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THE ROSICRUCIAN

AND

MASONIC RECORD.

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The Origin of Freemasonry.

By the Editor.

AMONG the many theories that have been advanced as to the origin of Freemasonry, there is one which, for various reasons, has not been very attentively considered. The Adamite theory, which ascribes the foundation of the order to the prescient wisdom of our first parent—the Arkite or Noachite theory which attributes its establishment to the sons of Noah—the Pelegian or Tower of Babel theory, which assigns that honour to the architect of that renowned structure in the land of Shinar—the Mosaic or Tabernacle theory—the Solomonian or Temple theory,—all have had their expounders and followers.

And as contemporaneous and collateral theories, have not tomes been written to prove that Freemasonry is the direct descendant and lawful heir of ancient "mysteries" innumerable?—that our rites are simply feeble adumbrations of those tremendous solemnities which awed the neophytes of old, whether in Egyptian darkness celebrated, or amidst the sombre horrors of an Eleusinian initiation?

Have we not claimed affinity with Dionysian artificers, Roman colleges of architects, Essenes, Knights Templar, and Mediæval guilds? Are we not supposed by some to have stanchly upheld the House of Stuart in their day of adversity? And, on the other hand, do not Papal scribes inform us that "Freemasonry was first instituted to support the House of Orange"? But we do not remember to have seen much prominence given to the theory that Cromwell was the founder of the Masonic order.

Without venturing to offer an opinion upon the weight of evidence, it is only fair to say that the writer who first broached what we may term the Cromwellian theory evidently believed that he had solved the great problem and discovered the origin of the Craft. He affects to trace a resemblance between the doctrines of the Puritans and the principles of Freemasonry; but, unfortunately for his thesis, the parallel which he draws does not even faintly correspond with the salient "principles" of the Order as practised in England. The watchwords of English Freemasons, for instance, have never been "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity"; not that we repudiate them as sentiments, but that we abhor the demoralizing abuses by which those noble ideas have been profaned. Again, the notion that Freemasons, like their so-called founder, Cromwell, are banded together for the destruction of monarchy, is amply disproved by the fact that in England, Germany, Holland, and Sweden, the Masonic brotherhood is ruled by native princes, two of whom have grown grey in the service of the Fraternity.

It is impossible, however, within the limits of our circumscribed space, to enlarge at present upon this point, but we shall be glad to hear the views of our readers with reference to a subject which is fraught with interest to all who study the "signs of the times."

The Mystic Sign.

A MASONIC TALE.

By Bro. Robert D. Holmes.

Continued from p. 55.

THE conclusion of the Commander was instantly adopted by the Council, and a determination to follow the course pointed out, its immediate decision.

"But, good father," said De Montcalm, "we have forgotten one important matter! What must we pay for this assistance of our refined allies?"

"In ready money, little; but in vengeance, much."

"How much money does he require?"

"The value of one hundred and fifty guineas in rifles, blankets, and ammunition," replied the Jesuit.

"And the vengeance he seeks?"

"Upon this point had you not better negotiate yourself, General?" said the priest.

"Perhaps so. Admit him to the Council."

The priest and one of the officers instantly departed, and soon after returned with the half-breed and several of his chiefs.

Brantor was a tall, stalwart, muscular man, and, as near as could be discovered through his thick war-paint, about forty years of age. His appearance was very singular, for while he possessed the general features of the thoroughbred Indian, the high cheek-bones were absent, his colour, too, was much less of the copper cast than that of those who surrounded him. He had no scalp-lock, but permitted his hair (less straight and coarse than the Indians generally) to grow long, so that it fell in large masses upon his shoulders and back, and down the sides of his face on his broad, ample chest. A more distinguishing mark was a heavy wiry moustache, which, in imitation of the French, he had twisted into long points reaching to his chin. His dress was much richer than that of the savages generally, while upon his person there were fewer of the valueless trinkets with which the Indians usually decorated themselves. He wore no covering on his head, which was fully protected by a full mass of hair. Around him, with one hand, he held the graceful folds of a beautifully ornamented

blanket, which nearly concealed his fringed tunic of buckskin, while with the other he grasped the barrel of a long and valuable rifle. His feet were protected by beautifully embroidered moccasins, which laced high up over the ankle, while around the swell of the large calves of his legs, were several thicknesses of deerskin, ornamented at the sides with silver points and porcupine quills.

About his neck was a string of gold or gilt beads, from which were suspended in front several ornaments of silver and gold, conspicuous among which, because larger than the rest, was an oval jewel, having within it a square, compass, and the letter G. A tomahawk was thrust through his wampum-belt, from which was suspended a powder-pouch or canister of chased silver. Behind him were a number of Indians of inferior rank, who stopped near the door as the half-breed advanced, and who seemed, by general consent, to delegate to him the discussion which was to follow.

The Jesuit pointed out General De Montcalm, and said, in the peculiar, half-French, half-Indian *patois* of the country,—

"This is the commander-in-chief, Brantor; you can hold your talk with him."

"Good!" replied Brantor, in the same tongue.

"But can you understand each other?" questioned the general, in pure French.

"Understand you some," said Brantor, shortly.

"Ah! good," replied De Montcalm. "Our Father, here, has told me that you desire one hundred and fifty guineas worth of rifles and blankets for your assistance."

"Right."

"And that you have a still further request to make, which he has not named to me. Inform me what it is?"

"Putnam!" said Brantor, with a flashing eye; "want him —want to kill him! I catch him, I kill him! *You* catch him, *I* kill him!"

"What does he mean, Father?" said Montcalm.

"His desire is," replied the priest, "that if Putnam shall be taken prisoner by his people, he shall do with him as he pleases; and if he should fall a prisoner to our own troops, that he shall be delivered up to him, Brantor."

"To be tortured! roasted alive!" muttered De Montcalm, with a shudder, "and he a brave man—a soldier? No! no! that I will never sanction."

"Remember," said the priest, in his mild, smooth voice,

"our instructions are to give these people their own way in these trivial matters, and——"

"Trivial! and my honour involved?" said De Montcalm, sternly. "Cease, Father! I know my duty to those above me, and to myself as a soldier and a man, and may God protect or desert me as I perform it or neglect it."

The priest bowed, while the general, with compressed lips, strode up and down the room in deep thought. At last, turning to Ambrose, he said,—

"We will accept their services upon those conditions alone: If Putnam shall be taken by them we will exercise no control over him. If by us, we shall treat him as other prisoners of war. I will not sanction savage barbarity, whatever my predecessors may have done. Messieurs, do you deem me right?"

A responsive murmur ran round the group. The keen eyes of the half-breed had been intently fixed on De Montcalm, as the commander walked to and fro with a troubled face and uneven step; and when his decided tone of refusal, and the assent of the others of the council, sanctioning the words, fell on the ears of the half-breed, he turned to the Jesuit, and in the Iroquois—which the priest well understood—said, in a tone of anger,—

"You make the treaty. He breaks the treaty. Whom shall the chief believe—ugh?"

A long discussion between the half-breed and the priest followed. The words of the former were few, quickly delivered, and a wild energy pervaded his manner, while the silvery tones of the latter were measured and modulated to musical sweetness, as he met and over-ruled the vehement propositions of the savage. At last the Jesuit completely chained the attention of his listeners, who, from time to time, assented, with a shrug, to the Jesuit's reasoning. Finally, the priest turned and said to De Montcalm, in French,—

"He assents, conditionally, to your proposition. You are to give him twenty-five pounds value in commodities in addition to the arrangement as made. Shall I signify your assent, general?"

"Yes," replied the general, "and let him be conducted to quarters. Messieurs, I declare the council dismissed. Colonel Rouelle, you may be required to depart before morning. You will attend me at my personal quarters at the expiration of half an hour," saying which, with a graceful wave of the hand,

he passed from the apartment, and was followed by several members of his staff.

A flush mantled the face of the young man who was addressed by De Montcalm as Colonel Rouelle, while several of the officers gathered around him, some congratulating him on the probability of his having command of the force about to be despatched, while others were desirous of acting as volunteers under his command.

In the meantime a group had formed around Brantor and his braves, between whom was being carried on an animated conversation in their native tongue, which was interrupted by a young officer, who stepped forward and took hold of the beads of the chief.

"What is this called, and why do you wear it?" said the officer, who had selected from the other ornaments the Masonic jewel we have before spoken of.

"Ah! Freemason—I am!" said the half-breed.

"You?" exclaimed two or three of the group, who had supposed that the jewel had been taken from the person of some prisoner, or found on the battle-field.

"Freemason two years," replied the Indian, holding up two fingers illustratively. "Made a Mason down Albany. Mason good."

"Here, Rouelle," said one of the officers, "if you are, as we suspect, to have command of this expedition, your chief ally is a brother."

"A brother what?" questioned Rouelle, with surprise, who up to that time had not heeded the conversation.

"A brother Mason, so he leads us to believe."

"My friends, is this not strange?" asked Rouelle.

"Not at all," answered the Jesuit, "many of the chiefs, but more especially those of the Iroquois, have received Masonic degrees, and although our holy church looks with disfavour on your fraternity, yet I must acknowledge that it has been the means of saving many lives, and robbed many stakes of victims whom the Indians would have otherwise sacrificed."

One by one the officers and savages retired, and the Jesuit and Rouelle were alone.

"Father," said the officer, "I deem it probable that the honour of leading this expedition will be conferred on me. This is the third time a dangerous, but for that reason a welcome, service of this character has been confided to me. You once expressed gratitude to me for what you termed favours

received when you were in France, from members of my family in years gone by."

"It is true, my son," said the silvery-toned priest, "and the recollections are now vivid in my mind. Why do you speak on this subject?"

"Because circumstances have arisen which make it necessary that I should ask of you protection for one whom I hold most dear."

"Mademoiselle de Blonville!" said the priest, with a slight start.

"The same. You were Marie's confessor, and to your guidance she will commit herself. I was about asking leave of absence in order to conduct her myself; should I do so now, the act might be construed into a desire to avoid duty."

"Where is she to go?"

"I forgot, Father, that your absence had prevented your knowing the occurrences which have transpired. We are betrothed; Colonel de Blonville gave his consent to our union before he departed. He is now on the verge of death. His dying wish is, that Marie should close his eyes. He is at Fort Jamonville, near the St. John's river."

"A dangerous place, my son; it is beyond St. Jean, and not far from the line of march which must be taken by Putnam. The garrison, too, is small, and should the enemy attack it, it must fall. Look at the map, and you can judge of the danger to one so young and beautiful, travelling thus far with but my slight protection."

"Your protection alone," replied the officer, "is greater than that of an escort. Who would harm a woman when under the guidance of such as you? As for danger, Marie is a soldier's daughter, and devotedly loves her father. No fear or danger can deter her from attempting to reach his bedside. The messenger who brought the news of Colonel de Blonville's illness would have conducted Marie, but he is now in the hospital, prostrate with fever; I cannot leave, an escort cannot be spared, and thus we are left to ask you for assistance. Father, will you do this kindness?"

"I will."

As the priest assented, a chill appeared to creep over him.

"When are we to set out?"

"Instantly, if your fatigue is not too great. She is all impatience. Horses will be in readiness within two hours;

for before meeting the marquis, I will direct my servant to place them at your disposal."

The interview was here interrupted by the entrance of a soldier, who saluted, and said to Rouelle,—

"General de Montcalm desires that you should visit his quarters instantly."

"I will attend him," replied Rouelle. "Father, I will meet you two hours hence at the residence of Colonel de Blonville. *Au revoir.*"

After the officer had departed, the priest sat at the table, and, resting his forehead on his hand, seemed buried in thought, where, for a moment, we will leave him.

Marie de Blonville was a Canadian by birth, her father having been sent to that country some twenty years before, with a lieutenant's commission; but at the time of the opening of our tale, he held the rank of colonel, and was then in command of Fort Jamonville.

Victor Rouelle had left the gay scenes of Paris in company with a large force, which, a few years previously, had been sent to Canada under the Marquis de Menneville, for the purpose of strengthening and extending the French possessions. He had risen by merit to his present rank, and had distinguished himself, by his gallantry, on several occasions when fighting under de Blonville, upon whose personal staff he had been placed. Thus forming one of the military household of his commander, and being much about his person, Rouelle was frequently thrown into the society of Marie, the result of which was an attachment full of devotion on either side. Their vows had been plighted with the full sanction of Colonel de Blonville, and they had only awaited his recall from his post to consummate their union. During five years preceding this time, Father Ambrose had been the spiritual adviser of the beautiful girl, except during those periods when his duties as a negotiator and linguist had required him to be absent.

The priest had thus watched the unfolding beauties of Marie, as year by year the bloom of youth had given place to the rich ripeness of womanhood. As through her full, sweet lips the confession of her derelictions had fallen on the Father's ears; as he saw her speaking, beautiful eyes, looking with the gaze of innocence into his; as she told of errors so slight that Heaven itself could scarce require intercession for pardon; as she had knelt before him, and with her beautiful hands clasped together and eyes upraised to heaven, while her per-

fumed breath warmed his cheek, a fierce lust had entered the hollow heart of the Jesuit; and frequently, with a heated brain and pulses throbbing for an unholy passion, had the hypocrite in priestly garments passed from the presence of the pure being whose voluptuous beauties had nearly hurled guile and ambition from their thrones, and given to lust supremacy. A demon had entered the soul of the priest, but met no holy thoughts, no heavenly-derived, chastening, sacred power, to exorcise it thence; all there was alike vile—alike unholy—alike at variance with all sacred feeling. As yet he had not dared to drop a hint or word which would indicate desire, though at times something akin to madness had seized his mind, and, fearful of his lack of self-control, he had hurried from her presence.

Such were the feelings of the Jesuit when the request from the commander-in-chief, some months previously to this time, had sent him on his errand of negotiation with the Iroquois, and now, on his return, when it needed only a sight of the object of his lust to raise his passions to almost uncontrollable power, to subject him to the unholy desires which absence had permitted to partially slumber, he was to be thrown into the society of Marie, to be alone with her, her sole companion and guide in a journey that would occupy days. As he now sat, with hands clasped and half-closed eyes, we can well imagine the whirlwind of thought which coursed through his brain.

Suddenly was heard breaking through the thick air and muffled by the falling snow, the roll of drums. Hurrying footsteps fell on the stone pavements of the fortress; the clink and clatter of arms were heard, all betokening a sudden muster of the troops for emergent service. The priest started up, listened a moment, seized his cap, and throwing the folds of his ample cloak about his person, left the apartment, muttering as he went, with a cold, icy smile,—

"So! to-night—they move to-night! But I think many of them will find the roads from here to St. Jean much easier to traverse than those from St. Jean back. Putnam and Satan fight together."

Colonel Rouelle and De Montcalm were alone in the private apartment of the commander, who had just given his subordinate full instructions for the performance of the duty just entrusted to him. As they heard the rolling of the drums, De Montcalm turned to Rouelle and said,—

"Your force is mustering; repair to your command. Be discreet and vigilant, and may God protect you. Adieu."

Rouelle took the extended hand of his chief, and, while returning its warm pressure, said, with some hesitation and a quivering voice,—

"General, you know that this duty was not expected by me. It is, however, one I would have sought. But before marching, it is necessary that I should take leave of some friends and leave some directions."

"Ah, I understand," said De Montcalm, with a smile—"Mademoiselle de Blonville. I sympathize with you: she is worthy of your love. Go make your adieux; but a half-hour is all the time which can be spared. Once more, farewell."

In a few brief moments Rouelle was in the saddle, spurring over the snow-packed streets toward the residence of Marie. Arriving at the gate, he rang the bell, and hastily throwing the reins to the servant who answered his summons, passed into the mansion, up the broad staircase, and in another instant clasped his arms around the object of his love.

"Ah, Victor! dear Victor!" said Marie, 'what has occurred, that you return to me so soon, and in such haste?"

"There is no cause for alarm, dear Marie; I have only returned to say farewell."

"Farewell!" said she, in a saddened tone.

"Yes, I am ordered immediately to depart on active service. Within an hour I shall be *en route*.

"Ah, *mon Dieu!* and my father?"

"All is arranged. The good Father Ambrose has returned, and will travel with you. He has consented. I cannot accompany you without a stain being cast upon my honour, which, Marie, is as dear to you as to me. Should I now ask leave of absence, after having received my orders from the general, malice might misconstrue my motives."

"I see—I understand. Your honour must be stainless."

"It must."

"And when shall I depart? I am filled with eagerness. He is my only parent. My heart would break if I should arrive too late." And tears filled the eyes of the beautiful girl.

Pressing her still closer to his heart, Rouelle kissed away the evidence of her grief, and replied,—

"Immediately, — to-morrow at daybreak, — when you please."

At this instant a servant threw open the door of the apartment, and said,—

"Father Ambrose."

The priest advanced, and placing his hand on the head of Marie, appeared silently to invoke a blessing on her. He then kissed her cheek as a father would that of his child. At that moment was heard the dull sound of the cathedral bell, as it boomed out the hour of eleven.

"Good Father," hurriedly said Rouelle, "your coming is most opportune. I have but a moment to stay. I here commit to you the dearest, holiest treasure of my heart. Oh, let no harm come to her. And you, Marie," continued he, with a quivering voice, "may Heaven protect you!" And straining to his breast the weeping object of his first, his only love, and pressing a lingering kiss on her full, quivering lips, he hurried from the house.

An instant after the sound of his horse's footfall on the snow grew fainter, as Rouelle, with a saddened heart, urged him by spurs and voice toward the barracks.

(*To be continued.*)

Curiosities of Judaism.

[FROM A NOTE-BOOK OF "P. A."]

Tachkemoni.

AT intervals the occasionally melancholy and generally grave rabbins cast off their garments of mourning, and in festive robes sing songs of love; they enliven their epigrammatic sayings by a play upon words, and at times they even offer facetiæ which the reader is astonished to meet with in the holy tongue. The most prominent among the Arab rabbins, who have been handed down to us, stands Rabbi Jehuda al Charisi. His Tachkemoni, written in rhymed prose, intermingled with verse, displays a curious melange of didactic, satirical, and facetious compositions. A part of that work is devoted to a history of poetry among the Jews, and contains hints for the art of versification.—*Heb. Review.*

The Ram.

The old rabbinical writers have a curious saying about the ram. "The ram in life has one tone, in death seven." This they explain in the following way. When the animal is living the only sound which it can produce is its bleat; but when it is dead, it is made into musical instruments: 1. Of the horns are made trumpets; 2, of the leg bones are made flutes; 3, of the large intestines are made lute-strings; 4, of the small intestines are made harp-strings; 5, of the skin is made the drumhead; 6, of the wool are made the pomegranates, or tassels, which hang between the golden bells of the high priest's garment. This latter sentence explains a passage in Exod. xxviii. 33, which is not very easy of comprehension. When describing the ephod of the high priest, the sacred writer proceeds to say, "And beneath, upon the hem of it, thou shalt make pomegranates of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, round about the hem thereof; the bells of gold between them round about." Both the material and the use of the blue and purple and scarlet pomegranates are here left uncertain; but this old rabbinical saying explains both. They were made of the dyed wool of the sheep, and their use was to prevent the bells from clashing harshly together, and to keep up a sort of gentle chime as the high priest went about his sacred duties. It is very true that only six tones instead of seven are enumerated, but we must not be too critical in dissecting an aphorism.—*Rev. J. G. Wood, Bible Annals.*

Embassy to the Pope.

Among the Venetian State papers (March 1524) it is recorded that "an Ambassador has come to the Pope from the Jews in India, offering him 300,000 combatants against the Turk, and asking for artillery.

Laws of the Visigoths.

These laws (passed from the 5th to the 7th century) were marked with the most intense hatred against the Jews. They were forbidden to retain any of their ancient customs; they were compelled to give public proofs of their apostacy, such as eating of the forbidden meats, working on the Sabbaths, &c. Indeed, it was ordained that every Jew should go to some Christian on each succeeding Sabbath, to prove to him

that he actually did work. They were condemned to the severest punishment, if they still showed themselves faithful to their religion; they were not permitted to keep Christian slaves or indeed to have transactions with Christians. Stoning and the flames were decreed against them for every infraction. Their punishment was relegated to the clergy, who themselves were threatened with great severity if they manifested any pity towards the unhappy victims."—*Bedarride, État des Juifs.*

The Bitterness of Death.

"The angel of death," says the rabbins, "holdeth his sword in his hand at the bed's foot, having on the end thereof three drops of gall. The sick man, spying this deadly angel, openeth his mouth with fear, and then these drops fall in; of which, one killeth him; the second maketh him pale; the third rotteth and putrifieth."—*Purchas, his Pilgrimage.*

Probably the expression "to taste the bitterness of death" may refer to this. See 1 Samuel xv. 32, אכן סר מר המות.—*P. A.*

"The Treasure of the Poor."

Nicholas Antonio sent to Bertolacci, a manuscript, entitled, "Otzar Ha-aniyim אוצר העניים," the "Treasure of the Poor," written by a certain Master Julian, in the Portuguese language, but in rabbinical characters. It was a collection of simple receipts for all diseases, and appears to be written thus, that it might be serviceable to those only who were acquainted with Hebrew. There was good policy in this. A King's physician in those days was hardly a less important person than a king's confessor; with many princes, indeed, he would be the more influential of the two, as being the most useful and frequently the best informed; and in those times of fearful insecurity it might be within his power, like Mordecai, to avert some great calamity from his nation.—*Southey, "The Doctor."* [*Jewish Chronicle.*]

Sir Christopher Wren was born at the Rectory of East Knoyle, Wilts, on the 20th October, 1632. His father, Dr. Christopher Wren, was Chaplain-in-ordinary to Charles I. and Dean of Windsor. Sir Christopher died on the 25th February, 1723, having been found in his arm-chair, calmly reposing "the sleep that knows no dreams."

Speech,

PRONOUNCED BEFORE THE BRISTOL COLLEGE,

By Frater Vitam Impendere Vero. 8°.

A FUND of knowledge transmitted from antiquity through ages of turmoil, was preserved by a few learned men of each generation, who banded together, adopting mystic symbols and secret cyphers to conceal their real pursuits. These adepts, schooled by persecution, were all-tolerant; hand-in-hand with their occult labours went religious free-thought; the secret language became interchangeable for either, and many a martyr of the one went to the stake on suspicion of the other. Both were diligently discredited by sacerdotal cunning, for it was the object of rulers to repress enlightenment, and their peoples were taught to abhor what priests and kings condemned.

At the Reformation, leaderships fell into the hands of men who, as interpreters of religion to the multitude, could not afford to uphold what they were incompetent to teach. All courage was needed to grapple with religious questions, and the philosophy with which the Reformers had associated and consorted in times of peril, was abandoned without an effort to rescue it from vulgar scorn. It was in the interests of priests — even Lutheran and Calvinist — to claim monopoly of spiritual knowledge; whilst the Rosicrucian fathers were consistently averse to "casting pearls before swine." For the masses were yet fast bound in ignorance, and the newly-acquired liberty was grossly misused.

The Reformers soon ceded one of the bulwarks of Christianity to another ally. They sold their birthright *Miracle* in exchange for the support of the secular schools. The latter, with imperfect instruments and limited experience, were no longer called upon to corroborate what, it was conceded, had ceased since apostolic days; rallying to the aid of the Reformers, both concurred, showering by turns anathema and ridicule upon the sciences which neither understood.

The mistake, as regards Christianity, became apparent. The scientist ever encouraged to reduce all to known laws, and finding no explanation of miracle, began hardily to deny that miracle or revelation had ever occurred: thus attacking

theology in its "*raison d'être.*" The propagation of Pantheism began. If nature works solely by laws which the scientist has ascertained, then it becomes evident that law is God—the theologian unnecessary, and the scientist God's best interpreter.

The occult studies, once under the heel of Rome, then betrayed by the Reformation, have found a tyrant more insulting yet. Theology is little better off, for infidelity is rampant in the universities and established religions are losing hold over the popular mind. To these ends exact science has been driving with accelerated speed.

May not free thought (germ of reformed theology) and ancient wisdom (latent in the occult sciences), these friends of yore and foes of yesterday, make common cause? We believe not only that, in addition, exact science, the common foe, when it shall have overpassed the sands of vanity, will come upon the common ground, ground not unknown to theology and on which was founded the wisdom of the Rosicrucian fathers—the Rock of Truth!

The popular mind of to-day, educated, not blind, will no longer follow blind leaders; it is ripe for a reaction. We may live to see the great coalition. Otherwise, though Puck's promise, made nearly 300 years ago, is realised by the telegraph; though newly-seen laws of nature are daily modifying opinion, rehabilitating many an enthusiast once condemned as a charlatan; the scientists of our time will rank below the theologians they have sought to discredit. Their successors will stand on an eminence whence grander discoveries loom large on the horizon, on the Mons Philosophorum—the Rock of Truth.

Of those discoveries the spiritualist or psychic movement is a herald. Startled by its summons, theologian and scientist must face towards a common centre, where stands that despised and rejected philosophy which they have striven to extirpate and defile.

Your Society, opportunely established, is a beacon discernible above the clouds of error and prejudice. May your lamps be trimmed and your oil pure to illuminate the night of the past: on the future the sun of Hermes is rising again!

Animal magnetism, mesmerism, clairvoyance, spiritual manifestations of all kinds, are but properties of the metaphorical stone and life-elixir, faculties of the microcosm's immortality—in Hermetic parlance—of the Rosie-Cross.

From the 7th to the 12th centuries the occult studies were chiefly confined to the Jews and Gnostics, and after transmitted through Arabs and Spanish Moors. We see then Roger Bacon, the Great Albert, Paracelsus, and Cornelius Agrippa, bright in a constellation of sages. Amongst the first works which excited *public* curiosity were *The Fame and Confession, The Reformation of the World,* and *The Chemical Wedding.* The author of the last sought to shield the hidden treasure from profanation, interposing to disgust that "little knowledge" which is "a dangerous thing."

That the Order has survived as an organized Brotherhood up to our days we may not allege. Scattered evidence up to the end of the last century, would lead us to believe that the adepts, shrouded in silence, continued to enjoy a sublime intercourse beyond the imagination of a selfish world. They inherited the gnosis and mysterious lore of Egypt, but, as Bro. Yarker observes in his epitome of *Speculative Freemasonry,* we are not to suppose that every writer on those subjects was a lawful initiate. From time to time history has recorded the appearance of knights-errant, if we may so term them, of magic, who, like wandering meteors, after startling society by exploding marvels in its midst, disappeared as suddenly, or succumbed to the fury of the terrified rulers of Church and State. Of this class were St. Germains, Schrepfer, Cagliostro, and others, who had acquired secrets which could have been publicly prostituted by no member of the order unless recreant to his vows: deep has been the ingenuity displayed in discrediting their pretensions and vilifying their memory; but we challenge the student after perusing the accounts bequeathed to us by their enemies, to deny that some of their recorded acts are beyond the power of exact science to explain.

Some men are specially qualified to dive into occult researches—witness Swedenborg, Zschokke, and Jung Stilling; but acquaintance with the science of antiquity is needed for the cultivation of their advantages and for the turning of their gifts to profitable account.

The Scientist has rejected certain traditions of the ancients, whilst glorifying certain other traditions whose proofs have been rediscovered. The Copernican astronomer beholds the mechanism of the universe, and admiring its vast proportions and harmonious details, perceives that its operations proceed under the impulses of inexorable law; he dilates upon gravity

upon forces centrifugal and centripetal, upon gases and densities, and unfolds to us the process by which a system may have been engendered and orbs sent revolving in graduated progress through space and time. The mathematician and geologist coincide with the astronomer; what is true of the immensity is found applicable to the minutest atoms and their relations to each other. The chemist finds new elements, new metals, and new gaseous compounds in infinite division and combination. The logician quibbles over the old formulæ and applies new tests, by which the utter worthlessness of all human evidence is, to his own satisfaction, conclusively shown. Each swells the chorus of law. "There is no law save my law, and I am its prophet."

May we be pardoned for deeming that scientists, in their dogmata as to law, are but reaffirming lost truths known long ago? Known to older scientists, who divided the zodiac, planted pyramids for a purpose, wrought signs and wonders, and revelled in brilliant dialectics in the morning of time! Africa was circumnavigated, the far East traded with, observatories erected, earth's measurement determined, and magnetism known, long prior to the Christian era. Our navies were preceded by Tyrian and other navigators; Columbus forestalled; Copernicus anticipated by Pythagoras, as the latter by Egyptian sages; and Lesseps preceded by a Ptolemy, as Ptolemy had been by a Pharaoh. How, then, though we know the universe to be under laws, dare we limit them to what are taught by modern science? Ancient record tells of much which the scientist meets with bare denial. There are two sides to the question.

It is more rational to presume that the universe was not made for man, but rather man for the universe. Yet in refusing to credit the existence of intelligences other than men participating in and throughout the universe, because no such beings have come under the telescope or microscope of exact science, the scientist, *quasi* materialist, would lead us to infer that the glories of nature were made for mortals alone.

Rationalism shows us a wonderful mechanism of matter, infinite in vastness as an atomic perfection; it traces the evolution of active life and the adaptation of cerebral organisms to the development of distinct idiosyncrasies; but as regards *my* conscious identity, *my* limited aspirations, and *my* inner love-yearning, it makes *me* constituent of an empty world, which feeds upon its own decay, doomed for ever to purpose-

less cycles of activity, whose results to me as an individual, will be—*nothing*, under endless law.

Not on such quicksand stood the Rosicrucians when, investigating the arcana, they entered into communion with ethereal spheres beyond the realm of this world. In contradistinction to the modern reasoner, they knew *that God's universe is full!* Full, not of beings like ourselves only, but of spiritual myriads, of which earth's children form but an insignificant and helpless band! Not all satire were the fables of the "Count of Gabalis." If the disembodied yet haunt this world and linger in the sphere around it (as Spiritualists are re-discovering to their astonishment); if powers of the air and angels have made known their presence (as the faithful of all creeds assert from countless witnesses); the elements have also their instinct dæmons—fire for some, water for others, and ungauged ether for others yet. *God's universe is full!* Pervading and including the great orreries of matter—full of activity—full of spirit—full of life!

Now we know in part and we prophesy in part, but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away! When Death, kind doorkeeper! shall unbar the gate, our rejoicing brethren gone before shall welcome us emancipated from that matter which has blunted perception and bound us unto itself.

It is for your Society, if I apprehend its objects rightly, to re-open those neglected windows whence your great predecessors gazed into the bright beyond. The alchemical tropes and theosophical symbols they bequeathed are not unknown to us, but the interpretation is often wanting. Those supposed chimeras, the philosopher's stone and the life-elixir, have a meaning, which, if we appreciate, we need not to dabble in apparitions with the medium or in palingenesia of plants with the Hindoo, but may consecrate ourselves in purity of mind and fixity of purpose to nobler aims. For we, existing in matter, are divided by it from a world of light in which our firmament's luminaries are but blots, even from the spheres of spirit. The *health, long life, and riches* promised by our philosophers are to be enjoyed *there*, immaterial treasure stored up by us for use in the better land; the *transmutation* of metals in the passage from matter into glory as from dross to gold; the *quintessence* is the blazing star, the microcosm, the immortal soul; and the *medicine*, the draught of death after a life of virtue! Virtue

is the philosopher's stone which developes the great law of affinity. Virtue, induced by faith, founded on knowledge of the relations of earthlife to the next, of the conditions of the hereafter, and of the immortality of the spiritual man.

Our translators are said to be to blame for the arbitrary rendering of the word *Sheol* or *Hades*, where it occurs in the Scripture, into Heaven or Hell, as seemed to them appropriate. For the testimony of seers ancient and modern, concurs in investing Sheol, or the sphere into which our spirits (if not bound down to earth by sordid or inordinate desires) must pass after death, with attributes similar to this world: with scenery and surroundings all similar. Save that Sheol is the realm of thoughts and ideas personified (not material) equally real to its disembodied inhabitants as objects embodied in matter are to us; save that there, we, purified, are subject to purer social habits and social order. There we are all members of a democracy—the only superiority of mind over mind being due to advantages of education and ennoblement (the "treasure laid up") which may have been acquired during the earthly pilgrimage. If our lives here have been recklessly wicked and impure, squalid and impure will be our surroundings there. But every science and art we acquire here, if practised with pure intention, will be an additional source of interest to us there: in like manner as every virtuous act performed here will have insensibly elevated our nature, attracting beautiful surroundings in short, and shortening our sojourn there to gain for us the sooner admission into the first of the ineffable spheres which succeed. The attributes of the latter are necessarily dim to our understanding: we can only imagine how the spirit, more and more purified, more and more attracted to Godhead, may be wafted for a higher purpose ever upward and onward. St. Paul had visited the third of these stages,—"Whether in the body or out of the body," says he, "I know not,"—and there heard unspeakable things.

We are warranted in believing that between all these stages of being, intercourse by angel-messengers is continually carried on; with this world, gross and in bondage to matter, that intercourse is apparently intermittent, because our material senses are not adapted to perceive it. Nevertheless, through all ages, every nation has recognised it in one form or another. And so far even as the spiritual nature transcends the material, so do the occult laws of the universe transcend the laws

of matter known to us. By means of these occult laws intercourse may be made apparent and perpetual; a source of light, purity, and nobility turned full upon the spirit yet cased in clay, and a foretaste of the beatitude of the hereafter. This was the glory of your predecessors, and this the mystic secret portrayed to the initiate in the living, glowing radiance of the Rosie-Cross.

Reviews.

FIRST NOTICE.

The Life and Death of the Sublime Society of Beefsteaks. By Bro. WALTER ARNOLD. Bradbury, Evans, & Co.

AMONG the many convivial societies, composed chiefly of *literati*, which existed in the eighteenth century, the "Society of Beefsteaks" holds a conspicuous, if not even the foremost place. "The Society was founded by Henry Rich, the celebrated harlequin and machinist of Covent Garden Theatre in 1735," and consisted of twenty-four persons only. Hogarth and Delane, with other eminent men, were original members, and in succession to them we find other names equally illustrious in the annals of literature and art. Cibber joined in 1739; Wilkes, of "No. 45" notoriety, in 1754; the Earl of Sandwich in 1761; and before the admission of the Prince of Wales in 1785, the Duke of Norfolk and the Earls of Effingham, Surrey, and Guildford belonged to the Society. George Colman (1784), Charles Morris, the "Bard" (1785), and John Kemble (1805), make up a notable trio. On the 30th April, 1808, the Duke of Sussex was elected a member, following his brother the Duke of York; and after this date nearly every *socius* of the Society was distinguished by either high rank or remarkable ability. Lord Brougham, Sir Francis Burdett, Colonel Wildman (Prov. G.M. for Notts.), the Duke of Leinster (G.M. of Ireland), the Earl of Dalhousie (G.M. of Scotland), Rowland Alston, *M.P.* (P.G.W.), were members of the Club, and, as our readers will perceive, nearly all were Freemasons. The following anecdote is told of the Duke of Sussex:—

"The 'Boots' was the last elected of the members; and there was a grave responsibility attached to his office. He was the fag of the brotherhood, and sometimes a hard life he had of it.

It was his duty to arrive before the dinner-hour; not only to decant the wine, but to fetch it from the cellar. This latter custom was persevered in until the destruction of the old Lyceum by fire, and was only then abandoned by reason of the inaccessibility of the cellar, when the Society returned to the new theatre, the present Lyceum, in 1838. No one was exempted from this ordeal; and woe to him who shirked or neglected it.

The greatest enjoyment seemed to be afforded, both to members and guests, by summoning 'Boots' to decant a fresh bottle of port at the moment when a hot plate and a fresh steak were placed before him.

The Duke of Sussex was 'Boots' from the date of his election, April, 1808, to April, 1809, when a vacancy occurred and my father was elected, releasing his Royal Highness from the post. Indeed, until the Society ceased to exist, the Duke of Leinster, who had duly served his apprenticeship (although he drank nothing stronger than water himself) constantly usurped the legitimate duties of the 'Boots,' by arriving before him, and performing the accustomed, but not forgotten, service of the day.

When any 'Boots' showed signs of temper, or any member was unruly or infringed the rules of the Society, a punishment was in store for him. It was moved and seconded that such delinquent should be put in the white sheet, and reprimanded by the Recorder; and if the 'Ayes had it,' (and they always did have it) the sentence was carried out.

The offending party was taken from the room by two members bearing halberts, and preceded by a third carrying the sword, and was brought back again in the garb of penitence (the tablecloth). Then, after a lecture from the Recorder, severe or humorous according to the nature of his offence, he was allowed to resume his place at the table.

It happened that Bro. the Duke of Sussex was put in the white sheet under the following circumstances. His Royal Highness had come to the Steaks with Bro. Hallett, and on the road the watch-chain belonging to the latter had been cut and his bunch of seals stolen. The cloth removed, Hallett addressed the President, recounted the loss he had

sustained, and charged the Duke as the perpetrator of the robbery. The case was tried on the spot, and the evidence having clearly established the criminality of the accused (to a Beefsteak jury) it was moved and resolved that H. R. H. should forthwith be put into the white sheet and reprimanded for an act which might have been considered a fault had the victim been a stranger, but which became a crime when that victim was a Brother. There was no appeal. His Royal Highness reluctantly rose, was taken out in custody, brought before the Recorder (Bro. Richards) and received a witty but unsparing admonition for the offence, of which he had been unanimously found guilty. For a wonder, his Royal Highness took it ill. He resumed his seat; but remained silent and reserved. No wit could make him smile, no bantering could rouse him, and at an unusually early hour he ordered his carriage and went away.

The next day my father, who had been the mover of the resolution, went to the palace to smooth the ruffled plumes of his royal *confrère*, and took me with him. In those days the Duke rode on horseback, and as we turned out of the gate leading from the garden to the portico, his horse was at the door and his Royal Highness in the act of coming out. By the time we neared the entrance his foot was in the stirrup, and he saw us approaching. Without a moment's hesitation he withdrew his foot, released the bridle, and with both his enormous hands extended, advanced three or four steps to meet my father.

'I know what you are come about,' he called loudly out in his accustomed note (probably B flat), and wringing both my father's hands until he winced with pain; 'I know what you're come about! I made a fool of myself last night. You were quite right and I quite wrong, so I shall come next Saturday and do penance again for my bad temper!'

Such was the gracious reception of his Royal Highness; and this said and done while the sentries were presenting arms and his Highlander and grooms standing by the horses."

[We are indebted to Fra. Ellis, of Sheffield, for the loan of this curious work.—Ed. *R. and M. R.*]

Records of the Craft.

MEMORANDA OF THE BEDFORD MASONIC LODGE, No. 157.

COLLATED FROM THE RECORDS BY BROTHER JAMES HARRIS, SECRETARY, AND CONTINUED BY BROTHER ALFRED THRUPP, SECRETARY.

Continued from p. 66.

An amendment to the foregoing resolution was carried, *viz.*—"That the Treasurer, on the present emergency, do advance the sum of £10. 10s. from the Lodge funds, and, to replace the same, that a voluntary subscription be opened among the members." * Carried *nem. con.*

It was also resolved, that £1. 1s. per annum be paid from the funds of the Lodge in aid of the aforesaid Institution.

In June, the Bye-Laws were revised and ordered to be reprinted.

In July, the annual festival was held at Br. Cowmeadow's, Notting Hill; tickets 10s. 6d. each. It was, however, previously and unanimously resolved, that the Stewards appointed for its superintendence should be empowered to draw upon the Treasurer for a sum not exceeding £5 in aid of the current expenses, if found requisite.

In December following, some doubts having arisen that the office of Secretary was not elective, but an appointment of the Master for the time being; after mature deliberation, it was carried by a large majority, "That the true interest and welfare of the Lodge demanded that that officer should be equally as independent in his actions as the Treasurer, and that the 15th section of the Bye-Laws be in future adhered to."

The Committee assembled to audit the annual accounts, recommended that a new set of Lodge boards, for elucidating the three degrees of Craft Masonry be provided for the use of the Lodge; and with a view of fixing the respective illustrations of each degree by the most approved recent alterations, that Br. Secretary Harris be deputed to wait upon the Grand Secretaries, Brs. White and Harpur, to ascertain if any additional plan or design has been sanctioned by the Grand Lodge, or if the boards now in use at the Grand Steward's Lodge may be considered as the general standard of Masonic emblematical perfection; and that he report the result of such inquiries on the ensuing Lodge night.

In January, 1825, on the report of Br. Harris, it was unanimously resolved that the recommendation of the Committee be carried into effect, and that the sum of £10. 10s. be paid to Br. Kittrick for painting the same.—On the same evening, the unanimous thanks of the Lodge were voted to Br. Paul, P.M., for his truly generous offer to provide mahogany Lodge boards, properly seasoned and fully prepared for the touch of the artist.

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* The voluntary subscription amounted to £13. 14s. 6d., leaving a surplus of £3. 4s. 6d., which was ordered to be applied towards defraying the expense of reprinting the Bye-Laws.

In August the annual festival was held at Br. Furze's, the Greyhound Inn, Richmond; tickets 10s. 6d. each; and the Stewards were empowered to draw upon the Treasurer for a sum not exceeding £5 towards the expenses, if requisite.

In October, the Stewards of the late festival reported, in open Lodge, that they had incurred a very unnecessary and unlooked for expense on that occasion, in consequence of some of the members having neither attended the festival nor returned their tickets, agreeably to the notice given. It was resolved, therefore, that the deficiency be made good from the Lodge funds; and that in future, those members who either neglect to attend, or carelessly forget to return their tickets, be responsible for the amount.

In December, the sum of £3. 3s. was voted to the widow of our late lamented Br. Belzoni, that enterprising but unfortunate traveller, who was barbarously murdered during his travels in Africa.

In January, 1826, the thanks of the Lodge, engraved on a Past Master's jewel of the value of £5. 5s., was voted to Br. Hugh Dalrymple, P.M., for his zealous attention to the duties of the Lodge during the two years he presided over it as W.M.

In August, the annual festival was held at Br. Hare's, the Roebuck Tavern, Richmond Hill; tickets 10s. 6d. each; and the sum of £5. voted as before.

In October following, it was unanimously resolved, "That in consequence of the long and zealous services of the Secretary, Br. Harris, and in order that the Lodge may not be deprived of his attendance to the duties of his office on account of the great distance of his residence from the Freemasons' Tavern, and increasing age and infirmities, that the sum of £5. 5s. be annually paid him out of the funds of the Lodge, to defray the expenses of coach-hire," &c.

In February, 1827, it was resolved that the thanks of the Lodge, engrossed on vellum, and handsomely framed and glazed, be presented to Br. James Tomkins, P.M., in testimony of the zeal displayed by him in promoting the interests of the Lodge at the time he presided over it as W.M., and for his handsome offer to provide a suitable case to contain the Lodge boards.

On the same evening, the thanks of the members, accompanied by a Masonic emblem in silver, was presented, in open Lodge, to Br. Thomas Kittrick, for the very scientific and masterly style in which he has depicted upon the Lodge boards the several Masonic emblems illustrative of the three degrees of the Craft; and likewise for his liberality in defraying the expenses incurred beyond the sum voted in January, 1825.

In June, on account of the heavy demands made upon the Lodge funds for the relief of distressed brethren, &c., the Secretary generously declined accepting (under such circumstances) more than £3. 3s. for his expenditure for coach-hire.

On the same evening, the Secretary was instructed to set apart or deduct the Grand Lodge dues, received at each meeting of the Lodge, with the design of enabling the members, when the minutes are read, to ascertain the net balance remaining in the Treasurer's hands.