

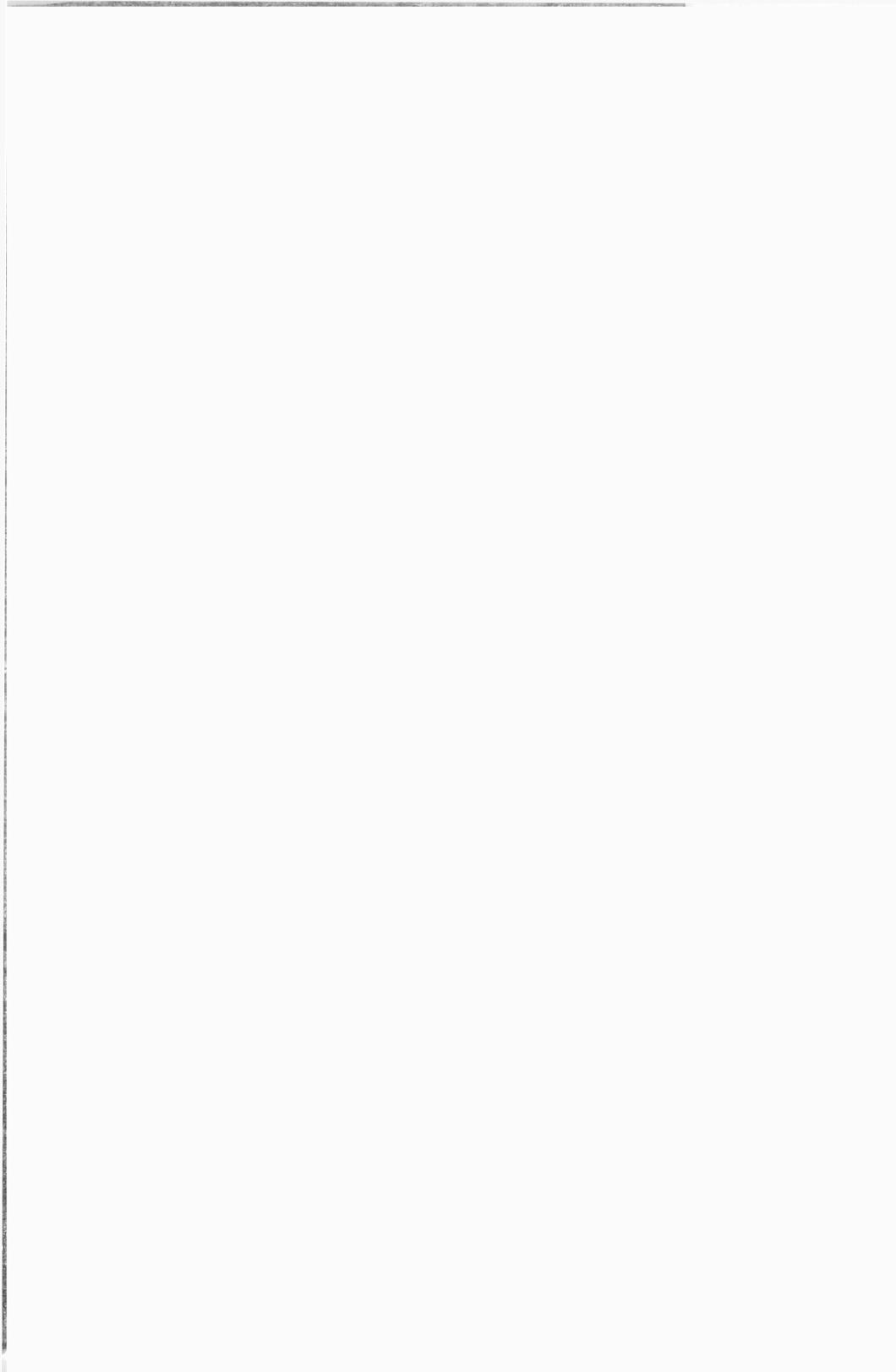
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ROSIER WCHAN.

"VAIN MAN--THERE 'S NEITHER FEAR NOR LOSS.
IN SERVING AT THE ROSY CROSS."

CONFUCIUS.



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ROSICRUCIAN: OUT OF THE SHELL.

JULY 5th, 1869.

Yesterday, the Lord's day as generally observed, being the anniversary of the Nation's birthday, the celebration thereof was postponed until to-day.

It being, also, the grand day of Jubilee appointed by the ancient and mystic Guild of Rosicrucians, for the annual convocation of her hordes; they likewise deferred their orgies until this date.

Before proceeding to record any of the salient protuberances of their day's doings, the historian begs leave to invite the attention of his co-conspirators to the notable fact that the ambitious and rebellious fanatics who (forgetting the duty and allegiance they owed to a paternally benevolent, and amiably aristocratic Government,) assembled in a riotously plebeian pow-wow, which they sought to dignify with the euphemistic appellation of a "Congress," in Philadelphia; and having determined to perpetrate the detestable, the odious crime of cutting themselves loose from the mother who had so long and carefully guarded their infant footsteps, and who had done her maternal best to rear them in the nurture and admonition of their Sovereign Lord and King—the wise, the good, the true and pure—who reigned "by the grace of God," George the third, *Ree*. I say these turbulent disturbers of the peace—these radical fanatics—led on by such arrant malcontents as Washington, and Adams, and Jefferson, and Hancock—having determined to "paddle their own canoe" the balance of the voyage, were casting about for a notable day upon which, formally, and in the sight of an astounded universe, to cut the hawser, and let old mother England slide; after long and careful study of the subject—after weighing the various great days which stood out *big* on the Log-book of the World's history, and ascertaining the proximate moral avoirdupois of each of them—it was at last resolved that the unprecedented surgical operation of separation from the old lady, should be performed on the 4th day of July. And so it was done, and when that

ever-to-be-remembered day (the Rosierucian festival day) arrived, and after the performance of certain wickedly disloyal rites and blasphemous ceremonies, old Dame Britain was laid upon the table; and, at one blow, was severed the umbilical cord which had bound mother and daughter together. The old lady flew into a passion, got up, shook her petticoats, upon which was printed in terrifying vigor, her Lion and Unicorn, standing on their respective and very respectable hind legs, gazing in admiration alternately at each other, and a George-ous crown which surmounted a shield; and to all human appearance seemed to be proclaiming with mane and horn erect, to a terrified world, some "glittering generalities" in a foreign language, which, being interpreted, signify "God and my right:" "Shame to him who evil thinks." As if to add a striking emphasis to their sentiments, the Lion and the Unicorn aforesaid seemed to be industriously occupied in performing genuflections with their hinder legs, gymnastic gesticulations with their fore legs, and feminine calisthenics with their caudal appendages.

If the object of the aforesaid old Lady in thus flinging her banner to the breeze, by flouting her petticoats in the face of the world, including her daughter just separated from her, was to frighten folks, it is very certain the attempt was a failure, so far as the lately liberated young lady, Miss Columbia, was concerned; for she having so recently felt the inconveniences of prolonged parturition, and the ill effects of so greatly postponing the severance of the umbilical cord, naturally became somewhat sensitive, if not positively *sore*, and consequently she gave prompt and energetic attention to her naval affairs, while she rallied—with her whole might—stalwart men to the breach, and her infantry to the breast-works. The result was, Miss Columbia didn't scare worth a cent; and after a few years, the old Granny called home her wild-beasts, and turned her attention to other matters; illustrating her motto—"Shame to him who evil thinks"—by forcing the opium trade upon the Chinese at the point of the bayonet, and by the amusing and civilizing (not to say christianizing) method of "object teaching," known as blowing Sepoys from the cannon's mouth. She also exemplified her construction of her other legend—"God and my right"—by the affectionate watch-care and disinterested tenderness she exhibited toward her wayward and wicked Irish son-by-adoption. So successful has been her treatment of this child, that Ireland has been enormously depopulated; while (by the same token) her own House of Lords has just had a very narrow, but only temporary, escape from the annihilation which its toadyism and truculence has so richly earned for it.

"God and my right" had another prominent and startling demonstra-

tion during the late "onpleasantness" in this country. But I rather think the old Lady wishes by this time, that her devotion to the sentiment had some other fruits than those it has borne under *this* cultivation. How the fangless jaws of the old Hypocrite *do* maunder, as "Belligerent Rights," "Alabama Claims," &c., are whispered in her ear! "Let the galled jade wince"—the time cannot be much longer postponed, when *Justice*, speaking for those the old Hag has outraged on every continent, shall say to her—"out of thy own mouth thou art condemned. Evil *has* come to you who evil *thought*, and evil *did*, and now I, Justice, am come to demand that you shall yield to God and *my* right."

However all this may, or may not, be, the historian is clearly of the opinion that we should feel proud that *our* day of annual jubilee, was selected by the founders of the American Republic as an appropriate day on which to issue their declaration of independence. It strengthens our conviction of their clearness of perception and soundness of judgment. *Mens sana in corpore sano.*

(Music by the Band of Hope.)

It may be that some sophisticated brother discovers a new sensation, caused by an idea passing through his hair (or, if bald headed, dancing upon the shining surface of "the place where the wool ought to grow,") and with vermicular sinuosity, wriggling its way to his brain:—an idea that the historian is becoming *not* slightly longitudinal in his episodic meandering around the theme of the Rosicrucian Anniversary trip.

If any such there be, to that dear brother I would say: "Cherish that idea:—ideas, and especially new ones, are proper scarce in these days of steam, fossil oil, woman's rights, electricity, Atlantic cables, Pacific Railroads, Nitro-Glycerine, female suffrage, and other progressive and elevating motors." *Dum vivimus vivamus.*

And, besides, there can be no sort of impropriety whatever in entertaining such an idea; because, you know, we are taught, as an incentive to hospitality as a general and generous virtue—that in entertaining *strangers* we may, we are *liable* to, entertain Angels, and never mistrust it; owing probably to their dress, or manners, or appetites. *Secundem artem—similia similibus curanter—sine prejudicio—siste, viator*: as Douglas would remark under such circumstances.

Moreover, as there can be no sort of *impropriety* in playing the host to such a mellifluous idea, so there can be no kind of doubt as to one's *right* to do so, if he has a fancy shimmering away in that direction. This is a great country, a free country. And as to the *right* of a brother to do so; the

Constitution of this Society, as well as the Constitution of the United States, including the Embryotic Fifteenth Amendment, the Dred Scott decision (O temporary! O Moses!!), the Resolutions of '98, and the Pope's Bull against the Comet; may all be searched and sifted, tested and triturated, without finding one oracular utterance, one effervescent phrase, to antagonize in the remotest manner, with the inherent, inalienable illimitable *right* thus to do. If any one has the unparalleled, quint-essential effrontery to withhold from this dogma, his implicit and unreasoning faith, I call upon the true brethren to brand him as a supralapsarian pervert of the most malignant type, and hand the heretic over to the paternal care of the ecumenical council of this Order, in the hope that that August (or September) body may correct the acidity of the wanderer's mental stomach, and restore him to his right mind; or, in case of his perverse heterodoxy, turn him out to grass, with the Wandering Jew, first taking care that *thenceforth*, he shall roam a monolithic monomaniac, and be, like other hybrids and monsters, incapable of propagating his species. *Fiat justitia ruat cœlum*—or the coming eclipse should fail to arrive by the new French cable.

Having, as we think, pretty effectually obfuscated the primary proposition, and surrounded with a sufficient rampart of verbiage the question before us let us now proceed to consider the vitally important conundrum contained in these classic words:

“WELL, WHAT OF IT?”

Suppose it is his *right* to do so, and suppose there is no *impropriety* in his doing it? May it not be best to forego the exercise of the right, even though it be a pre-eminently *proper* one? May you not be clamoring for a King Stork to take the place of a King Log? Do you not know that the vestibule of a Church edifice, the porch of a house, may be better than the places to which they are but Avenues? *Ne quid nimis*—or you may be very sorry you did not hold your horses: as Julius Cæsar pithily observed at the battle of Waterloo, when General Beauregard was consulting with him and Wash: McLean, Col. of the 2d N. J. V., upon the propriety of making a cavalry charge upon the Iron Clad Monitors held in reserve by Oliver Cromwell, just over the Alps.

But to our subject: The grand 4th of July aquatic parade of the Rosicrucian crowd, made grander by the presence of “fair women and brave men,” their invited guests. What a glorious theme! how its inspiration overcomes me! how horribly patent, is the fact that the present o'd-fogy historian is unequal to the task of recounting in a fitting style the trials and triumphs, the troubles and transports of that trip. Ah! me. But *such* a theme and

such incidents, can only be properly delineated by the genius of a Scott and a Hogarth, combined.

For instance, that dinner!!!!!!!!!!!!!! When the historian permits his mind for an instant to review that dinner, with its admirable adjuncts, its seraphic surroundings, its confounding condiments, its savory substantials, its delicious desert, its wonderful waiters; he is so overcome with the remembrance, that he cannot hope to describe the affair. If, only, Victor Hugo, had been successful in his herculean efforts to procure permission to join the party on that occasion, he would have learned of a method for manufacturing a "man who laughs," better than the one he used for making his Gwynplaine.

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."

Not mistaking the beautiful sentiment of this phrase, I am sure we can all appreciate it in the highest sense when we recall the great emotional ground-swell of feeling that swayed our breasts—or stomachs—or something else in the diaphragmatic region, and drew men, women and children, in a perfect unification of thought and purpose—as we heard the dulcet announcement of Dinner! "A fellow feeling" *did make us* "wondrous kind."

If the panorama of that one event of the trip could have been preserved, it, alone, would have immortalized the Dominic and the Douglas. Such a picture would have shown, perhaps, that while all else were holding high festival, and eating, drinking, and being merry—they were mortifying the flesh, and setting an example of fortitude and self-denial under the most painful circumstances, which should be copied by such as are given to gluttony. *Par nobile fratrum*, as the Dutchman said when he first saw the Siamese Twins—or in the words of Christopher Columbus, shortly after he landed at the Battery, on entering a Fulton Street Dining Saloon, where he found a Genoese waiter in attendance: "A double-yolked egg on the half shell—chow-chow to match."

I said *perhaps* the panorama would make such a show of the two Dromios aforesaid—making them models of patient and cheerful abstention. But again, perhaps it wouldn't—what then? Alas! for the rest. The length of the one and the enormous breadth of beam of the other, give such show of stowage, as to bring despair to the hearts of the others; but for this: the commissary department had made such bountiful provision—and then had wisely set the twain to carving, while the others could manage to secure a mouthfull—that a famine was impossible.

But it's of no use to talk—that dinner was a magnificent success—nor can

its brilliancy be eclipsed by the recollection of Hassell's bill for broken crockery. Of course the damage came to the dishes, through the anxiety of the party to live up to the spirit and sentiment of that modern Laconism credited, popularly, to our Great Ulysses—Let us have piece-s. "*Sic transit gloria*"—fourth of July, or any other day.

The theme of that marvelous dinner is as inexhaustible as were the cans of Ice Cream provided for our use by the Committee on Supplies; or as is the affability of Douglas—with "a Lady in the case;" or, the fecundity of Mr. President's Sandford Italian accent and wit; or, the passionate yearning of Arnold for a cigar; or, in fact, as any other fact, matter or thing which "without a mark, without a bound, runneth the earth's wide regions round."

Nevertheless, with only this slight puncture of its mellifluous and saccharine obesity, the historian is compelled to drop the subject, and gently touch one or two features of the grand trip, which, like some faces, was *all* features.

Turn we then for a glance at the Circus performance which came off on the upper deck. What skill, what daring, what muscular displays were there! Alas! for the Hanlon Brothers, Madame Senyah and the rest of the professionals. Had they been present how their ineffectual fires would have paled before the radiance of our shooting stars. How the ladies gazed! how they admired! how vehemently they applauded, as athlete after athlete displayed in most conspicuous aspect, his own idiosyncratic agility. Every beholder must have been convinced (thanks to the prevailing costume in coats), that the young man of the period is fundamentally "sound on the goose." *Vive la bagatelle*—or William Tell—just as you please. "You pays your money, and you takes your choice:" as Joan of Arc suggested to the Princess Pocahontas, when discussing with her dusky Highness, the comparative merits of "Rats" and Chignons, as an appropriate head-gear on wedding occasions.

From the triumphs of the gymnast, let us go hastily to another phase of the day's attractions—the meeting for business of the Society. If the other was a victory of mind over matter, this was surely a conquest of chaos over Meredith. The boys ran "a muck" through the President's American, and over the authority of the rapidly receding presiding officer. Points of order were raised on the active tongues of the speakers and incontinently pitched overboard.

Finally, however, something like quiet was restored by placing the Senior Ross, and two or three other obstreperous chaps, under arrest, and putting

them down in the hold, while Taylor, Lewis and Day were persuaded that a lady wished to see them, at the other end of the boat.

Business was then proceeded with speedily and harmoniously, and it did not take long to elect to the high and honorable position of President, a gentleman from abroad, who in his inaugural address transported the audience by his facile treatment of various abstruse medico-physiological subjects intimately allied with the well being and happiness of the family of man in general, and of the family of woman in particular. A slight foreign accent added grace and piquancy to the fervid utterances of the President elect, and convulsed in laughter the nethermost bowels of every listener. When he took his seat—covered with glory and perspiration—the audience greeted him with agonizing spasms of unbounded applause, and with heart-rending cheers for the Compeer of Socrates and Santa Claus—capping the climax of their delicious delight by shouting: “Long life to the Limerick Lad.”

But I must stop. To write out all the happenings of the day would require piles of paper, inlets of ink, and thousands of time—and this, too, even adhering, as the veracious historian must, to simple facts, plain and unvarnished by the least semblance of embellishment.

Before closing, I beg to say that we found no small addition to our pleasure in the presence of our friends, whom we had invited to go with us.

Their speeches on the return trip seemed to indicate that they didn't come home mad because they went. Let us indulge the hope that they meant what they said—at least in part.

P. S.—It is to be hoped that the three brethren who kindly consented to remain on board after the party was landed, for the purpose of eating (in order to save it) the eighteen quarts of cream that was left, suffered no ill-effects from their devotion to the principles of abstemious philanthropy. Long may they wave, and never may they waver.

“THE FOURTH”—A LA ROSICRUCIAN.

AIR—*Yankee Doodle.*

I.

All hail! the Rosicrucian Club,
 And let outsiders stare, Sir;
 They know us not—“aye there’s the rub”—
 Leave them to their despair, Sir;
 “The Fourth” has come—the Tycoon calls—
 “That same old Coon” is he, Sir,
 Whether within the Douglas’ Halls,
 Or up the old gum-tree, Sir.
 (Rosicrucian Chorus—“So say we all of us.”)

II.

The Tycoon calls—the faithful come—
 The day to celebrate, Sir;
 So “let her rip”—the boat, I mean—
 “This crowd” will keep her straight, Sir.
 We envy not the folks on shore,
 Who swelter in the heat, Sir;
 While we’re inhaling ample store
 Of sea-breeze, pure and sweet, sir.
 (Chorus—“So say we all of us.”)

III.

To last year’s trip we backward look
 As something proper good, Sir;
 A page all bright in life’s brief book:
 Just think of Annie Wood! Sir.

Brave Annie bore us all along,
 Through river, bay and kill, Sir;
 Speeding us on, while shout and song
 Caused every heart to thrill, Sir.

(Chorus—"So say we all of us.")

IV.

From Keyport's whiskey sodden streets
 We hastened quick away, Sir;
 And found, in Cliffwood's cool retreats,
 A splendid place to stay, Sir.
 At Tottenville we next "tied up,"
 (Or else I did so dream, Sir.)
 And joined in taking a small sup
 Of what was called "I scream," Sir.

(Chorus—"So say we all of us.")

V.

Then up the bay we homeward sailed,
 The fireworks "starring" 'round, Sir;
 And every heart with rapture hailed
 The scene, the sail, the sound, Sir.
 But then alas! no lady graced
 Our party with her smile, Sir:
 'Twas Rosicrucian, thorough-paced—
 'Twas good—but not the style, Sir.

(Chorus—"So say we all of us.")

VI.

To-day we have our wives with us
 (Or sweet hearts—much the same, Sir);
 Right well it is that this is thus:
 And we are glad they came, Sir.
 The babies, too, are with us now,
 The romping, good, and wild, Sir;
 May they enjoy a genial row:
 Who has not been a child, Sir?

(Chorus—"So ask we all of us.")

VII.

Let such an one give nose and chin
 A sour, contemptuous curl, Sir ;
 But we who once have babies been,
 May not thus play the churl, Sir.
 Then welcome ! all—the short—the tall—
 On our excursion trip, Sir.
 Let old ones “spout” and young ones “squall”—
 They're varieties of “lip,” Sir.
 (Chorus—“So say we all of us.”)

VIII.

Let each his own good pleasure seek,
 And to the others' add, Sir ;
 “The glorious Fourth” should now bespeak
 That every heart be glad, Sir.
 Our friends who're *with*, but not *of* us—
 We hope that they may find, Sir,
 That Roscierucian hearts are PLUS
 With love, for all mankind, Sir.
 (Chorus—“So say we all of us.”)

IX.

Let Meredith his quaint things say,
 Let Douglas cut and thrust, Sir ;
 Let Arnold drink, and smoke, and play—
 He *can*, and MAY, and MUST, Sir.
 Let Luke peal forth in thund'rous tones
 Some patriotic lay, Sir ;
 While évery heart the lesson owns
 As voiced by brother Day, Sir.
 (Chorus—“So say we all of us.”)

X.

The Senior Ross *the pipe* will play,
 While John and “Sand” will be, Sir,
 Alert and ready all the day,
 With graceful gallantry, Sir.

"Rod." Backus, too, will be "on deck"—

And Drake, as Engineer, Sir :

With Taylor, too, a Sailor true—

"Al" Lewis tries to steer, Sir.

(Chorus—"So do we all of us.")

XI.

Besides all these, the unnamed great !

Who throng the Club with pride, Sir,

Will be on board in happiest state,

And take a seat aside, Sir.

When noon-tide comes, and "Grub" draws nigh,

"The crowd" will gath'ring come, Sir ;

And fork and finger battling high,

Will "go for" every crumb, Sir.

(Chorus—"So say we all of us.")

XII.

Then hail ! most "glorious Fourth !" and shout

A Rosicrucian blast, Sir ;

For God and Truth our flag fling out,

And nail it to the mast, Sir.

Hail ! hail ! our Nation's natal day ;

A beacon to the world, Sir.

Her Stars and Stripes shall float for aye—

By Freedom's hand unfurled, Sir.

(Chorus—"So say we all of us.")

July 4. Anno Rosic. II.

" Mund. MMMMDCCLXIX.

HISTORICUS.