New England's "blue blood." His early education was attained at the district school in quiet Nottingham. He inherited from his father a strong desire to attain military standing. At the breaking out of the war with the Mother Country, the Cilleys took a firm stand on the side of the colonies. In 1774 Joseph was engaged in the attack upon Fort William and Mary. In 1775 three towns, namely, Nottingham, Deerfield, and Epsom, each furnished an equal number of picked Indians fighters to form a choice company in defence of that colony, and Cilley was commissioned captain to lead that immortal command. On May 20, 1775, he was appointed Major of the Second Regiment of New Hampshire troops. In June that year his battalion was stationed at Portsmouth, N. H., there awaiting orders to at once proceed to the seat of war. On the 15th of that month was held the meeting of "St. John's Lodge No. 1," of Freemasons, and on motion of Dr. Hall Jackson (an ardent patriot and a member of St. John's Lodge), Major Joseph Cilley was pro-

posed and made a Master Mason, free of fees. Those sacred records read "Gratis," "for good services in defence of his country." At the shrine of St. John's Lodge that evening, assembled several sturdy oaks of colonial and revolutionary life. Major Cilley's son-in-law, Major Thomas Bartlett of Nottingham, was also made the same evening. On January 1, 1776, Major Cilley was commissioned as a Major in the Eighth "Continental Infantry," upon the regular establishment of the world-renowned "Continental Army." On the 8th of November, 1776, he was made lieutenant-colonel of the First New Hampshire Regiment (when commanded by Colonel Stark). Early in 1777 three regiments were organized from New Hampshire for the "regular army" to be known as the three-year men or "Continental Troops," and on the 22d of February that year, Lieut.-Col. Cilley was commissioned Colonel of the First Regiment. It consisted of some of the best blood of that colony, and no heart was more firm to the patriotic cause than that of its daring commander. He fought with his veterans bravely at Bemis's Heights and at the storming of Stony Point, and no troops played a more prominent part; and at horrid Monmouth the regiment lost heavily. While at White Plains, N. Y., on July 22, 1778, Col. Cilley wrote to his distinguished son-in-law, the before-mentioned Major Bartlett. The following are a few brief extracts from that lengthy and valuable military letter:

"DEAR SIR: I left Valley Forge on the 18th of June, with the right wing of the army under the command of General Lee. Desertions still continue from the enemy at the least confusion. Their army is weakened 2,500 since they left Philadelphia, I think Clinton has brought himself into a fine hobble.

"Gen. Lee's behavior is now on trial for his conduct. In my opinion that if he had behaved well, we should have destroyed the major part of Clinton's army."

This letter by Col. Cilley was relative to the battle of Monmouth. Had Col. Cilley been in command of that brigade in

place of Lee, the skill of a New Hampshire Yankee would have proved very beneficial to the patriotic cause in that most trying hour. On January 1, 1781, he was retired from the "Continental Army," worn out from hard service.

He had married on November 4, 1756, a daughter of Jonathan Longfellow. She was born November 17, 1739. Their children were: Sarah, born Oct. 16, 1757; Bradbury, born Feb. 1, 1760; Jonathan, born March 3, 1762.

Descendants of Col. Cilley fought in the war of 1812; and in that of 1862-65; also in the recent war with Spain, and in civil life the name of Cilley holds a respectable place on the pages of American history.

On March 19, 1778, the New Hampshire Assembly voted unanimously "that the worthy Col. Jos. Cilley be presented a pair of pistols as a token of this state's good intentions to reward merit in a brave officer." After the war he was appointed Major General of the First Division of the New Hampshire Militia. He was repeatedly elected representative, senator, and counselor. He was one of the founders of the "Society of Cincinnati" in his native state, and became President of that high, distinguished and honored Order in New Hampshire. He died on his farm in beautiful Nottingham, August 25, 1799. In an old cemetery in that town is a low mound, where rests all that is earthly of one of the many daring Freemasons of the War of the American Revolution; made "for his good service in defence of his country," "Gratis," "Major Joseph Cilley."

Early Records of Manchester and Vicinity.

In connection with the Proprietors' Records of Tyng Township, (Vol. XIX, p. 234,) it may not be out of place to say, that while the expense incurred in trying to settle the grant and hold it as shown by the records, was extremely heavy, it should be borne in mind that money at that period was greatly depreciated from its face value.

Mr. Joseph B. Felt in his "Massachusetts Currency" for the colonial era says that from 1724 to 1727 a pound was worth of our present decimal system \$1.36, and a shilling about seven cents. Silver was worth about seventeen cents an ounce. Indian corn was rated at four shillings a bushel, and wheat at eight shillings.

The partial restoration of what the grantees had lost by allowing them a township in Maine, as mentioned, was the common treatment of the Massachusetts Courts toward her disappointed colonists following the settlement of the boundary disputes between that province and New Hampshire. Among other examples may be noted that of the grant of a township in Oxford County, Maine, by the name of New Suncook, to satisfy the heirs of the grant of Lovell's town, or Suncook, to Captain Lovewell and his men. This new grant was made February 5, 1774, and upon the incorporation of the town November 15, 1800, the name was changed to Lovell, in honor of the intrepid leader of one of the most memorable battles in the history of the old New England frontier.

The map referred to as having been made from the surveys of Colonel Blanchard is still kept at the state house in Concord, in a fairly good condition. It is valuable as being the most complete and authentic map of the province of that time.

The following dates of the wars of New England, which really originated in the mother country, may prove of value to some one: King William's War, 1689, the first blow in New England being struck by the French and their Indian allies against the English settlement of Dover, when a score of persons were killed, among them the venerable Major Waldron, while thirty persons were made captives; Queen Anne's War, 1702, which brought about the fearful depredations of the Indians during the following summer, and caused the colonists to make their numerous raids upon the Indians, one of the most memorable of which was Tyng's snow shoe expedition in the winter of 1703-4, already described as belonging to the history

of the Tyng grant; King George's War, 1744, one of the fruits of which was the capture of Louisburg on June 17, 1845; the American Revolution, 1776, whose battles, Bunker Hill and Bennington, were largely fought by sons of New Hampshire.

It seems appropriate at this time and place for us to quote the following news item from one of the local papers, the "Mirror and American":

"Under the auspices of the Society of Colonial Dames of Massachusetts, a bronze tablet has been unveiled at Tyngsboro, recognizing the friendship of the Indian chief Wannalancet for the white settlers of this region. The tablet is affixed to a bowlder in front of the Drake house, so called, and near the little old burying ground of the Tyng family, about a mile south of Tyngsboro village.

Among those present were Joseph Laurent, chief of the St. Francis Indians, St. Francis River, Canada, and the Misses Melinda and Charlotte Mitchell, lineal descendant of Massasoit. Miss Melinda Mitchell was in costume. This is the inscription on the tablet:

In this place lived during his last
years, and died in 1696
WANNALANCET,
Last Sachem of the Merrimack River
Indians, Son of Passaconaway,
like his father a faithful
friend of the early New
England Colonists.
Placed by the Massachusetts Society
of Colonial Dames.

That Wannalancet was friendly toward the settlers is established by the discoveries among the province laws and archives at the state house by Mr. Abner C. Goodale of Salem. Upon the records named this action of the Colonial Dames is principally founded. The friendly aid of Wannalancet was invoked by special authority. He was brought to the colony after the retirement of his tribesmen to the northward and placed in the care of Captain John Tyng of Dunstable. Through King Philip's War, 1675, Wannalancet was of signal service in warning the settlers of raids and in securing immunity for those captured."

Poems and Songs on Our Flag

AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

- America. Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D. D. 1832.
 American Hymn. Keller.
 Barbara Freitchie. John Greenleaf Whittier.
 Can the Nation Forget? A. A. Hopkins.
 Chickamauga. *Baltimore News*.
 Columbia, Columbia, To Glory Arise. Timothy Dwight.
 Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean. Thomas à Becket.
 Dixie. Albert Pike.
 Dixie's Land. Daniel B. Emmett.
 Flag of the Free. E. Norman Gunnison.
 Flag Song. D. W. Duffield. 1861.
 Gertrude of Wyoming. Thomas Campbell.
 God Bless Our Stars Forever. Benjamin F. Taylor.
 God Save Our President. Francis De Haes Janiver. 1857.
 Hail Columbia. Joseph Hopkinson, LL.D. 1798.
 Invocation to the Flag. Carrie P. Guthrie.
 Maryland, My Maryland. James R. Randall. 1861.
 O, Flag of the Union. E. Norman Gunnison.
 Old Ironsides. Oliver Wendell Holmes.
 On! Brothers, On! Sarah W. Brooks. 1861.
 Our Country's Flag. B. H. Hall. 1864.
 Our Flag. E. Norman Gunnison.
 Our Flag. W. J. Rolfe. 1861.
 Our Star Gemmed Banner. H. E. T. 1861.
 Salute Old Glory. Kate Brownlee Sherwood.
 The American Flag. Joseph Rodman Drake. 1819.
 The American Soldier. *Boston Transcript*.
 The Battle Hymn of the Republic. Julia Ward Howe.
 The Bivouac of the Dead. Theodore O'Hara. 1847.
 The Blue and Gray. Francis Miles Finch. 1867.
 The Flag. Bishop Henry C. Potter. New York, July 4, 1900.
 The Flag of Bunker Hill. G. F. Root. 1861.
 The Flag of the Union. George P. Morris.
 The Flag That Waved a Hundred Years.
 The Old Band. James Whitcomb Riley.
 The Old Thirteen. Corilla Copeland Lewis.
 The Sons of Columbia. Robert Treat Paine. 1798.
 The Star of Empire. W. B. Averille.

The Stars and Stripes Forever. Jos. Hopkinson, LL.D., 1798.
 The Star Spangled Banner. Francis Scott Key. Sept., 1814.
 The Starry Flag. John Savage. 1861.
 The Stars and Stripes. *Baltimore American*. 1862.
 The Stripes and Stars. Edna Dean Proctor. 1861.
 To The Flag on the Old South Church. *Boston Journal*.
 Unfurl the Flag. Rev. Artemas Jean Haynes.
 What is Our Flag? Wm. Connell, Supt. Schools, Fall River.

ANONYMOUS POEMS AND SONGS ON THE FLAG.

A Yankee Ship and a Yankee Crew.
 Dear Old Glory.
 Hold the Fort.
 Red, White, and Blue.
 Our Flag.
 Our Flag is There.
 Stand by the Flag.
 The American Boy.
 The Hymn of The Union.
 The President's March.
 The Stars and Stripes.
 The Stripes and the Stars.
 We'll Rally Round the Flag, Boys.
 Will None o' Yez Hould Me?

POEMS AND SONGS ON THE WAR.

A Reminiscence of the War. S. H. W.
 Battle Rally. Lewis Masquerier.
 Col. Huntley's Charge. Lydia H. Sigourney. 1864.
 Ellsworth's Avengers. A. Lora Hudson.
 God Save the Glorious Union. E. Norman Gunnison.
 Hurrah for Sixty-Three. E. Norman Gunnison.
 Liberty Song. Written in 1768. John Dickinson.
 Manilla 'Te Deum. Walter Damroch.
 Mustered Out. J. W. Barker.
 Ode to Columbia. E. Norman Gunnison.
 Returning Heroes. July 4, 1865. Edward P. Nowell.
 Sheridan's Ride Thomas Buchanan Reade.
 Song of Freedom. Laura Eggleston.
 The Canteen. Charles G. Halpine.
 The Blue and the Gray. A. L. Childs.
 The Last Rally. J. S. Trowbridge.

The Nation's Baptism. Mary E. Nealy.
The Palmetto and the Pine. L. Virginia French.
The Patriot's Evening Song. E. W. Davis.
The Silent Army. B. A.
The Soldier's Release. Edna Dean Proctor.
The Song of 1876. Bayard Taylor.
The Song of the Unknown Heroes. S. E. Kizer.
The Veterans. Maurice Thompson. 1901.
Under the Washington Elm, Cambridge, April 17, 1861. By
Oliver Wendell Holmes.

ANONYMOUS POEMS AND SONGS ON THE WAR.

A Soldier Tonight is Our Guest.
Bowld Sojer Boy.
Father Abraham,
John Brown's Soul.
It is Great for Our Country To Die.
Johnny is Gone For a Soldier,
Kingdom Comin'.
Marching Through Georgia,
My Country's Cause is Mine.
On the Bank of the Wabash.
Tenting Tonight on the Old Camp Ground.
The American Flag. "Flag of the planet gems."
The Battle Cry of Freedom.
The Black Brigade.
The Girl I Left Behind Me. An old timer.
The Little Drummer.
The Volunteer's Wife to Her Husband.
There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight.
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching.
We Are Coming, Father Abraham.
We'll Fight it Out.
When Johnny Comes Marching Home.
When Uncle Sam Goes Marching into Cuba.

NOTES ON THE POEMS AND SONGS.

"The President's March" was composed in honor of President Washington, written by a German teacher of music named Philip Roth of Philadelphia; but according to his son, this march was composed by Prof. Phyla, of Philadelphia, and was

played at Trenton in 1789, when Washington passed over to New York to be inaugurated. This latter claim is well supported. (Preble.)

It is also claimed that the "President's March" was composed by one Teyles, a German, on the occasion of General Washington's first visit to a New York theatre in 1789. (See Wheeler's "Who Wrote It?")

"Yankee Doodle" is an old tune of uncertain origin. It has been traced back to the time of Charles I of England. It was introduced into the American camp by Dr. Richard Shuckburg or Shackburg, of the British army. ("Who Wrote It.")

"Dixie" is a negro melody that originated in New York, according to the New Orleans *Delta*.

"The American Flag" was written between the 20th and 25th days of May, 1819, by Joseph Rodman Drake.

"Ye Sons of Columbia" was written by Robert Treat Paine in 1798. This song was at first entitled "Adams and Liberty." (Preble.)

"God Save Our President" was written by Francis De Haes Janiver in 1857, and was performed at the first inauguration of President Lincoln. (Preble.)

"The Blue and Gray" was written by Francis Miles Finch in 1867. It was inspired by the action of Southern women, who strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and Northern soldiers. It was published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, for September, 1867. (Preble.)

"Hail Columbia." A ballad written in the summer of 1798, by Joseph Hopkinson, LL.D., for the benefit of an actor named Fox; and adapted to an air called "The President's March." (Preble.)

"Columbia." A hymn, sometimes called "Red, White and Blue." First line: "The lark was up and to the day." It was a reveille of the colonial army that was sung by Washington's officers at Yorktown.

"Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" was composed by

Thomas à Becket for a benefit night for David F. Shaw, while acting in a Philadelphia Theatre. The words are ascribed to Dibden, the English writer of sea songs. The song. was originally "Britannia, the Gem of the Ocean," and it has been nationalized here as a patriotic song simply by changing the word "Britannia" to "Columbia."

"Dear Old Glory" was sung in the Old South Church, Boston, February 22, 1900.

"The Old Band." "Poems, Here at Home." James Whitcomb Riley.

"The Flag that Waved a Hundred Years," title, or first line.

"Bonnie Blue Flag." What is that? Scotch?

"The Flag." Poem by Bishop Henry C. Potter of New York. This was inspired by Church's picture of "The Flag" and was made public in Newport, R. I., July 3, 1900. (*New York Sun*.)

"When the Great Gray Ships Come In" was written by Wetmore Carroll during the Spanish-American War.

"The Silent Army," a poem in the *Baltimore American*, in April, 1901. It appeared in the *New York Sun*, April 21, 1901, credited to B. A.

Rev. Samuel Francis Smith wrote to Capt. (afterwards Rear Admiral) Geo. H. Preble, Sept. 12, 1872, that he thought his "America" was written in February, 1832, and sung publicly for the first time at the Park Street church, Boston, July 4, 1832.

"Dixie," by Albert Pike, and "The Story of Our Flag," by Addie Guthrie Weaver were Southern war songs.

"Marching Through Georgia." Composed at the case by Henry C. Work, at Chicago in 1865.

"We Are Coming Father Abra'am." Publishd in the *Evening Post* of July 16, 1862. Written by James Sloan Gibbon, a merchant of New York City.

"Salute To The Flag." Words and music by Herbert A. Preston, Washington, D. C. Mr. Preston of the *New York Herald* assisted Miss Strafford to unfurl the Paul Jones flag at the Centennial, Philadelphia, in 1876.

"The Veterans." By Maurice Thompson. Published in Newport, (R. I.) *Mercury*, November 2, 1901.

"The Star-Spangled Banner," the first line of which is, "All hail the flaunting lie!" — a rebellion song — was written by Charles G. Halpine (Miles O'Reilly), and published in the *New York Tribune* in the Lincoln and Hamlin campaign. It is not found in Halpine's poetical works.

The poems and songs on the flag have been gathered for a purpose by the contributor, and he will be glad to receive and additional titles ; and also the name of the author of any of these under the head of "Anonymous." Address this office.

To Live One Hundred Years.

SIR JOHN SAWYER'S RULES.

1. Eight hours' sleep. 2. Sleep on your right side.
3. Keep your bedroom window open all night.
4. Have a mat at your bedroom door.
5. Do not have your bedstead against the wall.
6. No cold water in the morning, but a bath at the temperature of the body.
7. Exercise before breakfast.
8. Eat little meat, and see that it is well cooked.
9. For adults : Drink no milk.
10. Eat plenty of fat to feed the cells which destroy disease germs.
11. Avoid intoxicants, which destroy those cells.
12. Daily exercise in the open air.
13. Allow no pet animals in your living rooms.
14. Live in the country if you can.
15. Watch the three D's — Drinking-water, Damp, Drains.
16. Have a change of occupation.
17. Take frequent and short Holidays.
18. Limit your ambition. 19. Keep your temper.

Inscription on Mother Shipton's Tombstone.

A work on quaint epitaphs, dated in 1820, gives the following as the inscription upon Mother Shipton's tombstone in the churchyard at Knaresborough :

Here lies
the body of
URSULA SEATHIEL
commonly called
MOTHER SHIPTON,
known also
by the Titles of, The
Devil's Bastard, Hog Face, &c.,
who was brought into the world under
such strange circumstances,
that it surprised every mortal there
present.

— She had a gift of Prophecy —
was a good neighbour,
a loving wife,
and an affectionate friend.

She lived — till she died, at the age of
three score and thirteen years.

Amen. Amen, so let it be.

So rest her body, and let her s-o-u-l go free.

(Mother Shipton's Prophecy, Voll XIII, p. 84, March, 1895.)

ASSASSINATION OF RULERS. The following gives the names and dates of assassination of sovereigns :

President Lincoln shot, April 15, 1865.

President Garfield shot, July 2, 1881.

President McKinley shot, September 6, 1901.

President Carnot, of France, stabbed, June 24, 1894.

President Faure, of France, bomb, June 13, 1897.

Alexander II, of Russia, killed, bomb, March 13, 1881.

Empress of Austria, stabbed, September 10, 1898.

King Humbert, of Italy, shot, July 29, 1900.

Czarowitz, of Russia, cut by sabre, May 13, 1901.

Kaiser Wilhelm, missile, March 6, 1901.

Letter From Guadeloupe, West Indies.

MR. EDITOR. I want to indulge in a little bit of discussion regarding "ams" and "orts." In the first place, let me call your attention to the following quotation from Vol. XVII, p. 214: "Every one of the missing rhymes can be found in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary." Now the word "am," in the sense used by "ORLANDO" (Vol. XVIII, p. 156,) as a measure, is *not* found in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. But notice; its variations are "aum" and "aam," never "am"; further, the word "am" is preceded by two parallel lines, which indicate according to the Explanatory Notes, "words from foreign languages, * * * which have become Anglicized." No authority whatever is claimed for the use "aam" for "am." Now in Vol. XVII, p. 214, I find this final sentence in Rule 3, governing the missing rhymes: "All these words must be English words." Even if "am" could be admitted as a variation of "aam," (which is challenged,) the word would be strictly inadmissible as not being an English, or even an Anglicized, word.

Now as to the word "ort." Webster defines it as a remnant. It is an English word. Roget's Thesaurus groups the word under "40, Things remaining." 643 and 645. It is usually used in the plural "orts," as I have suggested using it. I will grant that there is nothing very precise in the final line:

Sold muslin for a lady's sports.

And yet it is quite as significant as "ORLANDO'S"

Sold muslin for a lady's shama.

And in general, in such a poem it is not surprising that the sense should be slightly strained just once under the extraordinary conditions imposed by the rules governing the rhymes. I will repeat here this verse in my solution of the poem which I sent to you a few months since:

He sold by inch, and sold by ort,	(or orts,)
Sold plow and screw, sold type and port,	(or porta,)
Sold muslin for a lady's sport.	(or sports.)

The Portuguese (modern) word "Louça," pronounced Loun-sa, means cookery. It is very possible that if I had access to a good library I could obtain better authority for a rare word

"lounce," meaning some kind of cookery, than you have suggested for the derived (supposed) word "am." In that case a very imperfect verse would result :

He sold by inch, he sold by ounce,
Sold plow and screw, sold type and lounce,
Sold muslin for a lady's flounce.

If *any* authority can be found for "lounce" it would be a better solution than "am," although, like this, it would not *strictly* satisfy the conditions originally imposed ; that it must be an English word, and be found in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. "Ort" or "orts" satisfies both conditions.

Where did you find the original? I fancy that I am not alone in believing a history of the curious poem would be of interest to your readers.

LOUIS H. AYMÉ.

October 20, 1901.

QUERIES ABOUT AUTHORS. The following are from *Literary Life* for October, 1901 :

What does Anthony Hope? To Marietta Holley.

What happens when John Kendricks Bangs? Samuel Smiles.

When is Marian Evans Cross? When Wm. Dean Howells.

When did Thomas Buchanan Read? Just after Winthrop Mackworth Praed.

Why was Rider Haggard? Because he let Rose Terry Cooke.

Why is Sarah Grand? To make Andrew Marvel.

How long will Samuel Lover? Until Justin Winsor.

What gives John Howard Payne? When Robert Burns Augustus Hare.

What did Mary Mapes Dodge? When George W. Cutter.

Where did Henry Cabot Lodge? In Mungo Park, on Thomas Hill.

Why did Lewis Carroll? To put a stop to Francis Quarles.

Why is George Canning? To teach Julia Ward Howe.

What ailed Harriet Beecher Stowe? Bunyan.

Lo! Og is on an ox, or it is to be as if he is on an ox; ah, no, he is an ox. Oh, wo to Og, wo to an ox. So be it.

The Parrot.

I sit and pine so weary, in midnight sad and dreary,
Over long-forgotten volumes of historic love-lit lore ;
And while winking, lonely blinking, I thought I heard, while thinking,
A rush of wings revolving above my oaken door.
"What's that?" said I, "disturbing my melancholy sore —
Tis my lost one, sweet Belmore !"

The frosts of wild December invoke me to dismember
My tired and tortured body on this dreary, dastard shore,
And I trust no waking morrow shall rise upon my sorrow,
With all its hideous horror that now thrills my inmost core —
For my brilliant, blooming beauty, beatic dear Belmore.
Lost, gone forevermore !

The rustling, purple curtain waves in and out uncertain,
As weird, wizard voices croaking sardonic laughter, o'er and o'er ;
And with startled heart still beating, my lips kept on repeating —
"Some spirit seeks an entrance through the window or the door,
Some ghost-like, lonely stranger knocking at my chamber door —
Simply this and nothing more."

Startled by the ghostly vision, with desperate decision
My soul exclaimed, "Sweet madam, pardon, I implore ;
Yet your face it shone so brightly, and your footsteps tripped so lightly,
And you came so slightly stealing to my rustic artist door —
Tis a wonder that I heard you ;" wide, open flung the door —
Horror, blackness, nothing more !

Loud into the blackness calling with heart-beats slowly falling,
With haunted dreams of doubting no artist felt before ;
But the vision quickly vanished and all but silence banished,
And I only heard that heaven-lit, love-lit word "Belmore" —
This I muttered when sweet echo answered back the word "Belmore."
Barely this and nothing more !

Startled back so lone and sadly, my soul revolving madly,
Once again I heard a rapping more impulsive than before ;
"Come in," I kept repeating, and from the door retreating
To the window, that I might the curious nooks explore,
While my troubled brain endeavored to reveal the noise, explore —
"Gusts of wind and nothing more !"

Open wide I flung the shutter when a Parrot with a mutter
Flew into my lonely chamber as it did in days of yore,
And it seemed to be quiescent, sombre, and evanescent,
As it sat in lonely grandeur above my chamber door,
Perching on the bust, Minerva, above my oaken door,
Perched and blinked and nothing more.

And this croaking bird is leering, demoniac appearing,
With feathers ruffled, ragged, round the countenance it wore ;
" Though thy beak be like a carrot, you surely are a Parrot —
Croaking, grumbling, screeching Parrot from some sandy, tropic shore ;
Tell me now thy devilish purpose on this red, volcanic shore "
Cried the Parrot, " Nevermore ! "

How I sat depressed, divining to see some silver lining
Through clouds that hung around me on this vile, deserted shore,
And my soul with grief was haunted while there I peered undaunted
To hear a bird with crest, and word above my chamber door,
Bird or brute upon the marble bust above my chamber door —
Utter name of " Nevermore ! "

But the Parrot perching sadly on the marble bust spoke madly
As if this dark, weird word was his only stock in store ; [fluttered,
And he merely croaked and muttered while he peered and snapped and
As I grumbled, growled and uttered—" trusted friends have gone before,
Soon, Oh soon this bird will leave me, as sweet hopes have gone before,"
And the bird shrieked " Nevermore ! "

Shocked and stunned by such replying, can it be the bird is lying,
Or is it willfully determined to be a babbling bore ;
Yet, perhaps it knew a master whose life was all disaster,
And sorrows followed faster than was ever felt before,
Till the echoes of his sorrows, sad refrained forevermore —
Fearful echo — " Nevermore ! "

Yet the Parrot still is screeching, to my seared heart sadly preaching ;
Defiantly I faced the bird, and bust, and gloom, and door,
Till on the carpet figures, wrought up into cold rigors,
I frantically demanded what the bird meant by its roar,
This horrid, roaring, sombre, ruffled bird of the days that are no more,
Meant in screeching — " Nevermore ! "

There I set in mortal terror, denounced by many an error,
With the Parrot's flashing eyeballs piercing to my inmost core,
And I mused there, deeply pining, weeping, crushed, reclining
By the curtain's silken lining, and the lamplight glinting o'er,
Beneath its mystic radiance shining o'er and o'er —
Roared the Parrot — " Nevermore ! "

Then around me whirled a vision from the land of the Elysian,
And the air within my chamber fairly shimmered on the floor, ;
" Wretched Devil ! who hath sent thee to a land where no repentance,
Or solace can be given for my lost and loved Belmore ? "
Sure, I never can forget her, ever present, bright Belmore —
Growled the Parrot — " Nevermore ! "

" Parrot, prophet, thing of sorrow, is there yet for me a morrow
 To linger any longer on this sin-cursed, stormy shore ?
 Shall I never know a pleasure or clasp again a treasure
 On this damned, detested, dastard, and this lurid, shocking shore ?
 Is there any peace or pleasure ? Oh tell me I implore " —
 Croaked the Parrot — " Nevermore ! "

Croaker, Dastard Word of Evil, Prophet, Bird, or Screeching Devil !
 By the stars that shine above us, by the God we all adore,
 Tell this soul, whose hope is riven, if in some celestial heaven
 It shall clasp an Angel Beauty, who is known as rare " Belmore,"
 And entwine his arms around her, my ethereal " Belmore ? "
 Piped the Parrot — " Nevermore ! "

" Horrid bird ! " I shrieked, emphatic, and wildly, loud, lunatic,
 I flung the prattling Parrot through the night's dark shoreless shore,
 While its gilded feathers fluttered in the darkness still and muttered,
 " I'll not leave thee, doubting Devil, but remain above thy door —
 Sink my beak into thy trembling heart and torture more and more —
 Shrieked the Parrot — " Evermore ! "

And the Parrot still is posing, winking, blinking, dozing
 On that marble bust, Minerva, just above my oaken door,
 And his hellish eyes are beaming like a devil who is dreaming [floor —
 While the sputtering, fluttering lamplight paints his shadow on the
 And my soul-lit spirit writhing in that shadow on the floor —
 Dead and damned — " Forevermore ! "

NEW YORK, July 4, 1878.

My Dear Colonel —

As you requested, I send a literal translation of " The Parrot," a poem written by my Grand Father in 1809, for the *Art Journal*, Milan, Italy. He was an etcher and writer for the paper. " The Raven " by Poe was taken almost bodily from " The Parrot." Who is the plagiarist ?

Your Friend, GEO. PENZONI.

To Col John A. Joyce, Sturtevant House.

This poem, " The Parrot," appears in the new book " Life of Edgar Allan Poe," Col. John A. Joyce, of Washington, D. C. The work was published in the summer of 1901, in New York, and is a volume of xvi+218 pages, and was out of print in October following. It was published at \$1.00.

" The Raven " by Edgar Allan Poe first appeared in the New York *Mirror*, January 29, 1845, — 36 years after the date

of the Milan *Art Journal*. Col. Joyce is an ardent admirer of Poe, and so are we ; and there are many, many more. The grandson of the author of " The Parrot " asks, " Who is the plagiarist." We will simply say that if the present generations have waited nearly a century to be told that " The Parrot " was published in Milan, Italy, in 1809, and Poe knew it, read it, and gave it to us 36 years after, adapted as " The Raven," then God bless EDGAR ALLAN POE. Why has Col. Joyce kept this information *incog.* over a quarter of a century, as per the above date of letter? Let Geo. Penzoni also give us the original text, and page of the *Art Journal*, 1809, Milan, Italy.

" The Raven " was printed in N. AND Q., Vol. XVI, p 175, 1898 ; and Vol. XVIII, p. 101, 1900.

" The Vulture," a parody, was printed in Vol. XVI, p. 179, 1898 ; and Vol. XVIII, p. 105, 1900.

" The Parrot " is printed in Vol. XX, p. 17, 1902.

" The Blackbird," a parody, is printed in Vol. XV, p. 21, 1902.

Cleon and I.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Cleon hath a million acres — ne'er a one have I ;
Cleon dwelleth in a palace — in a cottage I ;
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes — not a penny I ;
Yet the poorer of the twain is — Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres — but the landscape I ;
Half the charms to me it yieldeth — money cannot buy.
Cleon harbors sloth and dullness — freshening vigor I ;
He in velvet, I in fustian — richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur — free as thought am I ;
Cleon fees a score of doctors — need of none have I ;
Wealth-surrounded, care-environed — Cleon fears to die ;
Death may come, he'll find me ready — happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charms in Nature — in a daisy I ;
Cleon hears no anthems ringing — in the sea and sky ;
Nature sings to me forever — earnest listener I ;
State for state, with all attendants — who would change ? — Not I,

The Blackbird.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,
 O'er the war of the rebellion, and the things that were before,
 While I sat absorbed in thinking — brandy cocktails slowly drinking —
 While I saw a blinking, one-eyed figure at my chamber door —
 Saw a one-eyed winking, blinking figure at my chamber door,
 Standing there and nothing more.

Ah ! I never shall forget it, how in glancing round I met it,
 And I never shall forget it, that I looked round towards the door ;
 For I saw a monstrous figure, like a giant, only bigger,
 And there stood a big, black nigger, standing at my chamber door —
 Stood a powerful big, buck nigger with his back against the door —
 Leaning there and nothing more.

Straight into the fire-place spying, where my ham and eggs were frying,
 I beheld the poker lying near the hearth upon the floor ;
 Then with most determined vigor, straight I hurled it at the nigger,
 But so quick was that big nigger, that it missed and struck the floor —
 Missed the nigger's head completely, and fell harmlessly to the floor —
 Struck his heel and nothing more.

Back into the fire-place looking, where my ham and eggs were cooking,
 Shaking, quaking, as no mortal ever shook or quaked before —
 I then heard this sinner mutter but these words, " Some dinner !"
 'Twas the only words he'd spoken, 'twas the only words I'm sure —
 Then I picked up pluck and answered, " I shall feed you nevermore,"
 This I said and nothing more.

Then his impudence beginning, and his gums exposed in grinning,
 With a smile by no means winning, did he view me from the door.
 And coolly said, " Your treat man, I'll never go into the street man,
 Till I get something to eat man, I'll never leave your door ;
 I'll never quit your chamber, though you beat me till I roar,
 Never leave you — Nevermore."

Then towards the fire-place marching, where my coffee was a parching,
 Boldly stalked this saucy nigger, boldly stalked across the floor ;
 Never made the slightest bow, sir — then I thought, there'll be a row, sir,
 And I made a solemn vow, sir, he should go back to the door ;
 Then I kicked him from my chamber, and he went back to the door,
 Leaned against it — nothing more.

Then this Blackbird for awhile, sir, really did cause me to smile, sir,
 Though a ravenous, rabid, hungry look his dusky visage bore, [man,
 " Though " said I, " thou art a Freedman, thou hast gone so much to seed,

That I'll give a little feed. man, as you seem to be so poor,
 Provided you will work for me half an hour or more."
 Quoth the nigger, "Nevermore."

Much I marveled this ungainly nigger should refuse so plainly
 To do a little job 'twould take but half an hour or more ;
 For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
 Should refuse to labor, seeing that he was so blasted poor —
 Should refuse to earn a dinner he saw cooking from the door —
 Though he ate one "nevermore."

There I sat engaged in musing what he meant by thus refusing,
 And I then began abusing this big nigger at my door,
 "Surely," said I, "you must be crazy to be so confounded lazy,
 To be so awful lazy as to want to work no more.
 Will you ever work for wages ! — tell me, I implore."
 Quoth the nigger, "Nevermore."

"Nigger," said I, "horrid demon — nigger still if slave or Freeman,
 Think again before you answer this one question, I implore ;
 Have you yet no sense of feeling — do you mean to live by stealing,
 Or by working and fair dealing ? — tell me, tell me, I implore ;
 On your honor as a nigger, will you labor as before ?"
 Quoth the nigger, "Nevermore."

Startled by the stillness broken by reply so flatly spoken,
 "Doubtless," said I, "this big nigger would eat enough for four ;
 When on some spacious rice plantation he would out-eat all creation —
 Never made a calculation how much cash it cost, I'm sure ;
 For his master bought the victuals in the good old days of yore ;
 Now he'll feed him "nevermore."

"Nigger," said I, "thing of evil, quit my room and go to the devil —
 For now you are becoming to me an everlasting bore ;
 And my repast you are delaying, and your own by not paying ;
 Or if you'll work by staying, I'll bring your supper to the door ;
 Tell me truly, I conjure you, for the last time, I implore.
 Quoth the nigger, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, nigger man," I cried, upstarting —
 "Get thee back from where thou cam'st from, let me see your face no
 Join the army, go to Texas, never come back here to vex us, [more ;
 Ne'er return again to vex us — never let us see you more ;
 Take your gaze from off my meat, and take your carcass from my door."
 Quoth the nigger, "Nevermore."

And the nigger still is standing in my entry on the landing,
 A pretty burley picture, with his back against the door ;
 And his eyes are ever spying at my ham as it is frying,
 And my poker is now lying near my hand upon the floor ;
 But my victuals to the "fly trap," of that nigger by the door,
 Shall be lifted "nevermore."

A Ballad of Jupiter and Ten.

Mrs. Chub was rich and portly, Mrs. Chub was very grand,
Mrs. Chub was always reckoned a lady in the land.

You shall see her marble mansion in a very stately square —
Mr. Chub knows what it cost him, but that's neither here nor there.

Mrs. Chub was so sagacious — such a patron of the arts —
And she gave such foreign orders that she won all foreign hearts.

Mrs. Chub was always talking, when she went away from home,
Of a most prodigious painting, which had just arrived from Rome.

"Such a treasure," she insisted, "one might never see again!"
"What's the subject?" we inquired — "It is Jupiter and Ten!"

"Ten what?" we blandly asked her, for the knowledge we did lack,
"Ah! that I cannot tell you, but the name is on the back."

"There it stands in printed letters, come tomorrow gentlemen,
Come and see our splendid painting, our fine Jupiter and Ten.

When Mrs. Chub departed, our brains began to rack —
She could not be mistaken, for the name was on the back.

So we begged a great Professor to lay aside his pen,
And give some information touching Jupiter and Ten.

And we pondered well the subject, and our Lampriere we turned,
To find out who the TEN were, but we could not though we burned!

But when we saw the picture — Oh, Mrs. ! oh ! fi ! oh !
We perused the printed label, and 'twas JUPITER AND IO.

The Lying Echo.

'Twixt touching cliffs of the forests so wild,
I was in a shadowy vale;
The words of a beautiful melody mild
There brought me the lingering gale.

I joyfully ran to the frolicking lass;
Up climbed I the mountain so high;
There heard I her voice from the opposite pass —
The Echo had told me a lie.

FRIIDI HEDMAN, Tavastehus, Finland.

Perfect Magic Square for 1902.

87	194	141	212	88	193	142	211	89	192	143	210
158	195	104	177	157	196	103	178	156	197	102	179
176	105	230	123	175	106	229	124	174	107	228	125
213	140	159	122	214	139	160	121	215	138	161	120
92	189	146	207	91	190	145	208	90	191	144	209
153	200	99	182	154	199	100	181	155	198	101	180
171	110	225	128	172	109	226	127	173	108	227	126
218	135	164	117	217	136	163	118	216	137	162	119
98	183	147	206	94	187	148	205	95	186	149	204
152	201	98	183	151	202	97	184	150	203	96	185
170	111	224	129	169	112	223	130	168	113	222	131
219	134	165	116	220	133	166	115	221	132	167	114

This is not only a perfect magic square for 1902, but it contains within the large square nine perfect magic squares with four cells on a side. (T. H. McL—n, in *Maine Farmers' Almanac* for 1902.)

DOUBLET'S AND TRIPLET'S. The following appears in the "Planets and People," for 1902, published at Chicago, Ill.:

"Huntington, W. Va., October, 18, 1901. Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock, Mrs. Walter J. Swanson gave birth to triplets. An hour later, Mrs. Howard E. Swanson similarly surprised her husband. The mothers are twin sisters, and the fathers twin brothers; they were married at the same time less than a year ago."

"Out of one proceed two; out of two proceed three; out of three proceed all things."—*Tao Sze*, "Instruction by Reasoning."

NOTES AND QUERIES

AND HISTORIC MAGAZINE.

MANCHESTER, N. H.

S. C. GOULD, Editor.	- - - - -	Manchester, N. H.
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VOL. XX.

FEBRUARY, 1902.

No. 2

The Fate of Four Presidents.

PREDICTED BY WILLIAM HOPE IN 1732.

One hundred and sixty-nine years ago a most wonderful prophecy in verse concerning this nation was written on two fly-leaves of a little book now in the Congressional Library. Its title is "Vindication of the True Art of Self-Defence"; its author, Sir William Hope, Bart.; its date of publication, 1724. But the date of the prophecy is eight years later. An engraving of the badge of the "Royal Society of Swordsmen" appears on the leaf facing the title page, and under it is written, "Private library of Sir William Hope," in the handwriting of the prophecy on the preceding fly-leaves, subscribed by the same name.

No probable doubt can be entertained that the prophecy was written by the author of the book, which was procured and placed in the Congressional Library in 1879. Nothing in the printed text relates to the matter in manuscript, which is dated 1732. There are three prior publications of the same author, bearing date 1691, 1694, and 1707, all on fencing or sword exercise. (Allibone's "Dictionary of Authors.") But the prophecy shows that Sir William was a student of the stars and a psychic.

I will now transcribe the lines verbatim et literatim, with notes interspersed indicating the fulfillment of each prophecy, numbering in all fourteen.

PREFACE.

'Tis Chaldee says his fate is great
Whose stars do bear him fortunate.
Of thy near fate America,
I read in stars a prophecy ;
Fourteen divided, twelve the same,
Sixteen in half's, each hold a name,
Four, eight, seven, six, with added ten,
The life line mark of four gt. men.

A PROPHECY.

This day is ended, far beyond the sea,
One starred by fate to rule both bond and free.

George Washington was born in 1732, the year inscribed to the prophecy, as seen below.

Add double four, thus fix the destined day
When servile knees unbend 'neath freedom's away.

Double four, i. e., 44, added to 1732, equals 1776, the year of the Declaration of Independence.

Place six 'fore ten, then read the patriot's name,
Whose needs shall link him to a deathless name,

George Washington; six letters before ten; "six with added ten" in the preface.

Whose growing love and ceaseless trust wrong none,
And catch truth's colors from its glowing sun !
Death's door shall clang while yet his country waits,
His planets point the way to other's pending fates.

Washington died December 14, 1799, one year and eighteen days before the end of the century.

Till all the names on Freedom's scroll shall fade,
Two tombs be built, his lofty centotaph be made.

The names of the signers of the Declaration of Independence have faded, and the engrossed document is no longer exhibited to the public. The remains of Washington were removed from the vault in which they were first entombed and deposited in a more costly tomb about sixty years ago. The "lofty centotaph" at the National Capital was completed several years ago.

Full six times ten the years must onward glide,
Nature their potent help, a constant prudent guide.

In 1860, "full six times ten" years after the death of Washington, Abraham Lincoln was elected President.

Then fateful seven 'fore seven shall sign heroic son,
Whom Mars and Jupiter strick down before his work is done.

Abraham Lincoln; seven letters before seven.

When cruel fate shall pierce, though artless of its sword,
Who leaves life's gloomy stage without one farewell word.

Abraham Lincoln uttered not a word after the assassin's bullet pierced his brain.

A softly beaming star, half veiled by Mars' red cloud.

How strikingly fulfilled! The softly beaming star, half veiled by the red cloud of the God of War!

Virtue, his noblest cloak, shall form his noblest shroud.

Thus far the fulfillment of the prophecy in regard to two of the great rulers of "Amerika." Now for the third:

Then eight 'fore eight a later generation rules,
With light undimmed and shed in progress' school.

"Eight 'fore eight" ("sixteen in halves" in the preface) fits the name of Benjamin Harrison. This may seem a questionable fulfillment. Was Mr. Harrison a great man—a great ruler? He certainly was intellectually great, and doubtless would have proved himself a great ruler had there been a great crisis during his term of office. At all events his is the only name that fits the prophecy, which, as will presently appear, is limited to "the nineteenth century." And what one of our Presidents since Lincoln was intellectually superior to Benjamin Harrison?

And now we come to the prophecy of the fourth great ruler:

Then six again, with added six, shall rise,
Resplendent ruler, good, and great, and wise.
Four sixes hold a glittering star that on his way shall shine,
And twice four sixes mark his years from birth to manhood's prime.

Before giving my own interpretation to this part of the prophecy I must state that the "Washington Post" of November 2, 1900, contained an article on this subject copied from the "Home Magazine" and headed "Looked into the Future—Bryan's Election Predicted by a Sage in 1732." The writer

of the article was Mrs. Elizabeth Bryant Johnson, but she did not claim to be the interpreter of the prophecy. She said :

"A wise man directed attention to this mysterious utterance and kindly gave the key, which is herewith attached."

At the end of Mrs. Johnson's article are fourteen notes of fulfillment, headed, "Key to the Prophecy." Eleven of these I have substantially repeated. Three more remain as fulfillments of the prophecy in regard to the fourth great ruler. Two of these I accept; the other, as fulfilled in William J. Bryan, must, of course, be rejected. Note 11, upon "Six again, with added six," is as follows :

"Twelve letters in the name of our President, as foretold by Sir William Hope. Who will he be? The nation waits tremblingly, hoping in their selection the people will remember that in ancient Rome the Temple of Fame was placed behind the Temple of Virtue to denote that there was no entrance to the Temple of Fame but through that of Virtue."

This is the only non committal note of the fourteen. The interpretation that "six with added six" indicates the name "William Bryan" is given only in the heading of the article in the "Post." But it excludes the middle name, Jennings; and even then there are seven letters before five, instead of "six with added six." No such exactitude appears in the previous names. Anyway, Bryan was not elected and therefore must be counted out.

But I see no reason for doubting the interpretation of the other remaining figures, which I quote as follows :

"Four sixes indicate the Presidents, as President McKinley is the twenty-fourth man to hold office.

The President elected in 1900 shall have reached the height of his fame when he is 48 years of age."

Mrs. Johnson said nothing about the ages of either Bryan or McKinley. The latter became 48 years of age January 29, 1891, in which year he was first elected Governor of Ohio. Did he not then attain manhood's prime?

Less than a fortnight ago the article in the "Post" was shown to me. I was astounded at the fulfillment of the prophecies in regard to Washington and Lincoln. That in regard to Harrison appeared to fit, but I saw no way of interpreting "six with added six" to indicate the name of William McKinley. I then thought of the name of the man who was said to control the administration of President McKinley. There are just twelve letters in the name Marcus A. Hanna. It is a ridiculous

fit, but a better one than William Bryan, with no middle name or initial J. I was about to give it up, so when yesterday it occurred to me that Kinley was the real ancestral name of our late "resplendent ruler, good, and great, and wise." Mac, contracted in writing to "Mc," is a mere prefix meaning "son." And a boy named William is always called Will, or nicknamed Bill. In Kinley there are six letters, and in Will Mc, (phonetically) Wilmac, if you please, there are also six letters. So then we have Will McKinley. "Six with added six," in exact fulfillment of the prophecy.

There are four more lines of the prophecy, as follows :

Some years later than the above date the following lines were written below the prophecy :

These truths prophetic shall completion see
Ere time's deep grave receives the Nineteenth Century I
All planets, stars, twel e signs and horoscope
Attest these certain truths foretold by William Hope.
Writ at Corahill, London, 1732.

Some years than the above date the following lines were written below this prophecy :

The learned hand that writ these lines no more shall pen for me,
Yet voice shall speak and pulses beat for long prosperity.
This soul refined through love of kind bewailed life's labors spent,
Then found this truth, his search from youth, Greatness is God's accident.
JAMES HOPE.

Yes, indeed, "Greatness is God's accident." And a ruler, whom everybody recognizes as great and good, becomes greater by the accident of death at the hand of the assassin.

WM. HENRY BURR.

Washington, D. C.

Critics will be sure to say : "Why was the prophecy in regard to the fourth great ruler made so obscure? No such inexactitude exists in regard to other names. If it had read 'seven with added eight,' it would have fitted William McKinley exactly." Just so; but in that would not everybody who read the prophecy before the election in 1900 have known that it indicated McKinley? And would it not have been safe to wager ten to one on him? The interpretation of this part of the prophecy seems to have been prophetically deferred until the tenth month of the twentieth century, and one month after the assassination of the fourth great ruler.

WM. HENRY BURR, A. M.

POSTSCRIPT ABOUT THE PROPHECY.

Mr. Charles W. Smiley informs me that he discovered and published a year ago, in *Occult Truths*, the same interpretation of the Hope Prophecy in regard to the fourth great ruler that I discovered October 9, 1901. He further writes that in the following lines :

" Four, eight, seven, six, with added ten,
The life line mark of for great men,"

We have a prophecy of the combined ages at death of the four men ; and he figures out the problem as follows :

The sum of $4 + 8 + 7 + 6 = 25$, which with 0 annexed = 250, the exact total of their ages, namely, Washington 68, Lincoln 56, Harrison 68, McKinley 58 = 250.

WM. HENRY BURR.

PLATO'S GOD. " God is one, eternal, immutable, incomprehensible ; He created and ordained all things by His Wisdom, and He sustains them by His Providence ; He is everywhere, and no place contains Him ; He is everything, but is neither of the things which are *by* Him and have neither received their being *from* Him ; He hears everything, sees everything, and He penetrates the most secret thoughts ; He fills the depths of the abyss, and the immensity of Heaven. Knowledge, welfare, virtue, light, life : these are in Him alone, and they *are* Him. He is, at once, infinitely good, and infinitely just. He loves men with a peculiar love, and has created them only that He may make them happy ; but, since He is both holiness and justice Himself, He renders those happy, and those only, who resemble Him through justice and holiness ; and He punishes those who have corrupted the holy character which He impressed upon them when He created them in His own image." — *Madame Dazier* in William B. Greene's " Apriori Autobiography," Boston, Mass., 1849.

SARVAMATASANGRAHAVILASA. An epitome in Sanscrit verses of the leading schools of Vedantic Philosophy. By Brahmasri Ramassubramanya Sastriar of Tiruvisanalur, with the author's own commentary in lucid prose, containing useful hints for the comparative study of the Vedantic systems of thought. Published in Negari characters by his disciple Brahmasri Nilamega Sastriar. The Brahmadadin Office, Triplicane, Madras. Rup. 1.

The French Kings.

First Hugh, called Capet from the queer cap he wore ;
 Then Robert the Pious, from the good faith he bore ;
 Then Henry the First who outwitted his brother
 In spite of the efforts of Constance his mother.
 Next Philip, whose people went on a crusade,
 Was followed by Louis the Wise, bold, and staid.
 Philip Second, his son Louis Eight, and then Nine ;
 Third Philip, who lost in the Sicily crime.
 Then Philip the Fair, who, with Boniface wroth,
 Slew the Templars for gold in spite of their cloth.
 Louis Tenth, Philip Fifth, Charles the Fourth—whom they say
 Bore the curse of the Pope — end the House of Capet.
 Then Philip the Sixth, according to law,
 Was crowned the first king of the House of Valois.
 Next John, Charles the Fifth, Charles the Sixth and the Seventh,
 Were followed by politic Louis Eleventh.
 Louis Twelfth, Charles the Eighth on the throne then we see,
 Then Francis the First, so gallant and free.
 After Henry the Second came Francis, his son,
 Who the hand of Scotch Mary successfully won.
 Charles the Ninth, who must rue St. Bartholomew's shame,
 Was succeeded by Henry, the third of his name.
 On the heads of the Bourbons the crown now appears,
 Where it rested, we read, over two hundred years.
 Henry Fourth of the line, the son of Navarre,
 To Protestant Frenchmen a glorious star.
 Next Louis Thirteenth, whose royal estate
 Was kept out of sight by his cardinal mate.
 Then Louis the Great, whose remarkable court
 Found no work better suited to kingcraft than sport ;
 And Louis Fifteenth, who did Austria claim
 For Bavaria's prince of electoral fame.
 The Sixteenth of this name was cruelly slain
 By a bloodthirsty rabble who thought to attain
 Equality, liberty, falsely so named.
 Then afterwards France a Republic proclaimed.
 Napoleon the Conqueror burst into fame,
 And set up an Empire to honor his name ;
 But its glory declined and his sceptre fell low
 When the Iron Duke met him as England's great foe.
 Then Louis Eighteenth quickly brought back to France
 The House of the Bourbons, nor lifted a lance ;

Charles the Tenth forced to abdicate riches and power
 To Louis Philippe, the last royal flower
 Of the Old stalwart stock. Then Napoleon Third
 By the fate of his uncle could not be deterred
 From grasping at royalty, though he well knew
 That once in his clutches, its pleasures were few.
 So ended the kings in the Empire of France,
 For time and republics must ever advance. W. J. H. C. E.

ANOTHER VERSION.

The first kind was Pharamond ; after him came
 The race Merovingian ; unworthy of fame.
 Then Pepin the Little, and Charlemagne great,
 Victorious, kingly in Church and State.
 First Louis, Charles First, and two Louis more ;
 Charles, Eudes, Count of Paris, whose reign was soon o'er.
 Charles the Simple, Raoul de Bourgogne, rarely known,
 One after another ascended the throne.
 Then Louis the Fourth, who was named " L'Outre Mer " ;
 Then Louis the Sluggard came after Lothaire.
 Hugh Capet, and Robert, and Henry then came ;
 First Philip, two Louis, and Philip, whose name
 Was Augustus ; then Louis the Lion, and one
 Called Louis the Saint for the good he had done.
 Two Philips, Tenth Louis, and John First came on ;
 Fifth Philip, Charles Fourth, then Sixtn Philip and John.
 Charles Fifth, Sixth and Seventh, when Joan of Arc came
 To rescue the country from sorrow and shame.
 Then Louis Eleventh, perfidious king,
 And Charles Eighth, whose adventures let history sing.
 Twelfth Louis, First Francis, and Henry then came ;
 Then Francis, whose wife is so well known to fame
 As Mary of Scotland ; Charles Ninth, on whose head
 Is the blood of Bartholomew's Protestant dead.
 Two Henrys, five Louis ; one king but in name,
 For Terror was monarch till Bonaparte came.
 Napoleon Second and Louis Eighteenth,
 Then Charles Tenth, the grandson of Louis Fifteenth.
 Then Louis Philippe, and Napoleon Third,
 Who, often successful, more frequently erred.
 The throne is now vacant, and no one can tell { — *Boston*
 The name of the Next, so I bid you farewell. { *Transcript.*

(Presidents of United States in rhyme, Vol. II, pp. 523, 531.)

(Kings and Queens of England in rhyme, Vols. XV, p. 296 ;

XVIII, p. 267 ; XIX, p. 74.)

The Talmud and Jesus.

A correspondent of the New York *Herald* furnishes the following interesting and curious paper, showing the opinions of Jewish Talmudists concerning Jesus of Nazareth, called the Christ. It settles the question, also, of the mention of his name in those writings of the Rabbins of old, and, in brief gives the reason why he was crucified as a heretic :

In a late issue of your paper, the writer of an article headed, "Is Christianity a Failure?" in doubting the historical character of the Christian faith, stated as a fact that Jesus was not mentioned in the Talmud. This is not true. Mr. Palmer, (I believe that was the gentleman's name) either did not succeed in working himself through all the huge tomes of the Talmud, or he must have had before him a copy of one of the modern editions from which all passages referring to Jesus and his followers have been carefully expunged by the official hands of the Christian censor. These very passages, it seems, in spite of their unfriendly spirit, had they been left and permitted to become generally known, would now be of good service to the Christian world. Were it not for truth's sake I should keep silent, looking with secret joy on the mortification of Christianity at her own foolish work that makes her today search so eagerly for what she once herself just as eagerly sought to destroy, and what might now, in default of anything better, contribute in a measure to ward off the severe attack made upon her. As it is, if you will kindly allow me, I will readily make known through your paper, to the Christian public, what has been preserved in reference to Jesus in ancient manuscripts and old editions of the Talmud, printed prior to the year 1600, of which there are to my knowledge, two copies in this city.

The Talmud, of course, does not say that Jesus, of Yeshu, as he is called in rabbinical literature, was the Son of God, nor is it stated there that he himself said he was. According to the Talmudical record Jesus was the son of Mary, who was a friseuse, and married to one Pappus ben Judah. Not this Pappus, however, but another man by the name of Pandyra, was the father of Jesus. (Treatise Sandedrim, 67a.)

Jesus is reported to have been in Egypt, where he secretly studied the mysteries of witchcraft. The magicians were very jealous of their mystical knowledge; but being aware of the

difficulty of intrusting it to memory, they took the only precaution to prevent its exportation by having the clothes of every stranger who left the country searched for any notes he might have taken. Jesus, however, succeeded in taking with him some notes which he had put down, not on any writing material, but on the skin of his body. (Treatise Sabbath, 104b.) Jesus was the disciple of the Tannai Rabbi Joshna ben Perachia. This Rabbi is blamed for having inexorably repulsed his heretic pupil. He is, indeed, represented as having accelerated, if not caused, the ultimate apostacy of Jesus from Judaism by turning a deaf ear to his rueful supplications and entreaties for forgiveness. (Treatise Sota, 47a.)

This is about all that is reported in the Talmud of the life of Jesus, except that he taught his disciples his own views on the Jewish civil law. (Treatise Abodah Zarah, 17a.) There are, however, some very interesting points in the report of his trial and the offenses for which he suffered death.

His principal offense is reported to have been ridiculing the doctrines of Jewish teachers. (Treatise Gittin, 57a.) But this offense, grave as it was considered to be, was punishable by heaven alone; it was not a crime the penalty of which could be inflicted by human hands. Accordingly, he was accused and condemned to death on the charge of having practiced witchcraft and led Israel astray.

The Jews, like the church in the days of her power, summarily disposed of heretics. But Jesus being well known to and befriended by the governor of Palestine, they had to grant him a fair trial, so much so, indeed, that for the last forty days previous to his execution, it was made publicly known that he had forfeited his life to the law, and that all who could show cause why sentence should not be passed on him were invited to do so. No one, however, came to say anything in his favor, and consequently he was crucified in Lud (Lydia?) on Easter eve. (Sanhedrim 43a.)

Of the disciples of Jesus six only are mentioned in the Talmud — Matthai, Naccai, Nezer, Boni, Todah, and Jacob of the village Siccania. Of these all except the last one are reported to have been executed together with their master, having made in vain a desperate effort to save their lives by the queer argument of a *jeu de mots* of their names with similar words in the Bible (Ibidem). Jacob of Siccania, the disciple last mentioned, must have in some way or other escaped the fate of his colleagues at the time of their execution, and he seems after-

ward saved his life by a shrewd policy. He took care not to teach his master's religious ideas publicly, while on the other hand he seized every occasion of ostensibly disseminating his innocent views on the Jewish civil law. (Treatise Abodab Zarah 17a.) He did not, however, escape suspicion; for when he once offered to cure a nephew of Rabbi Ishmael, who had been stung by a reptile, the Rabbi refused his services, preferring to let his relative die rather than have his life saved by the heretic, who might cure him by improper means, or in the name of his master. (Ibidem 27a.)

The crucified Jesus is mentioned in the Talmud only once. Titus, while in Palestine, is said to have conjured Jesus from the dead, and to have asked him which nation was esteemed highest in heaven. Jesus said Israel was. Titus then continued to ask, "Shall I wage war upon this people?" Jesus replied: "Seek their good and not their evil; touch them not, for whosoever toucheth them might as well touch the apple of his own eye!" (Treatise Gittin 57a.)

The discussion of the origin and authenticity of these Talmudical reports, interesting as it certainly must be, is a subject not suitable for a daily paper like the *Herald*; besides, it is too complicated a matter for the limited space allotted to these lines. I shall, therefore, confine myself to making a few remarks on the aforementioned dialogue between Titus and Jesus. This passage is evidently a fable. It bears the stamp of a later interpolation, and appears to me to have been suggested by a desire of forcing upon the Christian world the conviction that its own faith, out of policy as well as principle, disapproved of the persecution of Israel, and the strong figure put into the mouth of Jesus was intended to impress the inviolability of the Jewish nation upon the minds of her relentless oppressors.

"As it is above, so is it below." — *Hermes Trismegistus*.

"As it is in the skies, so is it on earth." — *The Lamas*.

"Thy will be done, as in heaven, so in earth." — *Jesus*.

"I pray thee, O God, that I may be beautiful within." — *Socrates*.

"The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord." — *Solomon*.

"Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring." — *Pope*.

"The night of the body is the day of the spirit." — *Souls*.

"Love is the only force which can adjust discords." — *Souls*.

"The eye is the sight of the spirits to externals." — *Swedenborg*.

The Isle of Mathematics.

The following is an extract from a poem entitled "My Voyage of Life," written by S. D. Hillman, of Newark, N. J., as a part of a celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Class of 1850, of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa. :

From the Marriage Isle of silver dreams I sailed till favoring gales
 Brought me to a grander ocean-isle, whose broad and fertile vales
 Grow choice, marvelous, fruits from magic buds ; its mountainous touch the sky ;
 Has harbors where yachts of pleasure moor, where greatest ocean-liners lie ;
 Isle where Abrani met Egyptians versed in astronomic lore,
 And with them conned truths of Numbers and of Form, a wisdom store
 Whence their astrologic fates were framed ; home of science new and old ;
 Land where stars are registered and change of sun and moon foretold,
 Isle of Mathematics, where Plato roved, where Euclid lived, and Newton died,
 Where Pascal spent his youth, where sages great abode.
 Muses nine in classic lore ; we know a tenth, Mathetis named ;
 Muse the eldest born, Minerva's logic pupil, wisest famed,
 Stately, white-browed, dear-eyed, golden-tongued ; she whom Ezekiel knew
 When he to walls, gates, courts, temple, altar, gave cubit measure true.
 Known to Noah when he, ordered o'er the deluge flood to sail,
 Built that wondrous ark to orders close by mathematic scale,
 Muse Mathetis ; John's tall angel whose brow will grace a diadem,
 Golden measuring rod of whom did measure New Jerusalem.

CLOSING INSTRUCTIONS. In the great secret orders of the world, the Hierophant always counsels and warns the Neophyte who is about to venture into new realms, enjoining the need of great care in the use of the elementaries and their spheres, admonishing and cautioning as to the cultivation of their presence, etc., with these closing words :

"We give to you power if you choose to receive it, knowing that if you obtain a little power it will reveal to you another feature of a greater power. Therefore, my child, do not tarry here, but press on, for here is dangerous ground. You will at this stage obtain a sufficiency of power over nature's psychic forces and a lower spiritual knowledge to fully realize that you can practice Black magic, but in your halt to indulge in its phenomena, even if you do not use it for selfish purposes, it will retard your advancement and growth, and may be more injurious through its coherence and cohesion than you will ever in this life be enabled to conquer or overcome."

To Miss Catharine Jay of Utica.

I wish I was in U T K,
 As once I used 2 B;
 For there resides Miss K T J,
 And her I long 2 C.

For I do love Miss K T J,
 I b'lieve she loves me 2,
 For if her love should e'er D K,
 I'll never love N U.

My K T is discreet and YY's,
 So is she ~~some~~ some 2,
 The **'s might N V her blue II's,
 When she looks up 2 view.

Another maid like my dear K 8,
 I ne'er Xpect 2 C;
 O how it will my soul L 8,
 When mine she deigns 2 B.

I've wannerder far o'er land and C,
 A fortune 2 cre 8.
 I've crossed the O I O and D,
 Far from my native St 8.

Still K T J is far B 4
 All other maids I C;
 Her X L N C do I A dore
 As a lovely N T T.

So here's a health 2 K T J,
 There's 0 2 me so D R,
 And soon I'll B in U T K,
 When I do hope 2 C R.

K T, perhaps U 1 der Y
 So long I trouble U,
 But N E time this meets U R I,
 Pray think on W.

(From Spofford's Almanack, 1833.)

I was pleased to see in the N. AND Q. for November, 1901,

the ingenious " Essay to Miss Catharine Jay," which I read when I was a youth. But there is still another one inscribed " To Miss Catharine Jay of Utica," which is found printed in Thomas Spofford's Farmer's Almanac for 1833, which " Essay," I would like to see reprinted in your entertaining monthly.

L. R. H.

Epitaphs From Old Almanacs.

The Dame that lodges in this tomb
Had Rachels face and Leah's fruitful womb,
Abigail's wisdom, Sarah's faithful heart,
Martha's just care, and Mary's better part. (1783)

Here lies one who for medicines would not give
A little gold and so his life was lost ;
I fancy now he would wish to live,
Could he but guess how much his funeral cost. (1794)

Under these stones lie old Sanon's bones ;
He never did good, but evil ;
He lived like a hog, and he died like a dog,
And now he rides post for the devil. (1794)

THE PATER NOSTER. The following poetic version of the Pater Noster was written by Adoniram Judson. It is remarkable as containing but very few words more than the original :

Our Father, God, who art in heaven,
All hallowed be thy name ;
Thy kingdom come, thy will be done
In heaven and earth the same.

Give us this day our daily bread ;
And as we those forgive
Who sin against us, so may we
Forgiving grace receive.

Into temptation lead us not ;
From evil set us free ;
And thine the kingdom, thine the power,
And glory, ever be.

"NUMBERS IN THE HOLY WORD." (Vol. XIX, p. 195.) In answer to "JOSEPH" we answer yes, we have the book: Title:

"A Key to the Spiritual Significance of Numbers in the Holy Word, from the Tenth part of a Unit to 144,000, with a Rule for discovering the Signification of every other Number. To which is added an Appendix containing a Key to the Spiritual Signification of Weights and Measures, the whole illustrated and confirmed by a great variety of examples." By Robert Hindmarsh. Manchester (Eng.), 1820 = 64. 12mo; boards; pp. 238.

The author was a prominent Minister of the New-Church, and the writer and editor of quite a large literature of Swedenborgian books. He is credited as being the founder of "The Theosophical Society" in London as early as 1783. Yet the *New Church Magazine* states that the "London Universal Society" was founded in 1776 — seven years earlier — which is questioned by *The New Church Life*, October, 1901, Huntingdon Valley, Pa.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY. What about this biblical number? I wish to say something about this number little later on. In the meantime what have others to say to start up the matter?

"His days shall be an hundred and twenty years." Gen. vi, 3.

"Gold of spoons was an hundred and twenty shekels."

Num. vii, 86.

"I am an hundred and twenty years old this day."

Deut. xxxi, 2; xvii, 4.

"She gave the king an hundred and twenty talents of gold."

I Kings x, 10; II Chron. ix, 9.

"Uriel and brethren an hundred and twenty." I Chron. xv, 5.

"Height of porch an hundred and twenty cubits."

II Chron. iii, 4.

"With them an hundred and twenty priests." II Chron. v, 12.

"To set over kingdom an hundred and twenty princes."

Dan. vi, 6, 1.

"Number of names were about an hundred and twenty."

Acts i, 15.

"*Post centum viginti annos patebo.*"

HALF A TOKEN.

"Eternity is in God; the world is in eternity; Time is in the world; generation is in Time." — *Hermes Trismegistus*.

QUESTIONS.

1. Where do we find any authority in print for the often repeated statement that the Unconoonuc mountains in Goffstown was the first land sighted on approaching our coast by the settlers when they came here. N.

2. "In that day, shall five cities in the land of Egypt speak the language of Canaan, and swear to Jehovah of hosts; one shall be called 'The city of destruction'" (margin, *Hires*). (Isa. xix, 18.) The original is "*ir hacheres*." What city was this? SOLOMON.

3. Will some one familiar with the arcane matters of the Bible tell us who is the "Ancient of Days" mentioned in Daniel vii, 9, 13, 22. And also, who are the "Four and twenty Elders (or Ancients)," mentioned, Revelation iv, 4, 10; xix, 4? The common answer that the "Ancient of Days" is "Christ" is not wanted. HERMES.

4. For the year 1902, the Epact is 21, the Solar Cycle is 7, the Golden number is 3, and the Roman Indiction is 15; now these multiplied together produce the Julian Period 6615 for 1902: $21 \times 7 \times 3 \times 15 = 6615$. Is there significance in this, or is it a coincidence? CAPRICORN.

5. In the apocryphal book of "Paul and Thecla," we are told that Thecla the daughter of Theoclia was betrothed to one Thamyris, and that Thecla was befriended by the rich widow Trifina. From what country were these persons that their names were so alliterative? RHODA.

6. It is said that somewhere in D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature" he gives the origin of the double SS now used in several of the sheriff's legal papers; that it was the abbreviation for "Sheriff's Shire," etc. Can some reader give us the reference in D'Isaael's work? F.

7. In the Appendix to Webster's Unabridged Dictionary is a list of some 1200 names found in the Douay version of the Bible, but not in the King James version although many are variations. As there is no Concordance to the Douay version, will some one give the references where the following may be found: Achitophel, Asathonthama, Bethzacharam, Jesbibenob, Josabhesed, Ramathaimsophim, Romenthiezer, Susanechites.

SEARCHER.

Hermetic Society of the Students of the G. D.

This a society for the study of that occult lore of the Middle Ages, which was derived from Egyptian, Chaldee, and Arabian sources. Its private rituals teach all that really remains extant of this almost forgotten knowledge.

Lodges of this society are in work in England in three centers ; in Scotland there are two lodges, and one in France ; and there are members in Denmark, Germany, Austria, India, and in the United States.

The members of the society claim that it is the only proper existing mode of entry to the more occult practical, magical work of the still more secret Rosicrucian lodges which still exist, but which have succeeded even down to today in remaining secret and unknown to the press and public. It does not come into the category of Secret Societies of which the Law takes cognizance, because it has no secret aims, nor political ambitions ; it is carried on only for purposes of instruction in astrology, alchemy, the Hebrew kabbalistic philosophy, the Tarot, and cosmic symbolism.

In England this society fell into temporary abeyance about 1860, but was revived in 1887 and became very successful as a teaching institution, under the guidance of two learned medical men and a well known author of kabbalistic works. These three members alone had power to admit new members, and every candidate had to submit to a very severe examination as to education, morals, and social life. The lodge was called " Isis-Urania," and when its members numbered one hundred, other lodges were formed, named " Osiris," " Horus," " Amen-ra," and " Athor."

The society worked five grades ; after admission to the neophyte grade, further progress was only obtained by passing bona-fide written and vive-voce examinations ; clever students got through the course in eighteen months.

It is reported that those who succeeded were in many cases

invited to offer themselves for admission to a truly Rosicrucian fraternity derived from the parent German Rosicrucian stem.

Of the G. D. Society the present chief is the well known author S. L. MacGregor Mathers, now of Paris ; he is not approachable except through the G. D. routine.

He is a very learned, even if eccentric student, who has devoted his life to these studies. The other two chiefs were Dr. Wm. Robert Woodman, a shining light in the Grand Lodge of the English Freemasons ; he died December 20, 1891.

We are informed that the other chief, who was the founder of the lodge, was a well known medical man of London, related to the Masonic Rosicrucian Society of England (which does not profess to be a very occult body, as it concerns itself only with the history of the ancient and mediæval occult sciences) ; he has written many occult books under the pseudonym of " Sapare Aude," and " N. O. M." This Doctor resigned his G. D. Chiefship in 1898. Mr. Mathers went to live in Paris, and still reside there ; this desertion of his English pupils was a mistake in policy. These changes led to altered relations between the pupils of the Isis Lodge and the remaining Master ; and indeed a sad schism arose, many pupils deserting their old teacher ; the old lodges still however continue to carry on the work.

It seems desirable at the present time to publish these details, because there is now going on in England a criminal trial in which an American gentleman and a foreign lady are found to have become possessed of a part of one of the G. D. rituals, which they have improperly used to assist them in their trickery. We cannot say more at present. These notes are supplied by a member of the society.

It is much to be regretted that this old and honorable society should have had its name mentioned in such an unfortunate affair.

X.

{ " Nature's countless mirrors reflect the image of God," }
 { " All nature declares, ' What is to be will be.' " — *Bosford*. }

Louis Claude de Saint - Martin.

" THE UNKNOWN PHILOSOPHER."

" The Life of Louis Claude de Saint-Martin, the Unknown Philosopher, and the Substance of his Transcendental Doctrine" is the title of the new work by Arthur Edward Waite, the translator of the works of Elephaz Lévi. It is a volume 464 pages, published in London, 1901, and is for sale by The Occult Publishing Company, box 2646, Boston, Mass., at \$2.50 a volume. The work is divided into Seven Books with captions as follows: The Life of Saint-Martin; Sources of Martinistic Doctrine; The Nature and State of Man; The Doctrine of the Repairer; The Way of Reintegration; Minor Doctrines of Saint-Martin; The Mystical Philosophy of Numbers. Appendix: Metrical Exercises, and Prayers of Saint-Martin; Bibliography of Saint-Martin's works; Martinism and the Masonic Rite of Swedenborg. The work contains foot-notes, and references to his works.

One of the estimates of Saint-Martin, Joubert, says of him: " The feet of Saint-Martin are on earth, but his head is in heaven,"

The name of Saint-Martin never appeared in his life-time on the title-page of any one of his numerous books with which his name is now connected. He wrote in most instances under the pseudonym of " The Unknown Philosopher" (*Le Philosophe Inconnu*), and in one instance " A Lover of Secret Things."

Saint-Martin was born at Ambroise in the province of Touraine, January 18, 1743. He was a born soul, piously educated, and loved arcane things, which, when he was " enlightened" in, so haloed his soul, that after once viewing many ecclesiastical ceremonies for the redemption of humanity he exclaimed: " Master, is all this necessary to gain a knowledge of God?"

His teacher and initiator, Martinez de Pasqually, in his work, " Historic and Philosophic Portraits," mentions in one of his letters, concerning the Secret knowledge of his devoted pupil: " The Master of Saint Martin labors incessantly in our cause."

He became a member of the Elect Cohens sometime between

August 2 and October 2, 1768. His first and perhaps most important pseudonymously published books was "Of Error and of Truth," designed to recall to men the real principles of knowledge. The Russian Prince Galitzin declared that he never had been really a man until he knew M. de Saint-Martin. He was a close student of William Law, Jacob Boehme, Swedenborg, and all the former and contemporary mystics of his time.

Mr. Waite has given us an excellent treatise on Saint Martin, his life, his works, his doctrines, and his time. Every member of the Martinist Order should possess this work, because many of the works of "The Unknown Philosopher" are yet in his native language, and several years will pass before these treatises will be translated and accessible to those who cannot read the French editions.

The Rectified Rite of Martinism is now worked in France, Germany, and the United States. This work of Mr. Waite will greatly assist the officers and neophytes in the historical part of monitorial work of the Order.

HOROSCOPES OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY. (Vol. XIX, p. 280.) Julius Erickson made an astrological prediction of the administration of President McKinley for 1896-1901 which was published in *The Metaphysical Magazine (Intelligence)* for August, 1897. He made a second one for the second term which was published in the same periodical in April, 1901. In the latter the murder of the President was foreshadowed. A similar prediction of the President's administration was published in *The Arena* when Mr. B. O. Flower was its editor.

A. WILDER, M. D.

- "The pen-holder is mightier than the pen."
- "At the point of the pen is the focus of the mind."
- "Flowers are the products of nature's millinery."
- "Life is the alphabet of eternity's language."
- "Human life is but a schoolday of eternity."
- "Sin and the serpent always make crooked paths."

My Path To School.

BY MRS. EUNICE P. WOOD, TOMAH, WIS.

On soft grey morns and crimson eves
I tread a path of withered leaves ;
At morn, the sun hath not yet crept
Above the Eastern hills nor slept
Upon the forest-land above,
An oaken growth, an open grove,
Where Autumn sighs and Winter grieves
And spreads this path of withered leaves.

At eve, the sunset falleth soon,
The arc is short, the winter noon
Beholds the sun at Southern bound;
The Winter Solstice he had found;
While pink and grey his curtains shine
About his disk of amber wine.

The path hath bounds of ice and snow,
But where its wildwood windings go,
A sheltered depth holds yet the drift
Of Autumn leaves with kindly thrift;
They *stay for me who love the way*
I tread on many a summer day.

The partridge knows this secret way,
The blue-jay with his black and gray
Sends his sharp note so wild and shrill
That echoes from the neighboring hill;
The squirrel here hath house of store,
The same his fathers knew of yore;
The weasel's track on feathery snows
Shows where his Royal whiteness goes,
And in the mornings, blithe and free,
Here sings the bonny chick-a-dee!

I tread with lightest footfall here
On these brown remnants of the year;
They render up an incense sweet
Beneath the woundings of my feet;
I see again the summer-scene
When first I knew their tender green,
And, earlier, when their springtime hue
Of pinkish-grey their branches knew,

About the feet of these tall trees
Grew bounteously anemones,
And all along this greenwood path
The frailest blossoms nature hath;

Oh, pale and slender, rare and sweet,
 They flowered out around my feet,
 Hepatica and blood-root white,
 And dog-tooth violets yellow light,
 While from the boughs about me rang
 The roundelay the robins sang,
 Have early hopes, once bright and fair
 Withered for me with whitening hair ?
 Have the rich vines of faith and trust
 Failed of support and trail in dust ?
 My daily path of withered leaves
 Whispers : " The strong heart never grieves
 O'er hopeless happenings ; lift thine eyes
 To all that's lovely 'neath the skies
 Nor love not man nor nature less,
 But toil for others' happiness.
 These Autumn leaves are dead and sere ;
 Green leaves shall grow another year."
 So Hope her web of comfort weaves,
 Though still I walk on withered leaves,

S. L. MACGREGOR MATHERS. R. W. Frater MacGregor Mathers (Comte MacGregor de Glenstræ) is the present Junior Substitute Magus of the Metropolitan College, Societas Rosicruciana, London. He was initiated into Freemasonry in the Hengist Lodge at Bournemouth, and was an early member of the Correspondence Circle of the Quatuor Coronati Lodge, at which he was a frequent speaker before he settled in Paris. He is a famous occult student, and has contributed several important and erudite lectures to the Metropolitan College which are published in its Transactions. He is the author of several esoteric and occult works : " The Kabbalah Unveiled," 1887 ; " The Tarot Cards," 1888 ; " The Key of Solomon the King," 1889 ; The Book of the Sacred Magic of Abra-Melin, the Mage," 1898, all published in London.

The above brief account is published in answer to the person (T.) who asked information about the author of " The Kabbalah Unveiled," and the book. EDITOR.

ALPHABETICAL COMBINATIONS. *The Equitable Record*, No. 6, 1901, says an "Exchange" says that Max Müller gave the alphabetical combinations to be 620,448,401,733,239,439,360,000 for 24 letters.

Their actuarial department give the alphabetical combinations to be 403,291,461,126,605,635,584,000,000 for 26 letters.

Both no doubt are correct, as the periods and first six figures of each are proved to be so by the sums of the first 24 and 26 logarithms respectively : 26.6056190, and 23.7927057.

The Chess - Knight's Tour.

<i>64</i> 1	<i>51</i> 2	<i>14</i> 3	<i>33</i> 4	<i>2</i> 5	<i>49</i> 6	<i>16</i> 7	<i>35</i> 8
<i>13</i> 9	<i>32</i> 10	<i>1</i> 11	<i>50</i> 12	<i>15</i> 13	<i>34</i> 14	<i>3</i> 15	<i>48</i> 16
<i>52</i> 17	<i>63</i> 18	<i>30</i> 19	<i>23</i> 20	<i>28</i> 21	<i>25</i> 22	<i>36</i> 23	<i>17</i> 24
<i>31</i> 25	<i>12</i> 26	<i>61</i> 27	<i>26</i> 28	<i>59</i> 29	<i>22</i> 30	<i>47</i> 31	<i>4</i> 32
<i>62</i> 33	<i>53</i> 34	<i>10</i> 35	<i>29</i> 36	<i>24</i> 37	<i>27</i> 38	<i>18</i> 39	<i>37</i> 40
<i>11</i> 41	<i>42</i> 42	<i>55</i> 43	<i>60</i> 44	<i>21</i> 45	<i>58</i> 46	<i>5</i> 47	<i>46</i> 48
<i>54</i> 49	<i>9</i> 50	<i>40</i> 51	<i>57</i> 52	<i>44</i> 53	<i>7</i> 54	<i>38</i> 55	<i>19</i> 56
<i>41</i> 57	<i>56</i> 58	<i>43</i> 59	<i>8</i> 60	<i>39</i> 61	<i>20</i> 62	<i>45</i> 63	<i>6</i> 64

The move of the knight over the chess board into the 64 different squares without repeating until it is returned to the beginning at No 1. The *italic figures* represent the No. of the squares ; the Roman figures the number-order and the direction of the 64 various moves of the knight.

Several interesting problems can be solved from the Italic or Roman figures. Euler the mathematician solved this chess problem after a long and arduous application. The key is seen at the crossing of the figures 28-29 and 36-37.

The Dial of Ahaz can be solved from this diagram in connection with a right-angle triangle A B X equivalent to half of the 64 squares. The dial of the ancient Jew. was not a circle nor system of lines or degrees, but a kind of stairs or steps. (See Smith's Biblical Dictionary.)

S. D. PARRISH.

The Prize Cento Poem.

(VOL. XIX, P. 312.)

- There was a sound of revelry by night ; *Byron.*
 On Linden when the sun was low, *Cambell.*
 A voice replied for up the height : *Longfellow.*
 Hour of an empire's overthrow. *Geo. Croly.*
- The curfew tolls the knell of parting day ; *Gray.*
 Under a spreading chestnut tree, *Longfellow.*
 In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay ; *Dimond.*
 O call my brother back to me. *Hemans.*
- The warrior bowed his crested head, *Hemans.*
 A mighty form lay stretched and cold ; *Anonymous.*
 New England's dead, New England's dead *McLellan.*
 Wide o'er Bannock's heath they wold. *Campbell.*
- He sat upon the wave-washed shore ; *Thomson.*
 The stars were rolling in the sky ; *Holmes.*
 Soldier rest, thy warfare's o'er ! *Scott.*
 The breaking wave dashed high. *Hemans.*
- I am monarch of all I survey : *Cowper.*
 Ay ! tear her tattered ensign down ; *Holmes.*
 The pilgrim fathers, where are they ? *Pierpont.*
 In Brentford town of old renown. *Anonymous.*
- Oh ! Sacred Truth, thy triumph ceased awhile, *Campbell.*
 Many a long, long year ago ; *Fields.*
 His falchion flashed along the Nile ; *Pierpont.*
 A frog he would a-wooing go. *Anonymous.*
- Wake your harp's music louder, higher ; *Mellen.*
 O, young Lochinvar is come out of the west ; *Scott.*
 'Twas eight o'clock and near the fire, *Crabbe.*
 There is an hour of peaceful rest. *Tappan.*
- The stormy March is come at last, *Bryan.*
 I seek the mountain cleft alone ; *Montgomery.*
 The shades of night were falling fast ; *Longfellow.*
 The king was on his throne. *Byron.*
- A chieftian to the highlands bounds — *Campbell.*
 " Make way for liberty," he cried ; *Montgomery.*
 The spearmen heard the bugle sound. *Spencer.*
 A noble race they were the tried. *Anonymous.*

EARLY SETTLEMENT OF KELLEY'S FALLS

PAPER BY WILLIAM E. MOORE READ BEFORE THE MANCHESTER HISTORIC ASSOCIATION, SEPT. 29, 1899.

On being called upon for a talk upon early suburban settlements, Mr. William E. Moore stated that his attention had been called to the subject of an early settlement at Kelley's Falls, on the Piscataquog, and especially with reference to certain excavations and ancient cellar holes near the Falls. He had taken pains to make investigations, as the result of which the following paper had been prepared :

It is found that said falls were named for Col. Moses Kelley of Goffstown, his title of Colonel being first acquired by his rank in the militia and later by a commission in the continental army. He was among the earliest and also one of the most prominent settlers of the town, owning a very large track of land on the Mast Road comprising several hundred acres, lying on either side of the highway, extending north and south from the farm now occupied by Mr. Gilman Plumer, said land being upon the east branch running to the Piscataquog, the shore line including the falls referred to, as well as a tract of land on the east, or Manchester side. His services while acting with the militia and the part taken by him in the revolutionary war are set forth in the following extracts from the History of Weare and from the New Hampshire State Papers.

History of Weare, page 215. — Colonel Moore, by Moses Kelley of Goffstown, June 30th, 1777, notified Captain Philbrick to raise one-quarter of the militia under his command, without loss of time. That very day all the men of the train band and alarm list in South Weare assembled at an early hour at Lieutenant Worthly's. This action was taken in response to a letter of Meshech Weare, chairman of the committee of safety, dated May 8th of that year, announcing Burgoyne's invasion of Vermont and his threatened advance into New Hampshire. Weare's letter was sent to Capt. Philbrick May 15th

following. Moses Kelley received his orders on June 30th, and wrote at once to Capt. Philbrick as follows :

" A copy of the above I received this moment from Coll Moore to acquaint you, Expecting you will raise one quarter of the Militia under your Command without loss of time

" MOSES KELLEY.

Goffstown, June y^e 30 : 1777.
To Captain Samuel Philbrick of Weare."

In 1778, Col. Moses Kelley's regiment, under General Sullivan, was in Rhode Island and saw the battle of Quaker Hill, on the North end of Newport Island, August 29th. (" History of Weare," page 225.)

Other men were mustered in by him later. Among those who received a bounty from the town of Goffstown of ten pounds each " to go to Providence in Rhode Island to do a short tower of duty as volunteers in the continental army under Gen. Sullivan " was Moses Kelley. Subjoined to the list of names is the following endorsement :

" Nov. 5th, 1778. Received an order on the Treasurer for two hundred and ninety pounds, which was advanced by Goffstown to these twenty-nine volunteers.

MOSES KELLEY."

N. H. State Papers, Vol. 4, page 258.

" Col. Kelley was of Goffstown and in command of the 9th. New Hampshire regiment. . . . He owned mills in Goffstown at the place now known as Kelley's Falls, upon the Piscataquog River. He was a zealous patriot, and keeping a public house upon the Mast Road many of the forays against the Tories of that neighborhood were concocted at Colonel Kelley's." (Adj't. Gen. Report, Vol. 2, page 346.)

It will readily be seen from the foregoing that the part played by Col. Kelley in the years immediately preceding the Revolution, as well as during the war was quite important, his patriotic example and influence contributing largely in the formation and direction of public opinion in Goffstown, Weare and neighboring towns. It is remarkable that so little is known by the citizens of Goffstown concerning the life and services of one of her most distinguished sons, as the records yield but

scant and meagre information, but it affords the writer great satisfaction in contributing at this late day some hitherto unpublished facts relative to the career of this almost unknown citizen, soldier and patriot. Even the date of his death is unknown, but it is certain he paid taxes in the town of Weare as late as 1793. He is said to have died in Hopkinton at the home of a relative. Although the owner of large tracks of land in Goffstown and elsewhere in his old age he became embarrassed if not impoverished and died poor.

Col. Kelley built the first dam on the Piscataquog River and erected there a saw and grist mill. They were successfully operated by him for many years, both before and during the war of the Revolution. At sundry times while engaged in this enterprise he filled various town offices, and at one period served as high sheriff.

Moses Kelley was first selectman of Goffstown as early as November, 1775, and was chosen moderator in December of the same year, and at the same Meeting was chosen to attend the Provincial Congress at Exeter.

December 5th, 1734, was the highest freshet in the Merrimack River ever seen by any person then living. The bridge over the Piscataquog in Bedford was carried away. This was long known as "the great winter freshet."

In June, 1792, the proprietors of the Amoskeag bridge were organized and on August 3d following, the bridge was passable.

He lived for a time in a frame house which he built on the east side of the Mast Road, just south of Mr. Gilman Plumer's residence. The original house was torn down years ago and another erected upon the same site, first occupied by Benjamin Cranshaw, who was known throughout that neighborhood as "Cornshaw." Although not definitely known, it is quite certain that Col. Kelley was for sometime the proprietor of the old tavern on the Mast Road and probably lived there after his old home was demolished. There was an old-fashioned, general country store near by kept by a Mr. Burrell, and a blacksmith just north of the "Cornshaw" house, on the same

side of the highway. Both of these disappeared many years ago, but Mr. Plumer informed me that when cultivating a field now owned by him he plowed up an old pair of hand-made pinchers on the site of the old shop. The blacksmith's name was Wells, and his apprentice was one named Houston, probably the father of "John Houston," an old-time blacksmith in Manchester fifty years ago, and possibly "Old John" himself. There was also a boarding-house carried on by a Mr. George, and several other families lived near that locality. One of the old tavern keepers, perhaps the last, was named Cilley.

There was a number of traditions and legends connected with this old tavern-stand, said to be the oldest framed house in Goffstown, and originally built by "Squire Rogers," some of which appear to be tolerable well authenticated. There were scattered throughout the town a considerable number of Tories, but Kelley's Tavern was noted as the neighborhood rendezvous for the patriots, or sons of liberty, and it was here that means and measures were discussed and concerted to further the cause of the Revolution and to discourage and generally make life a burden for the king's men. The building itself was a long, rambling, one-story structure, containing not more than four or five rooms. The main room had an enormous fireplace, capable of taking in sled-length wood and not less than a half sled load at once. The chimney frame was of brick and peculiarly constructed.

Above the open space, visible to the occupants of the room, and to the right of the fire, was a receptacle or vault, solidly bricked up and of sufficient dimensions to contain and conceal the body of a man standing upright. Whatever the purpose for which this vault was originally designed there is little doubt that it was sometime used for some unknown purposes of concealment. The story goes that the space was so occupied for a considerable time by a human being; that the occupant remained hidden during the daytime but emerged at night, returning to his hiding place before dawn. Upon one occasion this mysterious stranger was encountered during the

night by a guest, who became so terrified at the apparition that he jumped headlong through a window to the ground, receiving injuries in the fall which terminated fatally. This incident is said to have resulted in the ruin of the business of the tavern, which was afterwards shunned by its former patrons. The true history and details of this strange affair can probably never be supplied. The substance of the tale we have given is, nearly as related by Mr. Joseph A. Dow, and confirmed in important particulars by Mr. Gilman Plumer, the present owner of the premises. The late Mr. Dustin Marshall adds that the chimney occupant was accustomed to cover his face and hands with whitewood ashes before emerging from the vault, which would add to his ghostly appearance.

The old tavern and the large farm connected therewith was purchased about sixty years ago by Mr. Gilman Plumer's father. The former was a young man in his teens, but distinctly remembers many details concerning the place. The north end of the building contained the bar, which young Plumer helped to remove. He said at that time he saw and examined the great chimney and that the secret vault was then closed up on one side with heavy planks. Another story was added to the building and some additional alterations made, but the first or ground story of the Plumer house as it stands to-day was the original tavern.

Among the early settlers of Goffstown was Lieutenant Wyman, who was born in Woburn, Mass, in 1740, who long before the Revolution removed to Goffstown, settling near the locality we have described. The first house occupied by him was a log cabin on the Piscataquog, between Kelley's Falls and Acadia, afterwards removing to a farmhouse on the Mast Road.

This building stood just below the county farm at Grassmere and a part of the original frame is now in what is known as the Henry Johnson house.

Lieut. Wyman saw service in the Indian wars and is said to have been at Lovewell's fight. His son Seth was among the

men who were enlisted by Col. Kelley in Goffstown's quota for the war of the Revolution.¹ He was at Bunker Hill, where he was wounded, Saratoga and Fishkill. He lived to be eighty-five years of age. He had a son Seth, who was born March 4, 1784. This second son, Seth Wyman, according to his own account, which is concurred in by the accounts of others, led a somewhat strange and roving life, and at different times lived at various places in Goffstown and elsewhere, but finally settled permanently at Kelley's Falls, where he died in April, 1843. He had a son Lewis, who died and was buried at sea; a son Franklin who was killed by a fall; and another son, Cromwell Wyman, who died some years before his father's decease. Seth and his son Cromwell were both buried at Kelley's Falls, their graves being under a large tree near the great ledge on the east side of the river. The first Wyman house at the Falls was burned down about fifty years ago and another was built. Seth was a skillful hunter and trapper and a great fisherman. He and his sons had beaten paths from Kelley's Fall's down the river, on both sides, and the stream was fordable at low water, and Seth was a familiar figure in Piscataquog, then Bedford, for many years. He was invariably accompanied by a pack of dogs. Mr. Charles K. Walker remembers the old trail on the west bank of the river, which came down under the hill near the bobbin factory and reached the highway at the point where the stone bridge now spans the river on south Main street. The east trail joined the highway on the north bank near the same bridge. On the day and night preceding the date fixed for Seth Wyman's funeral, although as late in the spring as April, there was great snowfall, from four to five feet on a level, and help had to be called from Piscataquog vil-

1 This is evidently an error, as Lovewell's fight took place on May 8, 1725, fifteen years before this Lieutenant Wyman was born, according to the date given here. There was one Wyman in the Lovewell expedition, and he was Ensign Seth Wyman, of Woburn, Mass., afterwards promoted to Captain, who had command of the company through most of the fight, and who no doubt killed Paugus, the Pequaket chief. Captain Wyman died September 5, 1725, or soon after the memorable fight. The son Wyman of Goffstown, who won such unenviable notoriety early in the last century, in his "Life and Adventures" claims descent from Ensign Wyman, but his accounts contain so many other mistakes, that it is doubtless false in this particular. The mother of Judge Samuel Blodget, the builder of the canal at Amoskeag Falls, was a sister of Captain Seth Wyman.—EDITOR.

lage to shovel out the road to the Falls so that they could have the funeral.

The first dam at Kelley's Falls, built by Col. Kelley, was an old-fashioned log-cut affair, but it answered the purpose for many years, both before, during and subsequent to the Revolutionary war, and it finally was carried away by a great freshet. There was a tolerably good highway from the Mast Road to the mills, as far as the brow of the bank on the west side of the river at that point, and what was known as "dugway" led from the top of the bluff down to the mills. This was made by a slant down the bank, sufficient earth being dug out from the upper side and thrown over toward the river to make a roadbed. Few horses and still fewer wagons were then in use, and nearly all the wheat, corn and rye to be ground was carried in sacks to and from the mill upon the stalwart shoulders of the old time farmers. There was also a passable road from the Falls to Piscataquog, and another to Acadia, both on the east bank.

The whole region thereabout was densely wooded and many incidents have been related of encounters with wild beasts, for bears, catamounts or even wolves were not uncommon. Mr. Joseph A. Dow tells the story of a man returning home from the mill with a bag of meal upon his back. When ascending the "dugway" the bank of earth on the left-hand was higher than his head, or as to effectually prevent sight in that direction, and thus without warning he was pounced upon by an enormous catamount, which fastened its teeth and claws into both man and meal sack. The weight of the beast threw the man to the ground, and he managed to escape, leaving the animal engaged in a struggle with the grist. The man was severely wounded, however, one of the feet of the catamount having struck the back of his right shoulder. The next morning the meal sack was found torn to shreds on the scene of the encounter. Mr. Dow heard his father repeat the story, which the elder Dow had heard from his father, who had seen the scars cause by the claws of the catamount, and also seen the limb of a great tree on which the beast had crouched before making the leap of more than twelve feet.

With reference to the excavations at Kelley's Falls, indicating the sites of old houses, it is quite likely that at least one of these may be referred to as the house occupied by the miller employed by the Colonel to run the grist-mill, and another to the man engaged in operating the sawmill. A third was the Wyman house. A fourth was occupied by Mr. Nathaniel George, who had a son Washington George. Both of the Georges as well as the Wymans, are well remembered by some of our older citizens, but in Seth Waman's day there was no mill at the Falls, and had not been for years. At a later day another dam was built upon the site of the first one and a pail factory erected by a man named — White, who carried on the business. Mr. White also built a house near by in which he lived. The new dam was of wood, securely built, and was soon carried away by a freshet. It was never rebuilt and the enterprise was abandoned. This was the last dam built at Kelley's Falls until the present substantial stone dam was put in by the Electric Power Company. The old houses referred to disappeared many years ago, through fire or decay, except the building occupied by Mr. White which was removed to Piscataquog in 1860, and it now stands on the south-east corner of Main and Douglas Streets.

Col. George C. Gilmore informs me that when he was a boy he sometimes went to Kelley's Falls and played ball with other boys about his age who lived in that vicinity. According to his recollection there was not less than five houses there.

The greater portion of the facts above narrated have been communicated to the writer by Mr. Joseph A. Dow, whose memory of persons, events and localities, as described by his father and grandfather, is remarkable. His statement were subsequently corroborated by Mr. Gilman Plumer, from knowledge of his own, as well as information derived from his father while living.

We have in this paper endeavored to rescue from oblivion and put upon record the foregoing facts concerning persons and events, many of which had almost passed from men's minds and memory, and trust that the estimates placed upon their interest and value will be shared by the members of this Historic Association,

The magney and made them bloody with his own blood; and in place of incense he cut off his warts and offered them.

When the four nights of their penance was ended, the people came and paid their respect to them both. To the former they gave a head-dress of beautiful feathers and a linen garment, and to the Warty god they gave a crown of papers and a cloak of the same material.

At midnight all the gods assembled around the fire. This burned four days. All the gods arranged themselves in two lines on either side of the fire and facing it.

Then the gods said to TEUCIZTECATL : " Come on ! Jump into the fire ! " And he himself made as though he would jump in, but, as the fire was very big, he felt the great heat and was afraid and did not dare to jump in, and turned back. Again they cried out to him to jump in, and he made a great effort but was still afraid. Four times he tried, and each time he failed. They agreed no one should be allowed to try more than four times. So the gods said to NANAOTZIN : " Come on ! you try it ! " And when they said it he took courage, and shutting his eyes, ran and jumped into the fire. And immediately he began to glisten like a piece of roasted meat. When TEUCIZTECATL saw that NANAOTZIN had jumped into the fire and was burning he also threw himself in. And it is also said that an eagle entered and was also burned and therefore to this day he has his feathers smoky. After the eagle a jaguar entered; he was not burned but only scorched and this is why he is seen today spotted black and white. And this is the reason why men of valor and courage in war are now called eagles and jaguars.

After the two gods had thrown themselves into the fire and were burned the remainder of the gods sat around waiting to see what would become of them. After they had waited a long time the whole sky became red and everywhere appeared the light of dawn. They say that when this happened the gods all knelt down and waited to see where NANAOTZIN should come out as the sun. They looked everywhere, turning round and

round, but no one could be sure from what point of the compass he would appear. Some thought he would come from the north, others from the south, and others from others point, for the dawn was everywhere.

QUETZALCOATL said that the sun would come from the east, and so it happened. When the sun arose it was very red and swayed from one side to another, and it was so overwhelmingly brilliant that no one could look at it. After it, also from the east, and close after the sun, rose the moon. First the sun and then the moon, in the order in which they threw themselves in the fire.

And those who tell the tale say that seeing each equally illumining the earth with light, some called out: "Oh Gods! How is this? Shall they have equal brilliance?" And the gods decided and said: "Let it be this way." And one of them ran toward TEUCUITECATL and dealt him a blow in the race with a rabbit which darkened his face, and so we see him at night with bruised face in the heavens.

However, both of them remained fixed and immovable in the heavens and a great lamentation arose among the gods and they feared that they should die. Finally, they agreed to die, thinking they might come to life again. And one of them, named XOLOTL, was unwilling to die and called out: "Oh Gods! I do not wish to die!" And he wept until his eyes hung upon his cheeks. And when HE Who kills came XOLOTL ran away and hid himself in the corn. But he was found. Then he ran away and hid himself among the maguey plants. But he was found. Again he ran away and threw himself into the water and turned himself into a fish. But this time he was caught and killed.

They also say that although the gods thus died the sun did not move for all that: and that the wind began to blow terribly, and finally, the sun began to move on his roads; and a long while after, the moon began to move. That is why the sun runs in the daytime and the moon works in the night.

“The Boy of Winander.”

Six pieces of statuary in the Congressional Library represent as many boys, the subjects having been taken from poetical descriptions. One of these stands in the attitude of listening, and the “gentle shock of mild surprise,” that “carried far into his heart the voice of mountain torrents,” mutely informs the reader of Wordsworth that here is the “Boy of Winander,” the boy that, “ere he was full twelve years old, was taken from his mates and died,” but who, in his short life, drank deep of Nature’s spirit, and was known so well by the cliffs and islands that he loved.

Many an over-grown boy whose hair was changing, and many a proudly reserved woman who was still at heart a girl, has been moved to greater patience and gentleness with the little ones by the poet’s picture of this Boy, who at evening stood “beneath the trees or by the glimmering lake” and “blew mimic hootings to the silent owls.”

There was a Boy ; ye know him well, ye cliffs
And islands of Winander !—Many a time
At evening, when the earth’s stars began
To move along the edges of the hills,
Rising or setting, would he stand alone
Beneath the trees or by the glimmering lake,
And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands
Pressed closely palm to palm, and to his mouth
Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,
That they might answer him ; and they would shout
Across the watery vale, and shout again,
Responsive to his call, with quivering peals,
And long halloos and screams, and echoes loud,
Redoubled and redoubled, concourse wild
Of jocund din ; and, when a lengthened pause
Of silence came and baffled his best skill,
Then sometimes, in that silence while he hung
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
Has carried far into his heart the voice
Of mountain torrents ; or the visible scene
Would enter unawares into his mind,
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven, received
Into the bosom of the steady lake.

Esau Buck and The Buck Saw.

An old farmer living in Warsaw, Arkansas, whose sons had all grown up and left him, hired a young man by the name of Esau Buck to help him on his farm. On the afternoon of the first day they hauled up a load of poles for fire wood and unloaded them between the garden and the barnyard.

The next morning the old farmer said to the hired man : " Esau, I am going to town today and while I am gone you may saw up that wood and keep the old ram out of the garden." When the farmer had gone, Esau went out to saw the wood ; but when he saw the saw he wouldn't saw it. When Esau saw the saw, he saw that he couldn't saw it with that saw. Of course Esau looked around for another saw, but that was the only saw that Esau saw, so he didn't saw the wood. When the farmer came home, he said to Esau : " Esau, did you saw the wood ? " Esau said : " I saw the wood, but I wouldn't saw it ; for when I saw the saw, I saw that I couldn't saw it with that saw, so I didn't saw it."

Then the old farmer went out to see the saw, and when he saw the saw he also saw that Esau couldn't saw the wood with that saw. When Esau saw that the old farmer saw that he couldn't saw with that saw, Esau took the ax and chopped up some poles and made a see-saw. The next day the old farmer went to town and bought a new buck saw for Esau Buck, and when he came home he hung the new buck saw for Esau Buck on the saw buck by the see-saw. Just at this time Esau Buck saw the old buck in garden eating cabbage, and while driving him from the garden to the barnyard Esau Buck saw the new buck saw on the saw buck by the see-saw, and Esau stopped to examine the new buck saw. Now when the old buck saw Esau Buck was looking at the new buck saw on the saw buck by the see-saw, he made a dive for Esau, missed Esau, hit the see-saw, and knocked the see-saw against Esau Buck, who fell on the buck saw on the saw buck by the see-saw.

Now when the old farmer saw the old buck dive at Esau Buck and miss Esau and hit the see-saw and knock the see-saw against Esau and saw Esau fall on the buck saw on the saw buck by the see-saw, then he picked up the ax to kill the old buck, but the buck saw him coming, and dodged the blow and encountered the old farmer's stomach, and knocked him over the see-saw on to Esau Buck, who was then just getting up with the buck saw off of the saw buck by the see-saw. The old buck had crippled Esau Buck, broken the buck saw, and the saw buck, and the see-saw. Now when the old buck saw the completeness of his victory over the old man and Esau Buck, and the buck saw and the saw buck, and the see-saw, he quietly turned around, went the old buck and jumped into the garden again and ate up what was left of the farmer's cabbages.

TWENTIETH CENTURY CALENDAR FACTS. The twentieth century opened on a Tuesday and will close on a Sunday. It will have the greatest number of leap years possibly for the century — twenty-four. The year 1904 will be the first one ; then for every fourth year after that, to and including the year 2000. February will three times have five Sundays namely, in 1920, 1948, and 1976. The same yearly calendar that was used in 1895 could have been used in 1901. Though one of the objects aimed at by the Church authorities, who fixed upon the method of determining the date of Easter, was to prevent its occurrence on the same day as the Jewish Passover, nevertheless the two events will occur together four times in the twentieth century, namely, on April 12, 1903, April 21, 1923, April 17, 1927, and April 19, 1981. The twentieth century will contain 36,525 days, which lacks only one day of being exactly 5,218 weeks. The middle day of the century will be January 1, 1951. The day of the week that will not occur as often as each of the others is Monday. Fifteen out of the one hundred years will begin on Wednesday, and the same number on Friday. Fourteen years will begin on each of the other days of the week.

As to eclipses in the century, there will be about 380 of them, the number of solar being to the number of lunar in about the ratio of 4 to 3. That which is of a very rare occurrence will take place in 1925, it being the first time since 1823, namely, seven eclipses, the greatest number possible that can take place in one year.

There will also occur twelve transits of Mercury, the first being on November 12, 1907. A transit of Venus, which is of much more consequence, will not occur within the century. The earliest date predicted for a transit of Venus across the sun's disk is June 7, 2004.

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(Address Box 2646.)

LOUIS CLAUDE DE SAINT MARTIN The life of "The Unknown Philosopher," and the Substance of his Transcendental Doctrine. By Arthur Edward Waite, the author and translator of *Elephas Lévi*, and several other works. Octavo, pp. 464. half cloth. Price, \$2.50. A work for all Martinists. (See review of this book in this volume page 43.)

Astral Numbers.

FROM THE "STAR OF THE MAGI," CHICAGO, ILL.

Every person has an Astral Number which represents the conditions and culminations of life. It is formed from the Astral Numbers of the day and month of birth, the year born, and the planetary force operating on the individual, as denoted by personal history and constitutional make-up. Following are the

TABLES OF ASTRAL POWERS.

THE PLANETS.

Mercury,	904356	Saturn,	241956
Venus,	964224	Uranus,	120528
Mars,	542376	Neptune,	60264
Jupiter,	482112		

THE MONTHS.

January,	165624	July,	491294
February,	266438	August,	224839
March,	334154	September,	352675
April,	499637	October,	227963
May,	597728	November,	217433
June,	692389	December,	188192

THE DAYS.

1.	157732	12.	622648	23.	386152
2.	213136	13.	491128	24.	468772
3.	266476	14.	361852	25.	683584
4.	358936	15.	236464	26.	524176
5.	461968	16.	186892	27.	362824
6.	543896	17.	169396	28.	269512
7.	616516	18.	154816	29.	246184
8.	656368	19.	231884	30.	198559
9.	722464	20.	333548	31.	163564
10.	881872	21.	364372		
11.	719548	22.	376432		

CENTURY ORDINALS.

19th Century,	8331652	21st Century,	8331632
20th Century,	8331642	22d Century,	8331622

These tables are correct, being the only ones that will work out according to rules and books that relate to them.

You can cast your Astral Number by observing the following rules :

Set down in regular order, under each other, the powers of the planets, etc., as follows :

1. If a male, set down the power of Mercury ; if a female, set down the power of Venus.
2. If single now, set down the power of Mars ; if never married, or a virgin, set down the power of Uranus also.
3. If married now, set down the power of Jupiter ; if single through divorce, set down the power of Neptune.
4. If light complexioned, set down the power of Venus.
5. If black hair and eyes, set down the powers of both Mercury and Venus ; If medium complexioned, set down no power.
6. If own father is dead, set down the power of Jupiter ; if own mother is dead, set down the power of Saturn.
7. Set down the power of the month of birth.
8. Set down the power of the day of birth.
6. Add them together. The sum total is the Astral Number required.

To test the work, add the four figures of the year of birth together, and their sum to one final digit. This will also be the " final digit " of the Astral Number.

TREATISE ON THE GREAT ART. A System of Physics According to Hermetic Philosophy and Theory and Practice of the Magisterium, by Dom Antoine Joseph Pernety. Edited by Edouard Blitz, M. D., Doctor in Kabbalah, and in Hermetic Science (Université Libre des Hautes Etudes de Paris) Branch School of North America. This book is the first volume of a series of classical works, published under the auspices of the before mentioned university (Branch of America) whose study constitutes the foundation of the teaching of the *Faculté des Sciences Hermétiques*. Octavo, cloth, pp. 236. Price, \$3.50.

The 28th Degree (Knight of the Sun) A. A. & A. Rite was introduced by Pernety. Much of the Hermetic philosophy has been preserved in the Ancient and Accepted Rite and the Martinist Order, and this work contains much light for the person who has been received and enlightened as a Prince Adept.

A Knight's Tour Magic Square.

2	30	47	52	5	28	43	54
48	51	2	29	44	53	6	27
31	46	49	4	25	8	55	42
50	3	32	45	56	41	26	7
33	62	15	20	9	24	39	58
16	19	34	61	40	57	10	23
63	14	17	36	21	12	59	38
18	35	64	13	60	37	22	11

The above Knight's Tour magic square is said to have been made by William Beverly, a distinguished chess-player of England. Some of the wonderful properties of this square will be given. It illustrates the knight's tour over the chess-board, in which the knight steps to every square on the board, touching each square but once.

Every perpendicular line of figures sums up 260.

Every horizontal line of figures also sums 260.

Divide the board into four quarters. Then the rows of each quarter both perpendicularly and horizontally will sum 130.

Divide the board into sixteen equal squares. The numbers composing each of the sixteen squares will sum 130. And of course any two of the sixteen squares will sum 260.

The half row of any column or line added to any half row or column will sum 260.

Now examine the rows of figures running up and down. The four central figures of the row will sum up 130; and so of course will the four remaining or outer numbers sum 130.

There are other symmetrical combinations that will sum 130.

This is really a unique magic square, and far more mystical than many so-called magic squares.

NOTES AND QUERIES

AND HISTORIC MAGAZINE.

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Ancient Mexican Theogony and Cosmogony.

BY LOUIS H. AYME, ASSOCIATE EDITOR, GUADELOUPE, W. I.

I do not think that the following legends have ever appeared in English. I found them years ago in rather old Spanish books and transcribed and translated them. I came across this work the other day, and have re-written it in the belief that it might be of interest to readers of NOTES AND QUERIES.

Of old there lived in the thirteenth heaven the gods — TONACATECUTLI (Resplendent Lord) and his wife TONACACIHUATL (Resplendent Lady).

Thus begins the legend; both heavens and gods appear without any word as to their origin. They are the "In the beginning."

This original divine pair had four sons. The first born was red. The second was black; he was chief among his brothers, was in all places at one time, knew all thoughts and all hearts, and he was called MOYOCOYA, which means, "He who is all-powerful, who does all things unaided." By this name painters of hieroglyphics could paint no symbol of him except that for air. The third son was QUETZALCOATL (Feathered Serpent). The fourth was HUITZILOPOCHTLI (The Left-handed), the God

of War. This last son was born without flesh, he being merely bones, a skeleton.

For six hundred years the gods remained idle. At the end of that time the four sons came together and began to discuss what they ought to do. After the conference the work was entrusted to QUETZALCOATL and HUITZILOPOCHTLI, who by this time had grown flesh on his bones. The first thing they made was fire and the next a sort of dim sun which gave but a feeble light. Then they next created a man OXOMOCO, and a woman CIPACTONAL, commanding him to cultivate the earth and bade her to spin and weave. At the same time they gave her some grains of corn to use in divinations. This first human pair invented the count of time and the calendar. Hell was the next creation with MICTLANTECUHTLI (Lord of Darkness or of Shadows), and his wife as the ruler thereof. Finally they created all the heavens except the thirteenth, which already existed.

Again the four gods held a meeting and created water and gave it in charge to TLALOCTECUHTLI (Lord of Water) and his wife. These water-gods lived in a vast building of four rooms. In the center there was a great court and in this court four huge tanks of water of different kinds. One kind is very good and this is the kind that falls when corn and seeds grow, and which comes in good and proper season; another kind is very bad; it makes cobwebs grow among the corn and covers the sky with clouds; another is that kind that freezes as it falls, and another is that which has no hail but dries up. The water gods created a great number of drawfs for servants and these live in the rooms of the house. In one hand they bear great earthen jars and in the other sticks. When the Water God bids them go and sprinkle any place they take their jars and sticks and use such water as they are ordered. When it thunders it is that they break the jars with the sticks and when it lightens that is from within the jars when they crack. Last of all the four gods created in the water a huge fish called CIPACTLI. This fish was transformed into the earth.

OXOMOCO and his wife had a son and this son was in need of a wife and none was forthcoming and they made one for him from one of the hairs of the goddess XOCHIQUETZAL (Beautiful Bird).

The four gods, seeing how little light the sun they had made gave out, desired to better their work, so TEZCATLIPOCA changed himself into a sun. This sun rose in the east, mounted to the highest point of the heavens and then turned and went back so that it should be ready for the next day's journey. That sun which is seen from midday to sunset is not the sun itself but merely its reflection.

During this epoch the giants were created. They were very stout men, very fat and so strong that they pulled up trees with their hands; they were rustics for their only food was acorns.

TEZCATLIPOCA was sun for thirteen cycles, that is to say, for 676 years. At the expiration of this period QUETZALCOATL hit him such a terrible blow with a club that he knocked him into the water. He then turned himself into a sun. But when TEZCATLIPOCA fell into the water he turned himself into a jaguar and emerging on the land proceeded to devour all the giants. So in commemoration of this event we find in the heavens the constellation of Ursa Major or the "Great Dipper," which is TEZCATLIPOCA falling from the sky into the ocean. At this time the common people lived on pine nuts.

QUETZALCOATL also remained for 676 years as sun when the jaguar TEZCATLIPOCA struck him a great blow, tumbled him out of the sky and raised a terrible storm of wind that he and all the common folks were blown away. At the same time these latter were changed into monkeys.

TLALOC, the water god, then became the sun and remained as such for 364 years during which time such common people as then existed had nothing to eat but the seeds of a kind of wheat which grew in the water. Now at the end of this time QUETZALCOATL rained fire out of the heavens, deposed TLALOC from being sun and put his wife in his place. She occupied the post 312 for years. During her reign as sun the common people fed on a sort of corn; so that from the birth of the gods to the

gods to the end of the period there were 1628 years. In the last one of these years it rained so hard that everything was covered with water, the common people turned themselves into fishes and the sky fell down on the earth. In view of this awful calamity the four gods opened four roads under the earth that came out on its surface. They then created four men named OTOMITL, ITZCOATL, IZMALIYATL, and TENOCHI. Now then TEZCATLIPOCA turned himself into a tree and QUETZALCOATL turned himself into another tree and then making use of these the gods and men together succeeded in lifting up the sky and placing it where we see it today. For this act TONACATECUHTLI made his four sons Lords of the sky and of the stars. The road that TEZCATLIPOCA and QUETZALCOATL made is the Milky Way and that is where they now reside.

Two years after this event TEZCATLIPOCA, who changed his name to MIXCOATL (Cloud Serpent), got fire out of two sticks and gave a feast to the gods, lighting huge fires.

In the sixth year CENTEOTL (God of Corn) was born, grand of OXCMOCO. [He is the Mexican Hiawatha. — AMYÉ]

In the eighth year the gods re-created the common people as they used to exist.

In the first year of the second thirteen the four gods held a council for the purpose of making a sun that should not merely give light to the earth but should also eat hearts and drink blood. To get this sanguinary offering together they began a war that lasted three years and in order that there should always be people for the sun to eat, TEZCATLIPOCA created 400 men and five women who, while still alive, were transported to the twelfth heaven. In that war died XOCHIQUETZAL and she was the most valiant of all who died.

The food of the sun being got together the gods feasted, drew blood from their ears and their bodies, and having built a huge fire, QUETZALCOATL threw his son into the midst of the flames and he became the sun. TLALOC also threw in his son when the heat was not so intense and he came out the moon, which was covered with ashes and dim on account of the

condition of the fire. And in the last year of the second thirteen the sun began to shine, for up to that time it had been night; and the moon began to follow after him but never reaches him, and voyages through the air without ever reaching the sky.

In the first heaven were the male star CITLALATONAC (Shining Star) and the female star CITLALMIME. They are the guardians of the sky, placed there by TEZCATLIPOCA and are never seen because they are in the bright road of the sky.

In the second heaven are the women; they are called CICIME. They are skeletons, and when the world comes to an end they will descend to earth and devour all men.

In the third heaven are the 400 men that TEZCATLIPOCA created; they are the guards of the skies.

All the birds lived in the fourth heaven and from thence descended to earth.

In the fifth heaven lived the great snakes, created by the god of that element, and from it issue the comets and the shooting stars. The sixth heaven contained the air. The seventh contained dust. In the eighth heaven the gods met in council.

Beyond the eighth no one could go, and all that was known was that there were other heavens up to the thirteenth, where TONACATECUHTLI and his wife TONACACIHUATL resided.

According to another version, however, above the eleventh there was a glorious city, full of riches and delights, wherein dwelt the Twice Lord, The Star of Splendor, and his wife the Twice Lady, CITLALICUE, Garment of Stars. They had many children, the father taking care of the sons; the mother, of the daughters. One day CITLALICUE gave birth to a flintstone. Frightened at this her sons decided to throw it down on the earth, and they did so. It fell on CHICOMOTOC (Seven Caves), and from the blow sprang, as sparks, 1600 gods and goddesses. After these had lived for a long time in exile they sent a message to CITLALICUE to ask of her, since they had fallen, permission to create men to wait upon them, and also that she should teach them how they should go about making them. She replied favorably, and told them to go to MICTLANTECUHTLI, the Lord of Hell, and ask him for a bone and some ashes of the

dead of olden time. She also said if they would sacrifice thereon, a man and a woman would be formed therefrom who would multiply and increase at once. This reply was brought back by a hawk.

A council was at once called and it was determined that XOLOTL (Slave) should descend to Hell and ask for the bone and ashes. He was warned that MICTLANTECUHTLI was fearful to behold, but that when he had received the gift he should show no signs of fear. XOLOTL set out on his terrible journey and obtained bone and ashes; scarcely had he received them in his hands when he started to run away at full speed. The awful Lord of Hell fast following, when he stumbled and fell, breaking the bone into pieces. Picking up these pieces as well as he could he brought them to the council. The gods put the uneven fragments into an earthen pan, drew blood from their bodies and sprinkled it over the pieces. Four days thereafter there sprang forth a boy. Repeating the operation, four days later a girl sprang forth. These were given to XOLOTL to bring up, which he did with the juice of cactus. The bone having been broken into uneven fragments is why men are now of various statures.

The MIXTEO Indians of CUILAPAN have still another legend. In the year and day of obscurity and clouds, when as yet there were neither years nor days, and the world was a chaos that was submerged in darkness, the earth was covered with water upon which swam mud and fire. One day there appeared the god "Stag," who was called the Lion Snake, and the beautiful goddess who was called Tiger Snake. [*Note.* The "Lion" here meant is the Puma and the "Tiger" the Jaguar.—AYME.] Both of these were in the appearance of human beings. Out of their great wisdom they lifted out of the immense ocean a huge mountain and upon the top of it they constructed sumptuous palaces for their domain. Upon the highest point they fixed a copper axe with the edge uppermost, upon which edge the sky rested. For many centuries these gods lived in peace and repose, enjoying all delights, until it happened that they had two beautiful sons who were discreet and wise in all arts. They knew how to transfer themselves into eagles or serpents; how to make themselves invisible, and even how to go through solid

matter. Enjoying thus the greatest of tranquility, these gods determined to make a sacrifice and offering to their Fathers. To this end they took certain earthenware, incense burners, placed fire therein and burned a quantity of crushed incense.

This was their first sacrifice. Next they made a garden with plants and flowers, trees and fruits, and all sweet-smelling plants; together they worked to make a garden with all necessary for the sacrifice. The pious brothers lived content in this garden, cultivating it, burning incense, and with prayers, vows and promises they begged of their parents that the light should appear; that the water should separate itself into one place and leave somewhere the land open; for all that they had was this little piece of land on which to support themselves. To emphasize their prayers they pierced their ears and tongues with knives of obsidian, and sprinkled their blood upon the trees and plants with a branch of flowers.

The two Snake Gods had more sons and daughters, but suddenly a deluge occurred in which many of them perished. After this catastrophe the god, who was called "The Creator of All Things," made earth and the heavens and restored the human race.

[I call special attention to the great poetic beauty of this legend. Its opening paragraph: "In the year and day of obscurity and clouds," etc., is magnificent. I must confess that I like these two brothers much better than I do Cain and Abel. — AYME]

The Mexican generally believe in four Suns or Epochs. They considered that the luminary of day had existed five times, the present race of men living under the fifth.

The first sun was ATONATIUH, or the Water Sun. Its epoch ended with an absolutely universal deluge of water.

The second Sun was EHECATONATIUH, or the Wind Sun. The world came to an end in a great wind storm.

The third Sun was TLETONATIUH, or the Fire Sun. At the close of its epoch the world was destroyed by fire. (See Donnelly's "Ragnarok.")

The fourth Sun was TLALTONATIUH, or the Earth Sun. According to some of the legends this is the Sun under which the human race is at present existing; but the MIXTECAN legend I have just told is very, very ancient, and it states that this fourth Sun was also destroyed and the reign of the gods ceased, the Sun being replaced by an actual luminary.

The MIXTECAN legend broadly treats of two epochs separated a deluge. The first epoch is simply chaos, without periods and without light, when the gods lived. The second epoch is of the time and race. They say of these epochs that the last luminous and comprehensible; the former is dark and confused.

These legends that hold that there were five suns tell us how the fifth was created. The best of the legends is this one :

It is said before there was day in the world the gods held a reunion and said to each other : " Oh Gods who will take upon himself the responsibility of lighting the world ? " To this question a god who was named TECUIZTECATL replied : " I will take it upon my shoulders. " Then the gods again asked : " Well, who else will help " And at once they began to look at each other and all were afraid, and none dared to offer himself, and each of them sought to excuse himself. One of the gods who was considered of no account, and who was covered with warts, said nothing but listened to what the other gods said. And the others spoke to him and said : " Say, Warty, be thou the one to light up the world ! " And he willingly obeyed their order, and replied : " Very gladly will I do that which you have ordered me. So be it. "

And so these two began to do penance for four days. After this they lighted a fire upon the top of a mountain. Everything that the fairest god offered was precious. In place of firewood he offered rich feathers of rarest birds ; in place of pebbles he offered nuggets of gold ; in place of spines covered with blood he offered spines of red core, and the incense which he offered, was the finest. The Warty god whose name was NANAOTZIN, in place of branches offered green rushes tied three and three, each bundle being of nine ; he offered pebbles and thorns of

Good Advice.

BY J. FRANCIS RUGGLES, BRONSON, MICH.

Isagogically we would premise that the employment of uncommon phraseology has at various times caused many hearts to ache, and from our own resipiscence we would not advise the too common use of adscititious, avidious, bumptious, cryptic, colligated, compaginated, catechistical, epicedian, horisonious, elongated, ineffable, interceptional, kickshaw, quintessential, subtiliated, supervacaneous language when addressing a proleary; but let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, compact comprehensibleness, coalescent consistency, concatenated, cautelous, cuspidated, facile, glabrous, irenical, proficuous, salutiferous cogency. Extemporaneous descendantings and unpremeditated expatiations should have intelligibility and veracious vivacity without rhodomontade or thrasonical altisonant bombast. Eschew all aggregations of asinine affectation, absonous affectuosity, allocated allecation, altiloquent allocution, appropinquated archaisms, blandiloquent asseverations, blatteratious battology, balbucinated balderdash, conglomerated cassation, cataclystic circuit, claudicant coacervation, commentitious cogitation, conglutinous confabulation, eclaircistic enarration, enubilated effusion, evanid evagation, excruciating extravasation, frustaneous fulmination, flatulent garrulity, gairish galimatias, glacial gelidity, insapory, inanity, jejune babblement, lutulent lutariousness, lusorous lacretion, ludibrious loquacity, mnatious macrology, multiloquous mussitation, neological nodosity, nugacious nihility, obnubilated obfuscation, ostentous operosity, percolated parvitude, periculous peregrination, precogitated prestigiation, pompatic polylogy, procacious prolation, pyrotic peroration, rantipole ratiocination, ramificated rogation, saturnine segnitude, stochastic spissitude, surrated stultiloquence, temerarious terebration, tergiversated tertricity and verbaceous, vociferous ventocity. Sedulously evitate all polysyllibic profundity, pompous prolixity, psittaceous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity, vaniloquent rapidity, and platinudinous ponderosity. Shun double entendres, prurient jocosity, pestiferous profanity, sonoric sarcasm obscurent or apparent. Resist all propensity to matuation, vaticination and obsequious sequaciousness. Be chary of asinegoes, clodpates, jobberknows, grinagogs, simulachres and canaileism generally. Give

audition to apodixis, divulgate diorisms in longanimity, mauger titillation, obmutescently practicing evigilation, nolition, surculation, delection, and not incessantly ingurgitate with gulosity and eutaxy all the mediety badinage and gossipy hearsay you may hear narrated by empty heads afflicted with megl-mania or cacœthes lôquendi, else your aufractuous acuity, atramental co-acervation, collocation extravagation will be liable to produce raucity, sudation, adiaphory, cachination, titillation, balbucination, corrugation, fategation, ositancy, sideration, aspernation, excruciation, aspiration, pyrrhonism, if not in fact intergesence, cephalogy, megrims and odontology on your astonished, shocked and bewildered collocutionary companion. If, however, you are enjoying a tete-a tete with a ferocious "literary lion," cephalistic quodlibetarian or nasute, neologistic, scribationous sermocinator full of cognoscence, cephalogy, exoticisms, anthroposcopy and metaposcopy, provided with a good systaxis, then in promulgating your esoteric cogitations, superficial sentimentalities, quintessential quizzisms and amicable, philosophical observations, alacriously ajurate into service in propignation an aggregation of aligerous, avitious, bandyish, camerated, captitious, cicurated, corruscated, diaphanous, eclampsy, eccharotic, exuberant, extended efflorescent, feateous, feracious, felicitous, fulgid, grandiloquent, horisonious, inopinited, lucent, luculent, magniloquent, mellifluent, moliminous, multipotent, margaric, neologistic, oblectationous, orgillous, obsoletish, punctillious, supervacaneous, tralatitious, unisonious, vivacious, wiseacre, xasperating, yaksha, zealous, and so forth words, and shower them remorselessly upon the massive cephalon of the leonine literarian. Let your assiduate amandation be to enulate orthology, a cognition of sagery with serenitude, be a sectator of truth, give it a welcome zenodachy, and ever keep in its propinquity. To cacuminate in illation the moral and inbiation are that you talk plainly, naturally, sensibly, briefly, truthfully, purely; avoid banalish slangosity, don't put on airs, say what you mean, mean what you say, tell what you know; but be sure to know all you tell; think for yourself, read good hooks, including a lexicon; and never give utterance to voluminous vocables, nor use breath exhausting big words.

"Love is the Secret of Life."

"Love with Wisdom, is the Secret of Life."

"The Torch of Life is fed with the Oil of Love."

"Love is the Oil of Life."

"The Torch of Love is the Secret of Soul."

— *The Hidden Way.*

"THE MÆONIAN STAR." (Vol. XVI, p. 160.) "HERMES" asks where the line is to be found, and who is meant by the "Mæonian Star." We will here quote from Pope's "Essay on Criticism" (Part III), lines 643-652 :

"Such once were critics: such the happy few
Athena and Rome the better ages knew;
The mighty Stagyrite first left the shore,
Spread all his sails, and durst the deep explore;
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian star.
Poets, a race long unconfin'd and free,
Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
Relax'd his laws, and stood convinc'd 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd nature, should preside o'er wit."

"The Mæonian star" supposed to be Homer; the same as "The Mantuan poet" is Virgil, from the town where he lived or wrote. Yea, the very next lines following the above extract are:

"Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And method talks us into sense."

These lines indicate that Pope was ringing the changes on the poets of Greece, and other places.

MOUNTAINS OF HEPSIDAM: (Vol. XIX, p. 280.) Referring to the third question on page 280 of last year's volume, I may say that nearly sixty years ago I heard the remark from the lips of a play-fele in Ontario. The words as I recollect them began: "Flee into the mountain of Epsidan where the lion roareth," etc. It was given as a sort of refrain at the end of a mock-sermon by a colored preacher, it being brought in every now and then. Its authorship is unknown, the story beginning, like many others, "Once on a time." Dr. A. HAMILTON.

PSALM CL. (Vol. XIX, p. 280.) The 150th Psalm has six verses in the King James version. S. D. Parrish is in error,
DR. A. WILDER.

Since receiving this reply, we have examined Mr. Parrish's copy and find that he wrote the question as printed on p. 280, and evidently got the two versions transposed, and we ought to have noticed it. He intended to ask: "Why is it that Psalm 150 in the Douay version has only five verses, while King James version has six?" — EDITOR.

The Procession of the Planets.

"The Procession of the Planets" is the name of the new theory of the planets as propounded and propagated by Mr. Franklin H. Heald, Los Angeles, Cal. Mr. Heald has published his theory in a preliminary pamphlet. His proposition is that the oldest planet of our solar system is Mercury, and that Neptune is the youngest born or the youngest that has swung into our ken; that some 400,000,000 years (reckoning our little orbital journey as a year) passes as the time that one planet contracts from a larger to the next smaller orbit, and so hardens as each in turn is drawn in to the sun; that the three kingdoms will each have their processes, development, periods, and physical conscious life will result about when Mars is reached, and more perfected on arrival to our Earth; that possibly conscious life will exist when this Earth arrives at the orbit of Venus, and when Venus has marched on to the orbit of Mercury, then Mercury will already have been consumed in the great central Sun. Our Earth is in the Procession of the Planets and is doomed to the inevitable law — the conservation of energy — that is, in a little over 1,000,000,000 years, will also be drawn into the Sun. At about that time Jupiter will proceed toward the Sun, occupying about our orbit and will be much reduced in bulk, and yea, inhabited, civilized, enjoying the arts and sciences; the Jupiterians will then have discovered the exterior planet to Neptune; the Ninus and Belus of John Wilson will be seen; the Melodia of Thomas Lake Harris, the Ophion of J. P. Jacobi, and the Minerva of Mr. Nimshi, all or a part of these empirical, hypothetical, or prophetic planets will swing into view. In Mr. Heald's theory the satellites are simply captured comets, all obeying natural laws.

Mr. Heald says he has worked out and developed his theory himself without the aid of extensive, published astronomical works. He is familiar with the solar system, its vocabulary, and its computed mathematical results. He gives public lectures at Los Angeles, elucidating and explaining his theory.

Send him 25 cents for his new edition of the Procession; or \$1.00 for a year's subscription to his monthly — *The Procession*.

His theory in several ways is the reverse of the nebular hypothesis, and accounts for some things the latter does not explain, of which we shall have more to say in this monthly ere long. The theory is new and worthy of an examination.

THE LOST LEADER. (Vol. XIX, p. 287.) This poem by Robert Browning, I have always understood, was written as a trouncing to Wordsworth, for the desertion of his radical and democratic principles which he espoused in earlier life to desert later. Late in life Browning dedicated a volume of poems to Tennyson :

" In Poetry — illustrious and consummate,
In Friendship — noble and sincere."

Hence that "The Lost Leader" refers to Tennyson must be a mistake. Being asked if he referred to Tennyson, Browning wrote in 1875 :

" I can only answer, with something of shame and contrition that I undoubtedly had Wordsworth in my mind — but simply as a model ; you know an artist takes one or two striking traits in the features of his 'model,' and uses them to start his fancy on a flight which may end far enough from the good man or woman who happens to be sitting for nose and eye. I thought of the great Poet's abandonment of liberalism at an unlucky juncture, and no repaying consequences that I could ever see. But, once call my fancy — portrait *Wordsworth* — and how much more ought one to say ? "

Wordsworth grew conservative with advancing years, opposing Catholic Emancipation, the Reform Bill, and educational progress.

DR. A. HAMILTON, Toronto, Can.

TWO UNDISCOVERED PLANETS. A Cause of Sun-Spot Periodicity ; A Law of Repulsion ; Eastern Light on Western Problems. By G. E. Sutcliffe, Bombay, India. Four lectures delivered in Oct Nov., 1900, before the Theosophical Society, in Bombay. Accompanied with a diagram of the solar system so as to illustrate the orbits of the two planets — Adonis and Vulcan. Price, one shilling and six pence (38 cents). For sale at Pyramid Publishing Co., 336 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

Mr. Sutcliffe demonstrates that there are two inter-mercurial planets, Adonis and Vulcan, the former having a very elliptical orbit and of great eccentricity ; that the transits of these bodies over the sun's disk are the bodies giving much discussion as to the periodicity of sun-spots. The 68 page pamphlet is very interesting to the student of esoteric astronomy.

Properties of the Number 9.

$$\begin{aligned}
11^2 &= 121. \\
111^2 &= 12321. \\
1111^2 &= 1234321. \\
11111^2 &= 123454321. \\
111111^2 &= 12345654321. \\
1111111^2 &= 1234567654321. \\
11111111^2 &= 123456787654321. \\
111111111^2 &= 12345678987654321. \\
111111111^2 &= 11345679 \times 999999999. \\
1000000000 - 12345679 &= 987654321. \\
12345679^2 \times 99999999 &= 12345678687654321.
\end{aligned}$$

$$\begin{aligned}
12345679 \times 9 &= 11111111 \\
12345679 \times 18 &= 22222222 \\
12345679 \times 27 &= 33333333 \\
12345679 \times 36 &= 44444444 \\
12345679 \times 45 &= 55555555 \\
12345679 \times 54 &= 66666666 \\
12345679 \times 63 &= 77777777 \\
12345679 \times 72 &= 88888888 \\
12345679 \times 81 &= 99999999
\end{aligned}$$

$$\begin{aligned}
1 \text{ time } 9 \text{ and add } 2 &= 11. \\
12 \text{ times } 9 \text{ and add } 3 &= 111. \\
123 \text{ times } 9 \text{ and add } 4 &= 1111. \\
1234 \text{ times } 9 \text{ and add } 5 &= 11111. \\
12345 \text{ times } 9 \text{ and add } 6 &= 111111. \\
123456 \text{ times } 9 \text{ and add } 7 &= 1111111. \\
1234567 \text{ times } 9 \text{ and add } 8 &= 11111111. \\
12345678 \text{ times } 9 \text{ and add } 9 &= 111111111.
\end{aligned}$$

$$\begin{aligned}
1 \text{ time } 8 \text{ and add } 1 &= 9. \\
12 \text{ times } 8 \text{ and add } 2 &= 98. \\
123 \text{ times } 8 \text{ and add } 3 &= 987. \\
1234 \text{ times } 8 \text{ and add } 4 &= 9876. \\
12345 \text{ times } 8 \text{ and add } 5 &= 98765. \\
123456 \text{ times } 8 \text{ and add } 6 &= 987654. \\
1234567 \text{ times } 8 \text{ and add } 7 &= 9876543. \\
12345678 \text{ times } 8 \text{ and add } 8 &= 98765432. \\
123456789 \text{ times } 8 \text{ and add } 9 &= 987654321.
\end{aligned}$$

9 times	1 are	9			
9 times	2 are	18 &	1 & 8 are	9	
9 times	3 are	27 &	2 & 7 are	9	
9 times	4 are	36 &	3 & 6 are	9	
9 times	5 are	45 &	4 & 5 are	9	
9 times	6 are	54 &	5 & 4 are	9	
9 times	7 are	63 &	6 & 3 are	9	
9 times	8 are	72 &	7 & 2 are	9	
9 times	9 are	81 &	8 & 1 are	9	
9 times	10 are	90 &	9 & 0 are	9	
9 times	11 are	99 &	9 & 9 are	18 & 1 & 8 are	9
9 times	12 are	108 &	10 & 8 are	18 & 1 & 8 are	9
9 times	13 are	117 &	11 & 7 are	18 & 1 & 8 are	9
9 times	14 are	126 &	12 & 6 are	18 & 1 & 8 are	9
9 times	15 are	135 &	13 & 5 are	18 & 1 & 8 are	9
9 times	16 are	144 &	14 & 4 are	18 & 1 & 8 are	9
9 times	17 are	153 &	15 & 3 are	18 & 1 & 8 are	9
9 times	18 are	162 &	16 & 2 are	18 & 1 & 8 are	9
9 times	19 are	171 &	17 & 1 are	18 & 1 & 8 are	9
9 times	20 are	180 &	18 & 0 are	18 & 1 & 8 are	9
9 times	21 are	180 &	18 & 9 are	27 & 2 & 7 are	9
9 times	22 are	198 &	19 & 8 are	27 & 2 & 7 are	9
9 times	23 are	207 &	20 & 7 are	27 & 2 & 7 are	9
9 times	24 are	216 &	21 & 6 are	27 & 2 & 7 are	9
9 times	25 are	225 &	22 & 5 are	27 & 2 & 7 are	9
9 times	26 are	234 &	23 & 4 are	27 & 2 & 7 are	9
9 times	27 are	243 &	24 & 3 are	27 & 2 & 7 are	9
9 times	28 are	252 &	25 & 2 are	27 & 2 & 7 are	9
9 times	29 are	261 &	26 & 1 are	27 & 2 & 7 are	9
9 times	30 are	270 &	27 & 0 are	27 & 2 & 7 are	9
9 times	31 are	279 &	27 & 9 are	36 & 3 & 6 are	9 &c.

ILLUSTRIOUS KNIGHTS OF MALTA. Official organ of the Grand Commandery of Pennsylvania. A monthly publication of Masonic, Mystic and Knightly information relative to this Order of Knighthood. Octavo size, monthly, 50 cents a year. It is edited and published by C. Arthur Lutz, P. Com, York, Penn, Ancient Order of the Illustrious Knights of Malta was founded at Jernsalem, 1048 It is a body of the illustrious, religious, and military Order of Middle Ages, cradled in the Holy Land.

WAVES. A journal of Astrology and kindred arts of Prophsyng. Planetary Hours given: helpful to those that meditate. Ten cents per copy, or \$1.00 a year. None free. Address Bell Gager, Station O, Box 52, New York.

THE SUN WORSHIPER. Devoted to Oriental and Occidental Philosophy, Sociology, Religion, Science, Cultivation of the Higher Senses, and the Development of the Body. \$1.00 a year. Edited by Rev. Dr. Otoman Zar Adusht-Hanish. "Sun Worshiper" Publishing Co., 1613 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

"Sun is merely the Focusing Point of Light Vibrations from Center to Circumference, and the Reflection therefrom in Crystallization of Light to the Emanation of Variation. And thus, WORSHIP wor(th)ship, worthiness; to be worthy of Admiration and NOT bowing down, praying to, or subjecting one's self to the Objective, for the Objective is merely the end of things in the World of Manifestation."

A new monthly publication comes to us with the above preface, an exponent of the Mazdaznan religion and philosophy, with a frontispiece, full length in his robes, of the editor Rev. Dr. OTOMAN ZAR ADUSHT-HANISH MANTHA-MAGI OF MATH-EL-KHARMAN, a Persian. With the New Century the Zarathrustraian religion in the United States received a new impetus by the expounder and teacher, Dr. Hanish. He is said to be about 55, though he looks no more than 30. He is the Apta Perest of the Mazdaznan Philosophy, Mantha for the Communion of Universal Friends, Dastur of the Art of Breathing (Ga-Llama). He has a following of over 2000 in Chicago and its suburbs.

"Our thought is the center of every being, and God must be found within us. Everything in the world of vision is the outcome of thought, and thought of God, and as God is in the beginning of all things God cannot be without thought."

"Sun Worship and Mazdaznan Philosophy are identical. It is known as Sun Worship to the outside world, due to the attention paid by them to the phenomena of nature. With them the Sun signifies the crystallization of magnetic vibration and reflected to the point of refoculization becoming conducive to the crystallization of life."

During the next 25 years the American people will become much better enlightened as to the religions of the East — that of Zoroaster, Nazoria, Ahmed, Buddha, Brahma, etc.

*Wife, make me some dumplings of dough ;
They are better than meat for my cough ;
Pray, let them be boiled till hot through,
But not till they are heavy or tough.
Now I must be off to the plough ;
And the boys, when they've had enough,
Must keep the flies off with a bough,
While the old mare drinks at the trough.*



C. E. Potter

CHANDLER EASTMAN POTTER.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH PREPARED BY HIS SON, JOE H. POTTER,
AND READ BEFORE THE MANCHESTER HISTORIC ASSOCIATION
AT THE QUARTERLY MEETING, JUNE 19, 1901.

Chandler Eastman Potter was born in Concord, N. H., in that portion of the town known as East Concord, March 7, 1807. His ancestors were among the early settlers of New England. On his father's side he was descended from Robert Potter, of Lynn, Mass., who came to America from the city of Coventry, England, in 1630. His grandfather, Richard Potter, went from Ipswich, Mass., to Concord, in 1771, and in company with his brother, purchased a tract of land on the borders of Turtle Pond in the parish of East Concord. His father, Joseph Potter, was born in 1772, and died in 1853. His mother, Ann Drake, was the daughter of Thomas Drake, formerly of Hampton, N. H. She was born in 1774, was married to Joseph Potter in 1793, and died in 1844.

Colonel Potter, the subject of this memoir, was the youngest of four sons. He was reared in a manner common to those who were born in a New England community half a century ago. At that period of our country's history the resources of wealth were not sufficiently developed to afford the new settlers those comforts and conveniences of life which are at this era of national prosperity so widely diffused. His father, a farmer in comfortable but not affluent circumstances, found it impossible to afford him other than limited privileges of obtaining an education; he was consequently employed in labor on the farm or attending the district school. At the age of eighteen he attended the Academy at Pembroke, at that time and subsequently one of the best literary institutions in the state. Here he remained until

he was prepared for college. He entered the Freshman class at Dartmouth College, in Hanover, in 1827. He was a diligent student, and took a high rank among his classmates. After his graduation, in 1831, he opened a select high school in Concord, and taught until his removal to Portsmouth, where he took charge of the high school. He was eminently successful, easily securing the affection and esteem of his pupils, and gratefully remembered by many as a kind, faithful, efficient teacher.

A strong love of antiquities and nature distinguished him from his fellow men. He had a just poetic preception: The dark rocks, the beautiful lakes, the legends of the Red Men, were the peaceful subjects he chose for his muse. He early manifested a love of nature and a thirst for knowledge. He was especially interested in the stories of heroic deeds and virtues of the great and good who had figured in the history of the world in the past, and early collected facts worthy to be remembered. He entertained profound respect and reverence for the patriots who fought and suffered in securing the liberties of our country. This sentiment of veneration for the founders of our institutions thus early awakened was a conspicuous element in his character, and had much to do in giving shape to his career in after life. He was also delighted in listening to accounts of the Indians who dwelt along the banks of the Merrimack. He often scoured the plains in the vicinity to gather the bones, arrows, implements and other relics of the noble sons of the forest.

In 1835 he was chosen representative to the Legislature from Portsmouth. On the Fourth of July of the same year, he delivered an oration before the citizen of Portsmouth. This oration, which was subsequently published, was a powerful and spirited defence of the doctrine that the government should be administered for the benefit of the whole people and not in the interest of a class or a favored few. He showed with great force and clearness that the rights and liberties of the people

may be wrested from them by the cunning and ambitious, if they fail in intelligence or cease to maintain the strictest vigilance.

In 1837 he edited "The News and Literary Gazette," published by T. J. Whittier, and in 1838 he was editor and proprietor of the "News and Courier." During his residence in Portsmouth he commenced the study of the law in the office of Ichabod Bartlett, and subsequently finished his course with Pierce & Fowler, at Concord.

In 1843 he practiced law at East Concord. Although educated for the law, yet his taste and early habits induced him to relinquish his profession and engage in literary and historical pursuits; removing to Manchester, he became editor and proprietor of the "Manchester Democrat," and retained this position until 1847. While in charge of this paper Col. Potter supported the principles of the Democratic party. As a political writer he exhibited a profound knowledge of the principles of Government, and defended his views with so much ability and spirit that his journal was regarded as one of the most influential in the State. Its columns were frequently enriched with able articles from his pen upon matters pertaining to science, and to natural history. He published many very valuable original articles on the nature and habits of the wild beasts, birds, reptiles; and fishes, of his native state. Articles on education and agriculture occupied a corner of his sheet. His original sketches illustrating the history of New Hampshire and her eminent sons, gave increased interest to his paper.

In June, 1848, he was appointed Judge of the Police Court in Manchester, filling the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Hon. Samuel D. Bell. He served in this office during a period of seven years. As the head of this Court he discharged his duties with marked ability and entire impartiality. Though a man of decided political opinions, it was the universal testimony of his political opponents who had relations with him as a Judge, that he held the scale of justice with an even

hand, and never suffered his prejudices to influence his judgment in the slightest degree. Wherever truth would lead he dared to follow, and cared not if he shook the world with his opinions, if he scattered the clouds and let in the light.

In 1850, one of the most remarkable cases in the annals of crime in the State of New Hampshire, came before him for examination. The hearing lasted upwards of a month, and created intense excitement. Throughout this long and tedious examination, Judge Potter presided with acknowledged ability and fairness. We bear earnest and willing testimony to the high public and private virtues, to his distinguished ability and mature judgment, his manifest desire for the attainment of exact justice and his untiring assiduity and fidelity in his labors. He did "with his might whatever his hands found to do." His dignified courtesy of manner, without distinction of person, and his readiness to subject himself rather than others, to inconvenience in the transaction of business, were uniform and unailing.

His wit was unbounded, and flowed from him as natural as his breath. Consequently he was the delight of the social circle, especially as his humor was governed by his amiability, so that the feelings of his companions were never wounded by sarcasm or ridicule. His generosity like his wit knew no bounds. He often remarked, "if I give to all I shall be sure to hit the right one."

While holding the office of Judge, Col. Potter was editor of the "Farmer's Monthly Visitor," and a weekly journal called the "Granite Farmer." The files of these journals bear evidence of his original powers of observation and study. As an agricultural writer, Col. Potter was not content to adopt the opinion of others. He boldly attacked many errors which prevailed in regard to this branch of industry, and made many suggestions of practical value. In these journals he also illustrated his taste for history and biography.

In 1854, a military association was formed in Manchester, called the Amoskeag Veterans. Col. Potter, with others, embraced the opportunity to do honor to the memory of the military heroes of his native state who defended the early colonies and aided in establishing our national independence. This corps was composed of the most prominent and influential citizens of the city and state. The uniform adopted was patterned from that of the "Father of our Country," Washington. The first public parade of this corps took place February 22, 1855, the anniversary of the birth of Washington. The event called together a large concourse of people from all parts of the State. The Governor, accompanied by his staff, and many distinguished citizens were present.

In the winter after the corps was organized, Col. Potter was elected its commander. In December the Veterans, with full ranks, visited the National Capitol — Washington. The various cities through which they passed on their route vied with each other in doing honor to the descendants of the patriots who fought on revolutionary fields with Washington, and Greene, and Knox, and Sumter, and Schnyler, and other great chieftains. At Worcester, Springfield, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, they received the most flattering attentions. At all these places banquets were given in their honor, by the municipal authorities, and they were met and welcomed by the most distinguished citizens. Their visit to Philadelphia was especially interesting. They were welcomed by the Mayor and City Council, in Independence Hall, where American freedom was first proclaimed. Col. Potter, in reply to the welcoming speech of the Mayor, made a very eloquent, patriotic and thrilling address, which awakened great enthusiasm among those who listened to him.

At Washington, the Veterans were the guests of General Franklin Pierce, the President of the United States. He gave a splendid banquet in their honor, at which many of the most

eminent statesmen of the country were present. The presence of so many of the representative men of his native state, at the seat of government, so far away from his and their homes, of course could not be otherwise than gratifying to the President, and his address, on welcoming them to the Executive Mansion, was long spoken of by the Veterans, and others who were present, as one of the finest specimens of simple, unstudied eloquence, ever listened to on a similar occasion. The response of Col. Potter, who, on behalf of the Veterans, expressed the unalloyed satisfaction which was felt on meeting this distinguished fellow-citizen, was no less eloquent and appropriate.

During this visit of the Veterans, the warmest praises were bestowed upon Col. Potter, for the very able, discreet manner in which he acquitted himself as commander of the battalion, the members were proud to be led by such a commander, whose talents, dignity, courtesy, knowledge and ability, as a public speaker, entitled him to rank with the foremost men of the land.

Col. Potter was a writer of superior ability and force, both in poetry and prose, and an enthusiastic, student of history. Locating at Hillsborough in 1856, he devoted a portion of his time to agricultural pursuits, editing at the time the agricultural department of the "Dollar Weekly Mirror," published at Manchester, and in writing books. His taste led him chiefly into historical research. As an historian, possessed of extensive and valuable information relating to New Hampshire, which he diffused with a ready and liberal pen, Mr. Potter could hardly be ranked second to any in the state. His "History of Manchester," published by himself in 1856, containing 763 pages, octavo, is a rich storehouse of facts, respecting the rise and growth of that thrifty city. Incorporated into it, also, is valuable information relative to the provincial history of the state, notices of public men, and events of general interest. It is a work exhibiting careful research and great industry.

His last and crowning work, the "Military History of New Hampshire," was an arduous labor; but he diligently pursued, and succeeded in arresting from decay, and in disinterring from pay-rolls, old papers, and rubbish of antiquity, such a record as devoted labor might yield. This "Military History," extends from the first settlement in the province, 1623, to the close of the war with Great Britain, in 1812. This work consists of two volumes, and embraces a detailed account of all the wars with the Indians in which the colonists were engaged. It also contains a full account of campaigns of the old French war; also those of the revolutionary, the war of 1812, and all other conflicts in which New Hampshire troops were engaged up to that period. The work, beside, contains a very large number of biographical sketches of the eminent men who have been connected with the military organizations of the state. By the patient and critical research of Col. Potter, many interesting facts pertaining to the early history of the state are rescued from oblivion and have been preserved for the benefit of coming generations.

After his removal to Hillsborough, Col. Potter continued his connection with the Amoskeag Veterans, and a large portion of his time was their commander. In 1865, the members of the battalion showed their high respect for him by visiting him at his home. The corps march from the railroad station to the old family mansion of the late Governor Pierce and Gen. John McNeil, where they were met by Col. Potter. In a very feeling address, he expressed his pleasure at meeting them at his home, and his appreciation of the high compliment which they had bestowed upon him. Subsequently the members of the corps were entertained by their commander at a dinner in a large tent upon the grounds.

During his later years, the Veterans, under his command, visited Newburyport, Portsmouth, and other cities. The last visit of this kind was to the city of Hartford, in the autumn of 1867. The Veterans, on their way, were received with high honor at

Worcester and Springfield. At Hartford, they were entertained at a banquet by the city authorities. On this visit, Col. Potter again acquitted himself in so able, judicious and satisfactory a manner that a unanimous vote of thanks was extended to him by the members of the corps, on their return home.

In the spring and summer of 1868, his health had become considerably impaired on account of his excessive literary labors. Having completed his military history of the state, he started, in company with his wife, in July, on a journey to the West. On his way out, his spirits were buoyant, and he felt that his general health was improving, and no one could have believed from his general appearance that he was so soon to be removed from earth. He arrived at the city of Flint, Michigan, on Thursday, July 30, 1868. He remained in that city, transacting considerable business, until Sunday, August 2, following. On that day, he received several visitors at the hotel where he lodged, and exhibited in his conversation the same elasticity and intellectual vigor for which he was always remarkable. In the afternoon, after writing several letters, he laid down for the purpose of obtaining a little rest. After sleeping a short time he awoke, and endeavoring to move his limbs, remarked to his wife that for the first time in his life he found that his muscles refuse to obey his will. It was evident that he had been stricken with paralysis. For a short time he retained his consciousness and was able to articulate. Physicians were summoned and everything which human ingenuity could suggest was done for his relief. In a few hours he became unconscious. He continued in this situation until Monday afternoon, August 3, when he expired.

The coffin containing his remains arrived at Manchester, August 7, and it was received at the station by a deputation of Amoskeag Veterans.

On Saturday, August 8, his funeral took place. The Veterans, in command of Captain William R. Patten, marched to the railroad station, and after receiving the remains, a line

was formed and marched through some of the principal streets to the residence of Captain Charles Shedd. At this place Mrs. Potter and other relatives joined the procession, which then proceeded to the Unitarian Church on Merrimack Street. Rev. Joseph F. Lovering, of Concord, the Chaplain of the Veterans, conducted the services and made a very appropriate and impressive address. After the services at the church the procession was re-formed and marched to the solemn music of the Manchester Cornet Band to the Valley Cemetery. The burial service was read by the Chaplain, after which all that was mortal of the beloved and honored commander of the Veterans was committed to the grave.

On the return of the Veterans to their armory, these resolutions were passed :

WHEREAS an inscrutable Providence has seen fit to remove from our midst our beloved and chosen commander, and whereas we have now performed the last sad rites of sepulture over his remains, therefore be it

Resolved, That in the decease of Colonel Chandler Eastman Potter, the Amoskeag Veterans have sustained an irreparable loss; that their foremost man, foremost from the beginning, who at all times and under all circumstances, in sunshine and in storm, unselfishly sought to promote their highest welfare, is no more; and, for each one of us to resolve that, in our day and generation, we will endeavor to follow his example, is the highest tribute we can pay to his memory. We moan not alone. Society has lost an ornament; the state a historian, whose labors, yet uncompleted, in compiling and preserving her military history, will long outlive our feeble efforts.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered on our records, and a copy thereof be transmitted to the family of the deceased.

At the time of his death the intellectual powers of Col. Potter were in their fullest strength and activity, and he gave promise that he might continue his usefulness for many years longer. The news of his death created a feeling of great sadness among those who know him.

Col. Potter was a man of noble personal appearance. He

was about six feet and four inches in height, and weighed, when in health, about 280 pounds. He was well proportioned, stood erect, and his walk was firm and dignified. When marching in command of the Amoskeag Veterans, clothed in the old Revolutionary uniform, he was the theme of universal admiration among the observers. He had dark eyes, regular features, and a full, well-toned voice. His head was large, and, in phrenological language, was well balanced. His perceptive organs were very large, showing that he was a close and critical observer, and that his memory of facts in detail was remarkably strong. One of the most prominent traits in his character was his very warm social nature. Nothing delighted him more than the society of intelligent and worthy men and women, and his feelings towards his friends and those of a congenial spirit were sincere, deep and fraternal.

He was a man "of infinite jest, of most excellent humor," and he had a vast fund of anecdotes ever on hand. His powers of mimicry and imitation were so great that he could easily assume the voice and manner of almost any person. Hence he was one of the best of story-tellers. He often introduced into his public addresses an appropriate anecdote, and illustrated his point with great effect, and on festive occasions his ready wit and humor never failed to create merriment. He was a man of great enthusiasm, and entered with his whole soul into any subject which he discussed. Hence there was a great charm in his conversation. His mind was ever active, and he had the power of exactly adapting himself to all occasions and circumstances. He also had a faculty of placing himself in just the proper relations to all persons whom he met, whatever might be their tastes or degree of intelligence. When among the learned, he could lead as well as follow, and when in the society of the ignorant and undeveloped, he never assumed airs of superiority, but placed himself on the most intimate and friendly terms with them, and was happy if he could succeed in arousing higher and

nobler thoughts and grander conceptions in regard to the world and the ever changing phenomena about them.

He was naturally a Democrat, respected the people, and never desired "to get above them," or wish for more attention from others than he was willing to extend to them.

He became corresponding member of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, March 24, 1855. In 1841, he was elected a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, and was chosen one of the Vice Presidents in 1852, in 1855, and 1857. In 1851, he delivered a valuable and interesting discourse before the Society upon the aborigines of the country, at the conclusion of which, on motion of Hon. Samuel D. Bell, a vote of thanks was extended to him. Subsequently he read several other interesting essays, one of which was on the Penacook Indians. Besides these papers he contributed one of the chapters to Colonel Schoolcraft's valuable history of the North American Indians. He left many unpublished manuscripts bearing upon the history of New Hampshire. It was his design to publish a full and complete history of the state, bringing it down to the present time.

In 1832, he married Miss C. A. Underwood. Four children blessed the union, three sons and a daughter. November 11, 1856, he married Miss Fanny Maria, daughter of Gen. John McNeil, of Hillsborough, formerly of the Army. His eldest son, Joe H., survives him.

He left two sons. His third son, Drown, studied for the bar. At the breaking out of the war of the rebellion he was in the West, where he joined a regiment of Lancers under Colonel Rankin of the Canadian Parliament, which, being disbanded, he immediately joined the Sixteenth Regiment of Michigan Infantry, under Col. Stockton, of which he was soon after appointed Quartermaster Sergeant. He was killed, while on duty with his regiment, at Garlick's Landing, by a band of guerillas. He was a young man of fine talents, and was much esteemed by all who knew him.

JOHN FOWLER TROW.

THE FOUNDER OF THE NASHUA TELEGRAPH.

A PAPER PREPARED BY HENRY W. HERRICK, AND READ BEFORE
THE MANCHESTER HISTORIC ASSOCIATION, JUNE 19, 1901.

The leading daily papers of New York city, at the date of his death, fifteen years ago, gave a ready testimony to the practical ability, business capacity, and the wide influence of Mr. Trow, but to those who are accustomed to look upon the business life and success of a man as a thing of a small moment in comparison to the man himself, such tributes seem far from being truly satisfactory. We believe that "a man is what he thinks, purposes, feels; and that his words and actions spring just as surely from this inner man, as the oak springs from the acorn." It is, then, the circumstances of his life which show most readily what manner of man this was that we wish to present in brief.

The ancestors of our subject were of the old New England Pilgrim stock, of Danvers, Massachusetts, from whence the family removed to Andover, an adjoining town, where John, the fourth child of the family, was born in 1810. In the year 1815, his father, Captain John Trow, with two brothers, Richard and Dudley and their families, moved to Hopkinton, New Hampshire, where they bought farms in the south part of the town, known as Farrington Corner. The family of Richard afterward moved to Nashua, and settled on the Nashua Corporation, while Dudley returned to Andover, Mass. At Far-



JOHN F. TROW.

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rington Corner, most of the boyhood of Mr. Trow was spent, and he always referred with pleasure to this period of his life when he was accustomed to make frequent horse-back trips to Amoskeag Falls, as the best place to get fine flour for the family supplies. At this time Gen. John Stark was living, and the vicinity of Amoskeag with its mills, boating traffic and summer fishing, was a busy place.

The family removed to Haverhill, Mass., about 1820, and in 1824, young Trow, at the age of fourteen, was placed as an apprentice in the printing office of Flag and Gould in Andover, a firm doing a large business in general book work, and contractors at the time for issuing all of the publications of the New England Tract Society of Boston, afterwards the American Tract Society of New York.

It was in this office that most of the important works of the day in Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Semetic, etc., by such scholars as Stuart, Robinson, and Edwards, were printed; so that Mr. Trow during his apprenticeship gained such a knowledge of these tongues, as made him ever after sought for by those who wished to have anything printed in these languages.

At the close of his apprenticeship, in 1832, Mr. Trow, then only twenty-two years of age, determined to start a paper and job office in Nashua, N. H., and with his hand-press, type and all supplies loaded on a stout wagon started for his destination, himself the driver, mounted on the top of the load.

His office was in the wooden building then known as Noyes' block, opposite the present city hall, and there he issued his first newspaper, a weekly, "The Nashua Herald." Becoming discouraged by the time his first volume was completed he sold the paper and fixtures to Rev. Andrew E. Thayer, a bookseller located at the corner of Main Street and Thayer's Court, who soon disposed of his interests to Alfred and Albin Beard. In the hands of the last mentioned, the paper, with its name changed to the "New Hampshire Telegraph," became a power

for the Whig party in the state, for the subsequent thirty years, and then, with its prestige and well won reputation was transferred to Orrin C. Moore, and its issue changed, to include a daily edition. From Mr. Moore's estate the plant with all its belongings was passed to its present proprietors.

Mr. Trow removed to New York and opened an office in Ann Street in 1833, and subsequently as the exigencies of business required moved to Broadway, Green Street, and finally, about thirty-two years since, to East Twelfth Street, where his immense establishment occupied a large part of the block between Second and Third Avenues, and at the time of his death, he gave employment, in its various departments of book-making, to about five hundred employeés.

For the last thirty-three years, from the date of 1853, he published "Trow's New York City Directory," which, aside from the London Directory, is probably the largest directory published in the world, requiring, in spring and early summer, a small army of canvassers. This work had yearly grown to enormous proportions, and is now probably the largest book in the number of pages published in this country, and with its ponderous clasps of iron, and chains, presents a unique work for consultations in the vast commercial life of New York. After the decease of Mr. Trow in 1886, this concern was transferred to an incorporated company, with the name of "Trow Directory Company," and listed with other organizations at the Stock Exchange in Wall Street. In the list of dividends, its net annual income a few years since, was given as \$140,000.

When Mr. Trow went to New York he was associated with Mr. West in the firm of West and Trow, also Leavitt and Trow, as publishers in Broadway; and as they issued the best specimens or typography of that day, they were appointed printers to the newly-founded University of New York.

With a few changes of partnership, he continued in the same branch of business during his life, being always the first to adopt any improvement in his art. In 1836 he imported the

most complete fonts of type of the oriental languages, from the well-known foundaries at Tauchnitz, and as early as 1840, he adopted stereotyping and afterwards electrotyping as a regular part of his business. He not only kept ahead of the times in every improvement, but generously encouraged any invention in his line which showed the least promise of ultimate success. Thus he made lavish expenditures on invention, which resulted in utter failure in many cases, or only slight advances. Among others, he gave a very thorough trial to a type-setting machine, the pioneer of the present linotype, which was so successful in his hands, that with it, the entire Bible was set up in sixty day, the labor of 416 type-setters being superseded; but owing to some difficulty in distributing the type, it never fully answered the expectations which were at first entertained of it.

Mr. Trow was not, however, so absorbed by the business of printing, that he took no interest in other affairs; his connection with the National Needle Company of Springfield, Mass., and with the Trow's City Directory, being too well known to need further attention. Years ago, he became deeply interested in the cause of public education in New York, to which he devoted much time and attention, being for many years the Chairman of the Board of Trustees for the public schools of the Eighteenth Ward. He was also for a long time very actively engaged as a Trustee in the New York Juvenile Asylum. The activities of business life did not, however, control the entire vitality of this busy man. Believing that religion, the saving power of his ancestors, claimed not only the life of the individual, but that as a citizen he had obligations to the community at large, he early sought to do his duty in this line of activity. On first going to New York, he was for a short time a member of Dr. Samuel H. Cox's church, but this he soon left to join with others in founding a church of which Dr. Asa D. Smith was called to be pastor, and he was for several

years an elder in this church. At this time he was also Secretary of a large Sabbath School, of which the late Christopher Roberts, founder of Roberts' College, Constantinople, was superintendent. The pastor of this Rivington Street Mission church, Dr. Smith, will be remembered as a late president of Dartmouth College. When Mr. Trow moved to Brooklyn, he again became a member of Dr. Cox's church in that city, and was there both an active worker in the Sunday School, and an elder of the church. On his return to New York to live, he united with the Madison Square Presbyterian church, of which Dr. Williams Adams was then pastor. Here he was at the head of the Sunday School, and an elder for over twenty years. He was an efficient worker in this church for the remainder of his life, and when our President Tucker, of Dartmouth College, left the Franklin Street church of this city, Mr. Trow was active in his call to the Madison Square Presbyterian pulpit. He was always an active man in his church life, and when President Tucker was called to Andover, and subsequently to Dartmouth College, his successor, Dr. Parkhurst, found in Mr. Trow an enthusiastic admirer and supporter. Everywhere he made warm friends and adherents by his manly, consistent, christian character, which never for an instant permitted him to swerve from the course he thought his duty pointed out. It will be difficult for those who have relied upon Mr. Trow, to find another so upright, so trustworthy, so single-hearted for truth and righteousness, to fill his place. Mr. Trow was married about the year 1836 to Miss Catherine Swift of Andover, Mass. His family consisted of two sons and three daughters, three of whom are now living. He died at Orange, New Jersey, August 8, 1886.

The Palmetto and The Pine.

BY MRS. L. VIRGINIA FRENCH.

They planted them together — our gallant sires of old —
 Though one was crowned with crystal snow, and one with solar gold ;
 They planted them together — on the world's majestic height,
 At Saratoga's deathless charge, at Eutaw's stubborn fight,
 At midnight on the dark redoubt, 'mid plunging shot and shell —
 At noontide gasping in the crush of battle's bloody swell —
 With gory hands and reeking brows, amid the mighty fray,
 Which surged and swelled around them on that memorable day,
 When they planted Independence as a symbol and a sign,
 They struck deep soil and planted the Palmetto and the Pine.

They planted them together — by the river of the Years —
 Watered with our fathers' hearts' blood, watered with our mothers' tears ;
 In the strong rich soil of Freedom, with a bounteous benison
 From their Prophet, Priest, and Pioneer — our Father, Washington !
 Above them floated echoes of the ruin and the wreck,
 Like " drums that beat at Louisburg and thundered at Quebec ; "
 But the old lights sank in darkness as the new stars rose to shine
 O'er those emblems of the sections — the Palmetto and the Pine.

And we'll plant them still together — for 'tis yet the self-same soil
 Our fathers' valor won for us by victory and toil ;
 In Florida's fair everglades, by bold Ontario's flood,
 And through them send electric life as leaps the kindred blood ;
 For thus it is they taught us, who for Freedom lived and died,
 The Eternal law of justice must and shall be justified —
 That God has joined together by a fiat all divine
 The destinies of dwellers 'neath the Palm tree and the Pine.

Aye ! we'll plant them yet together — though the cloud is on their brows,
 And winds antagonistic writhe and wrench the stalwart boughs ;
 Driving winds that drift the nations into gaping gulfs of gloom,
 Sweeping ages, cycles, systems into vortices of doom ;
 Though the waves of faction rolling in triumph to the shore,
 Are breaking down our bulwarks in sullen rage and roar ;
 Serried armaments of ocean filling in line after line —
 Washing up the deep foundations of Palmetto and the Pine.

Shall this, the soil of Freedom, from their roots be washed away
 By the changing of the billows and the breaking of the spray ?
 No ! the hand which rules the vortex which is surging now before us,
 Above its " hell of waters " sets the bow of heaven o'er us,

And the time will come when Discord shall be buried in the Past.
The oriflamme of Love shall wave above the breach at last,
And beneath that starry banner — type of unity divine —
Shall stand those stately signals — the Palmetto and the Pine.

Shall the old victorious Eagle from their boughs be wrenched away
By the double-headed Vulture of Disunion and Decay?
Forbid it, heaven! Columbia, guard thine emblems, gathered here,
To grace the brilliant dawning of this grand centennial year,
And bear them as thou marchest on with gonfalons unfurled,
With thy foot upon the fetter, for the freeing of the world!
And guard thy Holy Sepulchre — Mount Vernon's sacred shrine —
For this is Freedom's Holy Land — her promised Palestine.

Oh! thou voice of God outflowing from the lips of holy Peace,
Soothe the turmoil and the tumult — bid this strife and sorrow cease;
O'er savannahs steeped in sunshine, o'er the mountains dark with rain,
Send the glad and thrilling tidings in thy sweetly sounding strain —
Let snowy North and sunny South send up the shout, "All well!"
And the music of thy coming strike heart-strings with its swell.
(As to Jessie Brown at Lucknow struck the air of "Auld Lang Syne,"
From the Highland pipes of Havelock) — Save the Palm and save the Pine.

God plant them still together — let them flourish side by side,
In the halls of our Centennial — mailed in more than marble pride;
With kindly deeds and noble names we'll grave them o'er and o'er,
With brave historic legends of the glorious days of yore;
While the clear, exultant chorus, rising from united bands,
The echo of our triumph peals to earth's remotest lands —
While "Faith, Fraternity, and Love" shall joyfully entwine
Around our chosen emblems — the Palmetto and the Pine.

"Together!" shouts Niagara his thunder-toned decree —
"Together!" echo back the wave upon the Mexican Sea —
"Together!" sings the sylvan hills where old Atlantic roars —
"Together!" boom the breakers on the wild Pacific shores —
"Together!" cry the People — and "together" it shall be,
An everlasting charter bond forever for the free;
Of Liberty the signet-seal — the one eternal sign
Be those united emblems — the Palmetto and the Pine.

THE SONG OF SCIENCE. (Attributed to Rev. Joseph Cook.)

Trilobite, Graptolite, Nautilus pie, seas were calcareous, oceans were dry,
Eocene, Miocene, Pliocene, tuff, lias and trias, and that is enough.
Oh, sing a song of phosphates, fibrine in a line,
Four and twenty follicles, in the van of time. [reign.
When the phosphorescence evolved brain, superstition ended, man began to

The Moneyless Man.

BY H. T. STANTON.

Is there no secret place on the face of the earth
Where charity dwelleth, where virtue has birth,
Where bosoms in mercy and kindness still heave,
Where the poor and the wretched shall ask and receive?
Is there no place at all where a knock from the poor
Will bring a kind angel to open the door?
Go, search the wide world, wherever you can,
There is no open door for a moneyless man.

Go, look at your hall where the chandelier's light
Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night;
Where the rich, hanging velvet, in shadowy fold,
Sweeps gracefully down with its trimmings of gold;
And the mirrors of silver take up and renew,
In long-sighted vistas the wildering view;
Go there at the banquet, and find, if you can,
A welcoming smile for a moneyless man.

Go, look in your church of the cloud-reaching spire,
Which gives to the sun his same look of red fire;
Where the arches and columns are gorgeous within,
And the walls seem as pure as a soul without sin;
Walk down the long aisles, see the rich and the great
In the pomp and the pride of their worldly estate;
Walk down in your patches, and mind, if you can,
Who opens a pew for a moneyless man.

Go, look in the bank, where Mammon has told
His hundreds and thousands of silver and gold;
Where, safe from the hands of the starving and poor
Lies piles upon piles of the glittering ore;
Walk up to their counters — ah! there you may stay
Till you limbs shall grow old and your hair shall grow gray;
And you'll find at the bank not one of the clan
With money to lend to a moneyless man.

Go, look at the Judge in his dark, frowning gown,
With the scales wherein law weigheth equity down;
Where he frowns on the weak and smiles on the strong,
And punishes right whilst he justifies wrong;

Where juries their lips to the Bible have laid
To render a verdict — they've already made ;
Go there in the court-room, and find, if you can,
Any law for the cause of a moneyless man.

Then go to your hovel — no raven has fed
The wife that has suffered too long for her bread ;
Kneel down by her pallet and kiss the death-frost
The lips of the angel your poverty lost ;
Then turn in your agony upward to God
And bless while it smites you, the chastening rod ;
And you'll find at the end of your life's little span,
There's a " welcome " above — for a moneyless man.

The above poem on " The Moneyless Man," together with the following stanza, added by the reader, was recited by Prof. Benj. F. Dame, at a banquet given by Worcester County Commandery Knights Templar of Worcester, Mass., to Trinity Commandery Knights Templar, Manchester, N. H., on June 24, 1881.

Not only above, but also on earth,
Is there one secret place where virtue has birth,
Where bosoms in mercy and kindness will heave,
Where the poor and the wretched shall ask and receive.
'Tis charity's home " 'neath the " mystical arch,"
Where " Faith, Hope, and Love " triumphantly march ;
Go there — give the " grand hailing sign " if you can,
And a " welcome " you'll find though a moneyless man.

Irregular Morals.

" Awake, my soul," and my soul it awoke.
" Take a pen to thyself," so a pen it then took.
" Make a poem," and straightway a poem it made.
" And write for the right," for the right it then wrote.
" Let thy thoughts be enlightened," and its thoughts were enlivened,
And my soul, setting down, soon these verses indited.

Be strong, O my brothers, for there's millions in strength,
Wrong is short-lived, and right must vanquish at length,
If, scorning the wrong, we do others no wrong.

Sursum corda, whatever is bad might be worse ;
And the sad, if they're upright, shall never grow surer,
And the good and the glad shall be better and gladder.

O, how could the ancients have done what they did
If their hearts to philosophy had not been wild,
And how could they have said what they said ?

Alphabetical Hints on Health.

(FROM "HOME HYGIENE.")

As soon as you are up shake blankets and sheet,
 Better be without shoes than sit with wet feet,
 Children, if healthy, are active, not still,
 Damp bed and damp clothes will both make you ill,
 Eat slowly, and always chew your food well,
 Freshen the air in the house wherever you dwell,
 Garment must never be made to be tight
 Homes will be healthy if airy and light,
 If you wish to be well, as you do, I've no doubt,
 Just open the windows before you go out,
 Keep your rooms always tidy and clean,
 Let dust on the furniture never be seen,
 Much illness is caused by the want of pure air,
 Now to open your windows be ever your care.
 Old rags and old rubbish should never be kept,
 People should see that their floors are well swept,
 Quick movements in children are healthy and right,
 Remember the young cannot thrive without light.
 See that the cistern is clean to the brim,
 Take care that your dress is all tidy and trim,
 Use you nose to find out if there be a bad drain,
 Very sad are the fevers that come in its train
 Walk as much as you can without feeling fatigue,
 Xerxes could walk full many a league,
 Your health is your wealth, which your wisdom must keep,
 Zeal will help a good cause, and the good you will reap.

CHERISHED CHESSE. The charms of thy checkered chambers chain me
 changelessly. Chaplains have chanted thy charming choiceness. Chief-
 tians have changed the chariot and the chase for the chaster chivalry of
 the chess-board, and the cheerier charge of the chess-knights. Chaste-
 eyed Caissa. For thee are the chaplets of chainless charity and the chal-
 ice of child-like cheerfulness. No chilling churl, no cheating chafferer
 no chattering changeling, no chanting charlatan can be thy champion.
 The chivalrous, the charitable, and the cheerful are the chosen ones thou
 cherishest. Chance cannot change thee. From the cradle of childhood
 to the charnel-house, from our first childish chirpings to the chills of the
 church-yard, thou art our cheery, changeless chieftainness. Chastener of
 the churlish, chider of the changeable, cherisher of the chagrined, the
 chapter of thy chiliad of charms should be chanted in cherubic chimes
 by choicest choristers, and chiseled on chalcedon in cherubic chirography.

Logarithms Same Figures As Numbers.

1.	Log of	1.371288574238542	=	.1371288574238542	} Logarithms are same numerals as numbers.
2.	"	10.00000000090000	=	1.000000000000000	
3.	"	237.5812087593221	=	2.375812087593221	
4.	"	3550.260181586591	=	3.550260182586591	
5.	"	46692.46832877758	=	4.669246832877758	
6.	"	576025.6934135527	=	5.760456934135527	
7.	"	6834720.776754357	=	6.834720776754357	
8.	"	78974890.31398144	=	7.894789031398144	
9.	"	895191599.8267839	=	8.951915998267839	
10.	"	999999999.999999	=	9.999999999999999	

Continuous Digits and Their Logarithms.

1.	Log	12345679	+ log 9	= log	11111111	=	8.04575749056
2.	"	12345679	+ log 18	= log	22222222	=	8.34678748578
3.	"	12345679	+ log 27	= log	33333333	=	8.52287874483
4.	"	12345679	+ log 36	= log	44444444	=	8.64782748144
5.	"	12345679	+ log 45	= log	55555555	=	8.74471749445
6.	"	12345679	+ log 54	= log	66666666	=	8.82390874050
7.	"	12345679	+ log 63	= log	77777777	=	8.89085553013
8.	"	12345679	+ log 72	= log	88888888	=	8.94884747711
9.	"	12345679	+ log 81	= log	99999999	=	8.99999999999

The Separatrix Vacates the Characteristics.

1.	Log 10,	1.0000000	- log 9	= log	1.1111111	=	.04575649056
2.	"	20,	1.3010299	- log 9	= log	2.2222222	= .34678748578
3.	"	30,	1.4771212	- log 9	= log	3.3333333	= .52287874483
4.	"	40,	1.6020599	- log 9	= log	4.4444444	= .64791748144
5.	"	50,	1.6989700	- log 9	= log	5.5555555	= .74472749445
6.	"	60,	1.7781512	- log 9	= log	6.6666666	= .82390874050
7.	"	70,	1.8450980	- log 9	= log	7.7777777	= .89085553013
8.	"	80,	1.9030399	- log 9	= log	8.8888888	= .94884747711
9.	"	90,	1.9542425	- log 9	= log	9.9999999	= 1 (= .999999)

Constants, Logarithms, and Reciprocals.

1.	Log ($\sqrt{2}$	= 1.4142135623)	=	.150514997.	Rec.	= .707106781
2.	" ($\sqrt{10}$	= 3.1622776601)	=	.500000000.	Rec.	= .316227766
3.	" (π	= 3.1415926535)	=	.497149872.	Rec.	= .318309886
4.	" ($10e$	= 2.3025850929)	=	.367879441.	Rec.	= .434294481
5.	" (e	= 2.7182828284)	=	.434294481.	Rec.	= .367879441
6.	"	(2 5061843881)	=	.399012957.	Rec.	= .399012957
7.	"	(1.3712885742)	=	.137128857.	Rec.	= .729241423
8.	" ($\sqrt{\pi}$	= 4.8104673810)	=	.682188180.	Rec.	= .207879576
9.	" ($\frac{2}{3} \pm \sqrt{5}$	= 1.6180339887)	=	.208978547.	Rec.	= .618033988

Logarithms of the Roots of Digital Squares.

NUMBERS.	LOGARITHMS.	LOGARITHMS OF THE DIGITS.
1. Log 11826 = 4.0728379	$\times 2 = 8.1456758$	log 139854276
2. Log 12363 = 4.0921239	$\times 2 = 8.1842478$	log 152843769
3. Log 12543 = 4.0984014	$\times 2 = 8.1968028$	log 157326849
4. Log 14676 = 4.1666077	$\times 2 = 8.3332154$	log 215384976
5. Log 15681 = 4.1953738	$\times 2 = 8.3907476$	log 245393761
6. Log 15963 = 4.2031145	$\times 2 = 8.4062290$	log 254317369
7. Log 18072 = 4.2570062	$\times 2 = 8.5140124$	log 326597184
8. Log 19023 = 4.2792700	$\times 2 = 8.5585400$	log 361874529
9. Log 19377 = 4.2872865	$\times 2 = 8.5745730$	log 375463129
10. Log 19569 = 4.2915686	$\times 2 = 8.5831372$	log 382945761
11. Log 19629 = 4.2928982	$\times 2 = 8.5857964$	log 385297641
13. Log 20316 = 4.3078382	$\times 2 = 8.6156764$	log 412739856
12. Log 22887 = 4.3595889	$\times 2 = 8.7191778$	log 523814769
14. Log 23019 = 4.3610865	$\times 2 = 8.7221730$	log 529874361
15. Log 23178 = 4.3640760	$\times 2 = 8.7281520$	log 537219684
16. Log 23439 = 4.3699391	$\times 2 = 8.7398781$	log 549386721
17. Log 24237 = 4.3844789	$\times 2 = 8.7689578$	log 587432169
18. Log 24276 = 4.3851771	$\times 2 = 8.7703542$	log 589324176
19. Log 24441 = 4.3881190	$\times 2 = 8.7762380$	log 597362481
20. Log 24807 = 4.3945742	$\times 2 = 8.7891474$	log 615387249
21. Log 25059 = 4.3989637	$\times 2 = 8.7979274$	log 627953481
22. Log 25572 = 4.4077647	$\times 2 = 8.8155294$	log 653927184
23. Log 25941 = 4.4139867	$\times 2 = 8.8279734$	log 672935481
24. Log 26409 = 4.4217520	$\times 2 = 8.8435040$	log 697435281
25. Log 26733 = 4.4270477	$\times 2 = 8.8540954$	log 714653289
26. Log 27129 = 4.4334338	$\times 2 = 8.8668676$	log 735982641
27. Log 27273 = 4.4357329	$\times 2 = 8.8714658$	log 743816529
28. Log 29034 = 4.4629069	$\times 2 = 8.9258138$	log 842973156
29. Log 29106 = 4.4639825	$\times 2 = 8.9279650$	log 847159236
30. Log 30384 = 4.4826449	$\times 2 = 8.9652898$	log 923187456

[These tables are reprinted (from Vol. XIX, pp. 252-253) to supply 300 students for reference and exercises. Only 30 squares that contain all the digits.]

"FOR THEY SHALL GNAW A FILE AND FLEE UNTO THE MOUNTAINS OF HEPESIDAM, WHERE THE LION ROARETH AND THE WANG-DOODLE MOURNETH FOR HIS FIRST BORN." (Vol. XIX, p. 280.)

The sermon, of which the above quotation is the text, will be printed in the April number of NOTES AND QUERIES.

At The End.

BY IDA G. ADAMS, NORTH WEARE, N. H.

Life lies behind.

The portals of the unseen country stand ajar;
We wait the summons, which is sure to come,
With keenest sense of what we surely are.

The battle's o'er.

With waning strength we lay our weapons down;
Our scars are many, and our wounds are sore,
Yet have we failed to gain the victor's crown.

We "might have been —"

Ah, what we might have been, God only knows!
We might have been the heroes we are not,
We might have conquered all our earthly foes.

Our fate is sealed.

As we are now so pass we surely on;
The tide of time for us is at its ebb,
Our chances both for good and ill are gone.

Our book is closed.

Its pages written o'er are hid from sight; —
Too late for changes or erasures now,
Too late one last redeeming line to write!

This is the end.

We say "Good-Bye, To-day," and greet the morrow;
With hope, that, spite of failure and of sin,
Joy may be ours at last as well as sorrow. — *The Granite Monthly.*

ONE MOTHER.

Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky;
Hundreds of shells on the shore together;
Hundreds of birds that go singing by;
Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather.

Hundred of dewdrops to greet the dawn;
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover;
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn;
But only *one mother* the wide world over.

NOTES AND QUERIES

AND HISTORIC MAGAZINE.

MANCHESTER, N. H.

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No. 4.

A Theory of Emanations.

BY THEODORE ROSARIO RAINVILLE.

(Translated by Joseph Adélaïd Dupont, Manchester, N. H.)

Creations proceed by emanation, by generation of the unknown Father of that Infinite and of that Ineffable Fire or Abyss. It is a universal "to become" of God in Man, and in the world an evolution, a processus of the Absolute. The first principle, the pure Being is an undetermined essence that determines itself in the multiplicity of beings and things that become less and less perfect in proportion as they swerve from their source. That is Evolution.

A second processus takes place, the Finite gravitates toward the Absolute. The being retakes possession of himself. That is Involution.

At the pinnacle of the Highest World is the pure Abyss, the inaccessible, unfathomable, boundless, bottomless ocean. The Abyss is not alone. Silence is his eternal companion. They form the first syzygia, the first divine pair. God is Love, and Valentin has told us in a very beautiful language that Love exists not without a loved object. So from Abyss-Silence, Masculine

line-Feminine, Eternal, emanate by successive pairs, the Aeons that form the Pleroma, this is the Divine World. Below the Pleroma, is the Intelligible World, and below the Intelligible World is the Kienoma, the vacuum, the darkness which Jesus, in the Gospel, calls the exterior darkness.

At an unknown period of Time limitless, the harmony of the Pleroma was disturbed. The last one of the Aeons, Sophia, in her Love for the Abyss wished to unite herself to Him, in leaping over the gates that kept her distant from Him. She violently left her spouse, broke the chain of syzygias, and without the aid of the male Aeon, wished to emanate alone and from herself, as the One of the Abyss had done. From thence her Fall. She saw herself distanced from the Infinite, her source, by Horos the Limit and resented then an unutterable sorrow which was the origin of all the sorrows of the worlds. From that effort was born the Extroma-Achamoth, the earthly Sophia who disfigured the beauty of the Pleroma. To save Sophia, two Aeons, Nous and Alethia brought forth the Christos from Above and Pneuma-Agion. Christos was masculine, Pneuma-Agion, feminine. They expelled Achamoth and re-established the harmony broken by the Fall. All the Aeons then united themselves and emanated the Savior who, united Himself to Sophia, redeemed her and brought her back into the bosom of the Abyss. But there remained the earthly Sophia. In her distress and humiliation, she had kept the remembrance of the Light and the lost Beatitude. But the Limit kept closed to her, the opening of that world of Light and Peace. The Pleroma took pity on her ; Jesus manifested Himself to redeem her. He took away from her Fear which forms the psychic element, Sorrow which forms Matter and Despair which forms the world of Satan. The Demiurge then appeared. He was the son of earthly Sophia. He created Humanity and formed the earth. Achamoth communicated to the Elects, the spark of the Pleroma that she held from her mother Sophia-Celestia. Those Elects are the Pneumatics, Adepts born of the Gnosis. The intellectual Psychics are the subjects of the

Demiurge. A third class of men, the Hylics, is one formed by the materialists enslaved to inferior things.

The Demiurge revealed Himself to the Jews, under the name of Jehovah.

TO KNOW, TO WILL, TO DARE, TO BE SILENT.

Spring Equinox, 1902.

The Mountains of Hepsidam.

(VOL. XIX, P. 280.)

MY BELOVED BREATHERING: My text which I shall choose for the occasion is within the leaves of the great and good book, somewhere between the Second Chronikills and the last chapter of Timothy Titus. Sisters, you wont find it in the songs of that great and wise man Solomon, so you need not look. But when you find it, you will find it in these words :

“ For they shall gnaw a file, and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for his first-born. ”

My children, I rejoice with you all, and most especially with the sisters, that your beloved Pastor is again permitted to stand before you, restored to health and happiness, hale and hearty as a two year-old. And why do I rejoice more on account of the sisters than on the brothers ? I would merely say that most of the sisters, that is, the good-looking ones, will understand why, and it is only necessary for me to repeat it hear :

“ For they shall gnaw a file, and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for his first-born. ”

How like angels did they seem, as they moved noiselessly in the dim light of one tallow dip across my chamber floor, or as they smoothed the pillow for my feverish, aching head. Oh ! how many times did they call back to memory the days of my “ Mary Ann,” but who long years since became a backslider and the companion of the fellow who “ played upon a harp of a thousand strings,” and went to live with him where “ the spirits of just men,” and I suppose women, too, are “ made perfect.” But let me tell you, my hearers, they will have a hard time of making him perfect.

"For they shall gnaw a file, and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for his first-born."

My beloved brethering, the text says, "they shall gnaw a file." It does not say they may, but "shall." Now there is more than one kind of file; there is the hand saw file, the rat tail file, and single file, and double file, and profile; but the kind of file spoken of here is not one of them kind neither, bekaws it is a figger of speech and means going it alone and getting ukered;

"For they shall gnaw a file, and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for his first-born."—ah.

"And there be some here with fine close on their backs, and brass rings on their fingers, and lard on their hair, what goes it while they are young; and there be others here what, as long as their constitootshuns and forty cent whisky last, goes it blind. There be sisters here what, when they gets sixteens years old, cut their tillar ropes and goes it with a rush. But I say, my dear brethering, take care that you don't find wher Gabriel blows the horn, your hand's played out, and you are ukered — ah!

"For they shall gnaw a file, and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for his first-born."—

Now, my brethering, "they shall flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam," but there are more dams than Hepsidam. There is Rotter dam, Had dam, Amster-dam, and "don't care a dam," and the last of which, my brethering, is the worst of all, and reminds me of a sirkumstans I onst knowd in the State of Illenoy. There was a man what built him a mill on the north fork of Ager Crick, and it was a good mill and ground a site of grain, but the man what built it was a miserable sinner, and never gave anything to the Church, and, my dear brethering, one night there came a terrible storm of wind and rain and the great deep were broken up and the waters rushed down and swept that man's mill dam to Kingdom Cum, and when he woke he found he was not worth a dam — ah!

"For they shall gnaw a file, and flee unto the mountains of Hepsidam, where the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for his first-born."—ah!

This part of my text, my beseeching brethering, is not to be taken as it says. It don't mean the howling wilderness, where John, the hard shell Baptist, fed on locuses and wild asses, but it means, my brethering, the city of ———, where corn is worth

six bits one day, and nary a red the next ; where niggers are as thick as black bugs in split bacon ham, and gamblers, thieves, and pickpockets go sneaking about the streets like weasels in a barn yard, and where honest men are scarcer than hen's teeth.

" For they shall gnaw a file, and flee unto the mountains of Hepstdam, where the lion roareth and the wang-doodle mourneth for his first-born." — an !

My brethering, I am captain of that boat you see tied up there, and have got aboard of her flour, bacon, taters, and as good Monongahela whiskey as ever was drunk, and I am mighty apt to get a big price for them all ; but what, my dear brethering, would it all be worth if I hadn't got religion ? There's nothing like religion, my brethering ; it's better nor silver or g ld gimcracks ; you can no more get to heaven without it than a jay bird can fly without a tail — ah ! thank the Lord ! I'm an unedicated man, my brethering ; but I have been searching the scriptures from Dan to Beer sheba, and I have found that I am right ride up and that hard shell religion is the best kind of religion — ah ! 'T s not like the Methodist what expects to get to Heaven by hollering hell fire ; nor like the Yewnited Brethering, that takes each other by the slack of the pants and hists themselves in ; nor like the Katholick, that buys through tickets from their priests ; but may be likened to a man who had to cross a river — ah ! and the ferry-boat was gone ; so he took up his breeches and waded across — ah !

" For they shall gnaw a file, and flee into the mountains of Hepstdam, where the lion roareth and the wan-doodle mourneth for his first-born."

Pass the hat Brother F., and let every hard-shell Baptist shell out.

[Several inquiries have been made in this monthly for this sermon, said to have been preached in Mississippi some fifty years ago by the captain of a Mississippi River flat boat. Now here it is as we find it in an exchange. This same captain is said to have also preached the famous sermon, in the same strain, on the oft quoted text : " He played upon a harp of a thousand strings — the spirits of just men made perfect "]

THE " MASS " DAYS. In answer to " LEON," we will say that the " Clavis Calendaria " gives as follows : Candlemas, February 2. Fastmas, February 9. Michelmas, September 29. Martinmas, November 11. Christmass, December 25. Childermas, December 28.

Gen. James Wilson of New Hampshire.

Ex-Governor Bell, in his "Bench and Bar," says of him as follows: "His qualifications for this were unequalled; his physique was on a majestic scale; his voice sonorous; his language was the purest vernacular; his logic had the grip of the vise; he was always prodigiously in earnest; his illustrations and witty sallies were irresistible and he often broke out in strains of bold and moving eloquence."

He often captured his hearers by the opening sentence of his speech. He began one of them, I think, in New York, "I am six feet and four in my stockings and every inch a Whig."

At one of his outdoor meetings in 1840, in the Harrison campaign, a shower came up which threatened to disperse the audience. He deliberately pulled off his coat (as usual) and began, "The only rain that I have any fear of is the reign of Martin Van Buren." He had hearers enough after that.

At the first meeting of the Sons of New Hampshire in Boston, in 1843, he was present and called upon to speak to the sentiment, "The families we left behind." Many speakers had preceded him and their speeches if good were rather formal, but when Gen. Wilson rose to speak the tones of a hearty, sympathetic voice roused the feelings of his audience and his touching picture of the old folk at home stirred every heart to its depth. "We will go back," said he, "and tell the mothers and sisters how well the boys behave when they are away from home." This speech gave voice to the genuine feeling of all hearts and was welcomed with cheering, earnest, prolonged and again and again renewed.

The fame of Gen. Wilson as an orator was well known in New Hampshire. When I was a boy, living in Holderness,

The fame of Gen. Wilson as an orator was already known in Washington when he entered the National House of Representatives, and while there he made several speeches, but facilities for reporting them were not equal to those of today and but a

few brief reports of them are preserved. His great speech on the slavery question, on February 19, 1848, attracted great attention.

One who was present tells me that he went into the House and found it filled to its utmost capacity. This person went into the Senate chamber first and found it almost deserted. Then he went over to the house, and found most of the Senators there. Wilson had just begun his speech. The House was still, no clapping for pages, no moving about, but all were attentively listening to Gen. Wilson and his voice was clear and sonorous and reached every part of the House.

He possessed great power of statement. His utterance was rapid, but his enunciation was distinct. At times he was gentle and sympathetic ; at others, bold and aggressive ; but the whole speech was a remarkable illustration of his power as an orator and established his reputation as one of the most eloquent men of his day. He was repeatedly interrupted by applause, and at the conclusion of his speech he was greeted with round and round and most heartily and warmly congratulated by his friends.

An anecdote of Willian P. Wheeler, the gentleman who succeeded Gen. Wilson as leader of the Cheshire county bar, gives a glimpse of Wilson on the stump in 1840. Sometime during the sixties Mr. Wheeler made a pleasure trip west and during the trip took a steamer ride down the Ohio. A gentleman familiar with the river began to describe objects of interest. Learning Mr. Wheeler was from Keene he begged him to tell him about Gen. Wilson. After satisfying his curiosity, Mr. Wheeler said he would be glad to learn how a resident of Ohio knew about Gen. Wilson enough to become an ardent admirer

" It happened this way," replied the gentleman : " Business obliged me to make a trip to Albany, N. Y., in 1840, during the height of the presidential campaign. My business having been accomplished, I prepared to return home. On arriving at the railway station, I found my train did not leave for a little over an hour and to while away the time I went outside and looked about. In an open space near at hand a stand for public

speaking had been erected and a few people had already gathered about the stand. From a poster I learned that the eloquent Gen. James Wilson of Keene, N. H., was about to deliver an address. Hearing the approaching band, I walked up to the stand, for I always made it a point to hear good speakers whenever the opportunity offers. I confess when Gen. Wilson was introduced I was greatly disappointed, for I could not believe that this dark, rugged looking giant could be a great orator. When he began to speak my mind changed, for from the moment that I heard his voice I stood spell bound. A second's pause enabled me to consult my watch, and to my intense astonishment I found my train must have been gone several minutes for I had been listening over an hour utterly oblivious to the passage of time. With a sigh of relief I remembered there was another train an hour later and I turned to listen to the fascinating speaker I had heard. I determined this time to keep track of the time and not miss the next train. Again I listened with breathless attention. Glancing at my watch I discovered I had just twenty minutes left to catch my train. Again had I been totally unconscious of the flight of time. Although it was not over five minutes' walk to the station I did not dare listen further, for if I did I knew I should miss my train a second time. I resolutely faced about and started for the station. Imagine my astonishment. When I first faced the speaker, perhaps 200 people were present. Now I was facing a great audience of from 8,000 to 10,000 people (the papers said the larger number). I had been so completely engrossed in listening that I had been utterly unconscious of the addition to the assemblage. It took me over half an hour to work my passage through that crowd and if Gen. Wilson had not closed his speech I might never have got through it. I again missed my train and was obliged to wait for a night train. I shall always regret that I did not wait and hear the close of that wonderful address. Every one who came in range of his wonderful voice had been drawn to the speaker and held by him just as a powerful magnet attracts and holds iron filings."

SPEECH OF SOCRATES. "If," said Socrates, "death is a removal from hence to another place, and if all the dead are there, what greater blessing can there be than this, my judges? At what price would you not estimate a conference with Orpheus and Musæus, Hesiod and Homer? For me to sojourn there would be admirable. When I should meet Palamedes, and Ajax the son of Telamon, and others of the ancients, who died of an unjust sentence. At what price would not any one estimate the opportunity of questioning him who led that mighty army against Troy, or Ulysses, or Sisyphus, or ten thousand others whom one might question, both men and women."

"TO EVERY THING THERE IS A SEASON, and a time to every purpose under the sun : A time to be born, and a time to die ; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted ; a time to kill and a time to heal ; a time to break down, and a time to build up ; a time to weep, and a time to laugh ; a time to mourn, and a time to dance ; a time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together ; a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing ; a time to get, and a time to lose ; a time to keep, and a time to cast away ; a time to rend, and a time to sew ; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak ; a time to love, and a time to hate ; a time of war, and a time of peace. — *Solomon.*

A SECOND CHRIST. Elias Gove, formerly a well-known character in Androscoggin county, Maine, called himself "The Second Christ," and was known by that title for years. At first he wore a long drab coat with large pearl buttons, but later on he always appeared with a red robe and white hat. He was always talking about what he called religion, and it was as near that as much as that which comes from pulpits and from men who only claim to be servants of Jesus ; and his claim was evidently as good as theirs. O. H. L.

WHAT IS THE EIGHTH WORD? "ALPHONSO" wants to know if there is an eighth euphonious word to complete the pairs :

- | | | | |
|--------------|--------------|--------------|--------------|
| 1. Inferior, | 2. Interior, | 3. Anterior, | 4. Ulterior. |
| Superior. | Exterior. | Posterior. | |

We do not recall an eighth and leave it for correspondents.

We have inferiority and superiority ; why not use the others ?

THE ILLUSTRIOUS KNIGHTS OF MALTA. Jerusalem, 1048-United States, 1889. The Order of the Knights of Malta is a body banded together under the most binding forms, to comfort one another in the practice of the Christian religion. It is not of recent birth but a descendant of the Illustrious, Religious and Military Order of the Middle Ages, heir to its greatness and endowed with its rites and ceremonies. During the Reformation it was under the leadership of Sir James Sandilands, its first Protestant Grand Commander, assisted by John Knox. It is a defender of civil and religious liberty.

The Order is claimed to have been instituted in the Holy Land in 1048. The Order is Christian, ancient, fraternal, beneficial, religious, and has no affiliation with any other Order. It is the lineal descendant of the Scottish branch of the Sixth Language of the Ancient, High and Exalted Order of Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, afterwards Palestine, Rhodes and Malta.

The above condensed account is from the Declaration of Principles as given in the official organ of the Order for the Grand Commandery of Pennsylvania. C. Arthur Lutz, editor, of the "Illustrious Knight of Malta," covers in colors, office, No. 3 No. Water St., York, Penn. Monthly, 50 cents a year.

The Records of the Supreme Commandery, 18th annual session, for the Continent of America, show 234 Commanderies, with a total membership of almost 26,000.

RAJA YOGA. The word OM, or rightly rendered A-U-M is used by students of the occult who do not understand the potency of sound. It is claimed that there have been students who have used it to awaken the "Kundslini" (which is only the nerve system) and have been driven insane by the intense and rapid vibrations engendered by it.

It is not in merely pronouncing the word wherein resides potency — the sound, number, and color must be harmonious, and be directed by the awakened consciousness of the individual.

Every letter in the alphabet has its own sound, color, form, and number, darkness and light, silence and sound, positive and negative, the eternally concealed and manifested — in the first Cosmic Square from which has sprung the Universe.

THE MAN who never makes any mistakes never makes anything. Many chips, broken instruments, cuts and bruises, belong to the history of any statue. Persist, in spite of everything.

LA LUMO; EN MONTREALO, KANADO. This is the exponent of the new universal language "Espéranto." It is published monthly at 50 cents a year in the United States, and Canada. 5 francs for foreign. 79 St. Christopher Street, Montreal, Can.

Organo de la helpanta lingvo internacia "Espéranto."

This admirable language was created Dr. L. Zamenhof, of Varsovie, Russia. It was ready before the appearance of the now historical "Volapük" but was not launched simultaneously with it for various reasons, but was sent out on its mission after the former had been given a trial, and failed to fill the desired object. Therefore, "Espéranto" is not an imitation of "Volapük" as some "Volapükists" have claimed. Now the word "philology" is a strictly scientific word formed naturally. This word in Volapük is "pukas," but in Espéranto it is "filologio," and is easily understood by ordinary people. Those who have commenced to master Espéranto say it is wonderfully simple as compared to Volapük. We shall attack Espéranto at once and know for ourself. The root words and rules forming the new language are printed in each number (3 thus far published), and also three languages appear in LA LUMO, Espéranto, French, and English. The words seem to be easily and readily formed.

We have had a dozen, more or less, of universal languages, but somehow they have not taken root. We will name Bell's "Visible Speech," Andrews's "Alwato," Merton's "Visona," Brown's "Syntithology," Nystrom's "Tonal System," Madison's "Neosystema," Schleyer's "Volapük," and now let us try Zamenhof's "Espéranto."

ALPHABETICAL "AD." This alphabetical advertisement has been discovered in the London *Times* in 1842:

"To widows and single gentlemen — Wanted, by a lady, a situation to superintend the household and preside at table. She is Agreeable, Becoming, Careful, Desirable, English, Facetious. Generous, Honest, Industrious, Judicious, Keen, Lively, Merry, Natty, Obedient, Philosophical, Quiet, Regular, Sociable, Tasteful, Useful, Vivacious, Womanish, Xantippish, Youthful, Zealous etc. Adresse X Y Z, Simmons' Library, Edgeware Road." — *The Schoolmaster*.

BEN HUR'S HORSES. The names of Ben Hur's horses were the four stars of the first magnitude — Antares (in Scorpio), Altair (in Aquila), Aldeberan (in Taurus), and Rigel (in Orion).

AMERICAN RITE OF MASONRY. Bishop Samuel G. Ginner announces himself as Sov. Gr. Master of the World of the A. & A. American Rite of Masonry, taken from the Lost Ten Tribes — the Indian of our Forest — and a recent copyright taken out and duly entered with the Librarian of Congress. The first three degrees are given as follows :

First — Entered Carpenter's Apprentice, or Hunter.

Second — Fellowcraft Journeyman Carpenter and Builder, or Warrior.

Third — Master Carpenter and Builder, or Noble and Sublime Chief.

There are six classifications of degrees from 1 to 33, those above constituting the first. This Masonry is claimed to be founded on the Tabernacle constructed by Moses by divine command. His prospectus says that in the rites of the Indians the most holy name, it is hoped, is not lost. The 25th chapter of Exodus gives the instructions. When the Lost Ten Tribes wandered to the shores of the American continent they brought with them all the original truth spoken by Moses, says the historical sketch of the degrees.

Elias Boudinot, LL. D., is the author of the rare book now before us, which title-page is as follows : " A Star in the West, a Humble Attempt to Discover the Long Lost Ten Tribes of Israel." Trenton, N. J., 1816. " Who is wise, and he shall understand these things ? " — *Hosea*.

THE ALPHABET IN THE BIBLE. A. S. Ottey, Elkton, Md., it is stated, has read the Bible sufficiently to compute some curious results. Number of verses commences with the several letters of the alphabet as follows : A, 12,638 ; B, 2,207 ; C, 183 ; D, 17 ; E, 207 ; F, 1,797 ; G, 209 ; H, 1,164 ; I, 1,449 ; J, 158 ; K, 65 ; L, 411 ; M, 437 ; N, 961 ; O, 592 ; P, 149 ; Q, 4 ; R, 127 ; S, 1,088 ; T, 5,286 ; U, 83 ; V, 37 ; W, 1,396 ; X, none ; Y, 356 ; Z, 17.

THE QUINCUNX ORDER. In the battle of Metaurus it was used in its military sense. Webster refers to " five and ounce " for derivation, but does not give the military use of the word. Quincunx : a square, one at each corner with one in the center. Nero so placed his troops that he might get his front row of officers, or javelins, closer together. Sir Thomas Browne (1605-1682) has given a treatise on " The Quincunx." (See his collected works by Simon Wilkin.)

Boundary of the United States in 1784.

(From Isaiah Thomas's Almanack, 1785.)

From the source of St. Croix, these States to define,
 Due north to the Highlands first draw a right line ;
 Then westward along the said Highlands extend it,
 To south of what streams with St Lawrence are blended.
 Thus let it proceed, 'till it meet in its course,
 Connecticut river's north-westernmost source.
 Then down the said river, until it arrive
 At degrees of north latitude forty and five.
 Due west in a line, now its course it must take,
 And strike a great stream from Ontario's Lake.
 This bold, rapid stream Cataraqui they call,
 Which loses its name at the town Montreal.
 This line in its progress far westerly makes
 Through four very famous and fresh water lakes.
 These lakes with each other by straits are connected,
 All which by the line must be duly bisected;
 Ontario, Erie, an Huron, these name,
 And widespread Superiour west of the same.
 The last mentioned lake the said line passes through,
 To north of Isle Royale and Phillipeaux too.
 Proceeding still farther the same must be traced, [west.
 Through Long Lake and Wood's Lake, that lies to north-
 Still westward it goes, Mississippi to find ;
 Then down its great stream far to south let it wind ;
 To latitude thirty and one it extends ;
 Then leaving this river, to eastward it bends,
 Till Apalachicola meeting, it winds
 To the north — till the mouth of Flint river it finds ;
 Thence east, to the river St. Mary's they name,
 And winds, as it winds, to the mouth of the same.
 Next through the Atlantick, northeastward it goes,
 All isles sixty miles from the coast to enclose.
 The first named St. Croix now points out its course,
 From great Bay of Fundy to said river's course.

THE FRENCH NUMERALS. "LABAN" asks for the French
 numerals. Here they are : Une, deux, trois, quatre, cinq,
 six, sept, huit, neuf, dix.

THE MISSING RHYMES POEM. (Vol. XVII, p. 215, 1899; XVIII, p. 156.) At the time of the publishing of this poem the answer had been mislaid, and the answer by "ORLANDO" was published. This brought out some criticism (Vol. XX, p. 15.) About the first of March, this year, the answer came to light and we now give the fifth stanza complete :

He sold by inch, and sold by oka,
Sold plow and screw, sold type and loke,
Sold muslin for a lady's cloke.

All of these terminal words are found in Webster's Dictionary, although antiquated.

PLURALS. "ALANSON" sends us these words with their plurals: Syzygy, syzygies; coccyx, coccyxes; sphinx, sphinxes; phoenix, phoenixes; quincunx, quincunxes; phalanx, phalanges; Xerxes, Xerxeses.

He cites some plurals from White's "Life of Homer," chapter IX: three Kretheuses, two Phalarises, two Ascaniuses, two Æneases, two Musæuses, two Cingrases, two Neleuses, two Demodocuses, two Antilochuses, two Theocrituses, two Stephenuses, two Nonnuses, two Pemiuses, three Trophoniuses, two Tantaluses, two Lycuguses, six Pelasguses, twelve Herculeuses, eight Simonideses, and several Bacchuses. Really all these plurals are in White's work, and they will pass for a reading exercise as well as J. F. Ruggles's "Good Advice" in the last number of N. AND Q.

THOSE MASONIC VERBS. In answer to "A MASON" we will give them as used in this jurisdiction in the Blue Lodge, Chapter, and Commandery: 1. Entered, passed, raised; 2. Advanced, inducted, received and acknowledged, exalted; 3. Created, dubbed, knighted.

Alcibiades is said to have struck a schoolmaster who did not happen to have a copy of Homer in his house.

Being away a portion of February on account of the death of an only uncle, we sadly regret the several typographical errors occurring in the last numbers.

Lines To A Skull.

" Behold this ruin ! 'Twas a skull
 Once of ethereal spirit full !
 This narrow cell was life's retreat ;
 This space was thought's mysterious seat ;
 What beauteous pictures filled this spot !
 What dreams of pleasure long forgot !
 Nor love, nor joy, nor hope, nor fear,
 Has left one trace of record here.

" Beneath this mouldering canopy
 Once shone the bright and busy eye ;
 But start not at the dismal void ;
 If social love that eye employed,
 If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
 But through the dew of kindness beamed,
 That eye shall be forever bright.
 When stars and suns have lost their light.

" Here, in this silent cavern, hung
 The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue ;
 If falsehood's honey it disdained,
 And, where it could not praise, was chained,
 If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
 Yet gentle concord never broke,
 That tuneful tongue shall plead for thee
 When death unveils eternity,

" Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
 Or with its envied rubies shine ?
 To hue the rook or wear the gem,
 Can nothing now avail to them ;
 But if the page of Truth they sought,
 Or comfort to the mourner brought,
 These hands a richer meed shall claim,
 Than all that waits on wealth or fame.

" Awaits it, whether bare or shod,
 These feet the path of duty trod ?
 If from the bowers of joy they fled,
 To soothe affliction's humble bed,
 If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
 And home to virtue's lap returned,
 These feet with angel's wings shall vie,
 And tread the palace of the sky. — ANONYMOUS.

What of the heart that once did beat
 Within this casket so complete ?
 Was it of mild and tender hue,
 Supremely kind, yet firm and true ?
 Ready to prompt the cheereful hand
 To scatter blessings o'er the land ?
 If so, it rests in yonder skies
 Until this body shall arise.
 When, reunited, both shall dwell
 In bliss no mortal tongue can tell. — JOHN W. BROWN.

QUESTIONS.

1. How is the name Oronhyatekha pronounced? He is a Grand Master of Masons or Odd Fellows in Canada. O. P.

2. What is the proper feminine name for women ordained preachers? We have clergymen. Would it be clergywomen?
A. B. C.

3. Give the official meaning of the following positions as used in the publishing business in Paris: Censeur; editeur; redacteur; administrateur; proprietaire. EMMONS.

4. Give the rule for finding Easter so one can calculate the date for the future. J. B. H.

5. Where do we find the line, "May Homer live with all men forever"? NELSON.

6. Explain "the Harvest Moon," "the Hunter's Moon," "the honeymoon," etc. MUEMSUN.

7. Where is the smallest republic on the globe and how is it governed? CONSTANT READER.

8. What is the meaning of the word "Nychthemeron," used in connection with planetary influences? PALLAS.

9. Who wrote the book "Anthropometamorphosis," being a treatise on gormandizing? "Stridor dentium, Altum silentium, Stridor gentium." L. L. D.

10. Why is Leap Year called Bissextile or "six twice"? PHILO.

11. What author of arithmetics called the point between the whole number and the decimal "the separatrix," and why the feminine termination? UU.

12. Which sign of the Zodiac is said to have been lost, and a substitution made in its place? SIGMA.

13. We read in Matthew xxvi, 30, and Mark xiv, 26, that "When they had sung a hymn they went unto the Mount of Olives." Has that hymn or any portion of it been preserved in any apocryphal work or by any of the church fathers?

CHRISTOPHER.

Sketch of Dunbarton, N. H.

BY ELLA MILLS.

Dunbarton is a town "set upon a hill which cannot be hid." The highest point of land is on the farm of Benjamin Lord, north of the Center, and is 779 feet above the sea level. From that spot, and from many other places nearly as high, the views of hills and mountains are beautiful and grand beyond description.

The twin Uncanoonucs are near neighbors on the south, Monadnock, farther off on the south-west, and Kearsarge twenty miles to the north west. On the northern horizon are seen Mount Washington and other peaks of the White Mountains.

The longest hill in town is the mile-long Mills hill, and midway on its slope live descendants of Thomas Mills, one of the first settlers. Among other hills are Duncanowett, Hammond, Tenney, Grapevine, Harris, Legache, and Prospect Hills.

No rivers run through the town, but there are numerous brooks where trout fishing is pursued with more or less success.

No body of water is large enough to be called a lake, but Gorham Pond is a beautiful sheet of water and on its banks picnics are held. Stark's and Kimball's Ponds have furnished water power for mills, the latter, owned by Willie F. Paige, is still in use. Long Pond, in the south part of the town, was the scene of a tragedy in 1879, when Moses Merrill, an officer at the State Industrial School, Manchester, was drowned in an ineffectual attempt to save an inmate of that institution.

One portion of the south part of the town is called Skeeterboro, another Mountalona, so named by James Rogers, one of the first settlers, from the place in Ireland from whence he

came.¹ East of the Center is Guinea, so called because some negroes once lived there. The village of North Dunbarton is also called Page's Corner; and not far away to the eastward is a hill known as Onestack, because one large stack of hay stood there for many years. A brook bears the same name.

Those who know Dunbarton only in the present can hardly realize that 1450 people ever lived there at one time, but that was the census in 1820. The first census, taken 1767, was 271. In 1840 it was 1067; in 1890, only 523. The last census gave about 575.

The first settlement was made in 1740² by James Rogers and Joseph Putney on the land known as the "Great Meadows," now owned by James M. Bailey. They were driven away by the Indians for a time. A stone now marks the spot where stood the only apple tree spared by the Indians. Probably the first boy born in town belonged to one of these families. James Rogers was shot by Ebenezer Ayer, who mistook him in the dark for a bear, as he wore a bearskin coat. He was the father of Major Robert Rogers, celebrated as the leader of the ranger corps of the French and Indian wars.

About 1751 William Stinson, John Hogg, and Thomas Mills settled in the west part of the town. Sarah, daughter of Thomas Mills, was the first girl born in town. Her birthplace was a log cabin on the farm now owned by John C. and George F. Mills.

For fourteen years the town was called Starkstown in honor of Archibald Stark, one of the first land owners (though not a resident), and father of General John Stark. In 1765 the town was incorporated, and was named, with a slight change,

1. The early writers generally credited James Rogers with being of Scotch-Irish nativity, owing to the fact that he was confused with another person of the same name who lived in Londonderry. (See Drummond's "James Rogers of Dunbarton and James Rogers of Londonderry.") The Dunbarton Rogers was undoubtedly of English birth, in which case the term "Mountalona," or "Montelony," must have had some other derivation than that commonly ascribed to it. — EDITOR.

2. Probably 1739, and the Rogers family at least came from Massachusetts. This with the Putney or Pudney family seem to have been located in the winter of 1839-1840. — EDITOR.

for Dumbarton³ in Scotland near which place Stark and other emigrants had lived.

Dunbarton was one of the towns taken from Hillsborough County to form the County of Merrimack. Its centennial was duly celebrated and attended by a vast concourse of invited guests and towns people. A report of its proceedings was compiled by Rev. Sylvanus Hayward. Though small in area and population, Dunbarton occupies a large place in the hearts of its sons and daughters. However dear our adopted homes may become, we still feel that "whatever skies above us rise the hills, the hills are home."

At the centennial Rev. George A. Putnam paid a glowing tribute to his native town, saying : " Dunbarton is one of the most intelligent and best educated communities in New England. I think it will be hard to find another place where, in proportion to its population, so many young men have been liberally educated and have entered some of the learned professions, where so many young men and women have become first-class teachers of common schools. My own observation has been altogether in favor of Dunbarton in this particular. And it is clear as any historic fact the superior education of Dunbarton's children has been largely due to her religious institutions and Christian teachers."

That the town is also honored by her neighbors is shown by the following instances : Many years ago it was said that a Dartmouth student from an adjoining town, when asked from what town he came, answered : " From the town next to Dunbarton." Recently the chairman of the school board in Goffstown, in his annual report, compared the town favorably to Dunbarton with regard to the number of college graduates.

Very soon after the permanent settlement of the town, a committee was appointed to build a meeting-house at Dunbarton Center. It was finished previous to 1767, and stood in the middle of the common. Before that time it is related that

3. From Dumbritton, the ancient name given to a fort raised by the Brittons on the north bank of the Clyde in early times. — EDITOR.

" Mr. McGregor preached in the open air, on the spot now consecrated as the resting place of the dead." This first building was a low, frame structure, without pews, with seats of rough planks resting on chestnut logs, and a pulpit constructed of rough boards. It was replaced in about twenty years by the building now known as the Town House. This was used only for political purposes after the erection of the third church on the west side of the highway. '

About thirty years ago the interior of the old building was greatly changed, the upper part being made into a hall while the square pews were removed from the lower part, only the high pulpit remaining. A selectmen's room was finished in one corner, and in 1892, a room for the public library. The outside remains practically unchanged.

The Rocky Hill Church at Amesbury, Mass., much like this at Dunbarton, is still used in summer only. There is no way of warming it, and people of the present day would not endure the hardships their ancestors bore without a murmur. The third church was built in 1836 on the site of a dwelling house owned by William Stark; in 1884 it was remodelled, the pews modernized and the ceiling frescoed.

The vestry formerly stood on the opposite of the common and contained two rooms; prayer meetings were held in the lower room, while up stairs was the only hall in town. There were held the singing schools, and the lyceum of long ago; also several fall terms of high schools; among the teachers were Mark Bailey, William E. Buntin, and Henry M. Putney. More than twenty-five years ago the vestry was removed to its present location near the church and made more convenient and attractive.

For about nineteen years the church had no settled pastor. In 1789 Walter Harris was called, and was ordained August 26. He preached more than forty years. Every man in town was required to contribute to his support for a time until some of the other religious societies rebelled. The "History of Dunbarton" says: " Dr. Harris appropriated the proprietors' grant for the

first settled minister, and located himself on the ministerial lot. He also, by a vote of the town, obtained the use of the parsonage lot, with an addition of seventy pounds a year, one-half to be paid in cash, the other in corn and rye." His farm was in a beautiful location south of the center, and was afterwards owned for many years by the late Deacon John Paige; it is now the property of his son, Lewis Paige.

In respect to his farm, buildings, fences, Dr. Harris was a model for the town. Two men once working for him were trying to move a heavy log. He told them how to manage according to philosophy; finally one said: "Well, Dr. Harris, if you and your philosophy will take hold of that end of the log while Jim and I take this end, I think we can move it."

Dr. Harris was sometimes called the "Broad-axe and sledge-hammer of the New Hampshire ministry." He was a man of more than ordinary intellectual endowments, and graduated from Dartmouth College with high honors. Prof. Charles G. Burnham said in his address at the Centennial: "The influence of the life and preaching of Dr. Harris is manifest today in every department of your material prosperity, as well as upon the moral and religious character of the people, and will be for generations to come."

Dr. Harris was dismissed July 7, 1830, and died December 25, 1843. His successor, Rev. John M. Putnam, was installed the day Dr. Harris was dismissed; both were remarkable extemporaneous speakers. Mr. Putnam was called one of the best platform speakers in his profession in the State.

At the close of his pastorate he went to reside with his son at Yarmouth, Maine; he died in Elyria, Ohio, in 1871. He was dismissed the day his successor, Sylvanus Hayward, was ordained. Thus for more than 77 years the church was not for one day without a settled pastor. Mr. Hayward was born in Gilsum, N. H., and has written a history of his native town; he was dismissed April, 1866. His successors were Revs. George I. Bard, William E. Spear, who is now a lawyer in

Boston, and at present Secretary of the Spanish War Claim Commission, James Wells now deceased, Tilton C. H. Bouton, grandson of Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Bouton, for many years pastor of the North Church, Concord, N. H., George Sterling, Avery K. Gleason, and William A. Bushee. During Mr. Bouton's pastorate a parsonage was built in the north part of the village on land given by Deacon Daniel H. Parker.

The first deacons were chosen in 1790, and were James Clement and Edward Russell. Others were Samuel Burnham, David Alexander, John Church, Matthew S. McCurdy, John Wilson, John Mills, Samuel Burnham (a namesake of the first of the name), who with Daniel H. Parker served for many years. They were succeeded by Frederic L. Ireland and Frank C. Woodbury, the present incumbents.

Church discipline was very strict in ye olden time. What would the people of the present day think of being called to account for such a small matter as this? "A complaint was presented to the church by one brother against another for un-Christian-like behavior in suffering himself to be carried in a light and vain manner upon a man's shoulders to the length of a quarter of a mile. The church accepted the complaint, and summoned the brother before it. He appeared, confessed his fault and was pardoned."

Deacon McCurdy was noted for his strictness in keeping the Sabbath. No food could be cooked in the house on that day, and no work done at the barn except milking and feeding the stock. He once, however, mistook the day of the week, and took a grist to mill on Sunday, while his wife began the Saturday's baking. On arriving at the mill, he, of course, found it closed, and on going to the miller's house, he learned his mistake. He was so shocked that he would not leave his grist, but carried it back home.

The Baptist Church was organized in Mountalona in 1828. The first meeting house was built by Aaron Elliot, and Isaac Westcott was the first pastor. In the Spring of 1847 meetings were held at the Center; Rev. John W. Poland (since fa-

mous as the maker of "White Pine Compound") preached during that season. The next year a church was built.

The pastors were Revs. H. D. Hodges (who, with Rev. John Putnam, compiled a grammar), Samuel Cook, Horace Eaton, Jesse M. Coburn, Washington Coburn, John Peacock (as a supply), Stephen Pillsbury, Timothy B. Eastman, Elias Whittemore, Samuel Woodbury, Adoniram J. Hopkins, Dr. Lucien Hayden, J. J. Peck, Charles Willand, and the present incumbent, S. H. Buffam. This list may not be exactly correct. At intervals no services have been held. Nathaniel Wheeler, John O. Merrill and John Paige were deacons for many years. In 1899 the house was painted and otherwise improved.

The old house at Mountalona was used at times by the Baptists. Methodist services were also held there. It was burned about seventeen years ago.

A Universalist society was formed in 1830 by Nathan Gutter-son, Joshua F. Hoyt, Silas Burnham, Alexander Gilchrist and others and services were held in the old Congrega-tional Church. Rev. Nathan R. Wright preached here for four years and lived in a house near the late John C. Ray's which was burned about 30 years ago. It was afterwards known as the Hope house from Samuel B. Hope, one of the owners. Mr. Wright was the father of Hon. Carroll D. Wright who was born in 1840. The family removed from town when he was three years of age.

In 1864 or 1865 Episcopal Church services were held by clergymen from St. Paul's School in school houses in the west part of the town, afterwards in the Hope house. In the summer of 1866 the corner stone of the church was laid on land given by the Misses Stark. The money to build the church was collected by their grand neice, Miss Mary Stark, a devoted churchwoman, who died in 1881. The church is a lasting memorial of her. It is a beautiful building with a seating capacity of 110. The fine chancel window was given by the father of the Rector of St. Paul's School. The church was consecrated in 1868, and named the Church of St John the Evangelist. For about four-teen years the services were in charge of Rev. Joseph H. Coit,

the present rector of St. Paul's School. He was succeeded by Rev. Edward M. Parker, a master of the school, who with the assistance of Mr. William W. Flint, lay preacher, holds services in Dunbarton and East Weare. In 1890 the church was taken down and re-erected in North Dunbarton on land given by David Sargent south of the school-house, in front of a beautiful pine grove. A service of re-dedication was held december 15, 1890. Frank B. Mills was organist and leader of the singing with only a short interval until his removal from town in 1895. The organist at the present time is Miss Sara E. Perkins.

After the removal of the church, a brass tablet in memory of the Misses Harriet and Charlotte Stark was placed therein by Rev. Joseph H. Coit.

Dunbarton has had many fine musicians within her borders. Col. Samuel B. Hammond led the singing in the Congregational Church for a long term of years, resigning in 1875. The choir was formerly large and numbered among its members Mrs. Elizabeth (Whipple) Brown, her daughter, Mrs. Agnes French, Olive Caldwell, now Mrs. Morrill of Minnesota, the daughters of the late Deacon Parker, Mrs. Harris Wilson, Nathaniel T. Safford, William S. Twiss, and others.

Before the advent of the cabinet organ instrumental music was furnished by a double bass viol played by Harris Wilson, a single bass-viol played by Eben Kimball, a melodeon played by Andrew Twiss, and one or two violins. When the church was remodeled the organ and choir were removed from the gallery to a place beside the pulpit. Mrs. Mary (Wilson) Bunten is now organist. For several years a quartette, consisting of William S. Twiss, Frank B. Mills, Horace Caldwell, and Frederic L. Ireland sang most acceptably on many occasions, especially furnishing appropriate music at funerals, until the removal from town of Mr. Twiss in 1884. At various times signing schools were taught by Eben Kimball, Joseph C. Cram of Deerfield, "Uncle Ben" Davis of Concord, and at Page's Corner, by Frank B. Mills.

The first School houses in town were few and far between,

with no free transportation as practiced at the present time.

Hon. Albert S. Batchellor, of Littleton, in searching the columns of a file of old newspapers recently, came across the following which will be of interest to Dunbarton people :

"Dunbarton May ye 15, 1787.

We the subscribers Promise to pay to Mrs. Sarah Ayers Young three shillings per week for five Months to Teach school seven or Eight Hours Each Day Except Sunday & Saturday half a day, to be paid in Butter at half Pisterreen per lb. flax the same or Rie at 4 shillings, Corn at 3s. Each. Persons to pay their Proportion to what scollers they sign for Witness Our Hands. Thomas Hannette 2 Scollers Thomas Husfe 1 Jameson Calley 2 Andrew folter 1 John Bunton 3 John Fulton 2 "

Before 1805 Dunbarton had three school districts. The first house was at the Center. Rev. Abraham W. Burnham, of Rindge, in response to the toast, "Our Early Inhabitants," at the Centennial, said: "My brother Samuel, when so young that my mother was actually afraid the bears would catch him, walked two miles to school." This same boy was the first college graduate from town, in the class of 1795. Robert Hogg, called Master Hogg, was the first male teacher, and Sarah Clement the first female teacher.

Another teacher of the long ago was Master John Fulton, who lived on the farm now owned by John W. Farrar. In those days pupils often tried to secure a holiday by "barring out" the teacher on New Year's Day. More than once Master John Fulton found himself in this situation. On one occasion he went to one of the neighbors where he borrowed a tall white hat and a long white coat with several capes. Thus disguised he mounted a white horse and rode rapidly to the school house. The unsuspecting pupils rushed to the door, when, quick as thought, Master Fulton sprang from the horse, entered the school house and called the school to order. At another time, while teaching in a private house in Bow, finding himself "barred out," he entered a chamber window by a ladder, removed some loose boards from the floor (the house being unfinished) and descended among his astonished

pupils. Dr. Harris regularly visited the schools, and catechised the children; he prepared many young men for college and directed the theological studies of those fitting for the ministry.

Many clergymen of the town served on the school committee. Districts increased in number till there were eleven. In 1867 the town system was adopted, and the number of schools reduced to four or five. Notwithstanding the short terms, the long distances, and lack of text-books (now provided by the town), Dunbarton has produced many fine scholars, and has provided a large number of teachers for her own and other schools.

I think no family has furnished as many educated members as the Burnhams. A short time prior to 1775 Deacon Samuel Burnham came from Essex, Mass., to the south part of Dunbarton. Of his thirteen children, four sons graduated at Dartmouth College. In 1865 fourteen of his grand and great grand children were college graduates. Not all of them lived in Dunbarton, but Samuel's son, Bradford, and most of his children lived here. Henry Larcom, son of Bradford, was a successful teacher and land surveyor; he represented the town in the Legislature and was also State Senator. The last years of his life were passed in Manchester where he died in 1893. His son, Henry Eben, is a lawyer in Manchester, and was for a time Judge of Probate. He was born November 8, 1844, in the Dr. Harris house, and is an honored son of Dunbarton. He was elected United States Senator by the Legislature of 1901, for the term of six years and succeeded Senator William E. Chandler.

Hannah, eldest daughter of Bradford Burnham, married Samuel Burnham from Essex, Mass.; she died in November, 1901. Her two daughters were teachers for many years; the younger, Annie M., taught in Illinois and Oregon until recently. Two sons were college graduates, Josiah, at Amherst in 1867; William H., at Harvard in 1882. The latter is instructor in Clark University, Worcester, and a writer and lecturer of great ability. A daughter of his brother, Samuel G. Burnham of St. Louis, graduated from Washington University with high honors, ranking second in a class of eighty-two.

Three sons of Henry Putney were students at Dartmouth College, though the second son, Frank, did not graduate, leaving college to enter the army in 1861.

Thirty or more of the sons of Dunbarton graduated at Dartmouth College, while ten or twelve others took a partial course. John Gould, Jr., and Abel K. Wilson, died at college. Three graduated at Wabash College, Indiana, two at Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., and one each at Yale, Harvard, and Amherst Colleges, and Brown University. It is said that at one time there were more students from Dunbarton in Dartmouth College than from any other town in the State.

There have been several graduates from Normal Schools, Ralph Ireland and Ethel Jameson from the school at Bridgewater, Mass. The former is now teaching in Gloucester, Mass., and the latter in Boston, Mass. Ella and Leannette L. Mills (the latter the daughter of Leroy R. Mills), graduated from the school at Salem, Mass. Lydia Marshall, now holding a government position in Washington, D. C., Mary Caldwell (now Mrs. Aaron C. Barnard), and Lizzie Bunten (now Mrs. James P. Tuttle, of Manchester), took a partial or whole course at the school at Plymouth, N. H. Louise Parker and Mary A. Stinson graduated at Kimball Academy, Meriden, N. H. Many others have been students at McCollom Institute, Mount Vernon, Pembroke, and other academies, and several have taken the course at the Concord High School. Among the teachers of the long ago may be named Antoinette Putnam, Lizzie and Ann Burnham, Jane Stinson, Nancy Stinson, Sarah and Marianne Parker, and Susan and Margaret Holmes. The list is too long for further mention.

Among college graduates who made teaching their life work were William Parker, who died in Winchester, Illinois, in 1865; Caleb Mills, who was connected with Wabash College, Indiana, from 1833 until his death in 1879. He was greatly interested in the cause of education, and was known as the father of public schools in Indiana; Joseph Gibson Hoyt, who was called the most brilliant son Dunbarton ever educated; he taught sev-

eral years in Phillips Academy, Exeter, and was Chancellor of Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri, taking charge February 4, 1859; inaugurated October 4, 1859; died November 26, 1862; Charles G. Burnham, orator at the Centennial, in 1865, who died in Montgomery, Alabama, in 1866; Mark Bailey, who has taught elocution at Yale since 1855, besides spending some weeks of each year in former times at Dartmouth, Princeton, and other places. Samuel Burnham, the first graduate, should have been mentioned earlier. He was principal of the academy at Derry for many years; William E. Bunten taught in Atkinson, N. H., Marblehead, Mass., and in New York, where he died in 1897; Matthew S. McCurdy, grandson and namesake of Deacon McCurdy, is instructor at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass. Although not a college student, John, brother of Thomas and James F. Mills, spent many years in teaching in Ohio and West Virginia; he died in 1879. Among those who have been both teachers and journalists are Amos Hadley of Concord, Henry M. Putney, now on the editorial staff of the Manchester *Daily and Weekly Mirror*; William A. (brother of Henry M.) who died some years ago in Fairmount, Nebraska; and John B. Mills, now at Grand Rapids, Michigan. George H. Twiss, of Columbus, Ohio, has been a teacher, superintendent of schools, and proprietor of a bookstore.

Of the native clergymen, Leonard S. Parker is probably the oldest now living. He has held several pastorates, and is now assistant pastor of the Shepard Memorial Church, Cambridge, Mass. One of the early college graduates was Isaac Garvin, son of Sam Garvin, whose name was a by-word among his neighbors; "as shiftless as Sam Garvin" was a common saying. Isaac obtained his education under difficulties which would have discouraged most men, and at first even Dr. Harris thinking it not worth while to help him. He probably studied divinity with Dr. Harris, and was ordained in the Congregational Church, but late in life took orders in the Episcopal Church in New York. There were two Rev. Abraham Burnhams, uncle and nephew, and Rev. Amos W. Burnham, whose

only pastorate was Rindge where he preached forty-six years. Thomas Jameson held pastorates in Scarborough and Gorham, Maine ; he was blind during his last years. Charles H. Marshall preached in various places in Indiana, and died nearly thirty years ago. Ephraim O. Jameson held several pastorates ; he is now retired and living in Boston. He has compiled several genealogies and town histories. Rev. George A. Putnam, son of the second pastor of the church in Dunbarton, preached for several years in Yarmouth, Maine, then went to Millbury, Mass., in 1871, where he still resides — an unusually long pastorate in these times. John P. Mills is preaching in Michigan.

Of the native Baptist ministers were Hosea Wheeler, Harrison C. Page, who died at Newton Theological Seminary just before the completion of his course, and who gave promise of great ability; and the brothers Joel and Christie Wheeler who entered the ministry without a collegiate education, and both preached in Illinois.

Though the people of Dunbarton are too peaceable and honest to need the services of a lawyer, at least a dozen young men entered the legal profession. One of the earliest college graduates, Jeremiah Stinson, having studied law, opened an office in his native town, but devoted the most of his time to agriculture. He met with an accidental death at the age of thirty-six years. Among those who continued to practice law were John Burnham in Hillsborough, John Jameson in Maine, John Tenney in Methuen, Mass., Judge Joseph M. Cavis in California, David B. Kimball in Salem, Mass., Newton H. Wilson in Duluth, Minn., and Henry E. Burnham in Manchester. Only the three last named are now living.

The people of Dunbarton are proud of the fact that there has been no resident physician in town for more than forty years. The last, a Dr. Gilson, was here for a short time only. Dr. Dugall was probably the first ; while others were Doctors Symmes Sawyer, Clement, Mighill, Stearns, and Merrill.

True Morse was a seventh son ; so was Rev. Mr. Putnam, but he refused to use his supposed powers. Among the native

physicians were Abram B. Story, who died not long since in Manchester, William Ryder, John L. Colby, Gilman Leach, David P. Goodhue, a surgeon in the Navy, John and Charles Mills. The two last named practiced in Champaign, Illinois, and were living there when last heard from. William Caldwell is well remembered as a veterinary surgeon.

Of dentists we may name John B. Prescott, D. D. S., of Manchester, a graduate of Pennsylvania Dental College, and the late Dr. Edward Ryder of Portsmouth.

Notwithstanding this exodus of professional men and others, many good and wise men made the place their home. Deacon John Mills was town treasurer for thirty-five years, selectman twenty-two years, and representative eight years. He built the house afterwards owned by his son-in-law, Deacon Daniel H. Parker, who was also a good citizen; as Justice of the Peace, he transacted much law business and settled many estates; he held many town offices, was a thrifty farmer, and accumulated a large fortune.

Henry Putney, of the fourth generation from the first settler of that name, was another strong man, who with Deacon Parker and Eliphalet Sargent formed a board of selectmen in the troubled times of the Civil War, that did good service for the town. His only daughter is the wife of Nahum J. Bachelder, secretary of State Board of Agriculture. He had six sons, five of whom are now living.

The name of Oliver Bailey has been known in town for several generations. The present representative of that name is one of the elder men of the town, a thrifty farmer, and was formerly in company with his son, George O. Bailey, a cattle dealer on a large scale. His brother, James M. Bailey, still owns part of the paternal acres. Their father, Oliver Bailey, removed late in life, to Bow Mills, where he died in 1889. John C. Ray owned a beautiful home in the west part of the town; he was superintendent of the State Industrial School in Manchester for about twenty-five years before his death in 1898.

The brothers, Captain Charles and William C. Stinson, were

wealthy farmers in the south part of the town ; the former removed to Goffstown, and his farm is owned by Philander Lord. The house is probably one of the oldest in town. The last years of William C. Stinson were spent in Manchester. Harris E. Ryder was the first Master of Stark Grange which was organized in October, 1874. His buildings were burned in 1875, and not long afterwards he located in Bedford, where he died. His brother, Charles G. B. Ryder, served on the school committee for several years. He removed to Manchester many years ago and was engaged in the real estate business for many years ; he died there several years ago. The buildings on his farm were burned in July, 1899.

Major Caleb, son of General John Stark, built a house in the west part of the town which is still owned by the family and is filled with interesting relics. His son, Caleb, was the author of the " History of Dunbarton," published in 1860. He and two unmarried sisters spent much time here, the last survivor, Miss Charlotte, dying in 1889, aged about ninety years. She was a fine specimen of the old time gentlewoman, much given to hospitality. The place is now owned in part by her grand nephew, Charles F. M. Stark, a descendant on the mother's side from Robert Morris, the great financier of Revolutionary times. His only son, John McNiel Stark, graduated from Holderness School, June, 1900. The Stark cemetery is a beautiful and well kept resting-place of the dead. Besides Stark, the names of Winslow, Newell, and McKinsty are seen on the headstones. Benjamin Marshall, and his son, Enoch, were prominent men in town. Many other names should be mentioned, but space forbids.

The daughters of Dunbarton are not less worthy of mention than her sons. Some of the teachers have already been mentioned. Another was Marianne, sister of Deacon Parker, who married a Doctor Dascomb and went with him to Oberlin, Ohio, where he became professor of chemistry in Oberlin College. She was lady principal. It was said that there were two saints in the Oberlin calendar, President Finney and Mrs. Dascomb.

Three of her sisters married ministers. Ann married Rev. Isaac Bird, and went with him to Turkey as a missionary ; and Emily married Rev. James Kimball of Oakham, Mass. ; and Martha, Rev. Thomas Tenney ; one of her daughters is the wife of the late Rev. Cyrus Hamlin. Two of Deacon Parker's daughters are the wives of ministers. Louise is Mrs. Lucien H. Frary of Pomona, California, and Abby is Mrs. John L. R. Trask of Springfield, Mass. Dr. Trask has been for many years trustee of Mt. Holyoke College.

Mary, daughter of Deacon John Mills, married Rev. Mr. William Patrick of Boscawen ; Dr. Mary Mills Patrick, President of the American College for Girl sat Constantinople, is her step-daughter and namesake. Sarah, daughter of Benjamin Marshall, married Caleb Mills who studied theology, though his life work was teaching. Mary F., daughter of Deacon John Paige, married Rev. David Webster, now of Lebanon, Maine. Mary L., daughter of John Kimball of Milford, formerly of Dunbarton, has been for more than ten years the wife of Rev. Arthur Remington, now in Philadelphia. Perhaps the latest addition to the list is Hannah C., eldest daughter of Horace Caldwell, who, January, 1899, married Rev. Avery A. K. Gleason, then pastor of the Congregational Church in Dunbarton, now Raynham, Mass..

Mary A. daughter of Captain Charles Stinson, married Charles A. Pillsbury, known as the flour king of Minneapolis, who died more than a year ago.

Though the rough and rocky soil is poorly adapted to cultivation, Dunbarton is, and always has been, emphatically a farming town. Yet a long list of mechanics might be given. Carpenters, blacksmiths, painters and masons still ply their trades, but the mill wrights, shoemakers, tanners, coopers, tailors, tailoresses, and pump makers are people of the past. Less than fifty years ago a tannery was in operation at the place owned by Benjamin Fitts, and a good sized pond covered the space opposite the house of Justus Lord. It was used on several occasions by the Baptists as a place of immersion.

William Tenney was the carpenter who built the town hall; Captain Samuel Kimball, the present Congregational Church, and many dwelling-houses. Others were the work of John Leach. The man now living who has done more of this work than any other is John D. Bunten, whose work has always been done in a thorough manner.

The stone blacksmith shop of Jonathan Waite has been used by three generations, now only for the family work. John B. Ireland still uses the shop of his father, while Lauren P. Hadley's specialty is iron work on wagons. During the past few years much timber has been removed by the aid of portable steam mills.

The first store in town was kept by Major Caleb Stark at Page's Corner. He had several successors, among them being Jeremiah Page and John Kimball. At the Center I find, in the "History of Dunbarton," a long list of store-keepers, among whom was David Tenney, one of whose ledgers is still preserved, where the entries of New England rum sold to the most respectable citizens are as numerous as tea and coffee now-a-days.

Deacon Burnham kept the store for many years, and later Thomas Wilson and his son Oliver kept the store. The latter also did considerable business as a photographer for a time. His son-in-law, John Bunten, is the present proprietor of the store. The business has increased greatly with the sending out of teams to take orders and deliver goods in various parts of the town.

Among the successful business men who have left town may be named Lyman W. Colby, who was a successful photographer in Manchester for more than thirty years, and whose recent sudden death is greatly to be deplored by his many friends; John C. Stinson, a merchant of Gloucester, N. J.; Samuel G. Burnham of St. Louis, Missouri; and the late Fred D. Sargent, owner of a restaurant in St. Paul, Minn., where he furnished meals to 500 people daily, and to many more on extra occasions. He had also a branch establishment at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, of

which his brother, Frank H. Sargent is manager. For several years a newspaper was published by Oscar H. A. Chamberlen, called *The Snow-Flake*, afterwards *The Analecta*.

The first library in town was kept at the house of Benjamin Whipple, and was called the Dunbarton Social Library. Some of the books are still preserved. A parish library, containing many valuable works, was collected by Miss Mary Stark, and was for many years the source of pleasure and profit to the attendants at St. John's Church. Some years after her death the books were given to a Library Association, formed at the Center, which in turn was merged with the Public Library, founded in 1892, of which Miss Hannah K. Caldwell was, till her marriage, the efficient librarian. The position is now filled by Mabel Kelly. A library is also owned by Stark Grange.

For the past thirty years or more, many summer boarders have come to Dunbarton. The houses of James M. Bailey, William B. Burnham, and Peter Butterfield, were well filled for several years, while at many other places some people were accommodated. At the present time two houses at the Center, owned by Henry P. Kelly, are filled every summer; also the house of Frank C. Woodbury, the former home of Deacon Parker on the "hill beautiful," where "glorious golden summers wax and wane, where radiant autumns all their splendors shed."

The pure air of Dunbarton seems to be conducive to long life. Two citizens passed the century mark. Mrs. Joseph Leach died in 1849, aged 102 years, 9 months. Mrs. Achsah P. (Tenney) Whipple lived to the age of 100 years, 9 months. Her centennial birthday was celebrated June 28, 1886, by a large gathering of relatives and friends. Her only daughter married Joseph A. Gilmore, for many years Superintendent of the Concord Railroad, and also Governor of New Hampshire. Her grand daughter was the first wife of Hon. William E. Chandler, who, doubtless, has pleasant recollections of his visits to his betrothed at the home of her grandparents.

Among the residents of the town who attained the age of 90 years or more were Mrs. Mary Story, 98 years, 4 months, 12

days ; Mrs. Ann C., widow of Deacon John Wilson, 98 years ; Deacon John Church, 97 years ; Mrs. Abigail (Burnham) Ireland, 94 years ; There were several others whose ages I do not know. Mr. and Mrs. Guild, near the Bow line, I think were over 90 years. Many have passed the age of 80 years. Deacon Samuel Burnham is now 88 years ; he and his wife lived together more than 63 years. Mr. and Mrs. James Stone lived together more than 65 years. Mrs. Stone survived her husband only a few weeks. Colonel Samuel B. Hammond and wife celebrated their golden wedding in 1892.

Stark Grange is the only secret society in town, though some individuals belong to societies in adjoining towns. The membership of Stark Grange is about ninety.

The patriotism of the town has always been unquestioned.

Dunbarton has sent her sons to battle for the right in every war. Seventeen men took part in the French and Indian War, including Major Robert Rogers, and other men by the names of Rogers, Stark, McCurdy, and others.

In the Revolutionary Army were fifty-seven from Dunbarton, including the brothers John and Thomas Mills, William Beard, and others. Caleb Stark, afterwards a resident, though very young, was with his father at Bunker Hill.

Henry L. Burnham used to tell a story of a cave on the farm which was his home for many years (now owned by John Haynes) which once sheltered a deserter from the Revolutionary Army. The man afterwards went to the northern part of the State, and at the very hour of his death, during a heavy thunder shower, the entrance to the cave was closed so completely that the most diligent search has failed to discover any trace of it.

In the war of 1812, eleven enlisted, and twelve were drafted. Probably Benjamin Bailey was the last survivor. Among those who went to the Mexican War were Benjamin Whipple and Charles G. Clement.

Dunbarton sent more than fifty men to the Civil War ; several sent substitutes. To three men were given captain's com-

missions, namely, William E. Buntin, Henry M. Caldwell, who died of fever in Falmouth, Va., in 1862, and Andrew J. Stone, who was killed at the Battle of the Wilderness in 1864. Marcus M. Holmes returned a lieutenant and Horace Caldwell was orderly sargeant ; Wilbur F. Brown died of starvation at Andersonville, and Benjamin Twiss narrowly escaped a like fate at Libby Prison. He was suffocated in a mine in the Far West not very long ago.

Two young men went to the Spanish-American War who were born in Dunbarton, and had lived here the larger part of their lives, namely, William J. Sawyer, who enlisted in the New Hampshire Regiment from Concord, and Fred H. Mills, who enlisted at Marlboro, Mass., in the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment. He died in Goffstown, June 26, 1900, of disease contracted in the army.

No railroad touches the town, and probably never will, but an electric car route over the hill has been prophesied.

The mail has always come by way of Concord, and the carrier's wagon has furnished transportation for many people. Hon William E. Chandler drove the mail wagon for a time some fifty years ago. The postoffice was first established in 1817, at the Center ; another at North Dunbarton in 1834 ; a third at East Dunbarton in 1883. In 1899 the free rural delivery system was adopted, giving general satisfaction to the residents.

I have written chiefly of the past history of the town, but I think I may say that the people of the presentday are endeavoring to maintain as good a reputation as their ancestors.

SERMON ON THE DEATH OF MRS. HELENA M. TREAT. Rev. Jonathan Curtis preached a sermon at Pittsfield, N. H., August 26, 1845, on the death of Mrs. Helena M. Treat. which sermon was printed by request, at Concord, 1846. 8vo., pp. 11. Her husband Samuel Treat was an officer at Fort Independence, in Boston harbor. Her father, in France, was a friend of General Lafayette, and came to America during the Revolutionary war. When Mrs. Treat was a child Lafayette used to dangle her on his knee and carry her in his arms. He visited her at Pittsfield, N. H., when in this country.

J. W. M.

NOTES AND QUERIES

AND HISTORIC MAGAZINE.

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Curious Things in Robinson Crusoe.

D. C. Heath & Company are publishing a new edition of "Robinson Crusoe" for school use. The Rev. Edward Everett Hale contributes an introduction, in which he calls attention to some quaint and curious features in connection with the book which have not hitherto been pointed out. He says :

" Readers who are curious in English history must not fail to observe that Robinson Crusoe was shipwrecked in his island the 30th of September, 1659. It was in that month that the English commonwealth ended, and Richard Cromwell left the palace at Whitehall. Robinson lived in this island home for twenty eight years. These twenty-eight years covered the exact period of the second Stuart reign in England. Robinson Crusoe returned to England in June, 1687; the convention Parliament, which established William III, met in London at the same time. All this could not be an accidental coincidence. Defoe must have meant that the ' True born Englishman ' could not live in England during the years that the Stuarts reigned. Robinson Crusoe was a ruler himself on his own island, and was never the subject of Charles II or James II. He was not a ' man without a country,' because he had a little country of his own; but he was a man in a country where there was no king but himself."

A Fast Day Pilgrimage.

BY FREDERICK W. BATCHELDER.

When that Aprille with his showres swoote
The drought of March had perced to the roote—

(After Chaucer)

That is to say, on the 17th of April, 1902, "four solitary pedestrians" (after G. P. R. James) might have been seen, provided any one had thought them worth looking at, wending their way toward Goffstown hills and the secret shrine of St. Viola. They were armed with tin boxes and field glasses and note-books and various other paraphernalia of scientific investigation, not omitting the very essential adjunct of lunch. It may as well be stated at the outset that two of the four were ornithologists and two botanists. This is a perilous combination in most circumstances. When it occurs in the same person the result is bad enough. If his eyes are set at the ornithological angle, a trifle above the horizontal, the botanist misses his aim. If they are set at a botanical angle, which is usually about thirty degrees below the horizontal, the ornithologist is similarly baffled. With a party the outcome is simply disastrous, at any rate to the botanists. The ornithological side of the scale goes down with a bang the moment a bird appears. But the particular combination on this occasion was an ideal one, two against two and each pair dead set on their own loves. There is magic in the number four. As for pairs, you may make six of them, A and B, A and C, A and D, B and C, B and D, C and D; and you may make three sets of double pairs, A B against C D, A C against B D, and A D against B C. As a matter of fact, all these combinations were effected at times. When real work was to be done the original pairs came together at once, the bird-loving pair to chase over fence

and pasture with field-glass, the plant-loving pair to ply jackknife and pocket lens.

Why is it that botanists are usually so lonesome? Why are birds so much more attractive to most people than plants? I suppose the reason must be that birds seem to have so much more life. This little brown creeper, poking his way up the great elm tree, and when he has got to the top dropping to the base again and resuming his endless journeyings, he is certainly an object of intense interest. We love to watch him, earning his living by patience and industry, and we admire the result of natural selection in his protective coloration. We can scarcely distinguish his little form from the elm bark, except when it happens to be projected against the green background of a lichen. In the field close by are yellow palm warblers, incessantly flirting their tails. High up in air, floating rather than flying, is a red-shouldered hawk. If he is hungry and wants to catch his dinner, why does he scream so and scare the little birds away?

Yes, the creeper and the warbler and the hawk are full of life. But so are the plants, the trees and the grasses and all the tribe of rooted things, feeding on earth and also clothing its nakedness with robes of beauty. Did you ever think what this world of ours would be without plants? It would be either a boundless desert or a boundless sea. What makes the landscape? The mountains and plains and valleys are, so far as man is concerned, frames to hang vegetation on. Even on this early spring day, while most of the foliage is yet undeveloped, it is plants that give color to the picture. In the meadows and pastures the root leaves of the grasses are already vivid in hue; the grain-fields are yellow-brown with the stubble of last year's crop; the swamps glow with the scarlet flowers of the red maple, more brilliant on those trees on which the later maturing female blossoms predominate. Plants even give color to

the brooks which are hurrying with all their might to carry off the surplus water from the woods and the lowlands. Even the stagnant pools have taken on a spring tint from the algæ and other water plants which have chosen them for a habitat. The evergreen trees heighten the picture with their sombre shades, and the round blue dome of the sky frames the whole.

The roads are somewhat dusty, and the four by and by turn into a field and strike out in the direction of a certain hill, whereon is hidden the shrine of St. Viola. The way has to be forced through thickets of bushes and brambles. The ground is thickly strewn with dried leaves. All at once an exclamation from one of the ladies—for we were two and two—"Did you ever see anything so beautiful!" And there, springing up through the brown mantle, were clumps of flowers in full bloom, in color varying from white through pink to light and dark rich purple and even to blue. This is the first and perhaps the most beautiful of our spring flowers, the liver-leaf, *Hepatica triloba*. The leaves are long petioled, have three rounded lobes, and some of them are of the peculiar hue which has given them their common name. The flowers are on slender scapes which are covered with white hairs. These hairs are sometimes so numerous and so white as to give the plant the aspect of having been sprinkled with powdered hellebore. For a short time A, B, C and D are all botanists. After the labor of collecting specimens is over, a sunny spot on the west side of a slope—the wind being east—is chosen and lunch is served to the music of the pines. The scent of the sweet fern is in the air, and for a second course we hunt these plants over for the little cylinders of female flowers with the exquisitely tinted purple stigmas projecting from the scales. It is rather early in the season for them, and careful search on more than a hundred plants yields only four specimens. There is a meadow to cross

and a hill to climb before we can reach the shrine of St. Viola. So on we go, while the phœbes and the bluebirds and the woodpeckers and the nuthatches try to charm us back. Their efforts are in vain, and finally we come to the sacred spot. The rocky slope of the hill is clad with birches, maples and beeches. At the base is a wet, mossy run. All along this run and far up the hill are hepaticas in abundance, just coming into flower. One of the party strays away from the other three and seems to be looking the ground over very closely. Perhaps he sometime lost his jackknife here. That is an accident which frequently happens to the like of him. A botanist needs to have his knife tied to him with a string. Presently he springs up, shouting, "Here she is, here she is, St. Viola!" And to be sure, there she is, and all fall on their knees at her shrine! In fact, you have to get on your knees if you would come near her. Like Portia, she may say, "Now am I great because I am so small." A tiny glint of bright yellow—that is her blossom, not more than two inches above the dead leaves. Her own leaves are roundish, with crumpled edges, and not more than an inch long at present. The flowers, as they grow older, will turn pale yellow, and when they are gone the leaves will begin to enlarge until they are at least quadrupled in size, and, what is queerer still, they will hug the ground so closely that some force will be required to detach them from it. The aspect of the plant in summer is so changed that a person unacquainted with it would not suspect it to be of the same species as that he saw in the spring.

We, the worshippers, are wondering what may be the meaning of this strange behavior and speculating as to what may be its significance in the schemes of evolution and natural selection, when our attention is arrested by a faint, far-away voice, like a telephonic message from the planet Mars. While we listen intently, the spirit of the flower whispers to us

THE LEGEND OF SAINT VIOLA.

"I was the favorite flower of the holy maid Viola, who, long, long ago, lived in a northern country. Every spring, when the sun began to melt the snow in the bare woods, the maid would come to seek me when first I peeped out from under the brown leaves, and when she had found me she would thank God for giving me beauty and for bestowing upon her the power of loving Him and all the beautiful things he had made. Now Viola had devoted herself to the service of Christ, and had faith that she could complete the conversion of her people to His religion, for the king and nobles were worshippers of the old gods. And first of all she desired to found a monastery. But she was of humble origin and possessed no land. So she besought the king for a tract of land suited to her purpose. Then the king laughed her to scorn, saying, 'You shall have just so much land as you can cover with your silken mantle, and no more;' meaning thereby only enough in which to dig her grave. Then the maid prayed to God for help; and when she had done praying she cast her mantle upon the ground. Then the king's servants, with jest and taunt, began to spread it out, when, lo! fold after fold opened until rood on rood of ground was covered with the silken sheen. The king and nobles looked on in terrified amazement; and when at last the mantle was fully outspread they fell on their knees, exclaiming, 'A miracle! a miracle! Truly, the maiden's god is greater than our gods, and henceforth we will worship none but him.'" So all the people from that day forsook their idols and served the One God and His Christ, and the holy maid Viola became the first abbess of the monastery and lived to rule it many years.

It is in token of this miracle that my leaves keep on growing and growing until they cover all the ground about me."

Perhaps not a very scientific explanation of the habit of *Viola rotundifolia*, the early yellow violet ; but it may answer until we find a better one ! And the pilgrims, resolving themselves into their original combination, wend their way homeward, better and happier, if not wiser, for the whispered legend of Saint Viola. — *Nature Study*.

A Perpendicular Axis.

Result of a perpendicular axis to the Earth. It is well known that the four seasons are the result of the inclination of the Earth's axis, together with the Earth's annual revolution around the Sun.

Now, in about 125,826 years subsequent to the present time, the Earth's axes will have become perpendicular to the plane of her orbit ; and, as a sequence, these four seasons will have failed, and with them seedtime, too, shall have passed away, but not for ever.

The days and nights will have become equal in length from pole to pole ; summer and winter, as such, will have departed ; and men will neither plow, nor sow, nor reap. Perennial summer will reign the year around from the equator to about 60° or 70° north and south latitudes : within this *area*, the spontaneous natural production of Earth in shape of esculents and fruits will be so abundant, that man will have but to reach forth, pluck, and eat, and thereby satisfy all his physical wants.

Then the apple tree and apricot will have become like unto the olive and the orange, whence the flower, the green and ripe fruit, may be gathered every day in the year.

In that day, man will have become less carnivorous than at present. Animal food will not be one of his necessities. The fruits will have become more assimilated to meats. Man and his necessities, and the source of supply, will still and ever be in harmony ; and man will have so increased in numbers as to require all Earth's productions for his own substance. In that day, man alone of all mammals will inhabit the Earth : all others shall have passed away.

But, beyond the latitudes 60° or 70° north and south, the temperature will have fallen so low, that no vegetation can grow. A dearth of all save hoary winter will reign toward and around the poles, and ice will become mountainous in those regions. — *Cosmology*, by George M. Ramsay, M. D. Boston, 1873.

ANCIENT OF DAYS AND FOUR AND TWENTY ELDERS. (Vol XX, p. 40). Professing to be only a student and not familiar with "arcane matters," I venture my judgment in regard to the questions of "HERMES." The book of *Danuel* was evidently compiled in the days of the Makkabees, when the Canon was put together. It outlines the times of Antiochus IV—Epiphanes who is depicted in chapter ix as "the little horn." There were "Fifth Monarchy Men" then, as in the time of Oliver Cromwell. They looked for a "kingdom" of the God of heaven, the *ATHIK YOMIM* — Ancient of Days, or One from Everlasting — a kingdom which shall not be destroyed. Any one familiar with Oriental expressions is aware of their exuberance and abundant hyperbole. The Hasmonean priest-kings evidently contemplated the subjecting of all dominions under "the whole heaven," clear to Arabia, Armenia, Egypt, and the Euphrates, till Herod and the Romans put an end to the dream.

The "four-and-twenty elders," the Senators of the Apocalypse, are apparently symbolic beings of the Oriental Pantheon. The four beasts are plainly identical with the kerebs or cherubim of the ancients, depicted as sphinxes in the book of Ezekiel, with the Ancient of Days, *Zervane Akerene* or Boundless Time over them. If the number of elders had been twelve, we would have identified them with the angels of the twelve zodiacal houses. It may be they denote twelve pairs of holy ones; or the twelve apostles or spiritual princes of the twelve tribes of Israel. The book abounds with Mithraic and Assyrian imagery.

A. WILDER, M. D.

Mosaic Stanzas.

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
And heaven's vast thunder shakes the world below,
We find a little isle — this life of man,
Laugh when you must — be candid when you can.

Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,
When the loud thunders rock the sounding shore;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Man never is, but always to be blest.

Silence how dread! and darkness how profound!
Let fall the curtain — wheel the sofa round —
The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
He stole her slipper — filled it with Tokay.

- Syphax ! I joy to meet thee thus alone,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
Where'er I roam, whatever lands to see,
Nor on the lawn, nor at the brook was he.

Oh ! happy peasant ! Oh ! unhappy bard !
Then tell me not that woman's lot is hard ;
My daughter — once the comfort of my age —
With the dear love I have to fair Ann Page.

The squirrel, Flippant, pert and full of play,
Live while you live, the epicure would say ;
One truth is clear, whatever is, is right ;
Better, quoth he, to be half choked than quite.

Sweet Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain !
He shrieked and scrambled, but 'twas all in vain ;
Laymen have leave to dance when parsons play,
With aspen bows, and flowers, and fennel gay.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man !
In every clime from Lapland to Japan.
I'll leave this wicked world and climb a tree,
In maiden meditation fancy free.

'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat
(Although, thank heaven, I never boil my meat),
To fix one spark of beauteous heavenly ray,
Let Hercules himself do what he may.

With few associates, and not wishing more,
Let those laugh now that never laughed before ;
The good we seldom miss we rarely prize,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise.

The waves o'ertake them in their serious play,
Far as the solar walk, or milky way.
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
'Tis true, 'tis pity, an' pity 'tis, 'tis true.

Lo ! the poor Indian " whose untutored mind —
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined ;
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.

The Important Eras of Chronology.

Grecian Mundaue Era,	Sept. 1, B. C.,	5598
Civil Era of Constantinople,	Sept. 1, " "	5508
Alexandrian Era,	Aug. 26, " "	5502
Julian Period,	Jan. 1, " "	4713
Mundane Era,	Oct. 1, " "	4008
Jewish Mundane Era,	Oct. 1, " "	3761
Chinese Era of Tcheou,	" "	2277
Era of Abraham,	Oct. 1, " "	2015
Era of the Fall of Troy,	April 24, " "	1184
Era of the Olympiads,	July 1, " "	776
Era of Nabonazzar,	Feb. 26, " "	747
Roman Era (A. U. C.),	April 24, " "	753
Calippic Cycle,	" "	330
Metonic Cycle,	July 15, " "	432
Grecian or Syro-Macedonian Era,	Sept. 1, " "	312
Era of Ptolemy,	" "	305
Era of the Maccabees,	Nov. 24, " "	166
Tyrian Era,	Oct. 19, " "	125
Sidonian Era,	Oct. 1, " "	110
Julian Year,	Jan. 1, " "	45
Spanish Era,	Jan. 1, " "	38
Augustan Era,	Feb. 14, " "	27
Sivarthan Era (Arthur Merton),	" "	4356
Sivarthan Era of the Exodus (Arthur Merton),	" "	1586
Era of Buddha ("Light of Dharma"),	" "	503
A. D.		
Christian Era,	Jan. 1, .	1
Destruction of Jerusalem,	Sept. 1, .	69
Era of Diocletian, or the Martyrs,	284
Mohammedan Era (The Hegira),	July 16, .	622
Era of Jesdegird, Conquest of Persia,	632
Laplacean Era (Mary Somerville),	1250
Era of Man (Freethinkers),	1600
Rosicrucian Era,	1604

Independence of the United States,	July 4, 1776
Year of the Great Crisis (Henry Edger),	1788
American Odd-Fellowship (Thomas Wildey),	April 26, 1819
Era of Kosmon (J. B. Newbrough),	1848
Foundation Theosophical Society, New York,	Nov. 17, 1875
Olombia Era (William H. von Swartwout),	Sept. 29, 1879
Messianic Era (Arthur Merton),	1884
Various dates are used in the several Orders of Freemasonry.	
Craft Masonry : <i>Anno Lucis</i> , "Year of Light,"	B. C. 4000
Capitular Masonry : <i>Anno Inventionis</i> , "Year of the Discovery,"	B. C. 530
Cryptic Masonry : <i>Anno Depositionis</i> , "Year of the Deposits,"	B. C. 1000
Chivalric Masonry : <i>Anno Ordinis</i> , "Year of the Order,"	A. D. 1118
Scottish Rite : <i>Anno Mundi</i> , "Year of the World,"	B. C. 3760
Primitive Rite : <i>An du Vraiè Lumière</i> , "Year of True Light,"	000,000,000

The years for 1902 are then as follows : The Sivarthan Messianic Year is 18. The Positivist Community's Year of the Great Crisis, 114. The Freethinkers' Year of Man, 302. The Buddha Year, 2445. The Sivarthan Year of the Exodus, 3489. The Year of the Sivarthan Era, 6258.

The word "Era" is said to have had its origin from the four initials of "Ab Exordio Regni Augusti," which is "From the beginning of the reign of Augustus" : Aera, æra, era.

For 1903 the Dominical Letter will be D. Golden Number, 4. The Solar Cycle, 8. The Epact, 2. The Roman Indiction, 1. The Number of Direction, 22. The Julian Period, 6616. And Easter Sunday, April 12, 1903.

Chronologists widely differ as to several epochs, eras, etc.

As to the date of Creation, Hales says : "Here are given 120 opinions, and the list might be swelled to 300 as we are told by Kennedy. * * * The extremes differ from each other, not by years, nor by centuries, but even by chiliads; the first exceeding the last no less than 3268 years!"

The Great Pyramid and Time Measurement.

BY LOUIS H. AYME, ASSOCIATE EDITOR, GUADELOUPE, W. I.

According to Flinders Petrie the distance of the vertical plane of the passage to the Great Pyramid east of the right vertical plane through the center and apex of the Pyramid is 287 inches.

If the outer casing of the Pyramid completely covered the entrance to the passage, as it probably did, it is not surprising to find that the entrance was not situated in the center of the north face, and to one side. As I have heretofore insisted, there is nothing haphazard about the Pyramid and every dimension and measurement is *necessary*, that is to say, has harmonious relation to the great ultimate scheme for which the monument was erected. Having determined to place the entrance to one side of the center the architect must have selected the distance with a definite aim in view. What was that aim?

I have no other measurement at hand except that above quoted. Now 287 English inches are equal to 286.71328 pyramid inches. If we now prolong the vertical plane of the passage upward until it emerges and, at that point, pass a plane parallel to the base there will remain above this plane a small pyramid which will repay examination. As in the case of the capstone the height of this pyramid is its most important dimension. It is very evident that the length of the base of this small pyramid will be twice the distance of the passage plane from the Pyramid central plane. Further, upon the length of this plane will depend the height of the small pyramid.

With these elements I have attacked the problem with this result: The entrance of the passage plane is NOT 286.71328 pyramid inches from the Pyramid central plane, but very nearly that. If, the distance, is either 286.67027; or, 286.84093 or,

286.87161 pyramid inches. The differences are : — .04301 ;
+ .12765 ; + .15833 pyramid inches.

If the distance is 286.67027 pyramid inches then the length of the small pyramid will be exactly 365 pyramid inches, or the number of days in the Egyptian vague year.

If the distance is 586.84093 pyramid inches then the height of the small pyramid will be 365.2422 pyramid inches, or, the number of days in a solar year.

If the distance is 286.87161 pyramid inches then the height of the small pyramid will be 365.25636 pyramid inches, or, the number of days in a sidereal year.

It will be noticed that within the limits of one-fifth of an inch all these variations lie. From what is already known of the Great Pyramid I unhesitatingly assert that one of the three distances I have given is the correct one. Which? Possibly (although I doubt this), it is now impossible to measure with such exceeding accuracy as to five places of decimals the distance between these two places. But, if it can be done and it should be found that the finally observed distance coincided with one of the distances I give, the theory of "coincidence" would at once fall to the ground, for the theory here PRECEDES the observation. It may be urged that one of the three distances should be selected. Which? I have my own idea on that subject, but it is an opinion only and based upon other factors than those I have used in these investigations, factors I am not now prepared to discuss in print as I am still studying. But some of the readers of NOTES AND QUERIES may care to take up this part of the question. In any case I venture now to assert that a certain well marked linear distance in the Great Pyramid is of a certain length, with two possible variations, all within the limit of one-fifth of an inch. If I am correctly informed Howard Vyse measured the distance as 294 English inches, or SEVEN INCHES more than Petrie's measurement. The actual distance may then safely be said to be as yet, undetermined. It will be interesting to see how closely actual and accurate observation will bear out the theoretical distance.

SHADOWY INHABITANTS. *Amphiscians.* The inhabitants between the tropics whose *shadows*, one part of the year, are cast to the north, and in the other to the south, according as the sun is north or south of their zenith.

Antiscians. The inhabitants living on different sides of the equator, whose shadows at noon are cast in contrary directions. Those living north of the equator are Antiscians to those on the south, and vice versa; the shadows on one side being cast to the north, those on the other to the south.

Asicians. Those persons who at certain times of the year have no shadow at noon. Such only are the inhabitants of the torrid zone, who have twice a year a vertical sun.

Perieicians. The inhabitants of the opposite sides of the globe, in the same parallel of latitude.

Pericians. The inhabitants within the polar circle, whose shadows, during some portion of the summer, must, in the course of the day, move entirely around, and fall toward every point of the compass.

LEGEND OF THE TOWER OF BABEL. The Chaldean Tablets give the allegorical description of creation, the fall, the flood, and the tower of Babel, with the history of Moses. That of Babel is as follows :

"After they had raised it so high that it reached the sky, the Lord of the Divine Heights said to the inhabitants of heaven : 'Have you noticed how the inhabitants of earth have built such a high and superb tower to ascend here, because they are enticed hither by the beauty and brightness of the sun? Come, let us confound them, for it is not just for those who live upon the earth, and are in the flesh, should mix with us.' Instantly the inhabitants of the sky rushed from the four corners of the world, and like lightning destroyed the building which men had raised : whereupon the terror stricken giants were separated and scattered on all sides of the earth." (Vol I, 1.)

"In contemplation if a man begin with certainties, he will end in doubts; but if he will be content to begin with doubts, he shall end in certainties." — *Bacon*.

THE HYPOTHESES OF THE UNIVERSE. In reply to our correspondent "L. MC. C.," we shall have to refer him to some of the literature specially written on the several theories and systems of which he inquires, the most of which can be procured, as we cannot now spare the space to adequately do justice to each; and here we will add that more or less of the hypotheses have been noticed and discussed in NOTES AND QUERIES in the already published volumes, the most of which can be supplied.

The most of the works are quite elaborate in their expositions and are illustrated with maps, diagrams, examples, and so forth.

Actionic Theory. "Action; A New law in Physics; a New Theory of the Origin of Light, Heat, Color, and the Molecular and Atomic Aggregations of Matter in the Creation of the Universe." Boston, 1876.

Annular System. "The Earth's Annular System; or the Waters Above the Firmament," by Isaac N. Vail; Cleveland, Ohio, 1885.

Centuriel System. "The Orbital System of the Universe," by Antony Welsch; Clinton, Iowa, 1875.

Cosmical Theory. "Cosmical Evolution; A New Theory of the Mechanism of Nature," by Evan McLenan; Chicago, 1890.

Cosmological Theory. "Cosmology," by George M. Ramsay; the cosmological key to the idea of the origin of diurnal motion. Boston 1873.

Corpuscular and Undulatory Theories. (See "Key to the Universe," by Orson Pratt, Sen. Chapter I.)

Cellular Theory. "The Cellular Cosmogony; the Earth a Concave Sphere," by Cyrus R. Teed and Ulysses G. Morrow; Chicago, 1898.

Geological Hypothesis. "How Are Worlds Made? Being a New System of Cosmogonical Philosophy," by Samuel Beswick; Haslingen, 1847.

Impact Theory. "Stellar Evolution, and its Relations to Geological Time," by James Croll; London, 1889.

Molecular Hypothesis. "The Molecular Hypothesis of Nature; Relation of its Principles to Continued Existence and to Philosophy," by W. M. Lockwood; Chicago, 1895.

Mosaic Cosmogony. "The Source and Mode of Solar Energy Throughout the Universe," by I. W. Heysinger, M. A., M. D.; Philadelphia, 1895.

Nebular Hypothesis. See Laplace's statement quoted in the Appendix to "Origin of the Stars," by Jacob Ennis; Philadelphia, 1867. "Cosmic Philosophy," by John Fiske; Vol. I, Chapter V, on "Planetary Evolution"; Boston, 1875. "Illustrations of Universal Progress," by Herbert Spencer; Chapter VI, "The Nebular Hypothesis"; New York, 1864.

Pericomic Theory. "The Pericomic Theory; Physical Existence, Cosmology and Philosophy Proper," by George Stearns; Hudson, Mass., 1888.

Precessional Theory. "The Precession of the Planets," by Franklin H. Heald; Los Angeles, Calif., 1901. This hypothesis shows Mercury to be the oldest planet and Neptune the youngest, so far as known.

Theosophic System. "The Building of the Cosmos," by Annie Besant; London; and Theosophical literature generally.

Universal Ethereal Theory. "Key to the Universe; A New Theory of its Mechanism," by Orson Pratt, Sen.; Salt Lake City, Utah, 1879.

Vortical Theory. "The Principia, or Philosophical Explanation of the Elementary World," by Emanuel Swedenborg, being translated by Augustus Clissold; London, 1845-1846.

OG, KING OF BASHAN. (Deut. iii, 11.) The following account is a translation from the Targum of Jonathau on the Pentateuch (Numbers xxi, 34 ;

"And it came to pass when wicked Og saw the camps of Israel, which were spread over six parasangs, he said within himself : ' I will arrange in order lines of battle against this people, that they may not do unto me like as they did to Sihon ; ' so he went and plucked up a mountain six parasangs in extent, and placed it upon his head in order to cast it upon them. Immediately the word of the Lord prepared a worm and bored a hole through it and it rent the mountain, and, therefore, his (Og's) head slipped through it ; and he desired to draw it off from his head, but was unable, because his jaw-teeth and the tusks of his mouth caught fast hither and thither ; and Moses came and took a club ten cubits in length and sprang up into the air ten cubits, and hit him a blow on his ankle, and he fell down and died far off from the camps of Israel ; for thus it is written."

My Heritage.

BY WILLIAM ELLERY MOORE.

Westward the sweet wind blows, over the stately palms ;
Nestles the fleecy clouds, high-faring ;
Dowered with the wealth of Summer's dainty alma,
The praiseful fields lift to the skies their psalms —
I look and listen for my sharing.

Northward the wrinkled mountains and the daunting hills,
With wild-flowers in their thickets hiding ;
What perfume rarer the enchanted valley fills,
What nectar sweeter than these mountain rills ?
How fair the memory abiding.

Eastward the careless waves roll from the swimmer's hands,
In ebb or flow still disappearing ;
Take thou thine unknown way amid more nameless lands,
Back to my waiting feet, upon the yellow sands,
Rover, thou shalt anon be nearing.

Southward I turn — when weary my wandering eyes —
To the face at the open portal ;
Behind me the fair faded past forgotten flies,
Sing, heart ! thy hope, thy home, thy heaven before thee lies,
Sing on ! Love is alone immortal.

Manchester, N. H., August 5. 1881.

Make Way for Man.

The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star, is brotherhood,
For it will bring again to earth
The long-lost poesy and mirth,
Will send new light in every face,
A kindly power upon the face,
And till it come, we men are slaves,
And travel downward to the dust of graves.

Come, clear the way then, clear the way,
Blind creeds and kings have had their day;
Break the dead branches from their path,
Our hope is in the aftermath ;
Our hope is in the heroic men,
Star-led to build the world again ;
To this creed the ages ran ;
Make way for brotherhood — make may for man.

— EDWIN MARKHAM.

FREQUENT MISQUOTATIONS. Here are a few of the many:

Bishop Berkeley wrote : " Westward the course of empire takes it way." Misquoted into " Westward the star of empire takes it way."

Butler wrote : " He that complies against his will is of his own opinion still." Misquoted into " A man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still."

Cunningham wrote : " A wet Sheet and a flowing sea." Misquoted into " A wet sheet and a flowing sail."

Gray wrote in his " Elegy " : " The noiseless tenor of their way." Misquoted into " The even tenor of their way."

Habakkuk (ii 2) says : " That he may run that readeth it." Misquoted into " That he that runs may read."

James (iii, 8) says : " The tongue can no man tame ; it is an unruly evil." Misquoted into " The tongue is an unruly member."

Matthew Prior (" Henry and Emma ") wrote : " Fine by degrees and beautifully less." Misquoted into " Small by degress and beautifully less."

Milton (" Lycides ") says : " Fresh woods and pastures new." Misquoted into " Fresh fields and pastures new."

Nathaniel Lee said : " When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war." Misquoted into " When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war."

Peter (I iv, 8) says : " Charity shall cover the multitude of sins." Misquoted into " Charity covereth a multitude of sins."

Pope (Satire II) says : " Speed the going guest." Misquoted into " Speeding the parting guest."

Shakespeare (" Merchant of Venice ") says : " Dropped as the gentle rain." Misquoted into " Falleth the gentle dew."

Shakespeare (" Romeo and Juliet ") says : " That I shall say good night till it be morrow." Misquoted into " That I could say good-night until tomorrow."

Shakespeare says : " The man that hath no music in himself." Misquoted into " The man that hath no music in his soul."

The Old Pound.

A PAPER BY ORRIN H. LEAVITT, READ BEFORE THE MANCHESTER HISTORIC ASSOCIATION, SEPTEMBER 18, 1901.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN : Having been in the city but few years comparatively, and having taken no part in the municipal or business affairs, I feel a little out of place in coming before the Manchester Historic Association to discuss matters relating to the early history of localities with which nearly all of you are better acquainted than I am. But my idea is that the object of an organization of this kind should be to preserve material proofs as well as written records of former methods where it is possible to do so, and having expressed at various times my opinion that the old pound should be preserved as it is, if not restored to its original form, I have been invited to prepare a paper on the subject for this meeting, and I hope I shall be pardoned for making a slight digression from my subject for the sake of explaining, or, perhaps, excusing my interest in the matter.

Perhaps my habit of reading puzzle pictures to get views of things which do not appear on the surface, has got me in the way of looking crosswise at some matters which were not intended for such inspection, but it seems to me that the policy, as far any policy is shown in the methods employed about this city, is to work largely for the present with little regard to the future and less respect for the past.

To illustrate this point I will name four boiling springs in the northern part of the city, which originally supplied many families each with pure, cold water, but have been covered by

the city dumps during the process of making streets. One of these springs is in the gulley on the west side of Elm street and north of Penacook ; one is near the crossing of Chestnut and Sagamore streets ; one, just east east of Pine, is now under the fill made for Sagamore street, and worst of all, the spring which supplied the camping-ground when the soldiers were quartered at the north end during the early days of the civil war, and later, was included in the old fair ground and had a half-hogshead set in it which was always full, is now under the dump of Liberty street. This condition being found in such a limited locality would indicate that many more with which I was not familiar have gone the same way. Any of these could have been perpetuated by inserting pipes to bring the water to the surface, and without interfering with the construction of the streets or other desirable changes. But they are gone, and the people are supplied with water taken from the muddiest portion of Massabesic, while we have a Board of Health to look after the sanitary affairs ; and even the pesthouse is to be supplied with " city water " to avoid too much of a change when patients are carried there.

Another matter on which I have not recovered from a desire to express myself is the filling of the ponds on the commons. When I came here there was a pond on Merrimack common, and one Hanover common, both walled with split stone, so that children or dogs which got in must be helped out or drown. With all that water in sight no dog or even bird could get a drink. It was finally decided that the water was impure and endangered public health by its emanations, and they were filled up.

My belief was and still is that if the walls had been removed and sloping gravel banks substituted, so that children could wade, dogs swim and birds drink ; silt basins put at the inlet so that sediment would settle where it could be dipped out ; pond lillies planted to make use of the undesirable elements in water, the water could have been kept as pure as our city supply is under present conditions, and aged people and invalids could have been refreshed by the ever restful spectacle of sparkling

waves in contrast with the dust of the streets and clatter of pavements. But now, with Mile brook running unused under the whole length of these commons, we are buying water every winter to make skating ponds which kill the grass so it is late in the spring or summer before the crop of annual weeds covers the reeking mud with the kindly mantle of green.

It was by observing these transactions that I was led, years ago, to speak for the preservation of the relic of former customs which still remains in the ruin of the old "town pound."

As it is customary for amateur writers or lecturers, when called upon to treat any agricultural subject, to go back and tell when and where the plant was discovered, how it became distributed, how it has been improved and what the average yield is per acre, I may be pardoned for briefly referring to the history and use of the institution known in former times as the "town pound."

In the days of the pioneers, when clearings were scattered and only the cultivated fields were fenced, cattle were turned into the forests to get their living on wild grass and browse, so it often happened that they strayed too far and found their way into poorly protected fields of some distant neighbor. It is related that people in Massachusetts were once in the habit of driving cattle up into this section to get their living as best they could through the summer, and they became very annoying to the scattered farmers among whom they foraged. People at that primitive age had not evolved the idea of sending tramps along to the next town to find new victims, so they conceived the plan of constructing enclosures where stray animals could be confined and cared for until the owner called for them and paid for the food and trouble. This was a protection to the farmers and a kindness to owners of stock who rather pay a reasonable sum for such care than wander aimlessly in the wild forest in search of their animals which might be doing great injury to some growing crop.

This method of disposing of stray animals was continued long after every man who owned stock was supposed to have a

pasture fenced for its use. But the idea that the highway was public property still led some men to think that they were not trespassing on the rights of others by turning their cows through the barnyard bars and dogging them down the road, and when this practice became unbearable to the neighbors whose expostulations failed to bring reform, the pound was resorted to as a lesson in law. It has also been used as an instrument of revenge. A man would find an animal belonging to some neighbor with whom he was not on friendly terms browsing in his field or running in the road, and would drive the animal to the pound if it was several miles farther away than the home of the owner. I have known a man to lead a horse two miles out of his way to get to the pound without going past the house of the owner, when the pound was four miles away and the men lived less than half a mile apart.

A pound-keeper was among the officers annually elected by the town, and his duty was to supply impounded animals with food and water, advertise them if not called for within a certain time, and get his pay from the owner of the stock when it was taken away. Another officer closely connected with the pound-keeper was the "field-driver," and his duty, and sometimes privilege, was to drive to pound animals found trespassing or in anyway troubling the settlers. As this was a minor position with little work and no pay, it was usually filled by nomination, and the young men in town who had been married since the last election were honored with this mark of the respect and confidence of their fellow citizens, sometimes twenty or more being chosen at a single meeting.

In my native town, in Maine, an article which appeared in the warrant, regularly for many years, was: "To see if the town will allow loose cattle to run at large all or any part of the year." This was usually passed over without action, and at last some one discovered and announced that men were not obliged to fence their fields, and that when cattle were turned into the highway, without a keeper, they were, in effect, turned into

their neighbor's cornfield, and that the town had no authority to legalize such action. Soon after this the field-drivers were discontinued, and it was voted that every barnyard in town should be a pound and every man who had a barnyard was appointed pound keeper and authorized to confine stray animals and collect pay for the same from their owners. This ended the pound business in that town.

By a somewhat hurried examination of the two histories of Manchester (Potter's and Clarke's), I find that they agree on one point: that in 1800 the town voted to build a pound at the south end of the church at the Center. Clarke's says this was used till 1830, but says nothing about its successor as being located or built. Speaking of the Stevens farm, which is a part of what is now the city farm, it says: "On the old farm is an unused pesthouse and a pound." And here arises a question which I have been unable to solve, for it continues: "A new pesthouse was built of brick in 1874 upon the old farm near the Mammoth road." Where is or was that brick pesthouse?

Potter's history relates that the pound to be built in 1800 at the south end of the church, was to be seven feet high, with square posts, and rails of pine or cedar heart wood.

While both agree that this pound served until 1830, Potter's speaks of the vote to build another, under the transactions of 1840, so there are ten years that we do not know whether a pound was maintained or not.

The ruins of the structure now under consideration are on land owned by the city and in what is a part of Derryfield Park, so there would be no outlay for purchasing the site, it being in the park and near the road which is most used in going to the Weston Observatory. It is in a prominent place and would be an object of interest to visitors who would seek information as to its origin and use, and, standing on that spot, with the clatter of electric cars and the bustle of a city all about them, could realize more fully than in any other way that here, where they see all these modern conveniences and signs of activity

under electric lights the supply for which is brought on a simple wire, was once a wilderness, and in the last century the farmers worked in their fields with the flint-lock musket leaning against a stump, for protection rather than pleasure, and cattle roamed at large and took their chances among the wild and savage beasts. That right here, on this spot, the scenes of frontier life have been enacted in real earnest and have passed into the history which we read without fully realizing that it is more authentic than the tales of fiction.

For these reasons and under existing conditions I hold that it would be wise and proper for this association to take some steps to induce the city to perpetuate this relic, and restore or permit the association to restore as far the remaining material will allow, the walls which have fallen, so as to show a design of something more than a pile of rocks, and lead to questions and answers which will keep alive the knowledge that we still have one link which connects us with the dim and distant past.

The people of the present seem to be seeking to make their own mark, and change everything that passes through their hands to make it conform with the present idea of symmetry or beauty, or style which too often lacks both of the other features named. We expend large sums in removing rocks and exterminating native shrubs, and as much more constructing "rock-work" and planting foreign shrubs which would disgrace any native hedgerow, and, after all this outlay to destroy natural objects for the sake of imitating them, the imitation is a failure and the change is no improvement.

Therefore let us claim this one spot and save it from the present epidemic of change and destruction. Let the willows and wild cherry trees grow inside if they will; but have the outer walls exposed to view to show that there was system in the "madness" which preserved it.

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The Reign of England.

- 1066 The crown on his head did the first William fix,
After conquering Harold, Xmas ten sixty-six.
- 1087 William Rufus, or Red, in the New Forest slain,
In ten eighty-seven began his bad reign.
- 1100 In eleven hundred was Henry the king,
Whose praise for learning the monks did sing.
- 1185 A civil war raged, so nothing could thrive,
When Stephen was king eleven thirty-five.
- 1154 Henry the Second had troubles sore,
With wife, sons, and Becket eleven fifty-four.
- 1189 Brave Richard was crowned in eleven eighty-nine,
Then a prisoner in Austra, long did he pine.
- 1199 To fleece the Jews did John incline,
And signed Magna Charta eleven ninety-nine.
- 1216 In twelve sixteen ruled Henry Three,
At war with his barons, long was he.
- 1272 Both Scots and Welsh before Edward flew,
Who wore the crown twelve seventy-two.
- 1307 For vengeance a murdered king cries to Heaven,
Edward the Second, thirteen hundred and seven.
- 1327 Thirteen twenty-seven, in battles twain,
Edward Three, with his son, gained a glorious name.
- 1377 Richard the Second, thirteen seventy-seven,
Whose " Poll Tax " mischief wrought like leaven.
- 1399 Now comes the first of the Lancaster line,
Henry Four, Bollingbroke, thirteen ninety-nine.
- 1413 Henry the Fifth, fourteen thirteen,
Who victor on Agincourt's field was seen.
- 1422 Henry the Sixth, fourteen twenty-two,
When rivals wore roses of different hue.
- 1461 Edward the Fourth, fourteen sixty-one,
Who continued the civil war lately begun.
- 1483 Edward the Fifth, fourteen eighty-three,
Who was killed ere the end of the year we shall see.
- 1483 Richard the Third, fourteen eighty-three.
In the tower, his nephews both murdered he.

- 1485 At Bosworth did Henry Seven contrive
To win the crown, fourteen eighty-five
- 1509 Luther, Francis, and Charles all lived in the time,
Of Henry the Eighth, fifteen hundred and nine.
- 1547 In fifteen forty-seven reigned Edward Six,
Who came to his death by Northumberland's tricks.
- 1553 Queen Mary reigned in fifteen fifty-three,
Calais she lost, and sore grieved she.
- 1558 The Spanish Armada met with a just fate,
When Elizabeth ruled fifteen fifty-eight.
- 1603 Now a "Solomon" on the throne we see,
James, first of our Stuarts, sixteen hundred and three.
- 1625 To rule without "Commons" in vain did Charles strive,
He ascended the throne sixteen twenty-five.
- 1649 A "king" in deeds though of no royal line,
Was Cromwell, Protector, in sixteen forty-nine.
- 1660 In sixteen sixty came Charles the Second,
Who a foolish, extravagant king is reckoned.
- 1685 In sixteen eighty-five, James who sat in state,
But an exile in France to die was his fate.
- 1689 William and Mary came just in time,
Our freedom to save, sixteen eighty-nine.
- 1702 Between Whigs and Tories the struggle fierce grew,
When "Good Queen Anne" ruled seventeen hundred and two.
- 1714 Now a German Elector on our throne was seen,
George, son of Sophia, seventeen hundred fourteen.
- 1727 In seventeen twenty-seven ruled George the Second,
When the first of the year was from January was reckoned.
- 1760 In seventy sixty ruled George Three,
When America struggled and made herself free.
- 1820 George the Fourth reigned in eighteen twenty,
Of friends he had none, but of flatterers plenty.
- 1830 In eighteen thirty William Four came,
From bloodshed free was all his reign.
- 1837 Queen and Empress Victoria eighteen thirty-seven,
May her rule be long and blessed of Heaven.
- 1901 Edward Seventh, nineteen hundred and one ascended
The throne when Victoria's reign was ended.

(Vol. II, pp. 523, 531. Vols. XV, 296; XVIII, p. 267; XIX, p. 74; XX, p. 31.)

NOTES AND QUERIES

AND HISTORIC MAGAZINE.

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Legend of Phosphoros.

The Legend of Lucifer or Phosphoros, which name of course is the same word in Greek as Lucifer in Latin, and means the "Light bearer," seems to contain the sacred history of "The Valley" for those who can understand it. The Lord shuts up Phosphoros (the spiritual essence of man as Carlyle suggests) in the Prison of Life to punish him for his pride in longing to be "ONE AND SOMEWHAT," that is, for his *Egoism* in that he cannot forget SELF, and "Amid the glories of the Majestic All, is still haunted and blended by some shadow of his own little ME. Therefore he is imprisoned in the Element (of a material body) and has the four Azure Chains (the four principles of matter) bound around him."

This all seems to point to the Fall of Lucifer who fell from heaven to become the Lower God of Matter and Evil, and who is one day to be reinstated, according to the ideas of the Luciferians, in his rightful place whence he was wrongfully ejected. This seems to express symbolically that Matter will revert to Spirit, but how that is to come about, we are, as Carlyle says, left in entire ignorance. It is evidently the great secret which we, who remain "blind" are not to know. We can see through the mist of ages; we read in the ancient story of Tubalcain, the artificer; of Vulcan, the artificer, hurled from heaven by Zeus.

Answers to Questions.

TWO VERSES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT. (Vol. XIX, p. 218.) I trust that "J. B. H." will pardon my delay in taking notice of his invitation. It was simply oversight, not intentional neglect. Besides, he will bear in mind that there is a vast deal of knowledge that I do not possess. Like himself I am simply a student eager to learn and willing to share with others in the common stock.

The contradictions of the Bible are due to a variety of causes. There were different views, religious and political, entertained by the writers, and they were not so careful for verity as they were diligent to enforce their particular views. Copyists sometimes took liberties with the text; whole sentences were eliminated and others added; and there was a sort of editing performed before those which we now have were brought together and promulgated as canonical. For example, such a book as Leviticus was hardly tolerable to the men who wrote the books of Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Micah.

When the text, II Samuel xxiv, 1, was written, Satan had not received a recognition in Hebrew theology. "I make peace, and create evil" — that which is pernicious and wicked — says the prophet; "I the Lord do all" (Isaiah xlv, 7). It was He that made the people err; He that hardened the heart of the king of Egypt; that employed the king of Assyria on campaigns of destruction and murderous cruelty; that put a lying spirit into the mouths of Ahab's four hundred prophets to lure him to his destruction; that was a Nemesis to move David to number Israel and thereby bring a plague upon them. Yet in Exodus xxx it is prescribed that the Israelites shall be numbered and then they should give, "every man a ransom for his soul unto the Lord that there shall be no plague among them" — the offering to be half a shekel for every one over twenty years old. As Nehemiah levied only the third of a shekel for the same purpose (x, 32), it is apparent that the law of Exodus was actually a later enactment, when the priests had become dominant as ethnarchs and kings, else David could have obtained his information from the amount of the tax.

The chapter appears plainly to have been appended to the book to explain the selection of the site of the Temple. The people were numbered; the pestilence came and seventy thousand perished. The Lord then repented and caused David to

be instructed ; he built an altar and so established a sacred precinct, where Araunah the Jebusite sovereign had established his threshing place. Araunah promptly yielded to the demand, " a king unto a king " ; the spot was consecrated and the pestilence abated.

The Captivity brought the exiles in contact with Oriental beliefs and the Zoroastrian system. Then an extended system of angelology was grafted upon previous Mosaism. The deities of Palestinian worship, like the devas of Brahman theosophy, were now transformed to evil demons, and Set or Sutech, the great Baal, was now like Araman, the Satan or arch adversary. He appeared in the book of Job as a suggester of doubts, " the spirit that denies " ; in Zechariah as the Adversary to resist the exaltation of Joshua the high-priest. Finally, to complete the canon the books of Chronicles were written, glozing over many things in the older writings, and adapting all to the new times. So the Temple, now the focus of more importance than ever, having become the capitol of the nation, was to be invested with sanctity as never before (Haggai, iii, 9). The story of the threshing flour was revived, and " Satan " personified to set the matter in motion which had been before imputed to the Lord himself. It will doubtless be remembered that many of the Gnostic Christians believed that Ilda-Baoth, the son of the Abyss, was both the Satan and Jehovah of the Bible.

In the other example cited by " J. B. H.," the matter is more simple. There is no evidence beyond a mere surmise, that the Lucifer of Isaiah xiv was the Satan of theology. It is only a whim of the Dark Ages when nothing was too absurd to be believed and taught. The chapter in question is part of a poem wrought with rich Oriental imagery ; compare Isaiah xiii, xxiv, and Matthew xxiv. Babylon personified as its King is described as coming into Hell, the sheol or underworld, and there saluted by those whom he had superseded : " How art thou fallen from the skies, Hillel, son of the Dawn ? " They taunt this morning-star with ambition to go beyond the upper skies above all the other stars, to be like the Most High ; and as plunged into the lower pit of sheol. But although once the brightest star in the East, casting other stars into the shade as he heralded the morning he was never considered a Diabolic Potency. Even the Babylon of the Apocalypse was only described as the Great Mother of Idolatries and Abhorrent Religions of the earth. But I am too prolix already.

ALEX. WILDER, M. D., Newark, N. J.

THE CITY OF DESTRUCTION. (Vol. XX, p. 40.) "SOLOMON" has quoted the passage in the book of Isaiah xix, 18. "In that day shall five cities in the land of Egypt speak the language of Canaan, and swear to the Lord of hosts. One shall be called the city of Destruction." He asks what city this was?

Egypt, or Mizraim as the Bible has it, comprised only the region of the North; the upper country was called Pathros. As the Phœnicians frequented Lower Egypt as traders and skilled workmen it would be no wonder if five cities had inhabitants speaking their language. In the original Hebrew text as we now have it, the passage reads, OIR ARESYAMAR. In this version the initial letter of ARES is *he* or A. Prof. T. K. Cheyne of Balliol College, Oxford, in his translation of the sentence renders it: "One shall be called the city of ruined images." Literally, he remarks, it will mean, "the city of breaking down." But he evidently believes that the initial letter should be *heth* or H, making the term, HARES — the Sun. The "City of the Sun in Egypt" would be An, On, or Aven, called by the Greeks, Heliopolis; called also Beth Shemesh (Jeremiah xliii, 13). Geiger and others are confident that such is the proper reading.

It ought, however, to be noted that in the Septuagint, a Hebrew scroll appears to have been used, which read OIR HASADEK, "the city of the Just One," or "city of Justice." Your correspondent can take his choice of these; the Doctors differ.

A. WILDER, M. D.

THECLA, THEOCLIA, THAMYRIS, TRIFINA. (Vol. XX, p. 40.) "RHODA" may be assured that the names of which she asks are like her pen-name, "heathen Greek." *Th* or theta is a Greek letter often appearing in initials, and in countries it was common to form the names of children from those of their parents. As surnames were not common then, this expedient was employed. If we were to consider the name *Thekla* as of Semitic origin it would not be altogether impossible that it would then signify "*measurer*."

A. WILDER, M. D.

PERPETUATION OF NAMES OF THE PRESIDENTS. Vol. XIX, p. 280.) John Tyler was the son of John Tyler of the Revolution; John Quincy Adams was the son of John Adams; Grover Cleveland, I believe, had the name of Stephen originally which was that of his father.

A. WILDER, M. D.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH PSALM. Vol. XIX, p. 280.) I have compared the two versions of Psalm cl, about which "S. D. PARRISH" inquires, and find the difference of the number of verses to be merely the whim of the arrangers.

KING JAMES.

DOUAY.

Alleluia.

1 Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power.

2 Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness.

3 Praise him with the sound of the trumpet: praise him with the psaltery and harp.

4 Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs.

5 Praise him upon the loud cymbals: praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.

6. Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

1 Praise ye the Lord in his holy places: praise ye him in the firmament of his power.

2 Praise ye him for his mighty acts: praise ye him according to the multitude of his greatness.

3 Praise him with sound of trumpet: praise him with psaltery and harp.

4 Praise him with timbrel and choir: praise him with strings and organs.

5 Praise him on the high sounding cymbals: praise him on cymbals of joy: let every spirit praise the Lord. Alleluia.

It may be well to note the several variations. The Douay Bible, translated from the Latin. makes the word "Alleluia" a caption, while the English translators translate it, "Praise ye the Lord," and make it the first sentence in the first verse. The Douay version corresponds very closely with the Greek where the terminology differs, except in the fifth verse.

In the Hexaglott Bible, the Latin text is marked off in six verses like the English, and reads: "Omnis spiritus laudet Dominum, Alleluia." In the Greek, the term *prme* replaces "spiritus" showing that the *breath* is to be exhaled in praising God, rather than the spirit and will. The Hebrew text seems to determine it. "Let all the *nashama* praise *Ya*." The term *nashama* is translated "breath." Genesis ii, 7; and "inspiration," Job xxxii, 8, The literal reading of the Hebrew is: "Let every breath be a praise to *Ya*."

The Bible should be printed and read in paragraphs ; the divisions of chapters, and especially of verses is arbitrary and often mischievously obscures the sense. As many of the books were repeatedly edited and the text enlarged as well as sometime abridged, before its final promulgation as a canon, it would help readers much if the subjects were placed more distinctly by themselves instead of having been partially obscured by unnatural separations.

A. WILDER, M. D.

NAMES IN DOUAY VERSION OF THE BIBLE. (Vol. XX, p. 40). "SEARCHER" asks for references to certain names found in the Douay Version of the Bible, that are not found in the King James version. I have not a Douay Bible at hand, but will attempt to give some of them.

1. Achitophel — in the King James version, Ahithophel. This was the name of the counsellor to King David and his revolting son Absalom (II Samuel xvii, 23). He was grandfather to Bath-Sheba, the mother of Solomon (II Samuel xi, 3, and xxiii, 34).

*2. Asathonthamar — or Hazezon tamar, in the King James version (Genesis xvi, 7, and II Chronicles xv, 2.)

3. Bethzacharam. I find Beth-haccerem in Nehemiah iii, 14. It would have been more correctly, Beth hacharam. The name Beth-Zaccharias is found in the common version (Apocrypha) I Maccabees vi, 33.

4. Jesbibenob — in the King James version Ishbi-benob, the son of Rephaite (II Samuel xxi, 16).

5. Josabhesed. I am not certain about this name. In the common version we find Jeshebeab — Latin Isbaab, in I Chronicles xxiv, 13 ; Joshbekasha (Greek Iesbasaka) xxv, 4 ; Jehozabad, xxvi, 4, and II Chronicles xxvi, 26 ; Jozabad in the book of Nehemiah.

6. Ramathaimsophim, the birthplace of Samuel the prophet (I Samuel i, 1).

7. Romemthiezer — or Romamtiezer in the King James version eludes me, although I have been a pretty diligent reader of the Bible. It is plainly a Hebrew term and relates to helping and exaltation.

8. Susanechites — or Susanchites as given in the other list also eludes me. Even the lexicons give no help.

A. WILDER, M. D.

MEMNON.

I am Memnon, don't you know me, I have stood near Luxor's gate
 Three thousand years and over, you can quickly calculate ;
 Kings and priests of mighty prowess, oft have listened to my voice
 As I whispered ; Oh Egyptians, you have reason to rejoice.

I am with you, I am near you, ye men of modern times,
 And I note your present follies, yes, your many, many crimes ;
 Oh, sadly have you fallen, from your high estate so fair,
 And of further retrogression I now urge you to beware.

My voice has through the ages, through the darkest ages rung,
 A record of my age cannot be told by mortal tongue ;
 I existed when great Moses stood at Karnac's temple shrine,
 And watched the priests of Isis, as they poured their sacred wine.

The ruler of all Egypt, Ælius Gallus was his name,
 Once paid me a brief visit, with Strabo of high fame ;
 Were those men of mark now living, they could readily dilate
 Upon the sweet Seraphic tones my music did create.

A baser crowd of visitors once hemmed me round about,
 And then resounded through the air a universal shout ;
 They named me king ; their cry was, " he shall rule and reign o'er us,"
 For this is a potent Monarch — the son of Tithonus.

They usurped a right, those Romans, when they claimed me for their own,
 For Egyptian, not for Roman, was I seated on a throne ;
 Uneasy is the head, they say, which wears the Kingly crown,
 And mine was quite uneasy, when an earthquake hurled it down.

This earthquake, B. C. 27, broke off my upper part,
 And at the same time shattered my tender bleeding heart ;
 Soon, soon, I ceased my singing, and then I grew quite old ;
 Sad, very sad, my story, and quickly it is told.

In the time of one Juvenal, repairs to me were made,
 And then again I stood erect where long before I laid ;
 Then when the sun's bright radiant beams shone on my sculptured head,
 I uttered forth a mournful sound, enough to wake the dead.

Then Ptolemy vindictive appeared upon the scene
 With gaily painted banners, in colors red and green ;
 " What broken harp-strings hear I ? " he said, when I did moan,
 The answer back re-echoed, with another dismal groan.

Oh many are the trials through which I pass in life,
 Many battles wage around me, carnage, pillage, plunder, strife ;
 Cambyses with his soldiers, a host of armed men,
 In number twenty thousand, and multiply by ten.

THE SECRET.

The secret I will tell you, how I, a stone, could speak,
 For you would never guess it, if you tried for one whole week ;
 In my body, often hidden, crouched a base, deceiving knave
 Who was the real musician — I was silent as the grave.

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

BY LOUIS H. AYME.

When virtuous King Claudius over Denmark's realm did reign
 He had a wicked brother who did darkly enterteign
 Foul projects 'gainst his wife and throne, To geign
 Success in these his horrid aims he made use of henbeign.

Into his brother's ears he poured the stuff. The peign,
 As the rank poison reached the sleeper's breign,
 Was fearful, and soon his life did dreign
 Away. The murderer thus did wife and kingdom both atteign.

But Claudius had a worthy son — Hamlet the Deign —
 His wicked uncle sought his life, but sought in veign ;
 For astute Hamlet so set things in treign
 That all men thought the poor prince was inseign.

If fair Ophelia could not make the prince her sweign ;
 Thus thought the wicked uncle ; it is pleign
 That once in love he cannot then susteign
 This simulated madness and will show himself as seign.

When this plot failed unto Polonius he loudly did compleign,
 Who hid behind an arras, though that went against his greign,
 " I smell a rat ! " said Hamlet, and poked, not with a ceign,
 But with a sword — Polonius was sleign !

And then his wicked uncle shipped him upon the raging meign,
 His destination England, or maybe it was Speign,
 At any rate the orders were : " Let him not come back ageign !
 Kill him ! Stab him ! Drown him ! " His language was profeign.

But Hamlet's luck was with him, while his uncle's it did weign ;
 He got the King and " mobled Queen " into an awful streign ;
 He killed them both, then died himself, and thus wiped out the steign ;
 Oh, this Hamlet was a hero I most certainly meigteign !

A Reflection.

BY THE LONDON HERMIT. THERMOMETER 80° FAHRENHEIT.

The heat that has, this summer time, such melting moments made —
 (But, there ! how CAN a fellow rhyme, with eighty in the shade ?)
 Ye gods ! it makes the bard desire that he in ice be laid ;
 Far, far too much poetic fire is eighty in the shade.

Shut out the sunlight's scorching smile, call in the Punkah's aid,
 Here will I lie, and stir not, while 'tis eighty in the shade.
 A clime so horrid has begun our island to invade,
 Not worse than England in the sun is HAYTI in the shade !

The New Helen.

Where hast thou been since round the walls of Troy
 The sons of God fought in that great emprise ?
 Why dost thou walk our common earth again ?
 Hast thou forgotten that impassioned boy,
 His purple galley, and his Tyrian men,
 And treacherous Aphrodite's mocking eyes ?
 For surely it was thou, who, like a star
 Hung in the silver silence of the night,
 Didst lure the Old World's chivalry and might
 Into the clamorous crimson waves of war !

Or didst thou rule the fire-laden moon ?
 In amorous Sidon was thy temple built
 Over the light and laughter of the sea ?
 Where, behind lattice scarlet-wrought and gilt,
 Some brown-limbed girl did weave thee tapestry,
 All through the waste and wearied hours of noon ;
 Till her wan cheek with flame of passion burn'd,
 And the rose up the the sea-washed lips to kiss
 Of some glad Cyprian sailor, safe returned
 From Calpe and the cliffs of Herakles !

No ! thou art Helen, and none other one !
 It was for thee that young Sarpedon died,
 And Memnon's manhood was untimely spent ;
 It was for thee gold-crested Hector tried
 With Thetis' child that evil race to run,
 In the last year of thy beleaguerment ;
 Ay ! even now the glory of thy fame
 Burns in those fields of trampled asphodel,
 Where the high lords that Ilion knew so well
 Clash ghostly shields, and call upon thy name. — OSCAR WILDE.

CITERIOR, THE EIGHTH WORD. (Vol. XX, p. 113.) A correspondent ("E. D.") sends us the eighth word to complete the ulterior pair. She also submits this question : "Where is it that the superior on the anterior of the interior, can't see the inferior on the posterior of the exterior ?"

1 { Inferior,
 { Superior. 2 { Interior,
 { Exterior. 3 { Anterior,
 { Posterior. 4 { Ulterior,
 { Citerior.

The Seven Grecian Sages.

When Periander, the Corinthian King,
 Like Cræsus, King of Lydia, proud to bring
 The Seven Grecian Sages to his court,
 That wisdom might increase his throne's support,
 Invited each to be a year his guest,
 The query rose : " What government is best ? "

Says Solon, " Where the injury to one
 Is deemed to all the public body done " ;
 " Where laws," says Bias, " no superior know " ;
 Says Thales, " Where none too rich or poor can grow."
 This answer they from Anacharis drew,
 Where virtue is honored, vice detested too."
 " Where virtuous men all dignities obtain,"
 Says Pittacus, " vice vieing but in vain."
 Says Cleobulus, " Where the blame shall awe
 The people more than punishment of law."
 " Where laws have more authority, and heed,
 Than orators," from Chilo's speech we read.

Yet Solon, Thales, Cleobulus,
 With Bias, Anacharis, Pittacus,
 And Clio, made not Periander wise ;
 First mild, he soon a monster reigns and dies.

The Beatitudes in Epitome.

- 1 Blessed are the poor in spirit ; theirs is Heaven ;
- 2 Blessed they who mourn ; to them is comfort given ;
- 3 Blessed are the meek ; they shall the earth possess ;
- 4 Blessed fully they who thirst for righteousness ;
- 5 Blessed are the merciful with mercy, free ;
- 6 Blessed are the pure in heart — they God shall see ;
- 7 Blessed are the peacemakers, called the sons of God ;
- 8 Blessed they who bear, for righteousness, the rod ;
- 9 Blessed ye, falsely reviled for Jesus' sake ;
- 10 Rejoice, be glad your great reward to take.

Y

The Pythagoric Letter — two ways spread —
 Shows the two paths by which man's life is lead :
 The right-hand track to sacred virtue tends,
 Though steep and rough at first, in rest it ends.
 The other, broad and smooth ; but from its crown,
 On rocks the traveler is tumbled down.
 He who to virtue by harsh toil aspires,
 Subduing pains, worth and renown acquires ;
 But who seeks slothful luxury, and flies
 The labor of great acts, dishonored dies.

Alabouikele Alamoulou.

THE FORGOTTEN LANGUAGE OF THE CARIBS.

BY LOUIS H. AYMÉ, U. S. COUNSEL, GUADELOUPE, W. I.

When Christopher Columbus discovered this island of Guadeloupe, November 2, 1493, it was densely populated. It is even said that the inhabitants numbered 600,000. Of these people, the Caribs, nothing now remains except a doubtful handful in the island of Dominica and some equally doubtful villages on the Mosquito Coast. Much has been preserved of their history, however, and particularly of their language, which ceased to be spoken many, many years ago.

The Caribs used two languages, indeed it is more correct to say they had three languages : the ALABOUIKELE ALAMOULOÜ or language of men and used by all of the people. Second : the ALABOUIKELE GHEGUETI, or language of women, was understood by the men but it was considered disgraceful for a man to use it ; it was used only by the women in conversation among themselves ; when speaking to men they also made use of the language of men. Third : there was a secret language known only to the tried warriors and old men and these used it only on occasions of especial occasions. The examples to be given are all from the first of these languages.

The characteristic of the Carib tongue is its great fluidity. It is doubtful if any other language was composed so almost exclusively of vowels. The F sounds seem never to have been used. Their words were of extraordinary length as the following examples may show :

TERÉE, Yes. MANBAOAGONTI, No. IOUALLOU, Hurricane. MARBOÛICAYEM, The one-legged ; Constellation Orion. LACAYENRAGONI, Anger. KABOÛARACOUATITI, A vain, deceitful man. LIBOCOULOULLICAPOUE, The seed. LACHAOÛANNETEBOÛITENI, Temptation.

A most characteristic word is this one : OIIAIOHIANAO, the

name of the fish known as the Red Snapper ; this curious word of twelve letters has but one single consonant in it. The word CHEGUETI in the title of the woman's tongue means Rainbow : the rainbow speech.

QUESTIONS.

1. What, if any, was the relationship between Sarah Helen Whitman and Walt Whitman? POETICUS.

2. What is the English of the word " Heautontimorumenos," used in Ricord's work " English Songs from Foreign Tongues." YACOB.

3. John Heydon says the character of his spirit is expressed by the word " Taphzabuezeltharthaseraphimarh." English this word. YACOB.

4. Are there more than six adjectives ending in " dous " ? Hazadous, Jeopardous, Nefandous, Pteropodous, Stupendous, and Tremendous. JON. ATHAN.

5. Is there any book extant in the ancient, obsolete, dead languages known as the Runic, the Zend, etc. ? In what ages were such spoken ? G S. C.

6. From what customs or rites are certain Sundays before Lent and Easter designated Quadragesima, Quinquagesima, Sexagesima, and Septuagesima ? AQUARIUS.

7. The first appearance of Poe's Raven " in print is given differently. N. AND Q., Vol. XIX, p. 22, says it first appeared in the N. Y. *Mirror*, Jan. 29, 1845. The London ed. of Poe's works, published by Ward, Lock & Co., page lxxix, says it first appeared in *The American Review*, for February, 1845, and was signed " Quarles." Will some of the metropolitan libraries which have these serials examine them and decide the question. OBSERVER.

8. In N. AND Q. Vol. XX, p. 152, the Laplacean Era is given as A. D. 1250, credited to Mary Somerville (see " Mechanism of the Heavens," page xlvi. London edition, 1831). But the Arago's " Eulogy on Laplace," (translated by Baden Powell) in Smithsonian Report for 1871, p. 168, says that A. D. 1245 is the Laplacean Era. Which is right ? OBSERVER.

My Path To School.

BY MRS. EUNICE P. WOOD, TOMAH, WIS.

On soft grey morns and crimson days
 I tread a path of withered leaves ;
 At morn, the sun hath not yet crept
 Above the Eastern hills nor slept
 Upon the forest-land above,
 An oaken growth, an open grove,
 Where Autumn sighs and Winter grieves
 And spreads this path of withered leaves.
 At eve, the sunset falleth soon,
 The arc is short, the winter noon
 Beholds the sun at Southern bound ;
 The Winter Solstice he had found ;
 While pink and grey his curtains shine
 About his disk of amber wine.
 The path hath bounds of ice and snow,
 But where its wildwood windings go,
 A sheltered depth holds yet the drift
 Of Autumn leaves with kindly thrift ;
 They stay for me who love the way
 I tread on many a summer day.
 The partridge knows this secret way,
 The blue-jay with his black and gray
 Sends his sharp note so wild and shrill
 That echoes from the neighboring hill ;
 The squirrel here hath house of store,
 The same his fathers knew of yore ;
 The weasel's track on feathery snows
 Shows where his Royal whiteness goes,
 And in the mornings, blithe and free,
 Here sings the bonny chick-a-dee !
 I tread with lightest footfall here
 On these brown remnants of the year ;
 They render up an incense sweet
 Beneath the woundings of my feet ;
 I see again the summer-scene
 When first I knew their tender green,
 And, earlier, when their springtime hue
 Of pinkish-grey their branches knew,
 About the feet of these tall trees
 Grew bounteously anemones,
 And all along this greenwood path
 The frailest blossoms nature hath ;
 Oh, pale and slender, rare and sweet,
 They flowered out around my feet,
 Hepatica and blood-root white,
 And dog-tooth violets yellow light,
 While from the boughs about me rang
 The roundelay the robins sang,
 Have early hopes, once bright and fair
 Withered for me with white-winged hair ?
 Have the rich vines of faith and trust
 Failed of support and trail in dust ?
 My daily path of withered leaves
 Whispers : " The strong heart never grieves
 O'er hopeless happenings ; lift thine eyes
 To all that's lovely 'neath the skies
 Nor love not man nor nature less,
 But toil for others' happiness.
 These Autumn-leaves are dead and aere ;
 Green leaves shall grow another year."
 So Hope her web of comfort weaves,
 Though still I walk on withered leaves,

Magic Square For 1902.

87	194	141	212	88	193	142	211	89	192	143	210
158	195	104	177	157	196	103	178	156	197	102	179
176	105	230	123	175	106	229	124	174	107	228	125
213	140	159	122	214	139	160	121	215	138	161	120
92	189	146	207	91	190	145	208	90	191	144	209
153	200	99	182	154	199	100	181	155	198	101	180
171	110	225	128	172	109	226	127	173	108	227	126
218	135	164	117	217	136	163	118	216	137	162	119
93	183	147	206	94	187	148	205	95	186	149	204
152	201	98	183	151	202	97	184	150	203	96	185
170	111	224	129	169	112	223	130	168	113	222	131
219	134	165	116	220	133	166	115	221	132	167	114

Quod utilius Deus patefieri sinet, quod autem majoris momenti est, vulgo adhuc latet usque ad Eliæ Artistæ adventum, quando in venerit.
— PARACELSUS.

"God will permit a discovery of the highest importance to be made, but it must be hidden till the advent of the artist Elias."

WHY I AM A THEOSOPHIST. A lecture by Dr. J. D. Buck in a symposium of different religious beliefs at the church of Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow, Cincinnati, Ohio. 12mo. pp. 24.

ANGELS OF THE REFORMATION. In answer to "L. T. W.," "Hales' Chronology" gives them as follows: Wickliff, the first angel, 1360; Huss, the second angel, 1405; Luther, the third angel, 1517.

Books and Exchanges Received.

THE PAINLESS OR INTUITIONAL LIFE. There has just been issued from the press a volume of 100 pages, 12mo., designed to explain the ancient Chinese religion and philosophy, known as Taoism. It contains the sayings of Lao-tsze and others of their sages 500 B. C. It introduces us to the great book of life, defines the relation of the sexes, the cosmic consciousness, and the only Way to let go the "self" so as to attain life in its entirety. It shows how to get well and to remain so bodily and mentally. Cloth bound, 60 cents; paper, 40 cents. Address L. Miller, May Building, Washington, D. C.

These terse aphorisms are of a mystical and universal religion, subtly translated, and speak from the heart to the heart — a book of wonderful ethical and spiritual sympathy.

ZEBULON. A Dramatic production. By Isaace P. Noyes, 409 Fourth Street, S. E., Washington, D. C. In the southern plantation dialect, and just the thing for an afterpiece. This author is a good writer and familiar with his chosen subject. He has himself published more than a score of monographs in the various fields of literature, all of which are entertaining and instructive.

COMMON SENSE TALKS. By Francis Edgar Mason. First talk is "Prayer and Practice." Square duodecimo. 16 pages. Neatly executed; lapping covers; ten cents by mail. 7 and 9 Warren St., New York City.

THE PHILOSOPHER. Official organ of the Church of the World. J. E. Roberts and C. F. Eldredge, editors. Quarto. \$1.00 a year. Kansas City, Mo. Liberal, free, out-spoken on the vital questions of the day. Services every Sunday morning in the Auditorium, by J. E. Roberts, minister. 16 pages monthly.

Moore says: "Alchemist may doubt
The shining gold their crucibles give out,
But faith, fanatic faith once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last."

THE BABY was born on March 1, 1902, at 1325 12th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. It made its second appearance in public, May 5, 1902, by Albert O. McLaughlin and Carrie D. McLaughlin. Cost of yearly keeping, 25 cents. Devoted to the philosophy and phenomena of the New Birth. Something new under the sun! First poem is "The Island Where Babies Grow,"

Books For Sale.

HISTORIC COLLECTIONS. Vol. I. Containing twenty-five articles and papers that have been given before the meetings of the Association, several of them of intrinsic value. This is a book of 346 pages, with portraits and illustrations; octavo, cloth. \$2.50.

HISTORIC COLLECTIONS. Vol. II. Containing complete the Proprietors' Records of Tyng Township, with editorial notes and annotations; and "Contributions to the History of Derryfield," by William E. Moore, besides several shorter papers and sketches. Over 300 pages; with portraits, maps, and illustrations; octavo, cloth, uniform with Vol. I. \$2.50.

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COLONEL JOHN GOFFE, SKETCH OF. By Hon. Gordon Woodbury. Octavo, cloth, 48 pp. \$0.75.

SKETCH OF DUNBARTON, N. H. By Miss Ella Mills. Octavo, paper. \$0.25.

THE WOODRANGER TALES. By G. Waldo Browne. Comprising three volumes, uniform in size and binding. Illustrated; each over 300 pages; 12mo. Price, \$1.00 each. Sent postpaid on receipt of price. These books deal directly with the history of early Manchester and vicinity from the year 1740 to 1756, thus covering the period of the French and Indian wars, and detailing the lives and adventures of the noted pioneers of those trying years, Col. John Goffe, Gen. John Stark, Major Robert Rogers, Capt William Stark, Philip the friendly Pequaket, Christo the last of the Pennacooks, and many others, besides that unique and picturesque character, whose life history and romance blend most happily, he who gives his title to the series, "The Woodranger."

All of the above works sent postpaid on receipt of the prices given. Address THE HISTORIC QUARTERLY, Manchester, N. H.

THE HARMONY OF ART

AND

The Music of The Spheres.

BY

MARY PERCIVAL STONE.

(An Essay read before THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB, and THE PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, Manchester, N. H., and WOMAN'S CLUB, Derry, N. H.)

"Look! how the floor of Heaven
Is thick, inlaid with the patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb, which thou beheld'st,
But, in his motion, like an angel sings,
Still, quiring to the young-eyed cherubim;
Such Harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

— LORENZO, *Merchant of Venice*, Act V, Scene 1.

In this century of advanced thought, and wonderful opportunities for learning, and acquiring knowledge, we read much literature; we enjoy the sentiment of a fine poem; we attend grand concerts; we visit galleries of art; we listen to eloquent speakers, and we admire the grandeur of natural scenery. Many talk frequently, of the fine arts, of painting, of sculpture, of poetry and fine prose; of silver tongued oratory and musical harmony, of the beauty of nature and the unlimited power of human nature.

Comparatively few, however, pause to ask: What is Art? A Harmonious Chord? The Beauty of Nature? or this marvelous Power of Human Nature? The more one studies, or thinks, the more one realizes that greatest Truths are simplest; and the questions might be answered something after this manner: That which we term Art, in its truest sense, is an outward expression of an inward impression. Thought takes form only by expression. Hence, an art manifestation is a story of the desires, ambitions, affections, aspirations, sufferings, and joys of human life. Nature's beauty is a book of symbols, through which is told the story of the human Soul and the great power of human Nature. The various ways of telling this ever new, and ever interesting tale of human joy and sorrow, this unfolding the wisdom, already inherent within, is called Art. William O. Partridge says: "Art is a matter of demand and supply." Possibly, by examination of the supply, one may learn somewhat of the spirit, which thus found an embodiment of a conscious need. With this idea, as fundamental, even a brief study of materialized Art, as crystallized Thought, once warm and vital, may bring this revelation to the mind: that, whatever the distinguishing characteristic, or

exterior form, " 'tis but the expression of the common needs of mankind ; the crystallized aspirations of the human Soul." Man is a triune being he feels, thinks and acts ; human life is built upon a trinity of principles : Body, Spirit, Soul. The perfect relation of these three principles produces harmony and great mental power. A perfect art form requires three things : Unity, Variety, and Symmetry. The portrayal of a perfect proportion or relation existing between this trinity of attributes is the *Harmony of Art*. Says Robert Ingersoll : " A work of Sculpture is a Melody in Marble." Thus recognizing the ethical principle of the disciples of Pythagoras : " There is Music where there is Harmony, Order, or Proportion." Pythagoras was the first to suggest the idea, later expressed by Shakespeare in " Merchant of Venice." Lorenzo says :

" There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in its motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the one-eyed cherubim,
Such harmony is in immortal souls."

And said Plato : " A siren sits on each planet, who carols a most sweet song, agreeing to the motion of her own particular planet, but harmonizing with the other seven." According to Maximus Tyrius the mere proper motion of the planets must create sounds, and as the planets move at regular intervals the sounds must harmonize. Milton wrote of the " celestial sirens' harmony, that sit upon the nine enfolded spheres."

Under the term *music*, the Greek included about all he possessed of a liberal education : as mathematics, poetry and song. As a *Tonal Art* music meant harmonious vibrations to the ear. Here again is the same trinity of principles, essential to completeness. Full harmony or a perfect chord can be produced *only* by the union of the first, third, and fifth tones of the scale, corresponding to the Unity, Variety and Symmetry in the perfect Art Form.

A vague perception of this common universal Law of Vibration is shown in the words of an article on " Evolution," written in 1892. The writer says : " Probably poets will become verse-painters ; composers, tone-poets ; painters, color-singers." Truth is *thus* often veiled unconsciously in satire. The latter, unconscious gems of thought, are given a practical setting in the following circlet of Golden Truths uttered by one who possessed the attuned ear to the " Harmony in Immortal Souls," and the " Music of the Spheres." He says : " The whole world is engaged in commerce of *thought* ; or an exchange of *ideas* by words, symbols, sounds, colors, and forms. The motives of the silent, invisible world, that contains *all seeds* of action, are made known only by sounds, colors, forms, objects, relations, uses, and qual-

ities ; so that, the visible universe is a dictionary, through which is carried on the invisible commerce of thought." It might be said that Art, in a broad sense, is essentially representative of Life, either in nature or human nature ; and the contemplation of the beauties of her various forms of manifestation develops or brings forth what is *pure*, and *noble*, and *true*, in every human soul ; perhaps, latent there, until touched with this spark of inspiration. W. S. B. Mathews says : " There is something *common* to all artists, to all the world's heroes, namely ; It is the *infinite*, which seems to be behind them ; a far away glance into the *Eternal*. It is the super earthly which charms and quiets the human heart." And in pursuing the study of any branch of the Art World, one is soon led to agree with the statement : " We might as well try to sweep back the ocean with a broomstick, as to turn ethics out of Art ; and that Art is the great rejuvenating and regenerating principle in the world." It is not our purpose to enter into the details of the practical workings of Art in her various branches. The *plan* is to be ethical rather than technical, in the trend of thought, and to show *motives* and ends of Art, rather than her means of *action*. Music is *well* termed " the *most ideal* of all the *Arts*," on account of her freedom from imitation and her distinct appeal to the spiritual or *Soul Sense*. The real musician finds in *nature* a living key-board upon which can be woven musical harmonies, in accord with the emotions of the human soul, and without this, *soul response, consecutive sound*, merely, not harmony, is heard." We learn that *musical harmony* is result of the relation or correspondence *between* these tonal vibrations, and the inner life or Soul of Man. This idea was illustrated by the following beautiful simile :

" Music is a glorious Ship on the Ocean of Art, Emotion is the breeze that fills the sails ; Intellect is the skilled hand at the wheel." To make research after the elementary ingredients, which mingled together, might compose this great Ocean of Art, would be like searching for the " Pot of Gold " at the end of the rainbow ; in other words a sort of " wool gathering " process. One would probably find it too large to be limited by the walls of definition. But, literally speaking, " the *beginning* was made with the *first* attempt, to impress upon matter some form which should be the expression of an idea ; the want of skill shown in the crude attempts is beside the question ; the mere desire to express something, and in the higher sense, the perception of the spirit renders, man an artist. The carvings of the cave dwellers in Ancient Egypt, in prehistoric times, are thought generally to be the first germs of artistic effort, and to quote the expression, " an isolated episode without fruition or consequence." We beg

leave to differ with this idea. To our mental vision, these primitive men lived so near to nature's heart that they were the early names upon a long list, which made it possible that even a Correggio, or Michael Angelo, or Richard Wagner, or Beethoven might give to this material world a glimpse of the eternal verities, or Divinity within each human Soul, in the great invisible thought world. Any depth of contemplation or penetration into the intrinsic merit of this vast subject of thought will show to the student's mind the permeating influence of Truths and Principles of Art in every sphere of life—within the spiritual, the moral, and the physical—using our term sphere in the sense of *Planes of Action*. In illustration of its power over the physical let us listen to the eminent Lessing, in his "Study of Greek Art." Speaking of Art Study as tending to *longevity*, he says: "The mind and body are kept constantly in harmonious action in a union of the mechanical with the poetic; of the Real with the Ideal." There is certainly, herein involved, within this statement, a true principle if we glance beneath the surface. The people of today are learning, if not already conversant with the fact, that in *any* walk of life, the principle of *truth* means *growth*, progression, something ahead. Ever *learning* is ever young, in relation to that which is to be learned. The "Elixir of Life" is not found in distillation of the alchemist, as dreamed of in the days of Bulwer Lytton; but rather the principle of growth and health is in learning, *learning*, LEARNING, going from Ideal to Ideal; making the attainment of one Ideal, but a stepping-stone to another and higher; this idea, mentally instilled, is *Eternal Youth*. The constant aspiration might be well termed a "*Divine Discontent*," instead of stagnation and death.

James Russell Lowell clothes this idea in these words

"We're curus critters: Now, aint *jes* the minute;
That fits us easy, *while* we're in it."

This *contemplation* of the beautiful in Art, in form, in color, in musical vibrations, with the consequent harmonious relation of the mental and physical, begets a cheerful atmosphere, and as a result there is an avoidance of the wear and tear of uncongenial environment, and a constant and healthful reaction on the physical plane of life. Xenocrates, in 335 B. C., used a knowledge of this fact in alleviation and cure of insanity by vocal effects. A modern illustration of the practical effect of musical Art, the *therapeutic sphere*, may be found in what is termed the "*Music Cure*." The basic principle of action, being that every man has a key-note, by producing one certain sound or tone, with the voice (that particular one to be found by experiment), the whole physical man responds to this vibration, as to *no other tone* of the scale. In the case of the irritation of the mucous membrane,

which we call a "cold," the resonance of these vibrations, on this tone, will stir and rouse the life currents of the whole body. The normal action thus produced dissipates, of course, the former inaction or disease. In the restoration to *Order* and *Harmony*, we hear the music of the *Therapeutic Sphere*; and so might numerous instances be cited did time or patience permit.

To return to harmonious results of Art Contemplation upon the spiritual and mental planes, we learn that whether the manifestation be by medium of pen, chisel, or brush, musical instrument or human voice, the practical benefit to be attained, is the same, the mind and soul thoughts and emotions, indeed the *whole* man is lifted from the common-place and hum-drum, out into the realm of the Ideal; from the world of Actualities into one of Realities; from the Material to the Substantial. Says one wise mind: "Capacity, to sift Symplicity from Common-Place, ended in *Literature* in *Browning*; in *Music* in *Richard Wagner*," and we would have added *Beethoven*. By way of interest, listen to what Beethoven's sixth symphony said to *one* mind: "This sound wrought a picture of the fields and woods, of flowering hedge and happy home, where thrushes build and swallows fly, and mothers sing to babes; this echo of the babbled lullaby of brook, that dallying, winds and falls where meadows bare their dasied bosoms to the sun; this joyous mimicry of summer rain, the laugh of children and the rhythmic rustle of the whispering leaves; this strophe of peasant life; this perfect poem of content and love."

In these various definitions of Art, *one thought* has been prominently emphasized. We refer to the difference between *Truths* and *Facts*, or realities and actualities. Admit *this* fact into the mind for a moment; *nature is not* merely a positive, absolute, definite set of facts, but a receptacle, into which flows the warm pregnant current of thought; whence it issues a crystallized idea, taking the coloring of each individual eye and mind. No two persons literally see the *same* sunset, or hear the same symphony, although rendered by the same orchestra. The purest and highest Art stops *not* with mere imitation or iteration of simple facts; on the contrary it uses those facts as a means to embody the mental impression conveyed through these facts and to each mind she portrays a different picture, to each ear a different harmony. Here let us note one important item, namely: Truth lives after the facts have perished; also, Truth is Eternal, Facts, transitory. This principle is illustrated in an interesting manner, in the artistic work of the monetary world; scientific research believes the Egyptian coins have no superior in the world, and finds their inscriptions to be the work of Grecian

artists. Also the *only* known authentic portraits of Cleopatra, Alexander, and others, are to be found on these coins. On the Persian coins was found a portrayal of the faith and rites of the Fire-Worshippers; again, another instance may be found in the laboratory of the United States Mint. An observer will find there a collection of one thousand coins, giving a condensed history of the Ancient city of Rome. As is well known with all scholars conversant with this branch of historical research, no *dates* were used previous to the fifteenth century, the era being represented by legends stamped on the circulating coins of those days. These artistic impressions, valuable as a history of the mental world, have, a reliable authority, concerning the customs, manners, and religious thought of human life at that period. A theme in itself most interesting and instructive, if followed in detail; but the main *thought* to be gathered here, in touch with the present line of consideration, seems to be *this: that the one essential*, and at that time the supposed *only practical use* or value of the coins, as a medium of barter and trade, *is obsolete or dead*. Whereas the *Truth*, representing the *Thoughts* of human minds of that age of the world, *still lives*. It is well to note that these histories and portraits, are the *most* authentic in existence, consequent upon the fact that *all* Art patronage was regulated by the strictest laws, and only the best and most reliable workmen and artists were employed. These living pictures and stories upon the dead coins become an object lesson to *Truth as paramount to Fact*. The history of living thoughts is potentially endowed with life, whereas the unconscious cold fact embodies a reflection of that, and is a representation of that life. Passing from this illustration in the business world, let us investigate the dream land of the poet and study the word painting of this artist in the light of the principle of living truth *versus* dead facts of *Reality versus Actuality*. Is it, think you, the simple enumeration of the details of a landscape, or the glorious description of Old Ocean, where the scene chances to be enacted, or the features of a beautiful being, around whom the story centers, which so call forth the warm enthusiasm, the ever fresh, never-failing heart-interest and soul response from the long list of readers, year after year? Ah! how deftly and how beautifully these facts are woven into garments only, with which to cloth the living, throbbing thought, already encased within the mind of the reader. Neither landscape, contour of feature, carved marble, gorgeous coloring, nor musical instrument is able of itself either to awaken musical harmony, or evoke poetic fire or enthusiasm for the Beautiful. What is it, then? "Ah, there's the rub!" 'Tis the responsive relation only between the living spirit of man and those beautiful facts in Nature, thus

developing potential Truth within the human soul to which those facts correspond. Such is the "Harmony of Art," which renders the cold, literal facts subservient to the warm, vital Love and Wisdom, latent within every human life ; thus in reality making facts a means of development of essential truths, potentially inherent within every human being. The materials of *Actuality* then become in this way of thinking the foundation stones in the Temple of reality, the builders of which are Imagination and Intuition. Robert Ingersoll believe that "Imagination lent wings and power to every human faculty, and should be cultivated in the minds of children, until Poetry and Philosophy should go hand in hand," believing that "Human Love uplifts man from the bondage of the senses. Truth is above Nature, but still in it ; and herein lies the distinction between Interpretation and Imitation ; between Idealism and Realism, or high and low Art, of which we hear so much in common parlance." The *Music* of this poetic *Sphere* lies in the harmony of *Soul* and *Sense*, in correspondence between Visible and Invisible. Again, a thought from W. S. B. Mathews : "The state of Art in any community depends on a fortunate correspondence between the two elements of the *internal* and *external*. By the former we mean the thought-world ; by the latter, the outward expression of that world. The nature of the Form selected as a means of expression will depend on the *general environment*." In other words, as formerly stated, it is a matter of *Demand* and *Supply*. For illustration, let us look at Greek Art, at the time of the great prosperity of Athens, in the palmy days of her history, when the brilliancy of intellect was at the zenith and almost without a parallel to this day. One form of Art was prominent, and that was *Sculpture* which reached approximate perfection at that time. *Beauty*, in contour and form of the human figure, was the expression of Harmony and Proportion to those minds, and the *demand* of those human hearts was supplied by the sculptor's chisel. Over in Italy at the time of her brilliant period of painting and corresponding intellectual power, the *demand* of harmony and proportion was in rich colors, gorgeous combinations of tint and hue and soft blending of complementary tones ; and this needed supply was given by the brush of a Leonardo de Vinci, Michael Angelo, Lorenzo de Medici, and many other great artists. Away back in the early centuries, about 580 B. C., we find Pythagoras looking for Harmony and Proportion among the heavenly spheres. Somewhat familiar to many is the ancient mystery, which taught that the "heavenly bodies in their revolutions sing together in concert so various and sweet as to exceed any proportion to the human ear." To use the expression of one wise mind, "The greatest Souls from

Plato to Wordsworth have been lifted above themselves with the idea that the universe was knit together by a principle of which *Musical Harmony* is the clearest expression." This statement is verified in Wordsworth's "Power of Sound"; and a second verification is found in the "Morning Hymn" of Adam and Eve, in "Paradise Lost."

A familiar item to all students of musical history is the fact that our earliest tonal system was that of Pythagoras, about 550 B. C. The scale of tones corresponding to the seven planets of the solar system — Earth, Moon, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn — and the respective orbit of each planet, determined in some way the intervals of sound into which this tonal chain must be divided; evidently he calculated by some *Vibratory Law*. Under the same *unwritten law* the seven rainbow colors produce corresponding series of color vibrations — the tonal scale producing agreeable harmonies within the ear, and the color scale shedding harmonious vibrations upon the eye. Within this "Harmony, Order, and Proportion," he found a literal "Music of the Spheres," and we have a seeming realization of Lorenzo's words, "Such harmony is in *Immortal Souls*." (*Merchant of Venice*, Act v, Scene 1.)

But why all this wandering amid rainbow hues and revolving spheres? Ah! friends, wise men were those ancient seers. While to external view they lived with head among the stars, they walked with feet upon the firm ground of mathematical science, not losing their heads among the spheres and atmospheres. They simply discovered and recognized the great *law of vibrations* extending throughout the Universe, and *manifest* in every Sphere of Life. No matter what the FORM of manifestation, the *essential principle* is the same. May they not have struck the dominant chord of Eternal Harmony in Human Life? And may not the attuned ear hear its vibrations as they pulsate and reverberate throughout the great *Symphony of Life*? The science of occult law, termed Theosophy, says: "Seven represents the scale of Nature, from the radiant sun, whose light is broken into seven rainbow colors, down to the snowflake, crystallizing in a six pointed star. In the growth and development of vegetable and animal life, *seven* is the rule by which the *totality* of existence is measured, but the number *five* represents *harmony*. In *music* complete harmony is produced by a union of the first, third, and fifth tones of the scales. In *man*, if his body (first principle) is in accord with his instincts (third principle) he may experience pleasant sensations; but *full* harmony can *only* be attained when the fifth principle (Intelligence) fully assents to the union of the first and third principles. Then will

each man's life become a *Symphony*." The figure of the symphony is used as representing the *most perfect* form as yet expressed in musical Art. So man's life is the highest form of expression yet known of living beings. The perfect adjustment of his triune nature in the union of the first, third, and fifth principles of his being, results in *Full Harmony of Human Life*. In other words, "*The Perfect*," of which "*Great Music*" tells. With this picture before the mental vision, one may listen to William Ellery Channing's translation of this beautiful simile of a *Symphony* into a useful rule of daily living :

MY SYMPHONY.

"To live content with small means, to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely; to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart; to study hard, think quietly, act frankly, talk gently, await occasions, hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden, and unconscious, grow up through the common — this is to be my symphony."

Statistics tell us that as a *tonal* system, music was the earliest in order of time, among the arts; and all leading types of instruments were discovered in the early periods, but never reached much *power* until the last century. The evolution of musical history is divided into five periods :

1. Music of the Ancient Worlds. 2. Apprentice Period of Modern Music. 3. Dawn of Modern Music. 4. Flowering Time of Modern Music. 5. Epoch of the Romantic.

The Apprentice Period extends back to the early Aryans in Central Asia, whom Max Müller represents as "circling around the family altar at sunrise and sunset with clasped hands repeating in musical tones, a hymn; possibly, one of the Vedas, or older still." Music was highly esteemed in ancient times, but only within three or four centuries was developed to any depth or height. This growth was mainly in Egypt, Greece, and India. We might trace the path of musical expression through the early days of these races: as the music of the ancient Israelites, the music of Islam, of Persia and Etruria, and so on, with this same general result, namely, to find the musical *development* of each nation, increasing or diminishing with the growth or decay of the intelligence or moral enlightenment of the people. Students of Grecian lore will recall that it was a principle of the religion of Pythagoras to require that his disciples, before retiring at night, should sing a hymn, in order to prepare for rest. History also tells the reader that in ancient Rome songs were sung around the social board to inspire the young men to brave deeds and noble lives, and a flute accom-

paniment was often used. Also that chants were sung by men and women as early as the first century, and the chant of the Holy Supper was accompanied by the flute. And thus numerous instances might be cited of the musical culture of ancient people and of the increase or decrease of good music, corresponding to growth or decay of the moral and spiritual elements of society. Musical harmony is in very truth the voice of the Soul and enters into its true sphere, *only* as spiritual blindness is cast out. A retrospect of the Puritan days of the colonies reveals music as almost ostracized in sacred worship, but today the pendulum swings back, and we find the sermon only an item in the service of praise and song. At this point this thought will bear repetition and emphasis ; art production in general from most primitive man down has been an outward expression of the inner man, and the *true* artist the very priest of the *Inner Temple*, the interpreter of spiritual light. It may be the part of wisdom to profit by the advice of Shakespeare, spoken in the familiar words of one of his inimitable creations :

" The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils, —
Let no such man be trusted."

In tracing the comparative growth of Art in different manifestations, we find that *Sculpture* reached great perfection about 500 B. C., in Greece ; Architecture, about 1200 A. D., in the cathedrals of Europe ; Painting from 1500 to 1600 A. D. ; while musical expression, though oldest of all the arts as to time, has been the slowest in development. Only within the last two centuries have the great compositions been produced ; and why this slowness of growth ? According to W. S. B. Mathews, a standard authority, " musical development has been limited by the state of cultivation of the *ears* of the people, and the consequent or corresponding perfection of their instruments."

It is both interesting and instructive to study the evolution of the musical instruments from the crude efforts of the early civilization, the ancient Druidic rites, to the elaborate and intricate productions of a modern symphony orchestra, of today. Truly, it seems but a step from the beaten stick to a modern Xylophone ; from a few reed pipes, blown by the lungs, to our magnificent pipe organs of today. By a special study of the evolution of the orchestra, it will be clearly seen that this evolution or evolvement of the musical instrument, is but a history of the corresponding development of human minds, with their consequent needs, ambitions, desires, and aspirations. We learn also that *Progress* in all other forms of art expression ex-

exercised a strong influence on musical utterance; even to making this one form an *embodiment* of the whole art realm. Growth of music as a *tonal* art means an evolution of tone perception. An ever increasing perception of *tone quality* requires better instruments as a means of voicing those tones. Evidently, to every thinking mind then, as a natural sequence, the keener the perceptions of harmonious sounds the greater the power to discern the finer and finer tonal vibrations, the more intricate and complex must be the instruments for expressing those sounds. The higher vibrations of the world of sound may be compared to the Roentgen X-rays of the world of vision. The vibratory limit, if there is one, is doubtless beyond the mental grasp of human comprehension. What has been, will continue to be, is a safe assertion, and education and natural development will go on until new combinations of tones now inaudible to the ear, comparatively undeveloped as yet, will be the daily harmony to the ears of the new century, perchance the every day music of the people. In same ratio, higher vibrations of color beyond violet will dawn on the unfolding vision of the new cycle. A late writer speaks already of an amount of material in our present tonal system as yet *entirely unused*, and in this prophecy, a coming event seems, at this early date, to to have "cast a shadow before." To the deeper view this changing and growing enrichment of the exterior, or technical garment, this new enrobing of musical thought and vision, is merely the "shadow" of the unfolding spirit within.

A retrospective glance of only twenty five years will tell us the musical productions of Richard Wagner were regarded by an average concert audience as simply atrocious, or disagreeable to the ear, and the music a mass of discordant sound, a mere jargon of noise. But what of today? The American people enjoy with enthusiasm an *entire* Wagner programme of perhaps two hours or more duration. A wonderful transformation of taste, and why? The answer is easily given as the necessary effect of certain causes. In the previous quarter of a century, tonal perception was comparatively undeveloped and not open to a degree sufficient to perceive, hear or appreciate the harmony of certain combinations of musical tones. Today the more cultivated ear, or the more unfolded power of hearing finer vibrations of sound, is able to enjoy and appreciate the grander harmonies of Wagner's masterful compositions.

Discords of yesterday prove the harmony of to day. And as one may learn the voice of music to be the voice of the spirit; to be a prophecy of the possibilities of the human soul, a glimmer of brighter light seems to fall on the mental vision. The question arises, are there in reality any discords in life? May

there not be a mistaken relation of things, or a wrong adjustment or, in other words, a location in the wrong sphere? Portia expresses the latter idea to her companion Nerissa. With womanly intuition she perceives that *everything* is harmonious within its *own sphere*. She says :

"The crow doth sing as sweetly as a lark,
When neither is attended; and I think,
The nightingale, if she would sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought,
No better than the wren.
How many things, by reason, seasoned
Are to their right praise and true perfection."

The "Immortal Bard" seems to have grasped the true interpretation of the art of musical harmony, to be that of a spiritual power and force in the world, by its varied spheres and planes of expression. It would be of great interest to trace in detail this apparent perception of the spiritual potency of musical vibration, as voiced by numbers of his inimitable human creations. In return for the poet's grand interpretive power and assistance, the gentle muse has done much to impress human minds with the real and true meaning of the poet's words and to deliver them to the grasp of the common people. Without the illustrative aid of Musical Art would this "Myriad-Minded" Shakespeare have so wonderfully impressed humanity with his wisdom, generation after generation, ad infinitum? It may be difficult to say *which* is debtor; but music is certainly fulfilling *her highest sphere*, while serving as messenger to the Divinity within each man's life; and while calling to the highest and noblest qualities in each personality. Ingersoll's words, "*Great music tells us of the Perfect,*" may be realized in every human being, who learns to carefully listen and to hear; and from this intelligent hearing may come a revelation of what life might or *ought to be*. Poetry and music seem indissolubly linked in the common office of portraying the life of the spirit. Every phase of thought and emotion, and the prophecy of immortality, they are, also, a longer time in developing apparent perfection than other forms of Art expression. Away back in the days of Hebrew worship may be recalled the grand body of poetry and song, used in the Liturgy of the Temple, with 4,000 musicians to express Aspiration and Inspiration, for the multitude; praising God with instruments appointed by David. As long as spirit throbs and minds think, so long, must new poems and new symphonies be created. Those minstrel artists of ancient days combined the beauties of poetry and of harmonious tones, and as *poet musicians*, they filled many useful spheres, and some very humble stations, comparatively speaking. Our ideas of absolute height and depth are often, to say the least, rather confused, bearing in mind, "How many

to say the least, rather confused, bearing in mind, "How many things season, seasoned art to their right praise and true perfection." Turning to the old Homeric poetry, 1000 B. C., we find the minstrel a central figure, and honored guest, entertaining the other guests, at a social feast. In fact, the hero himself, sometimes taking the lyre, sang of his own adventures. Possibly *singing* one's own *praises* would be at least a more agreeable form of egotism than every day *speech*, to the general listener. The usefulness of these musician-poets was not limited to religious and social duties, but their voices were heard in polemics, in the political arena, and literally on the battle field of war. Many an act of chivalry and deed of love were inspired by listening to the songs of other men, who had lived, and fought, and loved in those good old days, when :

" The way was long and the wind was cold,
And the minstrel was infirm and old,"

In the days of "Marmion." History tells us that in the ninth century the kings of Europe sent to Iceland, as the musical center, for "capable minstrels," to lead the music in Court. It is thought that one of the earliest developments in popular music was in "Songs of Action," Chanson des Gestes, about 800 to 1200 A. D., and these were created by a certain class of minstrels. A most noted example is "*Story of Antioch*," a Romance of the Crusades, to be chanted by minstrels during the Crusades. "The "*Song of Roland*" was chanted before the "Battle of Hastings." The discourses of heroic men before combat, and their ideas of God were simple, but childlike. Superstition had no place. "Parsifal" and the "Holy Grail" were other instances of these Songs of Action. The story of King Arthur's disguise as a minstrel, and his entrance into the Danish camp, which resulted in the conquest of the Danes, is one of many such adventures, which records the value of minstrelsy in the tactics of war. After the Homeric period an examination of the Hesiodic poems will find them composed and sung by wandering or traveling minstrels of a high order, who were students of schools, or "Guilds of Rhapsodists," and entered greatly into the patriotic field.

Plutarch, in the "Life of Lycurgus," says : "Thales was famed for his wisdom and his political abilities ; he was withal a lyric poet, who under cover of his lute performed as great things as the most excellent lawgivers. He softened the animosities of the people by means of great grace and power of his odes ; and united them in zeal for excellence and virtue." An item worthy of notice in this research is this fact : The first song *without words* in existence is called "Apollo and the Python Combat," written for the flute, accompanied by the cithara, an ancient form of lyre.

merit a place among the musical spheres of earth and sky?

The Troubadours and Trouvères of the travelling guilds represented many of high degree. One of the earliest, being Count Wilhelm of Poitiers; and Count Thibaut of Champagne, king of Nararre, was a celebrated singer and poet, 1201 to 1253. The Trouvères were said to be of noble birth, and finer imaginative powers than other orders. Proceeding along this line we find a later development in Germany of "Knightly music," sung by Minne singers, followed by Master singers from the common people. The Troubadour acquired no art of melody and made no use of harmony; but the early English, or Celtic bards, left a distinct impression on musical composition, traceable today. According to historic data these poet bards lived many centuries before the Christian era, and were ever ready to perform religious, patriotic or social service. Their reign continued until suppressed by Elizabeth. If evolution had given a graphophone privilege at that period, what an interesting record would be ours! The advantage of the twentieth century over those early days is a *double one*, in being able to perpetuate both audible tones, and visible sound. The latter exhibits another effect of the universal *Law of Vibrations*, and evolution of thought, and presents "*Voice Figures*" as a fact. As a monument to this discovery, and as the first practical application of vocal vibration, stands an institution for children, in the city of London.

Mrs. Hughes, the English vocalist, discovers that voice-vibration thrown upon a plastic surface produces certain artistic figures varying with extension and withdrawal of the tones, certain causes leaving certain effects with mathematical exactness. As a result the windows are decorated literally with "frozen music, or visible sound. Notwithstanding the suppression of the fact of minstrelsy by Elizabeth the spirit of the musical roarer survives to the present day.

Whittier speaks with gratitude of his first introduction to the songs of Burns by the voice of a wandering Scotchman; "After eating bread and cheese he sung 'Bonnie Doon,' 'Highland Mary,' and 'Auld Lang Syne.'" We read that "Jonathan Plummer, first and last minstrel of the Merrimac, gladdened the hearts of the country homes twice a year; whose rhymes flowed freely as he had *eaten* ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes."

One might linger with pleasure among such jovial friends, and learn many lessons of Love and Charity. The sphere of these humble minstrels was useful and not to be disregarded. While wandering from sphere to sphere, we have talked of visible sound and color-singers, of tone-poets, and verse-painters: of spheres celestial, and bards terrestrial, passing Nature's warblers, mutely by. The saying is true, that "The song of the bird has no moral lesson, but 'tis humanizing." May it not

Allowing due tribute to other and higher spheres, may not a little space be allotted to even the street musician and the organ-grinder, of whom Dr. Holmes says: "He is enough."

"To pluck the eyes of sentiment,
And dock the tail of rhyme;
To crack the voice of melody,
And break the legs of time."

Certainly, the *small boy* and his satellites will attest to genuine enjoyment from this source, and an addition to *his* happiness, which may be reflected at *home*. While according more tribute to *music* than to the *other arts*, we assert this: Whether the truths be uttered through Pen, Chisel, Voice, or Brush, it speaks to the *Highest* within every Soul, or the *Spiritual Man*, calling forth the *best* of which each life is capable of *being, doing or enjoying*. All that was genuine in early poetry and prose had a share in moulding influences which made possible a Bryant, an Emerson, a Thoreau, and a Whitman. Did you ever think how necessary an understanding audience or comprehensive interpreter is to the artists of our world? This *innate* wisdom and spiritual insight, with which poets and artists generally are accredited, means merely *this*: they *live near to Nature's Heart*, and *Nature's God* — in "close harmony — with the invisible world of causes. Why talk so much of Nature? *Because* she is the mirror of the *spiritual world* — the great store house, *whence* is drawn the vital truths of human life, and *real living*. And the more one opens the windows of the Soul to this life-giving atmosphere, the nearer to us draws the blessedness of health and happiness, ever *consequent* upon the true seeking of the highest ideas of living, and upon true spiritual progression and growth; and as a natural resultant of intelligent listeners and interpreters of nature; there will be stronger and wiser artists and teachers of the thought universe to uplift and guide humanity to the truest standards of every day life. And *thus* will we dissipate and dispel the mistaken idea of the generality of people, namely, that *Art* means an ornamental accessory of education, available only to the favored few — unessential to the practical life, of every day existence. How beautifully Wordsworth expresses the meaning of Nature's language:

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis the privilege
Through all the years of this our life, to lead,
From joy to joy: she can so inform
The mind within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and, so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues
Rash judgment, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessing."

A knowledge of nature and an appreciation of her language will enable one to comprehend her story called Art ; and while listening to those stories we gradually realize, that all Art Manifestations are telling us of the most wonderful of all *Arts*, namely, the *Art of Living*. When we begin to think, we begin to *live*. A man who does *not* think is practically *dead*. High thinking leads to right living, and right living to health, wealth and happiness : Righteousness is Life, and Health, and Peace.

Thoughts are a living energy and force, and the body is the instrument through which the thoughts externallize, or take form in exterior life. Thought is the cause, Life or Action the effect. The world is rapidly learning that true and successful living is one of the *fine arts*, governed by laws and principles as exact as those of mathematics ; and that *vibrations* of thought are living, pulsating waves of an invisible substance, which permeates the whole mental atmosphere ; indeed, the effect of a single thought may not be limited by any boundary. A perfect correspondence between thought and life constitutes Harmony, or Heaven. Let us try to gain control to some extent of these thought waves, and thus become masters of the *Art of Living*. The Art of Musical Harmony is especially adapted to represent human life, and its powers, and promise of possible perfection. The essential element of musical vibration is *motion* ; without this, only silence, no sound can be heard ; without molecular vibration of the body no physical life, but death ensues. Life is essentially *motion*, as with human vibration, so with musical vibrations. Harmony of tone represents " Proportion " in Life in which the Grecian philosophy comprehended the music of many spheres, literal and figurative, or natural and spiritual.

The idea of Mr. Ingersoll illustrate this in these words : " Morality is a Melody in Conduct. A Statue is a Melody in Proportion. A Picture is a Melody in Form." If Man becomes *conscious* of this latent slumbering music within his Soul, or inner consciousness, then will the ear begin to open to this Harmony of the Spheres of daily living ; then, too, will open vision grow in gradual development until life will burst forth into one grand Symphony of Harmony, and " Concord of sweet sound." And thus may we realize that —

There's music ever in the air,
Which, one, who listens, may always hear,
'Mid bustle, and jargon, and din :
To you and to me, in our particular sphere,
May come ever sweet music, and come from within ;
Breathing forth into Nature, so pure and so clear,
Sweet strains, here and there, and everywhere.

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"Meanwhile, O Sun, Heaven is the quality of my abode. — NIMSHI."

The Work of the Astronomer.

ADDRESS OF GEORGE I. HOBKINS, MANCHESTER, N. H., APRIL 13, 1902.

It is generally conceded that astronomy is the oldest of the physical sciences. It is so ancient that its origin is buried among the prehistoric myths and legends, and in all probability antedates the earliest and rudest attempts at ideography. That human being, barbarian though he was, that first observed the fact that the moon moved among the stars, was the first astronomer. He may or may not have spoken of this to his brother or to his companion, but the observation was made; and though ages and ages remote from the true explanation of its cause, it was the first step toward laying the foundation for the noblest and most perfect of the physical sciences.

Within historical times, until recently, all the physical sciences were more or less permeated with superstition. This was pre-eminently so with astronomy, and so completely identified was it with the so-called science of astrology that the most famous of the early astronomers were also astrologers. When we reflect that the first star gazers were ignorant of the use

of optics, of physics, as well as of meteorology, that to them the blue of the firmament was an objective reality, and likewise its spherical form, it is not strange that, with their vivid imaginations, they were led to false conclusions and wrong theories. Still less is this to be wondered at when we consider that all the leading phenomena of astronomy are, as observed, delusive: i. e., the observed motions are not the real motions. In this respect it presents difficulties unmatched in any other branch of physical science. And thus it was that the early astronomers, who could predict eclipses, discover the precession of the equinoxes, and fix the paths of the planets, still believed in a flat earth at rest in the center of the universe, and that all the starry host revolved about it, so strongly did the observed phenomena appeal to the senses.

It usually happens in scientific progress that when at length a great truth has been discovered it approves itself at once to all competent judges. It furnishes a solution to so many problems, and harmonizes with so many other facts, that all other data, as it were, crystalize about it. In modern times we have often witnessed such an impatience, so to speak, of great truths to be discovered, that it has frequently happened that they have been ascertained simultaneously by more than one individual. A disputed question of priority of discovery is an event of quite common occurrence. Not so with the true theory of the heavens. So complete is the deception practiced on the senses that it failed more than once to yield to the announcement of the truth; and it was only when the observer's eye became armed with a convex lens that the grand truth gained admission to reluctant minds. Even in the present day are a few persons who, either from a superstitious reverence for the past or through a spirit of innate opposition, pride themselves on their belief in the Ptolemaic cosmogony and stellar influences. Politics and religion did not escape the astrological influence, and we should not be surprised to find traces of it cropping out when we least expect it. "To astrological politics we owe the theory of heaven-sent

rulers, instruments in the hands of Providence and saviors of society. Napoleon, as well as Wallenstein, believed in his star. Even though the science be now dead, it still lives in our language. Many passages in the older pacts are unintelligible without some knowledge of astrology. Chaucer wrote a treatise on the astrolabe; Milton frequently refers to planetary influences; in Shakespeare's *King Lear*, Gloucester and Edmund represent, respectively, the old and the new theory. We still contemplate and consider, we still speak of men as jovial, saterrine or mercurial: we still talk of the ascendancy of genius or of a disastrous defeat." Notwithstanding this close affiliation of astronomy and astrology, which the famous Kepler characterized as that of a wise mother and foolish daughter, these early astronomers, scattered through the different nations, accomplished wonderful results, when we consider their meagre instrumental equipment.

It will be impossible in the time allotted to me to mention all these astronomers and the special work which each accomplished. Extended information on this line is readily accessible in biographical and encyclopædic volumes. Kepler promulgated the three laws of planetary motion that bear his name, and Copernicus gave to the world the true theory of the solar system, and the world has honored him by labelling it the Copernicus theory, as distinguished from the Ptolemaic.

But whoever may have been the one to begin the excavation for the foundation of the science of astronomy, it was Galileo who laid the first corner-stone, when he raised his newly constructed telescope to the heavens and there saw fulfilled the grand prophecy of Copernicus, in his discovery of the satellites of Jupiter, Venus in crescent form like the moon, the rings of Saturn, and the detailed features of the moon's surface. The rapid advance of the science of modern astronomy dates from this fateful event. I cannot forbear in this connection to read to you a paragraph from the eloquent address of Edward Everett, at the dedication of the Dudley Observatory at Albany, N. Y., in 1856. After emphasizing the importance of the phi-

osopher's discovery he declares his fame in the following matchless apostrophe :

"Yes, noble Galileo, thou art right. It does move. Bigots may make thee recant it; but it moves, nevertheless. Yes; the earth moves, and the planets move, and the mighty waters move, and the great sweeping tides of air move, and the empires of men move, and the world of thought moves, ever onward and upward to higher thoughts and bolder theories. The inquisition may seal thy lips, but they can no more stop the progress of the great truth propounded by Copernicus and demonstrated by thee than they can stop the revolving earth.

"Close, now, venerable sage, that sightless, tearful eye; it has seen what man never saw before; it has seen enough. Hang up that poor sky-glass; it has done its work. Not Herschell or Rosse has comparatively done more. Franciscans and Dominicans deride thy discoveries now, but the time will come when from two hundred observatories in Europe and America the glorious artillery of science shall nightly assault the skies, but they shall gain no conquests in those glittering fields before which thine shall be forgotten. Rest in peace; great Columbus of the heavens, like him scorned, persecuted, broken hearted; in other ages, in distant hemispheres, when the votaries of science, with solemn acts of consecration, shall dedicate their stately edifices to the cause of knowledge and truth, thy name shall be mentioned with honor!"

Turn, now, from the consideration of that diminutive, rude instrument of Galileo, and contemplate that mammoth telescope at Williams Bay on the shore of Lake Geneva in Wisconsin, the munificent gift of Mr. Yerkes to the University of Chicago. A yardstick fails by four inches to measure the diameter of this enormous lens, which cost in Paris, while still in the rough, twenty thousand dollars. It required the matchless skill of Alvan Clark's sons of Cambridge two and one half years to polish, finish, and fit it for its great work, which added fifty thousand dollars more to its value. It was my good fortune to see this magnificent specimen of the optician's skill a few weeks

before it was shipped to its home in the West. The iron tube in which this glass now rests is sixty-five feet in length, while the dome and all the other appointments and accessories are on the same gigantic scale.

The entire cost is several hundred thousand dollars. Besides this elegant equipment for astronomical investigation there are hundreds of others scattered about the globe, of which there are one hundred and fifty in this country alone, varying in size from a diameter of four inches to the great Lick instrument at Mt. Hamilton, Cal., which is exactly three feet in diameter and cost about three hundred thousand dollars. There is also a twenty-eight-inch one at Harvard College; a twenty-inch one at Chamberlain Observatory, in Denver; a twenty-eight-inch one at Yale; a twenty-three-inch one at Princeton; a twenty-six-inch one at the United States Naval Observatory, and a twenty-inch one at the Smithsonian Observatory. There are about sixty in other countries varying from ten to thirty inches in diameter.

Besides these large instruments, every well equipped observatory is furnished with a number of smaller ones, constructed for special purposes, as photography, comet seeking, spectroscopy, etc. There are also transit instruments, meridian circles, alt-azimuth tubes, etc., in which the expense for lenses is very large. Every nation of importance today supports a large and well equipped observatory, at a large original cost and a liberal annual expense.

The question naturally arises, "Why is this large expenditure of time, energy, and money?" Certainly not to gain wealth, for astronomy is, perhaps, the one field of scientific labor that lacks the alluring element of gain for the argus-eyed capitalist. And yet, in an indirect way, the utilitarian idea is the fundamental one, for it is because of the immense value of the astronomer's work in geographical, nautical, and commercial transactions that justifies and prompts this large outlay.

The first, and probably the chiefest, benefit of astronomy was in the aid of navigation. It is mainly due to the results of astronomical observation that modern commerce has attained such a vast expansion, compared with that of the ancient world. Even the discovery of America was in no small degree dependent upon the true Copernican theory espoused by Columbus, for it was mainly his skill in the use of astronomical instruments, rude and imperfect though they were, which enabled him, in spite of the bewildering variations of the compass, to find his way across the ocean. The most difficult problem of safe navigation was in determining at frequent intervals the latitude and longitude of the vessel, especially the longitude. To furnish the sailors with the necessary data, Charles II, gay and profligate as he was, possessed sagacity enough to found the Greenwich Observatory.

In finding the longitude, the most difficult problem was the determining of the Greenwich local time. At the present day every ocean-going vessel is provided with a chronometer which shows Greenwich time. At that time, however, there were no chronometers, and Greenwich time had to be computed from observations of the moon and stars. So necessary to safe navigation is some method of doing this that the British government for a long time had a standing offer of a reward of ten thousand pounds to any one who would find a successful method of determining the mariners' longitude at sea. When the office of astronomer royal was first established in 1685, the duty of the appointee was declared to be "to apply himself with the most exact care and diligence to the rectifying the tables of the motions of the heavens, and the places of the fixed stars, in order to find out the so much desired longitude at sea for the perfecting the art of navigation."

It may be of some interest to note in this connection that the reward above referred to was ultimately divided between an astronomer named Thayer, who made a great improvement in

the tables of the moon, and a watchmaker who succeeded in making important improvements in the marine chronometer.

Navigation was then extremely dangerous; there were no guides across the ocean. Such guides were only to be found in the knowledge of the motions of the sun, moon, and stars, to be gained by the patient labors of the astronomers. Consequently no subject has received more attention than those investigations of the lunar theory on which the requisite tables of the navigator are founded.

"The pathways of the ocean are marked out in the sky above, and the eternal lights of the heavens are the only Pharos whose beams never fail, and which no tempest can shake from its foundation." It is said that the astronomer royal of England once calculated that every meridian observation of the moon was worth a pound sterling, on account of the assistance it would ultimately afford to the safer navigation of the ocean. To emphasize and illustrate how practical the work of an astronomer is, from a nautical point of view, let an astronomer be placed on board a vessel, blindfolded, and carried by the most circuitous route to any ocean on the globe, whether in the tropics or in the frigid zone. Let him be landed on the nearest crag that will afford a resting place for the instruments; let the bandage be removed, let him be furnished with a chronometer regulated to Greenwich time, a transit instrument with its accessories and the proper tables, and in a single clear night he will tell his position within a hundred yards by his observation of the stars.

Perhaps next to navigation in importance comes the assistance the astronomer brings to the science of geography. It is impossible to construct an accurate map of the United States, or any other large portion of the earth's surface, without making use of astronomical observations at numerous points scattered over the whole country, aided by data which the great observatories have been accumulating for more than a century. In fact, no map deserves the name on which the location of impor-

tant points has not been determined by astronomical observation. Even more important is the aid furnished by astronomers in the settling of disputed boundaries. Up to the time of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, large grants and sales of public land took place, whose limits were ascertained by sensible objects, as streams, trees, rocks, and hills, and reference to adjacent portions of territory previously surveyed. The uncertainty of boundaries thus defined was a never-failing source of litigation. County and state lines were no exception to the resulting confusion. These conflicting claims, and the controversies to which they gave rise, comprised a good part of the business of the federal court after its organization. Boundary disputes arose everywhere in the colonies because of the imperfect surveys. In 1767 the proprietors of Maryland and Pennsylvania sent to England for two astronomers to settle the parallel of latitude between the two colonies. The boundary line between Massachusetts and New Hampshire and Vermont was wrongly run, and as no astronomers have been called to the aid of the civil surveyors, there is a strip of land under the administration of Massachusetts that really belongs to New Hampshire and Vermont. In fact, the whole village of Williamstown really belongs to Vermont. The two astronomers above mentioned were Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon and the line which they established is the famous Mason and Dixon line. They were the first trained astronomers employed in the United States, and their work was the first piece of accurate measurement in this country and probably included the first parallel of latitude ever accurately run out as a boundary.

In regard to the public lands, the adoption of the present land system brought order out of chaos. The entire public domain is now scientifically surveyed before it is offered for sale; it is all laid out in ranges, townships, sections, and quarter sections, all determined by astronomical location of meridians and base lines. Under this system scarce a case of con-

tested location and boundary has presented itself in court. The general land office contains maps and plans, in which every quarter section is laid down with mathematical precision. The surface of nearly half a continent is thus transferred in miniature to the bureau at Washington. When we consider the flow of population into these sections annually, and the great importance of its efficient and economical administration, the utility of this application of astronomy will be duly estimated.

By the treaty of 1783, a boundary line was established between the United States and Great Britain, depending partly on the course of rivers and upon the highlands which act as a watershed between the streams emptying into the St. Lawrence and the Atlantic. It took twenty years to find out which was the real St. Croix river, that being the initial line. If the boundary line had been accurately described by lines of latitude and longitude no dispute could have arisen, as they are written on the celestial sphere, and an astronomer's observations were all that were necessary to read the record.

But time will not allow an enumeration of all the vexatious and expensive errors relating to boundary lines that have arisen, and which might have been avoided by the employment of a trained astronomer.

We ought not to omit to mention in passing the aid which the astronomer has brought to the historian in establishing certain disputed dates. Not only can he fix the positions of the heavenly bodies for years and centuries ahead with marvelous precision, but the same calculations enable him to fix their positions with equal precision years and centuries ago. Thus it is that whenever the data have been sufficient, the historian's appeal to the astronomer has never been in vain.

Again, reflect to what extent the conduct of civil, social, and religious affairs are dependent on the calendar. One cannot begin to imagine the confusion that would result from the lack of a calendar. It would be absolutely impossible to arrange any sort of a program for the transaction of business of any kind beyond the present moment in the absence of that incom-

parable system. So vexatious and confusing was the calendar system in the time of Julius Cæsar that he resolved to rectify or reform it. Plutarch tells us that he laid his proposition before the most learned men and philosophers of his time, but the problem was too difficult and complex for them to solve. In his emergency he summoned the Egyptian astronomer, Sosigenes, to his aid, who evolved the admirable arrangement known as the Julian calendar. With the exception of a foolish modification of this device, made by Augustus Cæsar, which, however, did not impair the system, the Julian calendar held sway for more than a thousand years. Sosigenes solved the problem and Cæsar gets the credit. It is not the only instance of one man furnishing the necessary information and performing the labor and another reaping the benefits and receiving the credit. It is not exactly a case of the "man behind the gun," but of the astronomer behind the dictator.

So, too, when Pope Gregory XIII sought to remedy the slight error that a thousand years has made prominent, he called upon the astronomer, Clavius, who furnished the necessary data and arranged the calendar exactly as we use it today. There is one more prominent factor in the regulation of the daily life of all civilized nations that requires the aid and skill of the astronomer, and that is the accurate measurement of time. In the national observatories, and in a few private ones, observations of the heavenly bodies are the only adequate means for furnishing the correct time. The work of the astronomers at Washington, for example, furnishes valuable aid to hundreds of thousands of persons throughout the country who have engagements to meet or trains to dispatch. One standard clock coupled with the telegraph every day at noon, affects all this service. This single consideration suffices to show how completely the daily business of life is affected and controlled by the movements of the heavenly bodies. It is they, and not our mainsprings, expansion balances, or compensating pendulums, which give us our time. In the words of the eloquent Everett, "For all the kindreds, and tribes, and tongues of men — each upon

their own meridian — from the Arctic pole to the equator, and from the equator to the Antarctic pole, the eternal sun strikes twelve at noon, and the glorious constellations, far up in the everlasting belfries of the skies, chime twelve at midnight, twelve for the pale student over the flickering lamp; twelve amid the flaming wonders of Orion's belt, if he crosses the meridian at that fated hour; twelve in the star-paved courts of the Empyrean. twelve for the heaving tides of the ocean; twelve for the weary arm of labor; twelve for the toiling brain; twelve for the watching, waking, broken heart; twelve for the meteor which blazes for a moment and expires; twelve for the comet whose period is measured by centuries; twelve for every substantial, for every imaginary thing, which exists in the sense, the intellect or the fancy, and which the speech or thought of man, at the given meridian, refers to the lapse of time.'

But neither aid to the navigator and the geographer, nor the furnishing of the true time, is the chief incentive to the astronomers of today in their quiet, unobtrusive work. They well know that to keep utilitarian objects in view would seriously handicap them; and so they never trouble themselves to require in what way their science is to benefit mankind.

As the great captain of industry is moved by the love of acquiring wealth, and the political leader by the love of power, so the astronomer is moved by the love of knowledge for its own sake, and not for the sake of its utility. He rejoices to know that his science has been of far greater value to mankind than it has cost, but that does not destroy his enthusiasm, nor swerve him from his purpose, nor change his methods. The true astronomer probably feels, to a greater degree than other scientists, the reality of the Scripture text, "Man does not live by bread alone." To know the place we occupy in the universe is, if not more than bread and raiment, certainly not much less than the means of subsistence. To look upon a comet as an interesting heavenly visitor, of which the sight affords us pleasure unmixed with fear of war, pestilence, or any other calamity,

and of which we desire its return, is certainly a gain that cannot be computed in dollars and cents. The astronomer takes as much interest, and perhaps more, in the map of the moon as in that of the earth; yet the knowledge of the lunar surface so far as we can now see, can never be of any practical benefit to mankind. After years of patient observation and study, the camera and the spectroscope have revealed the cause of the variations in brightness of the star Aigol. When the certainty of the cause was first realized by the astronomer, there passed through his system a thrill akin to that which the mathematician experiences on the successful completion of an intricate mathematical problem that he has wrestled with for years. The financier, the merchant, the man of affairs, would call this a piece of useless information. Who can say?

Several years ago, one of the distinguished orators of our country defined a university as "an institution where nothing useful was taught." But it is one of the paradoxes of science that all the useful results have been gained by following out and pursuing the apparently useless. What could be more so than when Galvani took the legs of a frog and showed how curiously they twitched under the influence of metallic contact? Probably the men of his day thought he was playing and mentioned his discoveries only in scoffing or idle jest, and yet, out of those little experiments has grown the science of electricity, as marvelous in its results as it is gigantic in its proportions. The steam engine is the result of a boy's experiments with a spoon and teakettle. The fact is that it is impossible to say in advance whether any branch of science will be useful or not. It is impossible at this time to enumerate the mass of astronomical information that would be classed as useless, but there are a few items the determination of which arouse our admiration and wonder. Look at the multitude of stars that stud the heavens on a clear evening. What more hopeless problem, to one confined to earth, than that of determining their several distances from us, and their physical constitution. Everything on earth

we can investigate by the aid of all the senses; but how can one investigate that which is beyond our reach, which we can never touch? Who shall mark on the world's map the track of the moon's shadow a hundred years hence? How shall we ever ascertain the chemical elements of which the sun is composed? Yet all this has been done. No fact of any science is more certain than that it takes four years for the light to reach us from the nearest fixed star, at the enormous velocity of 186,000 miles per second. When next you direct your gaze toward the north star, known to the astronomer as Polaris, reflect upon the fact that the light which at that instant impinges upon the retina of your eye, left the star forty-seven years ago, and then try and figure out its distance from you. In a case involving the life or death of a person, the chemist will declare, under oath, not his belief but his knowledge of the presence or absence of arsenic in certain substances submitted to his inspection. Equally certain is the astronomer that there is iron in the sun, as well as calcium, zinc, hydrogen, sodium, carbon, and thirty other terrestrial elements known to the chemist.

In 1877, Prof. Asaph Hall of the United States naval observatory discovered that the planet Mars has two satellites, or moons, the nearest of which moves in its orbit around its primary plane faster than Mars rotates on its axis; so that, to the inhabitants of Mars their nearer moon rises in the west and sets in the east. In 1892, Prof. E. E. Barnard, then director of the Lick Observatory, now the efficient head of the mammoth Yerkes establishment, discovered that the planet Jupiter has five satellites, whereas only four had been detected before. The fifth one, however, is so minute and close to Jupiter that it can never be of any practical use to the astronomer. These are only samples of interesting information that astronomers are accumulating as the years roll on and as their skill becomes greater and instruments more perfect. The real astronomer, like the poet, must be born and not made. He sees intuitively what less gifted men have to learn by long study and

tedious experiment. He is moved to the acquisition of celestial knowledge by a passion which dominates his nature. Persistence is one of his most prominent characteristics. Baffled by atmospheric conditions, he patiently but determinedly awaits the next favorable opportunity, and never loses courage so long as another chance awaits him.

The pathetic story of the French astronomer, Le Gentil, on his expedition to observe the transit of Venus, in 1761, illustrates this admirably. It is probably known to you that observations of the transit of Venus have been utilized for determining the parallax of the sun, which, in turn, is utilized to find the distance of the earth from the sun. Le Gentil was sent out by the French academy to observe the transit, in 1761, in the East Indies, but was prevented from reaching his station by the war which was then raging between France and England. Finding the first port which he attempted to reach in the possession of the English, his commodore attempted to make another and, meeting with unfavorable winds, was still at sea on the day of the transit. Now it so happens that transits of this planet occur in pairs eight years apart, these pairs occurring at intervals of not less than 117 years. The second of this pair would therefore occur eight years later, in 1769. Le Gentil, therefore, true to the astronomical instinct, so to speak, determined to remain, with his instruments, and observe the next transit. He managed to support himself by some successful mercantile adventures, while he also devoted himself industriously to scientific observations and inquiries. The long-awaited morning of June 4, 1769, found him thoroughly prepared to make the observations for which he had so patiently waited eight long years. The sun shone out in a cloudless sky, just as it had shone for a number of days previously, and everything gave promise of a successful observation, but, pathetic to relate, just as it was time for the transit to begin, a sudden storm arose, and the sky became overcast with clouds. When these had cleared away, the transit, alas, was over, and the next one no

person then living would be able to witness. It is not strange that the patience and fortitude that could endure for eight years should finally break down under the consciousness that the last chance for him was gone ; and so it was two weeks before the ill-fated astronomer recovered from his agitation sufficiently to hold the pen which was to tell his friends in Paris the story of his disappointment.

It is related of Newton that when a friend asked him how he made his great discoveries he replied, "Simply by constantly thinking about them." Fourier, in his eulogy on La Place, says : "His constancy has triumphed over all obstacles, . . . he has devoted his life to astronomy with a degree of perseverance of which the history of the sciences is, perhaps, without another example, . . . he would have completed the science of the skies if it had been possible."

One of the most illustrious of American astronomers recently replied to the question as to how his vast and splendid work had been accomplished at so early an age : "Well, I have been very industrious." Is the man thus moved to the exploration of nature by an unconquerable passion more to be envied or pitied? It certainly is pleasant to be one of a brotherhood extending over the world in which no rivalry exists except that which results from an attempt at better work, while mutual admiration stifles jealousy. Its rivalries are, indeed, as keen as those which are the life of commerce, but they are over the question of who shall contribute the most to the sum total of human knowledge ; who shall give the most, not who shall take the most. Its animating spirit is love of truth. Its pride is to do the greatest good to the greatest number. It embraces not only the whole human race, but all nature in its scope. Its love of knowledge is as unconfined as the spirit of commercial enterprise, and its main object is not to compute the data for a nautical ephemeris, nor to regulate the calendar ; but rather to imbibe and foster that catholic spirit which shall make it an enduring and effective agent of beneficence to all mankind.

QUOTATIONS.

- "Heaven is the Divine Roof of God Almighty's Workmanship."
 "O thou Sun, thou bright gem of God ! Thou brilliant One."
 "Man himself closes and opens the door of his heavenly life."
 "The primal duties of men shine aloft like thy stars, Ouranos."
 "God's reign of Law appears to be everywhere in Mind."
 "Our island home is surrounded by a shoreless sea of space."
 "Solomon's Seal cannot command the possession of Heaven."
 "Destiny is evolution ; evolution is trend ; trend is infinite."
 "What is the Earth to infuity ; what its duration to the Eternal."
 "No kings men must be safe ; no priests minds must be safe."
 "The soul when lit by its own light sees the truth of all things."
 "The fairest immortality on earth is that of a noble name."
 "Give me Thy countenance, O God, and that shall suffice."
 "I hail religion as I hail the intelligent being of a God."
 "In a multitude of images we adore one Divine Essence only."
 "The Divine Spirit alone is the whole assemblage of the Gods."
 "He the wise is called the Great Supreme Pervading Spirit."
 "Heaven and Earth equally lament the loss of Divine Love."
 "The books of the Vedas were written in a celestial dialect."
 "Let us adore the supremacy of that Divine Sun — CREATOR."
 "We must explain nature by man, and not man by nature."
 "The lamp of Trismegistus is reason illuminated by science."
 "The object of my most ardent desire is holy rest with God."
 "Possessions make the difference between man and man."
 "A good intellect is the chorus of divinity," says Sextus.
 "Hell's future dread and Heaven's eternal admiration."
 "To be immortal, live in the whole," says Schiller.
 "May Homer live with all men forever."

Biblia Sacra Nova.

(Our Relation to Time and Space — and Hence, to Each Other and to God.)

FIRST PRINCIPLES.

CHAP. I. (1) Time and Space are *the* two, great, fundamental Ideas, anyhow.

(2) They are the latitude and longitude of all conceiving.

(3) All Things, tangible and aerial, material and spiritual, are in time and space.

CHAP. II. (1) Time and Space much resemble each other.

(2) Present looks like Zero; future like plus; past like minus; Eternity like infinity.

(3). Mathematics is the Science of Number.

CHAP. III. (1) If three apples cost two cents, what will five marbles cost?

(2) You cannot compare apples and marbles, my son.

(3) But: — Two apples are to four apples as three marbles are to six marbles.

(4) Because the abstract ratios two-fourths and three-sixths are *equal*.

(5) Hence you may represent apples by marbles.

(6) As you do forces by lines, although forces are *not* lines.

(7) The Abstract is a Conception, distinct from the concrete, Always and Everywhere the Same.

HIGHER APPLICATIONS.

CHAP. I. (1) A mathematical line is conceived as composed of consecutive points.

(2) A length of time is conceived as composed of consecutive moments.

✓ Moments are to time-lengths as points to lines.

(4) Hence, I may represent moments by points, and time lengths by lines.

(5) As you do every day on the face of your time-piece

CHAP. II. (1) Mankind is composed of individuals.

(2) Individuals are to mankind as points to a line.

(3) Hence, I may represent individuals by points, and mankind — on any one moment of time — by a line.

CALISTHENICS.

CHAP. I. (1) Several celebrated metaphysicians have said that matter did not exist.

(2) Allow me to take them at their word for about fifteen minutes.

(3) So long as my *mental impressions* are the same, it doesn't make any difference about the Essence of the Object.

(4) An image seen in a mirror is a clear case of the *sense of sight* being deceived by an *immaterial Form*.

CHAP. II. (2) Ubiquity is no attribute of man.

(2) Hence, the sum of any one Individual Being, on any one inoment of time, must be represented by a point of space.

CHAP. III. (1) Birth occurs on a moment of time.

(2) Death occurs on a moment of time.

(3) And the intervening moments compose a line of Biography.

CHAP. V. (1) Again, suppose I were the happy possessor of a Magic wand,

(2) By whose flourish, at any moment, I could arrest all Motion in the world, and change all material things into marble.

(3) I might then send my Spirit to inspect, at leisure, the attitude of human affairs, from minute to aggregator from atom to mass, from Particular to Universal;

(4) Something as I may now examine a complicated machine that has been stopped, as a ten cylindar Hoe printing press, for example

(5) Then I would set the thing to going again.

CHAP. V. (1) The Attitude of Human Affairs on any one moment of time will be represented by a line.

(2) Hence History, which is Universal Biography, will be represented by a surface, in the process of generation.

(3) But this surface will be a Web.

(4) To exhibit the Plan in this web is to explain Existence.

PYROTECHNICS.

CHAP. I. (1) Man, they say, is a mixture of Good and Evil.

(2) To meet this, let us suppose *two* surfaces in the process of generation.

(3) The one, to represent all Desirable conception, quality, and action, —

(4) And the other all Undesirable.

CHAP. II. (1) Let us further modify and qualify.

(2) Instead of the representative lines being straight, let them be concentric circles, in the process of enlargement from a center.

(3) Something like wavelets from a stone thrown upon placid water, in still, shady hours of contemplation.

(4) Next, instead of the generated surfaces being plane, and independent, let the enlarging circles be —

(5) The successive parallels of latitude, starting simultaneously from the opposite Poles of a finite, immaterial sphere in space, and meeting in the Equator.

CHAP. III. (1) Let a diagram represent a plain figure of the chromotrope, in process of Evolution.

(2) Imagine some Poet Laureate in the audience to exclaim, And such is Life.

(3) Let the same diagram also represent a polar hemisphere in orthographic projection.

(4) The sphere is seen from over the equator in another diagram.

CHAP. IV. (1) A Mathematical Point, which is mere Position, or Zero, is neither plus nor minus.

(2) A state of purity and innocence, in nakedness and ignorance, — is neither good nor bad.

(3) Hence, the opposite poles of the sphere will represent the Origin of the Race.

(4) The prominent points along the quadrant will represent intervals of Light in the Growth of Civilization, — in the History of Mankind.

(5) The Perpendicular and Equator will represent the Promised Millennium.

NET RESULTS.

(1) Abstract and Concrete, name and thing, principle and fact, subject and object, species and individual ;

(2) Masculine and feminine, ideal and real, eternal and temporal, infinite and finite, positive and negative, — macrocosm and microcosm, — co-incide.

(3) Science and religion, philosophy and poetry, materialism and spiritualism — are One.

(4) The Shakespearean Drama, tragedy and comedy in one, is put upon the stage of Earth ; and the Miltonian idea is expressed in the Language of eighteen hundred three score ten and — going, going, gone.

(5) Goethe's Faust is illuminated, and Robert Pollok's Course of Time is run.

(6) Darwin is accounted for, used, and thanked. The Bible is translated.

(7) The Perpetual Sunday is ready to be unveiled.

(The New Bible — The Final Dispensation.) No date.

EPHESIAN LETTERS. Clement of Alexandria (Stromata) says the Basilidan Inscriptions are the " Ephesian Letters," he meaning thereby legends in an unknown tongue, like the words graven upon the zone and the feet of the Ephesian Diana, and which Hesychius has preserved, namely : " Aski, Kataski, Tetrax, Haix, Damnameneus; Aision." These are interpreted as, Darkness, Light, Himself ; (Damnameneus) the Sun, Truth. Plutarch says these Ephesian Letters were recited by the Magi over those possessed with devils.

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"I will be even with you, and you shall be even with me."

WALT WHITMAN.

Homer's Hymn To Hermes.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK BY EDWARD VAUGHAN KENEALY.

Hermes, Jove's son, O Muse, be now thy theme —
Ruler of green Cyllène, and the bowers
Of pastoral Arcady; whom the supreme
Lord of Olympus, in those starlit hours
When with fair May he dallied on the flowers, 1
Begot, beneath a grove whose leafy shade
The lovers hid from the sky-dwelling powers,
And white-armed Juno, in sweet slumber laid,
Dreamed not that Zeus embraced the modest Maïan maid.

Now when great Zeus had perfected his will,
And ten moons followed up love's blandishments,
Into this world — so destinies fulfil —
This witness of his stolen armour was sent;
Ah, me! in sooth he was right eloquent, 2
A crafty, cunning, oxen-stealing wight,
A weaver, too, of dreams fantasque and quaint;
A subtle knave, who loved concealing night,
And fated was to play tricks rare and infinite.

The morning's dawn beheld the Infant's birth —
 The rosy noon beheld him sweetly play,
 Upon a stringèd lute, a chaunt of mirth —
 At night he stole Apollo's flocks away ;
 The crescent moon had lived but her third day, 3
 Since from his mother's womb divine he leapt ;
 Within his cradle not an hour he lay,
 But with a loud laugh from his swathes he stept,
 And to the high-arched cave of Phœbus softly crept.

Before the cavern's porch was spread a mead,
 Flower-prankt, whereon the urchin stood awhile,
 And seeing a tortoise on the blossoms feed,
 His eyes flashed up with many a sunny smile,
 And in his red cheek beamed a waggish wile ; 4
 A treasure rich the creature seemed to be,
 Though a slow-creeping animal and vile ;
 But Maïa's hopeful son, with wanton glee,
 Thus to the tortoise spake, and laughed right merrilie :

" A pleasant god-send art thou to me now,
 Most charming tortoise ! Hail ! for song and dance,
 And sparkling feast and garland braided brow,
 Thou sure wert formed. I love thy countenance
 And dappled shell with many-coloured glance. 5
 Home thou shalt come with me ; — nay, no excuse ;
 If thou stay'st here, some sad and dire mischance
 May cut thee short : and of no trifling use
 Thou'lt be to me, sweet beast — so prithee not refuse.

" Danger lurks near this spot — so come with me ;
 Though while alive a charm is round thee spread,
 Thy songs, I'm sure, most exquisite will be —
 That is, my charming tortoise, when thou'rt dead." 6
 So much this arch deceitful stripping said,
 And lifting up in both his little hands
 The luckless tortoise, home he quickly sped
 Along the turf where oft the Nymphal bands
 Twine in the dance, and wait Diana's sweet commands.

Then with a scoop of sharp and polisht steel,
 Boring the hapless beast of mountain-glen,
 He let out life and breath. Less fleetly wheel
 The lightning-wingèd fancies of sick men
 Over their mind's horizon troubled, when 7
 Pain with her thousand vultures gnaws the heart ;
 Less fleetly leap fierce lions from their den,
 From the proud eyes the beams less fleetly dart,
 Than Hermes now displayed the minstrel's cunning art.

Through the tough shell small apertures he made,
 At even distances, and through them tied
 The stems of reeds cut from the forest glade,
 Strings seven in number twined from skins well dried,
 And charged with silvery notes, he then applied : 8
 The cubits then he formed, to which he bound
 A bridge, and underneath a strong bull's hide
 He drew, to catch the echo of the sound,
 And of the strains evoked to form a soft rebound.

Thus having wrought this instrument of sweetness,
 His plectrum laid he on its witching strings,
 To test his lovely plaything's full completeness ;
 Even as he struck, a melody upsprings,
 Sweet as the white swan's dying murmurings ; 9
 And then he improvised a noble song,
 Like those of boys when laughing summer brings
 The festal time, and floral faces throng
 Around the choirs, and love their pleasures does prolong.

Of Zeus he sang, and May with beauteous sandal,
 And of their amorous meeting in the night,
 (The silent moon the lovers' only candle),
 And of his birth, too, sang the graceless wight ;
 His mother's maids, and nymphs of beauty bright, 10
 The tripods that her palace did adorn,
 All the rich urns that did her household dight,
 The youngling hymned till evening of that morn,
 Wherein fair May with happy eyes a son saw born.

His wayward soul now bent new trick to find,
 His lyre within his cradle fair he laid,
 And from the fragrant palace, like a hind,
 He leaped, and sought the topmost woodland glade,
 And there, alone and unsuspect, he made 11
 Another plot, arch, whimsical, and deep,
 Such as a master of the thieving trade
 Devises when dark night her watch doth keep
 And o'er the world is bound the fillet of fair sleep.

The sun with fiery chariot and hot steeds
 Had sunk within the ocean's azure breast,
 When Hermes on white-pinioned footsteps speeds
 Along the hillocks with gay flowerets drest,
 Where oft the sister Muses take their rest. 12
 Here the immortal herds of heaven were stalled,
 And here they fed in this seclusion blest ;
 Fifty the quick-eyed god at once enthralled —
 The rest with many a low on those departing called.

The lowing herd the Maïan urchin drove
 Off from their fellows, o'er the tracks of sand ;
 But ere they did a dozen yards remove,
 A trick of rare and deep device he planned ;
 Backward and forward, he the wandering band 13
 Drove, to mislead, if traced his flight should be ;
 His sandals then he cast on the sea-strand,
 And plucking branches from a tamarisk tree,
 With myrtle boughs he formed slippers most workmanlie.

Around his feet these slippers then he laced,
 Whose leaves his footsteps destined were to hide,
 And thus encinctured, like a man in haste,
 He hurried down Pieria's hilly side —
 But him, an old man by Onchestus spied, 14
 As in a vineyard, with rich grapes o'erlaid,
 Amid the clustering fruit his work he plied.
 Whom, when young Hermes saw, his course he stayed,
 And thus addressed with voice, bold, shrill, and unnismayed :

" Ho — Old one — who with shoulders bent art trimming
 Those sun-reared plants, methinks ere ripe they grow,
 And that the wine they bear shall be seen brimming
 In cups, your hairs will have a whiter glow.
 But, hearken — ere upon my road I go, 15
 See not what thou hast seen ; and in thine ear
 Keep close my words. Old Man, let no one know
 That I with this mine herd have passed thee here,
 Else shall thy blabbing tongue be sure to cost thee dear."

No more he spake — but on the broad-browed kine
 Through many a shady mountain and green vale,
 And fragrant lawn set over with flowers divine,
 Young Hermes drove, till over hill and dale
 The morning dawned, and the bright stars grew pale ; 16
 Forth rushed the Sun on pinions of red fire,
 And steeds of splendour, fleet as fleetest gale,
 And fair Selené with her stellar choir,
 Into her watch-tower, built of diamond, did retire.

Over the broad and silver-eddied river
 Alphæus hight, the fearless son of Jove,
 The herd of Phœbus with the golden quiver,
 With sturdy look, and daring footstep drove,
 On to Admetus' stalls and leafy grove, 17
 Where, on sweet lotus and the dew-sprent weed
 Cypérus fed ; he made them onward move,
 All loudly lowing o'er the grassy mead,
 And stalled them all, intent on a wild trick indeed.

Almighty heap of trees he first collected,
 And built them upward like some massy pyre ;
 Then, having all his intellect directed
 Unto one point, he found the source of fire ; 18
 Two laurel boughs he smoothed with iron wire,
 And rubbed them quickly to and fro his hands ;
 Up the hot flame to heaven did soon aspire —
 Aside the urchin puts the flaming brands,
 While with delicious joy his god-like soul expands.

To Hermes thus we owe the happy art
 Of fire, in this wild expedition found ;
 But he, collecting all the logs apart,
 Lighted them up ; the blaze burst fiercely round,
 Redly illumining all that green-wood ground. 19
 Then seized two mighty cows, with hoofs all bent
 Which to the flame of Vulcan, world-renowned,
 He dragged, while many a bellow loudly sent [tent.
 From their deep lungs, proclaimed they guessed the god's in-

The panting beasts he hurled upon the grass,
 Such strength divine he found in every vein,
 And through their hearts his knife began to pass,
 Then he cut up their limbs upon the plain,
 And toasted on long spits, of oaken grain, 20
 The chine and flesh, and the black blood that lay
 Within the intestines. Did he then refrain ?
 No — but the beasts he next began to flay,
 And stretched their hides upon a rock, rough, old, and gray.

In ancient times, as now, the custom was
 To let the meat grow old and soft for use ;
 But laughter-loving little Hermes draws
 The flesh forth on the sward, where rich with juice,
 Twelve parts he portioned for each bright recluse. 21
 Who sits enthroned in palaces of air ;
 Then without any further stay or truce
 The sacred joints he roasted with due care,
 And sniffed the savoury scents that round him wafted were.

The dainty perfume of the roasted meat
 Tempted him sorely, though of birth divine ;
 But yet his haughty heart refused to eat,
 As o'er the hills he strode, he longed to dine ;
 But first, with caution worthy of his line, 22
 The hoofs, and horns, and head he there consumed,
 No trace he left to show his wild design
 And felon deed : the ashes he entombed,
 And to the mighty stream his leafy sandals doomed.

Thus he worked all the night, while the clear Moon
 Cast round the silvery brightness of her eyes ;
 The morning dawned in rosy light, and soon
 Homeward across the hills young Hermes hies ;
 Nor god nor mortal did the thief surprise ; 23
 The watch-dog bayed not as the Infant passed,
 But on he went in solitary wise
 To his own house ; the locks he found all fast,
 But he shot through the doors like an autumnal blast.

Straight through the gorgeous portal of the cave,
 With cautious, wind-like footstep Hermes stole
 Lightly as breathes the Zephyr o'er the wave —
 Then to the cradle, the arch stripling's goal,
 In the gray gloaming, fox-like did he prow ; 24
 And entered in, and round his body spread
 The swathing robes, and with grimaces droll
 Took up the tortoise-lyre, that on his bed
 Had lain all night, while he o'er vale and mountain fled.

Yet 'scaped he not his Mother's watchful gaze,
 And well she knew that he had rambled free ;
 " Why, thou deceitful-hearted babe," she says, [thou be,
 " And whence com'st thou ? — all night where could'st
 Clothed in the impudence ? — but hark to me, 25
 Latona's son in chains thy limbs shall bind
 Strong and unbreakable ; and nought for thee.
 Will then avail thy wily-plotting mind,
 Though with ten thousand schemes and tricks of art well lined.

" A precious plague for men and gods immortal
 Thy father Jove created, when he made
 Thee and thy planning heart." Thus from the portal
 Of her gold chamber heavenly Maia said : —
 Hermes replied in words with guile inlaid : 26
 " Mother of mine, why thus reprove your son,
 As if like other babes I knew no trade,
 But were fit only by my nurse to run,
 My soul unskilled — my knowledge scarcely well begun ?

" But I will show you what your babe can do ;
 A deep design within my soul I rear ;
 Sure to advantage only me and you ;
 No other creature's worthy of my care.
 It would be sooth a very fine affair,
 If you and I should always here sojourn,
 Without of gifts and meat at least a share ;
 Better 'twould be we both should take our turn
 With the bright gods at food, and drain the ambrosial urn.

" From the fair lot my father gave Apollo,
 I've made a vow to slice a pleasant share ;
 If he consents not, over hill and hollow,
 The prey snatched off, or stolen, I then will be
 The crown of theft was Hermes born to wear, ar
 And I will wear it. If the Phœbèan then
 Should seek to find me out, let him beware ;
 I can play tricks that baffle god-like men,
 And little would I reck to make his shrine a den.

" You know the Pythian Temple ; great, divine,
 Profusely gorged with tripods of fine gold ;
 That jewelled fane I'd gladly undermine,
 And all its wealth in mine own hands behold.
 Rich are the vestments that those walls enfold ;
 Splendid the ornaments of bronze and steel,
 Bequeathed by kings, and queens, and warriors bold ;
 Vainly the priests those treasures rare would seal
 From my close-searching eyes, if once I wish to steal."

Thus Hermes, born of Zeus, who proudly wields
The immortal ægis, spake with modest May ;
Till from the Ocean's deep cerulean's fields
Aurora rose, the blushing Queen of Day ;
Just at this hour Apollo took his way
Down by Onchestus and its leafy bowers,
Where that same vine-dresser, uncouth and gray,
He sees amid his grapes and laughing flowers,
Thus to him speaks the god whose smile gilds all the hours.

"Hearken, old ditcher of Onchestus green,
 From rich Pieria hither do I wend,
 After my herds which late have stolen been
 From the fat pasture where they were well penned,
 All milky cows whose horns in circles bend ; 31
 Near them, but yet apart, a black bull fed,
 And four fierce mastiffs did on them attend,
 Unanimous as if one human head
 Were theirs, and yet some knave away the herd has led.

"The dogs and bull alone are left behind,
 A wondrous oversight of the smart thief ;
 The cows went off, when yester's eve declined,
 From their soft beds, laid o'er with many a leaf ;
 Their loss has filled my soul with blackest grief ; 32
 And after them distractedly I haste,
 Hoping to get some hint or notice brief,
 By which those valued herds may yet be traced ;
 Tell me, then, have these cows here by this vineyard paced ?"

Then answered the Old Man : "My friend 'twere hard
 Just to speak of all mine eyes do see ;
 Many pass here, and well am I debarred
 From judging if their bent be honesty,
 Or knavery their trade, — 'tis nought to me ; 33
 From dawn until the evening's light decline,
 I worked amid these vines incessantly,
 And then I saw a portent half divine,
 Which puzzlea sore, good sir, these aged brains of mine.

"Methought I saw a Babe but newly born
 (Or if no mortal child, be sure a god),
 Driving these herds, famed for the beauteous horn,
 Along the fields, and urging with a rod ;
 After them curiously the Infant trod, 34
 For to their flowing tails he turned his back,
 And sometimes gave an arch and waggish nod
 Of triumph, as he thus confused the track —
 Skilful was he who first devised so deed a knack."

So to Apollo spake the Onchestian swain.

The god passed on in silence, deep in thought ;
 The Old Man's language pointed out too plain
 The babe of grace late to Olympus brought :
 A cloud of purple, the divinest wrought, 35
 The god wrapped round his shoulders broad and fair ;
 Pylos renowned immediately he sought,
 Rushing like arrowy-lightning through the air,
 And thus exclaimed aloud, viewing the footmarks there.

" Strange and miraculous indeed this sight !
 Behold the vestiges of my fair cows,
 With steps reversed towards those fields so white
 White asphodel, where they were wont to browse ;
 But these wild footprints ! — Providence allows 36
 To neither man, nor wolf, nor pard, nor boar,
 Such feet as these resemble ; much they rouse
 My expectation, and my wonder more
 Increases as I scan and view them o'er and o'er."

Here ceased Apollo, son of thundering Jove,
 And sought Cyllenè's heights with wood o'ergrown,
 And the deep dell embraced by a green grove,
 Where the ambrosial Nymph unloosed her zone ;
 And to the holder of the Olympian throne 37
 Brought forth a child, beautiful Mercury :
 A pleasant perfume from the mountain blown
 Saluted his arrival — suddenly
 From his purpureal cloud like light descended he.

Many a fleecy flock was pastured there,
 And many a flower of rosy lustre grew ;
 Phœbus passed on, rapt in his present care,
 And heeded not the scene ; then he stepped through
 The brazen cavern where he caught the view 38
 Of the Saturnian babe, who quickly piled
 The swaddling clothes around, for well he knew
 He sought the herd whereof he had been beguiled ;
 And then like a masked brand the roguish urchin smiled.

From the far-shooting god his laughs to hide,
 His head he covered with the tapestry,
 And like a new-washed babe to look he tried,
 Who woos sweet slumber smiling innocently ;
 The helpless tortoise in his arms held he. 39
 Instantly Zeus born Phœbus sees and knows
 The mountain maid, fair May, with Mercury ;
 He stays not, but around his glances throws,
 The cavern's hidden gear determined to expose.

He searched the cavern, ransacked each recess,
 And found some things for which he did not look ;
 But no trace of his cows his sight did bless.
 A shining key of silver then he took,
 With which he opened many a secret nook ; 40
 No kine were there, but nectar in gold bowls,
 And sweet ambrosia that gay perfume shook ;
 Gems in abundance, silver in dark holes,
 Robes of rich scarlet mixed with snow-white nymphal stoles.

Such as the blessed mansions have within,
 But not a trace of cows his godship found ;
 Greatly perplexed, he rubbed his beardless chin,
 Looking extremely anxious and profound ;
 Then he addressed young Mercury renowned : 41
 "O babe of beauty, in thy cradle's breast
 Happily nestled, rise — at once expound
 Where thou hast stored away my heifers best ?
 Answer, or we shall fight, and trust me, not in jest.

"I'll seize thee by the head, and ruthlessly
 Will fling thy carcase down to murky hell,
 Unless this moment, Hermes, thou to me
 The secret of this robbery dost tell ;
 Not mighty Zeus, though king in heaven he dwell, 42
 Nor thy enchanting mother thee shall save :
 Up, then, this instant, ere I thee compel,
 I know not if 'twill please thee, little knave,
 To lord it o'er a few grim tenants of the grave."

To him our Hermèan stripling answers thus :

“ Latonian-born, what cruel words are these ?

Why come you for your stolen cows to us ?

As if a babe or gentle dame could seize ;

To heaven I'll swear it on my bended knees,

43

I neither saw, nor know, nor ever heard

A single hint of these sad robberies.

I'm sorry for you, Phœbus — on my word —

But to charge *me* is poor, and perfectly absurd.

“ Tell me how I a cow-stealer resemble,

Who am a little Infant on the knee ?

Whose limbs with weakness like an aspen tremble —

Far different thoughts, believe me, dwell with me.

Sleep I require, and suckled need to be ;

44

With my small swathing robes I toy and play,

Or paddle in a bath, or laugh and flee

Unto my mother's bosom, where I stay

As if on roses couched, and slumber all the day.

“ Let no one know of this absurd contention,

Or you'll be laughed at wheresoe'er you go ;

The charge is far to comical to mention —

What ! that a little babe should to and fro

Wander a-stealing cattle ? Well you know

45

I was born yesterday. My tender feet

Alone would hinder ; but that I may show

This falsehood, hear me now an oath repeat :

By Jove's immortal head I swear I'm not the cheat

“ You kindly take me for ; the wretches vile

Who thus have plundered you, I know them not.

And what are cows ? Although I see you smile,

A single notion, trust me, I've not got ;

If I have, may I by thy shafts be shot.”

46

Thus this most knavish youngling gravely spoke ;

Yet while he swore to prop his felon plot,

A laugh he could not check i' the middle broke,

And loudly whistled he, musing on the good joke.

Him thus Apollo answered, softly smiling :

“ O wily, sly, deceitful-hearted child,
 If thou continuest in this way beguiling,
 Many a good man's house in frolic wild
 By thee and thine, arch thief, shall be defiled ; 47
 And many a herd and shepherd of fat flocks
 Shall mourd his cows and sheep, when in the mild
 And gentle moonlight, o'er the hills and rocks
 Thou, bent on theft, shalt steal, cunningly as the fox.

“ But come, arouse thee, lest thy present sleep,
 Perchance, should be thy last : quick from thy bed,
 Companion of the midnight, hither creep,
 Nor be thy love for fame disquieted.
 In after years by bards it shall be said : 48
 ‘ Immortal honour and the glory chief
 Of all the filching tribes upon the head
 Of Hermes, called by men the monarch thief,
 Descended in his youth, and crowned with laurel leaf.’ ”

Phœbus Apollo having thus far spoken,
 Took up the Child, who soon resolved to show
 Unto his captor, by some certain token,
 The gratefulness he felt — and he did so. ;
 Phœbus, who could not the rich gift foreknow, 49
 Amazed and furious, dashed unto the earth
 The Babe who such a prize could dare bestow.
 Sitting before him, with no face of mirth,
 He thus addressed the Child of bright eternal birth :

“ Swathe-wrapped young son of Zeus and modest May,
 By this thine augury my cows I'll find ;
 Thou shalt direct my feet unto the way,”
 He said. Cyllenian Hermes, like some wind
 Of giant might, but still with subtle mind, 50
 Starts up, and raising to his ears both hands ;
 His swaddling-vest round him he tightly twined ;
 Fiercely he looks — the god entire he stands —
 And of Apollon thus with sternest voice demands :

"What would'st with *me*, thou, of all gods the bravest?
 Why angry still for those fat heifers lost?
I will not be thy victim when thou ravest;
 This theft, indeed, I've felt unto my cost.
 For steal them I did not: my eyes ne'er crossed 51
 O'er their fat bodies: only by report
 Know I what things cows are. But since, mind-tost
 And harassed by this charge — for thy disport
 I long have been — I now appeal to Jove's imperial court."

Thus Phœbus fair, Latona's glorious son,
 And Mercury, the woodland wanderer,
 Through their fantastic quarrels, hours had spun,
 One stout to charge, the other to demur,
 While victory crowned neither competitor. 52
 By art, and sounding rhetoric, Hermes sought
 To trick the Silver Bowman, or deter;
 But finding that he gained by lying naught,
 Over the sand he rushed with eye and bearing haught.

After him followed Phœbus till they came
 Unto the starred and odoriferous floor,
 Where Zeus sat throned in thunder, and the flame
 Of fiery lightning which flashed fiercely o'er
 The Olympian halls; his mighty feet before 53
 Talents of gold were placed, the rich emprise
 Of him from whose fair lips white truth should soar;
 Rumour along the snowy summits hies,
 And flings abroad the news of this great enterprise.

Right to their lofty palaces of splendour
 'Th' Immortals hurried; each assumed his throne;
 Before them stood the plaintiff and defender,
 Hermes and Phœbus, born of sweet Latone.
 (He by his silver bow and shafts was known), 54
 "Whence drivest thou this weak and baby prey?"
 Were the first words of Zeus, in thnnder tone;
 "A herald-child, born but of yesterday;
 And why request the gods this trifling suit to weigh?"

Apollo, heavenly archer, then replied :

" Almighty father, when my words you hear,
You will not me alone for stealing chide :
I found this Infant, whom you pity, near
Cyllenè's hills, a robber without fear,
Prowling for prey, with scent and knowledge keen ;
A mocker constant, but in gibe and sneer,
Such as no other deity I've seen,
Or earthly-nurtured man ever as yet has been.

55

" My fine fat cows he stole from their own lawn,
At yester-eve ; and by the wave-lashed shore
Of the resounding ocean, until dawn,
In a straight line he drove them him before.
But to mislead the eye that might explore
Their cloven prints, he, by some strange deceit,
Their footsteps so confused, that to restore
The track they went, and find their dark retreat
Is not in god-like wit, so nicely planned the cheat.

56

" Their footmarks in the black dust point towards
That very field of flowery asphodel
From which he stole them ; yet no trace affords
A hint of the recess where now they dwell ;
The thief himself, cunning as words can tell,
Followed — I know not which — on foot or hand,
Over the sandy plain ; some monstrous spell
Long while it seemed, I could not understand,
It looked as if he trailed oak branches o'er the sand.

57

" But when the sand banks huge the rogue had passed,
He mingled so the marks that nought could show
The vestiges ; in heaps the dust he cast ;
Onward he hurried like a hound chased roe
O'er the hard ground ; an old man, whom I know,
By Pylos saw him goading the wide browed —
And wearied cattle through the river's flow :
Some then he separated from the crowd
And sacrificed — the woods he thought the deed would shroud.

58

" When he these nobled acts had finished, home,
 Like one who well-performed his part, he wended ;
 To bed he crept, while the dark clouds did gloam,
 By shadow and by swathe so well defended, 59
 That thine own eagle, Jove, though heaven-descended,
 Could not have pierced the gloom with his star eyes ;
 There the babe couched himself no doubt some splendid
 New act of theft to plan, for guile and lies
 Are his whole stock-in-trade : by these he hopes to rise.

" But when I taxed him with the theft, he swore
 By every oath, he neither heard nor saw
 Aught of my priceless cows, and so I bore
 The urchin hither, claiming right and law.
 Is it not just him to your bar to draw ? " 60
 Phœbus Apollo having thus addressed
 The assembled gods, sat down. No fear, no awe
 Was seen in Hermes, now the suit was pressed ;
 He rose, and thus repelled the charge with swelling crest.

" Oh, father Jove, the truth I will reveal,
 Truth my divinity is, and aye shall be.
 Falsehood I know not, right I ne'er conceal :
 This morning, when the sun rose from the sea,
 Seeking his curved-hoofed kine, he came to me 61
 With no immortal, no truth-loving choir
 Of deities, to watch how threateningly
 He looked and swore, with tongue and aspect dire,
 If I found not these cows, to hurl me to hell-fire.

" Girded he is, I know, with strength of lions,
 His limbs colossal, in his muscles power ;
 Well may Apollo bid me to defiance,
 For crowned is he with youth's enchanting flower ;
 I am a little child born but an hour, 62
 And hence his boldness, for he would not dare
 To menace me if vigour were my dower ;
 How am I like a thief from mountain lair ?
 How strong enough wild fire-eyed heifers to ensnare ?

" Believe me, you who are my heavenly father,
 As I do hope to win fair fortune's smile,
 Never these cows ethereal did I gather,
 Ne'er did I drive them off, or wend by Pyle.
 Sun-bright Apollo, why should I beguile ?
 I love him, I love all the gods, and you
 Know in your heart this calumny how vile :
 You know that all I've said, Great Sire, is true,
 That justice gems my words as flowers the silver dew.

63

" By those bright vestibules, well made, eternal,
 The truth I've spoken, Sire, and nought beside ;
 A day shall come when all these lies infernal,
 Trumped up by Phœbus, like hot lead shall glide
 Down on his heart, for daring thus in pride
 Zeus to mislead, and all who here attend.
 Let him beware when strength with me shall bide,
 I for this slander will make sure amend ;
 Till then your aid I crave — the helpless Babe defend."

64

Thus the Cyllenian Argiphont his cause
 Pleaded before the gods, while his eyes showed
 How much he mocked the judges and their laws ;
 His swaddling clothes loosely around him flowed —
 The Eternal laughed aloud to see the mode
 In which his swindling son denied the theft.
 Both of his sons he bid lay by the load
 Of hate that mutually their spirits cleft ;
 And thus advised the Hermœan famed for his plunders deft :

65

To go with innocence of heart and mind
 With Phœbus, and point out the place wherein
 Those mighty headèd heifers were confined,
 And of the matter make no further din !
 Hermes assented with his usual grin,
 For who can sovran Jove's commands resist ?
 Together they went forth, each like the twin
 Of the other, such true friendship seemed to exist
 Between those two but late fiercely antagonist.

66

They wend to Pylos, and the sandy fords
 Of the Alphean stream that rolls in might,
 And the green lands and stalls and wealthy hoards
 Grow up profusely in the hour of night.
 There Hermes from the cave of stone snow-white 67
 Drove out the kine famed for the massive head,
 From darkness into the serene sunlight;
 Phœbus, who saw apart the cow hides spread,
 To his all-glorious brother thus in wonder said :

" Plotter, how could'st thou two such heifers kill ?
 And how so well their hides enormous flay ?
 Where got'st thou such redundancy of skill ?
 Sent from thy mother's womb but yesterday :
 I know not if thy wit or vigour may 68
 Most challenge wonder, but 'tis scarcely wise
 To let-thee loose, and have unguarded sway,
 Cyllenian son of Maïa " — thus he cries,
 And on this cunning Babe stout handcuffs coolly ties.

Down fell the handcuffs straight upon the ground,
 Among the beauteous cattle loosely thrown,
 By the mysterious art and craft profound
 Of Hermes, who, by this manœuvre shown
 Of his friend's kindness, and fearful grown 69
 Lest he might suffer some sad penalty,
 For all his pranks and thievings to atone,
 Looked round the place with anxious, hurried eye,
 Seeking some hidden nook where he might safely lie.

A new device he suddenly adopted,
 Unto his wish the Far Shooter to bend :
 Flight was a coward notion, so he dropped it ;
 Nor did he long in cogitating spend,
 But seized the lyre, in which he used to blend 70
 Notes of divinest minstrelsy, and smites
 With golden plectrum the sweet strings which send
 Strains that breathe music's perfectest delights ;
 And Phœbus listens while his song the Babe recites.

By the left hand of Phœbus Hermes stood,
 And beat the speaking chords of his new lyre,
 Mingling its music with the silvery flood
 Of voice which from his lips as some rich quire
 Rose through the air in melody's attire. 71
 The gods immortal, and the shady earth
 He twined amid his strains that love inspire,
 And of their order and primeval birth,
 And how to each is sent a lot, coequal with his worth.

And then in glorious music he proclaimed
 The first among the goddesses from whom
 The Muses spring — Mnemosynè long named,
 And other deities of light and bloom.
 For every one in rank the god found room; 72
 And all he celebrated with such grace
 And ornate beauty, that he did illume
 Their actions with new charms; meanwhile the face
 Of listening Phœbus shone, and joy held there its place.

Thus spake he to the Child in words with wings —
 "You cunning little cow-killer, you boy
 Made for light banquets, with your sounding strings,
 These fifty heifers wherein you found joy,
 You're worthy of, your wits you so employ; 73
 But tell me now, you witty son of May,
 Where got you this sweet and sonorous toy?
 Where learned you so the art on lute to play?
 Born, was it, with you, Child, on your glad natal day?

"Did any sky-throned god or mortal man
 Bestow on you the gift of song divine,
 And this enchanting voice, whose volume can
 And does excel, all that those ears of mine
 Heard from a mortal or immortal line? 74
 All must to thee, impostor, son of Jove,
 The palm of triumph in sweet verse assign;
 Deliciously you blend delight and love,
 And lull to sleep, like leaves that rustle in some grove.

" I haunt the Muses nine, Olympian born,
 And well I know the wild deliciousness
 Of flower-soft song, and pipe and rustic horn,
 With whose gay sounds my ears they often bless ;
 But never knew I rapture's full excess, 75
 Until to thy luxurious notes I listened,
 Which youthful joys so perfectly express :
 Not with mere tinkling rhyme are they bedizened,
 But with the very soul of song thy numbers glistened.

" But since, though small, most splendid gifts thou hast,
 To thee and to thy mother thus I vow,
 By this fair cornel spear, with steel bound fast,
 Maïa and thee, brisk Boy, I will endow
 With gorgeous presents : henceforth she and thou 76
 Immortal honour midst the gods shall claim,
 Nor any shall her claim dare disallow."
 Thus did Apollo his intentions name ;
 Hermes returns in words what wisdom's self might frame.

" Wisely, far-shooting Phœbus, thou hast asked ;
 I have no scruple now to tell thee all ;
 Frank will I be, and speak with words unmasked,
 Though once you wished to see me firm in thrall.
 Wise and supreme thou art, and in the hall 77
 Of heaven among the ever living sons
 Of Jupiter, thy words of sapience fall ;
 Great Zeus himself, from his eternal thrones,
 Honours thee most, and ne'er thy prudent counsel shuns.

" Gifts of great price to thee thy Sire has given —
 Prophecy, knowledge of the gloomy fates ;
 No son of his in the broad earth or heaven,
 With thee in worth, far-shooting god, he rates ;
 Domains, and powers, and opulence, and states, 78
 He also gave thee, — and thy favour's such
 No friend of thine long upon fortune waits,
 But all her blessings best at once doth clutch,
 For Jupiter grants all to one he loves so much.

" But since thy mind moves thee to strike the harp,
 Sing — sweep the strings ; be music thy sole pleasure ;
 Let care or gloom ne'er thy glad moments warp,
 But all glide onward in a golden measure : 79
 Here, take from me this sweetly-speaking treasure —
 Beautiful voices dwell within its breast,
 To soothe thee in thine hours of sunny leisure ;
 The dance of nymphs, the board where wit and jest
 Go round like planets, hence will draw their sweetest zest.

" 'Twill bring thee gladness in the night and day,
 'Twill lend Elysian visions to thine eyes,
 If thou can'st only wake the magic lay
 That in its depths, like a glad spirit lies ; 80
 'Twill gild with purple light thy reveries ,
 And wake such heavenly feelings in thy heart,
 That he who without music lives and dies,
 Loses, be sure, of life the rosiest part,
 And well may curse the fate that taught not the art

" He who in ignorance this fair lyre uses,
 Receives discordant answers for his pains,
 But thou, whose soul enshrines the golden Muses,
 Can'st ne'er unskilfully evoke its strains ;
 Never, in hands like thine, the lyre complains, 81
 Henceforth, as herdsmen we our cows shall feed,
 And when in love they mingle on the plains,
 We shall be blessed by a most noble breed,
 Thou wilt not covetously demand more than thy meed."

He spake, and gracefully to Phœbus handed
 The precious lute ; the god gave *him* the whip
 Whose lash he oft had o'er his cows expanded ;
 Hermes received it with a merry lip ;
 Apollo took the lute, and 'gan to slip 82
 The plectrum o'er its strings : sweet harmony
 As e'er made maidens on the light toe trip,
 Rose from the lute, and breathed bewitchingly,
 While Phœbus hymned a song that echoed o'er the sea.

The cows ran wandering e'er the ambrosial meadow
 While these most beauteous children of Jove went
 Back to Olympus, sleeping in the shadow
 Of the rich sun, its peaks with snows o'ersprent ;
 From the light lute melodious breath was sent, 83
 And Jove rejoiced to see his sons united
 Like flowers in Friendship's rosy garland blent :
 Each on the other gazed with face delighted,
 And from that hour to this their love has ne'er been blighted.

The happy hour that saw them interchange
 Presents, beheld them found a friendship there :
 Thenceforth along the woodland hills they range,
 Waking sweet Echo with their pipings rare ;
 Round them an atmosphere of song they bear, 84
 Each by advice improving still the other.
 Once the Latonian, with suspicious air,
 Which, with a laugh, he vainly sought to smother,
 Addressed young Hermes thus, — his wily plotting brother :

" I fear thee, Maïan infant, and thy schemings,
 Lest thou my harp and bended bow should'st steal,
 For every now and then thine eye's sly gleamings
 Show that deceitful plots are all thy zeal :
 Zeus unto thee great secrets did reveal, 85
 And gave thee jewels of fine intellect,
 To make all men before thee lowly keel ;
 But wilt thou now my wishes not reject ?
 Swear by eternal Styx — if Styx thou do'st respect —

" That these from thine arch plottings shall be safe ;
 Greatly my fondness for thee shall increase,
 thou this little oath wilt now vouchsafe " —
 Hermes replied, " Apollo, as you please " ;
 And then his friend's suspicions to appease, 86
 He stoutly swore by the dark Stygian river,
 That from his cunning hand safe should be these,
 And that his fane he would dismantle never.
 Eternal love then swore he of the Golden Quiver.

He vowed that no one man or happy god
 Should be so dear to him in heart and mind ;
 And, as a love token, bestowed a rod
 In which were Wealth and Happiness combined :
 Trefoil of gold around it was entwined ; 87
 And it was hammered from the purest ore,
 Fashioned to save from foes of every kind ;
 Knowledge and Genius, Wisdom, heavenly Lore,
 Within its slender form this wand of wonder bore.

" All the sage counsels of the Eternal's breast,
 All the amazing stores of Prophecy,
 It knows, and will pour forth at thy request,
 And teach thee wonders, divinations high ;
 Seek not into its mysteries to pry, 88
 For those in Jove's omniscient heart are wrapt ;
 Nor ask me more, for a great oath have I
 Sworn in Olympus beautiful, cloud capt,
 Never to tell the things in his large spirit mapped.

" It is not fit that other gods should know
 These wondrous secrets of the Thunder-King ;
 Keep then this golden wand that I bestow,
 Nor seek from me the hidden fates to wring,
 The many who around my Temples cling, 89
 Asking mysterious oracles, shall leave
 The Holy Shrines contented ; like fair spring,
 An atmosphere of light I round them weave,
 And never can they say that I their hearts deceive.

" But whoso trusts in folly speaking birds,
 And haunts my fane some prophecy to hear,
 Shall have an Oracle whose misty words
 Shall keep the voice of promise to his ear,
 But lead him wildly wrong in his career ; 90
 Though of his presents I'll of course take care —
 There is another secret of the sphere
 Which thou shalt know, offspring of Maïa fair,
 And Zeus whose meteor-shield flashes with awful glare.

" Three virgin sisters, Destinies, there are,
 Rejoicing in fleet pinions ; round their brows,
 Is scattered flour, that glitters like a star ;
 In the Parnassian vale of trees they house ;
 From these, when tending my immortal cows, 91
 I learned the gift of prophecy. Our Sire
 Heeded it not. On honey they carouse,
 And having eaten, with oracular fire
 They glow, and tell the things their madness does inspire.

" But if, of the sweet meat you them deprive,
 Soul-less they are, and sealed up are their lips :
 Vainly to win their wisdom-words you'll strive —
 No oracle from them like honey drips.
 Rule these — thy cows — and all of life that trips 92
 O'er the broad-bosomed earth — lion and steed,
 And dog and boar ; and when the death-eclipse
 Comes on the sun like soul, wend thou with speed,
 And, like a planet bright, conduct it in its need."

Thus sovran Phœbus cherished Maïa's boy,
 And the Saturnian beauty shed on both ;
 To mix with men and gods became the joy
 Of Hermes, who increased in strength and growth ;
 To plunder all he still was nothing loth : 93
 And when the Night spread o'er the earth her veil,
 He rambled robbing, for he bated sloth —
 Enchanting son of Zeus and Maïa, hail !
 Ne'er shall I cease to hymn thy praise in bardic tale. (1840.)

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"First acquire the Knowledge which shows the goal and lights the way to it."
THE SPHINX.

Apostrophe To The Sun.

BY JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

(From "Prometheus," Part II, 113-132.)

Center of light and energy ! thy way
Is through the unknown void ; thou hast thy throne,
Morning, and evening, and at noon of day,
Far in the blue, untended and alone ;
Ere the first-wakened airs of earth had blown,
On thou didst march, triumphant in thy light ;
Then thou didst send thy glance, which still hath flown
Wide through the never-ending worlds of night,
And yet thy full orb burns with flash as keen and bright.

We call thee Lord of day, and thou dost give
To Earth the fire that animates her crust,
And wakens all the forms that move and live,
From the fine viewless mould, which lurks in dust,
To him who looks to heaven, and on his bust
Bears stamped the seal of God, who gathers there
Lines of deep thought, high feeling, daring trust
In his own centered powers, who aims to share
In all his soul can frame of wide and great and fair.

Thy path is high in heaven ; we cannot gaze
 On the intense of light that girds thy car ;
 There is a crown of glory in thy rays,
 Which bear thy pure divinity afar,
 To mingle with the equal light of star ;
 For thou, so vast to us, art, in the whole,
 One of the sparks of night, that fire the air ;
 And, as around thy center planets roll,
 So thou, too, hast thy path around the Central Soul.

I am no fond idolater to thee,
 One of the countless multitude who burn,
 As lamps around the one Eternity,
 In whose contending forces systems turn
 Their circles round that seat of life, the urn
 Where all must sleep, if matter ever dies :
 Sight fails me here, but fancy can discern,
 With the wide glance of her all-seeing eyes,
 Where, in the heart of worlds, the ruling Spirit lies.

And thou too hast thy world, and unto thee
 We are as nothing ; thou goest forth alone,
 And movest through the wide aerial sea,
 Glad as a conqueror resting on his throne
 From a new victory, where he late had shown
 Wider his power to nations ; so thy light
 Comes with new pomp, as if thy strength had grown
 With each revolving day, or thou at night
 Had lit again thy fires, and thus renewed thy might.

Age o'er thee has no power ; thou bringest the same
 Light to renew the morning, as when first,
 If not eternal, thou, with front of flame,
 On the dark face of earth in glory burst,
 And warmed the seas, and in their bosom nursed
 The earliest things of life, the worm and shell ;
 Till through the sinking ocean mountains pierced,
 And then came forth the land whereon we dwell,
 Reared like a magic fane above the watery swell.

And there thy searching heat awoke the seeds
 Of all that gives a charm to earth, and lends
 An energy to nature ; all that feeds
 On the rich mould, and then in bearing bends
 Its fruit again to earth, wherein it blends
 The last and first of life ; of all who bear
 There forms in motion, where the spirit tends
 Instinctive, in their common good to share,
 Which lies in things that breathe, or late were living there.

They live in thee ; without thee all were dead
 And dark, no beam had lighted on the waste,
 But one eternal night around had spread
 Funereal gloom, and coldly thus defaced
 This Eden, which thy fairy hand had graced
 With such uncounted beauty ; all that blows
 In the fresh air of Spring, and growing braced
 Its form to manhood, when it stands and glows
 In the full-tempered beam, that gladdens as it goes.

Thou lookest on the earth, and then it smiles ;
 Thy light is hid, and all things droop and mourn ;
 Laughs the wide sea around her budding isles,
 When through their heaven thy changing car is borne ;
 Thou wheel'st away thy flight, the woods are shorn
 Of all their waving locks, and storms awake ;
 All, that was once so beautiful, is torn
 By the wild winds which plough the lonely lake,
 And in their maddening rush the crested mountains shake.

The earth lies buried in a shroud of snow ;
 Life lingers, and would die, but thy return
 Gives to their gladdened hearts an overflow
 Of all the power, that brooded in the urn
 Of their chilled frames, and then they proudly spurn
 All bands that would confine, and give to air
 Hues, fragrance, shapes of beauty, till they burn,
 When, on a dewy morn, thou darrest there
 Rich waves of gold, to wreath with fairer light the fair.

The vales are thine ; and when the touch of Spring
 Thrills them, and gives them gladness, in thy light
 They glitter, as the glancing swallow's wing
 Dashes the water in his winding flight,
 And leaves behind a wave, that crinkles bright,
 And widens outward to the pebbled shore ; —
 The vales are thine, and when they wake from night,
 The dews, that bend the grass tips, twinkling o'er
 Their soft and oozy beds, look upward and adore.

The hills are thine ; they catch thy newest beam,
 And gladden in thy parting, where the wood
 Flames out in every leaf, and drinks the stream
 That flows from out thy fulness, as a flood
 Bursts from an unknown land, and rolls the food
 Of nations in its waters, so thy rays
 Flow and give brighter tints, than ever bud,
 When a clear sheet of ice reflects a blaze
 Of many twinkling gems, as every glossed bough plays.

Thine are the mountains, where they purely lift
 Snows that have never wasted, in a sky
 Which hath no stain ; below the storm may drift
 Its darkness, and the thunder-gust roar by ;
 Aloft in thy eternal smile they lie
 Dazzling but cold ; thy farewell glance looks there,
 And when below thy hues of beauty die,
 Girt round them, as a rosy belt, they bear
 Into the high, dark vault a brow that still is fair.

The clouds are thine ; and all their magic hues
 Are pencilled by thee ; when thou bendest low,
 Or comest in thy strength, the hand imbues
 Their waving fold with such a perfect glow
 Of all pure tints, the fairy pictures throw
 Shame on the proudest art, the tender stain
 Hung round the verge of heaven, that as a bow
 Girds the wide world, and in their blended chain
 All tints to the deep gold, that flashes in thy train,

These are thy trophies, and thou bend'st thy arch,
 The sign of triumph, in a seven-fold twine,
 Where the spent storm is hasting on his march ;
 And there the glories of thy light combine,
 And form, with perfect curve, a lifted line
 Striding the earth and air ; man looks and tells
 How Peace and Mercy in its beauty shine
 And how the heavenly messenger impels
 Her glad wings on the path, and thus in ether swells.

The ocean is thy vassal ; thou dost sway
 His waves to thy dominion, and they go
 Where thou, in heaven, dost guide them on their way,
 Rising and falling in eternal flow,
 Thou lookest on the waters, and they glow,
 They take them wings and spring aloft in air,
 And change to clouds, and then, desolving, throw
 Their treasures back to earth, and rushing, tear
 The mountain and the vale, as proudly on they bear.

I too have been upon thy rolling breast,
 Widest of waters ! I have seen thee lie
 Calm as an infant pillowed in its rest
 On a fond mother's bosom, when the sky
 Not smoother, gave the deep its azure dye,
 Till a new heaven was arched and glassed below,
 And then the clouds, that gay in sunset fly,
 Cast on it such a stain, it kindled so,
 As in the cheek of youth the living roses grow.

I too have seen thee surging on thy path,
 When the night tempest met thee ; thou didst dash
 Thy white arms high in heaven, as if in wrath
 Threatening the angry sky ; thy waves did lash
 The laboring vessel, and with deadening crash
 Rush madly forth to scourge its groaning sides ;
 Onward thy billows came to meet and clash
 In a wild warfare, till the lifted tides
 Mingled their yesty tops, where the dark storm-cloud rides.

In thee, first light, the bounding ocean smiles,
 When the quick winds uprear it in a swell,
 That rolls in glittering green around the isles,
 Where ever-springing fruits and blossoms dwell.
 Oh ! with a joy no gifted tongue can tell,
 I hurry o'er the waters, when the sail
 Swells tensely, and the light keel glances well
 Over the curling billow, and the gale
 Comes off from spicy groves to tell its winning tale.

The soul is thine ; of old thou wert the power
 Who gave the poet life, and I in thee
 Feel my heart gladden, at the holy hour
 When thou art sinking in the silent sea ;
 Or when I climb the height, and wander free
 In thy meridian glory, for the air
 Sparkles and burns in thy intensity ;
 I feel thy light within me, and I share
 In the full glow of soul thy spirit kindles there.

The Odyssey. A Sonnet.

As one that for a weary space has lain
 Lull'd by the song of Circe and her wine
 In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,
 Where that Ægean isle forgets the main,
 And only the low lutes of love complain,
 And only shadows of wan lovers pine —
 As such an one were glad to know the brine
 Salt on his lips, and the large air again —
 So gladly from the songs of modern speech
 Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free
 Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,
 And through the music of the languid hours
 They hear like ocean on a western beach
 The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

Mather Byles.

The facetious Mather Byles was, in his time, equally famous as a poet and a wit. A contemporary bard exclaims :

Would but Apollo's genial touch inspire
Such sounds as breathe from Byles's warbling lyre,
Then might my notes in melting measures flow,
And make all nature wear the signs of woe.

And his humor is celebrated in a poetical account of the clergy of Boston, quoted by Mr. Samuel Kettell, in his "Specimens of American Poetry" :

There's punning Byles provokes our smiles, a man of stately parts,
He visits folks to crack his jokes, which never mend their hearts.
With strutting gait, and wig so great, he walks along the streets,
And throws out wit, or what's like it, to every one he meets.

Mr. Byles was earnestly opposed to the Revolution, and in the spring of 1777 was denounced in the public assemblies as a Tory, and compelled to give bonds for his appearance before a court for trial. He was a favorite in every social and convivial circle, and no one was more fond of his society than the Colonial Governor Belcher. The Doctor had declined an invitation to visit with the Governor the Province of Maine, and Belcher resorted to a stratagem to secure his company. Having persuaded him to drink tea with him on the Scarborough ship of war, one Sunday afternoon, as soon as they were seated at the table the anchor was weighed, sails set, and before the punning Byles had called for his last cup, the ship was too far at sea for him to think of returning to the shore. As everything necessary for his comfort had been thoughtfully provided, he was very soon reconciled to the voyage.

While making preparations for religious services, the next Sunday, it was discovered that there was no hymn-book on board, and Byles wrote a hymn, which was sung instead of a selection from Sternhold and Hopkins.

The abduction of the Hollis Street minister was the cause of not a little merriment in Boston: and Joseph Green, between whom and Byles there was some rivalry, as the leaders of opposing social factions, soon after wrote a burlesque account of the abduction, and how the services were opened on the following Sunday on the Scarborough ship :

JOSEPH GREEN'S BURLESQUE ON "BYLES'S VOYAGE.

In David's Psalms an oversight Byles found one morning at his tea :
Alas ! that he should never write a proper psalm to sing at sea.

Thus ruminating on his seat, ambitious thoughts at length prevail'd ;
The bard determined to complete the part wherein the prophet fail'd ;

He sat awhile and stroked his muse ; then taking up his tuneful pen,
Wrote a few stanzas for the use of his sea-faring brethren.

The task perform'd, the bard content, well chosen was each flowing word ;
On a short voyage himself he went, to hear it read and sung on board.

Most serious Christians do aver (their credit sure we may rely on),
In former times that after prayer, they used to sing a song of Zion.

Our modern parson having pray'd, unless loud fame our faith beguiles,
Sat down, took out his book, and said, ' Let's sing a psalm of Mather Byles.'

At first, when he began to read, their heads the assembly downward hung ;
But he with boldness did proceed, and thus he read, and thus they sung :

THE PSALM.

With vast amazement we survey the wonders of the deep,
Where mackerel swim and porpoise play, and crabs and lobsters creep.

Fish of all kinds inhabit here, and throng the dark abode ;
Here haddock, hake, and flounders are, and eels, and perch, and cod.

From raging winds and tempests free, so smoothly as we pass,
The shining surface seems to be a piece of Bristol glass.

But when the winds and tempests rise, and foaming billows swell,
The vessel mounts above the skies, and lower sinks than hell.

Our heads the tottering motion feel, and quickly we become
Giddy as new-born calves, and reel like Indians drunk with rum.

What praises, then, are due, that we, thus far, have safely got,
Amarecoggin tribe to see, and tribe of Penobscot.

FROM ELIPHAS LEVI —

Souffrir c'est travailler, c'est accomplir sa tache,
Malheur au paresseux qui dort sur le chemin :
La douleur, comme un chien, mord les talons du lache,
Qui, d'un seul jour perdu, surcharge un lendemain.

TRANSLATION —

"Sorrow lessens in work, in fulfilling a task,
Woe to the sluggard who sleeps on his way ;
Like a dog at his heels pain clings to him fast,
If he leaves for tomorrow the work of today."

E. C. L.

The Free Catholic Church is a religious society that first appeared before the public some years ago in Germany. It will unite all religious men, and it has neither church buildings, nor priests, nor ceremonies, nor dogmas. It is established by the Christ, and has only one doctrine: *God is all*. Therefore, the society calls itself "CHURCH," that is, House of God, and "Catholic," that is, universal; and it says every one who acknowledges to be a house of God is a member of E. C. L., that has members everywhere.

During the religious confusion, at present, many will be glad to hear about E. C. L., and get out of the confusion. Therefore

God is All. All is God, in various degrees of development. God is to be compared with a Fire that fills the universe: and each "creature" is a Spark, a burning Atom, in this Fire. *The Atom creates, itself, its form of existence, and creates it as perfect as it can create it*; the perfection of this form will, accordingly, correspond with the *consciousness and power of the Atom or Spark*. When beginning its course of development it was a "sleeping" Spark, and could not create any other form than the lowest one: the Mineral form; but as it awoke to consciousness, and fought its way to power, the Spark made itself forms of existence, more and more perfect; Plant-, Animal-, Human forms. Man is, consequently, a divine Atom that at length, advanced so far that it could make the form of human existence — and *when the Atom has reached to the perfection which CAN create the form of superhuman existence, then, AND NOT TILL THEN, that man will become an "Angel"* — or what you may call the next step of the ladder reaching from earth to heaven.

How is the form realized? Geometry teaches how the *Point*, by movement, creates the *Line*, which, again by way of movement, will make the *Plane*. The Plane can be seen;

the real Line cannot be seen (having only one dimension), only be thought ; the Point, having no dimension, can neither be seen nor thought ; One may say : the Plane is sensuous ; the Line is super-sensuous, but apprehensible to consciousness ; the Point belongs to the super-conscious region.

Now, apply this upon the riddle of existence. God, the " *Spirit* " (taken collectively as the " Fire," individually as the " Spark "), is the Point above all consciousness. By way of a " movement " it will create the super-sensual Line, the " *Soul* " (collectively : the universal Soul, individually : the individual Soul). And the Soul will, again by a " movement," form " *Matter* " (collectively : the physical universe, individually : the body). Accordingly : *where Matter is, there is Soul ; where Soul is, there is Spirit . . .*

Having this view of the mystery of existence we do easily comprehend that *in the forms of lower nature the beginning of a higher is manifesting itself*. The crystal forms of the minerals are plant-forms (compare the ice " flowers " upon the window panes) — it is the beginning plant-nature of the mineral. The plant's love for light, its faculty for finding moisture, the process of generation, and more, bear witness of a beginning animal nature in the plant. The " instinctive " actions of animals (the mathematics of spiders and bees, the sociology of ants, the geography of storks and lemmings, the love for the young, and much more) manifest a dawning human nature. And *all that which is noble and elevated in human life manifests man's Angel nature*. When this nature has become his ruling principle, his real Ego, then — *first then* — the Spark can create to itself the angelic form of existence. This is the " just judgment " and the real " Karma."

The aim of man's life, says E. C. L., is *the development of his Angel nature, the liberation of the God latent in him*. This development and liberation is not realized by way of any " belief " or outer " sacrifice of atonement," or anything else than *struggle and work, life after life, until the victory is won, the vic-*

tory over the animal, whose essence is sensualism and egotism.

This will be *the Religion of the twentieth Century*.

The development of the divine Spark is the hidden meaning of the true part of all religions ; it is also the *secret meaning of Christianity*. *The Spark of God* is here called the *Logos* (John i, 1), that is, the pure Idea, the Thought, the Word — namely the Point, the Line, the Plane ! It is the Atom, or Spark, which "in the beginning was with God," by that "all things were made" (i, 3), that "became flesh and tabernacled with us" (i, 14), that, accordingly, "*shineth in the darkness*" (i, 4). And it is the innocent Spark, "Lamb" of God which "taketh away the sin of the world" (i, 29), that is, the inner world "the Kingdom of God." To be "saved" is to reach the aim of life, and *the Savior is the developed Logos, the Christos*, that is, Anointed. In the Gospels the development of the Spark described as a *conception, birth, growth, perfection, through suffering, victory*. The mother of the inner Christos is "the Virgin," that is, the pure part of the Soul ; her name is Mary ("Sorrow"), of course. He is conceived in Nazareth ("a sprout"), and born in Bethlehem ("house of bread") : the inner God-man is the bread of life, the fruit of the sprout emanating from the root of the old tree. He is born in the Stable, from that the animals have been driven out, and perfect when the physical nature is overcome. . . .

Here, we will say no more : the intention of this apply is only to *find and unite with us the Members of E. C. L.*, whom we beg, first, to copy, translate, print, etc., this apply ; second, to send to the person from whom it was received, names and addresses of new found members of the Free Catholic Church.

GIBLIM.

The Comma of Pythagoras is the excess of twelve fifths above seven octaves, and is the interval found at every enharmonic change of key, in which the number of flats in the one signature added to that of the sharps in the other makes 12.
— *Coön Brown* in "Educational Times" Reprint, Vol. XXVII.

THE SONG OF "THE AMPERSAND." This old song has been called for by TYPO—a version we have not seen for many years is here given :

Of all the types in a printer's hand, Commend me to the ampersand ;
For he's the gentleman, seems to me, Of the typographical companie.

&	O my nice little ampersand,	&
&	My graceful, swan-like ampersand ;	&
&	Nothing that Cadmus ever planned	&
&	Equals my elegant ampersand.	&

Many a letter your writers hate, Ugly Q, with its tale so straight ;
X, that makes you cross as a bear, And Z that helps you with Zound to

&	But not my nice little ampersand,	&	[swear.
&	My easily dashed of ampersand ;	&	
&	Any odd shape folks understand	&	
&	To mean my Protean ampersand.	&	

Nothing for him that's starch or stiff ; Never he's used in scold or tiff ;
State epistles, so dull and so grand, Mustn't contain the shortened "and."

&	No, my nice little ampersand,	&	[bland, &
&	You are good for those who're jolly and	&	
&	In days when letters were dried with sand,	&	
&	Old trump wouldn't use my ampersand.	&	

But he is dear in old friendship's call, Or when Love is laughing through
"Come & dine & have bachelor's fare ; Come, & I'll keep you a round and
[square."

&	Yea, my nice little ampersand	&
&	Never must into a word expand ;	&
&	Gentle sign of affection stand,	&
&	My kind, familiar ampersand.	&

SERAPIS. When Nicocreon, king of Cyprus, consulted as to which of the gods he ought to worship, he received the following response :

"A god I am such as I show to thee,
The starry Heavens my head, my trunk the sea,
Earth forms my, feet mine ears the air supplies,
The Sun's far-darting, brilliant rays, mine eyes."

Hence it appears that the nature of Serapis and of the Sun is one and indivisible. Isis, so universally worshipped, either as the Earth or Nature, as subjected to the Sun.

HISTORIC MAGAZINE



NOTES AND QUERIES

A MONTHLY OF

*History, Folk-Lore, Mathematics, Literature,
Art, Arcane Societies, Etc.*



"Thou meetest Plato when thy eyes moisten over the Phædo."



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"Here in the sunny summer of my youth
My soul grew up, and drank the sacred streams,
Of Wisdom, Knowledge, Virtue, Thought, and Truth :
Here my heart lived on bright and glorious dreams,
Caught from the Poet's or the Historian's page ;
Homer and Horace, and the Mantuan lyre,
Plato's deep thoughts, and Pindar's epic rage,
The Aæcræan bard, and Lucian's words of fire —
From morn till night, from night till morning came,
These and the stars my sole companions were,
Still burned my lamp with clear and vestal flame,
Still my mind fed on visions grand and rare ;
The Past was still before me, and its soul
Shone with the splendor of some heaven-descended scroll."

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AND
NOTES AND QUERIES

MANCHESTER, N. H.

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Room 3, Mirror Building, - - 64 Hanover Street.

"Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations."
(PENT. V, xxxiii, 7.)

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Centennial Celebration of Manchester, N. H.

OCTOBER 22, 1851.

POEM BY WILLIAM STARK, MANCHESTER, N. H.

Who does not love, when twilight's pall of grey
Appears in mourning for the dying day,
To climb some hill, along this valley green,
And gaze enraptured on the lovely scene —

To mark the river, in the sunset glowing —
To see the waters, now so calmly flowing —
And then, anon, o'er ledgy ramparts pour,
Through winding gorge and rocky chasm roar ;
Till, far below, they mingle into union,
With verdant shores to bind the sweet communion —

To see Rock Raymond lift his hoary head,
With verdure clinging to his rough foundations,
Like some proud tombstone of the mighty dead,
Which has outlived a thousand generations,
And stood alone, the monarch of the plain,
Where cities fell and forests rose again.

To see the Unconoonucs' double mound
 Rise, gently sloping from the woods around,
 And, with its sides in richest verdure drest,
 Shut out the glories of the golden west :
 While sunbeams play upon each woody height,
 And, fondly lingering, kiss their last good night.

To see the hills, their lengthened shadows throwing,
 Stretch up to catch the last expiring ray,
 Till daylight, by the golden sunset glowing,
 In dewy evening pine itself away :
 While rock and dell, and tangled forest wild
 Lies calm and gentle as a sleeping child.

And can it be, that such a land of beauty
 Has known no heroes worthy of renown :
 That noble deeds of friendship, love or duty
 Have wreathed no laurels for the victor's crown ?
 A thousand years have trod their weary marches —
 A million souls have lived along this shore ;
 But who can say, that Heaven's golden arches,
 For all this host, support one soul the more !

What ! not a hero for the poet's pen,
 To laud his virtues o'er and o'er again :
 No chieftains, warriors, prophets, seers or sages,
 Have lived and flourished here for unknown ages :
 Have here no hunters, youthful, fleet, and strong,
 Pursued the wild game o'er these hills along :
 No laughing children gambol'd in the shade,
 Roamed through the wood, or by the water strayed :
 No dark-eyed maidens sat beneath the trees,
 And sang their love songs to the evening breeze :
 No deeds of Love, no deeds of fame or glory,
 A desert land, unknown to song or story !

Had Homer, 'stead of Argos' classic strand,
 Claimed this fair valley as his native land,
 How would these scenes have swarm'd with noble men ;
 How buried heroes would have lived again !
 Each lofty mountain, and each woody hill,
 Each winding stream, and gently flowing rill,
 Each rock and dell along this river shore,

In flowing verse would live for evermore.
 Proud Agamemnon would his sceptre wield,
 O'er thousand braves encamped in Derryfield :
 And Chryses kneel on Massabesic's strand,
 To pray Apollo's dire avenging hand :
 And bold Ulysses reign in proud array,
 From bright Souhegan to the Nashua ;
 While brave Achilles, pond'ring o'er his ills,
 Would roam desponding o'er the Bedford hills :
 The dark Scamander, flowing through the bog,
 Would yield its place to our Piscataquog :
 And where rough Simois the verse encumbers,
Contoocook stand, to grace the flowing numbers :
 While, on the shore, their close and serried ranks,
 Move, dark and fearful up the river banks,
 With courage dire, and martial ardor big,
 To sack some Troy built up at Amoskeag.
 But, of the mem'ries of the bloody deeds,
 Enacted on our native hills and meads,
 Of warrior yell, and dying victim's groan,
 But few remain, and would that there were none —
 For bloody deeds have filled unnumbered pages,
 And stained the record of a thousand ages ;
 While deeds of peace, embalmed by poet's pen,
 Are none too many for the good of men.

So turn we then, from scenes of bloody strife,
 From tomahawk, and club, and scalping knife ;
 And, should the muse, which, bound by cruel Mars,
 Like some caged warbler, pines between the bars,
 Be freed again to soar on spreading wing,
 And in her own wild native song to sing,
 She'll mount and warble o'er the notes of peace,
 And sing the sweeter for her kind release.

When autumn fruits conferred their golden boon,
 And bright September brought her harvest moon,
 On that high hill, above the rocky shore,
 Where first the falls begin their sullen roar,
 Once in each year, the Indians passed a night,
 In solemn prayer and consecrated right,
 To offer thanks, from dewy eve till morn,
 To their Great Spirit for the juicy corn ;

While youths and maidens, 'neath the moonlight glance,
 Tripped lively measure in the Green Corn Dance.
 Nor Persian skies, nor Thracian valleys green,
 Have ever known so beautiful a scene —
 In waving plumes, and belts of wampum, drest,
 The young brave dance, and beat the naked breast ;
 While light and fleet, as flitting shadows pass,
 So move the maidens o'er the yielding grass ;
 Dark eyes look out from 'neath a darker lash,
 And shine and sparkle like a meteor's flash ;
 And raven tresses, flowing unconfined,
 Float free and careless in the evening wind,
 While tones of music, lively, wild and sweet,
 Are tripped to measure by the tiniest feet ;
 The aged squaws, the hoary warriors stand,
 And gaze admiring on the youthful band ;
 While wrinkled crones, with low applauding hum,
 Beat loud and furious on the wooden drum.

O'er scenes like these the mem'ry loves to dwell ;
 Of pleasing traits in savage minds they tell :
 Though still a savage, place him as you will,
 With all his vices, he is human still.

Now short and simply, lest your patience fail,
 I'll prove my saying, by an Indian tale.

Long, long ago, one summer's day,
 Ere those dark forests passed away,
 Which hid the dusky Indian's track
 Along the lovely Merrimack ;
 Where now the island sand bars clog
 The mouth of our Piscataquog,
 And where the tall trees, spreading wide,
 Let squirrels play and shadows hide,
 There, on the mossy bank reclining,
 Her braided locks with beads entwining,
 An Indian maiden, young and fair,
 Sat playing with her jetty hair.
 'Twas calm and still, so sound was heard,
 Except the twitt'ring of a bird,
 Or turtles, diving from a log,
 Deep in the waters of the 'Squog ;

Her bark canoe lay on the sand,
 The paddle rested by her hand,
 In little coves the minnows played,
 E'en close around the lovely maid,
 Each other through her shadow chasing,
 The beauteous image half defacing.
 The river's bank, the village nigh it,
 Were all enrobed in solemn quiet,
 For all the warriors were away,
 Before the sun had brought the day,
 To Unconoonucs' southern side,
 To sit in council for the tribe,
 The squaws were making deerskin nooses,
 And playing with the young papposes ;
 The boys, for sport and pleasure wishing,
 Had gone to Amoskeag a fishing.

As thus the brave Manesquo's daughter
 Sat gazing on the placid water,
 A plaintive moan, of some one near,
 Fell on the musing maiden's ear,
 The girl look'd up, and there, before her,
 Stood the old prophet Pascagora :
 His manly form, now bent with age,
 Told of the chieftain and the sage :
 His eyes, which once like eagles' peer'd,
 Now, dimm'd by age, were dull and blear'd ;
 With all the wisdom of his race,
 Writ on his sear'd and wrinkled face.

The prophet now seemed faint and weak,
 A hectic flush was on his cheek ;
 And leaning 'gainst a tree near by,
 He heaved a long and deep drawn sigh ;

The girl arose in quick surprise,
 With pity beaming from her eyes :
 " What now, good father," said the maid,
 Has drove thee from the wigwam shade ?
 'Tis eighteen moons, since you before
 Have passed beyond the cabin door."

The prophet raised his sunken eye,
 And pointing to the western sky,
 "My child," said he, "ere yonder sun
 Shall through his daily course have run,
 And ere our noble braves return,
 Or ere their fires shall cease to burn,
 My soul shall well contented roam
 In the Great Spirit's distant home.
 I hear the rustling of his wings,
 I feel the dread his presence brings,
 O'er mighty rivers, dark and slow,
 In light canoe, I go, I go."

"But, ere I smoke the pipe of love,
 Before the council fires above,
 My spirit's eager to relate
 The secrets of the red man's fate.
 Now, maiden, list, I'll tell to thee
 The red man's future destiny;
 And treasure it with earnest care,
 Tis Pascagora's dying prayer;
 And to the braves, when home returning,
 To where the village fires are burning,
 Do you relate, with maiden's power,
 The warnings of my dying hour :

"No longer let the arrow hope
 With leaden bullets' force to cope;
 Let ashen bows no more withstand
 The musket in the white man's hand;
 Let scalping knives no longer gleam,
 Or redden in life's purple stream;
 Let tomahawks to graves be doomed,
 Nor more in human skulls entombed;
 Let not the simple Indian's will
 Attempt to thwart the white man's skill;
 The speed of his ambitious mind
 Will leave the red man's far behind;
 But let these wigwam fires go out,
 These hills forget the warrior's shout;
 While in the dark and distant west,
 The hunted brave shall find his rest."

Thus saying, Pascagora sank
 Upon the green and mossy bank :
 His eye, which once could meet the sun,
 How dimmed and failed — its work was done ;
 His silver locks fell o'er his breast ;
 His tawny hand his brow compressed ;
 Nor moved he more, but groaned and sighed,
 And thus great Pascagora died.

The maid, though trembling, not less bold,
 Had knelt beside the prophet old ;
 With one hand, his, the girl had grasped,
 One arm around his neck she clasped :
 She gave no cry — no tear she shed,
 But sat in silence o'er the dead.

The day passed on — she had not stirred,
 Through all the grove no sound was heard,
 The sun was sinking in the west,
 East bird had sought its welcome nest,
 And evening shadows dark, serene,
 Were gathering o'er the peaceful scene.
 But hark ! a war whoop, loud and shrill,
 Re-echoes from the eastern hill !
 The girl starts up, as now, once more,
 The sound comes pealing to the shore ;
 Quick to her light canoe she speeds,
 With one bold push she clears the reeds,
 Swift as a flash, the little bark
 Shoots out upon the waters dark ;
 Her fragile arm the paddle bends,
 On either side the foam she sends —
 Soon, at the village by the shore,
 The maiden drops the weary oar.

Meanwhile from Unconoonucs' brow,
 The warriors are returning now,
 Feathered and stained in stern array,
 All ready for the bloody fray,
 Each glittering knife is in the hand,
 Each bow and arrow at command ;
 With fearful yells, they stride along,

Chiming a rude and gutt'ral song,
 Till, on the river's bank they stand,
 A savage and a hideous band ;
 Then, by the red sun's parting glance,
 They gather for the warriors' dance :
 First, in a circle wide, they stand,
 Each with an arrow in his hand,
 Then crouching, and with bended bow,
 They step to measure light and slow,
 Now, quicker, with a savage flurry,
 They circle round and hurry, hurry,
 Now the ring breaks, and leaping, yelling,
 In one discordant chorus swelling,
 Then tomahawks are brandished high,
 Their shouts re-echo from the sky,
 Their blood-stained nostrils, opened wide,
 Their furious leaps from side to side,
 Their foaming lips, all dark and gory,
 Make up the red man's scene of glory.

Amid this frantic warrior band,
 The maiden rushed — her little hand,
 Speaking the force of woman's will,
 Motioned the savage braves " be still,"
 Each, with a stupid awe complied,
 And dropped his weapon by his side.

Then spake the maiden : " Warriors brave,
 No more in angry passions rave ;
 Sheath now your knives, your war clubs lay
 Beside your wigwam's entrance-way ;
 Let pale-faced man no more excite
 The red-man to the bloody fight ;
 For deepest wisdom has combined
 Its powers in the white man's mind ;
 And the Great Spirit hides his face,
 In anger from our fated race ;
 But, with a sad and peaceful breast,
 Let each brave seek the distant west,
 For Pascagora — now no more,
 Sleeps on the island's dusky shore,
 And thus our noble prophet said,
 Ere to the spirit land he sped."

Thus spake the girl, and shocked, amazed,
 The warriors on each other gazed :
 A moment o'er — Manesquo proud
 Stepped out before the swarthy crowd,
 His blood-shot eye with anger burned,
 As to his silent braves he turned,
 " Warriors," said he, " Manesquo's knife
 Is yearning for the white man's life ;
 My arrow longs to see the blood
 Flow gurgling forth a crimson flood ;
 Or, with a quick convulsive start,
 Come leaping from the white man's heart ;
 My club is racked by hunger's pains
 And longs to sup on human brains."

Thus speaking, at some fancied foe,
 The chieftain dealt a fearful blow :
 And tossing back his blanket free,
 He hurled his hatchet at a tree :
 But ah ! some demon with it sped,
 It glanced — and cleft his daughter's head.

The maiden fell without a moan :
 Manesquo, with a fearful groan,
 Sank kneeling by his daughter's side,
 And strove to check the crimson tide,
 Now flowing o'er her quivering face,
 Fast passing into death's embrace :
 His head hung o'er his manly chest.
 A tear dropped on the maiden's breast.
 The warriors stood in mute surprise,
 And, silent, gazed with pitying eyes.

At length, Manesquo raised his head,
 And sighing, to his warriors said :
 " No flower was e'er so fair as she,
 No fawn e'er moved so gracefully,
 'Tis the Great Spirit — his command
 Has called her to the spirit land,
 Has claimed her, as his royal bride,
 To sit in beauty by his side.
 Now will I heed the maiden's warning,
 And, with the morrow's early dawning,

With every parting duty done,
We'll journey to the setting sun."

Then to the burial task they haste,
And in their birchen coffins placed
The aged prophet and the maid
In one deep sepulchre are laid.
An elm tree sapling, growing nigh,
Points out the hillock where they lie.

Next morning sun rose bright and clear
While through the valley, far and near,
From every bush, and every tree,
Poured forth the birds' sweet melody,
But, with the notes of every bird,
No sound of human voice was heard ;
The wigwam's shelter, now, no more,
Stood on the headland of the shore ;
The open spot, with woods around,
The footprints left upon the ground,
The brands, upon their ashy bed,
A broken knife, an arrow's head,
A blanket, in their haste forgot,
Were all they left to mark the spot.

Full fifty years were passed, and o'er
This valley stretched on either shore,
No member of the red man's race
Had shown his proud and dusky face.
From Unconoonucs' woody side,
To Massabesic's sleeping tide ;
From Hackett's hill and Martin's ferry,
All through the woods of Londonderry,
Were scattered in each sunny spot,
The clearings for the white man's cot,
When, on a bright September morn,
Before the early dews were gone,
An aged Indian, tired and sore,
Came limping to a cottage door ;
And, with his trembling accent rude,
In broken English, asked for food,
His form was bent, his long white locks,
Told of a hundred winters' shocks ;

No weapon in his hand he bore,
 No plume upon his head he wore,
 No copper rings his features graced,
 No beaded wampum decked his waist,
 His moccasins were old and worn,
 His bearskin blanket patched and torn,
 Thus, day by day, this chief was seen
 Roaming about the meadows green ;
 Now by the brook, now by the bog,
 Now by the bright Piscataquog ;
 And, when the night brought on its shade,
 His couch beneath an elm he made,
 Which grow upon a grassy mound,
 Near what is now the fishing ground.

One morn, a settler passed that way
 And saw the Indian as he lay :
 The snow had fallen through the night,
 And covered him with mantle white ;
 His thin lips opened wide for breath,
 His eyes were closing fast in death ;
 He beck'd the white man to his side,
 And like a weeping infant cried :
 " Bury me here, here let me be,
 Bury me here beneath this tree ;
 And let your pale-faced squaws relate
 This legend of the red man's fate :
 That here the great Manesquo died,
 And slumbers by his daughter's side.
 Then bury me in this grassy mound,
 Oh bury me 'neath this frozen ground,
 Where lie the ones I hold so dear,
 Bury me here ! Oh ! bury me here ! "
 They dug his grave beneath the tree,
 And left him where he sought to be.

A hundred years have flitted by,
 And still the mound, in which they lie,
 Is standing by the river's shore
 As it has always stood before ;
 But now no tree with spreading shade,
 Points out the spot where they were laid ;
 And o'er their mould'ring ashes now,
 The farmer guides the shining plough.

Thus, undisturbed, their bodies rest,
 Beneath the meadow's grassy breast ;
 Their spirits, joined in holy love,
 Now roam the hunting grounds above.

Now, changed are the scenes of the red men's dominion
 Along the bright field by the Merrimack's shore ;
 The bird of their freedom has spread her broad pinion,
 To sail o'er the land of her glory no more.

The green Unconoonuc still peers o'er the valley,
 And o'er its proud summit, the breezes still ride :
 And never again shall the rude Indian rally,
 And chant his wild death song upon its dark side.

And still the Piscataquog rolls its bright water,
 The island still offers its deep gloomy shade,
 And where played the maiden, Manesquo's fair daughter,
 The little bird warbles her sweet serenade.

O'er Merrimack's bosom the winds are still straying,
 And plough on its surface, the furrows of blue ;
 But never is seen, o'er the bright water straying,
 The Indian again with the birchen canoe.

Still green is the tree, in the summer light glowing,
 And green are the woods, when the summer winds sigh ;
 But greener the moss, which below them is growing,
 And feeds on the mould where their ancestors lie.

The proud stepping moose, from the dread hunter flying,
 Has left his wild haunts to the still summer air ;
 And far in the dell, where the red deer were lying,
 The little brown rabbit is making his lair.

O'er Amoskeag rocks, the white foam is still dashing,
 As free and as playful as ever before,
 But the shad and the salmon no longer are splashing,
 While drawn in the fisherman's net to the shore.

Rock Raymond, created to wash away never,
 Still shows to the forest its dark, rugged breast,
 But hushed are the cries of the wild-cat forever,
 And squirrels crack nuts in the rattlesnake's nest.

The dark, gloomy cavern, where dew-drops are weeping,
 No longer shall cradle the cubs of the bear ;
 But out at each cranny so cautiously peeping,
 The little young foxes are gamboling there.

The high rocky hill, where the wolves were once starying,
 Now echoes the bleat of the motherly dam ;
 And, where the young whelps in the sunshine were playing,
 Now gambols and capers the frolicking lamb.

O'er broad Massabesic the waves are still creeping,
 And loud o'er the waters the loon-divers cry ;
 While, under the lily pads quietly sleeping,
 The pickerel waits for a little blue fly.

And still in the forest the wild bee is humming,
 And in the tree top the wood pigeons breed,
 And, on the lone log, still the partridge is drumming,
 While on the red berries her little ones feed.

The wild honeysuckle is gracefully swinging
 Down close by the bed where the violets grow :
 And, soaring above them, the gay bird is singing
 Her sweet little song to the flowers below.

O'er the same meadows the white clouds are floating,
 On the same hill-tops the blueberries grow,
 O'er the same valley the sun light is gloating,
 In the same channels the broad rivers flow.

All else now changed ! for another race
 Now live and die in the red man's place.

And the tall young brave, with his martial tread,
 And the prophet old, with his hoary head,
 And the noble chief, with his brow of care,
 And the youthful maid, with her raven hair,
 They are gone, all gone, and are all at rest,
 'Neath the mould'ring sod on the valley's breast.

They are gone, all gone from their native shore,
 And the woods shall ring with their shouts no more :

From the shady grove by the river's side,
Where the lover sued for his dusky bride,
From the purling brook in the woody shade,
Where the young pappoose in the water played,
From the rocky hill, and the sandy mound,
From the hunting field, and the fishing ground,
With the frightened deer, and the timid fawn,
From their forest home they are gone, all gone.

They are gone, all gone and the rattling car,
Rolls over the mound where their ashes are :
And the lab'rer leans on his earthworn spade,
To sigh at the havoc his work has made ;
For the mould'ring bones lie scattered 'round
Like the dead exhumed from a burial ground,
And he stoops and takee with his horny hand,
A raven tress from the mould'ring sand.

They are gone, all gone, and the crickets sing
On their lonely graves to the sunny spring ;
And the cuckoo moans in the shady wood,
O'er the desert spot where the wigwam stood ;
And the jay bird screams from the distant hill
To the plaintive notes of the whip-poor-will ;
While the waters moan, as they hurry on,
And the night winds sighs, "*they are gone, all gone !*"

'Tis a hundred years ! but, a hundred years,
How short their flitting sound appears,
As we count the strokes of the ceaseless chime
Which tolls and tolls till the end of time !

'Tis a hundred years ! but, a hundred years,
How long their serried host appears,
As we mark the tread of the golden sun,
And the moments passing one by one.

In a hundred years, through the valley wide,
What a host have lived, what a host have died :
The weak and the mighty, the sad and the gay,
How they hurry on and hurry away !

And the cry still is, as they're pressing on,
 "Give room, give room, for the later born."

'Tis a hundred years ! but, a hundred years,
 What a changeful phase in the sound appears,
 In the world before, to the youthful mind,
 To the men of age, in the world behind :
 To the sportive child, with it pleasures rife,
 When a single day is a long, long life ;
 And to sober age, with its locks of grey,
 When the whole of life's but a single day !

But a day ago, in her beauty's pride,
 The wrinkled crone was a fair young bride ;
 And the silken locks of her auburn hair,
 Caught many a youth in a fatal snare ;
 And the damask rose on her blushing cheek
 Filled many a breast too full to speak :
 But now, she sits in her high-backed chair,
 With her wrinkled cheeks and her hoary hair,
 With her toothless lips and her grisly brow,
 Like a faded rose in her beauty now.

But she sits and sits in her high backed chair,
 With her dull eyes fixed in a dreamy stare,
 And she talks to herself, in a murmur low,
 Of the things she did but a day ago.

"But a day ago, when my voice was young,
 How the lovers sighed at the songs I sung,
 How their eyes would flash with a meaning glance,
 As I twined my feet in the mazy dance !
 And I smiled on all, with a look as gay
 As if beauty ne'er would pass away —
 And it seems, in spite of my locks of snow,
 It seems to me but a day ago.

"But a day ago, on a Sabbath morn,
 I was standing up with my bridals on ;
 And the noblest youth of a noble land
 Was to place the ring on my snowy hand :

And the roses blushed to the summer air,
 As they kissed the curls of my auburn hair ;
 And the diamonds dimmed as they failed to vie
 With the starry light of my sparkling eye.
 'Tis a weary life as the moment flow,
 Yet it seems to me but a day ago.

" But a day ago, since the joyous time
 When I danced and sang in my beauty's prime ;
 But a day ago, on the village green,
 With a blooming wreath, I was *crowned the queen*."
 And a tear drops down her furrowed cheek,
 As she tries again, but in vain to speak,
 And her thin lips quiver, whispering low,
 "*But a day ago, but a day ago !*"

As the sailor sits in his cabin door,
 With his vessel moored and his voyage o'er,
 How he loves to read from his dingy log,
 Of the piping blast or the murky fog,
 Of the towering berg, which the vessel passed,
 Ere she safely came to the port at last.

So let us unite, as we gather here,
 On the safe return of a hundredth year,
 In a hasty search, with a curious eye,
 O'er the record book of the days gone by,
 From the letters old on its mouldy page,
 We may draw some good for the coming age.

Oh ! a merry life led the hunter bold,
 As he trod these hills in the days of old.
 When his only friend was the trusty gun,
 And his only compass the rolling sun ;
 When his warmest couch was a leafy bed,
 With the branches waving overhead ;
 When his only quilt was the dark blue sky,
 With its starry patchwork waving high.

When the day was o'er, and the hunt was done,
 With the parting ray of the setting sun,
 What a dainty meal did his hands prepare,
 By his hunting fire in the open air.

When the silver stars through the branches peep,
 And the squirrel curls in his hole to sleep ;
 When the warbler flies to her leafy nest,
 And the spotted deer lies down to rest,
 How he sweetly sleeps 'neath the open sky,
 With the evening breeze for his lullaby.

And the fishermen were a sturdy race,
 Who had this spot for a dwelling place.
 On the slimy rock by the water side,
 On the jutting peak 'mid the foaming tide,
 Where the speckled salmon wildly leapt
 O'er the lofty rock where the water swept,
 Where the shad was showing his silver side,
 And the alewife sculed in the foaming tide ;
 'Mid the wat'ry spray, and the snowy foam,
 'Mong the raging waves was their dearest home.
 And they loved to stand on the slip'ry rock,
 Which had stood through time 'mid the waters' shock,
 In the foaming waves below, to feel
 With an iron crook, for the squirming eel,
 And they loved to take from the eel his life
 With a horrid gash, with a monstrous knife ;
 And, sto tain their hands and garments o'er
 With the sticky slime and the ruddy gore ;
 And they love to fish through the livelong night,
 And they loved to drink, and they loved to fight.

But, your pardon here, as I must digress,
 For I cannot give e'en a short address
 On my fathers' home, their woes, their weal,
 And omit the claims of the squirming eel.

" Ignoble theme ! " does the critic say,
 But what care I for the sneering bray ?
 In my boyhood days upon eels I fed,
 And as now to you, I a banquet spread,
 Of such simple food as the past reveals,
 I invite you now to a dish of eels.

O'er ev'ry land and in ev'ry age,
 By the high and low, by the fool and sage,

For the dainty eel has been left a space,
 At the festive board in an honored place.
 When the Roman consul gave his feast,
 Of the rarest kind of bird and beast,
 'Twould have seemed to him but a scanty meal,
 Had he failed to furnish the dainty eel.

Great Flaucus doffed his robes of pride,
 And in sackcloth mourned for an eel that died ;
 And with keenest pang the heart can feel,
 Horatius wept for a squirming eel.¹
 And higher still in the list of fame,
 I'll point to the royal Henry's name,
 Who died, as history's page reveals,
 A *martyred soul* in the *cause of eels* !²
 Our fathers treasured the slimy prize :
 They loved the eel as their very eyes :
 And of one 'tis said, with a slander rife,
 For a string of eels, he sold his *wife* !

From the eels they formed their food in chief,
 And the eels were called the "*Derryfield beef*" ;
 And the marks of eels were so plain to trace,
 That the children looked liked eels in the face ;
 And before they walked — it is well confirmed,
 That the children never crept but *squirmed*.

Such a mighty power did the squirmers wield
 O'er the goodly men of old Derryfield,
 It was often said that their only care,
 And their only wish, and their only prayer,
 For the present world and the world to come,
 Was a *string of eels and a jug of rum* !

Oh the eel, the eel, the squirming eel,
 What a lovely phase does his life reveal !
 In his chamber dark, 'neath the silver wave,
 Where the sleeping rocks in the waters lave,
 Harmless and lone, how he gently glides,
 As he sucks the dew from their mossy sides !

1 Encyclopædia Americana, Article Petronyson.

2 Turner's History of England. Vol. IV, p. 192.

As the litle fry through the water swim,
 Not a single fear have the fry for him :
 Not a single fear need the minnows feel,
 For a gentle thing is the squirming eel.
 When attacked by foes, not a blow he deals
 But away alone in his glory steals ;
 Not an angry thought to disturb his rest,
 Not an envious wish in his peaceful breast ;
 What a lesson here for his surest weal,
 Might be taught to many by the squirming eel.

If I should e'er at a future age,
 Support a costly equipage ;
 In a palace live, and, with swelling pride,
 In a gaily gilded chariot ride,
 I'll 'grave upon my family seal
" The eel ! the eel ! ! the squirming eel ! ! !

Enough of this — no faithful heart desires
 To mark the failings of our noble sires :
 From little follies, though but seldom free
 Of grosser vices they had less than we,
 Their deeds of honor are by far too high
 To feel the lash of scorn and ribaldry,
 For every field which drank the patriot's blood
 Has tasted theirs the free'st of the flood.

But while they point with proudly swelling eye,
 To Bunker's column towering in the sky ;
 And while they boast the noble blood they shed,
 Till Concord's plains blushed with the gory red,
 They have their glory — it is theirs alone ;
 We, too, have ours, and we too, claim our own.

Where'er a school-house dots the village green,
 Where'er a church spire charms the rural scene ;
 Where christian people to the altar wend,
 Where happy children o'er their lessons bend,
 Where iron horses whistle o'er the land,
 Where crowded cities rise on barren sand :
 Where captured rivers feed our monster mills,
 There are our " Concords," there our " Bunker Hills.

CENTENNIAL POEM OF MANCHESTER, N. H., October 22, 1851. This poem was read by William Stark, Esq., its author, a well-to-do lawyer of his time. He was well versed in the Indian lore and legends of this vicinity, and did well tell the rhythmical tale of some of their exploits hereabouts, including the legend of "The Indian Maiden," Manesquo's daughter.

The one daily paper of this city at the time of its delivery was then a small four-page sheet — the *Daily Mirror* — and in its report of the celebration briefly referred to the poem and only printed two short extracts. The entire poem was first printed in "Potter's History of Manchester, N. H." published in 1856, and even this history is nearly out of print, and only few copies are on sale at \$5.00 each. And now, 52 years since the reading of the poem, and 47 years since its publication, it seems to be an opportune time to reprint the same, which has been done in this number of this magazine. A small edition of the poem has been issued separately in an attractive covered pamphlet for those who prefer to possess copies of some of the local literature of this vicinity. These can be obtained at the office of this magazine. William Stark died October 29, 1873.

The Indian names of any locality, regardless of the various transliterations, are music to the natives and inhabitants of all such localities. Here in Manchester and vicinity there is not a single Indian name that we are willing to part with, and even some of our citizens are jealous when some of the neighboring towns or states claim a like-name, or priority in some name. Witness, Waterborough's (Maine) claim for "Massabesic" (a lake in Manchester); Conway's (N. H.) claim for "Kearsarge" (a mount in Warner). We do not know which is correct; perhaps both. But names are dear and full of poetry. What would Manchester be without her Amoskeag, even with more than fifty ways of spelling it (N. AND Q, XIX, p. 92)? The Indian names will never die, never die. The art preservative will find a way to ever preserve their mystical and musical sounds.

HISTORIC MAGAZINE.
AND
NOTES AND QUERIES

MANCHESTER, N. H.

S. C. GOULD, - - - - Editor and Publisher.

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Address at the Dedication Odd-Fellows Hall,

Manchester, N. H., August 5, 1847.

BY REV. BENJAMIN M. TILLOTSON.

(REPRINT.)

Brothers : I very much regret that the duty of addressing you this evening falls not upon one who could devote time and ability worthy of the occasion that has called us together. Some extra duties have occupied my time and attention of late, so that I have not made that preparation satisfactory to myself, and I therefore fear that I shall not interest the brothers, nor do honor to the exalted principles and objects of our profession. But I realize that I am in the midst of a *band of brothers*, who are as ready to overlook all imperfections and shortcomings, as I am to confess them. And were I to rise up here without at least premeditation, the circumstances of the evening, with the endearing associations, surrounded by so many smiling, happy faces, encouraged by the presence, and I trust, the sympathies of the ladies, all would tend to inspire profitable thoughts and salutary reflections. Therefore, I am strengthened to speak.

We are assembled this evening, brothers, for an interesting and promising purpose. *Interesting*, because it tells of past prosperity and success; *promising*, because it bespeaks better times coming, and views the future with a trusting, hopeful eye.

To consecrate this beautiful hall to the sacred principles of Odd-Fellowship; to set it apart as the future home of true fraternal hearts; to associate with these walls all that is benevolent, social, and humane, are the pleasing duties of the evening. But I am ready to confess, that as to the part assigned to me to address you, my mind has been somewhat exercised as to the selection of a topic best adapted to the objects of the meeting. With the history of our Order, with its objects and aims, with its principles, we are, or should be, all of us, familiar. Papers and periodicals, books and pamphlets, of various descriptions, have been published and thrown into the hands of every Odd-Fellow, communicating all the leading information upon these points. And more than all, the golden chain that binds us together in our peculiar relations, made up of those three grand qualities, *Friendship*, *Love*, and *Truth*, is so easy to be comprehended, so natural to the best feelings and affections of the human heart, that it entwines itself with our noble nature, almost by intuition. But, notwithstanding we may all be so familiar with the principles and duties of Odd Fellowship, that we can recount them as readily as the school-boy repeats the alphabet; yet we are in danger, from this familiarity, of depreciating the former and neglecting the latter. It is a truth universally admitted that great familiarity with any blessing, or privilege, often makes us indifferent to its real value. Blessings that come upon us freely and constantly as the air we breathe, as the glad sunshine, as health and strength, as Friendship, Love, and Truth, how often we forget them, or pass them by with slight consideration, and dwell upon others of less importance that are bestowed with a sparing hand. In consideration of this fact, I would at this time, speak of the *importance* and *duties* of Odd Fellowship. I would, first, briefly speak of its *worth*, of its *intrinsic good*, then recur to some of the

weightier duties, especially duties peculiar to the present stage and condition of the Order. And, first, let us glance at the worth of our institution, when considered in a social light as related to the social welfare of society.

Man is a social being. God has made him thus. Friendship and Love are the first developments of his nature. In all conditions of society, men are bound together by social attractions. The people of barbarism live and move in families and tribes, exhibiting the strongest attachments. The rude, uncultivated savage adheres to his kindred and nation with the tenacity of undying affection, and the heart of the lowest as well as the highest thrills to the voice of Friendship and Love. Life is scarcely worth possessing without these social enjoyments. Let the greatest misanthrope in the wide world be surrounded with all the blessings that are calculated to promote human happiness, except social joys; let him have the wealth of the Indies, and the most beautiful clime beneath the sun for his abode; yet away from his kindred and friends, cut off from all social privileges, he will cry out in despair,

*"O solitude, where are the charms,
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place."*

See the famed Napoleon, whose mighty mind could find nourishment and delight in "the solitude of his own originality," whose soul could well sympathize with the rough elements of nature, and hold sweet converse with the thunder, and the storm, and old ocean; yet when thrown upon the lonely, island, away from society and friends, where no familiar voice of sympathy was heard, he lived a brief hour of wretchedness, and died a lonely, gloomy death!

How miserable was Byron, when with contempt for the world, he withdrew from it, and sought companions among the rocks and mountains along the shores of the Ægean sea! He drew poetry from nature, and sweetly communed with her sublimest scenery,

*"Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds his sisters were, [brothers]."
Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and winds, and storms, his*

Yet without the friendly smile of the human face divine;
without the warm grasp of the sympathizing hand, and the glad
voice of love, he

*"Repined, and groaned, and withered from the earth,
A gloomy wilderness of dying thought."*

The truth forces itself upon us, that we all need Sympathy,
Friendship, and Love; that life without them would be a dreary
waste. True, philosophers and sages have talked of the charms
of solitude, and the poet has endeavored to paint with golden
hues, the hermit's gloomy abstraction. But all such visions
have vanished at the touch, as the dream vanisheth when the
morning cometh. True, too, did Cowper, at one time, become
disgusted at the world's oppression and deceit, with the sound
of strife and war, and the clanking chains of the slave, and he
exclaimed in the dissatisfaction of his soul,

"O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,"

But some have supposed that these words of the poet expressed his desire for an *Odd-Fellows Lodge*, where his affectionate heart could have been cheered and warmed by Friendship, Love, and Truth. One thing we may safely affirm; had Cowper entered our friendly Order, where all is harmony, and where his tender sensibilities could have been attuned to the song of brotherly love, he never would have desired "*a lodge in some vast wilderness*, for, although true, that

*"Much beautiful, and excellent, and fair
Was seen beneath the sun; but nought was seen
More beautiful, or excellent, or fair
Than face of faithful friend; fairest when seen
In darkest day, And many sounds were sweet,
Most ravishing, and pleasant to the ear,
But sweeter none than voice of faithful friend.
Sweet always — sweetest heard in loudest storm."*

We learn by the preceding reflections, that we are social beings, that we have social interests to promote, that we have social affections to cultivate, and a social nature to gratify and improve. To accomplish these desirable purposes, it needs no argument to prove the utility of associations, whereby we may be frequently induced to meet and commune together, in Friendship, Love, and Truth. And I am free to declare that no association, within the bounds of my knowledge, is better calculated to promote our social interests than the one whose insignia are visible in every part of this hall. Our mottoes, our duties, our labors, our principles — all have direct tendencies to awaken the kindest emotions, and call forth the best emotions of the human heart.

It is a truth too palpable to escape the man of most superficial observation, that in human society, even the most enlightened and refined, men are too exclusive in their feelings, too deeply engaged in their efforts for selfish gain, and are by far too cold in their affections, too slow in the cultivation of their social faculties. We do not, indeed, meet and mingle in human life, but it is in the noise and strife of worldly business, where self-interest is first and foremost in all ranks. We meet in the crowded streets, and hurry by each other, at most, with a mere word of recognition. We meet in the mart, where men's sympathies are lost in their eagerness for gain, and where all is discord and strife, in the mighty contest for dollars and cents. We meet in the political assembly, where no charitable feeling nor tender thought can extend beyond "my party." We meet in the church, beyond whose pales toleration reaches not; for there, men are, to say the most possible, *no better than they ought to be!* Thus we become unsocial and unsympathizing in our feeling; we cherish, yes, we nourish the spirit of sectarianism and prejudice, and become averse to all society, except the society of those whose opinions, tastes and habits are similar to our own. Thus partition walls are reared up in our midst, and different sects and parties are arrayed against each other, like contending armies on the battlefield, their weapons all burn-

ished for the fight ! So does the world present one vast scene of conflict and battle !

Now to destroy this illiberal and exclusive spirit, to break down these divisions in society, to transform the discord and strife in our world into Harmony, Friendship, and Love, an association is needed that shall bring together men of all parties and pursuits in life ; men of opposite feelings and opinions, of varied tastes and habits, and uniting them, not as partizans, but as men and brothers, engaged in one great work, bound together by a common nature, and common sympathies, thus teach them to realize the bond of Universal Brotherhood, and to cherish the spirit of universal philanthropy. Such an association is ours. Such are its objects, such are its claims upon community ; such will be its legitimate results. It brings together all parties in politics, all sects in religion, and as they mingle together from week to week, their bitter and exclusive feelings gradually leave them ; they learn that virtue and goodness are independent of name ; the golden chain of sympathy is brightened and extended ; the affections are enlarged, and the name of brotherly love is enkindled in the soul, until, too large to be confined by the limits of sect or party, it overleaps all selfishness and goes abroad for the suffering race.

Now this is not all dreamy speculation, nor the fanciful vision of a fond predilection. It accords with the soundest philosophy, and harmonizes with all the known laws that govern the mind. The natural fruits of frequent meetings, of social communions, of friendly associations, of brotherly greetings, are kindness, liberality, union, love, and social concord. There exists, between those who are associated in the more intimate relations of life, a stronger feeling of dependence, a purer friendship, a firmer trust and regard than can possibly unite those who meet only in the busy crowd, and move with that unfeeling multitude whose paramount object centers in selfish gain and personal welfare. Yes, brothers, and I fondly cherish the belief, that in our Lodge-meetings, acquaintances have been formed, kindnesses and affections have been awakened, that

shall go with us through life and cheer us in death, and bloom in immortal perfection beyond the tomb !

For this reason, then, the social excellence of Odd-Fellowship, let us rally around its grand, central idea, and preserve our beloved institution, as one of the choicest blessings of human life. If we regard charity of feeling and brotherly affection ; if we esteem Friendship and Love, in their purest forms, as worth possessing, let us remember that they grow not up in the cold, selfish world, as natural productions, but must be brought forth by friendly association and communion, away from noise and strife, where brothers meet in social harmony. Here it is, brothers, within these sacred walls, where we grasp the warm hand of Friendship, and hear the sweet voice of brotherly Love ; where we blend our voices and aspirations in the song and the prayer that go up to the great Father of all here it is that all social virtues shall dwell, and all social blessings be enjoyed.

We may, too, if we will, through our institution, send out a social influence into society at large, that shall be felt in all its departments. We may be, notwithstanding we are termed a secret society, like a city set on a hill, whose light cannot be hid. We may, if we will, carry out with us, individually, those divine influences and principles which we receive here, and diffuse them abroad in the world, and gladden and cheer many hearts that are now oppressed with loneliness and sorrow. We may bless the world. With God's approbation, we shall. We will stand one of the safeguards of society. I fear not for our social system. I fear not for goodness and virtue, so long as they are strengthened by associations like ours. Let the world be torn and rent asunder by discord and dissensions ; let wars and strife, and tumult rage without, within these walls Friendship and Love shall reign, and Virtue and Peace shall dwell.

*“ Lo, down, down, in yon beautiful valley,
Where love crowns the meek and the lowly,
Where rude storms of envy and folly,
May roll on their billows in vain ;*

*The lone soul, in humble subjection,
 May there find unshaken protection,
 The soft gales of cheering reflection,
 May soothe the mind from sorrow and pain.
 This lone vale is far from contention,
 Where no soul may dream of discension ;
 No dark wiles of evil invention,
 Can find out this valley of peace ;
 Ye lone sons of misfortune, come hither,
 Where joys bloom and never shall wither,
 Where Love binds all brothers together,
 In harmony ever to dwell."*

Having thus reviewed the social advantages and blessings of Odd-Fellowship, I will now notice its *charitable* features.

I am aware it is often said that ours is not a charitable institution ; that it is wholly selfish and exclusive. But in opposition to this declaration, I affirm that it is entirely charitable ; charitable in its object, charitable in its character, charitable in its every point and feature. Why, what is the leading object of this institution ? What is the injunction which is enstamped upon our seal, inscribed upon our banners, and deeply engraven upon the heart of every true Odd-Fellow ? " We command you to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, and educate the orphan." Is not this charity ? Charity, pure as comes to us through the precepts and examples of the world's great Teacher ? And who of us that has wiped the tear from the widow's eye, or blessed the poor orphan, that has not been cheered and strengthened by those approving words, "*Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.*"

" Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, is this : To visit the Fatherless and Widows in their affliction, and keep himself unspotted from the world." Is not this the crowning excellence of our institution ? the very soul and spirit and essence of Odd-Fellowship ?

And this work of charity is constantly needed in our world. Widows and orphans surround us on every side. The cry of

distress and anguish, sighs and loneliness and sorrow, the groans of the sick and dying are borne by us on every passing breeze, pleading with us most earnestly, to do our duty. Great and holy are our duties, brothers ! They lead us into the footsteps of the Son of God ! To relieve the distress and mitigate the sufferings of humanity ; to visit the widow and orphan and soothe their sorrows and bless them ; to bend o'er the couch of the dying and support the fainting head, and hold the cordial to the parched lips and fevered brow ; to speak the last words of hope and consolation to the trembling spirit, as it is hurried away into the untried future. These are the works, the legitimate fruits of Odd-Fellowship. Great and glorious works ! Go forth, daughter of Heaven, into this dark and suffering world, and light up the dreary abodes of wretchedness with the hope and joy of thy own native skies ! Go forth, on thy mission of Love, and the benedictions of all good men, the approving smiles of the God of Heaven shall attend thee forever.

In our changing world, dear are those friends and brothers who will cling to, and assist, us, in the adverse hour.

All history teaches what all observation confirms, that no condition in human life is free from trouble and misfortune. Today, a man may be in the midst of prosperity and happiness, he may enjoy the full tide of success in business, and numerous friends gather around him, health and all life's blessings flow in upon himself and his family, so that he can exclaim in the fulness of his heart : " O God, thou hast blessed me, I ask for no more." Tomorrow, the cloud of adversity may gather over him, and the storm may pour its fury upon him, sweeping away his property, with which will go all his friends ; sickness may enter his family circle and blight some beautiful flower blossoming there, and the world that today is all sunshine, tomorrow will be dreary and dark, and his troubled spirit will be like the ocean when heaved and lashed by the furious tempest, its angry waves rolling and tumbling beneath a wrathful sky ! O then will he seek the face of Friendship, and strongly grasp the sympathizing hand ; then will the whispered tones of broth-

erly Love fall like angels' voices upon his agitated soul, making it as calm and peaceful as was the sea of Galilee when the great Savior trod those rolling billows, and spake to the raging elements, "Peace, be still!"

Such is Odd-Fellowship in the hour of trouble. It breaks, like the sunlight, through the rifted cloud, dispelling the gloom of the gathering storm, and the heavens smile again in all their loveliness and beauty.

There is another hour when the blessings of our institution are especially desirable and grateful. It is the hour of sickness, when we languish on the bed of weakness and pain, "thinking o'er the bitterness of death." Then are we shut out from the bright world; we go forth no more to enjoy the free air and merry sunshine, nor to mingle with the joyous and busy multitude. How lonely must be those hours; how slowly and sadly must they pass away, if no friend comes in to cheer us with his sympathy, to gladden us with the voice of Love! It is a sad thought, that we must all, sooner or later, resign ourselves into the power of death, and in struggles and agony pass from the beautiful scenes of earth to be here no more forever! But how much of the bitterness of that last hour is removed, if fond brothers stand by our dying couch, administer to our wants, pursuing their kind vigils until the spark of life expires, and the mortal remains sleep quietly within the tomb! But to die alone, to pine away in the gloomy death-chamber, and no tokens of affection and sympathy, with no friendly visit nor manifestation of brotherly regard, such a death must be bitter indeed! And many die thus! Yes, in the crowded city, surrounded by multitudes of human beings, many die *alone*! *Such loneliness!* I have read most affecting descriptions of the lonely death at sea, away from home and friends, in the wilderness of waters, where a solitary human being passes from existence,

"Unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown."

But more disconsolate than this even, is the death in the crowded city, where we can feel the great tide of human life

rushing by, and hear the myriad footfalls on the street, and listen to the glad voices of mirth and gayety, which seem to mock our solitude and distress ; and amid all this the dread thought comes o'er us that we are alone, and although surrounded by so many, not one will care for us, nor turn in to sympathize with our last moments, and soften the pillow of death ! This, this is a disconsolate death ! But he who enters our family dies not thus. There are those who gather around him in the last hour, and he feels that he is not alone. Even in a land of strangers, the sick brother is not forsaken. The following incident will illustrate this proposition :

" In 1840, a gentleman from the north who was an Odd-Fellow, came south on some urgent business ; on his way down the Mississippi he fell dangerously sick of typhus fever. The captain, crew, and boat physician despaired of his life, and being desirous to get rid of such a charge, determined to thrust the sick man ashore. On reaching the landing, the mate and hands were ordered to take him off upon a litter, and put him on one of those miserable doggeries which, to the disgrace of civilization, infest nearly all our river towns. The rude hand of the mate upon the wasted frame of the stranger, and his gruff voice as he bellowed out, 'Go ahead,' partly roused him from his stupor, and he faintly asked what they would do with him ; he was told they were putting him ashore at ———. He inquired, 'Are there any Odd-Fellows here ?' A brother standing on the wharf, who had been gazing at the inhuman scene, replied instantly, 'Yes, many and true.' 'Then,' said the sick stranger, 'put me down, right here ; I shall be taken care of.' He *was* taken care of, though a stranger in a strange land. Man uow felt the force of sympathy. Ready friends clustered round him ; they tested him ; he was an Odd-Fellow, and in good standing in his Lodge. It was enough ; he was taken up by the brothers' hands, supported on friendly bosoms ; he was provided a place in the best hotel ; the best medical aid was called in ; he was nursed by friends whose eyes never slept over his couch of anguish. For many weeks his case was considered almost hopeless, but by strict attention he got well. He returned home to gladden the eyes of his aged mother, and to infuse new joy into the heart of his young and beautiful wife."

Thus does Odd-Fellowship bless the hour of sickness and

death. It hovers, like an angel from heaven, over the couch of pain, and forsakes not the poor sufferer, until his spirit is released from the world of trouble, and his body rests in the grave.

There is another hour that demands the charities of our institution. That time is when the home is left desolate and drear, and the cries of the widow and the tears of the orphan plead for consolation and protection.

The last yearnings of the departing spirit ever rest with prayers and supplications upon the loved one left behind, especially if they need the charities and protection of the world. How often does the dying father commend his companion and little ones, with anxiety not unmingled with doubt, to the uncertain charities of the cold world, which so often "pass on the other side!" How would it sweeten death to know there are those to protect those helpless ones against the storms of the world, and provide for them against poverty and want!

When I consider the provisions which our institution affords for the widow and the orphan, I am compelled to say in the language of another: "For me, I confess, that when I look upon the little family with which heaven has blessed me, for their sakes I cleave more closely to this Order; for I know should it please God to call me hence, and leave my home desolate and drear, here should my loved ones find a shelter from the storm; for the strong arm of this institution would be a protecting shield around them, to relieve the weeping partner of my joys, and take up my tender babes and bless them. Ask me not to leave it. For their sakes I will plead its cause."

Thus, my brothers, have I attempted, in a hurried manner, to impress upon your mind the importance and true value of Odd-Fellowship. May we ever act in accordance with these suggestions. As we prize our social relations and welfare; as we would have friends and brothers surround us in the hour of trouble; as we would have our dying hour cheered by their presence, and their tears drop upon the grave where we sleep; as we would have our families protected after we are gone, let

us cherish this institution, and give it our united encouragement and support.

I intended, at the commencement of my remarks, to speak at some length of our duties ; but time would fail me in the work. Let us remember that duties, corresponding to the principles of our profession, are developing upon us. We must discharge them with faithfulness. Our duties, I will mention : punctuality in attendance upon our Lodge meetings ; fidelity in visiting the sick, comforting the mourner, protecting the widow and orphan, and burying the dead. Above all, let us cherish the true spirit of Odd-Fellowship, and carry it with us in all the walks of life. We should remember that our charities and sympathies should not be confined to the members of the Order. With a fraternal sympathy and loving heart, every Odd-Fellow should go forth to redeem and bless. All his principles should be embodied in his honest, faithful, true life.

The time has come when our Order must stand upon its merits. Opposition from without, which always accelerates a good cause, has, in a great measure, died away. Its novelty has ceased. Those who united with us from any curiosity or sinister motives, have left, and are leaving us. I repeat, we must now stand on our own merit, and live upon the fruits of our own benevolent labors. "By their works ye shall know them," is a rule by which a candid world shall judge us.

We have much to encourage us, brothers. The best principles in the universe, the smiles of heaven and the wishes of the kindest sympathies in the human heart, are urging us to press on, and not be discouraged. And if the spirits of the departed are permitted to look down upon our world, and witness human affairs, those brothers who have gone, through our charities, up to their endless rest, are with us in spirit, sympathizing with us in our humble endeavors, and rejoicing in our every work of Love. Let us be faithful !

Ladies, we welcome your presence this evening. We believe we have your sympathies, your hopes, and your prayers. You will second us in every charitable undertaking. You will rejoice

in our prosperity. God has implanted within you the principles of our Order, and you are ever ready to watch at the sick bed, and to labor with constancy and affection, on the field of suffering humanity. You are all Odd-Fellows without initiation. At all times we will seek to protect your happiness, and when those hands that fondly grasped yours at the marriage altar are cold and still, and those lips that vowed eternal love are pale in death, then will we cheer your widowed hearts, and protect your fatherless children.

Finally, brothers, we dedicate this hall to the grand purposes of Odd-Fellowship: to the dissemination of the principles of Benevolence and Charity; to the immortal Trio: Friendship, Love, and Truth. Here, let Friendship dwell, with a warm heart and ready hand, which forsakes not in the hour of trial; whose voice is "sweetest, heard in loudest storm"; whose smiles are brightest in the darkest hour. And here may Love, fairest daughter of the skies, from whose presence sorrow and sighing flee away, come and abide with us evermore, filling us with her own pure spirit. And may heaven's truth dwell with us here, inspiring us with energy and courage to perform good and laudable works. So shall this hall be free from jarring discords, from strife and passion. So shall it be the home of the brightest virtues, the dwelling-place of brothers, the threshold of heaven.

Brothers: Let us congratulate each other on this joyous occasion; then go forth with renewed strength and zeal, to our labors and duties. Let cries of distress and supplications of want never reach us in vain. In Friendship let us meet, in Faith let us labor, and when our toils are o'er, the twilight of age may be cheered by the most pleasing reflections of the past, and the brightest hopes of the future.

Look up to yonder heavens on a calm, serene night. See those numberless orbs, those suns and systems moving together in infinite space. By mutual attraction and repulsion, by constancy and reaction, each rolls in its own orbit, and all move with regularity, hymning the ceaseless song of universal Love!

So let us move together in our kindly relations, acting upon each other, encouraging the right and checking the wrong, each fulfilling his own obligations and moving in his own appropriate sphere, and cherishing the spirit of Friendship, Love, and Truth.

Then shall the world's approbation, the protecting power of Heaven, and the smiles of the Infinite Father, be ours.

(The foregoing address is submitted for publication at the unanimous request of the members of the two Lodges of I. O. O. F., established at Manchester N. H. It may be well to here state that a large portion of it was unwritten until some time after its delivery, which fact will account for any deviations from the original. The author has attempted to give the precise sentiment and form of expression, as they were spoken. If this hasty production shall prove the source of any gratification to those who heard it, or of benefit to others, he will be amply rewarded for his labors. — B. M. T.)

Dedication Hymns.

Written for the occasion by Thomas R. Crosby, M. D.

AIR — “Evening Song to the Virgin.”

*Brothers, assembled here, within these sacred walls,
Come, ask with rev'rend fear, God's blessings on these halls;
Come, with an humble heart, come with a trustful faith —
Come, from the world apart, offer this prayer:
Great God, in heaven above, stoop down with list'ning ear,
Bend from thy throne of love — our Father, hear !
Oh let thy presence, thy blessing ever be
On this hall, we offer, Great God, to thee !
God of the human race, teach us humanity !
Oh make us merciful, where'er the suffering be !
Binding the broken heart — wiping the tearful eye —
Giving a ready aid to those that cry.
Thou, that hast Friendship shown, Thou, all whose heart is Love
Thou, who art always Truth, our Father hear !
When here assembled, we e'er thy throne address,
Bend Thou, in mercy, Great God and bless !*

AIR — "The Minute Gun at Sea."

*When on the lonely couch of death,
A brother draws his fleeting breath
Without one friendly tear,
How brightly gleams the fading eye —
How swift the gath'ring shadows fly,*

*Yes, in the darkness of that night,
The dying gladdens at the sight,
As stranger friends draw near.
Through the wild storm they urge their way,
'Tis mercy guides — they ne'er delay,
For they go the lost to cheer.*

*Fear not, thou lonely widow'd heart !
Though thou from life's sweet hopes must part,
A brother still is near,
To bid all care and sorrow fly,
To wipe the orphan's tear-dimm'd eye,
And the widow's heart to cheer.*

*Then, Oh ! what comfort fills each breast,
Of the helpless ones, so deep distressed,
That in those hours of gloom and fear,
God gave their list'ning ears to hear
Of Friendship, Love, and Truth ;
And they'll love through life that band, thrice blest,
In Friendship, Love, and Truth.*

[Odd-Fellows Hall, in Patten's Block, was dedicated August 5, 1847. Address delivered by Rev. Benjamin M. Tillotson.

Odd-Fellows Hall, in Duncklee's Block, was dedicated May 23, 1856. Address delivered by Alfred Mudge, Boston, Mass.

Odd-Fellows Hall, in Martin's Block, was dedicated April 25, 1866. Address delivered by Rev. Benjamin F. Bowles.

Corner-stone of Odd-Fellows Block was laid April 26, 1871. Odd-Fellows Hall, in Odd Fellows Block, was dedicated April 26, 1872. Addresses on these occasions were delivered by Gr Secretary Joseph Kidder.

The Semi-Centenary of Odd-Fellowship in the United States was celebrated in Manchester, N. H., April 26, 1869. Address was delivered by Rev. Alonzo A. Miner, Boston, Mass.]

THE NEOPLATONISTS. Ammonius Saccus. This philosopher, who lived about 190 A. D., was the founder of the Neoplatonic School. He was the son of Christian parents, and received a Christian education, but departed from this system and became a "philosopher." He gained a living by carrying burdens for pay, and yet he was one of the greatest philosophers of that age, and well acquainted with the Platonic and Aristotelian philosophy. His disciples were Erennios, Origines, Plotinus, and Longinus.

Plotinus. This disciple was born at Lykopolis in Egypt in the year 205 A. D. He received his education at Alexandria. He took part in the war of the Emperor Gordianus in Persia, and went afterwards to Rome, where he established his school of philosophy. Here he obtained great renown and was respected by all. It is said that during the 26 years he lived in Rome he did not have a single enemy. Even the Emperor Gallienus, one of the greatest villains, respected and honored him.

Plotinus was taken sick, and a physician was summoned; as the physician Eustachius entered the room in which Plotinus was dying, the latter exclaimed, joyfully :

"I am now going to unite the God that lives within myself with the God of the Universe."

The mind of Plotinus was continually directed toward the Divine genius who accompanied him — his own higher self. He cared little about the physical body, and having been asked about the day when the latter was born, he refused to tell it, saying that such a trifling matter was of too little importance to waste any words upon. Phenomenal existence was to him a universal consequence, but a union with the Divine principle should be the highest aim of existence.

His philosophy taught him that God is the foundation of all things, eternal and everywhere. The Mind is the image of this Unity. The Mind is the eternal activity of the Eternal. It is "Light," primordial and unchangeable. The world of Mind is the internal world; the external or sensual world is the external expression of the former. In other words, "the mind is the stand of the man."

The Universe is a great "living being" or organism. All parts are connected together by that great universal power which constitutes the "One Life" in the Universe. All Souls lead, so to speak, amphibious existences.

One of the shining lights of the Platonic philosophy in this country was Thomas M. Johnson, of Osceola, Missouri. He edited and published *The Platonist*, in five volumes, during 1881-1890. He translated and published several of the works of Plato, Plotinus, and others. Two Books, "On the Essence of the Soul," and "On the Descent of the Soul," both by Plotinus, were given in a pamphlet by Mr. Johnson in 1890, dedicated and inscribed "To A. Bronson Alcott, one of the brightest of 'Heaven's exiles straying from the orb of light,' as a token of respect and esteem entertained for him," by Mr. Johnson.

The pamphlet was published and distributed as a specimen of an English version of the entire writings of Plotinus, which he was then making, and purposed to finish as soon as possible. Whether the translation was finished and published we are unable to say. Mr. Johnson's translation of the last words of Plotinus is given thus:

"Let my divine nature return to the Universal Divinity."

Porphyry says: "For the end and scope with Plotinus consisted in approximating and being united to the Supreme God."

Plato says: "A light as if leaping from a fire will on a sudden be enkindled in the soul, and will itself nourish itself."

In 1758, there descended into this sensible sphere a divine soul whose worldly name was Thomas Taylor, commonly known by way of distinction as "The Platonist." This wonderful genius and sound philosopher devoted his whole life to the elucidation and propagation of the Platonic philosophy. By his arduous labors modern times became acquainted with many of the works of Plato, Plotinus, Porphyry, Proclus, etc.

EPITAPH ON THOMAS TAYLOR, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

*Health, strength, and ease, and manhood's active age,
Freely I gave to Plato's sacred page,
With Truth's pure joy, with Fame my days were crowned,
Tho' Fortune adverse on my labor frowned.*

A Masonic Parable.

Some years ago, at a meeting of the Grand Lodge of Masons in Houston, Texas, Grand Master Matthews, J. H. McLeary, ex-attorney-general of the State, and Governor Jos. D. Sayers were dining with the late Charles Stewart, when a discussion arose between Stewart and McLeary as to the parables of the Bible, the conversation ending with the assertion by McLeary that he could write a parable that would compare favorably with the parables of the Bible. Mr. Stewart wagered that he could not, and gave him a whole year to write one. At the expiration of the time, the same parties again took dinner with Mr. Stewart to see whether Ex-Att'y Gen. McLeary had written the parable. General McLeary then read the following parable, and it was decided he was entitled to the wager. The parable is as follows, which will be more readily appreciated by the Masonic fraternity :

"When King Solomon's Temple had been completed and dedicated, Zebulon, one of those faithful workmen who had been found worthy to receive the Master's degree, started forth upon his travels.

"He journeyed into a far country. In the course of time his strength was failing, his raiment was tattered, his purse was light and his feet were sore. He sat himself down to rest by the wayside. He beheld a stranger approaching him, and said, 'Are you a Mason?' 'Yes,' replied the stranger. 'Behold, I show you the 24 inch gauge and the common gavel wherewith I wrought at the building of King Solomon's Temple.' And the stranger showed Zebulon these and passed on.

"Then Zebulon arose and pursued his journey. And, meeting a wayfaring man, he said unto him, 'Are you a Mason?' And the wayfaring man replied, 'Yes, I can prove it to you by a sheaf of wheat and two of the pillars of King Solomon's Temple.' And Zebulon passed on. And he walked through a city at midday, and sat himself down on the steps of a palace. And the prince of the city, whose palace it was, walked forth, and Zebulon accosted him and said, 'Are you a Mason?' 'Even so,' replied the prince, 'for behold I have builded my palace, after the designs laid down on the trestle-board, and I have here a keystone like unto that in one of the arches of King Solomon's Temple.'

"And Zebulon arose and pursued his journey, and as he journeyed he met an army with banners, and at its head rode the general, with his officers armed and clothed in full pageantry of victorious war. And Zebulon saluted him and said, 'Are you a Mason?' And the general, answering, said, 'Verily, for have I not been clothed by King Solomon himself with the lambskin, which is by far the most honorable of decorations when worthily worn? And the general and his armed host passed on, and left Zebulon standing by the wayside.

"Then, footsore, weary, cold and hungry, he pursued his lonely way. At nightfall he approached a village, and sitting down on the steps of a cottage, he fell asleep. And the cottager came out and roused him, and Zebulon opened his eyes, and seeing him, said, 'Are you a Mason?' The villager replied, 'I am; come into my home.' And he raised him up and led him into the cottage, and he took off the sandals from the feet of Zebulon, and washed his feet and anointed his head with oil, and caused him to recline at his table. And Zebulon refreshed himself with bread and oil and wine. And when he was refreshed he opened his mouth and spake unto the host and said: 'The true test of a Master Mason is not in signs and symbols, not tokens nor decorations, but it is this: Is there burning on the altar of his heart that flame which ever warms a Mason's soul — the fire of charity?'"

THE DOCTRINE OF PYTHAGORAS. "God is neither the object of sense nor subject to passion; but invisible, only intelligible and supremely intelligent. In His body He is light, and in His soul He resembles Truth. He is the universal spirit that pervades and diffuseth itself over all nature. All beings receive their life from Him. There is but only one God who is not, as some are apt to imagine, seated above the world beyond the orb of the universe; but being himself all in all, He sees all the beings that fill his immensity — the only principle, the light of heaven, the father of all. He produces everything, He orders and disposes everything. He is the reason, the life, and the motion of all beings." — *Higgins' Celtic Druids*, p. 126.

"The end of human life ought to be to know God."

"The harmony of nature is the goodness of omnipotent God."

"As we can see the sun by the sun himself, and light by light; so no one can know God, but by the aid and assistance of God himself." — *Quotations from Doctrine of Philo Judæus*.

Two Persian Poems.

FROM HAFIS.

A child of clay delights thee by her presence ;
 Thy daily thoughts are fixed upon her light.
 At night she hurries slumber from thy lids ;
 Thy soul is bent alone upon her brightness.
 Beneath her feet of ivory pure or silver,
 Thou layest down thy head, O loving one !
 Thine eye beholds no form but her, alone,
 Thy heart trembles like a leaf in her presence.
 If she asks thee for thy soul, thou wouldst bestow it,
 Nay, thou wouldst surrender heaven itself.
 If a vain passion, airier than the air,
 Thus subdues thee in thy young energies,
 Wonder not at the spell of power which enshrines
 'Those who love the True Light ;'¹
 Wonder not if they are wholly absorbed.
 They heed not Life ; their life is in Him.
 They value not the earth, but willing leave it
 To be immersed in the Paradise splendor
 Which He, crowned with the encircling light,
 Ever opens wide to their possession.
 What ! though they move about in robes of clay,
 Their feet are on the earth, their souls are fire.
 Wisdom illuminates their glowing thought.
 By faith they cannot command the mountains ;
 At one word a city falls with all its towers ;
 They are as mighty in their will as are the winds,
 Yet are still and silent even as marble.
 God, the Most Beautiful, they see everywhere ;
 Every fair apparition reflects but Him,
 Even as though it were an image in a mirror.
 By them alone are the pure delights of love felt ;
 They have abandoned all for the Supreme One.

¶ ¹A mong the Persians, as among the more intellectual of the ancient Greeks, there exists an intense yearning after a Kalon, or the Invisible, the Beautiful, and the Immortal, which is also called Sufism ; it exhibits itself in many ways. Thus the brother of Mirza Salêm burst into tears at the sweetly mournful singing of a boy in the service of the Khan.

FROM NIZIMI.

Fair and stately, flower-entinctured, perfumed
 Was the garden, through which roamed delighted
 Sage Ferhâd ; and in the midst a Palace
 Reared its radiant dome beneath the cypress.
 There were roses blooming like the summer,
 Bloodlike in their hues ; the gorgeous tulip
 Waved its glowing turban in the zephyrs ;
 Trees were there of wine and honey blended —
 Hawthorn, willow, violet, and narcissus.
 Onward passed Ferhâd ; in other regions
 He sojourned, and strayed in other gardens,
 But saw none so fair and flower-entinctured.
 Years passed over quickly ; back returning
 To that much-loved scene, he found but ruin.
 Gone was all that paradise of roses ;
 Weeds and thorns assailed him with their daggers.
 Where whilom the nightingale had wandered,
 Crows and kites yelled forth their horrid noises.
 All was fog, miasma, swamp and desert.
 Sorely wept the sage while thus surveying
 That which once had been a scene of splendor.
 Is it thus, he said, that all men's treasures
 Fade and pass away to desolation ?
 That the pomp, and pride, and royal beauty
 Which so charms the sons of mortals vanish
 Go, and in thy cell amid the forest
 Meditate, and know that earth hath nothing
 Which thou canst not find within thy spirit.
 So he sought the forest, and thenceforward
 Found in God alone delight unceasing.

Dream of Romance and Beauty.

The early sunshine streaming o'er the glade,
 The song of birds, the voice of some sweet flute,
 The ancient trees with broad and leafy shade,
 The moon that clothed the halls in silver suit,
 The fire-winged stars, the solemn silent night,
 The lamps through many a latticed window seen,
 The deep-toned bell for morn and evening rite,
 The reverend gloom relieved by the moon's sheen.

Mind and Matter.

Somebody said, can't say how long ago
 It might have been a hundred years or so,
 That matter don't exist, that what we call
 By matter's name : cash, houses, lands and all,
 Are but a picture of the spirit's sight,
 Projected outward on the infinite.
 And then another chap, some hard old head,
 Perceiving sharply, of the other said
 That when he claimed there wasn't any matter,
 His say so mattered not ; and such like chatter.

But now, when we are fairly brought to choose
 Which of the two we'd rather have or lose,
 Matter or mind, the most of us resist
 The stubborn claims of the materialist,
 Who, with is scapel and his other tools,
 Disects alike the wise men and the fools,
 Descries in flesh the hiding place of thought,
 And finds in tissues all that God hath wrought.
 The soul, he says, is but imagination,
 The mind only the body's manifestation,
 And what we idly style the spirit's work
 Results from brandy, bear, or beans or pork ;
 And what we suffer what we call our death,
 The spirit part, too, dies for lack of breath.

In spite of him, immortal mortals hold,
 With childish hope, the precious faith of old ;
 The faith which took its substance and its shape,
 What time the man developed from the ape,
 Or which, concealed in protoplasmic cell,
 Inhabited the primal oyster's shell ;
 The faith which lived and moved and had its being
 Before tools for cutting, microscopes for seeing,
 Were known to men who boast that now so well
 They can perceive the perceivable ;
 The faith that knows, rejoicing in the knowing,
 That seeds of God bring fruit well worth the sowing.

So when we're called, these latter days to choose
 If mind or matter we had rather lose,
 Against all science still we cling to mind,
 And gladly whistle matter down the wind.

A Mosaic Poem.

In tempus old a hero lived,
 Qui loved puellas deux ;
 He ne pouavit pas quite to say,
 Which one amabat mieux.

Dit-il lui mênme un beau matin,
 " Non possum both avoir,
 Sed si address Amanda Ann,
 Then Kate and I have war.

" Amanda habet argent coin,
 Sed Cate has aureas curls ;
 Et both sunt very *αγαθαί*,
 Et quite formosæ girls.

Enflu, the youthful *αρθροπος*,
φιλουει the *δυο* maids.
 Resolved propondere to Kate,
 Avant set evening's shades.

Procedens then ad Kate's domum,
 Il trouve Amanda there,
Καί quite forgot his late resolves,
 Both sunt so goodly fair.

Sed smiling, on the new tapis,
 Between pullas twain,
 Coepit to tell his flame to Kate,
 Dans un poetique strain.

Mais, glancing ever and anon,
 At fair Amanda's eyes,
 Illae non possunt dicere
 Pro which he means his sighs.

Each virgo heard the demi vow,
 With cheeks as rouge as wine ;
 And offering each a milk-white hand,
 Both whispered, "*Ich bin dein*."

The above waif, starting from where, no one seems to know, is one of the most ingenious mosaics put together by the mind of man. It is composed in six different languages : English, Latin, Italian, Greek, French, German, and it is here preserved.

FRANKLIN'S IDEA OF THE CHANGING POLES. It seems that Benjamin Franklin had arrived on his own account at the idea of one or more changes affecting the earth's axis of rotation. He is trying to explain "the deluge," and in 1790, he wrote :

"Is not the finding of great quantities of shells and bones and animals (natural to hot climates) in the cold ones of our present world some proof that its present poles have been changed? Is not the supposition, that the poles have been changed, the easiest way of accounting for the deluge, by getting rid of the old difficulty, how to dispose of its waters after it was over? Since, if the poles were again to be changed and placed in the present equator, the water would fall there about fifteen miles in height and rise as much in the polar regions, and the effect would be proportionate if the new poles were placed anywhere between the present and the equator."

A writer on this subject, in the *New Century Path*, for June 24, 1906, (G. de P.) speaks as follows on Franklin's ideas :

"But the earth like all else in Nature occasionally gets 'spasms' — if the word will be pardoned. The earth is a huge magnet of which the poles are subject to the bewildering host of pulls and strains, the 'ends of the earth get loose,' and wobble, so to say, and things happen unpleasant to imagine. An old book of initiation, the "Book of Enoch the Prophet," translated from the Ethiopic recension by Archbishop Laurence, has the following, Chap. lxiv (italic mine) :

1. In those days Noah *saw* that the *earth became inclined*, and that destruction approached.

2. Then he lifted up his feet, and went to the *ends of the earth*, to the dwelling of his *great grandfather Enoch*.

3. * * * And he said : Tell me what is transacting upon the earth ; for the *earth labors and is violently shaken*. * * *

4. * * * Respecting the moons (cycles) have they enquired, and they have known that the earth (land) *will perish with those who dwell upon it*.

(See the works of A. R. Drayson, Vol. XXIV, p. 215, giving an exhaustive account of the changes of the earth's axis.)

"Heaven's Exiles Straying from the Orb of Light."

"Eddying the Secrets of Time in the full Tide of Destiny."

The Rosicrucian Jewels.

1. Jasper (dark green). The power of active light, multiplying itself to a sevenfold degree, and evolving the seven states of the one light, by which the seven states of darkness may be consumed.

2. Hyacinth (yellow). *Love*, born from the matrix of Light, manifesting itself as it grows, and emitting red rays. Its power overcomes the spirit of anger and violence.

3. Chrysolite (white). Princely wisdom. It confounds that which is foolish and vain, subdues it, and comes out of the battle victorious.

4. Sapphire (blue). Truth; originating and growing out of its own essence. It overcomes doubt and vacillation.

5. Emerald (green). The blooming spring in its eternal justice, destroying the unjust attributes of a perverted and degenerate nature; and opening the fountain of infinite treasures.

6. Topaz (golden). The symbol of peace, mild and pleasant. It suffers no impurity or division to exist; neither does it admit that which causes separation and quarrels. It heals ruptures and cures wounds.

7. Amethyst (violet). Impartiality, equilibrium of justice and judgment. It cannot be falsified, bent or counterfeited. It weighs all things in the scales of justice, and is opposed to fraud, cruelty, or tyranny.

8. Beryl (diverse colors). Meekness, humility; the equal temperature of the spirit, being kind and good, and overcoming wrath, stubbornness, and bitterness.

9. Sardis (light red). The high magical *Faith*, growing into power, and destroying fear, scepticism, and superstition.

10. Chrysophras (light green). Invisible power and strength overcoming all opposition, allowing nothing to remain which could possibly resist the law.

11. Sardonyx (striped). Triumphant *Joy* and gladness, flowing from the eternal fountain of happiness; destroying all sorrow and sadness.

12. Chalcedony (striped). The crown of Victory, dominion, and glory. The keystone and greatest of all miracles, turning everything to the glorification of *God*.

Death of King Solomon.

BY E. BULWER LYTTON.

King Solomon stood in his crown of Gold
Between the pillars ; before the altar
In the House of the Lord. And the King
And his strength began to falter,
So that he lean'd on his ebony staff,
Seal'd with the seal of the Pantagraph.

All of the golden fretted work,
Without and within, so rich and so rare,
As high as the nest of the building stork,
Those pillars of cedar were ;
Wrought up to the brazen chapters,
Of the Sidonian artificers.

And the King stood still as a carved King.
The carved cedar beams below.
In his purple robe, with his signet ring,
And his beard as white as snow,
And his face to that Oracle, where the hymn
Dies under the wing of the Cherubim.

The wings fold over the Oracle,
And cover the heart and eyes of God ;
The Spouse with pomegranate, lily, and bell,
Is glorious in her abode.
Her with gold of Ophir and scent of myrrh,
And with purple of Tyre, the King cloth'd her.

By the soul of each slumbrous instrument
Drawn soft through the mystical misty air,
The stream of the folk that came and went,
For worship, and praise, and prayer,
Flow'd to and fro, and up and down,
And round the King in his golden crown.

And it came to pass as the King stood there
And look'd on the house he had built with pride,
That the hand of the Lord came unawares,
And touch'd him ; so that he died,
In his purple robe, with his signet ring.
And the crown wherewith they had crowned him king.

And the stream that came and went
To worship the Lord with prayer and praise.
Went softly over in wonderment,
For the King stood there always.
And it was solemn and strange to behold
The dead king crowned with a crown of gold.

For he leaned on his ebony staff upright ;
 And over his shoulders the purple robe ;
 And his hair, and his beard, were both snow-white ;
 And the fear of him fill'd the globe,
 So that none dared touch him, though he was dead,
 He look'd so royal about the head.

And the moons were changed ; and the years rolled on ;
 And the new king reigned in the new king's stead ;
 And men were married and buried anon ;
 But the King stood dark and dead ;
 Leaning upright on his ebony staff ;
 Preserved by the sign of the Pentagraph.

And the stream of life, as it went and came,
 Ever for worship and praise and prayer,
 Was awed by the face, and the fear, and the fame
 Of the dead King standing there :
 For his hair was white, and his eyes so cold,
 That they left him alone with his crown of gold.

So King Solomen stood up, dead in the House
 Of the Lord, held there by the Pentagraph,
 Until out from the pillar there ran a red mouse,
 And gnaw'd through his ebony staff ;
 Then, flat on his face, the King fell down ;
 And they picked from the dust a golden crown.

ZAPHNATH-PAANEAH. (*Ψονθομωανηχ*. Septuaginta.) —
 Eusebius (*Præf. Evang.* ix, 20, 24, 27) has preserved in very
 rough hexameters, some lines from Philo, the epic poet, who
 wrote the history of Jerusalem. We give them below, and ask
 some of our readers to send us a translation in poetry, prose,
 or a paraphrase.

Τοισιν ἔδος μακαριστον ὅλης μέγας ἔκτισεν ἀκτῶρ
 "Ἰψιστος, καὶ προσθεν αὖ' Ἀβραμοιο καὶ Ἰσακ,
 Ἰακωβ εὐτέκνοιο τοκος Ἰωσηφ, ὃς οὐρανῶν
 Θεσπιστὴς σκηπτουχος ἐν Αἴγυπτοιο θρονισί,
 Δινευσας λαθραῖα χρόνου πλημμυρίδι μοίρης.

THE ROSICRUCIANS. "A halo of poetic splendor surrounds
 the Order of the Rosicrucians ; the magic lights of fancy play
 round their day-dreams, whole the system in which they shroud-
 ed themselves lends additional attraction to their history."
 — Charles William Heckethorn.

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The Rosicrucians.

BY ALBERT G. MACKEY.

Many writers have sought to discover a close connection between the Rosicrucians and the Freemasons, and some, indeed, have advanced the theory that the latter are only the successors of the former. Whether this opinion be correct or not, there are sufficient coincidences of character between the two to render the history of Rosicrucianism highly interesting to the Masonic student.

There appeared at Cassel, in the year 1614, a work bearing the title :

"Allgemeine und General-Reformation der ganzenweiten Welt. Beneben der Fama Fraternitatis des Löblichen Ordens des Rosenkreuzes an alle Gelehrte und Häupter Europä geschrieben."

A second edition appeared in 1615, and several subsequent ones ; and in 1652 it was introduced to the English public in a translation by the celebrated adept, Thomas Vaughan, under the title of "Fame and Confession of Rosie-Cross."

This work has been attributed, although not without question, to the philosopher and theologian, John Valentine Andreä, who is reported, on the authority of the preacher, M. C. Hirschen, to have confessed that he, with thirty others in Wurtemberg, had sent forth the "*Fama Fraternitatis*"; that under this veil they might discover who were the true lovers of wisdom, and induce them to come forward.

In this work, Andreä gives an account of the life and adventures of Christian Rosenkreuz, a fictitious personage, whom he makes the founder of the pretended Society of Rosicrucians.

According to Andreä's tale, Rosenkreuz was of good birth, but, being poor, was compelled to enter a monastery at a very early period of his life. At the age of sixteen, he started with one of the monks on a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre. On their arrival at the island of Cyprus, the monk was taken sick and died, but Rosenkreuz proceeded on his journey. At Damascus he remained for three years, devoting himself to the study of the occult sciences, taught by the sages of that city. He then sailed for Egypt, where he continued his studies; and, having traversed the Mediterranean, he at length arrived at Fez, in Morocco, as he had been directed by his masters at Damascus. He passed two years in acquiring further information from the philosophers of Africa, and then crossed over into Spain. There, however, he met with an unfavorable reception, and then determined to return to Germany, and give to his own countrymen the benefit of his studies and researches, and to establish there a society for the cultivation of the sciences which he had acquired during his travels. Accordingly he selected three of the monks of the old convent in which he was educated, and to them he imparted the knowledge, under a solemn vow of secrecy. He imposed on them the duty of committing the instructions to writing, and forming a magic vocabulary for the benefit of future students. They were also taught the science of medicine, and prescribed gratuitously to the sick who applied to them. But the number of their patients soon materially interfering with their other labors,

and the new edifice, the House of the Holy Spirit, being now finished, Father Christian, as he was called, resolved to enlarge his society by the initiation of four new members. The eight now being thoroughly instructed in the mysteries, they agreed to separate, two to remain with Father Christian, and the others to travel, but to return at the end of each year, and mutually to communicate the results of their experience. The two who had remained at home were then relieved by two of the others, and they again separated for another year.

The society thus formed was governed by a code of laws, by which they agreed that they would devote themselves to no occupation except that of physic, which they were to practice without pecuniary reward ; that they would not distinguish themselves from the rest of the world by any peculiar costume ; that each one should annually present himself at the House of the Holy Spirit, or send an excuse for his absence ; that each one should, during his life, appoint somebody to succeed him at his death ; that the letters R. C. were to be their title and watchword ; and that the brotherhood should be kept a secret for one hundred years.

At the age of one hundred years Father Christian Rosenkreuz died, and was buried by the two brethren who had remained with him ; but the place of his burial remained a secret to all the rest, the two carrying the mystery with them to the grave. The society, however, continued, notwithstanding the death of the founder, to exist, but unknown to the world, always consisting of eight members. There was a tradition among them, that at the end of one hundred and twenty years the grave of Father Rosenkreuz was to be discovered, and the brotherhood no longer remain a secret.

About that time the brethren began to make some alterations in their building, and attempted to remove to a more fitting situation the memorial table on which was inscribed the names of those who had been members of the fraternity. The plate was of brass, and was affixed to the wall by a nail driven through

its center ; but so firmly was it attached, that in tearing it away, a portion of the plaster came off and exposed a secret door. Upon removing the incrustation on the door, there appeared written in large letters: " POST CXX, ANNOS PATEBO " (*after one hundred and twenty years I will appear*).

Returning the next morning to renew their researches, they opened a door and discovered a heptagonal vault, each of its seven sides being five feet wide, and in height eight feet. The light was received from an artificial sun in the roof, and in the middle of the floor there stood, instead of a tomb, a circular altar, on which was an inscription, importing that this apartment, as a compendium of the universe, had been erected by Christian Rosenkreuz. Other later inscriptions about the apartment, such as, *Jesus mihi omnia* ; *Legis jugum* ; *Libertas Evangelii* : " Jesus is my all " ; " the yoke of the law " ; " the liberty of the Gospel," indicated the Christian character of the builder. In each of the sides was a door, opening into a closet, and in these closets they found many rare and valuable articles, such as the life of the founder, the vocabulary of Paracelsus, and the secrets of the Order, together with bells, mirrors, burning lamps, and other curious articles. On removing the altar and a brass plate beneath it, they came upon the body of Rosenkreuz in a perfect state of preservation.

Such is the sketch of the history of the Rosicrucians given by Andreä in his " Fama Fraternitatis." It is evidently a romance ; and scholars now generally assent to the theory advanced by Nicolai, that Andreä, who, at the time of the appearance of the book, was a young man full of excitement, seeing the defects of the sciences, the theology, and the manners of his time, sought to purify them ; and to accomplish this design, imagined the union into one body of all those who, like himself, were the admirers of true virtue ; in other words, that he wrote this account of the rise and progress of Rosicrucianism for the purpose of advancing, by a poetical fiction, his peculiar views of of morals and religion.

But the fiction was readily accepted as a truth by most peo-

ple, and the invisible society of Rosenkreuz was sought for with avidity by many who wished to unite with it. The sensation produced in Germany by the appearance of Andreä's book was great ; letters poured in on all sides from those who desired to become members of the Order, and who, as proofs of their qualifications, presented their claims to skill in Alchemy and Kabbalism. No answers, of course, having been received to these petitions for initiation, most of the applicants were discouraged and retired ; but some were bold, became impostors, and proclaimed that they had been admitted into the society, and exercised their fraud upon those who were credulous enough to believe them. There are records that some of these charlatans, who extorted money from their dupes, were punished for their offence, by the magistrates of Nuremberg, Augsburg, and some other German cities. There was, too, in Holland, in the year 1722, a Society of Alchemists, who called themselves Rosicrucians, and who claimed that Christian Rosenkreuz was their founder, and that they had affiliated societies in many of the German cities. But it is not to be doubted that this was a self-created society, and that it had nothing in common except the name, with the imaginary brotherhood invented by Andreä. Des Cartes, indeed, says that he sought in vain, for a Rosicrucian Lodge in Germany.

But although the brotherhood of Rosenkreuz, as described by Andreä in his "*Fama Fraternitatis*," his "*Chemical Nuptials*," and other works, never had a real tangible existence, as an organized society, the opinions advanced by Andreä took root, and gave rise to the philosophic sect of the Rosicrucians, many of whom were to be found during the seventeenth century, in Germany, in France, and in England. Among these were such men as Michael Maier, Richard Fludd, and Elias Ashmole. Nicolai even thinks that he has found some evidence that the "*Fama Fraternitatis*" suggested to Lord Byron the notion of his "*Instauratio Magna*." But, as Vaughan says, ("*Hours with the Mystics*," ii, 104), the name Rosicrucian became by degrees a generic term, embracing every species of

doubt, pretension, arcana, elixirs, the philosopher's stone, theurgic rituals, symbols, or initiation.

Higgins, Sloane, Vaughan, and several other writers have asserted that Freemasonry sprang out of Rosicrucianism. But this is a great error. Between the two there is no similarity of origin, of design, or of organization. The symbolism of Rosicrucianism is derived from a hermetic philosophy; that of Freemasonry from an operative art. The latter had its cradle in the Stonemasons of Strasburg and the Masters of Como long before the former had its birth in the inventive brain of John Valentine Andrea.

It is true, about the middle of the eighteenth century, a prolific period in the invention of high degrees, a Masonic rite was established which assumed the name of Rose Croix Masonry, and adopted the symbol of the Rose and Cross. But this was a coincidence, and not a consequence. There was nothing in common between them and the Rosicrucians, except the name, the symbol, and the Christian character. Doubtless the symbol was suggested to the Masonic Order by the use of it by the philosophic sect; but the Masons modified the interpretation, and the symbol, of course, gave rise to the name. But here the connection ends. A Rose Croix Mason and a Rosicrucian are two entirely different persons.

The Rosicrucians had a large number of symbols, some of which were in common with those of the Freemasons, and some peculiar to themselves. The principal of these were the globe, the circle, the compasses, the square (both working-tool and the geometrical figure), the triangle, the level and the plummet. These are, however, interpreted, not like the Masonic, as symbols of the moral virtues, but as the properties of the philosopher's stone. Thus, the twenty-first emblem of Michael Maier's "*Atlanta Fugiens*" gives the following collection of the most important symbols:

A Philosopher is measuring with a pair of compasses a circle which surmounts a triangle. The triangle encloses a square,

within which is another circle, and inside the circle a nude man and woman, representing, it may be supposed, the first step of the experiment. Over all is this paragraph :

"Fac ex mare et femina circulum, inde quadrangulum, hinc triangulum, fac circulum et habebis lapidem Philosophorum."

That is : "Make of man and woman a circle ; thence a square ; thence a triangle ; form a circle, and you will have the Philosopher's Stone."

But it must be remembered that Hitchcock, and some other recent writers, have very satisfactorily proved that the labors of the real hermetic philosophers (outside of the charlatans) were rather of a spiritual than a material character ; and that their "great work" symbolized not the acquisition of inexhaustible wealth and the infinite prolongation of life, but the regeneration of man and the immortality of the soul.

As to the etymology of the word *Rosicrucian*, several derivations have been given.

Peter Gassendi first (*Exam. Phil. Fludd*, Sect. 15), and then Mosheim (*Hist. Eccles.* iv, 1) deduce it from two words *ros*, dew, and *crux*, a cross, and thus define it : Dew, according to the Alchemists, was the most powerful of all substances to dissolve gold ; and the cross, in the language of the same philosophers, was identical with *LVX*, because the figure of a cross exhibits the three letters of that word. But the word *lux* was referred to seed or menstruum of the Red Dragon, which was that crude and material light which, being properly concocted and digested, produces gold. Hence, says Mosheim, a Rosicrucian is a philosopher, who by means of *dew* seeks for *light*, that is for the substance of the philosopher's stone. But notwithstanding the high authority for this etymology, it is thought by some to be untenable, and altogether at variance with history of the origin of the Order, as will be presently seen.

Another and more reasonable derivation is from *rose* and *cross*. This was undoubtedly in accordance with the notions of Andreä, who was the founder of the Order, and gave it its name, for in his writings he constantly calls it "Fraternitas

Roseæ Crucis," or "The Fraternity of the Rosy Cross." If the idea of *dew* had been in the mind of Andreä in giving a name to the society, he would have called it "The Fraternity of the Dewey Cross," not that of the "Rosy Cross." "Fraternitas Rociæ Crucis," not "Roseæ Crucis." This ought to settle the question. The man who invents a thing has the best right to give it a name.

The origin and interpretation of the symbol have been variously given. Some have supposed that it was derived from the Christian symbolism of the rose and the cross. This is the interpretation that has been assumed by the Rose Croix Order of the Masonic system ; but it does not thence follow that the same interpretation was adopted by the Rosicrucians. Others say that the rose meant the generative principle of nature, a symbolism borrowed from the Pagan mythologers, and not likely to have been appropriated by Andreä. Others, again, contend that he derived the symbol from his own arms, which were a St. Andrews' cross between four roses, and that he alluded to Luther's well known lines :

*" Des Christen Herz auf Rosen geht,
Wenn's mitten unterm Kreutze steht."*

That is : "The heart of the Christian goes upon roses when it stands close beneath the cross." But whatever may have been the effect of Luther's lines in begetting an idea, the suggestion of Audreä's arms must be rejected. The symbol of the Rosicrucians was a single rose upon a passion cross, very different from the roses surrounding a St. Andrews' cross.

Another derivation may be suggested, namely : That, the rose being a symbol of secrecy, and the cross of light, the rose and the cross were intended to symbolize the secret of the true light, or the true knowledgs, which the Rosicrucian brotherhood were to give to the world at the end of the hundred years of their silence, and for which purpose of moral and religious reform Andreä wrote his books and sought to establish his sect. But the whole subject of Rosicrucian etymology is involved in confusion.

The Rosicrucians.

BY KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE.

In times long gone by, there existed, up to the age of the martyrdom of science, men of various races, religions, and climes, who, consolidated by a humane feeling for the preservation of those means by which human life is maintained, and next those by which human prosperity in the true sense of knowledge is assured, formed a bond, understood never to be broken, unless any brother of this strange fraternity should be worthy of expulsion, disgrace, and death. This mysterious body was bound by solemn obligations of mutual succor, of impenetrable secrecy, and of humility, while the recipient of its secrets was enjoined to labor for the preservation of human life by the exercise of the healing art.

At various periods of history, this body has emerged into a sort of temporary light ; but its true name has never transpired, and is only known to the innermost adepts and rulers of the society. By other names, having a sort of general relation, members of this body have occasionally announced themselves, and among these perhaps that of Rosicrucian is the best known. Men of the most opposite worldly creeds, of diverse habits, and even of apparently remote ideas, have ever joined together, consciously or unconsciously, to glorify the good, and despise, although with pity, the evil that might be reconciled to the good.

But in the centuries of unrest which accompanied the evolution of any kind of civilization, either ancient or modern, how was this laudable principle to be maintained ? This was done by a body of the learned, existing in all ages, under peculiar restrictions, and at one time known under the name of the Rosicrucian Fraternity. Although this body existed, its corporate character was by no means marked. Unlike the institutions with which antiquity and the middle ages abounded, and of which the Masonic and other bodies are modern equivalents,

the fraternity of the Rosy Cross seldom had gatherings together. The brethren were isolated from each other, although aware of their mutual existence, and corresponding by secret and mysterious writings, and books, after the introduction of printing. They courted solitude and obscurity, and sought, in the divine contemplation of the divine qualities of the creator, that beatitude which the rude outside world despised or feared. In this manner, however, they also became the discoverers and conservators of important physical secrets, which by slow degrees they gradually communicated to the world, with which, in another sense, they had so little to do. It is not, at the same time, to be supposed that these occult philosophers either despised the pleasures or discouraged the pursuits of their active contemporaries; but, as we ever find some innermost sanctuary in each noble and sacred fane, so they retired to constitute a body apart, and more peculiarly devoted to those mystical studies for which the great mass of mankind were unfitted by taste or character. Mildness and beneficence marked each courteous intercourse as their studious habits permitted them to have with their fellow men; and, in times of danger, in centuries of great physical suffering, they emerged from their retreats with the benevolent object of vanquishing and alleviating the calamities of mankind. In a rude period of turmoil, of battle, and of political change, they placidly pursued their way, the custodians of human learning, and thus acquired the respect, and even the reverence, of their less cultivated contemporaries. They were regarded as sanctified personages of whom men spoke with bated breath, and with a species of awe such as individuals regarded as being in communion with intelligences of an ultramontane nature could alone inspire. The very fact of their limited number led to their further elevation in the public esteem, and there grew up around them somewhat of "the divinity that doth hedge a king." Nor did these pursuits uniformly draw them from the more active duties of their respective times. Some of them, such as the Abbot John of Trittenheim, ruled over communities of monks, and preserved,

by copying, the ancient historical and poetical works of Hellas and Italy ; others applied themselves to the arts of legislation, and were councillors at various courts ; others, again, like Cornelius Agrippa von Nettesheim, sought their fortunes as town orators and jurists, while some followed the arts like Albertus Magnus, and a large proportion devoted themselves, as in the case of John Baptista Porta, Theophrastus Aureolus Bombastus Paracelsus, and Johann Faust, to the study and practice of medicine.

Thus the mystical fraternities didnot neglect the practical and useful, while they pursued the more recondite studies of mental and theosophic lore. It may, however, be truly said, that they were divided into two great schools : the one occult, silent, and jealous of intrusion ; and the other, militant and even blatant, in their pretensions. All sections of men bear this two-fold character ; and while we may very properly regret the waste of energy which consumed itself in the fruitless search after the philosopher's stone, and the art of producing gold and precious stones, we ought not to lose sight of the undoubted fact that these enthusiasts, in a marked degree, contributed to an increase of our knowledge of psychology and mental science in other ways. Even of the alchemists there were two orders, those who labored at the physical forge and crucible, and those who, by a theosophic process, sought to elevate the mind into a knowledge of its constitution, thus perfecting a much higher series of investigations, and arriving at a mystical gold beyond all price. In a certain sense, these philosophers contributed very greatly to the common stock of human wisdom. They insensibly prepared the way for larger and grander views of the divine purpose in humanity ; to them we owe the first promulgation of more exact ideas on the mutual inner-relations of duty and right ; and our modern political economists are far more indebted to their speculations than they are willing to confess. It is easy at the present day to see that which is held up before every one in the broad light of a tolerant century but it was not so in the days of the Rosicrucians and other

fraternities. There was a dread among the great masses of society in bygone days of the unseen — dread, as recent events and phenomena show very clearly, not yet overcome entirely. Hence students of nature and mind were forced into obscurity altogether unwelcome or irksome, but in this obscurity they paved the way for a vast revolution in mental science.

The Kabbalistic reveries of a Johann Reuchlin led to the fiery action of a Luther, and the patient labors of John of Trittenheim produced the modern system of diplomatic cipher writing. Even the apparent aimless wanderings of the monks and friars were associated with practical life, and the numerous missals and books of prayer carried from camp to camp conveyed, to the initiated, secret messages and intelligence, dangerous to be communicated in other ways. The sphere of human intelligence was thus enlarged, and the freedom of mankind from the control of a pitiless priesthood, or perhaps rather a system of tyranny under which the priesthood equally suffered, was ensured. It is a fact not even disputed by Roman Catholic writers of the most Papal ideas, that the evils of society, ecclesiastical and lay, were materially increased by the growing worldliness of each successive Pontiff.

Hence we may see why the origin of the Rosicrucians was veiled by symbols, and even its founder, Andreä, was not the only philosophical romancer; Plato, Apuleius, Heliodorus, Lucian, and others had preceded him in this path; nor may we omit the *Gargantua and Pantagruel* of Rabelais, probably the profoundest Masonic emblem yet to be unriddled. It is very worthy of remark, that one particular century, and that in which the Rosicrucians first showed themselves, is distinguished in history as the era in which most of these efforts at throwing off the trammels of the past occurred. Hence the opposition of the losing party, and their virulence against anything mysterious or unknown. They freely organized pseudo-Rosicrucian and Masonic Societies in return, as the pages of Masonic history have already shown; and these societies were instructed to irregularly entrap the weaker brethren of the True and

Invisible Order, then triumphantly betray anything they might be so inconsiderate as to communicate to the superiors of these transitory and unmeaning associations. Every wile was adopted by the authorities fighting in self defence against the progress of truth, to engage, by persuasion, interest, or terror, such as might be cajoled into receiving the Pope as Master — when gained, as many converts to that faith know, but dare not own, they are treated with neglect, and left to fight the battle of life as best they may, not even being admitted to the knowledge of such miserable aporrheta as the Romish faith considers itself entitled to withhold.

The modern society of Rosicrucians, however, is constituted upon a 'widely different basis to that of the parent society. While the adepts of former times were contented with their knowledge of their mutual obligations, and observed them as a matter of course and custom, the eighteenth century Rosicrucians forced the world to think for a time that they were not only the precursors of Masonry, but *in essentiâ* that body itself. This has led to numerous misconceptions. With Freemasonry the occult fraternity has only this much to do, and that is, that some of the Rosicrucians were also Freemasons; and this idea was strengthened by the fact that a portion of the *curriculum* of a Rosicrucian consisted in theosophy; these bodies had, however, no other substantial connective ties. In fact, Freemasons have never actually laid claim to the possession of alchymical secrets. Starting from a definite legend, that of the building of Solomon's Temple, they have moralized on life, death, and the resurrection, correspondentially with the increase, decrease, and the palingenesia of nature; and rightly so. For as the science of mathematics contains within itself the protoplasmatic forms of things, and the science of morals comprehends the application of the forms to intellectual purification, so the Rosicrucian doctrine specifically pointed out the uses and interrelations between the qualities of the substances in nature, although their enlarged ideas admitted of a moral survey. The Freemasons, while they have deserved the esteem

of mankind for charity and works of love, have never accomplished, and by their inherent sphere of operation never can accomplish, what these isolated students effected. Modern times have eagerly accepted in the full light of science the precious inheritance of knowledge bequeathed by the Rosicrucians, and that body has disappeared from the visible knowledge of mankind, and reentered that invisible fraternity of which mention was made in the opening of this article.

Presupposing in the minds of occult students some knowledge of these principles, it will readily be seen that a system existed amongst what may be emphatically, although only symbolically, termed "our ancient brethren."

It is not desirable in a work of this kind to make disclosures of an indiscreet nature. The brethren of the Rosy Cross will never, and should not, at peril and under alarm, give up their secrets. Their silent influence terminated the Crusades with an honorable peace ; at their behest the Old Man of the Mountain stopped his assassinations, and in all cases we find Rosicrucians exercise a silent and salient influence.

The *dewy* question cannot be discussed in public. The ancient body has nothing to do with any kind of Masonic rite. It has apparently disappeared from the field of human activity, but its labors are being carried on with alacrity, and with a sure delight in an ultimate success.

The degrees (more generally known as grades) of the modern Rosicrucian system are nine, as follows :

1. Zelator, or Illuminatus, or Junior. 2. Theoricus or Theoreticus. 3. Practicus. 4. Philosophus. 5. Adeptus, Junior or Minor. 6. Adeptus, Seinor or Major. 7. Adeptus Exemptus. 8. Magistri Templi. 9. Magus.

The last degree (or grade) is triple, thus : Supreme Major, Senior and Junior Substitute. The officers Master General, Deputy Master General, Treasurer General, Secretary General ; and seven Ancient Assistant Officers, namely, Precentor, Conductor of Novices, Organist, Torch-bearer, Herald, Guardian of the Temple, and Medallist.

The Rosicrucian Society of England, which has been formed on the basis of the original body, meets in various parts of England, and possesses a Metropolitan College, together with several Provincial Colleges ; the rite is also known in Scotland and Canada. To belong to it the degree of Master Mason must be attained ; but no oath or obligation is administered, it being contrary to the genius of a philosophical society, having for its object the discussion of occult science, to exact vows of fidelity already ensured by the solemn acts of the three degrees of Craft Masonry.

El Amin --- Mahomet.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Who is this that comes from Hara ? Not in kingly pomp and pride,
 But a great free son of Nature, lion-souled and eagle-eyed.
 Who is this before whose presence idols tumbled to the sod,
 While he cries out, "Alla Akbar ! and there is no god but God ?"
 Wandering in the solemn desert, he has wandered like a child,
 Not as yet too proud to wonder at the sun, and star and wild —
 "Oh, thou Moon ! who made thy brightness ? Stars ! who hung ye there on
 Answer ! so my soul may worship ; I must worship or I die." [high.
 Then there fell the brooding silence that precedes the thunder's roll ;
 And the old Arabian Whirlwind called another Arab soul.
 Who is this that comes from Hara ? Not in kingly pomp and pride,
 But a great free son of Nature, lion-souled and eagle-eyed !
 He has stood and seen Mount Hara to the Awful Presence nod.
 He has heard from cloud and lightning — "Know there is no god but God."
 Call ye this man an impostor ? He was called "The Faithful," when
 A boy he wandered o'er the deserts, by the wild-eyed Arab men.
 He was always called "Faithful." Truth he knew was Allah's breath.
 But the Lie went darkly gnashing through the corridors of Death.
 "He was fierce !" Yes, fierce at falsehood — fierce at hideous bits of wood.
 That the Koreish taught the people made the sun and solitude.
 But his heart was also gentle, and Affection's gentle palm,
 Waving in the tropic spirit, to the weary brought a balm.
 "Precepts ?" Have on each compassion. "Lead the stranger to your door.
 "In your dealings, keep a Justice. " "Give a tenth unto the poor."
 "Yet ambitious !" Yes, ambitious — while he heard the calm and sweet
 Aiden-voices sing — to trample troubled Hell beneath his feet.
 "Islam ?" "Yes ! Submit to Heaven !" "Prophet ?" To the East thou art !
 What are prophets but the trumpet blown by God to stir the heart ?
 And the great Heart of the desert stirred unto that solemn strain,
 Rolling from the tramp at Hara over Errro's troubled main.
 And a hundred dusky millions honor still El Amin's rod —
 Daily chanting — "Allah Akbar ! Know there is no god but God ?"
 Call him then no more "Impostor," Mecca is the choral gate,
 Where, till Zion's noon shall take them, nations in her morning wait.

The Shadow and The Dreamer.

BY FANNIE RENSCHAW.

Once within a chamber lonely sat my shadow with me only,
Like a real and breathing Presence, there it was upon the wall.
And it seem'd so very human, so much like a living woman,
That I thought perchance 'twould answer to my word or to my call.
So I said, "Pray tell me, Shadow, if thou hearest me at all,
Why thus outlined on my wall?"

Answer'd then the Shadow, turning, "When thy lamp is trimm'd and burning.
Only can I teach the lesson, thou should'st ever learn from me —
For, behold, if LIGHT thou banish, thy discerning senses doth vanish,
And thy wisdom, scarce can teach thee, Shadows from Reality.
In the darkness, thou would'st vainly blunder on to find the key
Of my being's mystery."

Said I, "Shadow, thy revealing, seems like some faint echo stealing
Over me, of spirit voices heard within my soul before —
And it may be, in my scorning, I have let these words of warning,
Knoek unheeded at the portals of my heart's unopen'd door.
Thou, the picture illustrative of them, I will study o'er,
Thou must leave me never more."

"Over me thou hast all power," said the Shadow, "this thy dower,
I was born to do thy bidding, I can follow only thee.
I am thine while life is lasting, ceaselessly before thee casting
Types of all the good or evil thou canst ever learn from me.
But remember — just as thine is, so my onward path must be :
TAKE HEED WHERE THOU LEADEST ME."

Then my taper, burning brightly, more colossal and unsightly
Grew that form so much like human, there upon my chamber wall,
And it stood up like a column, as it said, all slow and solemn,
"Wouldst thou question of my being, when o'er thee Death throws the pall,
And the last act of life's drama, closes by the curtain's fall.
Mortal ! wouldst thou know it all?"

"I have heard what thou hast spoken — Be the silence all unbroken,
While once more, O Shadowy Presence ! I may listen unto thee."
"When my soul, no longer clinging unto things of earth, is winging,"
Said the Shadow, "its flight upward, unto God's eternity.
When thy 'dust no dust' returneth, and the grave imprisons thee,
Then I perish — cease to be —"

"I but follow to the portals — Spirit-land is for immortals,
There I may not dare to enter, where the feet of angels tread.
Where the springs of life are flowing — and the tree of Life is growing,
There I may not stand beside thee, when thy scroll is read,
ON THY PATH MUST BE NO SHADOW : in thy soul no dread,
When thy doom is said."

Then I groan'd aloud, and waking, lo ! the early dawn was breaking,
I had been in dream-land roving, with my Shadow for a guide,
But at last the spell was broken, be these words the sign and token,
Of the words to which I listen'd, in that fairy world so wide —
And believe, as I do also, that perchance the truth may bide,
In the whispers of my guide.

The Rosicrucians,

OR KNIGHTS OF THE ROSY CROSS.

(From "*The Dreamer*," London, 1754)

From hence, my noble friend conducted me to the college of the Rosicrucians, or the Knights of the Rosy Cross. This order of Knighthood is very ancient, and was greatly respected, while they strictly observed the statutes of their founder. For they are enjoined to be meek and humble, to be charitable and hospitable. And therefore the primitive Rosicrucians employed their whole revenues in entertaining the pilgrim and the stranger, and in feeding the poor and hungry. While they practised these virtues, of which they make profession, when they are elected into the college; while they were temperate, vigilant and laborious, they preserved their independency, and enjoyed with honor as great immunities, as the present Knights of *Malta*. But, as they have now entirely departed from all the rules of their institution, and are become proud and luxurious, covetous and ambitious, they are likewise the most corrupt and servile crew in all the land of the Papyropolites. Some years have passed since they renounced the independency of their order, both for themselves and their successors, by a formal act, and agreed to obey implicitly all the commands, which from time to time they should receive from the Intendants of the Mill. But they have lately consented to a decree, by which they are become odious to the whole nation. For they have not only obliged themselves to lay aside the cross, which has hitherto been constantly worn on their habits, but to practice the same ceremonies, with regard to this sacred badge of their order, which are used by the Dutch merchants and sailors, who are admitted into the empire of Japan. So that, whenever a Rosicrucian is mentioned, this proverbial saying is applied to him, *In Tartara, jufferis ibit*, not only for his servility, but to signify his dealings with the people of those regions, from whence he imports the waters of *Lethe*. But, while the Rosicrucians are the most abject flatterers of

men in power, they treat their inferiors, especially their younger brothers, of which there is a numerous tribe, with the greatest insolence and contempt, and suffer the latter, in violation of the most sacred injunctions of their common parent, to languish in poverty, and want even the common necessities of life.

The Knights of the Rosy Cross, says my friendly conductor, are those *adepts* who were formerly supposed to possess the philosopher's stone, or the secret of compounding a medicine, which, according to their report, would make the person, who swallowed it, immortal. By this artifice they raised in their several districts large contributions, especially among the old maids and widows, who of all beings are the most fond of life. I know a Rosy Cross, who, by the iniquity of the times and the aid of a peculiar cant, from the quality of a grave-digger, hath been elected into this honourable brotherhood, and hath since acquired one of the most lucrative commandries belonging to the order. His whole business is diligently to attend a large body of these ancient females, whom he dignifies with the title of his disciples, and never fails to extract a purse of gold from them once a day. And at the same time, that he pretends to make them immortal, he makes their wills, and takes particular care, that his own name shall be found in the first class of the legatees. The face of this Rosicrucian is a composed counterfeit; and it would puzzle all of the optics of physiognomy, or even the most penetrating genius, to define his real character, and investigate the disposition of his mind. I took some pains, since I arrived in this country, to inform myself of his most secret actions, and by that means I discovered his most exquisite hypocrisy.

But, tho' it sufficiently appeared, that this grand Elixir had not half so much virtue, as Ward's pill, yet the Rosicrucians, in those ages of ignorance and superstition, were able to maintain their reputation by ascribing the ill success of the medicine to the inaptitude or incredulity of the patient. Even, in our more enlightened age, the Rosicrucian Elixir has been in some kind of credit, and was not quite exploded, till Gulliver

published his travels. His history of the Struldrugs must convince every person of common sense, that nothing can be more absurd and ridiculous, than a desire of never dying, and that, if the grand Elixir could make a man immortal, it would make him the most miserable creature in the universe. However, the Rosicrucians, after this medicine was out of vogue, preserved their character of *adepts* by introducing another of singular virtue, and which never fails to answer the purpose, for which it is administered. I mean the water of *oblivion*, which, as I have said before, cannot be imported without their direction and assistance; and they may now appeal to common experience for the efficacy of this medicine, since it has been so successfully tried on the Band of *Four Hundred*, and consequently has proved of such notable service to a trading nation. It has indeed sometimes happened, that a young Knight, who has been troubled with a hypochondriac melancholy, owing to an ill habit of body, or to a disappointment, when one of his brethren hath been preferred to a rich commandry before him, in order to eradicate the seeds of his distemper, hath overdosed himself with the water of *Lethe*. The consequence of this has been fatal: For he has not only forgot all that he ever knew, or had learned; but has been rendered utterly incapable of knowing, or learning more, or of improving his mind in any manner, by his commerce with men or books, for the future. These Knights are styled in the ancient registers of the college, *Homines plumbei*, and they are distinguished now by the same appellation. I know that one of the poets of this country ascribes the *Plumbeitie* of the Rosicrucians to the want of genius, or a defect in their education, and imputes their admission into so honorable an order to corruption, or a want of discernment in the electors. But I will not enter into a discussion of this point, or, whether the men of little learning, or the men of much craft (into which division the Rosy Crosses at present naturally fall), are to have the preference in the judgment of their superiors.

It will be proper to inform you, before I leave them, that

the Rosicrucians are not Knights of chivalry. They are neither trained to arms, nor acquainted with those maxims of honour and gallantry, which form a modern hero. In case of a foreign or domestick war, they rather chuse by their harangues to inspire their neighbours with courage, than give any proofs of it themselves. On these occasions, *Fungar vice cotis*, etc., is their constant *motto* ; and in this practice they have sometimes succeeded beyond all expectation. However, there are some of them who have been so bold as to gird their loins with the sword : and their present great master is as full of martial ardour, as he is of piety and devotion ; and is ever prepared, in time of danger, both to pray and to fight for his friends and his country. I will likewise add, that I may not seem to speak with prejudice, or draw the character of these Knights altogether in profile, that I have known as excellent men of this order, as are to be found in the whole human species ; and I doubt whether the chevaliers B—— and B——, lately deceased, have left their equals behind them.

The Alchemists.

Alchemists, from *Al* and *Chemi*, the fire, or the god and patriarch, *Kham* ; also, the name of Egypt. The Rosicrucians of the middle ages, such as Robert Fludd, Paracelsus, Thomas Vaughan, Von Helmont, and others, were all alchemists, who sought for the *hidden spirit* in every form of inorganic matter. Some people, nay, the great majority, have accused alchemists of chalatanry and false pretending. Surely, such men as Roger Bacon, Cornelius Agrippa, Henry Khunrath, and the Arabian Geber (the first to introduce into Europe some of the secrets of chemistry), can hardly be treated as impostors. Scientists who are reforming the science of physics upon the basis of the atomic theory of Democritus, as restated by John Dalton, conveniently forgot that Democritus, of Abderea, was an alchemist, and that the mind that was capable of penetrating so far into the secret operations of nature in one direction must have had good reasons to study and become a Hermetic philosopher. Olas Borrichius says that the cradle of alchemy is to be sought in the most distant times.

The Philosopher's Stone.

(Translated from an old German Rosicrucian Manuscript.)

BY FRANZ HARTMANN.

Some years ago, after having long and earnestly prayed to *Good*, the unmanifested, incomprehensible cause of all things, I was attracted to *Him*, and by the power of his *Holy Spirit* — through whom all wisdom descends upon us, and who has been sent to us through Christ, the *Logos*, from the *Father* — he illuminated my inner sight so that I was able to recognize the *Centrum in Trigono Centri*, which is the only and veritable substance for the preparation of *The Philosopher's Stone*. But although I know this substance, and had it actually in my possession for over five years, nevertheless I did not know how to obtain from it the *Blood of the Red Lion*, and the *Gluten of the White Eagle*, neither did I know the processes by which these substances could be mixed, bottled, and sealed up, or how they were to be treated by the *secret fire*, a process which requires a great deal of knowledge, prudence, and cautiousness.

I had studied to a great extent the writings, parables, and allegories of various writers, and I had used great efforts to understand their enigmas, many of which were evidently the inventions of their own fancy; but I found at last that all of their prescribed methods for the preparation of *The Philosopher's Stone* were nothing but fables. All their *purifications*, *sublimations*, *distillations*, *rectifications*, and *coagulations*, together with their *stoves* and *retorts*, *crucibles*, *pots*, *sand* and *water baths*, etc., were entirely useless and worthless for my purpose, and I began to realize the wisdom of *Theophrastus Paracelsus*, who said in regard to that *stone*, that it is a great mistake to seek for it in material and external things, and that the people who do so are very foolish, because instead of following Nature, they follow their own brains, which do not know what Nature requires.

Nature in her nobility does not require any artificial methods

to produce what she desires. She produces everything out of her own substance, and in that substance we must seek for her. He who deserves her will find her hidden there. But not every one is able to read the book of Nature, and this is a truth which I found out by my own experience; for although the true substance for the preparation of *The Philosopher's Stone* was in my own possession for over five years, nevertheless it was only in the sixth year that I received the key to the mystery by a secret revelation from God.

To open the secrets of Nature a key is required. This key was in the possession of the ancient patriarchs, prophets, and Adepts, but they always kept it hidden away, so that none but the worthy should come into its possession; for if the foolish or evil-disposed were to know the mysteries of Nature, a great deal of evil would be the result.

In the following description I have revealed as much of these mysteries as I am permitted to reveal, and I have been strongly forbidden to speak more explicitly and plainly. Those who read these pages merely with their external understanding will obtain very little valuable information; but to those who read them by the light of the true faith, shining from the ever burning fires upon the altars erected in the sanctuary of their own hearts, the meaning will be plain. They will obtain sweet fruits, and become and remain forever true brothers of the *Golden and Rosy Cross*, and members of our inseparable fraternity.

But to those who desire to know my name, and who might charge me with being too much reserved if I do not reveal it, I will describe it as follows, so that they will have no cause to complain: The number of my name is M.DCXII, and in this number the whole of my name is fully inscribed into the book of Nature by eleven dead and seven living ones. Moreover, the fifth letter is the fifth part of the eighth, and the fifteenth the fifth part of the twelfth. Let this be sufficient for your purpose.

“*Learn to know all, but keep thyself unknown.*” — IRENEUS.

The Fallen Master.

So now when the Foundation stone was laid, the Lord called for the Master Baphometus, and said to him, "Go and complete my temple!" But in his heart the Master thought: What boots it, building Thee a temple? and took the stones and built himself a dwelling, and what stones were left he gave for filthy gold and silver. And after forty moons the Lord returned and spake: "Where is my temple, Baphometus?" The Master said: "I had to build myself a dwelling; grants me weeks." And after forty weeks, the Lord returned, and asked: "Where is my temple, Baphometus?" He said: "There was no stones (but he had sold them for filthy gold), so wait yet forty days." In forty days thereafter came the Lord, and cried: "Where is my temple, Baphometus?" Then like a millstone fell it on his soul, how he for lucre had betrayed his Lord; but yet to other sin, the Fiend did tempt him, and he answered, saying: "Give me forty hours!" And when the forty hours were gone, the Lord came down in wrath: "My temple, Baphometus?" Then fell he quaking on his face, and cried for mercy; but the Lord was wrath, and said: "Since thou hast cozened me with empty lies, and those the stones I lent thee for my temple, has sold them for a purse of filthy gold, lo, I will cast thee forth, and with the Mammon will chastise thee, until a Savior rise of thy own seed, who shall redeem thy trespass."

Eureka.

*"I sought and found; I purified (it) often,
I mixed (it) and caused (it) to mature.
The golden tincture was the result;
It is called the center of nature;
The origin of all thought,
And of all books of men and various figures.
I now acknowledge freely, it is a panacea
For all the metals,
The weak ones (in the constitution of man),
And a point which originated from God"*

— HARMANNUS DATICHUS.

A Rosicrucian Allegory.

There is a mountain situated in the midst of the *earth* or *center* of the *world*, which is both *small* and *great*. It is soft also above measure, hard and strong. It is *far off* and *near at hand*; but, by the Providence of God, it is invisible. In it are hidden most ample treasures, which the world is not able to value. This mountain, by the envy of the devil, is compassed about with very cruel beasts and ravenous birds, which make the way thither both difficult and dangerous; and, therefore, hitherto, because the time is not yet come, the way thither could not be sought after by all, but only by the worthy man's self-labour and investigation.

To this *mountain* you shall go in a *certain night*, when it comes most long and dark, and see that you *prepare* yourself by *prayer*. *Insist* upon the *way* that leads to the *mountain*, but ask not of any man where it lies; only follow your *guide*, who will *offer* himself to you, and will meet you in the way.

The guide will bring you to the mountain at *midnight*, when all things are silent and dark. It is necessary that you arm yourself with a resolute, heroic courage, lest you fear those things that will happen, and fall back.. You need no sward or other bodily weapon, only call upon your God, *sincerely* and *heartily seeking him*.

When you have discovered the mountain, the first miracle that will appear is this — a most vehement and very great wind will *shake* the whole *mountain* and shatter the *rocks* to pieces. You will be encountered by lions, dragons and other terrible wild beasts; but fear not any of these things. Be resolute and take heed that you return not, for your guide that brought you thither will not suffer any evil to befall you. As to the *treasure*, it is not yet discovered, but it is very near. After this wind will come an earthquake, which will overthrow those things which the wind had left. Be sure you fall not off. The *earthquake* being past, there will follow a *fire* that will consume the earthly rubbish and discover the treasure, but as yet you cannot see it. After all these things, and near day-break, there shall be a great *calm*, and you shall see the *day-star* arise, and the darkness will disappear. You will *conceive* a great treasure; the chiefest thing and the most perfect is a certain exalted tincture, with which the world, if it served God and were worthy of such gifts, might be tinged and turned into the most pure gold. — *John Heydon*.

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The Ballad of Judas Iscariot.

(AN EASTERN LEGEND.)

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot, lay in the field of blood ;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot beside the body stood.

Black was the earth by night, and blacker was the sky ; [by.
Black, black were the broken clouds, though the red moon went

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot strangled and dead lay there ;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot, looked on it in despair.

[rest ;
The breath of the world came and went like a sick man's in
Drop by drop on the world's eyes the dew's fell cool and blest.

Then the soul of Judas Iscariot did make a gentle moan —
" I will bury underneath the ground by flesh and blood and bone.

" I will bury deep beneath the soil, lest mortals look thereon,
And when the wolf and raven come the body will be gone.

" The stones of the field are sharp as steel, and hard and cold,
And I must bear my body hence until I find a spot ! " [God wot ;

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot, so grim, and wild, and gray,
Raised the body of Judas Iscariot and carried it away.

And as he bare it from the field, its touch was cold as ice,
And the ivory teeth within the jaw rattled aloud like dice.

As the soul of Judas Iscariot carried its load with pain,
The eye of heaven, like a lanthorn's eye, opened and shut again.

Half he walked, and half he seemed lifted on the cold wind ;
He did not turn, for chilly hands were pushing from behind.

The first place that he came unto, it was the open world, [cold.
And underneath were prickly whins, and a wind that blew so

The next place that he came unto, it was a stagnant pool,
And when he threw the body in, it floated light as wool.

He drew the body on his back, and it was dripping chill,
And the next place he came unto was a cross upon a hill.

A cross upon a windy hill, and a cross on either side,
Three skeletons that swung thereon who had been crucified.

And on the middle cross bar sat a white dove slumbering ;
Dim it sat in the dim light, with its head beneath its wing.

And underneath the middle cross a grave yawn'd wide and vast,
But the soul of Judas Iscariot shiver'd and glided past.

The fourth place that he came unto, it was the Bridge of Dread,
And the great torrents rushing down were deep, and swift and red.

He dared not fling the body in for fear of faces dim,
And arms were waved in the wild water to thrust it back to him.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot turned from the Bridge of Dread.
And the dreadful foam of the wild water had splashed the body red

For days and nights he wandered on upon an open plain,
And the days went by like a blinding mist, and the nights like
[rushing rain.

For days and nights he wandered on, all thro' the world of woe ;
And the nights went by like the moaning wind, and the days like
[drifting snow.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot, came with a weary face,
Alone, alone, and all alone, alone in a lonely place.

He wandered east, he wandered west, and heard no human sound.
For months and years, in grief and tears, he wandered round
[and round.

For months and years, in grief and tears, he walked the silent
Then the soul of Judas Iscariot perceived a far-off light. [night.

A far-off light that went and came, small as the glow-worm's e'e,
That came and went like the lighthouse gleam, on a black night
[at sea.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot, crawl'd to the distant gleam ;
And the rain came down, and the rain was blown against him
[with a scream.

For days and nights he wandered on, push'd on by hands behind ;
And the days went by like black, black rain, and the nights like
[rushing wind.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot, strange, and sad, and tall,
Stood all alone at dead of night before a lighted hall.

[black and damp,
And the world without was white with snow, and the foot-marks
And the ghost of the silvern moon arose, holding her yellow lamp.

[white.
And the icicles were on the eaves, and the walls were deep with
And the shadows of the guests within pass'd on the window light.

The shadows of the wedding guests did strangely come and go,
And the body of Judus Iscariot lay stretch'd along the snow.

The body of Judas Iscariot lay stretch'd the along snow ;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot ran swiftly to and fro.

To and fro, and up and down, he ran so swiftly there,
As round and round the frozen Pole gildeth the lean white bear.

[bright and clear.
'Twas the Bridegroom sat at the table head, and the lights burnt
" Oh, who is that," the bridegroom said, " whose weary feet I
[hear ?"

[low,
'Twas one look'd from the lighted hall, and answered soft and
" It is a wolf runs up and down with a black track in the snow."

The Bridegroom in his robe of white sat at the table head ;
" Oh, who is that who moans without ? " the blessed Bridegroom
[said.

'Twas one looked from the lighted hall, and answered fierce and
 " 'Tis the soul of Judas Iscariot gliding to and fro." [low.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot, did hush itself and stand,
 And saw the Bridegroom at the door with a light in his hand.

[white.
 The Bridegroom stood in the open door, and he was clad in
 And far within the Lord's Supper was spread so broad and
 [bright.

[bright to see ;
 The Bridegroom shaded his eyes and look'd, and his face was
 " What dost thou here at the Lord's Supper with thy body's sins ?"
 [said he.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot, stood black, and sad, and bare,
 " I have wandered many nights and days, there is no light else-
 [where."

[fierce and bright :
 'Twas the wedding guests cried out within, and their eyes were
 " Scourge the soul of Judas Iscariot away into the night."

[still but slow,
 The Bridegroom stood at the open door, and he waved hands
 And the third time that he waved his hands the air was thick
 [with snow.

And of every flake of falling snow, before it touched the ground,
 There came a dove, and a thousand doves made sweet and
 [gentle sound.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot floated away full fleet, [sheet.
 And the wings of the doves that bare it off were like its winding-

[smiling sweet.
 'Twas the Bridegroom stood at the open door, and beckon'd,
 'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot stole in, and fell at his feet.

"The Holy Supper is spread within, and the many candles shine,
 And I have waited long for thee before I poured the wine."

[fair,
 The supper wine is poured at last, the lights burn bright and
 Iscariot washes the Bridegroom's feet, and dries them with his
 [hair.

HISTORIC MAGAZINE



NOTES AND QUERIES

A MONTHLY OF

*History, Folk-Lore, Mathematics, Literature,
Art, Arcane Societies, Etc.*



"Thou meetest Plato when thy eyes moisten over the Phædo.



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Farewell.
Sweet groves to you !
You hills that brightest dwell,
And all you humble vales, adieu !
You wanton brooks and solitary rocks,
My dear companions all, and you my tender flocks !
Farewell, my pipe ! and all those pleasing songs whose moving strains
Delighted once the fairest nymphs that dance upon the plains.
You discontents, whose deep and over-deadly smart
Have without pity broke the truest heart,
Sighs, tears, and every sad annoy,
That erst did with me dwell,
And others joy,
Farewell

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EVOLUTION OF SECRET SOCIETIES.

(THE PHILODEMOSIANS.)

Fortieth Anniversary address pronounced before the members of Hillsborough Lodge No. 2, I. O. O. F., their families and invited guests, on the eve of December 21, 1883, by S. C. GOULD, P. G. Rep., Manchester, N. H.
(Now reprinted twenty years after in NOTES AND QUERIES.)

We have assembled here this evening, for the purpose of commemorating the chronological event of the introduction of Odd-Fellowship into the City of Manchester,—the FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY of Hillsborough Lodge,—and, as a subject appropriate to this event, we propose to consider, in a brief manner, some of the original sources from which material is gathered, and some of the singular and curious episodes which have come down to our time in legends, in traditions, in symbols, and in history, that have given such prolific resources for the foundation of Orders, Secret Societies, and Degrees. To us, there has ever been a “hungering and thirsting” (Matt v, 6) after the knowledge of the MYSTERIES, and a desire to penetrate

into the arcane meaning of the peculiar language employed to represent to the novitiate the explanations, and the symbolic instructions there often designed to be taught under cover of *the word*.

One of the very ancient philosophers has given us some most excellent advice for obtaining knowledge. It is as follows:

"The best method of obtaining intelligence consists in an orderly cultivation of reason and memory, and an acquisition of a knowledge of words, as well as of things, by unceasing industry and perseverance."

"When once the mind is thus fixed upon meditation, and yields to a desire for learning, it should reflect concerning those words which pertain to the selfhood of man, or to self-investigation. We should endeavor to obtain some definite idea of ourselves, and should observe with earnestness whatever is presented for our consideration; we should examine everything with care, and weigh all things in the balance of reason, then in conformity to a decision of mind, we may arrive at the 'golden mean' in all our acts in life."

In this address, which also partakes of some features of a lecture, undoubtedly we may claim more for Odd Fellowship than is generally acceded by some of the leading men of the Order; but, like all new departures, we expect criticism and adverse views. Therefore, we state here, that what is claimed is only a fair construction of language in history; while that gathered from hieroglyphics and symbols is more or less speculative.

We can ourselves historically discern, in the institution of Odd Fellowship, in its degrees, in its lectures, pass-words, and its numerically arranged frame-work, something more than a comparatively modern Order; we are disposed to lay a claim to its greater antiquity than the early part of the last century, or even to *Anno Domini* 79, when Titus Cæsar is said to have been the first to have called them *Old Fellows*, and that, too, in derision. James Spry, in his work on the "history of Odd-Fellow-

ship," dates its origin back into the Jews' Captivity in Babylon, but under another name. We shall not undertake, however, to give any particular date, or designate any particular place, for its origin, but believe that it is one of the outgrowths of the doctrine of evolution, and is one of the "survival of the fittest," when that doctrine is applied to the wants and requirements of the great brotherhood of man in the pursuit after human happiness. Now in the search for some of the characteristics that may have given material for a perpetuation of its principles in a different form, and with more equitable results, to adapt it to the generation and age in which it was flourishing, we will briefly give some account of the earlier mysterious societies, and from them make some comparisons.

Among the many *mysteries* of the ancients, there were those known as the "Eleusinian mysteries," celebrated at the city of Eleusis, in ancient Greece, every fourth year, and said to have been introduced by Eumolpus. These ceremonies were copied from the Egyptians and bore a general correspondence to all similar institutions; and hence an account of one is, in the main characteristics, a general reflection of all others, known as "Mysteries of the Cabiri,"—a name which of itself is a mystery, and which no learning or research has yet been able satisfactorily to explain. Not that all agree in the particular details of their practices or objects, but in their *outline* they agree, by holding similar principles for similar purposes. Now a careful comparison of all the ancient rites, as they existed anterior to the promulgation of the Gospel, leads to the following conclusion: It was a leading characteristic of all the ancient rites, that they began in sorrow and gloom, but ended in light and joy; they were all calculated to remind men of their weakness, their ignorance, their helplessness, and their omissions of duties in their daily walk; also of the shortness and uncertainty of life, of the ills which flesh is heir to, of the punishment of guilt, and the reward of virtue, and of a future and immortal life. The particular ceremonies of initiation were calculated to make

a deep and lasting impression upon the mind of the candidate.

The Eleusinian rites were so scrupulously observed, that if any one ever revealed them, it was supposed that he had called divine vengeance upon his head, and it was considered unsafe to live in the same house with him. Such a traitor was publicly put to an ignominious death. It was looked upon as a heinous crime to neglect this sacred part of religion, and the refusal of Socrates to comply, and assist in the rites, was one of the chief accusations which led to his condemnation, and we are told that "he died a philosopher." These mysteries were denominated the *greater mysteries* in contradistinction to initiation, called the *lesser mysteries*, which were especially instituted by Eumolpus in order to initiate the then world-renowned, and far-famed Hercules, who was passing near Eleusis during the observances of one of these festivals, and prayed for admission. He being a *stranger*, Eumolpus was unwilling to displease him, remembering the great service he had already rendered mankind by his "twelve labors," and then and there instituted the *lesser mysteries*, and Hercules was initiated, and remained a neophyte for the space of one year before he was considered to be in a purified condition for the *greater mysteries*. From these grades of advancement originated what are now known as *degrees*; and in nearly all secret societies the grades consist of three degrees.

We will not undertake here to describe the ceremonies; suffice it to say, the first officer was called "Hierophant," which signifies the *expounder of sacred things*, and represented the creator of all things; the "Torch bearer" represented the sun, the "Altar-man" represented the moon, the "Herald" represented Hermes, and the "Ministers" represented the inferior stars. The ballots were small pebbles dropped into a long tube with one end in an urn, and the sound made by the pebble striking against the metal bottom was adopted for the *pass-word*. The *concoction* of this word is explained in Anthon's Dictionary. Saint Croix describes the Eleusinian mysteries

with as much minuteness as if he had actually been initiated himself.

There have been many societies, and some even exist at the present day in name, while others in principles, that claim to have actually come down from very remote times. One of these is the Masonic Fraternity, perpetuating in its speculative form, that which really existed in an operative form, and which fraternity dates from the creation—A. L., *Anno Lucis*, or “Year of Light,”—forever perpetuating to coming ages, “Let there be light; and there was light” (Gen. i, 3). Their *landmarks* are traditionally and historically taught to be just twenty-eight—which is a perfect number—and, like the laws of the Medes and Persians” (Esther i, 19), unchangeable, and hence they are the corner-stone of that institution. The revival of this ancient fraternity, in its speculative form, dates back in the early years of the last century, when several others were on the wane. It immediately received new light, and new life, and commenced a search for its former *landmarks*; and that search has been continued to this day, the craft being amply rewarded with more light. The landmarks and the ceremonies, the ritual and the degrees, are all full of esoteric meaning; and undoubtedly that institution will bide all future time.

The *Therapeutæ*—the word signifying an attendant, servant, healer, or curer—were a Jewish society, residing mostly in Alexandria, and existed at the commencement of the Christian era. Many of their tenets, practices, habits, and even *words*, are in consonance with our Order. We are told by George Reber, who thoroughly investigated their history, that “when travelling from place to place, they were received and provided for by members of their own sect without charge, so that when one of them made his appearance in a strange city, he found one there already appointed for the special purpose of taking care of *strangers* and providing for their wants.” Every Odd-Fellow present can easily call to mind the analogy of the two fraternities; and this may refresh our memories as to our early

initiation and the lessons then taught. The Therapeutæ required for probation, before admission to the fraternity, the term of three years, and in the meantime the temper and disposition of the applicant were put to the severest test by members of the society, unknown to him; and not until he had given ample proof of his sincerity and ability to submit to their laws and ordinances was he deemed a proper person for their association. The obligations, which are given in Josephus' works, cover much the same promises as this Order, but more elaborate; and, we may say, some of the language is identical. We can trace many similarities in other portions of the ceremonies. One of their sentiments was, "*Justice to all men*,"—their formula being "Justice, Hospitality, and Humanity."

The Druids were another society which was one of the most flourishing brotherhoods in the midæval ages, when others were degenerating. Their ceremonies were performed in three degrees, the novice being successively represented as a *bard*, a *prophet*, and a *priest*. Their name signifies an *oak*, as among those trees their rites were celebrated. Their creed consisted of twenty five well-established principles, and a number of them taught the same lessons as our formulæ. Hargrave Jennings says: "A recent writer confidently states that the Druids had their origin among the Jews, probably just subsequent to the Captivity." It will be observed that this writer, and James Spry in his "History of Odd-Fellowship," previously mentioned, assign about the same time for the origin of the Druids and those who were primarily known as Odd-Fellows, namely, the Jews' Captivity. Now we would remark at this time, that the Jews had been captives for a period of *seventy* years; they were about to return to their native land, and sooner or later become dispersed and scattered throughout various countries and nations; and it is highly probable that previous to their separation they formed societies, as we now term them, and in process of time *traveled* abroad and located in different parts of the then known world. History informs

us that a portion] of the inhabitants of that country journeyed to the northwest of Palestine; they located in different parts of Europe, and even passed over into Britannia. Former associations naturally were vivid in their minds and hearts, and we have no doubt that their records would show, were they extant, that a few members came together to revive and perpetuate their early religious and protective principles, though doubtless modified to comply with their then conditions. It is well known that the most flourishing period of the Druids was in the Middle Ages, and their location in the British Isles, more particularly at Stonehenge and Asbury. History informs us that it is quite probable that the revival of Odd-Fellowship was in North Wales, and in Anglesea Isle, on the west of England; and history also states that Titus Cæsar sent an army into those sections and invaded those countries. Titus Cæsar, then emperor, is said to have presented these "Fellow-Citizens" as then hailed, a dispensation engraved on a plate of gold, having on it several symbols which are to this day perpetuated in this Order, and their emblamatic significance is explained in the several degrees. Several of the symbols are identical with those used in the Eleusinian mysteries celebrated in ancient Greece.

A little reflection also leads us to note that when the ancient Druids were at the height of their glory, our Order and its contemporary, the Masonic Fraternity, were both quite unknown, or at a low ebb. When Druidism declined and had become nearly extinct, Masonry and Odd-Fellowship soon arose like a phoenix from its ashes, and both institutions have had a steady and wonderful growth for nearly two centuries. Much more could be cited to show the similarity of the principles, the practices, the rites, and their application to our lives; but we must refer our brethren to that exhaustive work by Godfrey Higgins, entitled "The Celtic Druids." Every brother who will carelessly consider and compare these subjects, will find much food for reflection, especially if he be a member of the two fraternities now flourishing. The Druids were revived in

this country in 1839, and now exist in several of the States, and Canada.

The Gnostics and Essenes were also two societies in a flourishing state at the beginning of the Christian era. They also held some principles in common with our brotherhood, but they devoted more of their teachings to the promulgation of the religious phase of their doctrines. Their symbols and emblems were many in number and full of the mysterious. They were also much given to symbolic-worship, and the more recondite symbol worn, the brighter was considered the Gnostic possessing the same. The word Gnostic means *knowledge*.

An Order of United Essenians has recently been inaugurated in the United States, upon the principles of "Temperance, Sobriety, and Protection, and sooner or later they will be "searching out their ancient mother," and claiming their antiquity.

The Heptasophs, meaning *seven wise men, or friends*, is an Order now flourishing in this country, claiming to reach far back into the twilight of legends and tradition clustering about the Magi of the East. Mr. Findel, the Masonic historian, admits that they existed prior to the Masons of Judea. The renowned author of "Galistin, or the Garden of Roses," who wrote about A. D. 800, referring to an "Order of Seven Counsellors," says: "One of their chief characteristics is that they preserve among themselves a way of knowing each other, and they have spread their knowledge to other countries. They are never to deny counsel or advice to any one, or assistance to each other." Many of their tenets and practices are identical with our Order. They were introduced into the United States in 1852. They hold firmly to the apostolic injunction, "Do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith" (Galatians vi, 10). Their formula is, "Wisdom, Truth, and Benevolence."

Much esoteric knowledge is covered by the name *Rosicrucians*, and many of their doctrines and objects remain to this day a

mystery, and the more wisdom that is dug out of their system, there grows up about them "the divinity that doth hedge a king." It would not be proper to discuss the "dewy" question here.

We have not time to delve into the history, and draw some parallels, of several other secret societies which existed in the Middle Ages; some of which were Philadelphians, the name meaning *brotherly love*; the Philalethes, meaning *lovers of truth*; Order of the Maccabees, that word being formed by the four Hebrew letters, "*M C B I*," which were spread upon the banner of Judas Maccabæus, standing for the words, "*Mi Camocha Baalim Jehovah*," or, "Who is like unto thee among the gods, O Jehovah." These names are very suggestive to a neophyte who has taken a few steps in these ancient societies. The Knights of Constantine have their origin from a somewhat similar circumstance. We have several other Orders, namely, the Galalean Fishermen, introduced into this country in 1856, founded on "Morality, Charity, and Brotherly Kindness"; Knights of St. John, dating back to A. D. 833, to which should be given some details, and find some parallels to substantiate the conclusions that may be drawn from them. The interested person will be amply repaid to examine the *origin* of several of these Orders, whose *origin* cannot be *written*. There are others that bear a striking resemblance to us, if symbols, smblems, escutcheons, mottoes, and such talismanic engravings speak louder than words, as they often do to the adept. Right here, we can all realize the aptitude of that familiar question, "*What's in a name?*" There is often a whole history in some words, used by a secret society.

We find in the history of nearly all secret societies that more or less claims are made for their antiquity, and several of them perpetuate the claim in their name, as the Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, Ancient and Primitive Rite, and Scottish Rite; Ancient Order of Zuzimites; of Hibernians; of Forsters; Ancient Brothers; and we also have in our Order, *Ancient Odd-Fellows*, a distinction allowed by our laws and usages in less than two years from the admission of a candidate,

paradoxical as it may appear ; yet, these tried and true brothers, who have "borne the burden and heat of the day," are required to wait a quarter of a century before they can be admitted as members of the *Veteran Old Fellows'* Association! Such is one of the anomalies of the uses that have been perpetuated. We think that the words *Ancient Old Fellow* convey more antiquity than is accredited to them by the modern application of that term.

Thus we have given a few brief characteristics of some of the present existing societies that call themselves *ancient*, and the time they have been resurrected and resuscitated, for the purpose of comparing some of their objects, and their antiquity. We find that nearly all have very much the same broken history, like that of this Order. There is a great *interim* of years, ranging from a hundred to even two and three thousand, to complete a chain of history ; there are "missing links." They all, like this Order, have more or less in their ritualistic work that was taught in the ancient mysteries ; several of the religious societies are perpetuating fragments of the same esoteric doctrines which undoubtedly have come down from the writings of Saint John, which are full of mystery. One of the books attributed to him, though translated to us as "*The Revealed*," seems to be a misnomer in name.

The principles of these various societies summed up, seem to have a general tendency to a great and Benevolent Order of the Friends of Humanity, whose ultimate foundation will be "Security, Safety, and Permanency." They all have their "Abracadabra," their "Shibboleth," their "mysteries," and their "secrets." The profane may oppose secret societies, but it does not retard them one *jot* or tittle" (Matthew v, 18), *he* may contradict, but "charity *vaunteth* not itself" I Cor. xiii, 4 ; *he* can only become convicted, convinced, and converted by analyzing the work, "*Veni, Vidi, Vici*,"—"I came, I saw, I conquered."

We read in the Gospel according to Saint Matthew the following quotation :

"Enter ye in at the strait gate ; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat."

How many are aware that this quotation is a part of the Pythagorean ritual, and was used by that ancient philosopher ? Saint Paul quotes from the same ritual in his letter to the Ephesians, saying, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath " (iv, 26), and gives evidence of a familiarity with the Pythagorean symbols and doctrines in several places.

We find in many of the ancient writings of antiquity, such as Homer's "Iliad," Virgil's "Æneid," Josephus' "Wars," and his "History of the Jew," and many others, that references are made to these secret societies, when members met and parted by an interchange of the peculiar recognitions, and the *grip*. We find in Virgil's "Æneid," Book III, lines 82-83, the following language, where he is describing the landing and reception of Æneas and his aged father Anchises on the island of Delos, in his voyage to the Luvinian shores :

"*Anius Rex, . . . Veteran Anchisen agnoscit amicum,
Fungimus hospitio dexteras, et tecta sublimus.*"

Here are only a dozen words, but they speak ten-fold to the observant ear or eye. They are rendered by Davidson by the following free translation :

"King Anius comes up, and presently recognizes his old friend Anchises. They join right hands in amity, and come under his *hospitable* roof.

Virgil often speaks of his "*fides Achates*,"—"his faithful friend,"—who was always his attendant, and seemed closer than a brother.

There was instituted in New York city, in 1882, a society to be forever hailed and known by the mysterious corporate name of "*Lone, We, Tong, Eng, Ti*," for the expressed objects of mutual friendship, brotherly love, and service to the Supreme Being, by mutual succor in distress and aid in sickness, poverty, adversity and affliction, conducted somewhat upon the principles of Odd Fellowship. That name, it seems, is of "celestial "

origin, and no doubt is formed to perpetuate that noble, grand maxim of their Ancient Master, which is common to us all, the *Golden Rule*—

"Do unto another what you would he should do to you ; and do not unto another what you would not should be done to you. Thou needest only this law alone ; it is the foundation and principle of all the rest."

Confucius summed up his previously given ninety-nine Moral Axioms in this one-hundredth rule, and it will descend to all future ages, with its analogous sentiments so familiar to every household, as "*Old Hundred*."

Now, brethren, we are told that "history repeats itself." This will probably not be denied ; but usually it is in cycles, of sometimes hundreds of years ; and we can now realize how several attempts were early made to establish Odd-Fellowship on this continent, on the very threshold of the present century. John Duncan, one of the "original five," who started Washington Lodge No. 1, on April 26, 1819, said he himself was initiated into a Lodge in Baltimore in 1802 ; Shakespeare Lodge was instituted in New York city, December 23, 1806, and Solomon Chambers was its first Noble Grand. But we do not propose to go into details of the Order at this time.

Thus are perpetuated the heaven-born principles of the Order, but under, even to us, very *odd* names.

We believe that the antiquity of more or less of the fraternities have their esoteric origin coeval with "Father Adam" ; and that they date back to the very year of the world, or A. M. —*Anno Mundi*,—and that our progenitor was endowed with their precepts. We are informed by the Scriptures that there was an "Order of Melchizedek" (Psalm cx, 4), and that its founder taught, and actually practiced, hospitality when he met the patriarch Abraham, "Father of many nations." We are taught the divine principles of the decalogue as given to Moses ; and we are instructed by the record of these patriarchs that hospitality was characteristic of all their acts and walks in life. The priesthood of Aaron is officially represented in this Order, that it may be directed and guided to all Truth. This

Order has been, and is now, a progressive institution ; and the name whereby it is now known and hailed, namely, "*Odd-Fellows*," will probably, in future time, be only known in the history of this brotherhood. "*History will repeat itself.*" The axiomatic adage, "*Qui non proficit, deficit*,"—"He who does not advance, goes backward," is applicable to us. In other words, "Not to progress is to retrograde." Let us say, "*Qui veritas, ad perfectionem feramur*," "For the sake of Truth, let us 'go on' unto perfection."

We here give an extract from a work on Odd-Fellowship, published almost "forty years ago." The author says :

"Written languages constantly change—principles never. Descending through a long period of years, probably several hundred, perhaps a few thousand, our principles have never changed ; but the name by which we were once known, a very beautiful and expressive word, now fails to indicate to the uninitiated the elevated principles and moral precepts which Odd-Fellowship enjoins. Yet to us, who have entered within the veil, and have traced Odd-Fellowship to the pure fountain of its existence, it is still hallowed by the elevated principles that it inspires. To us it is a talisman, that restrains us from our evil propensities, and aids us in the pursuit of all that is good."

We are led to inquire, what was that "beautiful and expressive word," by which this Order was formerly known ? This author tells us that that very expressive word signifies "*Friends travelling together*," or fellow travelers.

This Order, we are informed by several authors, was first called Odd-Fellows by Titus Cæsar, A. D. 79, in ridicule and derision ; prior to that time they were known and hailed, in the Latin language then spoken, as *Peregrinatus Cives*, that is, "Travelling Citizens," and after locating and forming societies, they were then called *Fellow Citizens*. At this time, probably in procession, the Emperor applied the epithet *ridiculus*, which made the name *Odd Fellow Citizens* ; in process of time the word "Citizens" was dropped, as they had subsequently become scattered throughout other countries not subjects of the Roman empire. Several works, which were written long prior to the Christian era, record that these "travelling people, who were strangers to the natives along their peregrinations, as *Xenopolitans*, signifying "citizens from abroad" ; and these writers also state that these Xenopolitans were very generally entertained in a hospitable manner, during their sojourns in various cities. The older Greek writers also mention these friendly

societies, under the name of "*Philodemosians*," this word being formed from two Greek words, *philos* and *demor*, signifying "friends travelling together," or "friendly travellers." Saint Luke, in "Acts of the Apostles," and Saint Paul, in his "Epistle to the Corinthians," both make use of these words, and apply them to themselves and others, in travelling abroad, in propagating their doctrines. Thus we find that that beautiful and expressive word,—*Phi-lod-e-mo-sians*,—by which this Order was anciently known, has nearly disappeared from history, but not lost. Let us repeat the several former names of this institution: Philodemosians, Xenopolitans, Peregrinators, Cives, Fellow Citizens, *Odd Fellow-Citizens*, *Odd-Fellows*.

We are told that "Great bodies move slow." We all undoubtedly realize that it is true. We hope the "powers that be" will in this progressive age, sooner or later, be led to "search out the *ancient mother*," and restore some of the ancient landmarks and perpetuate them to coming ages. Let the *name* be *found* that shall convey the true designs of what we are "the agents, and the actors"; let us be "doers of *the word*." We think the time has come; and we use the words of the author previously quoted, that "the name by which we are" *now* "known, fails to indicate to the uninitiated the elevated principles and moral precepts which the Order enjoins." This Order laid its foundations deep, and its triple linked motto, "*Amicitia, Amor, et Veritas*," "Friendship, Love, and Truth," should be indelibly implanted in the heart of every true brother.

The author, who quotes the significant name of these "ancient friendly travellers," sums up the object of the Order in the two following paragraphs:

"The ancient institution of Odd-Fellows is intended to meet the great defects of society. Its members are associated in the bonds of Love and Friendship, for mutual protection against the unavoidable evils of life. Charity, holy charity, in its most exalted and purifying sense, is the lodestone which attracts and unites them together. It is not simply by affording pecuniary relief in cases of sickness and destitution that the duty of an Odd Fellow is discharged. The sick and infirm are visited at brief intervals, the sympathy of friends and brothers softens the anguish of pain and suffering, and the poor orphan learns to know that the *friends* of his father will be his protection and support."

"The mysteries of this ancient Order are open to all who seek them aright, and who are worthy to be initiated therein.

They have come down to us clothed with the glory of antiquity, reflecting through long ages the beams of Charity and Love. Our study shall be to preserve them carefully and truly, and to maintain the principles which they embody and *conceal*. So shall we, as friends and as brothers, uphold and sustain each other in pain, in sickness, and in adversity, and render still more worthy and illustrious the institution of Odd-Fellows of which we are members."

The doors of the Secret Temple are closed against the intemperate, profane, and licentious; but to the lovers of good order, who yield obedience to the laws of God and man, it extends the hand of fellowship and says:

"*Ask*, and it shall be given you; *seek*, and ye shall find; *knock*, and it shall be opened unto you" (Matthew vii, 7).

Pythagoras was pleased to communicate many of his doctrines under cover of symbolic language. The strict injunction of secrecy which was given by oath to the *initiated* Pythagoreans has effectually prevented any *original* records of their doctrine concerning many tenets from *passing down to posterity*. Plato and Socrates have preserved some few fragments, and there are some few phrases quoted by Saint Paul.

History informs us that a large majority of all secret societies base their *unwritten* work on three grades, and that these probationary periods of advancement are also symbolized by triune principles, which are represented by *three links* in the great chain of fraternal virtues, which trinity of names became associated with societies under whose patronage they have been propagated and flourished. The Masons venerate King Solomon and the two Hiram; The Templars will perpetuate the names Hugh de Payens, Jacques de Molay, and Cœur de Lion; the Ancient Mysteries had their Hermes, Zoroaster and Apollonius; the Rosicrucians had their patrons in Cornelius Agrippa, Raymond Lully, and Paracelsus; but this Order will carry down to posterity the name of Thomas Wildey,—more familiarly, "Father Wildey,"—James Lot Ridgely, and Joshua Vansant, surnamed "the Honest," as the "three pillars" of American Odd-Fellowship. Two, of these "three great lights," have gone up higher, and passed into that Grand Lodge where the hidden mysteries of all Orders that have not yet been revealed to man will be made manifest to every true brother.

At the Fortieth Anniversary of American Odd-Fellowship, celebrated in the "City of Brotherly Love," James B. Nichol-

son, Past Grand Sire, very appropriately quoted some expressive lines, which illustrated the future Utopian Lodge, which extract is perfectly adapted to our Fortieth Anniversary, as prospective to some future anniversary that will be nearer to such a "good time coming," when the "King of Peace" shall reign.

*"I can conceive a time when the world shall be
Much better visibly, and when as far
As social life, and its relations tend,
Lo a dure height we know not of, nor dream ;
When all men's rights and duties shall all be clear
And charitably exercised and borne ;
When education, conscience, and good deeds
Thall have just, equal sway, and civil claims ;
Great crimes shall be cast out as were of old,
Devils possessing mad men. Love shall reign,
Humanity be enthroned, and Man sublimed."*

It was the great Galileo who believed, and consequently preached to the world, that progression was the order of this universe, and under the most discouraging circumstances, was forced audibly to say, "*E pur si mouve*," "It does move notwithstanding." This is just as applicable to the sociologic phases of society as developed in our Order, as it was to the physical systems for the universe.

We all have a Utopia of some description, that is, all who are in real earnest when they talk of Progress. For he who believes in and preaches Progress will be met by the question, "Progress in what" What is the goal to be reached? To this question he must have some answer. It is not necessary that we should frame some new theory of perfectibility, or ordinate a whole new organization of society. We call ourselves philanthropists, or progressionists, or by any other flattering, well-chosen name, and what we have evidently to do is this: we should work for some definite and unmistakable improvement in ourselves, in our brotherhood, and in society. We cannot now foresee that future state of society, which may be the outcome of many organizations for advancement; but we may rely on our observations in the past, that at each period, society will model the individual to live in the new age, and he will be *the* medium, or coming man, to labor still further on, for this or that advance in knowledge, in art, and in all social aspects, that shall tend toward the UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

TALISMANS.

BY F. LEIGH GARDNER, LONDON, ENG.

I do not write this paper in the hope of inducing your readers to all become magicians and "Get rich quick" in this mad rush for existence that the world is now witnessing in these hustling days, or as the Chelsea philosopher puts it: "This pot of snakes in which each one is coiling, wriggling, and striving to get his head above those of his fellow creatures." I feel sure that it was never intended by an all-powerful Creator that there should be this mad rush for existence as witnessed now-a-days, especially in the great capitals of the world; and all the modern appliances, such as telegraphs, telephones, and improved machinery of various kinds are but doubtful blessings since in the main they only aid the millionaire to increase his pile, they are of but little or no real benefit to the toiling millions, who in the times of our grandfathers toiled and worked under healthier conditions than we have now-a-days in our crowded centers; whether in New York, London, or elsewhere.

I have written thus, since it is open to any one to make a Talisman for the acquisition of wealth, if he chooses to acquire the knowledge and go through the training necessary for the requisite powers to enable him to do so. I wrote on this subject in 1890, in *Lucifer*, Vol. VI, page 479, and pointed out what a Talisman was, and its peculiar application to what is known in Scotland as the "Tee Penny." This is still in existence, as I was travelling there a short time since and made inquiries about it; the same care and jealous attention is bestowed on it, and its virtues are well known to all in the neighborhood.

There is another Talisman of great historical renown, which belonged to the great Charlemagne of Germany, and I cannot do better than give its history as detailed in English *Notes and Queries*, for December, 1849. The legend runs as follows:

It was framed by some of the Magi in the train of the ambas-

sadors of Aaroun-al-Raschid to the mighty emperor of the West at the instance of his spouse Fastrada with the virtue that her husband should be always fascinated toward the person or thing on which it was. The constant love of Charles to this his spouse was the consequence ; but as it was not taken from her finger after death the affection of the emperor was continued unchanging to the corpse which he would on no account allow to be interred even when it became offensive. His confessor having some knowledge of the occult sciences at last drew off the amulet from the inanimate body which was then permitted to be buried ; but he retained possession of it himself, and thence became Charles's chief favorite and prime minister till he had been promoted to the highest ecclesiastical dignity as archbishop of Mainz and chancellor of the empire. At his pitch of power, whether he thought he could rise no higher, or scruples of conscience were awakened by the hierarchical vows, he would hold the heathen charm no longer, and he threw it into a lake not far from his metropolitan seat, where the town of Igethüm now stands. The regard and affection of the monarch were immediately diverted from the monk, and all men, to the country surrounding the lake ; and he determined on building there a magnificent palace for his constant residence, and robbed all the ancient royal and imperial residences, even to the distance of Ravenna in Italy, to adorn it. Here he subsequently resided and died ; but it seems that the charm had a passive as well as an active power. His throes of death were long and violent ; and though dissolution seemed every moment impending, still he lingered in ceaseless agony till the archbishop, who was called to his bedside to administer the last sacred rights, perceiving the case, caused the lake to be dragged, and silently returning the Talisman to the person of the dying monarch, his struggling soul parted quietly away. The grave was opened by the Third Otto in 997, and possibly the town of Aachen may have been thought the proper depository of the powerful drug, to be by them surrendered to one

who was believed by many, as he believed him self to be, a second Charlemagne, as it is stated that the town of Aachen (Aix la Chapelle) gave this amulet to the emperor Buonaparte, and by him to his favorite Hortense, *ci derant* Queen of Holland, at whose death it descended to her son, who was the President of the French Republic.

Its description is said to be "a small nut in a gold filigree envelopment," although there is what professes to be a correct representation of it in *The Illustrated London News*, for March 8th, 1845 ; this does not tally at all with the other account, as it is there described as "a Talisman of fine gold, of round form, set with gems ; in the center are two rough sapphires, and a portion of the Holy Cross ; besides other relicts brought from the Holy Land." If this is a true account of it, it is not at all improbable that the monks had it remounted with the other additions to suit their own purpose and excite the credulity of the masses, since the original, in the eyes of the vulgar, was much too simple and unpretending to pander to their belief and love of the marvellous.

As regards the formation of these wonderful works of art the key has to be found in a correct appreciation and study of the kabbalistic teachings of antiquity. There is a curious old manuscript in the British Museum, said to have been a legacy of Solomon to his son Rehoboam, and which runs as follows :

"Remember, my son, that the fear of Adonai is only the beginning of wisdom. Maintain and preserve those who are devoid of understanding with the fear of Adonai, which will give and ensure thee thy crown. But learn thyself to triumph over fear by wisdom, and Spirits will come down out of Heaven to serve thee. I Solomon, thy father, King of Israel and Palmyra, have sought and obtained for my portion the Holy Chocmah, which is the wisdom of Adonai ; and I have become the King of the Spirits both of Heaven and Earth, the Master of the powers of the Air, and the living souls the Sea, in because I possessed the Key of the Secret Gates of Life. I have accomplished sublime things by the power of the Shema-Hamphorash, and by

the thirty-two paths of Yetzirah. Number, weight, and measure determine all forms ; the substance is single, and God eternally creates it. Blessed is he who comprehendeth letters and numbers. Letters are numbers ; numbers, notions ; notions, powers ; and powers are the Elohim. The synthesis of the Elohim is the Shema. The Shema is one, its pillars are two, its power is three, its shape four ; its reflection gives eight and which multiplied by three will produce the twenty-four thrones of wisdom. A three-gemmed crown is laid in each Throne ; each gem bears a name ; each name represents an absolute idea. There are seventy-two names on the twenty-four crowns of the Shema."

"Thou shalt write these names on thirty-six Talismans, two on each Talisman, one on each side. Thou shalt divide these Talismans into four series of nine each according to the number of the letters of the Shema. On the first series thou shalt engrave the letter Yod, represented by the blossoming Rod of Aaron ; on the second the letter Hé, represented by the Cup of Joseph ; on the third the letter Vau, represented by the Sword of David, my father ; and on the fourth the final letter Hé, represented by the Golden Shekel. The thirty-six Talismans shall be a book, containing all natural secrets, and angels and demons shall speak to thee in its diverse combinations."

This reference will afford food for thought to those who may be attracted by these studies. I may say in conclusion that I have in my possession several very valuable manuscripts containing reliable formulæ for the working of these operations, as I don't wish your readers to turn away with the notion that all the above is a fairy tale strung together for the purpose of a magazine article. There are also many others moving in high society who know these things to be true, but who would object to having their names made public. I may at some future date, with our editor's permission, furnish some more articles of a similar character.

ESSENIC TRADITIONS. "There was a certain Essene, named Menahem (*Manamos*), who was celebrated not only for the uprightness of his conduct, but also for the foreknowledge of the future proceeding from God. When he once saw Herod, as a boy going to school, he addressed him by the name of 'King of the Jews.' Herod thought that he did not know him, or that he jested, and reminded him that he was of common origin. But Menahem smiled on him most friendly, clapped him on the back with his hand, and said: 'Thou wilt, nevertheless, be king, and wilt begin thy reign happily, for God has found thee worthy of it. And remember the blows that Menahem has given thee, as being the symbol of the change of thy fortune. For this assurance will be salutary for thee when thou wilt love justice and piety towards God and equity towards thy citizens. However, I know that thou wilt be such a one, for I can perceive it all. Thou wilt, indeed, excel more than any one in happiness, and obtain an everlasting reputation, but thou wilt forget piety and justice. This will not be concealed from God, for he will visit thee with his wrath for it, towards the end of thy life.' Herod paid very little attention to it at the time, as he had no hope of it. But as he soon afterwards advanced to the dignity of king and was happy, he ordered Manahem to come to him in the height of his dominion, and asked him how long he should reign; but Menahem did not tell him. Seeing that he was silent, he asked again whether he should reign ten years. Whereupon he replied, 'Yes, twenty, nay, thirty years'; but did not determine the exact limit of his reign. Herod, rejoicing on it, gave Menahem his hand and dismissed him, and from that time continued to honor the Essenes. I thought of relating this to the readers, though to some it may seem incredible, and of making it known, as it concerns us, because many of the Essenes are highly esteemed for their virtuous conduct and knowledge of Divine things."—*Antiquities of the Jews*, by Josephus, book xv, chap. x, sects. 3 and 5.

Josephus further says: "There have been three philosophies among the Jews ever since the ancient time of the fathers, that of the Essenes, that of the Sadducees, and a third which the so-called Pharisees followed.

"The doctrine of the Essenes delights in leaving all to God. They regard the soul as immortal, and say that the attainment to virtue must be fought for with all our might. They are in their manner of life of the best of men, and their uprightness is to be admired above all others who endeavor to practice virtue."

Solomon, Shameer, Ashmedai.

Extract from a work entitled "The Home and Synagogue of the Modern Jew," p. 185, published by The Religious Tract Society :

"When King Solomon was about to build the Temple, he was in great perplexity, for according to the command of the Eternal, no iron tool was to be used in rearing up the sacred edifice. He called all the wise men of Israel together to ask what he was to do under existing circumstances.

An aged counsellor said : 'O king, there is a worm called Shameer which, when put upon stone or iron, cuts it in pieces, in whatever shape you will. Moses used it when he made the breastplate for Aaron the high priest ; but that Shameer is now in the hands of the demons ; they have hidden it no one knows where.' Solomon dismissed the assembly ; and as he had power over the evil spirits, he made two of them appear before him, and asked, 'Which of you keeps the Shameer concealed?' They replied, trembling, 'O king and master, Ashmedai, our lord, only knows where this precious worm is to be found.' 'And where is Ashmedai?' asked the king. They replied, 'He is far away, on such and such a mountain, where he has his residence, and has dugged a well, out of which he drinks, and then when he has done so, he puts a large stone upon the mouth of the well, seals it with his seal, and lies down to sleep.' 'That is enough ; you may go,' said Solomon. He then called Benajah, his chief captain, told him all about the worm, informing him that he must go and find Ashmedai and the Shameer ; and at the same time he gave him advice what he must do to get Ashmedai in possession. Benajah provided himself with several barrels of wine and a quantity of wool, took the king's chain and ring, and went to the mountain. He made a hole in the well and let all the water out ; then he filled the hole with the wool he had with him, and bored another hole close to it, into which he emptied the barrels and thus filled the well with wine, closed the hole and hid himself. *

Ashmedai soon after came up and examined the seal upon the mouth of the well, found all was right, removed it, took a large draught of the wine, got quite intoxicated, and fell asleep. When Ashmedai awoke he found himself bound. Benajah said, 'Follow me to King Solomon ; it is in vain to resist ; you are

bound with the chain upon which is the name of Jehovah.

When he had arrived before the throne of the king, Ashmedai was unwilling to reveal, but finally he was obliged to point out how the worm might be procured, which was done by brave Benajah, and the Temple of Solomon was built in all its glory.

One day Ashmedai said to Solomon, 'Take off this chain from me and give me thy ring only for one moment, and I will make thee the greatest man in the world.' Solomon commanded that the chain be taken off, and gave to the demon his ring. No sooner was Ashmedai free than he seized Solomon and hurled him thousands of miles away, threw the ring into the sea, transformed himself into the person of Solomon, and reigned in his stead. Whilst Ashmedai was reigning in Jerusalem, Solomon went about from place to place saying, that he was Solomon, but the people said that he was mad. Finally he came again to Jerusalem, saying he was King Solomon, but none would believe him. A fisherman offered him a fish to buy. Solomon bought it; and when he opened the fish there was his ring, which Ashmedai had thrown into the sea. Solomon made himself known to the Sanhedrim; Benajah confirmed Solomon's story; then they sent for the women of Solomon's household, and asked them, 'Have you ever seen the feet of him who says that he is King Solomon?' They replied, 'No, he always covers his person with a large cloak, so that we can never see his feet.'

This question was put because demons have not human feet, but feet like a cock. Solomon was advised to enter the royal palace and place the sacred ring before his eyes, which Solomon did. When Ashmedai saw the ring, he screamed aloud and vanished, and Solomon reigned as before."

THEORY OF GRAVITATION IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY. —
(From *Masnavi*, by Jelâl ed-Din Rûmî's founder of the Sufis.)

A questioner once asked: "How rests this little ball
Within the circumambient sphere with out a fall?
'Tis like a lamp hung up to vault of high-pitched dome;
It never sinks below, nor soars above its home."
To him a wise man answered: "*By attraction's force*;
On all sides equal poised, 'tis kept from all divorce;
Just as an iron ball would centrally be hung,
If loadstone vault were there to hold it firmly swung."

A Sufi Poem. The Successful Search.

FROM "THE BUDDHIST," VOL. VIII, NO. 28.

Among the priests of Islam, there is a certain class of mystics known as Sufis. Their teachings are peculiar, and are never taught publicly. From all that we have ourselves been informed of their belief, and the doctrines they hold to, they approach Buddhism more than any other religion. The word Sufist sounds very much like the Greek sophist, both meaning wise-men ; and Sufism thus comes to signify wisdomism or Buddhism. The following is a typical Sufi poem :

I was ere a name had been named upon earth —
 Ere one trace yet existed of aught that has birth —
 When the looks of the Loved One streamed forth for a sign,
 And being was none save the Presence Divine !
 Ere the veil of the flesh for Messiah was wrought
 To the Godhead I bowed in protestation of thought.
 I measured intensely, I pondered with heed
 (But ah ! fruitless my labor) the Cross and its creed.
 To the Paged I rushed, and the Magian's shrine,
 But my eye caught no glimpe of a glory divine.
 The reins of research to the Caaba I bent,
 Whither hopefully thronging the old and young went ;
 Candassai and Herat searched I wistfully through,
 Nor above nor beneath came the Loved One to view !
 I toiled to the summit, wild, pathless and lone,
 Of the globe-girding Kaf, but the Phoenix had flown ;
 The seventh earth I traversed, the seventh heaven explored,
 But in neither discerned I the Court of the Lord.
 I questioned the Pen and the Tablet of Fate,
 But they whispered not where He pavilions his state.
 My vision I strained, but my God scanning eye
 No trace that to Godhead belongs could descry.
 But when I my glance turned within my own breast,
 Lo! the vainly sought Loved One, the Godhead confessed
 In the whirl of its transport my spirit was tossed
 Till each atom of separate being I lost ;
 And the bright son of Tanniz a madder than me,
 Or a wilder, hath never yet seen, nor shall see.

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HISTORY OF THE DRUIDS.

BY WALTER RICHARDSON, CARLTON, AUS.

The Druids have kept an unbroken record of history from the birth of the European race 10,010 years ago. That knowledge was most perfect in Britain, "The White Island of the West," was admitted by the Brahmins and Confucius. The most important symbols and Druid teachings will be found in this book.¹

To the Druids we are indebted for the most noble conception of God. God is a Druid word which means good, and Hu, their name for Apollo, the son of God, means humanity. It was a direct opposite to African and Asiatic beliefs which offered up blood sacrifices.

Druid records show that the Classical, now Catholic Church, was founded by the Angels when they brought the seeds of the twelve sons and twelve daughters of Europe from the Sun to Hellas. Sixty years later the eldest son, who had been elected king, and appointed Pontifex Maximus, owing to quarrelling instigated by wandering Arabs who had been hospitably entertained, left with his retinue and journeyed to Britain, and there founded the Druid Church of Europe. The Europeans who

remained in Hellas elected another Pontiff over the Classical Church, and Pius X is the 907th Classical Pontiff, and Pella Crissa is the 831st Pontiff of the Druid Church of Europe. The Classical symbol was the Sun; the Druids adopted the Crescent. When the Anglicans claim that their Church was the original one they are only echoing what their Druid forefathers claimed thousands of years before.

A religion which produced such a man as Pindar is worthy of careful consideration. Two thousand five hundred years ago Pindar prayed :

*" Grant me, O God, each crooked path to shun,
Simple and straight my honest race to run !
So may mine be
No name to tinge with shame my children's cheek !
Gold, lands, let others ask ; I ask an honored grave ;
The good to adorn,
And load the vile with scorn."*

Nobler and manlier sentiments have never been expressed. Pindar's name will never die. The despicable money grubbers who gluttoize, whilst women and babes die of starvation, are forgotten a few days after death.

According to the Revelations of Apollo, and Druids' Gospel, God commanded Europeans, Africans, and Asiatics NOT TO MIX. For mixing the three races and allowing poverty, departed souls suffer remorse in the Sun.

Without the History of the Druids and the Revelations of Apollo, it is as impossible to reconstruct Classicism and Druidism from a study of the Round Bel Towers, Stonehenge or the Commons, Chants, or adulterated Secular history, as it would be to reconstruct the New Testament from a hymn book.

The belief of the Druids that the Sun is the center of the Universe, which they expressed by the symbol of a dot in the center of a circle, is now gaining favor among independent astronomers. They contend that the Milky Way is the inner circle of the Universe, and the Sun is in its center, and that the Sun is actually inhabited. Of course atheistic astronomers will contend that the Sun is a ball of fire, but they know so little about the Earth's atmosphere that they cannot forecast the

weather for twenty-four hours accurately. Their theories as to the nature of the Sun's rays before they reach our atmosphere are absurd. A match is cold, but with friction and inflammable surroundings may cause a great fire. And on the top of a high mountain there may be snow whilst at its base there is intense heat.

Another publication will be issued later on, containing Druid history of the organization of the Arabs' invasion of Europe by Ptolemy I, who was an Arab: His instigation of the destruction of Apollo's Temple at Delphi, and assassination of Philip of Macedon, who punished the Phocians for their sacrilege. Ptolemy's career as financial adviser to Alexander and as king of Egypt. His hatred of Europeans, and concoction of the Pentateuch with the object of destroying European Nations by usury (Deut. xv, 6; vi, 10; vii, 16), and in the event of the Arabs failing, they would be sent back to Egypt (Deut. xxviii, 68). The Arab instigators of the Destruction of Classical Temples and Religion, Massacre of the Druids and suppression of Druidism, Destruction of the Aristocrats and substitution of unprincipled, heartless financiers as the ruling class. Wars and debts of nations to swinish financiers, etc., and the usurpation by the blasphemous Arabs of a European name for God, and their attempt to force the Evolution Theory, so that money would be the only God, and the Arab financier would be the highest product of the mechanical causes and environment which, according to Evolutionists, is the only Creator. The Arabs' Secret Society, founded by Ptolemy, systematically robs Europeans, gets monopoly of finance, trade, and consequently, control of most of the newspapers and of public opinion, and monopoly of the highest positions by open or secret Arabs whose oaths to European Institutions are not by them considered to be binding.

As an illustration of the fact, all African and Asiatic knowledge and religion was received from God's last and most perfect creation, the European race, the Druid symbol that the body was the Temple of Sol, or Soul, which comes from the Sun (Sol), and which Temple, though taking a life time to build, yet when laid in the grave is destroyed by the worms in

seven days. That symbol was borrowed by Arab history fabricators and was applied to an Arab kingdom which never existed and never will exist until Nations no longer tolerate their corruption-breeding practices.

The Druids hope to see the Protestants become Druids again, and hope to see the Catholic Church denounce Arabism and become the magnificent Classical Church again which produced Pindar, Hesiod, Socrates, and Seneca.

The Revelations of Apollo were received by a Priestess of the Classical Church in the Temple at Pagasae. She uttered the teachings, whilst unconscious, in Celtic, the language used in the Sun. As she knew nothing of that language, the Priests of the Temple, who had been educated by the Celtic Druids; recorded and handed the Revelations to the Three Custodians of Druidism.

[REVELATIONS OF APOLLO, N. AND Q., VOL. XXIII, NO. 12.]

According to the Gospel of the Druids, Creation is advancing towards Perfection by the exercise of Reason. (Reason uses material to make different machines — the machines do not evolve spontaneously when required.)

Commencing in space, Reason created Air, Water, Mineral, Vegetation, and Animals, and each species was created for a definite purpose in the long ages of development.

Then the African man and woman were created, and their seed reigned 10,000 years, but like the monkeys and many other animals they lost what they had been taught.

Then the Asiatic male and female were created and tried for 10,000 years, but like the African they lost every vestige of what they had been taught by the angels, and the barbarians were restricted by Apollo to Africa and Asia.

Then, corresponding to the 12 sons and the 12 daughters of God in the Sun, the seeds of the 12 brothers and 12 sisters of the primitive European family were brought from the Sun by the angels, who nursed and taught them.

The nine muses who wait upon the Queen of the Sun, were the angels that brought the seeds of three races of mankind from

the Sun to the Earth, and taught them until evil appeared, then they returned to the Sun.

They were taught Music, Language, Numerals, Astronomy, Architecture, and how to provide for themselves ; and to reverence the Sun on the seventh day, and not to mix with Africans and Asiatics, because on the purity and progress of the Europeans depended the advancement of the world.

They were taught that the Sun is the home of God, and his Consort, and their 12 sons and 12 daughters ; and the birthplace of the soul, or individual, to which it returns to reap its reward when the earth body is no longer a suitable habitation for it.

Then it will return to the one of the three kingdoms of man, in the Sun, to which it belongs ; and it will live in village community, and inhabit a body, in harmony with its life and desires whilst on earth. And it will look down upon the earth, and feel glad for the good it has done, or remorseful for the sorrow it caused or could have lessened.

They were taught to obey majority rule as expressed by a direct vote of the people ; and provide villages where every person would have the right to go and, in exchange for services during a fourth of the day, receive the birthright God intended for all : food, clothes, shelter, and a share of the comforts of life. And also to grant life leases of land to those who prefer not to live in the villages, and at the termination of the lease to compensate the family for improvements made.

The eldest brother of the primitive family of Europe received the baptismal name of John, signifying amiable, and he was elected king, and happiness reigned until he goodnaturedly admitted a wandering tribe of barbarians (Africans or Asiatics), then trouble commenced ; the barbarians prompted the next eldest brother, Pluto, to found a rival kingdom. Then king John and his wife May with nine of the brothers and nine of the sisters and their children left the scene of discord, and journeyed through the north of Europe until they came to the Cimmerian Channel which they waded across to the White Island, on which they landed on the first day of May in the sixtieth year of the European era. Then they set up an altar

to God and placed oak branches upon it. and kindled them with the fire which the angels had given them, and they founded the Druid kingdom of Humanity.

In the first two thousand years of the European era the Druids invented seventeen signs to record language, and made articles of gold in addition to those of stone and wood. King John and Queen May died during the second century, and they returned to the Sun, and were made rulers over the Valleys of the Blest of the European kingdom in the Sun. Pluto and his wife died during the first century, and they returned to the Sun and were made rulers over the evildoers of the European kingdom, and they are divided from the good by the River of Justice, which they cannot cross until Humanity again rules the earth.

In the second two thousand years, silver, copper, bronze, glass, colored cloth, harps, and other musical instruments were made, and architecture progressed; but the Plutonians had given up their villages and becomes victims to greed.

In the third two thousand years, tin and iron were brought into use by the Druids; but the Plutonians had fallen into barbarism.

In the fourth two thousand years Hu (Apollo) warned the Plutonians and they built temples to God, and received wisdom from the Druids, and science and art flourished.

In the fifth two thousand years, the Plutonians again turned to evil, and being instigated by the greedy barbarians they massacred many thousands of the Druids, destroyed the Temples, and bound Art, Science, and Philosophy in chains; and although this period expired at the end of 1895 so called, and we began the era of Humanity, still we have not shaken off the yoke of Pluto, intolerance and greed.

The Druid symbols represent Morality, and Truth; but the same symbols were borrowed by the Africans and Asiatics and applied to immorality and superstition, and for that the Custodians of Druidism were to blame, because in direct opposition to Druidism they suppressed Truth, and bound each newly initiated Custodian by blood-curdling oaths not to reveal the Druid teachings in exactly the same way as held by the three Custodians.

The first exercise of Reason having caused Creation to commence, it must go on until Perfection is attained. God uses the best instruments at hand to advance Creation, but when evil was brought into existence by the Africans, there became a destroying power which was a much easier task than building.

Inspiration, as it comes from two sources, was symbolized in Druidism by a blazing star, of five straight or truthful rays, with five crooked or evil rays alternated. The Soul, being able to weigh good and evil was symbolized by the scales, or cross, and the pivot on which the crossbeam moved was known to the Druid Custodians as the secret word of the Mysteries; the Judge of Inspiration, the pivot, or Word, was LOGIC.

Evil was symbolized by a serpent, and at Stonehenge the serpent was represented as being subjected by the circles of Religion, and Civil Government at the stomach; and the circle of Religion at the head.

The white trinitad signifies Love, Knowledge, and Truth, the essence of God. The highest mountains, the arch of Sunrise, the number 7, and seventh letter, G, and the Arch Druid's crown with seven rays, were the most important emblems of God, and the seventh child usually became a Druid teacher.

The triad was the sign or property of God or the Nation. It was also the Druid invocation, the center stroke meaning, "Help me, O God!" the stroke on left side of forehead, or breast, meaning, "Help me, Queen of Heaven"; and the stroke on the right side, meaning, "Help me Hu, the mighty Son of God." Father, Mother, and Son were symbolized by the three center stones of an arch, and their unity by a triangle.

The emblem of the Queen of Heaven and Mother of Marriage and Chastity were a ring, rainbow, dew, left hand or eye, and a heart.

The right eye or hand, five-pointed star, crown with twelve rays, represented Hu.

A banner with twelve squares represented the twelve Sons, and a bracelet of twelve beads or stars represented the twelve Daughters of God, and a crescent was the emblem of the eldest Daughter of God.

Four stars symbolized the festivals of the seasons.

A cube symbolized work, six hours of the day of six days of the week of six months of the year sufficed. The Druids were not slaves to greed ; they studied nature and science instead.

The Druids looked upon killing as the most offensive sin, unless it was in defence of home and their lives, or the hanging of a murderer. Even the animals slain for food were killed by persons imprisoned for acts of violence.

At the Druid baptism or journey to the Sun the initiate bade farewell to darkness at the South Vale and was sprinkled three times with ashes, then passed on to the red arch in the West of Hu the Revealer of Truth, then on to the blue arch in the North and was sprinkled three times at the fountain of the Queen of Heaven, then on to the East or White Arch of God. At a funeral, the Soul having returned to the Sun, the ceremony was reversed and the body returned to darkness.

At the banquets the thirteenth chair was occupied by a skeleton, skull or coffin, to keep them in remembrance of the future life. The Queen of the Sun was called the Soul of the Sun, Mother God, Juno, Latona, and a host of other names ; which gave the usurers, who represent the powers of evil, opportunity to cause much confusion and dissension in ancient Europe.

Celtic is the language spoken in the Sun.

The Druids believe that the departed enter the Sun from the South and stay in their respective kingdoms in the position they deserve until the evils they are responsible for are ended, then some are sent to other planets, but all the purified receive immortal bodies and cross the River of Justice, and are freed from selfishness, passions, aches and pains. Only on this question, of remorse, did Druids differ from the Classical Church.

The Druids kept the four festivals of the Seasons. At the Spring Festival a young man represented the year ; at the Summer Festival a middle-aged man ; at the Autumn Festival an elderly man, who distributed gifts, represented the year. The Winter Festival began December 25 and lasted seven days ; the 8th day was the birth of the New Year, which was symbol-

ized by a child, with a crown of seven rays, seated in a boat, representing Time in Space.

On New-Year's day the Druids placed a box (symbol of the body) on an unhewn stone in each Temple, and in the box was placed a cross (symbol of the soul). The box was decorated with White (symbol of God) ; Blue (emblem of the Queen or Consort of God) ; and Red (emblem of their son and messenger Hu, Apollo). The box was carried in the religious processions. On the evening before December 25 a dove or small bird was placed in the box, and the next morning, immediately before sunrise, the bird was tied to the cross and baptised, and at sunrise it was released by the chief priest and allowed to fly away ; that symbolized the return of the soul to its birthplace in its kingdom in the Sun. At noon the solemn feast in honor of the dead year was held, this being, they taught, the first of the seven shortest days. Next morning at sunrise the box was buried under a circular mound which was surmounted by the unhewn stone from the Temple at the last sunset of the old year. By means of these stones accurate record was kept of the years. The year, 1905, being the 10,010th year of the European era, the 20,010th year of the Asiatic race, and the 30,010th year of the African race.

The three foundation stones of the Druid's civilization were the belief in a future life in the Sun with rewards or remorse for actions on earth ; the Europeans not to mix with Africans or Asiatics, but to have one wife or husband only ; the prevention of poverty by providing self-supporting, profit-sharing villages under control of Shire Councils where any European can get work and maintain his wife and family in honest comfort.

The Druid Law of Profit was that each man should receive sufficient profit on his work to enable him to maintain himself in the social position he is fitted to occupy.

The above is a true and faithful account of the religions of the Druids according to the testimony of Pella Crissa the 831st Chief Custodian of the Druid Mysteries, in succession from John, surnamed, Europa who established Druidism, and this testimony was given in the year 9,998 of the European era, or the year 1895.

THE HEBREW ALPHABET. A Hebrew manuscript of the sixteenth century contains the following enumeration :

Aleph. He beholds God face to face, without dying, and converses familiarly with the seven genii who command the celestial army.

Beth. He is above all afflictions and all fears.

Ghimel. He reigns with all heaven and is served by all hell.

Daleth. He disposes of his own health and life and can equally influence that of others.

He. He can neither be surprised by misfortune, nor overwhelmed by disasters, nor conquered by his enemies.

Vau. He knows the reason of the past, present, and future.

Dsain. He possesses the secret of the resurrection of the dead and the key of immortality.

Cheth. To find the philosophical stone,

Teth. To enjoy the universal medicine.

Iod. To be acquainted with the laws of perpetual motion, and in a position to demonstrate the quadrature of the circle.

Caph. To change into gold not only all metals, but also the earth itself, and even the refuse of the earth.

Lamed. To subdue the most ferocious animals and be able to pronounce the words which paralyze and charm serpents.

Mem. To possess the *Ars Notoria* which gives the universal science.

Nun. To speak learnedly on all subjects, without preparation and without study.

Samech. To know at first sight the deep things of the souls of men and the mysteries of the hearts of women.

Gnain. To force nature to make him free at his pleasure.

Phe. To foresee all future events which do not depend on a superior free will, or on an undiscernible cause.

Tsade. To give at once and to all the most efficacious consolations and the most wholesome counsels.

Coph. To triumph over adversities.

Resch. To conquer love and hate.

Schin. To have the secret of wealth, to be always its mas-

ter and never its slave. To know how to enjoy even poverty and never become abject or miserable.

Tau. The wise man rules the elements, stills tempests, cures the diseased by his touch, and raises the dead.

A KEY TO THE CHRONOLOGY OF THE HINDUS. In a Series of Letters in which an attempt is made to facilitate the Progress of Christianity in Hindostan, by proving that the Protracted Numbers of all Oriental Nations, when reduced, agree with the dates given in the Hebrew Text of the Bible. In two volumes. Cambridge, 1820. Octavos.

This anonymous work is frequently referred to and quoted by Godfrey Higgins in his "Anacalypsis," and "Celtic Druids"; also by Edward Vaughan Kenealy in his several works, and several other writers, yet none of them seem to hint to the real name of the author of the "Hindu Chronology." In the later seventies, a Mr. S. R. Bosanquet of England undertook to ascertain the name of the author of the anonymous work, and corresponded with several libraries, universities, and societies, and he only found that copies of it were in the British Museum and in the Cambridge and Oxford University libraries. Bosanquet visited the two latter libraries and was able to learn at the Bodleian Library that the author of the anonymous work was one Alexander Hamilton, who had been a member of the Bengal Asiatic Society for 25 years, and an assistant in editing the Sanscrit manuscripts in the Bibliotheque Imperiale at Paris. It seems from information gathered from Mr. Bosanquet's book, "Hindu Chronology and Antediluvian History," London, 1880, that Hamilton's work was a limited edition, and probably that many of the books were presentation copies. Mr. Bosanquet reviews the "Chronology" mathematically and thoroughly, and reconciles much of it with antediluvian history. We have advertised in N. AND Q., and other bibliothecal journals, more or less for twenty years, and have succeeded in obtaining a copy, recently, and also Bosanquet's review, at quite moderate prices.

"Absolute unity is the supreme and final reason of things."

— *Eliphas Levi.*

THE ENDING OF THE PATER NOSTER. Eliphaz Levi says the ending of the Lord's Prayer, for the initiate at least, was said: "For thine is the kingdom, the justice, and the mercy, in the generating ages." *Tibi suut Malchut et Geburah et Chesed per æonas.* The sign of this adoration is really kabbalistic and the meaning of the symbol is completely lost to the modern church.

THE PENTAGRAM — THE SIGN OF THE MICROCOSM. This is the symbol so exalted by Goethe in the beautiful monologue of *Faust*, Part I, Sec. 1:

"Ah, how do all my senses leap at this sight? I feel the young and sacred pleasure of life bubbling in my nerves and veins. Was it a God who traced this sign which stills the vertigo of my soul, fills my poor heart with joy, and, in a mysterious rapture, unveils the forces of nature around me. Am I myself a God! All is so clear to me. I behold in these simple lines the revelation of active nature to my soul. I realize for the first time the truth of the wise man's words: 'The world of spirits is not closed! Thy sense is obtuse, thy heart is dead! Arise! Bathe, O adept of science, thy breast, still enveloped by an earthly veil, in the splendors of the dawning day!'"

TEMPLAR BAPHOMET. The name of the Templar Baphomet, which should be spelt kabbalistically backwards, is composed of three abbreviations: TEM. OPH. AB., *Templi omnium hominum pacis abbas*, "The Father of the Temple of Universal Peace among Men." M. Veuillot is logical and demands that one should honor men who have the courage of their opinions."

AN OBSCURE TERM IN GENESIS. "God created love by placing a rib of Adam in the breast of the woman, and a portion of the flesh of Eve in the breast of man, so that at the bottom of a woman's heart there is the bone of man, while at the bottom of a man's heart there is the flesh of woman,"—an allegory not devoid of depth and beauty.

PERSIAN POETRY. "The impression of the happy moments passed in thy loved presence will never be obliterated from the tablet of my heart, whilst the world revolves and the stars continue their course. The pen of intense love has written Eternal Affection on the page of my soul, and if my body languish, nay, even if my life expire, that soft impress will remain." — *From Wasaf, the celebrated historian of Persia.*

The Books of The Bible.

Genesis tells the world was made
By God's creative hand ;
Exodus, how the Hebrews marched,
To gain the promised land.

Leviticus contains the law,
Holy and just and good ;
Numbers records the tribes enrolled,
All sons of Abraham's blood.

Moses, in Deuteronomy,
Records God's mighty deeds ;
Brave Joshua, in Canaan's Land,
The host of Israel leads.

In Judges, their Rebellion oft
Provokes the Lord to smite ;
But Ruth records the faith of one
Well pleasing in his sight.

In First and Second Samuel,
Of Jesse's son we read ;
Ten Tribes in First and Second Kings,
Revolted from his seed.

The First and Second Chronicles
See Judah captive led ;
But Ezra brings a remnant back
By princely Cyrus' aid.

The walls around Jerusalem
Nehemiah builds again ;
While Esther saves the Israelites
From plots of wicked men.

In Job we read how faith will live
Beneath affliction's rod ;
And David's Psalms are precious songs
To every child of God.

The Proverbs, like a goodly string
Of choice pearls, appear ;
Ecclesiastes teaches men
How vain are all things here.

The mystic Song of Solomon
 Exalts Sharon's sweet rose ;
 While Jesue, Savior and the King,
 The rapt Isaiah shows.

The mourning Jeremiah
 Apostate Israel scorns ;
 His plaintive Lamentations
 Their awful downfall mourns.

Ezekiel tells, in wondrous words,
 Of dazzling mysteries ;
 While kings and empires, yet to come,
 Daniel in vision sees.

Of judgment and of mercy
 Hosea loves to tell ;
 And Joel describes the blessed days
 When God with man shall dwell.

Among Tekoah's herdsmen
 Amos received his call ;
 While Obadiah prophesies
 Of Edom's final fall.

Jonah displays a wondrous type
 Of Jesus, the risen Lord ;
 Micah pronounced Judah lost,
 But again restored ;
 And Nahum tells on Nineveh,
 Just judgment shall be poured.

A view of Chaldea's coming doom
 Habakkuk's visions give ;
 Next Zephaniah warns the Jews
 To turn, repent, and live.

Haggai wrote to those who saw
 The temple build again ;
 And Zechariah prophesied
 Of Jesus triumphant reign.

Malachi was the last who touched
 The high prophetic chord ;
 The final notes sublimely show
 The coming of the Lord.

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John
 The Holy Gospels wrote,
 Describing how the Savior died,
 His life and all he taught.

Acts proves how God the apostles owned,
 With signs in every place ;
 Saint Paul in Romans teaches us
 How men are saved by grace.

The apostle, in Corinthians,
 Instructs, exhorts, reproves ;
 Galatians shows that faith in Christ
 Alone the Father loves.

Ephesians and Philippians tell
 What Christians ought to be ;
 Colossians bids us live in God
 And for eternity.

In Thessalonians we are taught
 The Lord will come from Heaven ;
 In Timothy, and Titus too,
 A bishop's rule is given.

Philemon marks a Christian's love,
 Which only Christians know ;
 Hebrews reveals the Gospel,
 Prefigured by the law.

James teaches, without holiness
 Faith is but vain and dead ;
 Saint Peter points the narrow way
 In which the saints are led.

John, in his three epistles,
 On love delights to dwell ;
 Saint Jude an awful warning gives
 Of judgment, wrath, and hell.

The Revelation prophesies
 Of that tremendous day,
 When Christ, and he alone shall be
 The trembling sinner's stay.

The Holy Bible.

Genesis first in order stands ;
 Exodus gives the ten commands ;
 Leviticus and Numbers see
 That Deuteronomy next will be,
 Joshua, Judges, Ruth — each dwells
 Before Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles.
 Ezra and Nehemiah, then
 To Esther point, the pious Queen.
 Job, Psalms, and Proverbs next appear,
 With Ecclesiastes, while we hear
 The Song of Solomon declare
 What beauties in the Savior are.
 Isaiah speaks in of sweetest strain
 Of Christ, and tells us all his pain ;
 While Jeremiah weeping bears
 His Lamentations to our ears.
 Ezekiel, Daniel then will come ;
 Hosea, Joel here find room,
 Amos and Obadiah too ;
 Jonah and Micah stand to view.
 Nahum and Habakkuk make way
 To Zephaniah and Haggai ;
 Then Zechariah's book is seen,
 And Malachi concludes the scene.

This is the way the Gospels run :
 Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.
 Then comes the Acts inviting you
 The Apostolic Church to view.
 The Epistles next our notice claim,
 Which in succession thus we name :
 The Romans and Corinthians were
 To cities sent renowned afar ;
 Galatians and Ephesians then
 Wrote by the same inspired pen.
 Philippians, Collossians stand
 With Thessalonians near at hand ;
 Timothy leads to Titus on,
 This brings us down to Philemon.
 The Hebrews soon we gladly find
 And that of James comes close behind.
 To Peter now our thoughts we give,
 With loving John we wish to live :
 Then solemn Jude will pierce the soul
 And Revelation close the whole.

Homer - - - Virgil - - - Milton.

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
 Greece, Italy, and England did adorn :
 The first in loftiness of thought surpassed ;
 The next, in majesty ; in both, the last ;
 The force of Nature could no further go,
 To make a third, she joined the former two. — *Dryden.*

Ages elapsed ere Homer's lamp appeared,
 And ages ere the Mantuan swan was heard ;
 To carry nature lengths unknown before,
 To give a Milton birth, ask ages more. — *Cowper.*

Thus genius rose and set at ordered times,
 And shot a day-spring into distant climes,
 Ennobling every region that he chose :
 He sank in Greece, in Italy he rose ;
 And, tedious years of Gothic darkness passed,
 Emerged all splendor in our isle at last.
 Thus lovely halcyons dive into the main,
 Then show far off their shining plumes again. — *Cowper.*

Dante To Guido.

SONNET.

Henry ! I wish that you, and Charles, and I,
 By some sweet spell within a bark were placed,
 A gallant bark with magic virtue graced,
 Swift at our will with every wind to fly ;
 So that no changes of the shifting sky,
 No stormy terrors of the watery waste,
 Might bar our course, but heighten still our taste
 Of sprightly joy, and of our social tie ;
 Then that my Lucy, Lucy fair and free,
 With those soft nymphs, on whom our souls are bent,
 The kind magicians might to us convey,
 To talk of love throughout the livelong day ;
 And that each fair might be as well content,
 And I in truth believe our hearts would be.

(Henry was Guido ; Charles was Lapo ; Lucy was Monna Bice.)

"THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR." I think it was Washington Irving that gave us "The Almighty Dollar." "The World's Prayer," published in N. AND Q., December, 1902, is very suggestive as the world goes on as this century opens. I send herewith some spirited verses on a "gold dinár," from the Arabian poet El-Hairi, a translation of which I quite recently saw in a small volume entitled "Literary Coincidences," by W. A. Clouston. The book is imprinted Glasgow, 1892. LEO.

Hail, noble coin ! of saffron colour clear,
O'er regions wide who *passtest* far and near !
Thy worth, thy titles; *current* still remain ;
Thy lines the secret pledge of wealth contain.
Successful industry thy steps attend ;
Thy aspect bright all welcome as a friend ;
Endeared to all, as though thy precious ore
Had e'en been molten from their own hearts' core.
Whose purse thou fillest, boldness may display,
Though kindred be remiss or far away.
With thee the great their influence maintain ;
Without thee, Pleasure's sons of want complain.
What heroes thy collected might hath quelled !
What hosts of cares one stroke of thine dispelled !
How oft an angry churl, whose fury burned,
Thy whispered mention hath to mildness turned !
Through thee, the captive, by his kin forgot,
Is ransomed back to Joy's unmingled lot.
Such power is thine, that, if I feared not blame,
I e'en would say, "Almighty is thy name."

Thou hast never stirred thy foot in the way of love —
Go, become a lover, and then appear before me ;
For till thou has tasted the symbolical wine-cup,
Thou wilt never drain the real one to the lees.

This sentiment forms one of the leading doctrines of the Sufis, the mystics of Islam, and is thus expressed in Jami's poem of "Joseph and Zuleika," in which perfect union of the human soul with the Deity is mystically shadowed.

Jami also has these lines in the same Sufi poem, on the Rose :

If he (the lover) scenteth the Rose, he longs to see it ;
If he seeth it, he cannot but pluck it.

“ *There's Room In The World For All That Is In It* ”

Men build up their worlds like poor, blinded moles,
 With just room enough for their own narrow souls,
 'Tis plain to their minds that black is not white,
 And there's only one line 'twixt the wrong and the right.
 Firmly believing their creeds to be true,
 They wonder that others don't think as they do.
 In the ages ago, they tortured each other,
 And forced down there creeds in the throat of a brother.
 They forgot, in mechanics, no two clocks will strike
 Throughout all the hours precisely alike ;
 That our species, like clocks, are of different kinds,
 And mankind are fashioned with various minds.
 Ah ! 'tis a great truth to learn, a prize, if you win it,
 “ There's room in the world for all that is in it.”
 This life is a play, where each human heart,
 To make the *denouement*, must act out his part.
 If all men like sheep should follow one way,
 Then life would, indeed, be a very poor play.
 'Tis a law of our being most pointedly shown,
 That each soul must live out a life of its own.
 Ah ! be not too rash to judge of another,
 But ever remember that man is your brother.
 God made the owl see where man's sight is dim,
 And the light that guides *you*, may be darkness to *him* :
 'Tis a great truth to learn, a prize, if you win it,
 “ There's room in the world for all that is in it.”
 Our mission on earth is well understood ;
 To root out the evil, and cultivate good.
 Down deep in the innermost depths of the soul,
 A voice ever sings of a far, distant goal ;
 And it whispers so soft, like a faint, muffled breath,
 There's a something within us that's stronger than death !
 That souls are but sown, in this hard, earthly clod,
 To blossom and bloom in the garden of God !
 Oh, brothers, there's only one God for us all,
 But his voice unto each makes a different call.
 Some see him in rags, as Jesus of old ;
 Some mitred, and blazing in purple and gold.
 Ah ! let us not proudly monopolize right,
 Nor demand of a brother to see with our sight ;
 'Tis a great truth to learn, a prize, if you win it,
 “ *There's room in the world for all that is in it.* ”

The Inquiry.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Tell me, ye wingéd winds, that round my pathway roar,
 Do ye not know some spot where mortals weep no more?
 Some lone and pleasant dell, some valley in the west,
 Where, free from toil and pain, the weary soul may rest?
 The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
 And sighed for pity, as it answered — "No."

Tell me, thou mighty deep, whose billows round me play,
 Know'st thou some favored spot, some island far away,
 Where weary man may find the bliss for which he sighs,
 Where sorrow never lives, and friendship never dies?
 The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
 Stopped for awhile, and sighed to answer — "No."

And thou, serenest moon, that, with such lovely face,
 Dost look upon the earth asleep in night's embrace,
 Tell me, in all thy round, hast thou not seen some spot
 Where miserable man might find a happier lot?
 Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe.
 And a voice, sweet, but sad, responded — "No."

Tell me, my secret soul, O, tell me, Hope and Faith,
 Is there no resting place from sorrow, sin, and death?
 Is there no happy spot where mortals may be blest,
 Where grief may find a balm, and weariness a rest?
 Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
 Waved their bright wings, and whispered — "Yes, in
 HEAVEN."

The Song of Science.

• Trilobite, Graptolite, nautilus pie,
 Seas were calcareous, oceans were dry.
 Eocene, Miocene, Pliocene, tuff,
 Lias and trias, and that is enough.
 Oh, sing a song of phosphates, fibrine in a line,
 Four and twenty follicles in the van of time.
 When the phosphorescence evolved brain,
 Superstition ended, man began to reign.

The Venus of Milo.

BY SARAH HÉLEN WHITMAN.

Goddess of dreams, mother of love and sorrow,
 Such sorrow as from love's fair promise flows,
 Such love as from love's martyrdoms doth borrow
 That conquering calm which only sorrow knows.

Venus, triumphant; so serene and tender,
 In thy kind after-bloom of life and love,
 More fair than when of old thy sea-born splendor
 Surprised the senses of Olympian Jove.

Not these the lips, that kindle into kisses,
 Poured subtle heats through Adon's languid frame,
 Rained on his sullen lips their warm caresses,
 Thrilled to his heart and turned its frost to flame.

Thy soul transcending passion's wild illusion,
 Its fantasy and fever and unrest,
 Broods tenderly in thought's devout seclusion,
 O'er some lost love-dream lingering in thy breast.

Thy face seems touched with pity for the anguish
 Of earth's disconsolate and lone hearts;
 For all the lorn and loveless lives that languish
 In solitary homes and sordid marts.

With pity for the faithlessness and feigning,
 The vain repentance and the long regret,
 The perfumed lamps in lonely chambers waneing
 The untouch fruits on golden salvers set.

With pity for the patient watchers, yearning
 Through glimmering casements over midnight moors,
 Filled by the echo of far feet returning
 Through the blank darkness of the empty doors.

With sorrow for the coy, sweet buds that cherish
 In virgin pride love's luxury of gloom,
 And in their fair unfolding beauty perish,
 Fading like flowers that knew not how to bloom.

With sorrow for the over-grown pale roses,
 That yield their fragrance to the wandering air;
 For all the penalties that life imposes
 On passion's dream, on love's divine despair.

The Burial of Sir John Moore.

BY CHARLES WOLFE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged a farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning ;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And our lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet, nor in shroud we bound him ;
But he laid like a warrior, taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
As we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hallowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
How the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock told the hour for retiring ;
And we heard, by the distant, random gun,
That the foe was suddenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But left him, alone in his glory.

The Contrast.

BY CHARLES WOLFE.

[All readers well remember the beautiful poem "The Burial of Sir John Moore," by Rev. Charles Wolfe. The following poem, by the same author, on the death of George III, has the characteristic beauties of Mr. Wolfe.]

I saw him once on the terrace proud,
Walking in health and gladness,
Begirt with his court, and in all the crowd
Not a single look of sadness ;
Bright was the sun, and the leaves were green,
Blithely the birds were singing,
The cymbal replied to the tamborine,
And the bells were merrily ringing.

I stood at the grave beside his bier,
When not a word was spoken,
But every eye was dim with a tear,
And the silence by sobs was broken ;
The time since he walked in his glory thus,
To the grave till I saw him carried,
Was an age of the mightiest age to us,
To him a night unvaried.

For his eyes were sealed and his mind was dark,
As he sat in his age's lateness,
Like a vision enthroned as a solemn mark
Of the frailty of human greatness.
A daughter beloved, a Queen, a son,
And a son's sole child, had perished ;
And it saddened each heart, save his alone
By whom they were fondest cherished.

We have fought the fight from his lofty throne,
The foe to our land we humbled ;
And it gladdened each heart, save his alone,
For whom the foe was tumbled.
His silver beard o'er a bosom spread
Unvaried by life's emotion,
Like a yearly lengthening snow-drift, shed
On the calm of a frozen ocean.

Still o'er him oblivion's waters lay,
 Though the tide of his life kept flowing ;
 When they spoke of the King, 'twas but to say,
 ' The old man's strength was going.'
 At intervals the waves disgorge,
 By weakness rent asunder,
 A piece of wreck of the Royal George,
 For the people's pity and wonder.

He is gone at last — he is laid in the dust,
 Death's hand his slumber breaking,
 For the confined sleep of the good and just
 Is a sure and blissful waking.
 His people's heart is his funeral urn,
 And should sculptured stone be denied him,
 There will his name be found when, in turn,
 We lay our heads beside him.

The Architectural Atom.

(Tyndall at Manchester, Eng.)

These " Architectural Atoms ! " ' O, 'tis fine
 To see humanity so sadly dwindle !
 Let Michael Angelo and Wren resign ;
 Atoms can build Cathedrals, so says Tyndall.

Architect Atom raises a metropolis,
 And never lets the shrewed contractor swindle ;
 He thus erected Athens' Acropolis
 Amid the violet ether, so says Tyndall.

Has Nature any being, anything,
 That can a higher kind of fancy kindle ?
 Chance makes the roses bloom, the thrushes sing.
 The pretty girls go prettier. So says Tyndall.

Shallow professor ! the eternal Fates
 Sit silently and turn the fearful spindle ;
 And that great wheel of doom the moment waits
 To crush the sceptic silliness of Tyndall, — *Punch*,

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THE GENIUS OF FREEMASONRY.

A Masonic address delivered before the members of Lafayette Lodge No. 41, and invited guests, Manchester, N. H., on the the celebration of St. John's Festival, June 24, 1854, by Rev. William Flint, Charlestown. Mass.
[Now reprinted fifty years after in NOTES AND QUERIES.]

We are permitted by the good will of our Supreme Grand Master to assemble as his Masonic children, to celebrate the birthday of that distinguished saint and chosen patron of our Order, St. John the Baptist. In every country of the world where Masonry exists — and there are few civilized lands in which it is not found — this anniversary festival is hailed with gladness by the Sons of Light. It is a day set apart by the brotherhood to worship the Great Father of Lights, from whom they desire their illumination, to implore his blessing upon the whole human race, and to partake of the feast of fraternal affection, by cultivating those moral, social and religious feelings, which exalt man in the scale of creation.

More than eighteen hundred years have now roiled away, lost in the deep waters of a past eternity, since the voice of St. John was lifted up in the wilderness of Judea, reverberating

over the mountains and echoing through the valleys of Israel, saying "Reform! amend your ways; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." But those long centuries that have thus been consigned to the overwhelming flood of the past, have neither dimmed the light that then illumined the temple of Masonry, and shone as the precursor of the still more glorious light of the Gospel,—the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world,—nor has Masonry itself become superannuated or decrepid with old age. Its beacon light still shines out with undiminished lustre upon life's dark waters, and guides the weary, tempest tossed pilgrim over the troubled waves, to the peaceful haven where the weary find rest, and the homeless a shelter. Indeed, when we view the authentic records of the history of the world, we cannot but see that Masonry is superior to all changes of time and place. Empires may rise and fall, religious sects may exist, which have left us but a name, the best constructed systems of human society may be crumbled down; but Masonry, ever unchanged in principle and in practice remains. Unaffected by the mutation of all things earthly, by the stern commands of the despot, by the still more terrible, because unreasoning, commands of the bigot, it has resisted all human efforts, and yet lives. The hand of time, which destroys all things else, has not crumbled one pillar which supports its noble temple, nor even defaced one ornament. The shafts that have been levelled at her pure breast, either by religious bigotry or political tyranny, have recoiled as from a triple shield of brass. Maintaining ever an unflinching warfare with the evil passions and corrupt propensities of men, she has come forth victorious, resplendent with the rays of holiness and truth.

She has remained thus permanent, because unconnected with any peculiarities of religion or evil polity. Her religion is that wide spread, diffusive one, imprinted by the Great Creator upon all his works: love to God, benevolence and good will to man. Her polity is to promote the happiness of the universal brotherhood of mankind, wherever on earth man may be found, in all

stations and under all circumstances, cherishing within him the feeling of common origin and common destiny, and leading him to a calm and rational contemplation of the Great Architect of the Universe, the God and Father of All. Had Masonry been connected with politics, it must have shared the fate of other political institutions; for since its authentic history commences, many nations have become extinct and live only in name, and the whole face of the civilized world has been changed. Customs, manners, social and political institutions, creeds and forms of religious worship, have all passed in review on the pages of history, as the shifting scenes of a theatre. But, unaffected by time, the destroyer of all things human, Masonry remains the same imperishable monument of divine knowledge, and finite rectitude, indestructible, unchangeable.

It was the boast of the Emperor Charles V., that the sun never set on his dominions. This, too, in our day, may be truly affirmed of Freeasonry, the same in her principles and her teachings as she was a thousand years since. The bright orb of day, in his diurnal revolution, finds at each hour some hallowed spot, the home of a Mason, or the domicile of a Lodge, on which to distribute his rays of light and heat. As he leaves the ancient shores of Asia, and with them Lodges of India and Persia and Turkey, he looks down upon other assemblies of the brethren amid the populous cities of Europe, or cheers some solitary disciples as they greet each other in the deserts of Africa; and still continuing his course he is welcomed by the Sons of Light in our own happy land, and in the Republics of South America. Everywhere may the Mason find a home and a brother. From west to east, from north to south, over the whole habitable globe, wherever the wandering steps of civilized men have left their footprints, there have our temples been established. The lessons of Masonic lore have penetrated even into the far-off wilderness of our own west, and the red man of the soil has shared with his more enlightened brother the mysteries of the craft. In Europe, lodges are to be found in the

full vigor of operation in every kingdom, except Italy and Spain; and even there though the bigotry of the Romish church and the tyranny of the rulers prevent the public exhibition of our rites, are to be found many warm and intelligent adherents of the Order. In Asia and the islands of the ocean, it has taken deep root, and many of the natives have been and continue to be initiated. In Africa, Egypt, and Algeria, all the English and French settlements, and even in Genoa, once a stronghold of the Inquisition, the banners of Freemasonry have been unfurled. At no time since God said, "Let there be light, and there was light," has Masonry been more diffused than at the present moment; never were its boundaries more extensive, or its members more numerous. Wherever the principles of heavenly truth pour down their rays, there are they reflected from some jewel of our Order, there are they received and cherished in the heart, and made manifest in the life of some member of our craft.

Not in all places, indeed, as in this, does the lodge gather its members, and proceed in its work, listening to the sound of the gavel, and responding to the lesson of charity and good will to men. Not everywhere, as here, do the brethren meet with the regalia of their rank and, under the protection of a free government, keep their solemn feast days. Far from this; in some lands they gather under the scowl of hostile authority, and with sentinels to hear the approach of the cowl, they deliberate upon the secrets of their union, and devise means to make them profitable in spite of the denunciations of their opponents.

Such was the case even in our own borders some twenty-five years since. Masonry, like her patron saint whose birth we now celebrate, dwelt in the wilderness, with her raiment made of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about her loins, and her meat was locusts and wild honey. But she endured the ordeal well, and has now come up from the wilderness once more, as at this day, to put on her beautiful garments, to shake herself from the dust of obscurity, to brush her silver locks, to burnish

her working tools for new service, to adorn herself with her ancient insignia, to shed her pure light on the social circle, to open the hand of charity to the needy, to wipe away the widow's tears, to hush the orphan's deep and plaintive wail, and spread the cement of brotherly love over many hearts. The storm was indeed a furious one that drove her into the wilderness. Ambitious politicians, unprincipled demagogues, base apostates sought her ruin. Then did the rains descend, the floods came, the winds blew and beat upon our house, but it fell not, for it was founded upon a rock. A few noble spirits, unseduced by flatterers, unterrified by threats, remained firm and open in their attachment to the Order. They waited patiently till the long, dreary tempest was past, and their sojourn in the wilderness ended. That tarrying was, in truth, voluntary on their part, resulting from their choice rather to suffer wrong than to do wrong. They well knew that the excitement against Masons and Masonry was unjust, cruel, relentless, and intolerant, and that they had both the legal and the moral right to continue their meetings and defend themselves from the assaults of their adversaries; yet they chose to waive their rights and wait in silence for the returning sense, the sober second thought of the community, well knowing that great is truth and it must prevail; that in the end a misguided and excited public will right itself, and that when the combustibles are exhausted, the fire will go out.

Permit us to give an illustration from the pages of the "Free Masons' Magazine," which will demonstrate at the same time the vitality of Masonry, and the patience and charity, the forbearance and long-suffering good will of our brethren in those times when they did indeed try men's souls.

Go with me to the then quiet village of Syracuse, New York. It is the dark year of 1828. Military Lodge is in session. Its charter, hung upon the wall, bears the beloved and revered names of Morton, Livingston and Tompkins. Upon its roll of members you may see the names of some of the strongest

men who have honored the judicial bench or legislative halls of the Empire State, or represented her in the councils of the nation. But the desolating scourge of anti-Masonry, which has swept over the whole country like a tornado of fire, has diffused itself through the community. What shall we do? is the question before the Lodge. It has been discussed freely, fully, and at great length. But now a venerable man, clad in the emblems of high official station, rises to speak. Every heart beats low, and every eye rests upon him. He commences thus: "Brethren, 'now abideth faith, hope, charity; but the greatest of these is charity.' Brethren, follow after charity. The time has come to test the practical strength of this, our cardinal virtue. Let us close this room, trusting to the justice of our covenant-keeping God, for a day when we can again open it without offence to those we love, who now hate and persecute us, not knowing what they do." The vote is taken without another argument, and passes without a dissenting voice. The Bible, that great light of Masonry, lies open on the altar, the gavel on the master's desk, the charter on the wall, and all the other implements, regalia, jewels, books, records, curtains, chairs and ink-stands are left in their places. The brethren in solemn veneration bow the knee and offer prayer for themselves, the craft they love, and their persecutors. And now in silence they withdraw, and lock and bolt the door. Time rolls on. That venerable form sleeps with his fathers, and his compeers, one after another, are laid by his side, and the wave of fiery desolation sweeps the last green blade from their turf-covered tombs. Twenty-three years have passed; patience has had her perfect work, and charity is unchanged. The old men have passed away and the young men have become old. A few still live and, leaning upon the tops of their staves, go up to their temple to worship. The bolt moves at the touch of that long-unused key, the door creaks upon its rusty hinges, and they again, with uncovered heads and in solemn silence, enter that room and bow again in prayer, where no human foot has trod

for near a quarter of a century. But there they find every article just as it was left, and use the very ink from the same old bottle, to sign the petition for a new charter, and commence the record of proceedings in the same old book which chronicled the closing resolution in 1828. Such was the voluntary withdrawal of Masonry into the wilderness, and such has been her blessed return throughout the length and breadth of our land.

On an occasion like the present, when so many of our brethren are gathered together, and so many others who have never entered our sacred portals, are watching our doings and listening to our words, it may be well for us to take a brief and rapid view of our past history, that the claims of the Order to antiquity may be established; and we be excited to hand it down unimpaired to our successors.

You are members, my brethren, of an Order which lays claim to a very high antiquity, which travels upward with the light of its own record, far beyond the birth of any existing human institution. You are members of an Order which has included in its ranks and yet numbers with its members the great and good of the earth, whom all men have delighted to honor. When the claims of an institution, thus venerable from age, respectable from the character of those associated with it, and lovely because of the virtues which it fosters, are presented before an intelligent community, we cannot but expect that they will be heard with attention and considered with candor.

It is, we think, unwise in Masons to endeavor to trace their history in the fabulous ages of antiquity; or lay claim to that which cannot be clearly proven. The principles of truth, and love, and charity; which constitute the groundwork and design of Freemasonry, are of course co-eval with the creation; and this is all that can be meant when the birth of Masonry is dated from that era. Those cardinal virtues taught by the patriarchs are taught in the dogmas and doctrines of the institution, and in this view many of our writers have claimed a legitimate

descent for the speculative Freemasonry of the present day from the primitive Freemasonry, as it has been called, of the antediluvian world, and of Noah and his immediate descendants. But this we cannot but regard as mere fancy.

Others again find the origin of our Order in the mysteries of paganism. This opinion rests upon a better foundation. These mysteries were instituted by the more learned and virtuous of the heathen, for the purpose of preserving and handing down to posterity, a knowledge of God and the practice of morality. These philosophers, from tradition or from the light of nature, possessed some knowledge of the truths early communicated to man, yet they dared not publicly to deny the prevalent polytheism, or to shake the common prejudices against the immortality of the soul. They therefore taught in secret, and only to the initiated, what they dare not inculcate openly. They illustrated their teachings by symbols, often having a hidden and unsuspected meaning. Their members were initiated by a solemn ceremonial; they had various progressive degrees, in which light and truth were gradually diffused, and the recipients were in possession of certain modes of recognition, known only to themselves. In these respects they closely resembled the practices of our Order.

Some of them, too, combined with their religious and philosophical character, the study and practice of architecture. Thus we learn from contemporary historians that there existed in Asia Minor, at the time of building King Solomon's Temple, a society called the Dionysian Artificers, who were extensively engaged in operative Masonry, and who were distinguished by many peculiarities which assimilated it to the speculative Freemasonry of the present day. Among these was the division into lodges, each governed by its own officers; the use of ceremonies, in which symbolical instruction was communicated by means of the implements of operative Masonry; the practice of an emblematic mode of initiation; the existence of an important legend, whose true meaning was known only to the

perfected, and the adoption of a secret system of recognition among the brethren. Of this society all the architects of the East were members, and among them, it is said, were the workmen sent by Hiram, King of Tyre, to assist King Solomon in building the Temple at Jerusalem. These men, under the superintendence of that son of a widow of the tribe of Naphtali, whom Hiram also sent to Solomon as a curious and cunning workman, communicated to their Jewish fellow-laborers a knowledge of the advantages of their fraternity, and invited them to participate in its mysteries and privileges. From this union arose that perfect organization of the workmen at the Temple, which enabled them in the short space of seven years to construct so magnificent a building.

But we need dwell no longer here. The investigation would be curious and instructive, and well worthy the attention of Masons; but it is one that cannot be carried on outside of the precincts of the lodge room. For ourselves we are willing to allow the Order a more modern origin, and while we would not deny the claims of those called our ancient brethren, we are satisfied in knowing that from authentic records we have a longer existence than any other existing human institution.

Freemasons were, we think, originally, as their name literally imports, builders of houses. We find mention made of them in England in the third century, when St. Alban, the proto-martyr of Britain, appointed the regular meetings of the lodges, and presided over them in person. Three centuries after we find the craft under the patronage of St. Austin, when Gothic architecture first began to be used, the richest and the most beautiful of all the orders, and at the same time the most natural. Its pointed arches, clustered columns, rich tracery and varied embellishments, may find their prototypes in the trunks, branches and foliage of primeval forests, while the stiff shafts, square entablatures and circular arches of the Grecian and composite orders, will look in vain for their likeness in heaven above or in the earth beneath. At this time was built the old

cathedrals at Canterbury, at Rochester, and those of St. Paul's and St. Peter's.

In 1856 we find Masonry under the patronage of St. Swithen, whom King Ethelwolf employed to repair some religious buildings, and it continued to increase until the time of Alfred the Great, 872, who was its zealous supporter and patron.

We have now arrived at an important era in the history of Masonry, the year 926. At this time the first Grand Lodge was formed in England, at York; and Edwin, the brother of King Athelstane, was appointed the Grand Master. The Order rapidly grew in favor, and kings, princes, and other eminent persons were partakers of its mysteries. Frequent mention is made in history of the labors of the craft in connection with the public buildings, colleges and churches of England, until the year 1865, when Sir Christopher Wren, the accomplished architect of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, was appointed Grand Master.

Under him Masonry received its present organization, and it is an abiding monument of the wisdom, virtue and piety of all who were concerned in the work. Its constitution was framed for perpetuity; the tests and qualifications were made to exclude all immoral persons, and all whose habits and opinions were dangerous to the good order of society and the civil peace of the community. The obligations of them embers were so framed as to exact the performance of the noblest and most important duties of man in a social state, and the whole superstructure of Freemasonry, as it now exists; and as it is now represented before you this day, was laid upon the broad basis of love to God and love to man.

It recognizes the Bible as a revaluation from God to man, solemnly professes faith in its doctrines, and deduces its own code of ethics from the exalted scheme of Jesus Christ. In proof of these assertions we need but refer you to the authorized text-books of Masonry, which contain the formulary of its ceremonies, its charges and its constitutions. We may safely

venture still farther, and say that there is no other human institution which has so completely interwoven the thread of revealed religion with the whole tissue of its polity, means and ends, as the fraternity of Freemasonry.

You well know, my brethren, that by our unalterable laws, no Lodge can legally proceed to business until the sacred volume is opened upon the altar. You well know the reverence that is there taught you for God's most holy name. You cannot forget that solemn moment in your initiation, when the Great Architect of the Universe was first invoked, and you were taught ever at that name to bow with humble submission and fearful awe. You well remember that celestial canopy over your heads, the emblem of the Grand Lodge on high, only to be reached by the exercise of that faith which never doubts, that hope which never sickens, and that charity which never wearies in well-doing.

We would not indeed have any look upon Masonry as a substitute for religion. We would have you regard it as a faithful auxiliary and servant, the dutiful handmaid of religion; that as St. John went before and prepared the way for Christ, so Masonry, by recognizing and leading its votaries to bow in adoration before the great Creator, and seek to know and imitate his perfections, and by its emblems and moral lessons strives to expand the affections and charities of the human heart, remove its vices and cultivate its virtues, prepares the way for the more enlightened and spiritual worship of the Father, the higher perfection of virtue, and the loftier and purer and better hopes of the Gospel.

But it is often said, Religion of itself is sufficient for all things, and we gladly acknowledge it; but then, to be so, it must pervade all things, and when that great predicted time shall come, when "from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, God's name shall be great among the Gentiles, and in every place incense shall be offered unto Him, and a pure offering, then shall Masonry be absorbed in the greater light of

Religion ; then, its mission being accomplished, its doors shall be opened, and the mysteries of its Lodges cease. But until that time come, may it flourish as a blessed instrument in carrying out and applying the principles of religion, promoting peace on earth and good will to man, and glory to God ; by relieving the distressed, abating strife, reconciling enemies, drawing closer the cords of brotherly love, enjoining mercy, temperance, frugality and submission to lawful authority, belief in God, and Christ whom he hath sent, reverence for the Bible and the institutions of christianity.

But this leads us to say that our Order is a charitable as well as a religious one, especially bound indeed to the good work. Its object is not only to teach its votaries to worship God in humility, sincerity and truth, but to establish a society upon the purist principles of philanthropy, which shall embrace in its bosom the good and charitable of all the nations of the earth, and enable them to speak the same language of kindness and love ; thus forming a fraternity commensurate with the habitable globe, where the weakness and errors of each shall be remedied by the virtue and strength of all ; where each member serves the whole body, and the whole body protects each member, and joy of one is the joy of all.

We would not assert that Masonry is the author or the one chosen home of philanthropy ; but we do say that it makes the principle of love to man practically useful ; that it cherishes and keeps active within us the sense of mutual obligations and mutual dependence, and hence that her appropriate dwelling-place is in the Lodge. She retreats thither from the cold selfishness of the world ; and is ever welcomed, and finds there her active sphere of selfishness. Sordid desires and over-reaching cupidity often drive her from the busy, bustling marts, and wandering to find some resting place for the soles of her feet, she takes up her abode with us. The good, the true in our Order cordially sympathize with her ; and though we invoke God in our secret assemblies ; and are taught to stand in fear of

his greatness, yet is our love to him best evidenced by the fruits of our love to man. We do not originate; we only protect and encourage charity; for her birth was far before the foundations of the earth were laid. She is the eldest daughter of heaven's mercy, one of that august council that formed the world and bade it spring into existence; all clothed in beauty and loveliness, and her praises were chanted when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

In the exercise of this heaven born principle, the true Mason lets his light shine in deeds of beneficence, rather than in words and empty professions. His kind offices are confined to no sect or party; no name or nation; no color, sex, age, language or condition. Whether in the wilds of our western forests, among the savage tribes that wander on the banks of the far-off Columbia, among the gold-hunters of every nation, as they crowd the banks of the Sacramento, on the snow clad hills of frozen Lapland, the burning sands of Africa, the spicy groves of India; whether in the midst of the hottest conflict of the battlefield, or in the calm retirement of the home and social life, the sign of a Mason in distress, the call for pity and relief will be heeded and answered.

Nor, as we have said, are the charities and ready sympathies of Masonry confined to the members of the fraternity, or to their families. They, it is true, are the first to be heard, for their claims are first. But charity ceases not, stops not with them. As the pebble dropped into the bosom of smooth water starts a wave in a circle, and that circle spreads from the center all around, and is followed by others spreading wider and wider until the shore is reached, and every part of the quiet lake dances at the salutation; so the love, the charity of this blessed institution spreads wider and yet wider in successive circles, beginning at the center, till it embraces the whole family of man, and causes every desolate heart to weep for joy.

You ask for the evidence of this. A true Mason likes not that his good deeds should be blazoned abroad, that they

should be engraven on monuments of stone, or trumpeted in the magazines and through the streets. To learn them you must give a tongue to prison walls and dungeon floors ; you must visit the cottages of the poor and the desolate, and hear the thrilling tale of the widow and orphan ; you must listen to the song of the exile, who has found a home and a family in a strange land, and even then you would have but half. To know the whole, you would have to read the heart, and learn that history which is nowhere written but in the chambers of imagery. There you might learn how female beauty was protected by strong hands and faithful hearts, while, at the same time, it was shrouded in a thicker veil than ever eastern jealousy threw around it ; there you might find how the rancor of party zeal and sectarian bigotry had been destroyed, and how the cordial grasp of the hand, and the salutation of Brother from the lip, while his eye rested upon the symbols of all that was excellent, had sent a gush of kindly affections into his soul, which spread like the light of a summer's dawn upon his countenance.

We have said that Masonry likes not that her good deeds be blazoned abroad ; but we cannot forbear giving you one instance from the many before us, of the manner in which she exercises her charities. It is related by Brother Joseph R. Chandler, Past Grand Master of Pennsylvania.

Not long since, he says, a constable of Pennsylvania was instructed by a large property holder to proceed to make attachment of household furniture for rent dues. The distress would reach nearly all that the law allows to take ; and painful as was the task to the kind-hearted officer, it was, nevertheless, a duty. The tenant was a widow, with a little family of children. While the officer was sitting, distressed at the misery which he was compelled to inflict, the widow entered the room, bearing upon her the garments of her widowhood, whose freshness showed the recency of her loss, and testifying, by her manner, the utter destitution to which this attachment was reducing her and her children.

"I know not," said she, "what to do. I have neither friend nor relation to whom to apply. I am alone, utterly alone, friendless, helpless, destitute, a widow.

"But," said the officer, "is there no association upon which you have a claim?"

"None! I am a member of no beneficial society," she replied. "But I remember," she continued, "that my husband has more than once told me that if I should ever be in distress, I might make this available," and she drew out a Masonic jewel. "But it is now too late, I am afraid."

"Let me see it," said the officer, and with a skillful eye he examined the emblem consecrated to charity, as the token of brotherly affection. The officer was a Mason; he knew the name of the deceased, and recognized his standing.

"We will see," said the officer, "what effect this will have, though the landlord is no Mason. Who is your clergyman?" The widow told him. The clergyman was a Mason. The attachment of goods was relinquished for a moment. The officer went to the clergyman, made known the distress of the widow, and her claims through Masonry.

"And who," said the clergymen, "is the landlord?" and the constable informed him.

"Ah!" said he, "does his religion teach him to set us no better example? We must show him what Masonry requires at our hands. I have spent all of the last payment of my salary, but here is my note at a short date for the amount due; tho landlord will scarcely refuse that."

In twenty minutes the rent was paid. The kind hearted officer forgave his fees, and perhaps gave more, and the widow and the orphan blessed God for the benefits they had enjoyed through Masonry.

We might give many such instances, but time will not permit.

We can only say that when the sons of masonry live and act in the noble spirit of their institution, she may well adopt the language of pious Job, and say, "When the ear heard, then it

blessed me ; when the eye saw, it gave witness unto me ; because I delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless and the widow, and him that had none to help ; the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

The character of our institution, as a religious and charitable Order, independent of all professions and deeds, may be safely concluded from the character of those who in present or past times have been its members. They reason rightly and conclude justly, that the great, the wise, the good of and ancient and modern times, would never have attached themselves to Masonry and continued devoted to it publicly and privately through life, and requested before death came to be buried according to its forms and usages, if they had not known it to be good in itself, and calculated to do good in the world. We know that it is answered to this, that many individuals, during the excitement that prevailed against Masonry, renounced their connection with it and denounced it in severe terms, declaring that their consciences would not allow them to profess, encourage or countenance Masonry.

But we cannot but ask, where were the consciences of these men during the many years that they had been zealous patrons of the institution, constantly attending its meetings and loud in its praises ? What was it that so suddenly awoke those slumbering consciences from the lethargy of years ? In the exercise of all chaaity, we can never think of these men, without being reminded of the fable of the bat, when there was war between the four-footed animals and the birds of the air. The combat was long and severe, and for a time the victory doubtful. Now, the quadrupeds would be victorious, when the bat would be down upon all fours, shouting victory to the beasts ; then the birds would rally, and the beak and talon would put the beasts to rout, when the bat would mount upon the wing, and shout with honest zeal, victory to the feathered tribe. So, such men, like the bat, are determined to be with the strongest party, whether

social or political ; whether the four footed beasts or the birds of the air be the victors, they are sure to be with them.

We know, indeed, that many Masons have not been good men ; that they have come far short of the duties required of them. But is it right, is it fair to condemn an institution because some of its votaries have acted inconsistently, or come short of their duties ? If so, then christianity must be condemned, for how many, alas ! of its professors disgrace and dishonor that holy name ? We are liable to be deceived by false professions, We cannot know the heart of an applicant for our mysteries, and may therefore admit a bad member, as though upright and virtuous when admitted, they may fall from their integrity and become a disgrace to the Order.

But it is often asked, why we retain such after knowing their faults and errors ? But we would ask such an objector, before he condemns us, to consider the means which we may have used to effect a reformation.

" He knows not the times nor the fervor with which we have entreated, persuaded, admonished, and warned ; he knows not the long suffering with which we have waited and prayed in charitable hope for his return ; nor the times he hath plead, saying, cover my faults this once more with the mantle of a brother's charity, and I will be faithful and sin no more."

If, indeed, we have been guilty of a fault in too often hearkening to entreaty of an erring brother, and have forgiven him more than seventy and seven times, let those who have never forgiven less be our judges."

Permit us, in this connection, to relate an anecdote condensed from brother Chandler's account, the generous benefactor of which, it is said, was our worthy brother himself.

Many years ago, says he, but within my own recollection, and generally under my own observation, the respectable firm of Howard and Thompson (I use fictitious names), in the city of ———, fell into some commercial difficulties, which the limited capital of the junior partner, Thompson, was unable to

surmount. Lacking energy of character, but possessing some pride, he declined a subordinate station in a counting room, until his habits became so bad that he was deemed unfit for any place of trust, and he rapidly sunk into utter destitution and misery. He became brutified; whole days would he lie upon the public wharves, drunk with the liquor which he had extracted from the hogsheads being landed at the time. He was not a drunkard merely, but he was drunk all the time.

He had not only lost all moral standing, all name of, or claim to, decency, but self respect had fled, and he was the nearest approach in habits and appearance to the brute, I ever saw in a man.

One day, it was a clear sunshine of January, Thompson had thrown himself against the southern angle of a public building; and about noon, as the members of the ——— came from their halls, he looked for a little aid that would enable him to add a loaf of bread to his more easily obtained liquor. But member after member passed on; the case was too disgusting to excite sympathy; one member only was left, and as he passed, attracted by the appearance of the wretch before him, he was about to offer alms, when, looking closer, he exclaimed, "Are you Thompson?" "Yes," "Well, here is something — but we are watched; come to my office, this evening."

He had been recognized as a Mason, once a member of a lodge of which the gentleman was Master. Thompson kept his promise, and presented himself at the office. He was not again seen for several weeks, and if any thought of him it was to congratulate themselves that they were relieved from the presence of such a squalid wretch.

About two months afterwards, as the troops of the United States marched through the city, on their way to the north-western frontier, Thompson was seen in the manly uniform of a lieutenant of infantry. He acquitted himself like a man, and died honorably, a captain in the service.

Beautiful illustration this, of the manner in which Masonry

deals with an erring brother, and of her power to do good. How instructive would it be to us, to my brethren, to know just what passed in that evening's interview between these two Masons. To know the persuasions on the part of the senior, and the willing yieldings of the erring junior, to have witnessed the new gush of self-respect, its bright return to the heart, when it was proposed that he should hold a commission, and that there was one who not only had sufficient influence to procure the appointment, but more than this, had confidence enough in him to be responsible for his future virtue. But we may not lift the veil to look in on the scene. Masonry, when she works such good, tiles the floor, and lets others judge of the means by the beauty and excellence of the end.

But we have trespassed too long upon your patience. Permit us, in conclusion, to address a few words especially to the members of the Fraternity. Brethren, of the mystic tie, assembled here on this joyful occasion! as men and as Masons, as lovers of your race and of the institution to which you belong; it becomes you to take heed to yourselves and the principles of your profession. Remember that not only the eyes of the community and a gainsaying world are upon you, but the eyes of the Infinite One. Guard, then, as you do the avenues of your lodges, the avenues of your hearts. See to it that the plumb-line of rectitude, and the square of virtue be faithfully applied to every thought, act, word, and deed. Let your light so shine before men that they, seeing your good works, may be led to glorify your Father who is in Heaven, for the blessed institution of Masonry, and have no evil thing to say of you.

Let the virtues of temperance, fortitude, prudence, and justice ever shine upon your tressle-board, like the Urim and Thummim on the breast-plate of Aaron. Above all, practice charity. Let it be your watchword, engraven upon all your armor: and written upon your banners. Let all your weapons be wrought from the true steel of love. Contend with the ignorant and the misdirected with the spear of kindness, and the

battle-axe of wisdom, and deal no wounds that cannot be healed with words of gentleness. Remember that all religion, acceptable to God, finds the voices of its worship in acts of benevolence, in works of goodness performed among those who need acts of charity, and want works of goodness.

To that ever watchful Providence, so aptly symbolized in your lodges, we commend you all, praying that you may ever know by happy experience, "how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity, that it is like the oil that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard, that went down to the skirts of his garments, or like the dew upon the mountain of Zion, where the Lord commanded the blessing, even life forevermore." So mote it be. Amen.

LAFAYETTE LODGE NO. 41, A. F. A. M.

[The first general meeting of "La Fayette" Lodge was held at the house of Thomas Rundlett in Bedford, N. H., on the 4th of March, 1824. There were seventeen petitioners for a charter, and eleven of these were from Bible Lodge, Goffstown; three from Blazing Star Lodge, Concord; one from Benevolent Lodge, Amherst; and two the name of their Lodge not given, name'y Otis Batchelder and Joseph E. A. Long; the latter, a clergyman, delivered an address before Golden Rule Lodge (No. 4), in Weare in 1828, and then resided in Hooksett, N. H. The Lodge was granted a dispensation June 9, 1824. The Lodge was "installed" on September 1, 1824.

The names of the petitioners were Josiah Gordon, William Wallace, Joseph Colley, Jonathan Dowse, John Martin, Diocletian Melvin, James Darrah, Jr., William McDoel Ferson, William P. Riddle, Jesse Richardson, Otis Batchelder, John Moor, Mace Moulton, James McKeen Wilkins, Joseph E. A. Long, James Harvell, and Thomas Pollard, Jr. The warrant was granted to Robert Dunlap, Thomas Rundlett, John Moor, "and others," so that Dunlap and Rundlett became charter members so called, 19 in all. Dunlap was the first Master, Rundlett the Senior Warden, and Moor the Junior warden. Lafayette Lodge was removed from Bedford to Manchester August 13, 1845.]

THE RIDDLE OF HERMES.

My joints are four. They compose my whole body and contain my entire soul: and all other souls were nonentities without one of my joints. I have fifteen limbs, and could not exist were one lopped off; and by that one I am at once the supreme bliss of Heaven, and the most poignant anguish of Hell. Angels bless me, and devils bitterly curse and revile me: the one as the *nummum bonum*, the other as the King of curses; and what is still more strange, men are divided by millions about me, as a thing of dread, as a thing of joy, and as *the* thing to be desired and avoided. Virtuous millions would avoid me. Virtuous millions shrink in unutterable horror from me. Without my first joint very few things — even Deity, would exist; in fact nothing could; and yet thousands of things are without me. I fill all space, yet occupy no room; albeit there is not an inch or a moment without I am there. Utter me, and lo! all the activity and labor-worth of worlds are straightway marshalled before the seeing soul, and out thereof teeming civilizations have sprung; and when I am gone, Empires topple into vasty graves. But breathe into my nostrils once again, and forthwith all is changed. Thus I am the bringer of two hundred and ninety-seven sorts of joy. Yet strange, whomsoever pursues me well, triumphs; and whomsoever pursues me well, comes to grief, and defeat, and pangs unutterable. My second joint is the foundation, crown, and sides of all that is. Without it, God is not, the universe a dream, man a shadow, eternity a fantasy, time a nonentity, experience a falsehood, and destiny a figment. I am all men, but all men are not me. I am the soul of mathematics, the spirit of history; the loftiest flight of genius, and the lowest note in music. I am in a tree, the crowing of a cock; and under the tongue of flame; I am the spirit of a Fire, and the skeleton in the closet of Kings. My third element points to the one above all others worshipped by mankind in all ages since the reign of the Tirtakas. Everybody sees that one — that I — and yet no one ever saw me; though I have often been felt, still never was smelled or tasted. Hundreds will vouch to having touched me, yet I am invisibility's self; although animals and men leave the path when I approach, for they behold me afar off. Aye, even ye who read this Riddle of Hermes have known and loved, hated, blamed, and caressed me thrice, within eight-four risings and settings

of the sun ; and I am an *Ænigma* wholly insoluble, yet easily solved. My first is what people seldom care for till a crisis comes and choice is next in order. My first two joints are what would surprise us to find mankind, either blonde, ruddy, or black, and yet all white people are me, but I am not all white people. Fasten these joints to my last one, and you behold the master key and main spring of every genuine civilization — in men or States. My all is what I, Melchizadek, Hermes Trismegistus, declare to be *The Elixir of Life, The Philosopher's Stone, The Water of Perpetual Youth* ; and what all Philosophers who come after me will proclaim as the diamond of diamonds, because when and where I am Murder cannot be. Dissect my body, and lo ! three of my limbs embody the strangest and most pleasant fiction of Poesie, which all refined people are familiar with ; yet no one ever beheld, yet which thousands have plainly, clearly seen. Three of my limbs symbolize the necessity of all intelligent things beneath the stars ; three more what wrong-doers undergo ; and also what many do who meddle with that I just have named. Take other three of my limbs and thou beholdest the cause of enormous power, wealth, and fame ; and which yet is the reason of sorrow, weakness, poverty, disgrace, and dismay ; but without which, no fair road of life and human experience can be traveled ; and yet which life is best traveled without. Again, other three are what no genuine men ever do, but which is daily done by thousands who are not false or shams. Other three marshalled before my second joint is the only one thing needful, because therein only, can the deepest joy be found, especially by females, actors, children, and generally such as try to make things balance and off-set each other in the experience of lives, not less than three and fifty years in duration. When my last joint prevails, the times are unjointed ; wars follow, carnage reddens earth's fair fields, love dies out, hatred reigns, discords rules, and myriad of ills affect the world, and Chaos comes again. And yet when I do prevail, war ends, discord ceases, love reigns, concord rules, peace comes to man, and the glad age of golden thought and silver purity begins.

[This Riddle of Hermes was composed by Paschal Beverly Randolph, and published in 1870 in Boston, on a quarto broad-side and widely distributed. A cash reward of \$5,000 was offered for its solution. So far as known it has never been solved. The riddle was printed eighteen years ago in *NOTES AND QUERIES* (Vol. III, 1886), and now reprinted by request.]

THE SCOTS PEERAGE. Founded on Wood's edition of Sir Robert Douglas's Peerage of Scotland, containing an Historical and Genealogical Account of the Nobility of that Kingdom. Edited by Sir James Balfour Paul, Lord Lyon King of Arms, with Armorial Illustrations. Volume I. Edinburgh: David Douglas, 10 Castle Street. 1904. All right reserved. Royal octave; cloth, pp. 576. Frontispiece, the Arms of the Kings of Scotland, emblazoned. "*Nemome Impune Lacescit.*" Also, in the text, the armorials of Hamilton, Earl of Abercorn; Sandilands, Lord of Abercrombie; Gordon, Earl of Aberdeen; Gordon, Earl of Aboyne; Ogilvy, Earl of Airlie; Graham, Earl of Airth; Douglas, Earl of Angus; Murray, Earl of Annandale; Johnstone, Marquess of Annandale; Arbuthnott, Viscount of Arbuthnott; Campbell, Duke of Argyll; Aston, Lord of Aston of Forfar; Murray, Duke of Atholl; Lindsay, Earl of Balcarres; and Elphinstone, Lord of Balmerino; and all these are full-page illustrations, with achievements and the initials; they are the work of Mr. Graham Johnson, Heraldic Artist to the Lyon office, whose advance to the front rank in his profession, speak for the designs as of great merit.

"The Peerage of Scotland," brought out in one volume folio by Sir Robert Douglas of Glenbervie, Baronet, in 1764, was a work which at once took its place as a high authority on the subject with which it dealt. Half a century later a new and revised edition was completed by John Philip Wood, in two volumes folio. The works of both Douglas and Wood were for their time admirable examples of ability and research. A new edition of the Peerage of Scotland has been for a long time the ardent aspiration of the present editor. The difficulties in the way of bringing out a new and enlarged edition of the work for a time seemed unsurmountable. The expense was quite an item, the patronage of such a work is generally somewhat limited, and for awhile the matter rested. But later a sum from the munificence of the late Sir William Fraser made the way possible, and the present Volume I is the result of the patient and earnest labors of a staff of writers under the supervision of Sir James Balfour Paul, the editor. Modern methods demand a much more thorough treatment of genealogical questions and historical data than was possible a century ago. This volume is an up-to-date example of the printer's taste and skill, with clear type, wide margin, and a full treatment of the peerage. For any further details, price, etc., address the publisher, David Douglas, 10 Castle Street, Edinburgh, Scotland.

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ADDRESS OF JOHN McLANE, M. W. G. M.

Lafayette Lodge No. 41, A. F. and A. M.

75TH ANNIVERSARY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1899.

Worshipful Master and Members of Lafayette Lodge :

Permit me at the outset to express to you the very great honor that I feel in being present and sharing with you the pleasures of these interesting ceremonies attending the observance of the Seventy-fifth Anniversary of this splendid Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons.

We cannot make progress or achieve success without a knowledge of the past, it is so closely related to the present and connected with the future. Knowledge of the past is the foundation upon which rests our possessions and possibilities, what we are and what we hope to be. The efforts and aims, the struggles and achievements of those who have gone before are our inspiration and guide, and they should be sacredly cherished and pondered as we move along the pathway of destiny.

These frequent anniversaries manifest our growing love for

reminiscence and are elevating in tone and purpose, for they tell of work well done, they increase our pride for the men and brothers who, with hearts filled with devotion to the great principles of brotherly love, laid the foundations upon which has been built this noble Masonic institution known as Lafayette Lodge. They recall to our minds the high character and courage, the lofty purpose and great sacrifices of those grand old Masons and bid us imitate their virtues, Anniversaries such as these, thoughtfully and seriously observed, accomplish the greatest good. They emphasize the ties of home and country; they appeal to our better aspirations and incite to higher and grander aims.

It was a noble and patriotic sentiment that inspired the founders of this Lodge to name it in honor of that glorious son of France who loved Liberty and was the friend of Washington. America owes much and France everything to Lafayette. The spirit of liberty unites all races in one common brotherhood; it voices in all languages the same needs. This spirit has made possible a century of unbroken friendship between France and the United States. The friendship of individuals, their unselfish devotion to each other, their willingness to die in each others stead, are the most tender and touching of human records. They are the inspiration of youth and the solace of age. But nothing human is so beautiful and sublime as two great peoples of alien race and language transmitting down through the ages a love begotten in gratitude and strengthening as they increase in power and assimilate in their institutions and liberties.

No ship, except the Mayflower, ever sailed across the ocean from the old world to the new carrying passengers of such moment to the future of mankind as when Lafayette, with high resolve and noble aspirations came to the rescue of the struggling colonies, and joined the Continental army as a volunteer to serve without pay.

It is idle now to speculate whether our fathers could have

succeeded without the French alliance. But the alliance assured our triumph and Lafayette secured the alliance.

The war finished: his farewell to Congress was a trumpet blast which resounded round the world, then bound in the chains of despotism and caste. Hear his words; "May this immense temple of freedom ever stand a lesson to oppressors, an example to the oppressed, a sanctuary for the rights of mankind; and may these happy United States attain that complete splendor and prosperity which will illustrate the blessings of their government and for ages to come rejoice in the departed souls of its founders."

Washington and Lafayette were the great founders of our mighty Republic. Their fames survives, bounded only by the limits of the earth and by the extent of the human mind. They survive in our hearts, in the growing knowledge of our children, in the affections of the good throughout the world. And when the numberless monuments of stone and bronze, which have been erected to their memory, have crumbled into dust, when nations now powerful shall exist no more, when our mighty Republic, vast and ever expanding, shall have perished and been forgotten, still will the immortal names of Washington and Lafayette, with undiminished glory, shine until love of virtue ceases on earth or earth itself sink into chaos.

I congratulate you that the pioneers of Masonry in Manchester had the wisdom to name their Lodges after these two most eminent and distinguished patrons of Freemasonry.

As a representative of the Most Worshipful GRAND LODGE of Masons in New Hampshire, I extend to the officers and members of Lafayette Lodge, friendly and brotherly greetings on this important occasion which commemorates in a worthy and fitting manner the Seventy-fifth Anniversary of your organization. I offer you my personal congratulations upon the splendid record you have made during these seventy-five years. A full and complete history of your Lodge would

be a history of the progress of Masonry in New Hampshire. Masonry in this community has illustrated in a practical manner the great unifying force of our Order. For this agency it has a peculiar adaptation. Its teachings commend themselves to all circumstances and occasions; its standards requiring personal freedom, personal completeness and pure character, gives cohesion without stiffness and without interfering with individual activity. More than all the unit principle, which is one of the great fundamental principles on which Freemasonry is founded, is the recognition of man as man.

Masonry offers no place for selfish toil which does not benefit the mass or for an overvaulting ambition which rises by the downfall of others. Its honors are of worth and work, its high places the gift of all. The leader of today becomes the follower of tomorrow. The man as a Mason stands solely upon his manhood, and yet his relations to family and friends and society, are simply and adequately recognized. It is no slight thing to have in a city like this a quiet influence at work softening the asperities of political conflict, smoothing the harsh lines of business and lulling the antipathies of culture and of creeds.

Masonry is not a party but it saves parties from degenerating into factions. It is not a religion but it applies the earthward and manward side of divine law to the control and guidance of daily human life. We have heard that Masonry is grand because she is old, but Masonry is old because she has withstood the ravages of time, the revolutions of ages, the unrelenting crusades against her because she is founded on a philosophic basis. She is that imperial institution which carries lessons of true manhood, devotion to woman, loyalty to truth, to every town and village within our borders. She is that permanent institution whose example has actually called into being almost every other benevolent Order which exists today. She is that imperishable institution which takes by the hand a brother who has fallen in the hard battle of life, that kindly

raises him to his feet again and gently brushes from his brow the dust of defeat and encourages him to go forth again to the conflict with renewed strength.

Ours is that noble institution which in the silent watches of the night unobserved carries joy and gladness to the lonely and desolate of earth. That immovable institution which by her tenets and cardinal virtues draws unbidden to her sanctum sanctorum the high, the low, the rich, the poor, and numbers them all alike her own pledged sons and workmen. That imperious institution which by her sublime principles, unswerving faith and noble deeds, challenges the admiration of all men. Masonry is an attempt to establish a permanent good in society. It is an effort to realize in the social sphere what the builders of the pyramids sought to realize in the sphere of the material. It is said that the shadows of the pyramids fell upon Abraham and his flocks as he journeyed towards the land of promise, and yet amid all changes these monuments have stood in their imperishable and unchangeable majesty on the confines of the mighty desert. But when the mutations of time have leveled even the pyramids to the ground Masons will exchange greetings by the same mystic words and forms as they do now and the same ties will hold them together as bind us tonight, ties which are designed not only to bind our Masonic hearts together but the years and centuries as well.

Masonry has emphasized a larger life for the race. It announces the liberty of the choice of companions; it insists that the ties of the heart are the only ties that cannot be broken. Masonry is built on practical benevolence, not only doing well but wishing well.

These, my brothers, were the principles and aims which filled the hearts of the founders of Lafayette Lodge seventy-five years ago. Their principles are yours, their aims are yours, their fame and history form a part of the common and honorable record which come of honest purpose and lives through beneficent action among men.

ORATION OF GEORGE I. MCALLISTER, D. G. M.

Worshipful Master and Brethren :

On the seventh day of September, 1896, the City of Manchester celebrated in a magnificent manner the semi-centennial anniversary of its corporate existence. It was a delightful occasion and a memorable event in the annals of New Hampshire. Today we enjoy the great privilege of participating in the celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of Lafayette Lodge No. 41, Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, the oldest organization of any kind in our beautiful Queen City of the Granite State: an organization which has quietly, but successfully performed a great work in promoting and improving the social, moral and intellectual culture and education of the people who have built up and made Manchester what she is today, the largest and most progressive city in our commonwealth.

This is an important and memorable day in the history of this Lodge named for the immortal hero and patriot, General Lafayette, who was made a Mason by General Washington at the Old Freeman's Tavern on the Green at Morristown, New Jersey, in 1777, and who was elected a member of our own Grand Lodge, with the rank and title of a Past Master, in 1825, on the occasion of his last visit to America.

It is truly a day of joy, congratulation and thanksgiving upon the completion of three-fourths of a century, devoted by her members to the noble and glorious duty of binding men together as brothers with the indissoluble chain of reciprocal love and friendship; cultivating the moral and domestic virtues and the graces of life; elevating and extending the thoughts of men; broadening and strengthening human character, and in practising and diffusing the sublime principles of charity and pure beneficence in this vicinity.

It is eminently fitting and proper that we should pause amid

the busy activities of life, and assemble here to honor her by our presence; show our appreciation of her worth and of the grand charitable and beneficent work she has accomplished for our city and state; and listen to an eloquent recital of her interesting and honorable history by her distinguished and accomplished historian.

Seventy-five years ago today the learned and polished scholar and college professor, Most Worshipful Grand Master James Freeman Dana, who was then Commander of our grand old historic Trinity Commandery, assisted by the officers of the Grand Lodge, solemnly and impressively constituted Lafayette Lodge, dedicated its hall and installed its first officers according to ancient form and Masonic ceremony.

The corn of nourishment, the wine of refreshment and the oil of joy were poured upon the symbolic lodge, a prayer of consecration was offered to Almighty God, and the hall was dedicated to the name of the great Jehovah, the Holy Saints John and of the fraternity to Free Masonry, virtue and universal benevolence, and a Masonic home was established.

It was an important event in this community, located in the valley of our noble Merrimack river. An institution was established here which has been a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, to hundreds of poor and weary brothers, travelling over the rough and rugged pathway of human life, whose necessities she has relieved and whose burdens she has lightened by kind, generous and sympathetic treatment and by a practical recognition of the brotherhood of man.

For seventy-five years this Lodge has been a beacon light in Manchester, illuminating the pathway for many an unfortunate and perhaps discouraged brother, and casting a ray of hope and sympathy into many a sorrowful and afflicted domestic circle. She has been indeed a ministering angel in many a hospital and home and has carried cheerfulness and gladness everywhere. Quietly and ostentatiously she has been

feeding the hungry, visiting the sick, burying the dead, binding up the wounds of the afflicted, giving good counsel to the erring brother, encouraging him to live an upright and honorable life, using her influence for the maintenance of law and order, repressing the slanderer, discouraging intemperance, vice and immorality, protecting woman and guarding the home.

With the church and the schools she has been a mighty factor in the great work that has been accomplished in the moral, social and intellectual development of our people and in advancing civilization in Manchester. She has been a public benefactor, for the reason that she has trained many men in the Lodge room for the active duties of life and to be good citizens by teaching them that "truth is a divine attribute and the foundation of every virtue"; by placing before them as a guide in everything the Holy Bible, the great light in Free Masonry; by insisting upon a restraint of improper desires and passions; by demanding of them that they act upon the square in their dealings with each other; and enjoining them to be charitable to their fellow creatures.

It is probable that the population of that portion of Bedford known as Piscataquog, and which is now a part of this city, and of the town of Manchester, in 1824 did not exceed one thousand. The inhabitants were largely strong, honest and hard working farmers scattered over a large area of territory. They were a superior class of people, for many of them were descendants of Scotch Irishmen who emigrated from Ireland in the early part of the eighteenth century and settled in southern New Hampshire that they might breathe the air of liberty more freely, be more independent, and enjoy the right to worship God as they saw fit. Their brave, thrifty and intelligent Scotch ancestors possessed strong minds and remarkable physiques; were noted for their lofty courage and indomitable perseverance; and they were high-spirited

progressive citizens who worked hard for a living and taught their children that labor is honorable and necessary for success in every occupation. Our early settlers loved truth, and were moral and virtuous. Independent in thought, strong in their convictions, tenacious of their opinions, inflexible in their fidelity to their engagements, free holders, lovers of liberty and patriotic, they were leaders in social, religious and political affairs. No better class of emigrants ever landed upon the shores of America than the Scotch Irishmen, and none have accomplished more in war, in statesmanship, on the bench, in the church, the schools, and in every avenue of human activity, to make our Union the grandest and most enlightened nation on the face of the earth.

Many of the people who lived in this vicinity in 1824 were sons and descendants of the Revolutionary heroes of New Hampshire, who fought for liberty and independence at Bunker Hill with that brave and intrepid hero, Major General John Stark, and with that chivalric warrior and illustrious patriot, General Joseph Warren, Grand Master of Masons in Massachusetts, who gave his life for his country on that historic battlefield; with Stark at the decisive battle of the Revolution at Bennington; with General John Sullivan, our first Governor and the first Grand Master of our Grand Lodge, at Trenton; with the heroic Scammel at Yorktown; with the illustrious brother George Washington at Princeton, Germantown and Monmouth; and who on a terribly tempestuous winter night, when other troops hesitated and refused, ferried Washington and a part of his army across the Delaware when it was full of blocks of floating ice, and were present when Cornwallis surrendered.

It was from such a people, descended from such noble and patriotic ancestors, that Lafayette Lodge received her charter members and her candidates for the rights and privileges of Masonry, and among whom she established her

home and erected her altar dedicated to God and humanity.

Those brothers who laid the foundation of the Lodge upon the everlasting rock of truth were well versed in the principles and teachings of Free Masonry, and were admirably equipped for the wicked and malicious war in which they were to be soon forced to defend and protect the good name of their beloved institution, whose existence was seriously threatened.

No Lodge could have asked for a better place for her home than among the noble and intelligent yeomanry who then lived on the green hills and in the fertile valleys of Bedford and Manchester. For the short space of four years she grew and prospered, and then black and angry-looking clouds gathered and cast a shadow upon her and soon a fierce and terrible storm of partisan hate, religious malice and bitter prejudice overtook her and beat down upon her with a venom unparalleled in the history of the world.

Those heroic brothers, worthy descendants of Scotch Irish and Revolutionary ancestors, through whose veins the best blood of the land flowed, were men of strong convictions and knew that the fundamental principles of Masonry were right, just and eternal. They believed in the justness of their cause and could not be scared or driven. Those noble brothers were men of undaunted courage, who knew no such word as surrender, and never sounded the retreat in unholy battle that was waged against an institution whose mission is "peace on earth and good will to men." They kept the good ship of Masonry in their jurisdiction upright and afloat in the awful sea of libel, misrepresentation, partisan ridicule and religious hate in which she was placed by her enemies. Eternal vigilance was their watchword. They knew that they were right and with the same loyalty and inflexible fidelity to principle which distinguished the illustrious and historic Tyrian, they kept their staunch ship before the wind and successfully repelled the wicked and malicious assaults of their foes for nearly twenty years until reason had resumed her throne in the

minds of her opponents and victory had perched upon her banners which they had never lowered. Those brothers won a great victory for freedom of thought and for toleration of ideas in this community. They did more. They proved absolutely and conclusively that

*" Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
For the eternal years of God are hers."*

So widespread and formidable was the anti-Masonic agitation, encouraged and developed by unscrupulous politicians, religious fanatics, that William Wirt, the anti-Masonic candidate for President, received the electoral vote of Vermont. Families were divided, friendships rudely broken, and neighbors estranged.

Brethren : No veteran soldiers of ancient or modern times ever displayed grander courage or nobler heroism on the field of battle, than did those faithful and unwavering brethren of Lafayette Lodge, who kept their organization intact when so many others were disrupted, and stood like a solid phalanx facing the foe, from 1828 to 1846, and proudly held aloft the banner of Free Masonry upon whose ample folds, inscribed in letters of living light, was their motto ; " Truth is mighty and will prevail."

Brethren : It is true that " Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." While many Lodges in this and other jurisdictions and some Grand Lodges perished in this cyclone of libel, slander and vituperation, Lafayette Lodge was, as she ever has been, true, loyal and faithful to the Craft.

All of those Worshipful Masters, Robert Dunlap, John Moor, Joseph Colley, Thomas G. Peckham, Diocletian Melvin, Otis Batchelder, Thomas Rundlett, John Wells, William McDoel Ferson, Jonathan Dowse, James McKeen Wilkins, Daniel Balch, and many brothers who were of the household of the faithful during the first twenty-five years of the existence of the Lodge have gone to " that undiscovered country

from whose bourne no traveller returns." Would that some of them were here tonight that we might grasp them by the hand and thank them for their constancy and fidelity to the cause of truth in those memorable days of anxiety and adversity. All honor to their precious memories. They will never be forgotten so long as Free Masonry survives in the world.

In 1846 peace reigned once more in this jurisdiction. The brethren, whose faith in the durability of the sublime principles of Masonry had never wavered, began to exemplify the secret work upon candidates in the Lodge room, with their altar brilliantly illuminated by the light of truth which had been severely tested and found to be genuine. Lafayette Lodge, stronger and more vigorous than ever by reason of having demonstrated her right to live, entered upon a wonderfully prosperous and remarkably successful career. The brethren of this Lodge have been active and public-spirited citizens, promoting the cause of education and giving hearty and practical support to religious, charitable and philanthropic institutions.

Masonry has taught the Craft to be obedient to the laws of the land and enjoined them always to remember their allegiance to their country. Free Masons have always been lovers of human, political and religious liberty. They have always been patriotic, ready and willing to defend their rights and those of their countrymen with their purse and sword when wrongfully assailed by foreign or domestic foes. Their sympathies have been actively enlisted for the relief of the oppressed and down-trodden in all ages and in every clime and country. Their patriotism has been active and practical.

Fifty-two of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence were members of our fraternity. Many of the statesmen and generals in the Revolution were Masons. The names of Washington, Warren, Gates, Green, Lafayette and

Sullivan adorn the nation's roll of honor. Grand Master Paul Revere, whose memorable ride from Boston to Portsmouth will never be forgotten; Benjamin Franklin, one of America's leading philosophers, who drew the lightning from the heavens and made it the servant of man; Grand Masters Henry Clay, the eloquent lawyer and famous statesman, and Andrew Jackson, an able honest and sincere patriot; the "little giant" Stephen A. Douglas, who put country above party and stood by the side of the immortal Lincoln, upholding and defending the Union with all his power and eloquence in those dark and perilous days in the spring of 1861; the lamented Garfield, the brave and impetuous Logan, Benjamin Harrison, President McKinley, and many other rulers, statesmen and soldiers, have gladly laid aside the sceptre of power and the sword for the trowel and have met their brothers on the level and worshipped with them at our shrine in the Lodge room, where sectarian religion and partisan politics are never tolerated and the better feelings of humanity are exhibited without disguise.

The brethren of Lafayette Lodge have not been wanting in patriotism. They were aroused to instant action by the booming of the rebel cannon trained on Fort Sumter. On April 22, 1861, the Mechanics Phalanx, a military company, was enlisted for the Union by Captain John N. Bruce, who still lives, a venerable and respected Mason.

Fifty-three brothers of Lafayette Lodge, whose membership was 188 in 1871 and 225 in 1865, fought gallantly for human liberty and the preservation of the Union. Two of those brothers were in the First Regiment and went to the front under the command of that great tribune of the people, Colonel Mason W. Tappan. One of them was Quartermaster Richard N. Batchelder, who has been Quartermaster General of the United States Army. Six were in the Second and fought under the leadership of the brave and gallant Marston at Bull Run and Malvern Hill. Colonel Edward L. Bailey, one of these broth-

ers, was in command of this regiment in the famous Peach Orchard at Gettysburg, the decisive battle of the Rebellion. Our distinguished brother, Thomas P. Pierce, was made a Mason in this Lodge, served in the Mexican war, and was the first colonel of this regiment, and brother Samuel G. Langley was its adjutant and was also Lieutenant Colonel of the "Fighting Fifth," which was commanded by the fearless and heroic Colonel Cross, of imperishable memory. Eight were in the Fourth and were ably and brilliantly led by Colonel Thomas Whipple, a hero of two wars. This regiment won imperishable renown by the bravery and intrepidity of its members in the perilous but successful assault on Fort Fisher, on whose bloody ramparts in the hour of victory its brave, wise and talented leader Colonel Louis Bell, fell, mortally wounded. Brother Francis W. Parker was Lieutenant Colonel of this splendid regiment and was severely wounded at Malvern Hill.

Three were in the Seventh and fought valiantly and covered themselves with glory at Fort Wagner. Four, including Major Jesse F. Angell, were in the gallant Tenth under General Donahue at Fredericksburg, where many a noble freeman from New Hampshire sacrificed his life on the altar of his country. First Lieutenant Edward H. Hobbs and seven others were in our Light Battery and did valiant service at Fredericksburg and Gettysburg. Six were in the Heavy Artillery, several in other regiments and three in the Union navy, who fought with the greatest naval heroes of this country, Farragut and Dewey. Brothers Amos B. Shattuck, William R. Patten, Joseph Freschl, William E. Stearns and John N. Bruce were Captains, and Samuel F. Murry was a Captain in the Second Regiment, United States Volunteer Sharpshooters, and was brevetted Major for meritorious services, and John E. Mason was First Lieutenant in the Ninth.

Our soldier brethren of Lafayette Lodge fought with uncounted heroism, performed many deeds of valor and gallantly

and unflinchingly bore the heat and burden of cruel war with McClellan at Antietam; with Burnside at Fredericksburg; with Meade and Hancock at Gettysburg; with the great chieftain Grant, at Vicksburg and Petersburg; with gallant Phil Sheridan in the vicinity of Appomatox; and marched with the redoubtable Sherman from Atlanta to the sea; and our naval brethren defended the stars and stripes with Admirals Porter, Farragut, Schley, and Dewey on board men-of-war. They were true to themselves; to Lafayette Lodge; and loyal to their country. They are not all here. They are not all living. Some have passed from "labor to rest."

*"On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread;
And glory guards with solemn sound
The bivouac of the dead."*

Brethren: Though no mounds, statues, triumphal arches or sculptured monuments of bronze, marble and granite have been erected by the people in their honor, there is a monument of love and heartfelt gratitude to them for their services and sacrifices for the Union in the heart of every brother and of every American. They will never be forgotten by a grateful people and a patriotic fraternity. Their names are inscribed on the Nation's roll of honor; Lafayette Lodge is proud of her soldiers, living and dead; Manchester is proud of them. Their record is grand and imperishable. Masons have always stood the test of patriotism.

The keystone of the Masonic arch is charity and the brethren of this lodge have not been unmindful of their charitable duties and obligations, for they have expended more than five thousand dollars of Lodge funds for the relief of sick and indigent brothers, their widows and orphans, and for the burial of the dead; and many thousands of dollars have been contributed as a free-will offering by her members for like charitable purposes.

We are taught that hospitality is a grand characteristic of our venerable institution, which has a home in every land and among every race of people, and whose refulgent rays of faith, hope, and charity, emanating from her altar fires, illuminate many dark spots on the hills and in the vales all over the world, and carry good cheer, gladness, and joy to many a weary soul.

A striking characteristic of Manchester is the cordial greeting and kindly welcome she extends to her guests and to strangers within her gates and the bountiful hospitality she provides for them. She owes a great debt of gratitude to this Lodge and the Masonic fraternity for the noble example they have set and the high standard they have always maintained in this respect.*

Lafayette Lodge has always been true and faithful in her allegiance to the Grand Lodge, has supported her loyally and has willingly obeyed her laws and edicts. Several of her members have honored themselves and the Craft by holding honorable and responsible offices in the Grand Lodge, Chapter, Council, and Commandery, where their work has been well done, for they have been true Masons, imbued with the love of truth, who have aimed to do their whole duty to Free Masonry. Their highest ambition has been to serve God, promote the cause of truth, justice and universal benevolence for the uplifting and ennobling of humanity. Their grand aim has been to unite men of every race, sect and opinion, regardless of their station in life, upon the broad platform of equality, brotherly love and truth.

Brethren of Lafayette Lodge: The record of your Lodge is bright, clean and honorable. You can contemplate its acts and achievements of the last three-quarters of a century with pride and satisfaction. Its history is grand and inspiring, and you have reason for rejoicing. The past is safe. What of the future?

We stand upon the threshold of a new century, looking out upon a brighter and a better world than that which greeted the vision of our brothers in 1824. Behind us is the nineteenth century, rich beyond comparison with the achievements and triumphs of genius, in invention, discovery, art, science, literature and in every form of material, moral and intellectual civilization. Human slavery no longer exists, republics have multiplied, woman has been emancipated from the thralldom of ages and made the equal of man in the home; schools, law, medicine, theology, and in every path of life, and the portals of every avenue to wealth and fame have been thrown wide open for her entrance.

Free Masonry is a live and practical institution and there is a great work for her to accomplish. There is in this age of gigantic trusts, political dishonesty and financial rascality a strong demand for men of high character, rugged honesty, inflexible integrity, patriotic and charitable impulses, who will transact public and private business honestly and efficiently, and be faithful in the discharge of their duties to home and country. The true mission of Masonry is to train and educate such men in her Lodge rooms by deeply impressing upon their minds lessons of wisdom and instruction, based upon her sublime and beneficent principles. Its members are not perfect. There is no human institution whose members are perfect. The average standard of character and intelligence is higher in Masonry than in any other institution, because no man can join the fraternal band unless he is a believer in Almighty God, of good moral character, sober life, and receives a unanimous vote in his favor. The atheist, libertine and weak-minded man knocks in vain at the door of our Lodge room, which is truly a schoolroom for the social, moral, and intellectual instruction and development of a brother.

There is not a sentence or a word in our secret or public ritual that is immoral or debasing. On the other hand

lofty ideas and sublime sentiments are clothed in beautiful and inspiring language in our ritual. The truths inculcated are grand and eternal. There is a splendid intellectual training for the brother who assists in the exemplification of the work and holds an office in the Lodge.

Masonry is not religion, but it is the able and accomplished handmaid of religion, working unceasingly with her in improving the social and moral welfare of humanity.

Brethren of Lafayette Lodge: With the Holy Bible as the rule and guide of your faith, close up your ranks and march steadily forward, shoulder to shoulder, in the glorious cause of liberty and universal benevolence, along the pathway of life lighted up by the unquenchable fire of truth burning brightly on your altar. Hold aloft the banner of Free Masonry, an emblem of hope and of inspiration to duty, to the high and the low, the rich and poor everywhere, for Masonry is universal and like the sun in its daily journey, circles the globe.

Brothers:

*“ By one God created, by one Saviour saved,
By one Spirit lighted, by one mark engraved;
We’re taught in the wisdom our spirits approve,
To cherish the spirit of Brotherly Love.
Love, Love, Brotherly Love.
This world hath no spirit like Brotherly Love.*

*“ By one God created, — come, brothers, ’tis day!
By one Spirit lighted, — come, brothers, away!
With Beauty and Wisdom and Strength to approve,
Let’s toil while there’s labor in Brotherly Love.”*

[The foregoing address and oration have been set up from the original typewritten copies as pronounced at the seventy-fifth anniversary, September 1, 1899. They are complete as delivered and are now first printed as such that they may have a permanent record. — *Editor.*]

Lafayette Lodge, No. 41. A. F. & A. M.

Seventy-Fifth Anniversary, September 1, 1899.
Park Theatre, Manchester, New Hampshire.

COMMITTEES.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

William R. Bartlett, W. M.,	Charles R. Corey, J. W.,
Albert Somes, S. W.,	William G. Garmon, Treas.,
	Thomas W. Lane, Sec'y.

COMMITTEE ON ENTERTAINMENT.

John K. Wilson, Chairman,	Charles Noll,
George N. Burpee,	Edward H. Currier,
William K. Robbins,	Fred A. Downs,
Abraham L. Garmon,	Sylvester C. Gould,
Herbert E. Richardson,	Henry I. Haselton.

COMMITTEE ON RECEPTION.

H. E. Richardson, Chairman,	Ezra Huntington,
William G. Garmon,	Fred K. Ramsey,
Rufus L. Bartlett,	Clarence M. Platts,
Abraham L. Garmon,	John K. Wilson,
Edward Dorsey,	David O. Fernald,
Harvey L. Currier,	Joseph E. Bennett.
	David Cross.

COMMITTEE ON REFRESHMENTS.

Henry I. Haselton, Chairman,	John K. Wilson,
Amariah Avery,	Charles R. Corey,
Edgar D. Seaver,	William McElroy,
John M. Kendall,	Charles A. Hoitt.

COMMITTEE ON INVITATIONS.

Thomas W. Lane, Chairman,	John H. Blonquist,
Frank A. Cadwell,	David W. Perkins.

1824

1899

*LAFAYETTE LODGE NO. 41. A. F. & A. M.**ORDER OF EXERCISES.*

OVERTURE. "*Romantique.*" Kela Bela.
Morey's Orchestra.

QUARTET. "*Golden Chains in Circle's Binding.*"
Corinthian Quartet, Boston.

PRAYER.
Rev. Bro. William Northey Jones.

RESPONSE. "*Lift Thine Eyes Unto the Hills.*"
Quartet.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.
William R. Bartlett, Worshipful Master of Lafayette Lodge.

ADDRESS.
John McLane, M. W. Grand Master of New Hampshire.

QUARTET. "*Tell Me, Ye Stars.*"

HISTORICAL ADDRESS.
Herbert E. Richardson, R. W. State Grand Lecturer.

QUARTET. "*So Many Years Ago.*"

ORATION.
George I. McAllister,
R. W. Deputy Grand Master of New Hampshire.

QUARTET. "*Benedic Anima Mea.*"

BENEDICTION.

SUPPLEMENT.

SUGGESTIVE HISTORIC MEMENTOS.

ADDRESS AT THE TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE VETERAN
ODD-FELLOWS ASSOCIATION, NOVEMBER 20, 1903, MANCHESTER, N. H.

BY S. C. GOULD, P. G. REP.

VETERAN ODD-FELLOWS, LADIES, AND GUESTS:

The principles and tenets of Odd-Fellowship have been very thoroughly analysis heretofore, and their practices and results have been portrayed by the fraternity at large, and published in the annals of the Order. I shall not, therefore, take time to rehearse to you those already familiar details, but address you this evening on the results of my researches into the more historic phases of the internal ethics and genius of the Order.

At the celebration of the fortieth anniversary (December 21, 1883) of the institution of the first Lodge of Odd-Fellows in Manchester, N. H., now nearly twenty years ago, by invitation, I gave an address on some of the historical data that had been gathered, from some of the legendary, traditional, and fragmentary records, relating to quite a number of more or less secret societies, antedating the most conservative claims of Odd-Fellows as having been known as such, as an "ancient society." That anniversary address¹ was published and distributed gratuitously to the members of the Order. It dealt more especially with many of the secret societies and the more arcane features as covered in their names. It partially traced the early history of this Order back many years and through the evolution of its several appellations, namely, the Philodemosians, Xenopolitans, Perigrinatans, Cives, Fellow-Citizens, Odd-Fellow Citizens, and Odd-Fellows.

I will, therefore, on this occasion, twenty years later, give

¹ THE PHILODEMOSIANS. Who Were They? Address delivered on the eve of December 21, 1883, at the Fortieth Anniversary of Hillsborough Lodge No. 2, I. O. O. F. By S. C. Gould, P. G. R. Manchester, N. H. 1883. pp. 16. 8vo.

you in this address some of my own inquiries, observations, and experiences during a membership in the Order of little over forty years. Some of these reminiscences may appear critical, some remarkable, and some coincidental.

Past Grand Master James Lot Ridgely was Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of the United States from April 24, 1840, to November 16, 1881, when he died, a period of more than forty-one years. He was a man thoroughly conversant with the history of the Order, and had collected its bibliography and had charge of its archives; he also was the author of a "History of American Odd-Fellowship."²

Nearly all the constitutions and by-laws of each subordinate lodge in our own State, and many in other States, are prefaced by one or two pages of introduction, containing references to the origin of the Order, and the objects to be attained.

I have collected quite a number of these gems, or concise statements of the objects and aims of the Order, and some of them bear the impress of the hand that is claimed to have written that monograph, "Odd-Fellowship What Is It?"³ namely, James L. Ridgely. However, be that as it may, I have selected one of these gems which I will herewith give in full, and make some comments on the same. It is found prefaced to the first edition of the constitution and by-laws of one of our New Hampshire lodges, instituted on the sixty-second anniversary of the birth of Thomas Wildey, namely, Suncook Lodge No. 10. January 15, 1845:

"Societies for mutual benefit have existed in all ages, and the duration of each has been measured to a great extent by the degree of immutability of its compact. It is owing, perhaps, to the religious veneration with which Odd-Fellows regard the ancient laws and customs of their Order, as well as to the conviction that the institution is founded on the principles of Divine Justice and Divine Truth, that, through a long

2 HISTORY OF AMERICAN ODD-FELLOWSHIP. By James L. Ridgely, Historiographer. Baltimore, Md. 1878, pp. 528. 8vo.

3. ODD-FELLOWSHIP. WHAT IS IT? Baltimore, Md. 1867. pp. 8. 8vo.

period of changes and revolution, Odd-Fellowship retains its ancient character. Odd-Fellows of the present generation should be equally careful with those who have gone before, that the beauties of the Order suffer no change, that it be transmitted, as received, so that, going down the stream of time, its principles may be disseminated wider and wider, until all men shall dwell together in unity.

“Written languages constantly change; principles never. Descending through a long period of years, our principles remain the same; but the term by which we were known, once a beautifully expressed word, signifying *friends travelling together*, now fails to indicate to the uninitiated the elevated principles and moral precepts which Odd-Fellowship enjoins. Yet to us, who have entered within the veil, and traced Odd-Fellowship to the pure fountain of its existence, it is still hallowed by the sweet charities and virtuous principles it inspires. To us, it is a talisman that restrains our evil propensities, and aids us in the pursuit of that which is good.

“In our pilgrimage through the world, it throws over us the mantle of charity, and knits our hearts in bonds of brotherly affection that even death cannot sever. When afflicted and oppressed, it leaves us not to the care of the heartless, but leads us to the bosom of an Order which never sends the deserving brother away empty; where charity veils in secrecy the good she does, it admonishes us that there are joys as well as sorrows which should be known only to those who partake of them.

“To the unworthy the door of the sacred temple of Odd-Fellowship is ever closed; but to the benevolent and philanthropic, who would drink at the pure fountain of virtue and truth, the invitation is: ‘Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.’” (*Matthew VII, 9.*)

This was published fifty years ago, and probably written by Grand Secretary Ridgely in the early forties. He was perfectly familiar with the history of this Order, having been born in 1807. He speaks of the “ancient laws, customs, and character” of the Order; and also of its euphonious name,

Query: What was that term which the writer says signifies “friends travelling together”? Was it Philadelphians, “lov-

ing brothers"? or Philodemosians, "friendly travellers"? or Demophilians? "travelling friends"? There was a sect of Philadelphians in the seventeenth century; there was a Lodge of Philadelphes in 1786, which was absorbed into a similar rite in France, and re-constituted again in 1819, the same year that Thomas Wildey organized Washington Lodge No. 1, in Baltimore, when Ridgely was fifteen years old. The name of Philodemosians, or Demophilians from Demophilus; Demophile is very ancient, and she is mentioned as living more than a thousand years before the Christian era.

There are recorded in the classics the names of ten Sibyls, the seventh of which was Demophile, according to Lantantius. The name Sibyl is from the Greek, and means "*counsel of heaven*"; they were prophetesses, and twelve of their fourteen book are extant and have been published.⁴ Virgil mentions the prophesies of Demophile, the Cumæum Sibyl (*Æneid* iii, 562-564) which gave to Alexander Pope the key-note and inspiration that prompted his sacred eclogue in imitation of Virgil' Pollio.⁵ The "Ode" which is sang in the Golden Rule Degree is taken verbatim from Pope's Eclogue on "Messiah."

When I received the Golden Rule degree I inquired of the officers who conferred the degree, for the author of the Ode which had been sung, and were referred to the Grand Lodge of New Hampshire, and hence the inquiry was carried to

4 THE SIBYLLINE ORACLES. Translated from the Greek into English blank verse. By Milton S. Terry. New York. 1890. pp. 267. 8vo.

5 "The last great age, foretold by sacred rhymes.
Renews its finished course; Saturnian times
Roll round again; and mighty years, begun
From their first orb in radiant circles run.
The base, degenerate, iron offspring ends;
A golden progeny from heaven descends.
The father banished virtue shall restore;
And crimes shall threat the guilty world no more.
The son shall lead the life of gods, and be
By gods and heroes seen, and gods and heroes see.
Yet, of old fraud, some footsteps shall remain;
The merchant still shall plow the deep for gain;
Grart cities shall with walls be compassed round;
And sharpened shares shall vex the fruitful ground."

the proper officer, with the promise of the information in due time, but the information never came. Some years afterwards the entire eclogue was found which disclosed its author, as Alexander Pope. (See, p. 7.)

It was some fifteen years after the reception of the Golden Rule degree before the discovery of the full account of the episode, known as the "Parable on Persecution," was made.

The account of Abraham and the Stranger passing the door of his tent is found in an ancient Hebrew book entitled "*Shebeth Jehudah*,"⁷ and Jeremy Taylor epitomized the account and published the same at the end of his work on the "Liberty of Prophecy," 1647. Joseph Priestley has published in his works a Latin version of it which was translated from the Hebrew by George Gentius in 1680. The following is a literal translation of the Latin version :

"The most noble author Sardus relates that that venerable example of antiquity, the patriarch Abraham, celebrated for the glory of hospitality, thought it not happy nor fortunate for him, unless he had received some guest, whom as a presiding genius of his household, he might serve with all kind offices.

"Once upon a time when he had no guest, and had sent abroad to seek for a stranger, he perceived a man bowed down with years and wearied with traveling, lying under a tree. Approaching him, he led him home as his guest, and cherished him with every attention. When the supper was ready, and Abraham and his family had addressed themselves to prayer, the old man stretched forth his hand to the food, making no show of religion or piety; Abraham, seeing this act, thus addressed him : 'Old man, it scarcely becomes thy white hairs to take food without previous veneration of the Deity.' The old man replied : 'I am a fire-worshiper, and ignorant of that sort of manners, for our fathers have never taught me such piety.' At which words, Abraham being horrified that he was having intercourse with a fire-worshiper, as a profane

⁷ "SHEBETH JEHUDAH. The Tribe of Judah, the Virgin Daughter of Solomon : containing the Various Calamities, Martyrdoms, Dispersions, etc., of the Jews. Translated from the Hebrew into Latin, by George Gentius. Hamburg, 1680,

man and a stranger to the worship of his God, removed him from the table, and drove him from his house, as an offence to his company, and an enemy to his religion. But, at that moment, the great God admonished Abraham: 'What dost thou, Abraham? Becomes it thee to have done this? I have given this old man, though ungrateful to me, life and sustenance for more than a hundred years; canst thou not give the man one meal, nor bear with him even a moment?' Being thus admonished by the Divine Voice, Abraham brought back the old man from his journey, and attended him with such kind offices of piety and converse, that by his example he led him to the worship of the true God."

During one of Dr. Priestley's visits in London he formed an acquaintance with Benjamin Franklin, who afterwards became interested in Dr. Priestley's works, and it is said, expanded the Hebrew account with a few changes in the name and language, and his version was adopted and made the foundation of the Golden Rule degree, as now found in our book of instructions at the present time. Quite a number of our Patriarchs have supposed, yea, have been informed, that the "parable" could be found in the Bible, and no doubt many Patriarchs have searched long to find the chapter that commenced "Aram was sitting at the door of his tent."

Past Grand Robert Dale Owen, the great American social reformer, read this "Parable on Persecution," when delivering his address, at the celebration of the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of American Odd-Fellowship, in Indianapolis, Indiana, in 1869, which was received with great applause. He says he found it in a work entitled "*Boston*," by Saadi,⁸ the celebrated Persian poet, but not given there as original. Without doubt he appropriated it from the same Hebrew book that Priestley copied from. It is also found in Lord Kames's works,⁹ the Scottish Judge.

⁸ BOSTON. "The Fruit Garden." A moral poem in ten books. By Saadi, (1184-1291.)

⁹ SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY OF MAN, By Lord Kames (Henry Home). (1696-1782.)

MESSIAH.

Ye nymphs of Solyma ! begin the song :
 To heavenly themes sublimer themes belong.
 The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
 The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
 Delight no more — O Thou my voice inspire,
 Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire !
 Rapt into future times, the bard begun :
 A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son !
 From Jesse's root behold a Branch arise,
 Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies ;
 The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic dove.
 Ye heavens ! from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly shower !
 The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
 From storm a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail,
 Returning justice lift aloft her scale ;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-robed innocence from heaven descend.
 Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn !
 Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe be born ?
 See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring ;
 See soft Libanon his head advance,
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance ;
 See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
 And Carmel's flowery top perfume the skies.
 Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;
 Prepare the way ! A God, a God appears !
 A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply ;
 The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies !
 Sink down, ye mountains ; and ye valleys, rise !
 With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay ;
 Be smooth, ye rocks ! ye rapid floods, give way !
 The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards foretold :
 Hear him, ye deaf ! and all ye blind, behold ;
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day.
 'Tis he obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm the unfolding ear :
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting, like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,
 From every face be wiped off every tear ;
 In adamant chains shall death be bound,
 And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
 As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air ;
 Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects ;

The tender lamb he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hands, and in his bosom warms ;
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
 The promised father of the future age.
 No more shall nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
 The brazen trumpet kindle rage no more ;
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad falchion in a plowshare end ;
 Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son
 Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun ;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sowed, shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren deserts with surprise
 Sees lillies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;
 And starts, among the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
 Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn ;
 To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,
 And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
 The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys with flowery bands the tiger lead.
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And hramless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take,
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
 Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey.
 And with their forky tongues shall innocently play.
 Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise !
 Exalt the towery head, and lift thy eyes !
 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
 See barbarous nations at the gates attend,
 Walk in thy like, and in thy temple bend ;
 See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
 And heaped with products of Sabea springs !
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in Orphir's mountains glow ;
 See heaven in sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon them in a flood of day !
 No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn ;
 But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
 O'erflows thy courts : the Light himself shall shine
 Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine !
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
 But fixed his word, his saving power remains ;
 Thy realm forever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns !

—ALEXANDER POPE.

Theodore A. Ross, in his history of the Order¹⁰ devotes one entire chapter to English Odd-Fellowship, and what is now known as the Manchester Unity, and as it is a disputed question as to the real origin of the Order, I will not cover that ground but confine myself to American Odd-Fellowship. Bro. Ross states that the titles of the officers are said to have been taken from the "Order of Gregorianus," which met as early as 1736 at St. Albans.

THE ANCIENT RITUAL.

In 1797, the ritual of the Order of Patriotic Odd-Fellows was revised and adopted by the Grand Lodge of London, England, held March 12, of that year. That ritual is now in existence. The fifth degree was the "Royal Arch of Titus," or Fidelity degree. The past officer was hailed as Ancient Grand Master, the presiding officer as Noble Grand Master; the Americanized Order dropped the title "Master," but retained it in the Grand Lodge. At the opening of the Lodge the officers were standing except the "Ancient Grand Master," who needed repose and was allowed to remain sitting. He represented Mortality and wore an emblematical apron; the first officer represented the Sun; the second, the Moon; and the secretary, the Seven Stars. The dramatic scenes enacted then were the same as now, but they are at the present time greatly amplified. The sign of Fidelity was accompanied by the seven-lettered name of Deity; each letter was spoken and rotated by each person in turn. The number "seven" governed many of their movements. There was quite a number of social ceremonies engaged in in those days that would not be tolerated now, one being "In his Holy Name I pledge you all."

Another exclamation was uttered by each of the members at a certain stage of the ceremony in conferring the degree of Fidelity: "So help me Heaven, and keep me steadfast."

¹⁰ ODD-FELLOWSHIP. ITS HISTORY AND MANUAL. By Theodore A. Ross. New York. 1888. pp. 694. 8vo.

SKETCH OF THE DEGREES.

The main line of the degree work as gathered from the internal evidence of the ritualistic and monitorial work of the Lodge, prior to its introduction into America, appears to aim directly to the Golden Rule Degree of the Encampment ; moreover, previous to the creation of the Encampment Branch on May 15, 1827, the Golden Rule degree was conferred upon all Past Grands in a Grand Lodge for one dollar each, and then was called the fourth degree. The Encampment Branch as such was instituted on June 14, 1827, and the Golden Rule became then the second of the Patriarchal degrees, and the body was known as the "Encampment Lodge." More than five years later, August 24, 1832, it adopted the name "Jerusalem Encampment No. 1," and Thomas Wildey was the first High Priest. The third or Royal Purple degree was received, and announced in the Grand Lodge of the United States on February 22, 1825, and only Thomas Wildey and Thomas Scotchburn, both of England, were in possession of it at that time.

The subordinate Lodge in 1819 comprised three degrees — the White, the Blue, the Scarlet. John P. Entwistle of Baltimore, prepared two degrees, and called them "Covenant" and "Remembrance"; these were adopted as American, and denominated "Intermediate Degrees"; and these were placed between the others, making these second and fourth, or Pink and Green; the order then being White, Pink, Royal Blue, Green, and Scarlet. These five degree were reduced to three degrees on September 22, 1880, going into effect January 1, 1881, and since have been denominated Friendship, Love, and Truth. The development of the several degrees as to the ritualistic and dramatic work as compared between now and forty years ago can truly and well be called the evolution of Odd-Fellowship. In the *Gentlemen's Magazine*, for 1745, the Odd-Fellows Lodge is mentioned as "a place where very pleasant recreative evenings are spent."

THOMAS WILDEY WAS A DRUID.

It will be somewhat surprising, as will be interesting to many others, to be enformed that Thomas Wildey, the introducer and organizer of Odd-Fellowship into Baltimore, was also an energetic promoter of the United Order of Druids, notwithstanding the literature of American Odd-Fellowship nowhere to our knowledge takes note of the fact. It appears that historical facts have come to light that he played a leading role in that Order from the early thirties to the time of his death.

The *Druiden Zeitung*, the official organ of the Grand Lodge of Germany, announced the historical fact in 1902. This Druidical organ says :

"The United Ancient Order of Druids was a large, well-known organization in England when one of its members by name of Thomas Wildey (born in London, January 15, 1783, and died in America, October 19, 1861) who emigrated from England to America in July, 1817, organized the first Druid Lodge in New York, in 1833."

Dr. Charles Weil, communicates to the *Lodge Record*, an Odd-Fellows journal published in New York, the following :

"The various Lodges whose organizations followed were united in a Grand Lodge in 1839, and in the minutes of this Grand Lodge for the year 1849, the author of the article in the *Druiden Zeitung* came across the name of Thomas Wildey, from which he deducts the conclusion that Wildey was as prominent a Druid as he was an Odd-Fellow. The author prosecuted his search further, and found that on the 3d of August, 1852, Wildey was elected Noble Grand Arch for the term of 1853-1854, the election in those days having been held one year preceding the term of service. He was installed August 1, 1853, and in his address, he said :

'Through your election, I am again called to the highest office of our Order,' from which it is clear that he had held this office once before. Continuing, he said :

'Since the permanent organization of our Order in 1839, fourteen years have elapsed. Since the Order first raised its flag on the soil of our free States, 112 Lodges have gathered

under its folds, and more than 9,000 members have become initiated into its mysteries.'

The article in the *Lodge Record* continues: "The following memorial is found in the Proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Druids for 1862":

'U. A. O. D. In memoriam of our honorable Brother, Past Most Noble Grand Arch Thomas Wildey. Born in England on the 14th of January, 1883. Died on the 19th of October, 1864. May his long, prosperous and sterling life in this Order be so rewarded, as he deserved it to be, and may his spirit continue to live in our brotherhood.'

This record goes to show Wildey did not devote his entire life solely to Odd-Fellowship, as has been so many stated that has been so many times stated that he did; but that he did devote it to Brotherhood is undoubtedly correct.

ANCIENT ORDER OF ZUZIMITES.

The Zuzimites are a secret society, claimed to have sprang into existence nearly 6,000 years ago. They have in all twenty one degrees — each degree being a sort of continuation of the preceding one, and the Zuzimite as he advances learns more and more of the history of his ancient brethren. In the Bible the Zuzimites are mentioned (Gen. xiv, 5) as a race of giants and warriors, who lived in the fertile valleys of Palestine and waged war with the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah. The Order, like Freemasonry, is non-sectarian, the applicant only being required to express his belief in an All-Supreme Creator; while among its members are to be found Jews, Christians, and Muslims. It is also universal and exists all over the globe. In each of the twenty-one degrees a particular virtue is taught, the first three being *Friendship*, *Truth*, and *Love*. Zuzimitism, like another great moralizing mystic tie, can be correctly described as "a peculiar system of morality, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols, a mode of teaching man the duties of life, and an inculcation, explanation and glorification of virtue in an attractive form. Its ceremonies are most interesting and impressive. There are numerous secret signs, words, and grips, by which a Zuzimite is able to distinguish a brother. The Order is very extensive in England, where it was introduced from Australia over thirty years ago.

ANCIENT USAGES, CUSTOMS, AND LAWS.

The annals of American Odd-Fellowship contain many allusions to "ancient usages," "ancient customs," "ancient laws," and even "Ancient Odd-Fellows." It has been an interesting subject for investigation. I am aware of the many incongruities and anomalies that existed in this Order during its first decade in America, and the efforts made by the early pioneers to obtain the work from the Manchester Unity to bring about uniformity in the degrees. As previously stated the "Covenant" and "Remembrance" degrees were practically manufactured by John P. Entwistle of Baltimore. Ohio complained emphatically of the anomalies in the internal workings of the Order. It appears the first work that passed for uniformity was adopted by the Grand Lodge of the United States in 1830, and was in vogue until 1845, when it received a revision. The reading of that ritual would make an interesting chapter for Odd-Fellows of today and bring a smile to the memory of the Veteran Odd-Fellow who received his degrees in the early forties. I will quote two interrogatories from the lecture of the first degree:

Q. "Who was the first founder of Odd-Fellowship?"

A. "The Almighty and Supreme Grand Architect of the Universe."

Q. "Who was the First Odd-Fellow?"

A. "Adam, whom God created, and endowed with mental faculties superior to all other earthly creatures."

Thus the initiate was taught that Adam was the first Odd-Fellow, and numerically speaking it is true according to what is stated in "ancient records." But, somehow, the legend has come down to us that he soon after found a "Rebekah" and instituted the first secret *Lodge* and was favored with an angel for a Guardian. Therefore, the Order may have good and sufficient reason for the distinction of "Ancient Odd-Fellow."

Odd-Fellowship was introduced into New Hampshire by

Albert, Guild of Boston, Mass. Granite Lodge No. 1, was instituted at Nashua, September 11, 1843, and Hillsborough Lodge No. 2, at Manchester, December 21, 1843, and the five charter members of Hillsborough No. 2 were initiated in Granite No. 1, withdrawing December 12, 1843. Only two members of Our Veteran Odd-Fellows Association, now living, were made Odd-Fellows under this old work, namely, David Cross, of Hillsborough No. 2, initiated in 1844, and George Main, of White Mountain No. 5, initiated in 1844, who is, I think, present with us this evening.

The entire ritualistic and ceremonial work of the Order was revised and made consistent with itself in 1845, which remained the standard for thirty-five years; again in 1880 a revision was called for, made, and went into effect January 1, 1880, the five degrees being reduced to three as at present.

But there yet seems to be some anomalies in the Order: a person can be initiated into the Order, receive the degrees and resign, and in less than four weeks become an honorable "Ancient Odd-Fellow," while we, the members of this Association, are obliged to be at least forty-six years of age before we can become Veteran Odd-Fellows, and even wear the Veteran Odd-Fellows Jewel.

At the session of the Sovereign Grand Lodge, at Baltimore, in 1882, of which body I was one of the Representative from this State. De Soto Lodge No. 155 of Springfield, Mass., exemplified the revised work before the Sovereign Grand Lodge, and it was by chance that I sat beside of a brother Odd-Fellow the son of James W. Hunt, who had been a member of Washington Lodge No. 1, of Baltimore, for over fifty years; and this was the Lodge organized by Thomas Wildey April 26, 1819; that Brother informed me that his father before him was a member of the same Lodge, and also that his son was also a full-fledged member of the same Lodge. Thus here are son, father and grandfather in communication with "Father Wildey," by tradition at least.

My researches and investigations into the history and make-up of the ritual and ceremonials of this Order are such as to convince me that those persons, who formulated it into a system, borrowed a considerable portion of the work from other secret societies, and hence the words, "ancient usages," and "ancient customs," are used with considerable elasticity. It appears that more or less has actually been appropriated from the Freemasons, the Druids, the Gregorianians, the Zuzimites, and several others; yet, many of these societies had then and do now the same objects in view and taught and cultivated the same fraternal relations.

Now a careful comparison of all the ancient rites, as they existed anterior to the Christian era, leads to the following summarization and conclusion;

It was a leading characteristic of all the ancient rites, that they began in sorrow and gloom, but ended in light and joy; they were calculated to remind men of their weakness, their ignorance, their helplessness, and their sinfulness of character; of the shortness and uncertainty of life, of the ills which flesh is heir to; of the punishment of guilt, the reward of virtue, and the raising of the just to life eternal and immortal. In fact, the mode of initiation was calculated to make a deep and lasting impression upon the mind of the candidate.

The Rev. A. B. Chapin, a clergyman of high rank, and a Brother, who had made the history and traditions of secret societies a study, both in principles and practices, sums up his investigations on these subjects as follows :

"Every form of religion which, does now exist, or ever has existed, was copied from an original, divine institution; and that every form of the ancient mysteries was copied from some primitive and religious rite. The origin of these seem to have been a primitive, religious rite, kept in commemoration of the deliverance of Noah from the Ark, variously understood, in subsequent times, and variously modified among different nations, and upon which various superstitions have been engrafted."

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"Rich is that universal self whom thou worshipest as the Soul."

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