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STRAY LEAVES

FROM

A FREEMASON'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY

A SUFFOLK RECTOR.

“Every Christian is a stone in this spiritual edifice, in which, when properly modelled and polished by the exercise of religion and the practice of morality, and fitted for translation to a celestial building, he is cemented with his perfected brethren, by charity, into a beautiful temple, prepared on earth and put together in heaven.”

Dr. Oliver's STAR IN THE EAST.

NEW YORK:
JNO. W. LEONARD & CO., MASONIC PUBLISHERS,
NO. 383 BROADWAY.
1856.

Stereotyped by
HOLMAN & GRAY, NEW YORK.

Printed and Bound by
J. F. BRENNAN, LOUISVILLE, KY.

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Oct 187

DENDY

P R E F A C E .

IN claiming the attention of the reader to the present volume, it may be proper for me to state, that it originated in a wish to aid those charities which are at once the boast and ornament of our order, and more particularly to strengthen that which I conceive to be so full of promise—THE PROJECTED “ASYLUM FOR THE AGED AND DECAYED FREE-MASON.”

In waiving, for myself, *all* pecuniary advantage, the far higher gratification will be mine of devoting *the entire proceeds of the copyright to Masonic charity.*

If the reader will bear in mind this design, some defects will more readily be excused. Moreover, it is incumbent on me to state, clearly and candidly, that some three or four of these sketches have appeared elsewhere.

“Canning in Retirement,” “The Foreign Sorceress and the British Statesman,” “A Sovereign, a Lady in Waiting, and a Secret,” figured in the fugitive literature of the day; while “The Measure meted out to Others, measured to us again,” was honoured with a niche in “Blackwood.”

Would they were, one and all, more worthy of the cause they are designed to serve!

That some of the inferences which they suggest will be controverted is probable enough: especially such as have reference to the condition of the poor. Let me hope, however, that whatever deficiency my *brochure* may contain, there will be found in it no want of Christian tenderness.

For the rest—"None of these things move me!"

Who is it that says: "The triumphs in evil which men call great, are but clouds passing over the serene and everlasting heavens. Men may, in craft or passion, decree violence and oppression; but silently, irresistibly, they and their works are swept away. A voice of encouragement comes to us from the ruins of the past—from the humiliations of the proud, from the prostrate thrones of conquerors, from the baffled schemes of statesmen, from the reprobation which sooner or later visits unrighteous policy. Men, measures, and all earthly interests pass away; but PRINCIPLES ARE ETERNAL. Truth, justice, and goodness partake of the omnipotence and immutableness of God, whose essence they are. In these it becomes us to place a calm, joyful, and unfaltering trust in the darkest hour. "Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?"

E.

— Rectory,
October 1st, 1846.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.	
Sir William Webb Follett in Early Life	1
CHAPTER II.	
The Soldier-Mason	12
CHAPTER III.	
The Anti-Masonic Vicar	16
CHAPTER IV.	
The Curse of Talent	24
CHAPTER V.	
Canning in Retirement	31
CHAPTER VI.	
A Literary Soirée	40
CHAPTER VII.	
“The Measure meted out to Others, Measured to us again”	45
CHAPTER VIII.	
The Foreign Sorceress and the British Statesman	63
CHAPTER IX.	
“Nidus Passerum;” or, the “Sparrowe’s” Nest at Ipswich	68

	PAGE
CHAPTER X.	
A Mason in High Places: Bishop Griswold	75
CHAPTER XI.	
A Sovereign: a Lady in Waiting: and a Secret	80
CHAPTER XII.	
Liston; or, the Melancholy of Mirth	85
CHAPTER XIII.	
The Juryman-Mason	92
CHAPTER XIV.	
A Mason's Home: Newstead Abbey and Col. Wildman	118
CHAPTER XV.	
The late Rev. Robert Lynam and the Prizes in the Church	128
CHAPTER XVI.	
A Grand Master's Ancestral Halls: Hastings and Donnington	135
CHAPTER XVII.	
Half a dozen Words about the Poor	141
CHAPTER XVIII.	
The True Policy of the Order	152

STRAY LEAVES

FROM A

FREE-MASON'S NOTE-BOOK.



STRAY LEAVES

FROM A

FREE-MASON'S NOTE-BOOK.

CHAPTER I.

SIR WILLIAM WEBB FOLLETT IN EARLY LIFE.

A BOYISH REMINISCENCE.

“I fear not, Fate, thy pendent shears—
There are who pray for length of years;
To them, not me, allot them:
Life's cup is nectar at the brink,
Midway a palatable drink,
And wormwood at the bottom.”

HORACE SMITH.

THERE is something pleasing, yet solemn, in the review which, as life's evening advances, we take of our early contemporaries. The roll-call recurs to us; and, with each name, a thousand associations are instantly blended. Of those whom we recollect to have entered the race with us, how many have long since reached the goal! How few—comparatively speaking—after a lapse of nine-and-twenty years remain! Upon some, the drama of life has closed in poverty and exile. Upon others, bitter disappointment has fallen. The manhood of not a few has been steeped in sorrow. While more than one has sunk to sleep in the bosom of our common parent, with prospects finally and hopelessly overshadowed by ignominy and disgrace.

Thus musing, it is delightful to turn to one whose

whole progress was “*onward*,” and whose career amply justified the affectionate expectations of those to whom his fame was dear.

Sir William Webb Follett and myself were school-fellows. We had the advantage of being under the discipline of Doctor Lempriere—the author of the well-known Classical Dictionary—during the period he presided over the Exeter Free Grammar School.

Of him it is not too much to affirm that he was at once the scholar and the gentleman—a most patient instructor and a most gifted companion. Poor fellow! he laboured long and cheerfully; but the evening of his active life was painfully overcast. The “*otium cum dignitate*” was his only in prospect. Persecution assailed him from a quarter whence he had a right to expect only friendship. “*Dis aliter visum!*” He was ejected from the Head Mastership—the victim, as he averred, of some wretched intrigue; and the object of accusations which could never be substantiated.

But the period during which Sir William and my humble self were under his control was that of his “high and palmy” days; when the school was in the zenith of its fame, and he of his popularity; when the eldest sons of distinguished county families were domesticated beneath his roof—and no accents, save those of commendation, arose around him.

One peculiarity he had—that of forming a tolerably correct estimate of a boy’s after-success in life. I do not affirm that his opinion was always framed independent of prejudice, or that all his predictions were verified. I contend only that, mainly and generally, he was right. One instance I remember well. We had on the roll of our class a lad of extraordinary promise. His quickness and clearness of apprehension were remarkable. His command of language was great, and his facility in composition enviable. The under-masters petted A—— as a prodigy; and boldly predicted, on his leaving us, that he would rise, and rise rapidly, to distinction.

From this opinion the Doctor invariably dissented. “Pshaw!” he was heard to say, on one occasion, “he will attain no distinction; unless it be that of leaving the country at his Majesty’s expense. He wants ballast—the ballast of PRINCIPLE.”

The Doctor was right. Poor A—— is now at Sydney.

Equally judicious was his estimate of the late Attorney-General. "Webb Follett is not brilliant, but he is solid. He will not snatch, but he will earn distinction. I shall not live to see it; but it will be so."

Now, this conclusion was the more curious, because Follett was not one of those spirits who hit peculiarly the Doctor's taste. Follett, as a boy, was rather slow; there is no use in denying it. There was at school nothing dashing or brilliant about him. His articulation in boyhood was thick, and his demeanour somewhat sluggish. Now sharpness, quickness, and readiness, the Doctor delighted in. Again: Follett was not fond of classics; the Doctor revelled in them. And yet he appreciated his pupil, and did him justice. In proof of this, I well recollect that when one of the under-masters—Osborne was the reverend gentleman's name—said to the Doctor, after a hasty perusal, "*Webb Follett's verses, Sir, want imagination;*" the rejoinder instantly followed—"But, Sir, they possess—what many verses do not—SENSE!"

There was one peculiarity about the late Attorney-General in boyhood, which, I am inclined to think, accompanied him in after-life. He possessed the entire confidence of our little community. The sentiment he inspired, generally, was respect. "Well! that's Webb Follett's opinion"—was a dictum which settled many a boyish quarrel, and stilled many an angry difference. Perhaps this might mainly be owing to his manner: for even in boyhood he was calm, and grave, and self-possessed. There was a composedness about him which no petty irritations could ruffle. Webb Follett in a passion would have been a rare spectacle on the play-ground.

I remember accompanying him and two others to the Nisi Prius Court, at Exeter, during the assizes. We little thought at that moment what a distinguished rôle our calm and thoughtful companion was himself destined to play in a court of judicature. Talent there was in abundance on the Western Circuit at that juncture; Gifford and Lens, and Pell and Abbot, all in the very zenith of their powers, and in the full swing of successful exertion, and all since passed away from the scene!

We, the juniors, were desirous to bribe our way into

the Crown Court; but Follett was resolved to enter none but the *nisi prius*.

"I want," was his remark, "to hear Gifford cross-examine a witness;" and, much against our will, we accompanied him. We staid till the court broke up. When the sheriff's carriage approached to convey the judge to his lodgings, with the pomp and parade usually observed on such occasions, we loitered and gazed at the spectacle with lighter hearts, perhaps, than those of the principal performers.

"Who knows but that *I* may come here as judge some day myself?" said our companion, as we reluctantly turned our steps homeward.

"Judge Follett!" we exclaimed and roared with amusement.

"Well, Follett, you would be a grave judge at any rate," said Edward Gater, our spokesman.

"Grave or not," was the rejoinder, "I hope I should be able to see when a counsel was *bamming* me; and not listen on, as that old woman did this morning, while Pell was regularly *cramming* her!"

The "old woman" was no less a personage than the late Sir Alan Chambre.

And yet, daring and strange as the remark may seem—those who remember him in youth will bear out its truth—law was not his choice. His early predilections leant towards a military life. I remember going down to stay with him a couple of days at his father's at Topsham. A general officer had died in or near Exeter: he had commanded the district, and a military funeral, on an extensive scale, and of an imposing description, awaited him. Follett and I witnessed it. During the visit he reverted to this spectacle more than once, and told me how much and ardently he had wished to be a soldier. He dwelt on the many attractions which the profession of arms possessed for him; the perpetual change of scene which it involved; the probability of visiting foreign climes; the careless, light-hearted, joyous life led by the military man; the independent position which the soldier maintained in society;—"but," so ran his summary, "this is an idle train of thought: my father's past experience leads him to oppose me, decidedly, on the point; and," added he, with his calm, sweet

thoughtful smile, "ours is a struggling family; we want money."

In after life he was accused of being sordid; but might not the unwavering and untiring earnestness with which he followed up his determination to accumulate wealth have had its origin in those prudential considerations, pressed on him by Captain Follett in the outset of his career, and which undoubtedly swayed him in his choice of a profession? Nor, while glancing at the past, does it escape me that, politically, the bias of the youth and of the man was identical. Follett, even in his early days, was an unflinching Tory. A boyish incident fixes this firmly in my memory. Near the Grammar School lived a saddler of the name of Cooke; this eccentric had a strong political mania, and used, during the stirring period of the war, to issue, for the benefit of the masses, large written placards detailing, in quaint phraseology and most original spelling, the leading events of the day. These monster placards were nailed to his shutters, read by many hundreds in the course of the current twenty-four hours, and were called "*Cooke's Bulenteens*." The saddler was a disciple of Lord Eldon's school; thought Billy Pitt "the greatest man that ever drew the breath of life," and Buonaparte the incarnation upon earth of the evil one; hated the French with a perfect hatred, and regarded Cobbett as "a traitorous villian, whom the axe would make a head shorter some summer's day;" spoke of George the Third as a martyr—the train of reasoning by which he arrived at this conclusion I could never very clearly follow—and Peter Pindar "a wretch unfit to live!" His idol was Lord Rolle: he called him "the glory of Devon," "his country's pride," one of the "bulwarks of the state," "Lord Liverpool's prized counsellor," and "the ornament of the peerage." Alas! poor peerage!

But despite of all their absurdity, prejudice, and strange orthography, John Cooke's "*Bullenteens*" had a host of "constant readers." Among them, at any and every opportunity he could seize, the future Attorney-General. His *penchant* did not escape comment: the entire sixth form assailed him.

"What can induce you, Follett, to stand and read such trash?" cried one senior. "Saddler Cooke is little better than a maniac," shouted another.

“And should be taught to spell,” added a third.

“Which Follett, for the love he bears him, is about to attempt,” was the sly suggestion of a fourth.

Follett finished the “bullenteen” without heeding the small shot that was firing around him. He decyphered the hieroglyphics and mastered the orthography with his wonted deliberation, and then calmly rejoined—

“No one denies the coarseness of Cooke’s remarks, or the general absurdity of his arguments, when the reasoning fit is on him; but I like the man—like him hugely. I like his honesty, his sincerity, his obstinate devotion to his party; and, more than this, I like him because, himself sprung from the rabble, he is no democrat, but, on the contrary, never fails to warn his fellow-men how they would fare were a mob government in rule over them. Laugh on as you will, I’m to the death John Cooke’s ally, admirer, and constant reader.”

Meanwhile, if the saddler had his adherents, he had also his opponents; and, as he never could be brought to use parliamentary language, or study refinement in the epithets which he applied to men and parties, there was occasionally a row around his “bullenteens.” At one of these Follett was present. The obnoxious paper was about to be pulled down and torn to atoms by an incensed bystander, when Follett dashed in, rescued the state paper, and restored it to its amazed and angry owner.

Tidings of this escapade reached head-quarters.

“By what fortune were you present at this paltry brawl,” said the Doctor, “and what motive had you for interfering? I address myself to Follett.”

“If you please, Sir, Cooke belongs to our party,” was the response.

“Oh!” said the Doctor, drily, “I was not aware that my sixth form troubled themselves about parties: and pray, Mr. Follett, which may you favour?”

“Church and State, Sir.”

“I wish most devoutly,” said the Doctor, turning away, “that the Exe had the saddler and his bulletins and his ink-horn in its waters; I shall now be treated to a political mania in the school, and have this to combat in addition to ignorance and idleness. Pleasant! My obligations to Mr. Cooke are great.”

Those who saw Sir William only in public, and noticed the gravity, quiescence, and dignity of his demeanour, would credit with reluctance that quiet humour formed any part of his character. It did. One brief trait must suffice. At the period I am referring to, there lived in Colleton Crescent a lady of the name of Hewitt. She was a person advanced in life; a widow, possessed of West India property to some amount; of extremely cheerful habits; fond of society; and very partial to young people. To amuse a nephew and niece who were staying with her, she issued cards for a masquerade. This was a novel species of entertainment in Exeter; created a good deal of expectation among the young, and marvellous comment among the old. But comment was not all which the projected evening's amusement aroused. The gay old lady was doomed to meet with opposition. A few days before the masquerade was "to come off," a clergyman—I shall term him the Reverend Goliah Ghostly—called on Mrs. Hewitt to demand her reasons for giving so objectionable an entertainment. The lady faltered a little in her reply; and at length observed, that she "imagined the Exeter people would like it—the young folks more particularly." Upon which, Mr. Ghostly upbraided her for her godless tastes; told her in plain terms how reprehensible were her doings; and finished, by inquiring, "what would become of her if she should die with a masquerade going on in her house?"—The elderly lady meekly answered, that she "had certainly not provided against such a contingency: and was aware that death could be at no great distance from her whether she was at home or abroad." Mr. Ghostly then assured her that she was corrupting the morals of the young, setting a perilous example in a cathedral city; that all sober people looked upon the projected masquerade as an abomination; that thenceforth she would be a marked person; and that the public, as they passed Colleton Crescent, would point to her dwelling, and say, "that is the infamous house where the masquerade was given!"

This last figure of speech overpowered Mrs. Hewitt. The "finger of scorn" was too much for her. She shed tears: confessed the error of her ways, and vowed that she would recall her cards, and that the masquerade should be forthwith relinquished.

Had Mr. Ghostly paused here and vanished, all would have been well. His triumph so far was complete. But not satisfied with the concession he had won, he renewed the attack, by inquiring when this satanic imagination first took possession of her mind; asked her if she had ever attended a revel of the kind; and added his fears as to the frightfully lethargic state of her conscience, which could permit her to contemplate an entertainment of such an equivocal description. Mrs. Hewitt upon this dried her tears; reflected in silence for a few moments; and then amended her position.

She observed, she thought at sixty she was able to distinguish between right and wrong; that she held there was a marked difference between a public and a private masquerade; that she fancied she was at liberty to spend her income as she pleased; that Mr. Goliath Ghostly was not her parochial minister, or even a personal acquaintance; that she at no time attended his church, or formed part of his congregation; that she denied his right to call her to account, or to decide upon her future destiny; and further, she was resolved that—*the masquerade should go forward!* On that she was firm, come what would of it!

Mr. Ghostly professed himself unutterably shocked, and commenced *de novo* his threats and warnings. These the hospitable old lady waived by asking him to take luncheon; and on his declining, rose and said, “their most unforeseen and *agreeable* interview was ended.” She “had promised to take an invalid friend a drive, and expected the carriage round every moment.”

This conference—its object—its results—the dialogue which passed between the parties, formed a glorious theme for gossip for many days in Exeter. The sixth form, who had sisters, brothers, cousins bidden to the frolic, and who were all agog themselves on the subject, discussed Mr. Ghostly’s visit most assiduously; the characters which *it was surmised* their various relatives intended to assume were enumerated and criticised.

“The masquerade will be a dead failure,” remarked Follett, slyly, who had been a quiet but most observant listener—“a decided and acknowledged failure, if one character be not present at it.”

“Name! name!” exclaimed a dozen eager voices.

“Mr. Goliath Ghostly,” said Follett, with a low musical laugh.

“But how? by what means? The thing is impossible!”

“Nothing easier! And what lots of fun his presence would cause in the motley assembly.”

“Whether the same idea struck another party, or whether Follett’s suggestion was deemed too good to be lost, was repeated by some one of his youthful auditory, and immediately adopted by some relative or friend, who was at a loss for a character, and deemed it a happy one, cannot now be ascertained. Certain it is, that about midnight, a mask, professionally attired, and calling himself the Reverend Goliath Ghostly, presented himself at Mrs. Hewitt’s mansion with proper credentials; obtained admission, and duly and warmly anathematized the amused and uproarious party.

Who he was never transpired; though many and shrewd guesses were hazarded respecting him. His voice was as musical as his denunciations were bitter. This much is indisputable, that for weeks and months afterwards, the real Mr. Ghostly was ever and anon asked what he thought of masquerades in general, and of Mrs. Hewitt’s in particular.

Nor was this the extent of the annoyance endured by him. There were some bull-headed people who believed, or affected to believe, that, unable to resist the prevailing mania, Mr. Ghostly’s scruples had given way, and that, after all, he was present at Mrs. Hewitt’s misdoings:—they averred, *as a fact*, that, “it was *the real* and no fictitious Mr. Ghostly,” who solemnly paraded the apartments, and in good set terms reproved the merry-making assemblage. This was filling the cup of bitterness to the brim.

The future Attorney-General had been for many months called to the bar when we again met. This was early in 1826. He then spoke calmly, but feelingly, of the professional jealousy which existed among those to whom he was now affiliated.

“Players’ rivalry,” said he, “is a joke to it. You can have no conception of its extent, or strength, unless you yourself belonged to the profession.”

He then reverted to past scenes and mutual friends

and in the course of conversation, I inferred, from a passing remark, that he had become a Mason. I asked if my conclusion was correct,

"It is," was his reply, "I was initiated at Cambridge."

LIGHT had not then beamed upon myself; and I expressed in scoffing terms my astonishment.

"In your early struggles at the bar," remarked he with quiet earnestness, "you require something to reconcile you to your kind. You see so much of bitterness, and rivalry, and jealousy, and hatred, that you are thankful to call into active agency a system which creates in all its varieties kindly sympathy, cordial and wide-spread benevolence, and brotherly love."

"But surely," said I, "you don't go the length of asserting that Masonry does all this?"

"And more! The true Mason thinks no evil of his brother, and cherishes no designs against him. The system itself annihilates parties. And, as to censoriousness and calumny, most salutary and stringent is the curb which masonic principle, duly carried out, applies to an unbridled tongue."

"Well! well! you cannot connect it with religion: you cannot, say or do as you will, affirm of it that Masonry is a religious system."

"By-and-by, you will know better," was his reply. "Now I will only say this, that the Bible is never closed in a Masons' lodge; that Masons habitually use prayer in their lodges; and in point of fact, never assemble for any purpose without performing acts of religion: I gave you credit," continued he with a smile, "for being more thoroughly emancipated from nursery trammels and slavish prejudice."

"You claim too much for your system," was my rejoinder.

"Not at all! But hear me. Many clergymen were and are Masons. The well-known Dr. Dodd belonged to us."

"I presume," said I, jestingly, "you attach but slight weight to his name? The selection is unfortunate."

"It occurred to me," said he, "from my having recently read some very curious letters connected with his case. The Masons, both individually and as a body, made the most extraordinary efforts to save him. They were unwearied: but—I must break off; when I can call

you Brother you shall see these letters. Meanwhile, is it not worth while to belong to a fraternity, whose principles, if universal, would put down at once and for ever the selfish and rancorous feelings which now divide and distract society?"

CHAPTER II.

THE SOLDIER-MASON.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Of this I reminded him.

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

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

He then said to me—the admission was wrung from him by bodily and mental agony—that “considering the cripple he was, and why; where he had served, and how; he thought that his country should have done something more for him. My lot,” continued he, “has been a hard one. I was compelled by bad health to quit Gibraltar. The doctors ordered me home: they said, if I remained on the Rock six weeks longer death was certain; I obeyed. Three months afterwards General Don died, and, to the man who succeeded me in my

post under him, left his wardrobe, his arms, his personal valuables, what, in fact, proved a competence for life. This was trying; but *certain tenets* tell me that I ought to be satisfied with whatever portion of work or labour is allotted me. Fidelity to my mighty Maker is one point; tranquillity, stillness, and silence, while I perform my task, and that cheerfully, are others."

"You are a Mason?" said I.

He smiled.

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

"Why not apply to you Brethren in Worcester? you are aware that here there is a lodge?"

He shook his head.

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

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

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

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

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

Who relieved him?

His country? No. She left him to perish on a niggardly pension. Who succoured him? The great duke, whose debt to the private soldier is so apparent and

overwhelming? No. His grace had become a statesman, and in that capacity wrote caustic letters (from *any other pen* they would have been pronounced *coarse*) to those who ventured to appeal to him.

Who aided the wounded and sinking soldier in his extremity?

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

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

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

I laid down the volume with a smile and a sigh; a sigh that a writer of such highly cultivated intellect and generous impulses should have so sadly misunderstood us. A smile—for taking up an able periodical, “The Morning Herald,” my eye rested on the passage,—“This day 3,000*l.*, contributed in India principally among the Freemasons, was lodged in the Bank of Ireland to the credit of the Mansion House Committee, for the relief of the destitute poor in Ireland.”

Weighty results these from a society which is “*no thing more than a mere convivial bond.*”

CHAPTER III.

THE ANTI-MASONIC VICAR.

“Turn your attention to that magnificent structure, the Temple of Jerusalem. Observe, no clay substance, no brick, was used; lest any inferior material should give rise to base ideas. Every part and particle of that grand dwelling of HIM, whose existence is SECRET, was perfect of its kind. Its commonest fragments were matter of attentive survey. Even the stones were quarried in the country of Judæa. And every measure was taken to steep the mind in that serenity, calmness, and intensity of devotion which are essential to the true worship of the ALMIGHTY. The stones, too, were levelled and squared before they were brought to the place, and the waste was left behind, that all might be fully prepared and cleanly wrought. So, in like manner, should all Freemasons level and square their hearts, purging them of every impurity, in order to arrive at that glorious state of mental and spiritual perfection, of which the Temple and its composition was beautifully symbolical.”—*Lebanon*, by JOEL NASH.

“I HAVE sent for you, although I know my summons must be inconvenient, because I choose you to be present at an interview which has been forced on me by a deputation from the Freemasons: they aim at persuading me to allow them to assemble in my church. A likely matter, indeed! a very likely matter!”

So spake, with flushed cheek and quivering lip, my well-intentioned but nervous incumbent, one memorable Saturday in the month of August.

“Very well, Sir,” was my reply; “you may depend on my heeding and recollecting the sentiments of each party.”

“Would to heaven!”—this was an aside—“that these Mason people had chosen some other day than Saturday for their conference! Neither sermon written! The Lending Library accounts all in confusion; Mrs. Watkinson’s sick baby to baptize; and two funerals in the afternoon to a certainty!”

“They must be cut short—yes! very, very short!” ejaculated the vicar decisively and emphatically.

“What! the sermons?” cried I, reverting at once to the topic uppermost in my own mind; “oh! very well. Your views, Sir, are mine. They shall be shortened to a certainty.”

“You are dreaming,” remarked my superior pettishly. “I allude to the speeches, the oratorical displays, the verbiage of these mystics.”

“Ah! precisely so,” was my dutiful reply. “You, Sir, and no other, hold the check string: the length of the interview must depend on *your* pleasure. Masons!”—this was another *aside*—“I wish they were all walled up in the Pyramids. Six: and no tidings! It will be midnight before I shall have completed my preparations for to-morrow.”

“I am not narrow-minded,” resumed Mr. Gresham, fidgeting fretfully in his chair, “far from it; my views are liberal and enlarged; I never by any chance indulge in a harsh surmise touching any one of my fellow-creatures. But these Mason people alarm me. They have a secret; there is some extraordinary bond, stringent and well understood, by which they support each other. I look upon them as little better than conspirators:”—then, after a brief pause—“*in fact*, they ARE conspirators!”

“You really think so?” said I, for the first time feeling an interest in the subject.

“I do; seriously and solemnly,” said the vicar, with an air of the most earnest and portentous gravity.

“Rat-tat-tat! Rap, rap!”

“The Deputation, Sir,” said the butler, bowing five middle-aged gentlemen into the study.

For a set of “conspirators” they were the oddest-looking people imaginable. There they stood, a knot of portly, frank-featured, cheerful men, upon whom the cares of life apparently sat lightly, who greeted their pastor with a smile, and seemed in high good humour with themselves and all around them. Nor, while I curiously scanned their look and bearing, could I, for the life of me, imagine a reason why men so happily circumstanced should take it into their head to turn *plotters*. The foremost of the group I knew to be a man of wealth. He

had "a stake," and no small one, in the permanent prosperity of his country. His next neighbour was a wine-merchant, with a large and well-established connection, and blest with a rising and most promising family—what had he to "conspire" about? The party a little in the background was a Dissenter of irreproachable character, and tenets strict even to sternness. Moreover, on no subject did he dilate, publicly as well as privately, with greater earnestness and unction than on the incalculable evils arising from war, and the duty of every Christian state, at any sacrifice, to avoid it. What! *he* "a conspirator!" Fronting the vicar was the banker of our little community. And to him I fancied nothing would be less agreeable than "a run" upon his small but flourishing firm in Quay-street. And yet "runs" severe—repeated—exhausting "runs," would inevitably result from any widely-spread and successful conspiracy. The banker's supporter was a little mirthful-eyed man—a bachelor—who held a light and eligible appointment under government, and looked as if he had never known a care in all his life. He perplexed me more than all the rest. He, of all created beings, a conspirator! Marvellous!

The spokesman of the party began his story. He said in substance that a new Lodge being about to be opened within a mile and half of Fairstream, it was the wish of the Brethren (the more firmly to engraft on the noble tree this new Masonic scion) to go in procession to church, and there listen to a sermon from a clerical brother. In this arrangement he, in the name of the Lodge, represented by the parties then in his presence, most respectfully requested the vicar's concurrence.

That reverend personage, with a most distant and forbidding air, replied, that he could sanction no such proceedings.

Perplexed by this response, which was equally unpalatable and unexpected, the Deputation, with deference, demanded my incumbent's reasons for refusal.

"They are many and various," replied he; "but resolve themselves mainly into these FOUR. *First: There is nothing church about you!*"

The Deputation stared.

"I repeat, that of Free-masons as a body the Church

knows nothing. You admit into your fellowship men of all creeds. Your principles and intentions may be pure and praiseworthy; and such I trust they are. But the Church is not privy to them. The Church is in ignorance respecting them. The Church does not recognize them. And, therefore, as a ministering servant of the Church, I must decline affording you any countenance or support."

The banker here submitted to the vicar, that in works of charity—in supporting an infirmary, a dispensary, a clothing club, a stranger's friend society—identity of creed was not essential. Men of different shades of religious belief could harmoniously and advantageously combine in carrying out a benevolent project. And one of the leading principles of Free-masonry was active, and untiring, and widely-spread benevolence. Could success crown any charitable project, any scheme of philanthropy, any plan for succouring the suffering and the necessitous (*the operation of which was to be extended, and not partial*), if no assistance was accepted save from those who held one and the same religious creed? *Charity*," he contended, "*knew no creed*. No shackles, forged by human opinions, could or ought to trammel her. He was no friend to his species who would seek to impose them."

The vicar shook his head repeatedly, in token of vehement dissent from these observations, and proceeded:—

"Next I object to you because you are friendly to processions; and, I am given to understand, purpose advancing to church in long and elaborate array. All processions, all emblems, all symbols, I abominate. Such accessories are, in the sanctuary, absolutely indecent; I will not call them unholy: I term them downright profane. What has a thinking being—particularly when proceeding, for the purposes of worship, to the temple of his Creator—what has *he* to do with processions? They are, one and all, abominations."

The little placeman here briskly stepped forward and said, that "in that Book, with which he was sure the vicar was better acquainted than any one of them, processions were repeatedly mentioned, and never condemned. They occur in all parts of the sacred volume, and in a *very* early portion of it. A procession of no ordinary description followed Jacob's remains when, with filial love, Joseph brought them out of Egypt into

Canaan. A procession, long and elaborately arranged, attended the removal of the ark from its temporary sojourn in the house of Obed-Edom. A procession, glorious and imposing, preceded the dedication of Solomon's temple. A procession——"

"Pray," said the vicar sharply, "do you mean to contend that any one of these processions was at all the counterpart of a masonic procession?"

"I do not; I disclaim all such irreverent intention," returned the other, gravely: "my object was simply to shew that, by the VERY HIGHEST authority which man can produce, processions are not forbidden. Usage sanctions their adoption among ourselves. They form a part of our most august ceremonies. When the peers present an address to the sovereign on his escape from the hands of an assassin, on the birth of an heir to the throne, on the marriage of one of the royal family, they repair to the royal presence in procession. At the coronation of the sovereign one of the most important features in the pageant is a gorgeous and lengthened procession. That procession, let me remind you, Sir, wends its way to the house of God, and for the purposes of worship. It enters the abbey. There divine service is performed; in the course of which the sovereign receives the crown and takes an oath to the people. These points are pressed on you, as pertinent to the subject. Surely, after considering them, you will hold us blameless if, as Masons, we wish to 'Go up to the house of God in company'—in other words, 'in procession?'"

"Plausible, but hollow!" was the vicar's comment: then, after a pause, "you have failed to convince me. I object to you, strongly, on the score of your processions, and I object to you still more decidedly on the score of your——secret. You are a secret society; are held together by a stringent oath; now I hold that, wherever there is mystery, there is iniquity!"

"A harsh conclusion, indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Walford, the wine-merchant, who now took part in the discussion; "you cannot be serious in maintaining it? When you assert secrecy to be criminal, you have forgotten its universal agency. It has escaped you how largely it pervades both public and private life. In every department its operation is traceable. The naval commander sails

from his country's shores under sealed orders. He has private papers which contain his instructions. These he is to open in a certain latitude and longitude. Meanwhile their import is 'secret' to him, and to those who serve under him. But he accepts his trust unhesitatingly. The 'secrecy' in which his orders are veiled does not indispose him towards their fulfilment, make him suspicious of their origin, doubtful of their necessity, or render their faithful performance one whit less obligatory upon his part. His duty is to obey.—Take another instance—The cabinet council which deliberates on the interests of this great country, and advises the sovereign in matters of policy, is sworn to secrecy. No member of it is allowed, without distinct permission from the reigning prince, to divulge one syllable of what passes at its sittings. *It is a SECRET conclave.* But no one questions, *on that account*, the legality or propriety of its decisions. In private life secrecy obtains. In a commercial partnership there are secrets—the secrets of the firm. To them each co-partner is privy; but is solemnly bound not to disclose them. In a family there are secrets. In most households there are facts which the heads of that household do not divulge to their servants, children, and dependants. Prudence enjoins secrecy. So that, in public and in private life, in affairs of state, and in affairs of commerce, secrecy, more or less, prevails; why, then, should it be objected to the Free-mason, that in his order there is a secret which is essential to the existence of the fraternity, and which he is bound to hold sacred?"

"Ha! ha! ha! An adroit evasion of a very awkward accusation!" cried the vicar with an enjoyable chuckle: "who is the general of your Order? There must be Jesuits amongst ye! No argument from Stonyhurst could be more jesuitically pointed!" And again the vicar laughed heartily.

The Deputation did not join him. They looked on in silence. Perhaps they thought the refusal of the church a sufficient annoyance, without the addition of the vicar's bantering. His pleasantry was not infectious. Perchance they held with the delinquent Negro, in one of our West India colonies, who was first severely reprimanded, and then soundly thrashed, by his owner—"Massa, massa; no preachee too and floggee too!"

At length one of them, with great gravity, inquired, "Whether Mr. Gresham had any further objection to urge?"

"Oh dear, yes! I am hostile to you, because you COMBINE."

The banker now fired his broadside.

"We do. We are as a city at unity in itself. We form a band of united Brethren, bound by one solemn obligation, stringent upon all, from the highest to the lowest; and the object of our combination? boundless charity and untiring benevolence. We must be charitable and kindly-affectioned to all; but more especially to our Brethren. With them we are ever to sympathize readily, and their necessities to succour cheerfully. Respect are we to have none, either as to colour, creed, or country. And yet is our charity to be neither indiscriminate, wasteful, nor heedless. We are to prefer the worthy Brother, and to reject the worthless. And our warrant for so doing is HIS command who has said: 'Thou shalt open thine hand wide to thy brother, and to thy poor, and to thy needy in thy land.' "

"The latter remark none can gainsay," said the vicar coldly; "and thus, I believe, our interview terminates."

The Deputation retired, desperately chagrined.

The church was closed against them. The new lodge was opened; but there was no public procession, and no sermon. To me, lightly and carelessly as I then thought of the fraternity, there seemed much that was inexplicable in the rebuff which it sustained. Here was Mr. Gresham, a conscientious and well-intentioned man, who lamented, Sunday after Sunday, the prevalence of sorrow, care, and suffering around him; who spoke, with tears in his eyes, of the apathy of the rich and the endurance of the poor; who deplored the selfishness of the age; who averred, bitterly and repeatedly, that "all sought their own"—here was he, withstanding to his utmost a Brotherhood who declared—and none contradicted them—that their leading object was to relieve distress and sorrow. Of him they seek an audience. When gained, they use it to request the use of his pulpit, with the view of making their principles better known; of effacing some erroneous impressions afloat respecting them; in other words, of strengthening their cause.

That cause they maintain to be *identical with disinterested benevolence and brotherly love.*

Mr. Gresham declares "off" refuses them his church; and will have nothing to do with them! "They may solve the riddle who can," said I, as, thoroughly baffled, I sought my pillow. "Each and all are incomprehensible. I don't know which party is the most confounding; the Masons with their well-guarded secret, or Mr. Gresham with his insurmountable prejudices!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE CURSE OF TALENT.

“If you would enjoy happy anticipations when advanced in years, and when your bosom is becoming dead to the fascinations of life, you must circumscribe your thoughts and actions by the instruction of this significant emblem. You must keep within the compass, and act upon the square, with all mankind; for your Masonry is but a dead letter if you do not habitually perform its reiterated injunctions.”—OLIVER'S *Signs and Symbols*.

WE “Britishers,” as Brother Jonathan calls us, have some rather comical notions. We hug ourselves in our prejudices, pique ourselves upon our morality, and swell with conscious superiority if religious observances or social civilization be the topic adverted to. Touching the Jews—that mighty, mysterious, and enduring people—how often is the exclamation heard—“That always mercenary and to the last idolatrous nation!” A comment which comes with but indifferent grace from an English lip, seeing that we escape with marvellous difficulty from the charge of idolatry ourselves. Earnest worshippers are we of Mammon and Intellect. To both deities we pay homage blindly, recklessly, madly. Let the railway mania bear out the first assertion; and the caresses lavished on the witty, but the worthless, support the other.

Again and again do the heedless and the rash thus reason:

“An unprincipled fellow! in private life far from exemplary; but as to banishing him from one's table, the idea is too preposterous—the penalty would *be self-inflicted*—his conversational powers are of the very first order; and his aptness at repartee unrivalled!”

Or thus :

“That clever creature, ——, called here this morning. One must forget all one hears about him. In truth, much may be pardoned in a man of his intellect!”

But, in sober earnest, intellect is a curse—a heavy and a frightful curse—when the control of principle and the sanction of reason are absent.

Many years ago—how many I don't choose at this moment to remember—I met Edmund Kean at the house of his early patron, Mr. Nation, of Exeter. Kean was not then the leading tragedian at Drury Lane—the pet of Lords Byron, Essex, and Kinnaird; the idol of “The Sub-Committee;” fêted, followed, and flattered; but an obscure actor on a paltry salary of a few shillings a week; struggling for a maintenance on the Exeter boards; valued far more for his fencing and dancing than for his elocution and acting. His heels, not his head, constituted at that time of day his recommendation.

Mr. Nation, a shrewd, keen, clever man—independent alike in purse and feeling; whose delight it was to foster rising genius; who never spurned a fellow-creature from his presence because he was wretchedly clad, or pronounced an erring mortal irreclaimable because the gossips ran him down—came to the rescue of Kean's fortunes with kindly and generous sympathy, and proved himself, when most needed, a judicious and discriminating friend. It was in vain that the old gentleman's intimates, Dr. Collins and Mr. Paddon, rallied him upon his prepossession in favor of the “little fencer,” and the confidence with which he prophesied his future eminence. He was firm in his attachments, and not easily shaken in his opinions.

“Once fairly before a London audience, he will electrify the house!” was the banker's uniform reply to various cavillers.

“But his voice,” said one—“so harsh, so rough, so rasping.”

“Musical and sweet in the extreme, particularly in the earlier scenes; and so continues, till passion and over-exertion unduly strain it.”

“His figure, so slight, *petit*, and unimposing!—height under six feet—a defect fatal to a tragedian!”

“Counterbalanced by his eye, unequalled for the bril-

liancy and variety of its expression since the days of Garrick: him I can remember."

"To Kean's indisputable disadvantage, I should imagine," said, somewhat flippantly, an inconsiderate bystander.

"No, Sir," was Mr. Nation's reply, "by no means; and ere long London critics will tell you that Kean has studied in Garrick's school, and is but slightly inferior to his gifted predecessor."

"And this," whispered the gentleman as he withdrew, "of that little, dark-visaged man, one remove from a strolling player. Good Mr. Nation! with some men prejudices are passions."

It was not so with him. Where he was most in earnest he was most guarded.

His advice to Kean, like the aid which he rendered him, was always delicately given, and opportune. In the actor's moments of despondency—and they were many—he invariably pointed to a bright future; cheered him with auguries of future eminence; prophesied success, and told him that wealth—not mere competence, but affluence—lay before him. "And then," added he, "mind and keep *your elbow STRAIGHT*: you understand me!"

There was ample need then, as well as afterwards, of this caution.

Miss Hake—a little, quiet, staid, orderly body—a feather-dresser—was Kean's landlady at Exeter. She was rather attached to him, much to Mrs. Kean, and still more warmly to little Howard, their eldest-born; and bore, for his sake, with many of his father's vagaries.

But occasionally even her equanimity gave way. She presented herself one morning in Southernhay, her little frame quivering with agitation, and "entreated to see Mr. Nation, without delay, on urgent business." The banker was just recovering from a severe fit of the gout—he was a martyr to it—declared he was not company for ladies, and begged to decline the interview. Miss Hake persevered; and, when she sent up a second message, to the effect that her business related to Mr. Kean, the invalid at once adjusted his wig, declared that "the lady's wishes were commands," and became at once submissive. The little feather-dresser, on being admitted,

gave way to a torrent of tears; and, when her agitation permitted her to articulate, declared that "Mr. Kean was missing!" He had come home, she averred, from the theatre, terribly out of sorts; some remark, hastily made, had increased his displeasure; he had then committed the most horrible devastation upon her furniture and moveables; and had taken himself off, no one knew whither.

"How long has he been absent?" asked Mr. Nation, somewhat anxiously.

"Upwards of eight-and-forty hours."

"Oh!" returned the oracle, confidently, "he will return. It is his habit to start off in this manner when offended. His predilection for a ramble is notorious; particularly on one of *his Satan days*. Be calm, Madam, he will be with you before sunset."

"Oh! but"—sobbed Miss Hake—"my house! my house! I don't care about my furniture. But my house! The character of my house! Oh that I should have lived to have had an uproar in my house at twenty minutes past midnight. Think of this, Mr. Nation: twenty minutes past midnight!"

"That's somewhere about the hour that rows generally commence," said the gouty gentleman, quietly.

"Oh, Sir, don't be jocular!" cried Miss Hake, in an agony for her reputation: "Ladies of the very first fashion visit my quiet dwelling—quiet, indeed, it no longer is—relative to their feathers and their trimmings. What will Lady Elizabeth Palk say, when she hears that there has been a perfect hurricane in my dwelling, at twenty minutes past midnight? And my Lady Mallet Vaughan, who is known to be so particular. What *will* she say? What *will* she think? Oh! I'm a ruined woman! Oh! oh! oh!"

"I'll stake my credit upon the issue that neither of their Ladyships will ever hear one syllable on the subject," rejoined the gentleman bluntly.

Miss Hake was still far from appeased.

"Counsel me, Mr. Nation, pray, counsel me!" cried she.

"I will: and my advice shall consist of four words: 'Be silent and quiescent;' follow this, and all will be well."

“Ah! but my feelings are wounded—deeply wounded—grievously wounded.”

“I have a plaster, Madam, that has been very efficacious in such cases. Indeed, I have never known it to fail.” This was uttered with a dash of sarcasm; a conversational weapon in which he excelled. “Its healing powers are remarkable, and acknowledged by all ranks.” Thus saying, he drew from a small shagreen case a soiled piece of paper—one of his own one-pound notes; such were current in those days—and handed it to his visitor. “Give it a trial, Madam. Its soothing powers are highly spoken of.”

The little feather-dresser smiled, sighed, curtsied, opened her hand, closed it, and withdrew.

“There’s somewhat too much of the devil about Teddy,” soliloquized the banker as the door closed upon his lady visitor; “but he is not to be ‘whistled down the wind,’ and abandoned as incorrigible, for all that!”

The after-career of this gifted but unmanageable artist is almost too painful to dwell upon. Opulence, influence, independence, all were within his reach; and all passed, by his own acts, from his grasp. It has been accurately ascertained that, during his successful career, no less a sum than ninety thousand pounds was paid into Kean’s hands. Of this large amount, when disease, infirmity, and physical decay came on, what trace remained?

His early friend in Southernhay survived to witness his triumph; was present at his enthusiastic reception, as THE GREAT TRAGEDIAN, by crowded audiences, on those very boards where, a few months previously, public support had barely kept him from starvation.

“Ah! well!” was the characteristic comment uttered as the curtain fell, amidst reiterated rounds of applause, waving of handkerchiefs, and shouts of “Bravo!”—“We have reached the topmost round of the ladder; all we now want is a steady hand and a *straight elbow!*”

The speaker was Mr. Nation; and the comment shewed his correct estimate of Kean’s dangers and besetting sin.

His days closed gloomily and sadly. True, he was abandoned by those who would gladly have done lifelong homage to his genius; but had he not previously severed himself, virtually, from reputable society? There

are those who maintain that "*every* thing is to be forgiven to a man of talent." If this dogma—a most pernicious one for society—is to be held good, Kean is undoubtedly to be pitied, as an injured and ill-used man. Let us pass from this sad topic. It points but to one conclusion: that genius, unregulated, unchecked, and uncontrolled, is one of the greatest and heaviest curses with which frail humanity can be visited.

Contemporary with Kean, at Exeter, was another spirit on whom genius, lofty and indisputable, lighted—Mr. Nation's pastor and personal friend—Dr. Lant Carpenter. He filled the post afterwards occupied by the benevolent and universally beloved Mr. Manning. Dr. Carpenter's views were Unitarian. But though differing widely as to religious sentiments, that circumstance will never indispose me to the attempt of doing justice to the acquirements of a learned, and the social excellencies of a most amiable, man. At the period I remember him he was giving at his chapel a series of elaborate lectures on doctrinal views. One, written with peculiar point and polish, treated "Of the Sorrows of the Lost." These, he held, were not eternal.

"I never like him so little," exclaimed the banker, bluntly, "as when he dwells on these difficult doctrinal points."

"He never appears to such slight advantage," murmured a sweet voice at his side. It was that of his daughter—afterwards Mrs. Adams—lost, alas! too early to her family, and to the many who loved and lamented her.

"He will be here this evening," continued Mr. Nation; "and if a fair opportunity present itself, I shall be tempted to refer to the subject."

Dr. Carpenter did call, and his views were adroitly adverted to. Far from shunning the topic, he seemed well pleased to discuss it anew. He maintained, in eloquent terms, his opinions, as to the individuality of the soul. He avowed his fixed persuasion that all the myriads of human beings who ever lived and moved upon this earth, still lived, and were at that very moment in existence, all together. The old world, he maintained, still lived. "All of whom we read in the Old Testament as having perished by famine, by pestilence, by the sword,

still live. No soul can be swept away. It is still existent."

"In a distinct and separate place?"

"Unquestionably! Each soul is reserved by its Mighty Guardian for separate and distinct award."

"Where?" was the inquiry uttered by more than one of his auditory.

"That we are not permitted to know."

The old gentleman paused for some minutes after his pastor left him. Then, addressing his daughter, he remarked—

"Those views of Dr. Carpenter seem to me to favour the doctrine of purgatory."

"Oh!" returned his hearer with earnestness, "that we heard less about doctrine and more about duty; and that he who is so exemplary and forbearing, himself, in his own life and conversation, would tell us more of what we owe to the Great Ruler above, and our fellow-men around us."

Her father signified his assent.

"I never knew any man the better for controversy," added he; "but can recollect many minds which have been unhinged by it. It will be well, should this line of preaching be proceeded with, if the Doctor's name be not added to the mournful catalogue."

Years afterwards this apprehension was fulfilled. The well-stored brain yielded to the ceaseless demands made upon its powers. The Doctor became insane. Travel and change of scene were prescribed. The invalid visited Switzerland and Italy, and, in the spring of 1840, was drowned on his voyage to Leghorn. Whether an accidental lurch of the vessel sent him overboard, or whether, in the phrensy of disease, he committed self-destruction, none can tell. He perished without other witness save the Infinite and the Eternal.

And thus that gentle, benevolent, tolerant being passed from this lower world.

Oh! Genius! is thy possession to be coveted when thy purchase is made at so dear a cost?

CHAPTER V.

CANNING IN RETIREMENT.

“To exhort to sacrifices—to stimulate to exertion—to shame despondency—to divert from untimely concession—are stern but needful duties to be discharged in gloomy times.”—BURKE.

“He knew nothing of that timid and wavering cast of mind, which dares not abide by its own decision.”—LORD BROUGHAM.

“It is a severe but salutary lesson for human vanity to observe the venom which party spirit can scatter over the aims and intentions of eminent men. The actions of the best and most highly gifted of our race, when viewed in the mirror of party-feeling, become instantly distorted. Conciliation is called cowardice; courtesy is termed hypocrisy; high and unbending principle is pronounced pride; and religious feeling branded as cant. No epithet is deemed too bitter—no insinuation too base. By his own party the minister of the day is viewed as a demi-god; by his opponents as a demon.”

“I WAS present,” writes Mr. Hastings to a friend, “and heard Sheridan’s analysis of my character, inquisition of my motives, and condemnation of my government. For the moment, I thought myself unworthy of the name of man, and that “monster” ought to be my future designation. The delusion lasted not long. The impression produced by this splendid instance of the perversion of oratory gave way before the response of conscience; and

‘*Conscia mens recti temnit mendacia lingua.*’”

Some few years elapsed, and the whole House of Commons rose as a tribute of involuntary respect to this very man upon his entering that august assembly to give evidence upon some disputed question!

Of Lord North, Junius writes, “I will now leave you, my lord, to that mature insensibility which is only to be acquired by steady perseverance in infamy. Every principle of conscience you have long ago been hardy enough to discard.”

Of the same statesman another and very competent authority¹ affirms: "Lord North was a man of public ability, the delight of every private society which he honoured with his presence, second to none in conducting the debate, possessed of an inexhaustible fund of pleasantry, and of a temper the last to be ruffled, and the first to be appeased."

The malevolence of party, Canning did not escape. The author of the celebrated suppressed letter, thus opened his attack upon him:—

"I shall address you without ceremony, for you are deserving of none. There is nothing in your station, in your abilities, or in your character, which entitles you to respect. The first is too often the reward of political, and frequently of private crimes. The decency of your character consists in its entire conformity to the original conception formed of you in early life. It has borrowed nothing from station, nothing from experience. It becomes *you*, and would disgrace *any other man*."

These are harsh and ungrateful assertions. They are worse than this—they are unjust. In private life, Mr. Canning was as exemplary as in social intercourse he was delightful. As a son, his care for his widowed parent—the provision which he made for her by a transfer of the pension tendered him for his public services—his affectionate attention to her wishes during the busiest and most successful portion of his intoxicating career—the long weekly letter which he wrote to her, according to an early promise—a promise never broken even in the most anxious and stormy period of his life—prove his to have been a heart alive to the noblest impulses of our nature. But more than this: to the sentiment of filial affection, which he preserved unimpaired throughout the whole course of his advancement, he delighted to do homage in others. Two days before his departure for Chiswick, whence he never returned, he sent for a young man whom he had heard favourably spoken of, and who, he learnt upon inquiry, had for years supported a paralytic mother and idiot sister.

"I have requested to see you, Mr.——," was his opening address, when the young man, in utter ignorance of

¹ Professor Smythe.

his intentions, presented himself at the premier's residence, "in the hope you may be able to tell me how I can serve you."

A vague and not very intelligible reply was confusedly given.

"Then, perhaps, you will allow me to make a suggestion? Would such a situation," naming one, "be at all compatible with your views?"

It was cordially and thankfully accepted.

"The appointment will be made out to-morrow. I give it you entirely from respect. I admire your abilities much, but I honour your devotion to your family still more."

This feeling, so identified with his character, many of his political antagonists were unable to understand. Some of them were even base enough to make it an object of attack, and sought to wound him through his filial affection. His sensitiveness, on this point, was peculiar. Any unfeeling allusion to Mrs. Hunn galled him to the quick. No attack did he resent so fiercely. For one *who did not on occasion spare others*, his temperament was singularly irritable. The point of indifference was never reached by him. He was never able to conceal that sensitiveness to political attacks which their frequent occurrence wears out in most English politicians.

The period which he spent at Hinckley, during the interval which elapsed between his retirement from office after the duel with Lord Castlereagh, and his entrance upon the Lisbon embassy, was a remarkable epoch in his life. It was with him undoubtedly a season of comparative seclusion; but it was one also of great and successful preparation. He lived at Burbach, a little village, distant about a mile from the town, which he had sought mainly for the benefit of his eldest son, whose health was in a most precarious condition, and whom he had placed under the care of the well-known Mr. Cheshyre.

This son—he died at the age of nineteen, and Mr. Canning's tribute to his memory is the most touching of all his writings—was a youth of remarkable promise, and indescribably dear to his father. He was indisputably his favourite child. In all his plans for the future, in all his visions of ambition, this son occupied a foremost place. He was an embryo statesman. His genius, dis-

cernment, quickness, and judgment, were topics on which Canning delighted to dwell. The opinions and expectations which his father had formed of him may be gathered from this single fact, that whenever he had spoken at any length, in Parliament, the best and fullest report of the speech was sent down forthwith to George, who was required to write his father an elaborate and lengthened criticism upon it, pointing out where it was forcible and where it was defective, where the language was happy, and where it was common-place—and distinguishing between what was mere declamation, and what solid argument.

“Can I think too highly of that child?” was the remark addressed by Canning on one occasion to his son’s tutor, Mr. Hay.

“You not only can, but do,” was the honest and unhesitating reply. “Your second son is but little inferior to him in point of capacity; and, after all, it may be that this infant”—pointing to Charles, who was born at Burbach—“may be the child destined to carry down to the succeeding generation your name and honours.”

“*I am persuaded he will not,*” was Canning’s quick rejoinder. He was wrong. The random remark has proved prophetic. Captain Canning’s career closed early; and upon Charles, the infant adverted to and scarcely noticed, have devolved the honour of his name and the associations it recalls.

With the exception of his struggles in early life, Canning’s residence at Hinckley extended over one of the most gloomy periods of his life. Retirement from office, under circumstances of painful notoriety, had been the result of his duel with Lord Castlereagh. Early in May, 1812, Mr. Percival was shot by Bellingham. The Prince Regent then laid his commands on Lord Wellesley and Mr. Canning to form an administration. The project failed. The task was then intrusted to Lord Liverpool, who strongly urged Canning to join him; and such was the anxiety of the existing administration to secure his services, that the Foreign Office was offered him—Lord Castlereagh being a consenting party to an arrangement which would leave it open to Mr. Canning’s acceptance. This tempting proposal was firmly negatived, solely upon

conscientious grounds. It was understood that the administration was pledged, *as such*, to oppose Catholic Emancipation. To this compact Canning declined being a party—and thus, while he preserved his consistency, and shewed, by the costly sacrifice which it entailed, the sincerity of his desire to carry the Catholic question, he lost the opportunity of presiding over the foreign relations of the country, at a period when “events crowded into a few years the changes and revolutions of an age.”

But this interval, though spent in retirement, was fraught with preparation. There is a walk, as beautiful as it is secluded, stretching from Burbach towards the village of Stoke Golding, known as Canning’s Walk. Along this he was seen, morning after morning, wending his way, always alone, absorbed in thought, and not unfrequently thinking aloud. He invariably declined having a companion for his walk, disliked amazingly being interrupted in the progress of it, and to any chance salutation by the way, his invariable reply was a silent bow.

It was his hour of study. He was then forging weapons for the coming fight, inspecting his stores, and polishing his armory. No weather deterred him. Through shower and sunshine he paced rapidly on. What subjects might not these long silent walks embrace! In them how many a topic, argument, simile, invective, rebuke, was deliberately sought out and carefully laid up! Of the exquisite and elaborate finish bestowed on many of his lengthened speeches, who shall say how much may be traced to the severe scrutiny and repeated revision of his solitary rambles! The music of his periods, the easy flowing language with which he rounded the most unmanageable details, the remark of caustic irony, and the flash of cutting sarcasm, the epigrammatic point of a crushing reply, when a word more or less would have marred its force,—these are excellences which could not have been attained, in the perfection to which he wrought them, without long and severe study. *Was this his workshop?*

About a mile and a half from Burbach stands an old hall to which some interest attaches as being the residence which peculiarly attracted Canning’s attention, and which he was most desirous to purchase as “an asylum for *his old age*.” Alas!

The offers which he made to induce the infatuated possessor to part with it were far beyond its value, and can be justified only by the extraordinary predilection which Mr. Canning had conceived for it. The more you examine Wykin Hall, the greater difficulty you experience in discovering its attractions for the statesman. It is a quaint old building in the Elizabethan style, with huge and somewhat unshapely wings, much dilapidated by time, and, when I saw it, rapidly sinking to decay from continued and undeserved neglect. It stands close upon the horse-road leading to Stoke Golding, in an exposed and rather bleak situation. On each side of the principal entrance are two yew trees of prodigious growth and great age, which throw a sombre air over the building, and materially darken the lower rooms. A plantation rises on one side, and some unsightly farm-buildings on the other. In the background is the straggling, filthy, poaching village of Stoke Golding, perched on the summit of a high hill, topped with its handsome church and splendid spire. In the foreground is a home view of rich pasture land, skirted to the left by Burbach Wood, and embracing to the right the town of Hinckley, its parish church and tapering spire.

Wykin Hall is now a farm-house; the little lawn before the principal entrance is converted into a fold-yard. Poultry ravage the pleasure-garden—weeds flourish *ad libitum* in the plantation—the litter of a large farm is scattered thickly around the premises; and not one feature does it present, within or without, to corroborate the fact that it was once the coveted residence of one of the most accomplished of British statesmen.

The passion for farming cherished by Mrs. Canning at that period, might, in some degree, account for his wish to purchase Wykin. Some valuable grazing land was attached to it; and a dairy, not in theory, but in practice, was then that lady's hobby. Some very pleasant and good-natured stories are current of her devotion to her calling, while the fit lasted—of her anxiety respecting the produce of her dairy—her quickness in calculating her gains, and her shrewdness in baffling the cunning of those who, on more than one occasion, sought to make her their dupe.

“She had a brave tongue and a clear head, had that

Madam Canning," said an old yeoman to me. "The ways of Providence are inscrutable: but I've aye thought to mysel while I've been listening to her, that the bonniest farmer's wife in all Leicestershire had been spoiled by making a lady on 'her!"

Canning's readiness as a parliamentary debater is now matter of history. In reply, he stood confessedly without a rival. His quickness in detecting and instantly fastening upon a broken link in his opponent's argument—his skill in unveiling a specious sophistry, or exposing a plausible fallacy, have once and again drawn forth the involuntary cheers, even of those who eschewed his political creed. One peculiarity he possessed, which is but partially known—*his thorough remembrance of a voice*, and his ability of connecting it, at any interval of time, with the party to whom it belonged. More than one instance of this faculty is remembered at Hinckley.

He was dining with a large party at Mr. Cheshyre's, the medical gentleman before referred to, when a note was brought in and handed to the host, with an intimation that the bearer begged to see him for five minutes.

Mr. C. left his party with reluctance, and was absent some time. When he returned, he prefaced his lengthy apologies by observing, he "had been detained by one of the most remarkable men of the day;" that the gentleman "was by accident passing through Hinckley, and could not pause on his route;" that he "purposed placing one of his family under his (Mr. Cheshyre's) care;" and that "he (Mr. C.) was obliged to listen to all his arrangements."

"I will name him," said Canning, gaily, "and then drink his health."

"The latter point may be very easily managed; but the former will, I believe, baffle even your acuteness, Mr. Canning."

This was said with some degree of tartness; for among other affectations which the wealthy quack indulged in, was that of profound mystery with respect to the most trivial occurrences.

"Your visitor, sir, was Wilberforce," said Canning, stoutly.

"How could you possibly discover that?" cried his

annoyed host. "We conversed with closed doors—he sent in no card—as we parted, he spoke but five words."

"Of which I heard but two."

"What were they?"

"Conventional arrangement," said Canning, imitating Wilberforce's distinct enunciation, and dwelling on each separate syllable. "I needed nothing more to tell me that the man with the magic voice was hovering near us."

Within a few months after this conversation, Sir Evan Nepean passed through Hinckley; he was proceeding to Holyhead, on some government business connected with the Transport Board, which admitted of no delay: and so rapid were his movements, and so anxious was he to arrive at his destination, that, though a part of his family was at Hinckley under Mr. Cheshyre's care, he hurried through the town without even apprising them of his presence.

While changing horses at the inn, he inquired the distance to the next stage. These were the only words he uttered. Canning was returning from his ride at the moment—heard the inquiry, and said to Sir Evan's family, the next morning:—"I am happy to tell you Nepean is well—he passed through Hinckley last evening—his features in the twilight I was unable to recognize—his voice I did distinctly."

Their astonishment may be conceived. It bordered on incredulity. But, on inquiry, they found Mr. Canning's assertion borne out by the fact, that on that day and hour their relative had hurried through Hinckley on his route to Ireland.

This faculty seems to have remained unimpaired to the close of life. On the evening preceding his last appearance in the House of Commons, a foreigner met him in the lobby, and bowing, expressed his "pleasure at seeing him look so well."

'Twas an idle compliment. Fatigue, anxiety, and party-feeling were killing him hourly.

He acknowledged the intended civility with his usual courtesy, and adding, he "hoped his lady and son were better," moved away.

The foreigner ran after him and said: "Curiosity induces me to ask whether you know me?"

“Your voice I recognize, not your person: you are Mr.——. We last met in Lisbon in the year 1815. I saw you under circumstances of great distress.”

“*Once! and for a few minutes only!*”

“Your wife and son were pronounced to be dying—I am truly happy to learn they are still preserved to you. Good night, Sir.”

“What a most extraordinary man!” said the gratified foreigner as, turning away from him with another and still more profound obeisance, he rejoined his companion, and fellow-countryman—“What a wonderful memory, to remember such an obscure individual as myself, after so long an interval—and not only myself, but the very circumstances under the pressure of which his kindly sympathy cheered and consoled me.”

These are trifles, I admit; but trifles often index the character of the man. And his has not yet received that measure of justice which it merits from those to whom he adhered in either fortune, and with whom he won the triumph—the triumph of reason over rashness,—of sound principles over doctrines dangerous and pernicious,—of our ancient laws and glorious constitution over revolutionary madness and Jacobin innovation. In a word, were I to describe his character briefly, I should say with the ancient historian, that he was “*Vitâ innocentissimus, ingenio florentissimus, proposito sanctissimus.*”

And He, be it remembered, was a Mason. We can point to this affectionate and dutiful son—to this watchful and devoted husband—to the successful debater—to the trusted and idolized chief—and claim him as a brother.

This is not assertion, but fact.

George Canning, Esq., M. P., initiated and *passed* on the 30th of April, 1810, in the Somerset House Lodge, by the Right Hon. the Earl of Mountnorris, W. M. Proposed by the Earl of Mountnorris.

CHAPTER VI.

A LITERARY SOIRÉE.

“Small is the rest of those who would be smart,
A moment's good thing may have cost them years
Before they find an hour to introduce it,
And then, even *then*, some bore may make them lose it.”

LORD BYRON.

AMID the smoke and dirt and eternal din of the modern Babel, there is some advantage to be gained by living within its precincts. One's privations, 'tis true, are many. Adieu to fresh air and pure water, and a clear atmosphere! Adieu to the fresh springy turf, and the gay carol of the birds, and the music of the rustling leaf and the running stream! But, then, the mighty of the earth are near us; and we mingle, at intervals and for the moment, with the illustrious in intellect, in learning, in eloquence, and in art—the master spirits of the age.

During the period in which the firm of “Hurst and Robinson, of Pall-mall,” held a conspicuous place in the world of letters, it was my fortune to be present at one of their public days. Sir Walter Scott, and Maturin, the author of “Melmoth,” and Lætitia Hawkins, and the Porters—(who that has ever read them will forget “Thaddeus of Warsaw” and the “Recluse of Norway?”)—and the accomplished authoress of “Rome in the Nineteenth Century,” and Gifford, the editor of the “Quarterly,” and the eccentric, but ill-fated Colton, were among those who were gathered around that hospitable table. Alas! upon how many of these the grave has closed for ever!

To this hour, I remember the impression which the language, opinions, and ardour of the last-named gifted being left upon his auditors. He had entered, half in jest and half in earnest, into an ingenious and lengthy argument with Gifford, that the sun was the residence of suffering spirits; in a word, that that luminary was hell!

Now Gifford, with all his critical acumen and vast resources, was no debater; he wanted temper, he chafed when contradicted, and in reply was querulous and waspish. His remarks under excitement ceased to be ingenious, and became personal and acrimonious. It may, therefore, easily be imagined that Colton had the best of it, even on this apparently desperate position.

Gifford saw this, and waxed still more angry; and the debate had assumed an almost personal turn, when Sir Walter put an end to it by good-humouredly observing, "Well, well, gentlemen, pray settle it your own way; for my own part, I desire no further light on the subject. May I ever remain in my present profound state of ignorance!"

Of him, I grieve to say, my impressions are by no means so distinct. He was not, then, the acknowledged author of "Waverley," and the other magnificent creations of the same fertile brain; and the deference paid to him, then, though great, was not the same, either in nature or amount, as that subsequently awarded him.

I remember his telling a very amusing little tale touching the storming of an eagle's eyrie in the Highlands, to a slight, fair-haired little girl, who sat by his side during some part of the evening, and to whom, though always extremely partial to children, he seemed to have taken a sudden fancy. Of one fact, I have a thorough recollection. The conversation happened to turn incidentally upon the malady of the late king. He remarked, "He always hoped he should die before his faculties became extinct. To survive their decay was, to his mind, **THE GREATEST CALAMITY** which could befall a thinking being."

Maturin here reminded him of the incident recorded in the life of Dean Swift, namely, that almost immediately previous to his aberration of intellect, Swift, while walking in the park, paused before a majestic oak, green and flourishing in its lower branches, but decayed and leafless at the summit, and pointing to it, said: "I shall be like that tree—I shall die at top."

"I have often, Sir," rejoined Scott, slowly and thoughtfully, "mused upon that expression; and many as are the touching sentiments which the Dean has uttered, that, I think, in simple pathos, is superior to them all."

Gifford here struck in: "The texture of Swift's mind

disposed him to insanity. He saw every thing around him through a distorted medium."

"But his writings," Maturin quietly observed, "are remarkably lucid, as well as forcible. At least"—he quickly added, observing the frown that was gathering on Gifford's brow—"such they appear to me."

"Sir, he was a disappointed man," said Gifford, gloomily and fiercely; "he possessed great talents, which brought not to their owner the advancement he desired. The gloom of his own prospects infected his writings; he thought harshly of human nature. But," he added, after a moment's pause, with an expression of bitter satisfaction, which is perfectly indescribable, "one quality he possessed in perfection: *he was a good hater!*"

"No very enviable faculty, after all, Mr. Gifford," said Sir Walter, with an easy, good-humoured smile.

"Rather an equivocal encomium to pass on a man, to say that he is a good hater," said Colton, tittering.

"Sir," said Gifford, looking from one to the other *with an eye that seemed to speak*—(if the reader will pardon such an expression). For the moment, he seemed uncertain which he should gore. At length, fixing on Colton, he burst out with:—

"Priest, read your Bible: Scripture bids us 'pray for our enemies,' and 'love our enemies:' but nowhere does it bid us TRUST our enemies. Nay, it positively cautions us against it. Read your Bible, priest—read your Bible."

"But Swift was a poet," said Maturin, anxiously interposing, in the hope of quelling the storm; "and are not poets privileged to live in a world of their own?"

"*You* do, Madam," said Gifford, with a smile so awfully grim, so bitterly gracious, that the muscles of a marble statue, methought, would have relaxed more easily; "and your world," turning to Miss Jane Porter, "is full of bright thoughts and happy images."

The handsome novelist bowed and smiled, but not a word escaped her. At this moment, a buz, or rather whisper, of—

"Lawrence, Lawrence," went round the room; and in a few moments, the prince of modern portrait-painters joined the circle.

He—be his prejudices and prepossessions what they may—who had ever the good fortune to meet, in society,

the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, must have been struck with that graceful address and winning manner which so warmly endeared him to his friends, and rendered him so great a favourite with his Royal Patron. It was not the mere conventional politeness of society, manifested alike to all, and often worn as a mask to hide the bitter and goading passions of envy, avarice, and hatred; but a kindness and cordiality of feeling, which seemed to aim at making others happy, and appeared to spring fresh from the heart. His person was very striking. He bore a remarkable resemblance to Canning. He knew it, and was proud of it. But his temper, calm, even, and self-possessed, had no affinity to the irritable, restless, anxious, morbid temperament of that singularly gifted statesman. Having, in his usual quiet, graceful manner, paid his compliments to those of the party with whom he was previously acquainted, he singled out Maturin, as the object of his special attentions. He expressed, in few, but forcible terms, his "gratification at meeting one whose writings had beguiled him of many a weary hour." There was something kind in this; for Maturin was at that time struggling into fame; and notice from such a man as Lawrence could not be otherwise than grateful.

"So,"—said Gifford, testily, as the president paused beside his chair with a kind and courteous inquiry,—“so you have found me out at last, have ye? Humph! much flattered by your notice! Humph! Have you seen the King lately?”

“I left his Majesty but an hour ago,” was the reply.

“And what may be the ruling whim of the moment?”

To this enquiry no answer was given, for Lawrence, with admirable tact, affected not to hear the question.

“The King’s private collection,” Sir Walter Scott interposed, with the charitable intention of giving a more amicable turn to the conversation, “is understood to have lately received some very valuable accessions.”

“Such *is* the fact,” said Sir Thomas, warmly; “and the British School of Art is, at this moment, cheered by no small share of the royal favour!”

“His Majesty did not always boast so pure a taste,” said Gifford, who, from some unexplained slight, could never resist the temptation of giving a quiet hit at the

Crown; "his pursuits, within my recollection, tended quite another way."

"His Majesty's taste for art, and his munificent patronage of it, have known no change or abatement since I had the honour of being admitted to his presence," said Lawrence, mildly, but firmly.

Some unimportant remarks followed. He then bowed profoundly to Gifford, and took his leave. His departure was the signal for the breaking up of the party.

CHAPTER VII.

“THE MEASURE METED OUT TO OTHERS, MEASURED TO
US AGAIN.”

I.

L. E. L. closes one of her sportive poems with the heartfelt exclamation—

“Thank Heaven that I never
Can be a child again!”

The remark falls harshly from a woman's lip; and, after all, does not admit of general application. There are those who were never children—with whom the heart was never young. There are those who never knew that brief but happy period when the spirit was a stranger to guile,—and the heart beat high with generous impulses,—and the future was steeped in the colours of hope,—and the past left behind it no sting of bitterness,—and the brow was unwrinkled with care,—and the soul unsullied by crime,—and the lips poured forth, fondly and fervently, with unbounded and unwavering confidence, the heart's purest and earliest homage to Nature and to Truth. And he whose career, on the second anniversary of his death, I am tempted to record, was a living illustration of the truth of this assertion.

Vincent Desborough's prospects and position in society embraced all that an ambitious heart would seek. He was heir to a large fortune—had powerful connections—talents of no common order—and indisputable personal attractions. But every good, natural and acquired, was marred by a fatal flaw in his disposition. It was largely leavened with CRUELTY. It seemed born with him. For it was developed in very early childhood, and bade defiance to remonstrance and correction. Insects, dogs,

horses, servants, all felt its virulence. And yet, on a first acquaintance, it appeared incredible that that intelligent and animated countenance, those gladsome and beaming eyes, could meditate aught but kindness and good-will to those around him. But as Lord Byron said of Ali Pacha—one of the most cruel and sanguinary of Eastern despots—that he was “by far the mildest-looking old gentleman he ever conversed with;” so it might be said of Vincent Desborough, that never was a relentless and savage heart concealed under a more winning and gentle exterior.

That parents are blind to the errors of their offspring has passed into a proverb, and Vincent’s were no exception to the rule. “He was a boy,” they affirmed, “of the highest promise.” His ingenuity in causing pain was “a mere childish foible, which would vanish with advancing years;” and his delight at seeing others suffer it, “an eccentricity which more extended acquaintance with life would teach him to discard. *All boys were cruel!*” And satisfied with the wisdom of this conclusion, the Desboroughs intrusted their darling to Doctor Scanaway, with the request that “he might be treated with *every possible* indulgence.”

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

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

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

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

II.

In Doctor Scanaway's household Vincent met with a congenial spirit in the person of a youth some years his senior, named Gervaise Rolleston. Gervaise was a young adventurer. He was clever, active, and prepossessing; but he was poor and dependent. He discovered that, at no very distant period, accumulated wealth must descend to Vincent, and he fancied that, by submitting to his humours and flattering his follies, he might secure to himself a home in rough weather. The other had no objection to possess a faithful follower. In truth, a clever coadjutor was often indispensable for the successful execution of his mischievous projects. Mutual necessity thus proved a stringent bond to both; and between them a league was struck up, offensive and defensive, which, like other leagues on a broader scale which are supported by wealth and wickedness, was formidable to all who opposed its designs and movements.

III.

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

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

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

"He shall pay when he's a fellow of his college—shall

never know it before! *You've* nothing to do with it—but THEN I shall *exact* it! We will dine in his rooms at Trinity, and he shall lionize us over the building. I have long wished to see Dr. Wordsworth—good man—sound scholar! but have been too busy these last twenty years to manage it. It's a bargain, then? You'll send him to-morrow?"

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

To Dormer, for some undefinable reason, Desborough had conceived the most violent aversion. Neither the youth of the little orphan, nor his patient endurance of insult, nor the readiness with which he forgave, nor the blamelessness of his own disposition, served to disarm the ferocity of his tormentor. Desborough, to use his own words, was "resolved to drive the little pauper from their community, or tease his very heart out."

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

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

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

The 4th of September was the doctor's birth-day, and was invariably kept as a sort of Saturnalia by all under his roof. The day—always too short—was devoted to cricket, and revelry, and manly sports, and a meadow at the back of the shrubbery, which, from its being low and marshy, was drained by dykes of all dimensions, was a favourite resort of those who were expert at leaping with a pole. The whole party were

in motion at an early hour, and Cyril among the rest. Either purposely or accidentally, he was separated from the others, and, on a sudden, he found himself alone with Desborough and Rolleston. "Come, you little coward," said the former, "leap this dyke."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

With a mocking laugh, Desborough turned away. "Help yourself, my fine fellow! Scramble out; it's not deep. A kitten wouldn't drown!" And Rolleston, in whom better feelings for the moment seemed to struggle, and who appeared half inclined to return to the bank and give his aid, he dragged forcibly away. The little fellow eyed their movements, and seemed to feel his fate was determined. He clasped his hands, and uttered no further cry for assistance. The words "Mother! mother!" were heard to escape him; and once, and only

once, did his long wavy golden hair come up above the surface for a moment. But though no human ear heeded the death-cry of that innocent child, and no human heart responded to it, the Great Spirit had his observant eye fixed on the little victim, and quickly terminated his experience of care and sorrow, by a summons to that world where the heavy laden hear no more the voice of the oppressor, and the pure in heart behold their God!

IV.

The grief of the mother was frightful to witness. Her softness and sweetness of character, the patience with which she had endured sorrow and reverses, the cheerfulness with which she had submitted to the privations attendant on very limited resources, had given place to unwonted vehemence and sternness. She cursed the destroyers of her child in the bitterness of her soul. "God will avenge me! His frown will darken their path to their dying hour. As the blood of Abel cried up from the ground against the first murderer, so the blood of my Cyril calls for vengeance on those who sacrificed him. I shall see it—I shall see it. *The measure meted out by them to others, shall be measured unto them again.*" It was in vain that kind-hearted neighbours suggested to her topics of consolation. She mourned as one that would not be comforted. "The only child of his mother, and she a widow!" was her invariable reply. "No! For me there is nought but quenchless regrets and ceaseless weeping!" Among those who tendered their friendly offices was the warm-hearted doctor. Indifferent to his approach, and in appearance lost to everything else around her, she was sitting among Cyril's books—inspecting his little drawings—arranging his playthings, and apparently carefully collecting together every object, however trivial, with which his loved memory could be associated.

To the doctor's kind though tremulous inquiries she had but one reply: "*Alone—alone in the world.*"

His offer of a home in his own house was declined with the remark, "My summer is so nearly over, it matters not where the leaves fall."

And when he pressed her, under any circumstances, to

entertain the offer made through him—by a wealthy kinsman of her husband—of a shelter under his roof for any period, however protracted—“Too late! too late!” was her answer; “*Ambition is cold with the ashes of those we love!*”

But the feelings of the mourner had been painfully exasperated by the result of a previous inquiry. An inquest was indispensable; and rumour—we may say facts—spoke so loudly against Desborough, that his parents hurried to Horbury, prepared, at any pecuniary sacrifice, to extricate him from the obloquy which threatened him. Money judiciously bestowed will effect impossibilities; and the foreman of the jury—a bustling, clamorous, spouting democrat—who was always eloquent on the wrongs of his fellow-men, and kept the while a most watchful eye to his own interests—became on a sudden “thoroughly satisfied that Mr. Vincent Desborough had been cruelly calumniated,” and that the whole affair was “*a matter of ACCIDENT altogether.*”

A verdict to that effect was accordingly returned!

The unhappy mother heard the report of these proceedings, and it seemed to scorch her very soul. “The covetous, craving earthworm!” she cried. “He thinks he has this day clenched a most successful bargain! But no! from this hour the face of God is against him! Can it be otherwise? *He that justifieth the wicked, and condemneth the just, are they not both equal abomination in the sight of God?* For years the wickedness of this hour will be present before the Great, Just Spirit, and will draw down a curse on his every project. I am as confident of it as if I saw the whole course of this man’s after-life spread out before me. *Henceforth God fights against him!*”

It was a curious coincidence, the solution of which is left to better casuists than myself, that from the hour in which he was bribed to smother inquiry and throw a shield over crime—misfortune and reverses, in unbroken succession, assailed him. His property melted away from his grasp with unexampled rapidity. And when, a few years afterwards, the kinsman already alluded to left poor Dormer’s mother a small annuity, it so chanced that, as she quitted the vestry with the requisite certificates of birth and marriage in her hands, she encountered this very juror in the custody of the parish officers, who

were bringing him before the proper authorities, to swear him to his settlement, and then obtain an order to pass him forthwith to the parish workhouse!

V.

A few years after the sad scene at Horbury, Desborough was admitted at Cambridge. He was the sporting man of a non-reading college. Around him were gathered all the coaching, betting, driving, racing characters of the University—the “*Varmint men*,” as they called themselves—“*The Devil’s Own*,” as others named them. It was a melancholy sojourn for Desborough. The strictness of academical rule put down every attempt at a cock-pit, a badger-hunt, or a bull-bait. It was a painfully monotonous life; and to enliven it he got up a rat-hunt. Appertaining to him was a little knowing dog, with a sharp, quick eye, and a short, curled-up tail, who was discovered to have an invaluable antipathy to rats, and a unparalleled facility in despatching them. What discovery could be more opportune? Rat-hunts wiled away many a lagging hour; and the squeaks, and shrieks, and shouts, which on these occasions issued from Desborough’s rooms, were pronounced by the senior tutor “*quite irregular*,” and by the master to be “by no means in keeping with the gravity of college discipline.” To the joy of all the staid and sober members of the society, these sounds at length were hushed, for Desborough quitted the University.

“What a happy riddance!” said, on the morning of his departure, a junior fellow who had had the misfortune to domicile on Desborough’s staircase. “His rooms had invariably such an unsavoury smell, that it was quite disagreeable to pass them!”

“And would you believe it,” cried another, who used to excruciate the ears of those above and below him by the most rasping inflictions on a tuneless fiddle; “would you believe it, after the noise and uproar with which his rooms were familiar—would you credit it, after the horrid din which, during all hours of day and night, might be heard there—that whenever I began one of those sweetly soothing airs of Bellini, his gyp used to come to me with his master’s compliments, and he was sorry to disturb

me, but really the noise in my rooms—fancy—THE NOISE! was so great, that he was unable to read while it lasted!”

“He was so little accomplished—played the worst rubber of any man I ever knew,” observed the dean, with great gravity.

“He carved so badly!” said the bursar. “He has often deprived me of my appetite by the manner in which he helped me!”

“And was so cruel!” added the president, who was cursed with a tabby mania. “Poor Fatima could never take her walk across the quadrangle without being worried by one or other of his vile terriers.”

“The deliverance is great,” cried the musical man, “and heaven be praised for it!”

“Amen!” said the other two; “but surely—yes! it is the dinner-bell!”

VI.

In a fair and fertile valley, where the nightingales are to be heard earlier and later in the year than in any other part of England; where the first bursting of the buds is seen in spring; where no rigour of the seasons can ever be felt; where every thing seems formed for precluding the very thought of wickedness, lived a loved and venerated clergyman with his only daughter.

He belonged to a most distinguished family, and had surrendered brilliant prospects to embrace the profession of his choice. And right nobly had he adorned it! And she—the companion of his late and early hours, his confidante, guide, almoner, consoler—was a young, fair, and innocent being, whose heart was a stranger to duplicity, and her tongue to guile.

His guide and consoler was she, in the truest sense of the term. He was blind. While comforting, in his dying moments, an old and valued parishioner, Mr. Somerset had caught the infection; and the fever, settling in his eyes, had deprived him of vision.

“I will be your curate,” said the affectionate girl, when the old man, under the pressure of this calamity, talked of retiring altogether from duty. “The prayers, and psalms, and lessons you have long known by heart;

and your addresses, as you call them, we all prefer to your written sermons. Pray, pray accept of me as your curate, and make trial of my services in guiding and prompting you, ere you surrender your beloved charge to a stranger."

"It would break my heart to do so," said the old man, faintly.

The experiment was made, and succeeded; it was a spectacle which stirred the heart to see that fair-haired, bright-eyed girl steadying her father's tottering steps, prompting him in the service when his memory failed, guiding him to and from the sanctuary, and watching over him with the truest and tenderest affection—an affection which no wealth could purchase, and no remuneration repay, for it sprung from heartfelt and devoted attachment.

Satiated with pleasure and shattered in constitution, a stranger came to seek health in this sheltered spot. It was Desborough. Neither the youth, nor the beauty, nor the innocence of Edith availed her against the snares and sophistry of this unprincipled man. She fell—but under circumstances of the most unparalleled duplicity. She fell—the victim of the most tremendous perfidy and the dupe of the most carefully veiled villany. She fell—and was deserted! "Importune me no more as to marriage," was the closing remark of the deceiver's last letter; "your own conduct has rendered that impossible." That declaration was her death-blow. She read it, and never looked up again. The springs of life seemed frozen within her; and without any apparent disease she faded gradually away.

"I am justly punished," was the remark of her heart-broken father, when the dreadful secret was disclosed to him. "My idol is withdrawn from me! Ministering at His altar, nought should have been dearer to me than His triumphs and His cause! But lead me to her, I can yet bless her."

The parting interview between that parent and child will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The aged minister wept and prayed—and prayed and wept—over his parting child, with an earnestness and agony that "bowed the hearts of all who heard him like the heart of one man."

“Is there hope for me, father?” said the dying girl. “Can I—can I be forgiven? Will not—oh! will not our separation be eternal?”

“Though sin abounded,” was the almost inarticulate reply, “grace did much more abound. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.”

“We shall not be long parted,” was his remark when those who watched around the dying bed told him he had no longer a daughter. “The summons has arrived and the last tie which bound me to earth is broken.”

Acting upon this conviction, he commenced and completed the arrangements for the disposition of his little property with an earnestness and alacrity they could well understand who had witnessed his blameless career.

The evening previous to that appointed for the funeral of his daughter, he said to those who had the management of the sad ceremony, “Grant the last, the closing request of your pastor. Postpone the funeral a few hours. I ask no more. A short delay—and one service and one grave will suffice for both.”

His words were prophetic. The morrow’s sun he never saw; and, on the following Sabbath, amid the tears of a bereaved people, father and daughter were calmly deposited in one common grave.

VII.

In the interim how had the world sped with Gervaise Rolleston? Bravely! He had become a thriving and a prosperous gentleman. There are two modes, says an old writer, of obtaining distinction. “The eagle soars, the serpent climbs.” The latter mode was the one adopted by Rolleston. He was an adroit flatterer; possessed the happy art of making those whom he addressed pleased with themselves; had a thorough knowledge of tact; and always said the right thing in the right place. All his acquaintance called him “*a very rising young man.*” And for “*a very rising young man,*” he held a most convenient creed. For “to forget all benefits, and conceal the remembrance of all injuries, are maxims by which adventurers lose their honour, but make their fortunes.” In a happy hour he contrived to secure the acquaintance of Lord Meriden. His lordship was an amiable, but

moody valetudinarian, who had no resources in himself, and was entirely dependent on the good offices of others. Rolleston was the very man for him. He was a fair punster; told a good story; sang a capital song; played well at chess and billiards, and, most unaccountably, was always beaten at both; could read aloud by the hour together; and never took offence. To all these accomplishments, natural and acquired, he added one most valuable qualification, which was in constant exercise—the most profound respect for Lord Meriden. Ah! how true it is that “we love those who admire us more than those whom we admire!”

Rolleston's advice, presence, and conversation became to Lord Meriden indispensable. And, when ordered abroad by those who foresaw that he would die under their hands if he remained at home, the sick nobleman's first care was that Rolleston should accompany him. He did so; and played his part so successfully, that, “in remembrance of his disinterested attentions,” Lord Meriden bequeathed to him the whole of his personal property. His carriages, horses, plate, yacht, all were willed by the generous nobleman to his pliant favourite. In the vessel which had thus become his own, Rolleston embarked for England. It was a proud moment for his aspiring spirit. He was returning, an independent and opulent man, to those shores which he had quitted, fifteen months before, a penniless adventurer. His family, apprized of his good fortune, hurried down to Ryde, to receive him on his arrival. They vied with each other in the length and ardour of their congratulations. By the way, what extraordinary and overpowering affection is invariably evinced by all the members of a family towards that branch of it which unexpectedly attains wealth or distinction! The “Fairy Queen” was telegraphed, was signalled, hove in sight, passed gallantly on, and all the Rollestons, great and small, pressed down to the pier to welcome this “dear, good, worthy, accomplished, and excellent young man.”

At the very instant of nearing the pier, in the bustle and confusion of the moment, Rolleston was sent overboard. Some said that he was overbalanced by a sudden lurch of the vessel; others, that he was struck by the jib-boom. One staid and respectable spectator positively

affirmed that he had observed a sailor, to whose wife, it seemed, Rolleston had, some months before, offered insult, rush violently against him, with the evident intention of injuring him, and this account, strange as it appeared, gained considerable credence. The fact, however, was indisputable. He struggled bravely for a few moments with the eddy that sweeps around the pier, then struck out boldly for the shore, waived his hand in recognition of his agonized family, who were almost within speaking distance, and—sunk to rise no more.

For many days his anguished mother lingered at Ryde, in the hope of rescuing the body from the deep; and large was the reward promised to those who should succeed in bringing her the perishing remains. So many days had elapsed in fruitless search, that hope was fading into despair, when, one morning, a lady in deep mourning inquired for Mrs. Rolleston. On being admitted to her presence—

“I am the bearer,” said she, “of welcome intelligence: I have, this morning, discovered on the beach, at some distance, the body of your son, Gervaise Rolleston.”

“How know you that it is he?”

“I cannot be mistaken!”

“Are his features, then, familiar to you?”

“Familiar! I am the mother of Cyril Dormer!”

VIII.

It is painful to observe how soon the dead are forgotten. The tide of fashion, or business, or pleasure, rolls on—rapidly obliterates the memory of the departed—and sweeps away with it the attention of the mourner to the ruling folly of the hour.

“There poesy and love come not,
It is a world of stone:
The grave is bought—is closed—forgot,
And then life hurries on.”¹

Engrossed in the all-important duty of securing the property which had been bequeathed to their son, and which, as he had left no will, there was some probability of their losing, the Rollestons had completely forgotten

¹ L. E. L.

him by whose subservience it had been acquired. At length it occurred to them that some monument was due; or, at all events, that a headstone should be raised over him who slept beneath the yew-tree in Brading churchyard; and directions were given accordingly. Their intentions had been anticipated. A headstone had been erected—when or by whom no one could or cared to divulge. But there it was. It bore the simple inscription of the name of the departed—the day of birth and the day of death; with this remarkable addition, in large and striking letters:—

“WITH THE SAME MEASURE THAT YE METE
WITHAL, IT SHALL BE MEASURED TO YOU AGAIN.”

IX.

Some years after the circumstances detailed in the last chapter, a gentleman, in military undress, was descried riding slowly into the village of Beechbury. The size and architecture of the village church had apparently arrested his attention, and he drew bridle suddenly, to make inquiries of a peasant, who was returning from his daily toil.

“Ay! it’s a fine church, though I can’t say I troubles it very much myself,” was the reply. “There’s a *mort* of fine *munniments* in it beside. All Lord Somerset’s folks be buried there; and ’twas but four years last Martinmas that they brought here old Parson Somerset and his daughter all the way from a churchyard t’other side Dartmoor, because, ye see, they belonged to ’em; and these great folks choose to be all together. It’s a grand vault they have! But here’s Moulder, the sexton, coming anent us, and he’ll tell as much and more than ye may care to hear.”

The name of Somerset seemed to jar harshly on the stranger’s ear; and, dismounting hastily, he demanded of the sexton “whether he could shew him the interior of the church at that hour?”

“Certainly,” was the reply; “turn to the right, and I will overtake you with the keys before you reach the west door.”

The church was one of considerable magnitude and surpassing beauty. It was built in the form of a cross,

and had formerly been the chapel of a wealthy monastic order, suppressed at the period of the Reformation. Near the altar was a shrine, once the resort of pilgrims from every clime, from its inclosing a fragment of the true cross. You approached it by an aisle, which was literally a floor of tombstones, inlaid in brass with the forms of the departed. Mitres, and crosiers, and spears, and shields, and helmets were all mingled together—emblems of conquests, and honours, and dignities, which had long since passed away. The setting sun cast his mellow radiance through the richly-painted western window, and tipped with living lustre many of the monuments of the line of Somerset. Some of the figures were of the size of life, and finely sculptured. And as the restless and agitated stranger gazed on them, they seemed to reply to his questioning glance, and slowly murmur, "All on earth is but for a period; joy and grief, triumph and desolation, succeed each other like cloud and sunshine! Care and sorrow, change and vicissitude, we have proved like thee. Fight the good fight of faith. Brave, as we, the combat; speed the race; stem the storm of life; and in God's own good time thou, like us, shalt rest."

"I wish," said the stranger, when he had traversed the church, "to descend into the Somerset vault. It's a sickly, foolish fancy of mine; but I choose to gratify it. Which is the door?"

"Nay, that's no part of our bargain," said the sexton, doggedly; "you go not there."

"I am not accustomed to refusals when I state my wishes," said the soldier fiercely and haughtily. "Lead the way, old man!"

"Not for the Indies! It's as much as my place is worth. Our present rector is one of the most particular parsons that ever peered over a pulpit cushion. He talks about the sanctity of the dead in a way that makes one stare. Besides, it is the burial place of all his family."

"The very reason for which I wish to see it."

"Not with *my* will," said Moulder, firmly. "Besides, there's nothing to see—nothing but lead coffins, on my life!"

Here," cried the stranger; and he placed a piece of gold on the sexton's trembling palm.

"I dare not, sir; indeed I dare not," said the latter, entreatingly, as if he felt the temptation was more than he could well resist.

"Another," said his companion, and a second piece of the same potent metal glittered in the old man's grasp.

"Well," cried Moulder, drawing a deep and heavy sigh, 'if you *must* you *must*! I would rather you wouldn't—I'm sure no good will come of it; but if you *insist* upon it, sir—if you *insist* upon it"—and slowly and reluctantly he unclosed the ponderous door which opened into the vault.

The burial-place of the Somersets was large and imposing. It was evidently of antique construction and very considerable extent. Escutcheons, shields, hatchments, and helmets were ranged around the walls, all referring to those who were calmly sleeping within its gloomy recesses, while coffins, pile upon pile, occupied the centre. One single window or spiracle of fifteen inches in diameter passed upwards, through the thick masonry, to the external air beyond, and one of those short, massive pillars, which we sometimes see in the crypts of very ancient churches, stood in the centre and supported the roof.

"Which—which is the coffin"—and the stranger's voice seemed hoarse with agitation—"of Edith Somerset?"

"Edith!" cried old Moulder, carelessly—and the indifference of his tone formed a strange contrast to the eagerness of the preceding speaker—"Edith! ough! ah! the young girl that last came amongst us! a very pretty lass, they say, she was! Edith! ah! here she is—the second coffin on your right."

* * * * *

"Well, sir, you are about satisfied, I take it," said the sexton, coaxingly, to his companion, after the latter had taken a long, minute, and silent survey of the scene around him.

"No! no!"

"Why, how long would you wish to remain here?"

"At least an hour."

"An hour! I can't stay, Sir, really I can't, all that time! And to leave the church, and, what's worse, the vault open—it's a thing not to be thought of! I cannot—and, what's more, I will not."

“Dotard! then lock me in, I say! Do what you will. But leave me.”

“Leave you! Lock you in! And HERE! God bless you, Sir, you can’t be aware——”

“Leave me—leave me!” said the stranger, impetuously; and he drew the door towards him as he spoke.

“What! would you be locked up and left alone with the dead——?”

“Go—go, I say, and release me in an hour.”

In amazement at the stranger’s mien, air of command, courage, and choice, Moulder departed. “The Jolly Beggars” lay in his way home, and the door stood so invitingly open, and the sounds of mirth and good-fellowship which thence issued were so attractive, that he could not resist the temptation of washing away the cares of the day in a cool tankard, were it only to pledge the stranger’s health.

This indulgence Moulder repeated so frequently as at length to lose all recollection of the stranger, of the vault, and of his appointment, and it was only late on the morning of the following day, when his wife asked him “*if he had come honestly by what was in his pocket?*” that, in an agony, he remembered his prisoner.

Trembling in every limb, and apprehending he knew not what, he hurried to the church and unlocked the vault.

The spectacle which there awaited him haunted the old man to his dying day. The remains of the stranger were before him, but so marred—so mutilated—so disfigured—that no feature could be recognized, even by the nearest relative.

Rats in myriads had assailed him; and, by his broken sword and the multitudes which lay dead around him, it was plain his resistance had been gallant and protracted. But it availed not. Little of him remained, and that little was in a state which it was painful for humanity to gaze upon.

Among the many who pressed forward to view the appalling spectacle was an elderly female, much beloved in the village for her kindly, and gentle, and compassionate heart—her name was Dormer. To her the sexton handed a small memorandum book, which had, by some means, escaped destruction.

Upon the papers which it contained the old lady looked long and anxiously, and, when she spoke, it was in a low and tremulous tone.

“These,” said she, “are the remains of Colonel Vincent Desborough. I have deep cause to remember him. May he meet with that mercy on High, which, on earth, he refused to others!” The old lady paused and wept, and the villagers did homage to her grief by observing a respectful silence. They all knew and loved her. “This spectacle,” murmured she, as she wended her way homewards, “opens up fountains of grief which I thought were long since dry; but chiefly and mainly does it teach me, that the measure we mete out to others is measured unto us again.”

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FOREIGN SORCERESS AND THE BRITISH STATESMAN.

“For it is not the past alone that has its ghosts: each event to come has also its *spectrum*—its shade; when the hour arrives, life enters it, the shadow becomes corporeal, and walks the world. Thus, in the land beyond the grave, are ever two impalpable and spectral hosts, the things to be, the things that have been.”—GODOLPHIN.

AT Paris, during the early part of the year 1827, and the autumn of 1828 and 1829, resided a lady, whose pretensions and performances caused no slight sensation among the novelty-seeking coteries of that gay capital. Madame de Strzelecki was a woman advanced in years, plain in appearance, and grave in address. She spoke in the tone and diction of one who had been accustomed to move in the higher grades of society; but of her descent, connections, plans, and resources, no one seemed able to glean the slightest information. She professed to unveil the future; and, though her fee was gold, and though she saw those only who waited upon her with a formal introduction from a previous client, the equipages that were found loitering near her spacious dwelling in Rue de la Paix chez la Barrière du Roule, contained half the beauty and *haut ton* of Paris.

And yet the information she gave was partial. It related to two epochs only in the life of those who consulted her—death and marriage. She would place before you the lively scene and gay appendages of the one; and the languor, gloom, and restlessness of the other. On neither spectacle was it her custom to offer one single syllable of remark. She left her visitant to draw his own moral from the scene.

Among the strangers in Paris, at that period, were two Englishmen, of great, though opposite talent—both am-

bitious men—each idolized by his respective party—each the sworn champion of a certain set of opinions—both high in the favour of the sovereign whom they served, and aspiring to the most enduring rewards which talent and energy could win. They heard from fifty gay voices the fame of Madame de Strzelecki; and as a mere whim of the moment—an impromptu extravaganza—they resolved to visit the mystic in disguise, and to test her pretensions. They were described in the note of introduction which they presented, as “two American gentlemen, whose stay in Paris must be, under any circumstances, short; whose errand there was some commercial speculation, the issue of which might recall them to Philadelphia at a few hours’ notice. They entreated, therefore, the favour of an immediate audience.”

It was granted at once. She received them, as was her wont, in silence. But upon the first who entered her apartment (the younger, and by far the more intellectual looking of the two) she gazed long and earnestly.

“You are married, and have two sons and a daughter;” was the off-hand declaration with which she met his bow; “the scene of your nuptials, therefore, you cannot well have forgotten! That of your demise is the spectacle which I presume you wish to have brought before you?”

“You anticipate me, Madam,” was the reply; “but such is, undoubtedly, the object of my present visit.”

“And you, sir,” said she, turning to his companion, “are married, but childless. Do *you* wish to gaze upon the closing scene of your busy life? Perhaps,” added she, with more of interest and feeling than she generally exhibited, “you will abandon your intention? Reconsider it.”

“By no means; the ordeal which is gaily courted by my companion, I would also brave.”

“Have you firmness and resolution?” demanded the lady; “have you nerve to gaze upon a very harrowing spectacle?”

“*Without it, ought I to have come hither?*”

“I am answered. Follow me.”

She led the way as she spoke, out of the apartment, and the Englishmen followed her. They crossed a small, low passage; passed through a narrow portal; a second;

a third; and then found themselves in a hall of very considerable extent. It was paved with black marble, and decorated at each end with four slender pillars of the same material. In the centre rose a very large jet-black basin, filled with dark water to a considerable depth. A cupola, or lantern, admitted a tempered light from above; and the deep basin was so placed, that whatever daylight the dome admitted fell full upon it. But, despite of the noble proportions of the hall, and the lightness of the pillars, and the fairy tracery of the cupola, there was an air of gloom over the whole apartment. It seemed a fitting scene to communicate tidings of approaching sorrow, separation, sickness, silence, death.

“Look on this dark water,” said their conductress; “it shall speak to you of the future. If death be at a distance, it will sink some feet in every second that you gaze upon it. If your parting hour approaches, it will rise rapidly; and if the *very last* sands in life’s hour-glass be running, will mount till it be checked only by the margin. If it be fated that death shall approach you in the guise of violence, the water will instantly bubble up. If caused by accident, it will change colour once, twice, thrice,—fast as the hues of the rainbow melt into each other and vanish, even when you gaze on them. If death overtake you by gradual decay, and in the common course of nature, other than a gentle ripple over its surface, no change will the still water know or tell. You understand me?”

“I do.”

“Fully?”

“I conceive so.”

“Approach, then. Gaze steadfastly on that dark surface, and it shall mirror to thee, fully and faithfully, the future.”

The calmer, and graver, and sadder of the two advanced slowly to the margin with a look of mingled curiosity and incredulity which sat strangely on his heavy, massive, and somewhat passionless features. In an instant the water rose at least two feet; changed colour rapidly, and evidently more than once; and then became dark and motionless as before.

“Ah! not far distant—and by accident!”

The mystic made no reply; but merely motioned him

by a gesture to gaze on. He did so; and as he looked he beheld a mimic representation of a scene of great confusion. Countless multitudes were assembled—there was running to and fro—horsemen were riding in all directions—the spectators were conversing eagerly with each other—and deep dismay sat on many a countenance. This faded from the surface, and there was presented to him a small room, in what appeared to be a road-side inn. Three or more individuals it contained, to whose persons he was a perfect stranger. But there was one present whose features he instantly recognized—one who was ever dear to him—his wife. Her countenance was calm, but there was stamped on it deep and indescribable distress. Propped up with pillows in the foreground was a figure which he instantly admitted to be his own. But how painfully was he pictured! The eye was wandering and restless. Every feature bore the impress of intense agony; and the face was overspread with that cold, grey tint which so surely foretels impending dissolution. He looked at it steadily for a few seconds. A sort of mist seemed to come over his vision. He withdrew his gaze for an instant from the fountain, and when he again resumed his observation, the painful scene had wholly disappeared!

His inquiring look of astonishment and emotion the mystic returned with apathy. The agitation manifested in his countenance was strangely contrasted by the fixed, rigid expression of hers. His appeared a painful struggle with conflicting feelings; her countenance wore its usual air of cold and impassive indifference.

“What! it’s past a joke?” said the younger of the two, advancing gaily towards the fountain: “the answer of the oracle is not palatable, eh? Take your favourite poet’s advice henceforth:

Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quærere!

But now of me, and to me, what says the future?”

The water rose a few inches and then became stationary. On its surface next appeared a small chamber; limited in its dimensions—humble in its accommodations, antique and clumsy in its furniture, and altogether pretensionless in its comforts and appointments. Gardens seemed to stretch around it of considerable extent; and

on the mantel-piece he remarked a small bronze clock of singular shape and construction.

His attention, at once, became intently and painfully fixed.

“Charles, as I live!” he exclaimed, as his eye rested on the lineaments of a youth, who was holding the hand of a sick person, in the full vigour of life, but evidently racked with bodily agony. “The other figure I conceive to be that—that”—continued he, speaking slowly and after a lengthened pause—“yes! that of Charles’s dying father! ’Tis a painful spectacle,” added he, turning from the fountain, “and I know not what benefit is to be derived from a lengthened contemplation of it. Come: the day wears. We will leave this clever, disagreeable, and certainly most puzzling exhibition.”

He took his friend’s arm as he spoke, and advanced to pay his parting devoirs to the mystic, and with them her fee. The first she returned coldly: the latter she peremptorily rejected.

“I am already remunerated; amply remunerated!” was her unexpected and startling declaration. “Sufficient honour for me if I have administered to the *amusement*; the passing *amusement*,”—the bitter emphasis placed on this last word conveyed a meaning which those whom she addressed seemed to feel and shrink from—“of two such distinguished state servants of his Britannic Majesty as Mr. Huskisson and Mr. Canning!”

Again, with exquisite mockery, she curtsied still deeper and more deferentially than before, and, ere they could recover from their surprise, left them.

CHAPTER IX.

“NIDUS PASSERUM:” OR THE “SPARROWE’S” NEST AT IPSWICH.

“In this church, St. Laurence, are interred the mortal remains of the ancient family of the Sparrowes. They appear to have been long and honourably connected with the town of Ipswich: one of them having served the office of Bailiff thirteen times. The inscription on the vault is quaint enough—“*Nidus Passerum.*” ’Tis a merry conceit on so gloomy a subject! It seems to say—‘here the Sparrowes—the old birds and the young—securely nestle!’”

RAMBLES THROUGH THE EASTERN COUNTIES.

It may be questioned whether there be a house in the kingdom, belonging to a private individual, which possesses greater interest for the antiquarian than that inhabited by Mr. Sparrowe, in the Old Butter Market, Ipswich. In truth, its attractions are manifold. There are curious dates and inscriptions for the genealogical student; valuable old paintings for the lovers of art; for those who hold the faith of former days, vestiges of a Roman Catholic chapel adroitly hidden in the rude loft during troublous times; and for the romantic, a legend linked with the reverses of Royalty.

The exterior of this picturesque dwelling has been lescribed and limned over and over again. By no Suffolk tourist or travelling artist have its claims to notice been overlooked. Engravings and etchings of it, of various merit, abound. But the interior is less known. And yet a long summer’s morning could be agreeably consumed in an examination of the various relics of old time which it contains.

But before we enter the mansion, let me notice one curious fact—that no chimneys are visible from the street; that the four attic windows on the roof form so many gable-ends; and that above the row of windows

on the second story is a considerable projection extending the whole length of the front, which forms, in fact, a promenade on the outside nearly round the house.

The entrance-hall is noble: and the ceiling in admirable preservation.

The eating-room is closely panelled in dark oak, gloriously carved, and hung with original pictures by Gainsborough, Sir Peter Lely, and Sir Godfrey Kneller. So profusely is this apartment ornamented, that even the beams of the room are as elaborately carved as the most prominent part of the wainscot. The figures 1567, conspicuous over the mantel-piece, form the date of the erection of the building.

Ascending to the first floor, you reach a room extending over the whole of the front part of the house—a noble apartment—forty-eight feet in length by twenty-two in width. Its walls are lined with pictures, all more or less interesting: but none so striking as the portrait of James the First. It is a revolting picture; and yet it arrests and rivets your attention. You feel it to be a likeness. It is a faithful transcript—you are persuaded—of the features of the party whom it represents. And what a transcript! Avarice, cruelty, cowardice, meanness, treachery, sensuality, all are depicted there. The picture is a study, were it only for the various expression stamped on the canvas. One thinks of the monarch’s victims—the gallant Raleigh and the guiltless Arabella Stuart; of the frightful disclosures threatened by Sir Thomas Overbury, and hushed only by his sudden and violent death in the Tower; of the infamous court favourite (Carr), and his paramour the Countess of Essex; of their admitted share in the Overbury murder, and of the mysterious and unexplained reason why the penalty of death was not inflicted on them; of the clue to the king’s lenity hinted at by more than one historian—that Somerset was in possession of facts relative to his royal master, which, if revealed, would cover his name with infamy—a supposition which, with that speaking canvas before us, it is difficult to believe untrue. Another glance at this—excuse the paradox—attractive yet repugnant picture. A monster, not a man, stands before you. And he—a king!

Near this picture is one which tradition has handed

down as the portrait of a Romish persecutor. One would hardly have guessed as much from the delicate, feminine features, and calm, soft eye.

"A persecutor!"

What character more hateful in the sight of "The Supreme," or more injurious to the interests of real religion!

And yet, though there be the furrows of age and care in that way-worn countenance—though the light of gladness seems quenched in the fading eye, and the saddened expression unquestionably indicates one who has endured much in a weary and lengthened pilgrimage—we look in vain for the haughty scowl, the harsh and cruel eye, and the angry flush of one who is "handed down us as a persecutor and injurious."

Between this portrait and that of James hangs a Magdalene, by, it is said, Caracci:—a voluptuous picture—conveying anything but the idea of one who loathed the remembrance of the past, and was preparing by prayer and penitence for the solemn future. The ceiling of this magnificent room is richly carved, and profusely ornamented with fruit and flowers; but its beauty is marred by thick and repeated coats of whitewash. How I longed to set to work and scrape it off! Beyond question the ceiling is of oak—dark, glorious, enduring oak! Woe betide the Vandal who first cased it with whitewash! He is past praying for!

In one corner of this saloon a keen eye will detect a small door. This opens upon a staircase leading to the roof of the house: from which issues a door-way to the leads over the wide eaves of the building. These leads are sufficiently wide for two parties to walk abreast, and every part of the upper portion of the building can be reached by them.

Early in the present century a curious discovery was made in this upper story of the house—namely, that of a concealed loft, without doubt, forming the roof of a chapel the body of which existed in a room immediately beneath. "The existence of this apartment was discovered by the merest accident, the connection between the loft and the sitting room being cut off by a built-up wall. Time and damp, however, displacing a portion of the plaster, the light of day found its way through the

opening, and the deserted sanctuary was discovered. The arched timbers of a slightly ornamented roof exist within it, and at the time of its being opened, the floor was strewn with wooden angels, and such figures as usually serve to decorate a Catholic oratory. It is supposed that the chapel existed in a perfect state at the date of the Reformation; but after that period the open assumption of the proscribed faith becoming dangerous, the body of this place of worship was converted into a common sitting-room, and the roof concealed by a beamed ceiling."

This discovery lends strength to the tradition, current in the Sparrowe family, that in this excellent old house Charles II. found a hiding-place after the fatal field of Worcester. "Where," has often been a perplexing point to the various Sparrowes who did battle in defence of the grateful legend that their dwelling had sheltered fugitive royalty.

This chapel-chamber seems to clear up many a difficulty. Here, unquestionably, the monarch would be "closely tyed." Those must have been prying eyes which could detect his "whereabouts." Be this as it may, in the absence of all direct documentary evidence, affirmative or negative, on this point, it may be matter of interesting inquiry whether this traditionary refuge of the king does not explain the hint thrown out by more than one historical writer, that Charles had intended to have embarked at Harwich; that he had adherents to his cause there; but they found the port too closely watched to permit of his escape. Let it be remembered that there is an interval in the prince's wanderings, of which no very minute account is given. Was Harwich—or its *neighbourhood*—visited during that interval? Was there, in point of time, space enough for so long a journey? Disappointed at Bristol, finding there no bark by which he could seek a foreign home, we find Charles, on the 16th of September, at Castle Cary, in Somersetshire, and on the 17th, at Trent—Colonel Wyndham's house. Here many days were lost in vain endeavours to procure a vessel at Charmouth or Lyme. How anxious Charles was to escape, and how unwearied were the efforts of his devoted adherents to procure him the means of flight, history over and over again abundantly attests. On the 6th of October we find him at Mrs. Hyde's, at Hele, near

Amesbury. Was Suffolk visited during this interval? Was it at this period that an escape from Harwich was deemed feasible? And if so, did the wanderer find a temporary home at the mansion of the Sparrowes—a family as distinguished for its undeviating loyalty as their descendant is for professional integrity—and was the chapel-chamber the king's resting-place?

Be this fact or be it conjecture, there was, unquestionably, a secret, stringent, and enduring connection between the Sparrowe family and the reigning Stuart dynasty—a connection impossible to explain otherwise than upon grounds of some marked and definite obligation conferred by the subject and accepted by the monarch.

Traces of this connection one stumbles on at every step. Portraits of Charles II. are in possession of the Sparrowe family—presents, be it remembered, from the king himself. Portraits, too, they hold, of various other members of that branch of the Stuart dynasty, and by no ignoble hand. The arms of Charles are emblazoned prominently on the exterior of the old mansion; and of Mrs. Lane, who took so fearless and enviable a part in the preservation of her monarch, the Sparrowes hold a miniature sent them by the king himself. *Was this to remind them of the similar succour they themselves had rendered him?*

In the wainscoted dining-room, to which reference has been already made, there hangs a highly-finished and life-like portrait, in exquisite preservation, of John Sparrowe, who repeatedly served the office of a bailiff of Ipswich. It is a glorious specimen of colouring, by Gainsborough.

Near him, by Sir Peter Lely—and exhibiting all the beauties and defects of that great master—is a likeness of Mr. John Sparrowe, father of the gentleman so admirably painted by Gainsborough. Then we have the stern features of Sir John Sparrowe, Knight of the Green Cloth in the reign of James II., handed down to us by the brush of Sir Godfrey Kneller.

There are two Vandykes. One, a likeness of Henrietta Maria, the ill-starred queen of the unfortunate Charles I.: the other is a portrait of Charles II.; and in colouring, execution, and expression, a masterpiece. Good judges have held that Vandyke never painted a finer picture. It represents, and vividly, a worn-out

debauchee—one whose manhood was steeped in licentiousness, and whom a life of pleasure, vulgarly so called, had early and thoroughly destroyed. There is nothing kingly, or dignified, or refined, or self-reliant, about it. Grossness is stamped on every lineament. All is of the earth, earthy. The animal predominates over the man. It is not the sovereign—the ruler of a people, the arbiter of the destinies of a kingdom, the supreme fount of justice you are gazing on; but a slave of lust, one whose motto is, “Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die;” one whom unbridled appetite rules; who knows no master but his own passions; a callous, reckless profligate. Those who have read Miss Strickland’s “Lives of the Queens of England,” and bear in memory her elaborate sketch of Catherine of Braganza, in which a graphic account is given of the last illness of Charles II., and of his lawless life up to the moment in which disease laid him upon his death-bed, will be tempted to say, that her spirited narrative and this painful portrait illustrate each other.

One cannot quit the picture of Queen Henrietta Maria without trying to solve a riddle which the old house presents.

From the noble saloon on the first floor the spectator passes through a low, narrow door, near King James’s portrait, and finds himself in a bed-room, in which the embellishments of the ceiling are totally changed. Fruit, flowers, and family badges, the decorations of the other apartments, disappear, and are here profusely superseded by the *fleur-de-lys*. This alteration has a meaning. Can it be thus explained? Has, then, the faint, lingering legend any foundation that the unhappy queen, in one of her many journeys to and from the continent, was here a passing but honoured guest? If so, was this her sleeping apartment? And was the *fleur-de-lys*—so identified with her native land—an emblem intended at once to compliment the princess and to commemorate the transient visit of so distinguished a personage?

But to pass from conjecture to certainty.

From the year 1573 this time-honoured dwelling has been inhabited by the Sparrowe family only. It is literally “*Nidus Passerum*.” I may add, too, and I do it with honest pride, that the present owner is a MASON—an

honoured member of the fraternity. His own high sense of honour, and unblemished worth go far to redeem from obloquy a profession against which caustic tongues clamour loudly: a profession thus recently characterized by high authority:—

“The power of which, for good or evil, as far as the worldly interests of the mass of mankind are concerned, can scarcely be too strongly stated—a profession, owning, I am happy to be able to say, so many who would do honour to any calling, and who are well aware that sincerity and integrity are the surest guides to prosperity and distinction, and who are true and just from higher motives and less worldly considerations.”¹

¹ Vice-Chancellor Sir Knight Bruce, on a motion to remove the name of a solicitor from the Rolls Court.

CHAPTER X.

A MASON IN HIGH PLACES : BISHOP GRISWOLD.

“Reduce Freemasonry to the limits of any particular religious institution, and you, *de facto*, annihilate its usefulness as a common bond of humanity. Declare it to be, in its maxims, rites, and ceremonies, exclusive in its character, and you, *a priori*, debase it to that anti-social position wherein the most rancorous passions of the human heart have raged, to enkindle wrath, envy, hatred, and discord among mankind.”

REV. H. RAPER SLADE, D.D.

“NOTHING surprises me more,” was the remark of a young and intelligent American who had come on a visit to his father-land, “than the influence of the Church in the old country. It is marvellous. We know nothing of it in the States.”

“So I should imagine,” was my reply.

“Nothing at all,” continued he, musingly; “but on this side the Atlantic, ‘Hear the Church’ are words of import. Two of the ablest of your prelates—Bishop Phillpotts and Thirlwall—I had the rare opportunity of hearing in the House of Lords on the same evening. The former reminds me a good deal, in his personal bearing, courage, fluency, determination, and decision, of a model churchman in our own country—Bishop Griswold.”

“He differs from him, though, in one respect, and that an important one,” remarked a bystander.

“Name it.”

“In his treatment of Freemasons : Bishop Griswold cherished them : Bishop Phillpotts discountenances them.”

“He but follows in that respect his right reverend orethren,” contended the first speaker.

“That can hardly be, seeing that the present Bishop of Lincoln is a Mason; and further, that the Primate, Dr. Howley, not only belonged to the craft, but was

at one period of his life master of a working lodge at Bristol."

"As to Dr. Griswold's favourable feelings towards Freemasons," said the young American, "those are easily explained when you are told that the bishop was himself a Mason."

"That *does* surprise me!" remarked a very formal gentleman, in a most amusing tone of unequivocal amazement—"a bishop—a Mason!! Oh dear! oh dear! These *are* the latter days. What sort of person was this dignitary—in practice, I mean, as well as intellect? The latter, I presume, was feeble."

"Why!" returned the American, bluntly, "we form our opinion of an individual most safely when we judge him by his acts. Of the party *under dissection* I will give a trait or two, then say whether or no his opinions are entitled to respect. He was bishop of the Eastern diocese and senior bishop of the Episcopal Church in the United States. As a matter of course, many were the odious representations to which he was obliged to listen; for in England, let me tell you that you have no idea of the minute, and jealous, and unceasing *surveillance* to which, in America, church clergy are hourly subjected. One morning—this was about a year and a half before his death—he was surprised in his study by a clergyman, who poured into his unwilling ear a series of remarks, inuendos, fears, doubts, and surmises respecting the conduct and character of a neighbouring church minister. The bishop, apparently, did not heed him; but wrote on, assiduously and in silence. When his visitor had completed his statement, Dr. Griswold looked up from his paper, and said, gravely, 'I have committed to writing every syllable you have said to me: I will now read it over to you deliberately, paragraph by paragraph; sign the memorandum, and I will instantly act upon it.'—His visitor looked aghast.—'O dear, no! by no means!' cried he, pushing the long catalogue of misdemeanors away from him—'I contemplate nothing of the kind. I merely called, Right Reverend Sir, to put you in possession of certain rumours, remarks, and suspicions current, respecting my unhappy neighbour; it was a visit of information: nothing more.'—'Ah! very well! but I will teach you, Sir,' said the bishop, 'that to a party filling

my office there can be no such thing as what you phrase a '*visit of information.*' Mine are functions far too solemn to be trifled with. There can be no gossiping visits to me. Sign this paper, taken down from your own lips—your own voluntary, unasked-for, and spontaneous statement, be it remembered—sign it, as a needful preliminary to its being laid before the next Clerical Convention, or—*I proceed against you.*' The visitor grew paler and paler—hemmed, coughed, explained, and hawed—still flinched from substantiating his statement. The result was speedy. The bishop drove the eaves-dropper from his diocese!"

"Would that other official authorities were equally proof against the poison of eaves-droppers!" sighed the formal gentleman.

"An act of self-denial scarcely to be expected; its results would be so horribly inconvenient," suggested the American, slyly: "see you not how marvellously it would thin the ranks of great men's toadies?"

"Adjuncts which," remarked I, "*your* bishop, clearly, could dispense with."

"He did—and on principle," observed my Transatlantic companion: "in public, and in private, he abhorred the *genus*. He never allowed it to fasten on him; and to this may be ascribed the weight which attached to his opinions and the respect and reverence which waited on him to his last hour. During the persecution sustained by Masonry, some years since, in America, a wealthy layman accosted the bishop, and after sundry insinuations to the discredit of a clergyman, whom for years he had been endeavouring to injure, wound up with the remark, 'And now, bishop, you will be shocked—much shocked—at hearing what I am quite prepared to prove: this man is—I have no doubt of it—A MASON!'—'A Mason, is he? I am one myself,' returned Dr. Griswold.—The objector was flabberghasted.—'I wish,' continued the bishop, 'ALL my clergy were Masons; I wish they all belonged to the craft; provided they would act up to its obligations, and fulfil its engagements.'—'And in what may these consist?' said the tale-bearer, hurriedly; bent on bettering his position, or, at all events, regaining his composure.—'I will shew you practically,' returned the bishop, after a short pause. 'You have sought me, Sir, with a long and laboured statement, and have given

me a variety of details relative to Mr. ———; you have said much that has a tendency to injure him, and that to his ecclesiastical superior; his failings—and who is without them?—have not escaped you; his merits—and he has many—have been barely adverted to. Such a conversation as we have had cannot but lead to some immediate and grave result. Now, in awarding to it the importance which it may deserve, I will believe that you have been actuated by no other than perfectly pure and disinterested feelings; I will forget that between you and your minister there has existed for years strong personal dislike; I will forget that he once remonstrated with you, in private, on the course of life you were then leading; and I will further believe, that *you have yourself, altogether, lost all remembrance of that incident!* I will believe, too, that, in seeking me this morning, you had no wish, whatever, to crush him; that your sole aim was to benefit the church; that your distinct object was, to preclude from doing further mischief one whom you considered to be a rash and an ill-advised minister; I will believe that no personal animosity, no impulse of private pique, no revengeful or malicious feeling have, in the most remote degree, moved you; but that on public grounds, and from religious considerations, and those alone, you have sought me. *This conclusion you owe to MASONRY.* That, Sir, teaches me charity; don't mistake me; I don't allude to mere alms-giving, but to charity in its purest, largest, most comprehensive, and most effective form—*the charity which bids us invariably put THE BEST CONSTRUCTION upon the acts and motives of others.* This I learn from Masonry.' Would you believe 'it," concluded the American, with the most extraordinary and laughter-moving twist of his droll mouth—"that the rich planter never cared to converse with Bishop Griswold afterwards!"

Ha! ha! ha! burst from the party, tickled as much by the anecdote as by the contortions of the speaker.

"But, was he benevolent as a Mason?" asked the formal gentleman, in a querulous tone, from his distant corner.

"This I can say, that to my own knowledge one of the fraternity applied to him, in a moment of great distress. The bishop coolly demanded a clear, correct, and candid *exposé* of his position and his perplexities.

Now, bear in mind, the bishop was not opulent. We have no wealthy prelates amongst us. We have no deans who die worth fifty thousand pounds. We have no churchmen with large revenues at their disposal, and few claims upon their exertions and leisure. These are found in the 'ould country.' Dr. Griswold's means were limited. The petitioner obeyed, and then named a sum. '*This,*' said he, 'will relieve me.' 'No! no!' cried the bishop, 'that won't do. Don't tell me what will *relieve* you, but what will **RELEASE** you.' A further and much heavier sum was then stated. This the bishop raised, and gave him. But by far the largest donor on the list was himself."

Our formal friend in the corner, with his lugubrious tones, again struck in:—

"A bishop—a Mason! I cannot understand it. I presume, however, that Dr. Griswold was not a man of mind, or a scholar, or a student, or a man devoted to literary research?"

"He was our greatest mathematician after Dr. Bowditch," replied the American firmly; "a man of indisputable attainments and strong natural mental endowments. His domicile was Boston, where he had to cope with no less an antagonist than Dr. Channing; and this eloquent and accomplished advocate of opposite (Unitarian) views, always spoke of the churchman as an able and learned man. This, remember, was the testimony of an opponent."

"And his faults?"

"It is hardly fair to dwell on them. They were lost amid the brilliancy of his many virtues. Those, who love to expatiate on a great man's failings, would say that he was somewhat too self-reliant, unbending in his judgments, and stern in his reproofs. But, towards the decline of life, every harsh feeling mellowed under the controlling influence of Christian charity and Christian love. He was verging on seventy-eight when he died. In the last week of his life, he said to a young friend, who watched by his sick couch:—'We are, all of us, apt to think too harshly of our fellow-men, to reprove too willingly, and to condemn too exultingly. But listen to me. *FORBEARANCE is the great lesson of life.*' A sentiment to which his age and experience lent strength; and worthy, let me add, of a bishop and—a Mason."

CHAPTER XI.

A SOVEREIGN : A LADY IN WAITING : AND A SECRET.

“Ambition thinks no face so beautiful as that which looks from under a Crown.”—SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

THERE is truth, as well as tenderness, in the observation of Selden, that “it is only when the career of life is closed, that the character is completely established, and can be fairly estimated.” It occurred to me forcibly, when I read the demise of the Hon. Mrs. Lisle.

Mrs. Lisle was no common-place character. Hers was no tranquil and ordinary career. She was one of the Ladies of Honour, at a most critical period of her history, to that unfortunate princess, the late Queen of England. I am not now about to rake up the ashes of the dead, for the purpose of kindling new flames among the living. I purpose not to speak with bitterness of those who are now gathered together in the peace and shelter of the grave. I call her UNFORTUNATE, because I think few will deny her claim to that epithet;—still fewer assert than she was not, during the greater part of her life, and particularly the closing scenes of it, an object of the deepest pity.

It will, perhaps, be remembered that, in the memorable investigation of 1805-6, the evidence of Mrs. Lisle was peremptorily required, and minutely criticized. Hers was the only deposition which militated materially against the princess. “*It is the only part of the case (thus ran her letter to her royal father-in-law) which I conceive to be in the least against me, or that rests upon a witness at all worthy of your Majesty’s credit.*”

It was, as some have reason to know, the sole deposition which the princess felt or cared for. It was the *solitary testimony* which neither the ingenuity of Mr. Percival

could ridicule, nor the arguments of Lord Eldon invalidate. It contained one particular passage, the effects of which they both "feared" would "in a certain quarter be fatal."

"Her Royal Highness behaved to him (Capt. Manby) only as any woman would who likes FLIRTING. *She* (Mrs. Lisle) *would not have thought any married woman would have behaved properly, who behaved as her Royal Highness did to Captain Manby.* She can't say whether the princess was attached to Captain Manby, only that it WAS FLIRTING CONDUCT."

They were right. It was "this sweeping sentence which went to prove so much," that the late King was heard more than once to declare, he "had tried, and tried in vain, to banish from his remembrance!" It was to this statement, short, but full of meaning, another illustrious personage is known again and again to have referred:—"I abandon, to the infamy she merits, Lady Douglas; but—but, Sire, the evidence of Mrs. Lisle!"

The secret history of that evidence is known to very few, and it is not uninteresting. It shews what trifling events often colour with sadness a whole train of important consequences; what inconceivable bitterness may be infused into an important and delicate proceeding, by an unguarded sentence, incautiously uttered—how truly

"Many a word at random spoken
May wound or soothe a heart that's broken."

When Mrs. Lisle received the summons from the Chancellor (Erskine), acquainting her that her evidence was required before the commission then sitting, she had just perused the melancholy tidings of her daughter's death. If ever mother and child were deeply and devotedly attached;—if ever mother doated upon the external loveliness and mental endowments of an idolized daughter;—if ever daughter revered a mother's lofty and unimpeachable character, and remembered, with grateful and delightful accuracy, a mother's ardent and unceasing love,—these were the sentiments reciprocally entertained by Mrs. Lisle and Mrs. Arbuthnot.¹

There were, moreover, attendant circumstances which,

¹ The first wife of the Right Hon. Charles Arbuthnot.

in Mrs. Lisle's mind, deepened the gloom occasioned by Mrs. Arbuthnot's death. She had accompanied her husband in his embassy to Constantinople,—delighted at the opportunity of enriching her mind with associations acquired from personal observation of a country full of interest, and but little known. The last letters that flowed from her polished pen, and those who knew her best will be the first to do justice to the brilliancy of her style, the fidelity and variety of her descriptive powers, breathed the language of youth and hope, spoke of past pleasures, and anticipated future gratification:—the next account stated that she was no more. She died at Pera; died when the sad event was utterly unexpected,—died when the physician to the embassy had, for some unexplained reason, quitted his post, and native talent was perforce resorted to;—died, except as far as Mr. Arbuthnot was concerned, in the midst of strangers, and alone.

Mrs. Lisle's agony begged description. She wept in unutterable anguish:—"I cannot appear before the council! Half frantic and distracted as I am, with my heart swollen almost to bursting by this bitter bereavement, and my thoughts all tending towards my daughter's grave,—is it possible I can enter upon a subject which requires such caution, such——? For God's sake, write and entreat them to grant me delay."

The answer returned was brief and harsh. No delay could be afforded. It was scarcely probable it should. The peculiar circumstances of the case—the excitement prevalent throughout the country—the feelings of the parties interested—the anxiety of the reigning monarch—all precluded the possibility of protracted delay. But Lord ——'s answer stated nothing of this. It was couched briefly, peremptorily, urgently. Most austere was it written, most acutely was it felt.

"This I have not deserved," was Mrs. Lisle's observation to her tried and valued friend, Mrs. Forster. "Rare union of matchless qualities—empty head, unfeeling heart! I go—unfitted for the ordeal: I go—and the blame be on those who *dragged* me to their tribunal, if my evidence be tinged by my sorrows."

She went; and her evidence *did* take a tone from the grief that overwhelmed her. This her Royal Highness's advisers at once detected, and Mrs. Lisle never denied.

“Thank God! this most painful portion of my life is over,” was Mrs. Lisle’s hurried exclamation, as she quitted the Council Chamber; “and now,” said she, as she entered her carriage, “with courts I have done for ever! This hour I resign my office.”

“To the princess?”

“No. *From* the prince I received my appointment; *to* the prince will I resign it.”

In a letter which bore the impress of wounded feelings, and contained touches of the truest pathos,—which detailed the painful struggle in her own mind,—and while it paid the deference due to her prince, kept steadily in view what was due to herself, she entreated permission to lay at his Royal Highness’s feet the appointment which he had formerly conferred upon her in his consort’s household. A copy of this affecting communication is yet in existence. He, to whom it was addressed, was far too generous not to own its justice—had much too high a sense of honour not to feel its truth.

“I am but too sensible of the difficulties of Mrs. Lisle’s situation. They are certainly here very strongly stated. Yet the letter is precisely what a high-spirited and high-principled woman like Mrs. Lisle might be supposed to have written; and I entertain for her undiminished respect.”

It is very pleasing to think that the individuals who, for many years, were so closely connected, and at last were separated by discussions which neither had foreseen, and both lamented, thought of each other with kindly feelings and Christian forbearance.

One of the Queen’s first inquiries on reaching England was, “Is Mrs. Lisle living, and well? Where does she now reside?” When told that she was living in retirement—that state which she loved and adorned—possessed an ample independence—uninterrupted health—

“And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,”—

the Queen listened with evident pleasure.

“I rejoice at it! Mrs. Lisle’s evidence, at a former period, occasioned me much—; but it is past. She was a woman who abhorred falsehood and scorned dissimulation; and I retain for her *now* the same regard and respect that I *ever* felt.”

“Do not, Sir, inveigh against the Queen—pray do not, at least, in my presence,” was Mrs. Lisle’s mild but firm rebuke to a young relative, who had taken the worst possible view of, *prima facie*, the worst possible case. “There are passages in her life, and traits in her character, which I must always regard with admiration. There are instances of kindness conferred personally on myself which I can never forget. No! nothing shall ever make me think or speak harshly of Caroline of Brunswick!”

* * * * *

Connected, however, with this unhappy historical personage there is a rumour which has found credence with parties, from their position and general intelligence, not easily misled. It is this. When the Queen found herself in extremity, and was assured by her medical men that her recovery was an utter impossibility, she desired Dr. Lushington might be sent for; and with him had an earnest, lengthened, private, and confidential interview. Disclosures were then made and explanations given for which the grave doctor was unprepared; but which he solemnly bound himself never to divulge. The late Lord Hood was heard to say that he had some grounds for suspecting they, in part, referred to the *REAL parentage of William Austin*. Be their nature what it might, the veil of secrecy and silence has never been lifted from the avowals then made. So that there are secrets even among courtiers as impenetrable as those among the Masons!

CHAPTER XII.

LISTON: OR THE MELANCHOLY OF MIRTH.

"Sickness and disease are, in many minds, the sources of melancholy; but that which is painful to the body may be profitable to the soul. Sickness, the mother of modesty, puts us in mind of our mortality, and while we drive on heedlessly, in the full career of worldly pomp and jollity, kindly pulls us by the ear, and brings us to a proper sense of our duty."—BURTON'S *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

It is stated, in a merry treatise upon Hypochondriasis, by one who seems to bid defiance to "the blues," that the following anecdote may be depended on relative to Carlini—the drollest buffoon that ever appeared on the Italian stage at Paris. A French physician having been consulted by a person subject to the most gloomy fits of melancholy, advised his patient to mix in scenes of gaiety and dissipation, and particularly to frequent the Italian theatre; "and if Carlini does not dispel your gloomy complaint," says he, "your case must be desperate indeed!"—"Alas! Sir," returned the patient, sadly, and as he spoke he turned away from the leech with an air of indescribable disappointment—"I myself am Carlini, and while I divert all Paris with mirth, and make them almost die with laughter, I myself am perishing with melancholy and chagrin!"

I mused upon the moral of this anecdote when I met, some years ago, at the table of a celebrated Cheltenham physician, the popular mime, Mr. Liston.

"Don't fail us at six, precisely," was the frank invite of my hospitable host: "Liston and one or two other professionals dine with me: we shall have music in the evening: I rather hope les Demoiselles de Lihu will be with us: at all events, I think I can promise you an hour or two's amusement."

A few minutes after the appointed hour I was in the Crescent. A larger party than I expected was assembled; and, in a corner, palpably shrinking from observation, and shunning, as well as he was able, all communion with his kind, sat a sallow, grave, unhappy-looking man, whom I recognized, at a glance, to be Liston.

Observing his *distrain* and saddened look, our host went up to him, and tried to rouse him with some jocular remark. The mime replied languidly and feebly: and if I was struck with the melancholy of his countenance when silent, much more did its gloom surprise me when he spoke. Dinner was announced. By some accident I became his *vis-à-vis*. So circumstanced, I watched him. No topic had power to arrest his attention. No artifice could draw him into conversation. He ate little; spoke less; sighed heavily and frequently; and a stranger eyeing him for the first time, would have said, "There sits a thoroughly careworn, oppressed, and saddened man. A young and very pretty girl made repeated attempts to engage him in conversation, and, by the sunshine of her smiles, to banish his dejection. Her reward was a monosyllable. The look of vexation and chagrin with which, on a fifth failure, she regarded him, was diverting enough. Dessert was at length put upon the table; and the ladies soon afterwards withdrew. The fair ones were perplexed. Chagrin was predominant. "Never more disappointed in my life!" whispered one.—"This Mr. Liston!" murmured another; "why, he looks like a man who has just returned from a funeral!"—"Having buried the dearest friend he had in the world!" slyly added a third. The actor was at a discount, undeniably, with Eve's daughters. The hostess—"Ah! what grace and loveliness are now shrouded in the grave!"—laughed heartily as she close the procession. Was it that she enjoyed the perplexity of her guests?—The ladies withdrawn—politics, local topics, and Cheltenham gossip became matters of discussion; and among the latter the recent death, under peculiar circumstances, of Mr. and Mrs. Fotheringaye. The former filled the post of Master of the Ceremonies.

Mrs. Fotheringaye was a little, pliable, worldly, fluent person, with "an instinctive attachment"—to use her own phrase—"to people of title;" and an enviable faci-

lity in "turning rich folks to account." Stupidity never bored her, hauteur never abashed her. She held on her course, and looked to results. Her powers of endurance were first-rate. Night after night was she seen at the card-table—the very last to leave it—without ever betraying the slightest symptom of weariness, ruffled temper, or fatigue. Her game was loo, and she was understood to be a speculative but signally successful player. The husband was a pleasant, gentlemanly, well-bred man, who always said the right thing in the right place, and could relate a piquant anecdote, and flatter a fading dowager, with very considerable effect. His qualifications for his office were undeniable.

Time rolled on. The lady was missing one evening from her accustomed haunt. The loo-table was formed, but without Mrs. Fotheringaye. Inquiries were made. The answer given was, in substance, that the absentee had caught a slight, a very slight cold, was nursing herself with *ptisannes*, felt chilly, and was confined to her sofa, but would be visible on the morrow. The morrow came, and brought with it the astounding intelligence that Mrs. Fotheringaye was worse, was in danger, was given over, was dying. The disease proved uncontrollable! A few hours—and she was a corpse! For some reason which I cannot now recal, an early day was fixed for the interment. When it arrived, the husband was found to be seriously unwell; so much so, that it was deemed necessary to postpone the wife's funeral, in order to secure the sick man from the risk of being disturbed by it. Vain precaution. His malady increased in virulence every hour. Another and more distant day was named. When it came, Mr. Fotheringaye was dying, and the result was, that one funeral procession and one ceremony sufficed for both.

The various features of the story were discussed in detail. None seemed to like the subject, yet none cared to change it.

"I was in Cambray street when the procession moved," chirruped a thin, reedy voice from the lower end of the table, "and saw the two hearses come up in succession, with poor Fotheringaye in one, and his wife in the other. It was a frightful spectacle. On my honour, I felt unnerved."

“You might well do so!” said, with a reproachful air, a very stern-looking gentleman; “it was a sad close to a life absorbed in gaiety and trifles.”

“Don’t attend to what *he* says,” whispered a voice on my left; “he’s one of Mr. Jervis’s people!”

“I’ve never slept soundly since I learnt the particulars,” exclaimed a pale, sickly young man, who sat near our host; “it’s a horrid story—shall we dismiss it?”

To my surprise, Liston, who had listened with evident gusto to the narrative, now asked, in a low, quiet tone, a variety of questions, and shewed evident anxiety to be in possession of every particular.

“Pray say no more about it,” said our host; “it is far too gloomy an exit to be converted into an after-dinner topic.”

Liston looked up, and said emphatically: “*Is it not rather an enviable release from the burden of life?*”

It was the only complete and connected sentence he uttered the whole evening.

Some years after the Cheltenham party above referred to, three gentlemen were seated on one of the benches which are placed at intervals upon the Denn, at Teignmouth—tempting resting-places for the infirm, the aged, and the indolent. It was long past sunset. The heat of the day—even for July—had been oppressive, and the breeze from the sea was grateful and bracing. In the adjoining cathedral town, the assize-week and the race-week had followed each other at a short interval: gaiety was the order of the day; London stars had, in succession, glittered at the theatre, and Exeter had been a scene of unwonted bustle and animation. These and other topics had been discussed, *ad libitum*, by the lazy trio; and they scarce heeded, in the twilight, that a fourth individual had joined their party, and was seated at the extreme end of the bench on which they were resting.

“Would that I had been in Exeter this evening,” sighed, rather than said, the youngest of the three. “I should like to have heard Miss Stephens as Rosetta.”

“What!” said another, “prefer the heat, and the crowd, and the bustle of a close, stifling theatre, to the freshness, and the beauty, and the calm of a scene like this! Out upon such taste.”

“I like a theatre!” said the young man. “I like the illusion, the excitement of the hour.”

“And the foolery and nonsense, the absurdity and the ribaldry,” added the other. “Come; be candid. You are one of Liston’s men. Him you never miss at any sacrifice.”

“Last evening was the closing night of his engagement—his benefit, and I left Exeter at mid-day.”

“To-night you lament it?”

“To be candid, I do; ah! it must be a joyous life that of a first-rate actor: there are no triumphs, I am persuaded, like those of an established favourite. I allude, of course, to the career of no subordinate, but to a chief, a leader.”

“And yet,” cried the stranger, abruptly joining in our conversation, “I have seen Mrs. Jordan sobbing behind the scenes, as if her heart would break; and this, after she had been delighting a brilliant audience with her life-like gaiety and merriment; and I know she was a wretched woman, for I have seen her weep bitterly—weep as ‘one that would not be comforted’ by the half-hour together.”

We knew not for the moment what to make of the speaker, of his information, of the deference due to his experience, of his opportunities for observation, and thus were silent. After a pause, the stage-smitten one remarked,

“There are peculiarities about Mrs. Jordan’s case which will apply to no other; and I repeat the theatre is a school of morals.”

“A place,” took up the stranger, “where lessons may be learnt in one hour, which if put in practice would colour with infamy a whole life. I might further say—but enough.”

He took a prodigious pinch of snuff, bowed, and walked off.

“A cool hand!” cried one.

“A very odd fellow that!” said another.

“A character!” exclaimed a third.

We were not far wrong. It was Liston.

“Years again intervened; and I had lost sight of this cautious and prudent man altogether; when calling on a friend, she said, on my rising to take leave—

“I think I have a treat in store for you: you are fond of the *remarkables*. Remain where you are ten minutes longer, and you will see Liston. He will be here this morning.”

“On no theatrical errand, I presume?”

“Oh dear, no!” said she, laughing; “he comes here to inquire the character of a servant. You remember Jacob? Now Jacob was very dirty; and kept neither his carriage nor his horse as he should have done: he was in truth a sloven; but Jacob has a most staid, grave, thoughtful, imposing air, and this has caught Mr. Liston. I rather think the wealthy actor intends to take him. If so, Jacob has fallen upon his feet. For Mr. Liston is a kind master.”

“But how can you, possibly, recommend him?”

“Pardon me; I do nothing of the kind: I merely state the truth respecting him. He is entitled to an honest, candid statement: and that I give. But, hush! Mr. Liston is here.” A door opened, and the retired comedian appeared.

I was struck with the ravages—many, deep, and distinct—left by the wear and tear of professional life; ill-health and hypochondriasis should perhaps be added. His complexion was that of a man who had spent twenty years in Bengal. And as I scanned him it struck me he had the gait, feebleness, bent form, and lassitude of seventy. Further; he looked as he advanced towards us—I will not say dispirited and ill at ease, for those terms do not convey the expression of his features—he seemed distressed and woe-begone to the last degree.

My companion quietly murmured, as he came up:—“Did you ever meet with a more desponding visage? He looks as if he had not a friend in the world or a penny in his pocket.”

With a most wretched air he took possession of the first chair that presented itself, and commenced his inquiries. Jacob’s careless and untidy habits seemed venial. The point he was most desirous to ascertain was this—whether Jacob was a party likely to conform, cheerfully and willingly, to the religious observances of a somewhat strict household. The manner in which he expressed himself on this head was remarkable. There was nothing of pharisaical ostentation;—nothing of the cant or

shibboleth of a party;—but much of good sense: much of deep and earnest religious feeling. I listened to him carefully; and methought, at the close of the conversation, “In my hearing, at least, the remark must never in future pass without determined protest—that ‘it is impossible an actor can be other than an irreligious character!’”

Some six or eight months after his interview I was conversing with a London clergyman about the peculiar sphere of duty presented to active piety in the metropolis. He spoke of a fellow-labourer who had a large congregation, and in it many excellent and exemplary characters. “But,” said he, “there is one of his hearers of whom more than all the rest I envy him the adherence. He is a rigidly religious man: stern towards himself; but most lenient in his judgment of others. He is of all men I ever met the most thoroughly conscientious. I only wish his religion was of a more cheerful cast.”

“May I ask his name?”

“I don’t know that I ought to give it to you. I think I should withhold it. It will call up associations of an absurd description.”

“Nay: you have now irritated my curiosity; pray gratify it?”

He hesitated for a moment; and then said—“LISTON.”

CHAPTER XIII.

THE JURYMAN MASON.

“The melancholy, which comes over me with the recollection of past afflictions and disappointments, is not hurtful, but only tends to soften and tranquillize my mind, to detach me from the restlessness of human pursuits. The stronger I feel this detachment, the more I find myself drawn heavenward to the contemplation of spiritual objects. I love to keep old friendships alive and warm within me, because I expect a renewal of them in the WORLD OF SPIRITS. I am a wandering and unconnected thing on the earth. I have made no new friendships that can compensate me for the loss of the old—and the more I know mankind the more does it become necessary for me to supply their loss by little images, recollections, and circumstances of past pleasures.”

CHARLES LAMB (Elia).

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

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

I think it is.

The little court at ——— was crowded. A trial was on before Mr. Justice Gazelee which excited considerable attention. It involved a question of identity; and a question of character; and presented more than one debatable point for the gaping crowd to cudgel their brains about. The facts were these. Mrs. Harper, a lady whose purse was heavy and whose passion for dress was great, went into the shop of Messrs. Steele and Whittenbury, silk mercers, to inspect some foreign shawls. The

lady's taste was somewhat difficult to hit; and a bale of shawls was turned over, and an entire morning spent before a shawl could be found of which the colour, size, and texture were such as, thoroughly, to satisfy Mrs. Harper's fastidious eye. At last, to Mr. Whittenbury's infinite relief, this doubtful result was attained; and the lady proceeded to pay for her purchase. She looked on her right hand and on her left; turned first crimson and then pale; gazed around her with a most indignant air; and finally said firmly to the wondering Mr. Whittenbury—

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

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

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

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

Pending the absence of his principal, Mr. Whittenbury indulged in a strain of the most elaborate imagery, all levelled at the resolute Mrs. Harper.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Ah! where is it?" interrupted the undaunted claimant;—"I don't want words, but paper; once more, my note?"

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

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

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

The latter word sounded oddly enough: with the policeman standing in the background, and two dark

objects, which had a very awkward resemblance to handcuffs, lying on the counter;—and so the prisoner seemed to think, for he smiled painfully as he answered:—

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

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

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

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

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

“And what might a person of your stamp need from *our* establishment?” said Mr. Steele, with an air of unfeeling pomposity, which contrasted strongly with the mild and deprecating tone in which the prisoner replied—

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

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

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

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

“Now are you not surprised, Madam?” cried Mr.

Steele, delightedly, turning from the policeman to the lady—"are you not surprised at the wickedness of human nature?"

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

"It shall be found, Madam; it shall be found," persisted Whittenbury.

"Set about it, then," said the lady sharply: "act, and don't chatter. Oh!" cried she, yawning fearfully, "how hungry, weary, and worried I am!"

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

"Know nothing about you!" returned the lady promptly; "nothing whatever; not even your name."

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

"Search him," cried Mr. Steele, furiously advancing towards Wortham as he spoke, with a menacing air, and beckoning on Mr. Whittenbury to his assistance.

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

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

"Nor *I*!" returned the assailed. And he then tipped Mr. Steele a rattler that could hardly have been expected from one so slight in form, and, apparently, so deficient in strength. Again did the senior partner aim at grasping his victim. Wortham closed with him; and, after a gentle shaking, sent Mr. Steele spinning across the floor into the arms of the amazed Whittenbury.

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

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

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

"Its amount?"

"Fifty pounds."

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

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

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

"Yes: 'Philip Furze' was written in one corner; and I put my own initials, M. H., in another. I can swear to the note among a thousand."

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

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

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

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

"Alas! alas!" murmured the soft-voiced mercer—"your commands, on any other subject, we should have been but too proud to obey. The law of the land is now our master: we must proceed to the nearest magistrate;

acquaint him with the details of this deplorable occurrence; take his instructions, and abide by them. Policeman!"—here he waved his hand with an air that would have drawn a round from the gallery of any one of the minors—"Policeman, you know your duty: perform it!"

"Hah!" cried the lady, starting to her feet and looking, beyond all question, remarkably red and wroth—"do you presume to lay down the law to me! Have you the assurance to maintain that it can be either legal or just to detain *my* note and *my* purse, when I have already identified the one, and can swear to the other?"

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

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

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

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

Such were the circumstances—pardon the long digression, patient reader!—on which the trial then proceeding in the little court at——was founded. The general impression was against the prisoner. The fact of the money being found upon him, and the determined resistance which it was understood he had offered to being searched, appeared conclusive of his guilt. He, undauntedly, maintained his innocence. Much as appearances told against him, he declared that he had never taken Mrs. Harper's money; or dreamt of taking it; that he had never seen either her purse or fifty-pound note until the policeman drew them forth, to his (Wortham's) distress and surprise, from the side-pocket in his jacket. He stood in the dock, haggard, emaciated, and apparently friendless. Want of means had disabled him from retaining a counsel. A preconcerted and well-sustained line of defence was, therefore, out of the question. Nor,

if counsel's aid had been his from the first, did it appear clear how the accused could have successfully rebutted the strong presumptive evidence against him.

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

“How say you, prisoner, are you guilty of the offence charged against you in this indictment?”

“Not guilty!” said a firm, strong voice.

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

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

The answer was then given, “the prisoner was undefended.”

“Why?” asked his lordship, in a low tone.

“Want of means,” said Wortham boldly: “I had but five shillings in the world; and those were taken from me.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Grace Harper” was called. And Grace Harper rose; and shewed a handsome face under a most becoming bonnet; curtsied gracefully to the judge; and told her story.

She was, in counsel’s language, a capital evidence. Her statement was clear; calmly and resolutely given. It hung well together. There was no inconsistency: no contradictory point about it. She was neither fluttered nor abashed in dealing with the various questions put to her; spoke distinctly; and was accurate as to dates. The judge inquired if the prisoner’s counsel had any questions to put to this lady. Mr. Laconstone declined to cross-examine. The prisoner, hurriedly and in a low voice, made a remark to him. Mr. Laconstone was still passive. His thoughts were busily employed upon his coming speech. Wortham looked wretchedly distressed. Some point not quite clear seemed to strike the judge. He mused a moment, and then asked the lady:—

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

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

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

“I do.”

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

Mrs. Harper paused.

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

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

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

The judge frowned.

“What are you, Sir?” said he.

“A mercer, my Lord.”

“Then express yourself in intelligible and ordinary

language, and not in such absurd and high-flown terms."

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

"Perhaps my evidence can be dispensed with altogether?"

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

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

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

Isham Dadd, a shop-assistant, was next called on. He deposed to seeing the purse on the counter before Mrs. Harper; to missing it immediately after Wortham's exit; to the abrupt manner in which the prisoner quitted the shop; and to the fact of his making no purchase.

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

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

He had made a rapid and joyous descent from the witness-box, when the judge desired him to be recalled.

"How long have you been in the employment of Steele and Whittenbury?"

"Four years."

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Was she a customer?"

"She was."

"Was the money ever traced?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Did the loss take place in the shop?"

"It did."

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

"No."

"How many shop-assistants do Messrs. Steele and Whittenbury keep?"

"In the whole, nine."

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

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

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

The prosecutor's case seemed complete.

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

It would be injustice to withhold from it this praise—that it was a clever, off-hand, fluent speech. But it was altogether declamatory. It presupposed Wortham's guilt throughout. And it never allowed the listener a respite from the fact that the prisoner had the great good fortune to have Mr. Laconstone as his advocate. One point, by no means immaterial, he left altogether untouched, namely, that, long previous to Wortham's committal, a

purse had been missed by a lady-customer in this fashionable shop, and never recovered. With a happy compliment to the judge, and another to the jury, he drew towards a close; intimated that he should call witnesses as to character, and then leave the case to their merciful consideration.

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

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

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

The greatest impression left on the auditory was made by the last witness—a superannuated pilot—a venerable looking old man with a profusion of glossy white hair, a keen bright eye, and an honest and contented smile. He said he had known the prisoner "for a matter of eighteen years," and had had never heard any "harm of him, but much in his praise." Once to his knowledge he had saved a man, who had fallen overboard, by jumping after him and keeping a firm hold on him till help could be had. "Some gem'men made a subscription, and handed it to him. He wouldn't have it. No! Not he. He said he 'didn't want to pocket money for saving a fellow-creature!' A likely chap that!" concluded the old seaman, with a most contemptuous air, "to turn pickpocket! to go into one o' them cussed vanity shops and steal a lady's puss. Yah!"

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

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

Calm, dignified, and impressive, he seemed by the impartiality of his statements, and the sustained suavity of his manner, the very impersonation of justice. His powers of analysis—and they were great—were instantly brought to bear upon the case: and in a very few sentences he presented to the jury the whole transaction, thoroughly divested of the false colouring which the exaggerated statements of counsel had thrown around it. He travelled quickly through the testimony of Mrs. Harper and Isham Dadd; and laid stress upon the circumstance of the purse and note being both found on the prisoner's person, and on the resistance made by him to the necessary search. On the other hand, he reminded the jury of the fact elicited from Dadd during his examination in chief, that money had been previously lost by a lady in that very shop and never recovered. The prisoner's defence was that he had not stolen the purse or the note. That he was not aware that they were upon him: and that they must have been put in the side-pocket of his jacket by another person. He made no attempt to support this statement—somewhat improbable upon the very face of it—by any evidence. The jury's province was to judge to what degree of belief such a defence was entitled.

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

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

Suddenly a thought struck him. He stood up erect in the dock, and looked the jury down. Face after face he

eagerly and rapidly scanned; and then came a slight gesture. Its nature I could not well define; nor can I, for obvious reasons, describe it now. But I fancied I saw it answered. Low down in the second row of the jury-box sat a diminutive, dark-visaged man, with a truly Spanish face and flashing eye, whom I had regarded earnestly, from time to time, for his singular resemblance to Kean. For distinction's sake I will term this Spanish-looking personage the eleventh juror. He had paid, from first to last, close attention to the case; and had more than once put a pertinent question to a witness. His eye—for I watched him narrowly—rested with a stern and inquiring gaze upon the prisoner; and then his whole countenance lit up with a kind and encouraging expression. Whatever was the nature of their communication, and whatever the medium through which information was conveyed, I was convinced that the prisoner and No. 11 understood each other; and with redoubled curiosity I awaited the result.

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

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

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

“Gentlemen of the jury, consider your verdict.”

The jury turned round in their box to consult and agree. And the while a species of running comment on the trial might be heard here and there buzzing about the hall.

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

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

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

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

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

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

So persisted the eleventh juror, who was spokesman.

“Mrs. Harper has identified her property with sufficient accuracy and decision for the purpose of public justice,” returned his lordship, stiffly.

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

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

The judge at once assented.

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

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

“On what point?”

“The resistance made by the prisoner when searched; some of the jury are of opinion that he did not resist.”

Again the judge turned to his notes.

“Resistance he, unquestionably, offered. It is so stated on oath. The evidence of Mr. Steele is conclusive on the point.”

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

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

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

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

Time sped on. Ten o'clock arrived. The court was on the point of breaking up, when it was intimated that the jury in Wortham's case were unanimous, and wished to deliver their verdict. In they came. Some very

flushed, very angry, and very jaded faces were visible in the group; but in the dark, flashing eye of my Spanish-looking friend—his name I subsequently ascertained to be Zillett—there was undisguised triumph.

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

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

The foreman bowed assent.

“How say you—is the prisoner, Ralph Wortham, guilty or not guilty of the felony with which he stands charged in the indictment?”

“NOT GUILTY!”

“You say he is not guilty: that is your verdict, and so you say all.”

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

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

In a feeble and faint voice came the reply:

“I am innocent, my lord; and so I shall one day be proved.”

* * * * *

Some sixteen or eighteen hours after this result, circumstances favoured my wish of having an introduction to Mr. Zillett. He was alone; and the conversation was easily brought to bear upon the recent trial. It was solely with reference to *it* that I sought him.

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

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

“You had some difficulty in arriving at it?”

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

And he laughed, as if tickled by the recollection of some obdurate colleague—the old gentleman, for instance, subject to “occasional fits,” and apprehensive

of the most horrible consequences if he was a night absent from home.

“The prisoner must deeply feel his obligations to you.”

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

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

My companion eyed me keenly, but was silent.

“I could almost fancy,” I continued, “that you understood each other; that some telegraphic communication passed between you!”

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

“No! no! That is not my meaning; such open communication could not well pass in court.”

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

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

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

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

“Did he remain *SUCH* to you *throughout the trial?*”

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

“You question closely, Sir; and, if in the law, do honour to the special pleader under whom you have commenced your career.”

Another laugh, and he continued:—

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

“But on a sudden,” persisted I, “you took the most decided and extraordinary interest in the case?”

“I did so from the first. I had an impression—which

deepened as the evidence was developed—that the real criminal was in court, but not in the dock. I recognized him, methought, in the witness-box. You cannot—will not expect me to be more explicit. It would be improper. But with such an impression, deeply and conscientiously entertained, nothing would have induced me to pronounce Wortham guilty.”

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

Again he laughed long and merrily.

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

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

* * * * *

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

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

‘I do; and our subsequent interview.’

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

“On what subject?”

“What! have you yet to learn the disclosures at Steele and Whittenbury’s?”

“I had forgotten their names.”

“But not Wortham’s?” said he, somewhat reproachfully.

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

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

“And which opinion,” I ejaculated, “I entertain to this hour!”

“Oh! Ah! Well! Eighteen months afterwards, Isham Dadd, whose bearing in the witness-box you cannot well have forgotten, was apprehended for embezzlement. Some dozen frauds were established against him; and, at his employers’ instance, the Government of the day compassionately sent this delicate-looking young man, for change of air, to Sydney! Before he sailed, it occurred to him that it would be somewhat awkward to land in a new colony penniless; and that his acknowledged reputation for raising the wind demanded that he should make a final attempt at duping the knowing ones. From mere force of habit he selected Mr. Whittenbury. To that figurative personage he sent, through an unsuspected channel, a message, bearing this import—that he had information to give Mr. W. on a most interesting point; that this information none could impart but himself, Dadd; that it had reference to commercial matters; that, before he divulged it, he demanded ten pounds down, in gold; that his stay in England was ‘uncertain;’ and therefore that ‘an early application was desirable.’ The junior partner,” continued Mr. Zillett, “was sorely puzzled. Dadd he believed to be a consummate rogue; but still he might be in possession of valuable information. The firm might have been robbed to a greater extent than had as yet been ascertained. Dadd might have accomplices. Whittenbury shuddered at the idea, and sought counsel of his experienced principal. That worthy was furious. ‘What could his partner mean?’ he demanded. ‘Did he wish to fool away the entire means of the firm? Were they not sufficient losers by that villain Dadd already?’—Mr. W. shook his head in truly mournful acquiescence.—‘It’s all *Bam!*’ continued Mr. Steele, vociferously, as soon as his breath would permit him to indulge in a hearty ejaculation. ‘Ugh! ugh! ugh! This cough will kill me. It’s imposition from beginning to end. Ugh! ugh! Ten pounds, forsooth! Give, if you will; but let the money be your own. The firm shall never advance it. That I’m re-

solved on. Ugh! ugh! ugh! Oh dear, these cough pills, at five shillings a box, do me no manner of good. I shall break a blood-vessel. And then, Whittenbury, you'll be, morally, my murderer. But, mark you; I've directed every farthing of my capital to be withdrawn from the firm.'—'Don't allude, pray don't, to any thing so dreadful,' cried Whittenbury, piteously. Whether this remark," said Zillett, slyly, "had reference to the demise of his partner, or to the diversion of his capital, does not clearly appear. 'But suppose,' persisted the junior, earnestly, 'that truth has not entirely deserted this wretched creature, Dadd; suppose that there is some important disclosure impending——' 'Fiddle-faddle with your long words,' shouted Steele (his face grew very purple)—'fiddle-faddle! there is nothing pending but doubtful debts to the tune of a thousand pounds, which I wish you would get in.' 'There many be accomplices,' insinuated W., softly; 'there may be associates; there may be snakes in the firm, snakes which we are warming at our own fire, only hereafter to sting us. We steer, Mr. Steele, we steer, believe me, between Scylla and Charybdis——' His partner would hear no more. He roused himself up, looked his partner full in the face, and remarked, with upbraiding emphasis, 'I've heard you mention these people very often before; so often, indeed, have their names been upon your tongue, that I have searched the books carefully, to see when and for what they were customers. I can find no mention of 'em. None—none whatever! and therefore,' said Steele—looking daggers the while at his delinquent colleague—'my mind's made up! They're improper characters! Yes, yes! That has long been my impression. And now, let me tell you, Sir, that, as a family man, you should have scorned to have soiled your lips with any mention of such people. Syllee and Chybdis, indeed! For shame of yourself! For shame, I say!'—'Good heavens, Steele!' began the junior; 'is it possible you can labour under such a mistake as——'—'Not a word, Sir!' said the senior, severely; 'not a word—or I make it my business, this very evening, to call on Mrs. Whittenbury!'"

"That was a potent name to conjure with, and the menaced man by no means relished even a passing refer-

ence to it; but, masking his chagrin under a smile, he observed, 'Well, Sir, we will waive that subject for the present: hereafter I will return to it.'—'Return to it!' exclaimed Mr. Steele, with horror; 'what! you glory in your shame? Now I've done with you! No! not another word this awful night! Rummage the gaol for Isham Dadd when you will; say to him what you will; give him what you will: but mind—no message from me; no money of mine. Return to Syllee and Chybdis hereafter, eh? Infamy! Infamy! That unfortunate Mrs. Whittenbury! If there's a wife upon this earth to be pitied, it's that deceived, much enduring, and most unsuspecting woman!' And, waving his hands before him, in token of irrepressible horror, Mr. Steele went, or rather waddled, his way. His partner, meanwhile, sought the gaol, and obtained, with some difficulty, an interview with Dadd. The turnkey, at the former's request, left them alone. For a moment the dishonest servant seemed abashed by the presence of his injured master. Recovering himself, he quickly asked, with great coolness, whether he 'came thither to reproach him with the past, or to comply with his conditions.'—'Reproaches, though deserved, would be useless,' said Whittenbury; 'and thus, though with strong misgivings, I am prepared to close with your proposal.'—'The money?' was the next inquiry, made with as much effrontery as if he was urging the payment of a just debt.—'It is here.'—'Hand it over.'—'No; not until you have given the information you profess to possess.'—Dadd eyed him, and remarked, sullenly, 'Pay first: listen afterwards.' From this position no persuasion or remonstrance could induce him to depart. At length Mr. Whittenbury held out to him, in silence, the bribe agreed on. The convict keenly scrutinized the coin, to ascertain that it was genuine; satisfied on this head, he stowed it away carefully in various parts of his felon's garb. These precautions completed, he turned towards his late employer, and said, with something very like a sneer, 'Having paid down the purchase-money, let me wish you joy of your bargain!' The junior recollected his senior's repeated cautions, and felt that 'he was *done!*'—'What I have to say,' continued Dadd, 'will bring no money into your till, or take a single doubtful debt off your books. But it will startle

your mind, and relieve mine. You remember Mrs. Harper's purse, and the trial of Ralph Wortham for taking it?'—'Yes; and the scandalous verdict of the jury in acquitting him.'—'It was a just verdict,' said the felon, gravely; 'he was not the thief.'—'Who was?'—'I!' returned the other, in a daring tone; 'I took it. I wanted money. I had lost a whole year's salary at a low shilling hell. My debts were pressing, and I was desperate. I took the purse. Could I have kept it I should not have been here; but Steele's activity ruined all.'—'You took it!—how?—when?'—'The moment in which Wortham, tired of waiting, bolted from the counter. The silly, vain woman had paraded her bank-note and purse so frequently and ostentatiously that the temptation was more than I could resist; my debts made me frantic, and fifty pounds would pay most. I seized it slyly, hoping that suspicion would light on Wortham; and so it did. As to getting the note quickly off my hands I had no fears. At one or other of my gaming haunts I knew I could pass it. I watched my opportunity and succeeded——.' 'And then?' 'Oh! Steele brought him back; and with him a policeman; and then there was a hubbub, and a search, and a row, which you must well remember; my courage failed me; I began to fear that the search might become general; so availing myself of the confusion and uproar which prevailed when Wortham upset Steele, I helped, and *very gladly* helped, to drag the supposed thief into the inner shop to be searched; while so doing I securely placed note and purse in the side pocket of his jacket. The rest you know.'

“‘And is this *all* you have to tell me?’ cried the amazed and sickening Whittenbury, after a pause.

“‘Yes! *all!* No; stop—not all. I have a word or two more to add, and they are words of advice: Pay your assistants better, and you will have fewer thefts; treat them not as brutes but as Christians, and you will have more chance of their regarding your interest as their own; don't let them see in so many of their masters the most wanton waste and extravagance, unlimited expenditure, and the most costly follies, and expect *them*, with such an example before their eyes, to be frugal, industrious, self-denying, and trustworthy. Farewell! You don't repent of your bargain, do you? You have surely

had your money's worth?' And, with a low, mocking laugh, the villain turned away."

* * * * *

"And now," inquired Zillett, as he closed his recital, "what is your opinion of Mr. Isham Dadd? and what your opinion of the refractory juryman?"

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

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

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

"I will."

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER XIV.

A MASON'S HOME—NEWSTEAD ABBEY AND COLONEL WILDMAN.

“Methinks,” said the English merchant, “I should like to visit the ruins of yonder castle, situated by the waterfall. There is something of melancholy dignity in such a scene, which reconciles us to the misfortunes of our own time, by showing that our ancestors, who were, perhaps, more intelligent or more powerful, have, nevertheless, in their days, encountered cares and distresses similar to those which we now groan under.”—SIR WALTER SCOTT : *Anne of Geierstein*.

“His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex is expected here, to-day, on a visit to the Colonel, and I fear I must refuse you admittance.”

Such was the unwelcome greeting we received from the porter the morning on which we presented ourselves at Newstead. The faces of many of our party lengthened visibly. We had come some considerable distance. A good deal of inconvenience had been submitted to in order to reach the Abbey early. With some, moreover, it was their last day in Nottinghamshire—their final and only opportunity of seeing the early home of Byron. The porter was again applied to; and the usual sop to Cerberus proffered. The official was inexorable. He replied, bluntly :

“The colonel was not in the habit of making exceptions : as he did to one he did to all.”

“Take in my card, at any rate,” said our leader; “if shewn to Colonel Wildman, I flatter myself he will not close his gates upon the party.”

“One rule for all,” persisted the porter : “but your card, Sir, shall undoubtedly be sent up to the colonel forthwith.”

After a long and anxious pause, a groom came leisurely

down to us, with the cheering tidings that "the prince was not expected to arrive till evening; and that, meanwhile, the house and grounds were open to us."

It is a noble pile; and, as associated with the name of Byron, must, for ages to come, be a house of renown. We went leisurely over it; and then adjourned to the grounds. Every object seems to recall the poet and his writings. There is the nobly proportioned ruined arch, magnificent even in decay, through which the wind sighs so wildly, and which the bard has vividly described in a fine stanza of one of the most objectionable of his poems. The lake, too, in which he and "Boatswain" used to gambol, was before us—a broad sheet of water, and covered, when we saw it, under the influence of a fresh breeze, with mimic waves. Looking full upon this lake is the poet's bed-room. The furniture in it, as having been used by him, naturally arrests attention. Its value consists entirely in its association with Byron. It is old, ill-used and shabby. We saw the monument raised by the poet to his favourite—"Boatswain"—and the tree where he had carved his own and his sister's name¹—the sister to whom he was so deeply and deservedly attached—was specially pointed out to us. Near a path leading to the plantation are two trees, which grow close together—so close as to suggest the idea that they spring from the same stem—brother and sister. On one of these may be read, carved by the poet—

BYRON, 1813.

AUGUSTA.

Frail memorials of fervent affection! The greatest possible care is taken of these trees; and no effort deemed superfluous to secure them from desecration and injury. In fact, one of the many excellent traits in the present owner of the Abbey is the jealous vigilance with which he keeps up all that Lord Byron valued; cherishes whatever is connected with his name or fame; attends to his old pensioners; provides for the comforts of former favourites; and, with a magnanimous self-denial which no other than a truly noble spirit could exercise, is content that the old and popular phrase should still pass current—"Newstead Abbey and Lord Byron;" instead

¹ Mrs. Leigh.

of being superseded by "Newstead Abbey and Colonel Wildman." No relative could be more tender of the poet's fame, or more attached to his memory, than his true-hearted successor and former school-fellow!

The chapel and cloisters are very perfect and striking. The former dim, gloomy, and sepulchral; lit up invariably with lamps during the celebration of divine service. Here we were shewn the stone coffin whence Byron drew the skull which he mounted in silver, and used as a drinking goblet. Now of this far-famed drinking-cup one word. Despite the costly manner in which it has been mounted, and the elaboration of art bestowed upon it, and the lines written on it, and the penchant of the poet for it, it is a very disagreeable affair; and though ranked among the memorabilia of the Abbey, the sooner one is able to dismiss it from recollection the better. While passing through the cloisters, one of our party asked the grey-headed, grave-looking man who preceded us as our Cicerone, whether "the Abbey was quiet in the sma' hours?" The conductor was silent. He affected not to have heard the question. But I was persuaded he had; and had understood it. Of the same mind was the fair querist; for she quickly renewed her question, with the additional remark, that she had heard that Newstead had, occasionally, its unearthly visitants. Still the guide preserved silence. But the lady, with true feminine perseverance, reiterated her inquiries, and those in so determined a tone that reply was indispensable.

"*It is troubled at times,*" said the old man, reluctantly, but firmly.

"By whom?"

The response was boldly and sturdily given this time.

"By those who cannot rest *in* their graves, and won't let other honest people rest *out* of them. Folks *do* come again that shouldn't! That's the fact! and there's no denying it. These cloisters are the place they're particular partial to. The colonel won't have it so. But they come for all that. An old monk'specially. One of the duke's people saw him. It nearly killed the man; he wasn't himself for hours after! I'm not surprised—not I. Blessed saints!" (I inferred from this ejaculation that he was a Romanist.) "To hear of such things is bad enough: but to *see*—oh dear! oh dear!"

The amusement caused by this avowal to some of our party was marvellous. The lady, however, who had elicited the history was much too absorbed in pursuing it to heed our indecent merriment: with the deepest gravity she resumed:—

“Have you ever seen any thing strange?”

“No! thanks be praised, I never have; but I’ve heard enough. The sighs—the shrieks that I’ve listened to before now. My very marrow has been chilled within me.”

“And how do you account for it?”

“Why,” returned he, with earnest sincerity, “I lay it, in part, to the wickedness of the late lord—a sad one he undoubtedly was—and in part I lay it to the skull. So long as that skull is kept above ground, that old monk will walk about and claim it.”

“Oh! Ah!” cried the wag of the party; “I understand you now perfectly! you mean that the skull belongs to the old gentleman—the walking monk—and that he feels himself rather at a loss, and uncomfortable without it?”

The guide’s indignation was extreme.

“Oh!” cried he, angrily; “if you make a jest of this, I’ve done: but at any rate you might, methinks, find a fitter place to talk in this fashion on such a subject.”

And out of the chapel and cloisters he very unceremoniously bundled us; nor would he open his lips again during the remainder of the walk!

We wandered over the mansion admiring, among other articles of taste and *vertu*, the many fine cabinets which it contains. One, exquisitely inlaid, riveted the gaze of our fair companions. They lingered wistfully before it with eager eyes. Some old divine—Fuller, if I mistake not—says: “Eschew, if thou aimest at a life of quiet, the uncharitable task of attempting to divine the motives of thy fellow.” Sound counsel, albeit quaintly expressed. Recalling it, methought—“the purport of those earnest glances, who shall venture to translate?”

To those troubled with an autograph mania, the greatest temptation would be that of bolting with “the visitors’ book!” What an array of glorious names does it contain! The gifted and the intelligent from every land seem to have testified, by their pilgrimage to Newstead, their

tribute to the magic of song, and the fame of Byron. Artists, poets, politicians, nobles. all are there. And as I glanced over the list, I remarked that scarcely any foreigner of note had visited this country who had not included in his arrangements a peep at Newstead. Apart, however, and wholly distinct from the high poetic interest which the Abbey must always retain, it possesses another attraction for Masons as the home of a deservedly popular member of the Order, and as the favorite retreat of a much-beloved G. M. The Duke of Sussex was a frequent guest at Newstead; its "tranquillity, repose, and freedom were," he said, "peculiarly grateful" to him. In the drawing-room is his full-length portrait, cleverly done, and like him.

Near this apartment is the duke's sleeping-room—lofty and handsome. Close to it on one side is a small private sitting-room, where he generally sat and wrote all the morning: and on the other, leading out of his bed-room, is a small sleeping apartment for his confidential valet—who was thus placed to be, in case of illness, within immediate reach of the duke's summons.

While standing before the prince's portrait, and scanning it attentively, a middle-aged, military-looking man, erect in his carriage, and, but for a slight limp in his gait, active and rapid in all his movements, came up and said:—

"Ah! Ha! You are looking at that portrait closely, to make yourself master of its defects: it is a good picture, but not a good likeness."

"I deemed it both."

"Pardon me—you are wrong: it is much more like the duke's daughter, Madame D'Este,² than like himself: I ought to be a judge, for I see him frequently: I dine with him in fact to-day. You are aware, I presume, that when the duke is at Newstead, the colonel can invite no one to his table without previously mentioning the name to H. R. H., and receiving his permission. Such is court etiquette."

"When will the prince arrive?"

"To-night at seven: he would have been here yesterday, but an engagement to the Princess Victoria inter-

² Now Lady Wilde.

vened—an engagement to which he would sacrifice any other. The love he bears her resembles that of a doting father towards an only child. To hear him speak of her, one would imagine that she stood to him in that relation: all the love he cherished for the Duke of Kent—his favourite brother—seems to have descended by inheritance to his orphan daughter. And report says the little princess is equally attached to her Whiggish uncle. But come—I see by the way in which you scan that portrait that you are a *Sussexite*—and if you will step into the library I will shew you one or two rarities not generally visible to the mob of strangers: and give you, in addition, one or two traits of the duke, from his own conversation; they may furnish matter for thought hereafter.”

These, on parting, I carefully noted down. Those which relate to parties still living, or to private individuals, I have suppressed; the others, as relating either to personages who may be deemed historical, or to parties on whom the grave has closed, I have deemed myself at full liberty to retain.

THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

“The Prince Regent had little real affection for his daughter. The fact is, *he feared her!* The day after he learnt her demise, his comment on the event to one of his intimates was this:—“*The nation will lament her: but to me it is a relief!*”

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND LORD CASTLEREAGH.

“The regard which the duke felt for Lord Castlereagh was great, undissembled, and enduring to the last. It puzzled most people. No one could well account for it, because no two men had less in common as to habits and character. The duke, all soldierly frankness. The foreign secretary, steeped in *tracasserie*, finesse, and diplomatic manœuvres. The duke speaks, and you seize, at once, his meaning. Lord Castlereagh rounded sentence after sentence, and you knew as much of his real bent and object when he had finished as when he began! It shews, however, how deeply the duke had studied the diplomatist, since he was the first to notice Lord Castlereagh’s aberration of intellect. He mentioned it first to

the king, and then to his colleagues. His impression was deemed ill-founded; so fixed, however, was it in the duke's mind, that some days before the event, he said to a dependent of the minister—one of his secretaries, if I mistake not—'Watch his lordship carefully: his mind is going.'

THE QUEEN.

"The princess³ resembled her father in many points of character; in his stern and soldierly-liking for punctuality; in his love of order; aversion to being humbugged, and attention to pecuniary details. I have suspicions, too, that she will inherit the duke's penchant for building. Never was he so happy as when dabbling in bricks and mortar. Castlebar Hill could say something on this point. But independent of her paternal inheritance of sincerity and straightforwardness, she has a shrewdness of character quite her own. I remember some years ago, when she was a little girl, her coming up to me, and after some confidential chit-chat, whispering with a sad and disappointed air—'Uncle! — is not near so wise as she looks! When I ask her to explain to me something puzzling, she always says—"Your Royal Highness will be pleased to consult your dictionary." No! No! she is not, I can assure you, near so wise as she looks.' Now," said the duke, laughing till the tears stood in his eyes, "nothing could be more comic or more true, for if there ever was a solemn and imposing-looking personage upon this earth, it was——! Ha! Ha! Ha! Should my little niece live—as I pray God she may—to be the constitutional sovereign of this great country, she will find many people about her in the self-same predicament,"—and again he laughed merrily,—“not near so wise as they look!”

THE LATE QUEEN CAROLINE.

"One, and not the least curious, feature in the affair was, that the Regent was kept fully informed, by some unsuspected agent, of the daily life of his unfortunate consort. He was in full possession of all her movements. She never had a party but he knew who composed it.

³ Victoria.

She never took a journey without the route and the incidents of travel being reported to him in detail. Every escapade of hers was duly chronicled; and faithfully, too; for when proceedings were finally taken, the subordinate law people—those who had the getting up of the case—found the king more *au fait* of the whole business than they were themselves. ‘Amend that,’ said he on one occasion—‘you are wrong as to time. The date of that transaction is so and so’—naming the day accurately; ‘and the parties present were these;’ and he repeated their names one by one. Great pains were taken to ascertain the king’s informant; but in vain.”

THE LATE MR. WHITBREAD.

“Soon after he became mixed up with the affairs of Drury-lane Theatre, he received a letter from some religious fanatic, telling him that he had deserted, in a measure, his proper post in the House of Commons, and that the wrath of the Supreme would light upon him; that whoever endeavoured to keep theatres open, and make that species of property stable and prosperous, warred with the Most High, and was sure of signal punishment and defeat. It closed with the remarkable hint, that *worse calamities might befall a man than the loss of bodily health or reduction in worldly circumstances*. It was a long letter; in some parts cleverly, very cleverly written, but violent; and to my judgment, in two or three passages, somewhat profane. Whitbread was highly amused with it, and shewed it about, as a sample of the curious correspondence with which he was from time to time greeted. But it would have been well if the warning had been heeded. Beyond all question, the perplexities and harass arising out of the pecuniary embarrassments of Drury-lane hastened the sad catastrophe. As a public man—a thoroughly fearless speaker—and as the organ of that public opinion which keeps a prime minister somewhat to his duty, Whitbread’s loss has never been made good.”

THE DETHRONED KING OF FRANCE AND HIS CONFESSOR.

“It is a popular impression, but a false one, that the downfall of Charles X. resulted from the pernicious

counsels of Prince Polignac. An influence far mightier than his moulded the purposes of the monarch. The evil genius of Charles X. existed in the person of his confessor. The Abbé de Latil, a man of very narrow views, who had been educated in a cloister, and never rose superior to its prejudices, ruled the king. He was with him during his first exile in this country, when he resided at Holyrood House, in '98, '99, and 1800; he was then his spiritual director; eventually he became Cardinal de Latil, and Archbishop of Rheims. Talleyrand foresaw the peril of his counsels to Charles, and sought to avert it by adroitly suggesting to the king that 'there was a great work to be done in the Church; that none was so fitted for its execution as the cardinal, who, he hoped, with the monarch's permission, would, in future, confine his attention to ecclesiastical affairs.'—The king replied, in substance, that the presence and opinion of the cardinal were indispensable to him! A few months later a very distinguished man, one of his most attached friends in this country—*one who had the right, from previous services, to address him*—ventured to warn him of the danger of having a secret adviser—an adviser apart from his council of ministers—that adviser irresponsible, and necessarily ill-informed as to the true interests of society, and inexperienced in the conduct of public affairs. The king's reply was—'The Archbishop has been with me in all my misfortunes. I have no secrets apart from him. My opinion of his judgment, my recollections of his past fidelity, and the precepts of my religion, forbid reserve between us.'—The Duchess d'Angoulême had a hint given her on the subject. Her reply was stern and sufficiently curt. 'The views and principles of the Cardinal Archbishop *are my own!*' Never was a reigning family so proof against warnings! Well! The end was at hand. The press had been rather free in its censures on the Church, and somewhat smart in its satire on the priesthood. The Cardinal resolved it should be shackled, and persuaded his master to fetter it, in one of those three famous ordonnances which hurled him from the throne, and seated Louis Philippe upon it. Poor Duchesse d'Angoulême!—'the only man in the family!' as Buonaparte called her. Her reply about views and principles reminds me of the late king's retort, when Prince

of Wales, to Lord Erskine—one of the happiest retorts he ever made. It was launched at a private dinner, where all parties, I presume, were rather mellow. His lordship, nettled, not perhaps without reason, at the prince's neglect, made some very extravagant and preposterous assertion, and then defended it by saying, 'The view he had taken was part and parcel of his principles—principles which had seated his Royal Highness's family on the throne.'—'You mistake, my Lord,' replied the prince, 'they are principles which would unseat *any* family from *any* throne!'—The rejoinder," added the duke, "was never forgiven."

* * * * *

Our unconscionably long morning was now drawing to a close, and we prepared to bid Newstead adieu. As we left the grounds, who should hobble within hail but our friend the Ghost-fancier, and the paymaster of our group hurried towards him with a gratuity. He opened his palm with remarkable alacrity, but not his lips: not a syllable in the way of acknowledgment escaped him. His angry eye and flushed cheek alone spoke. These told us that he had not forgiven us; that the attempt to turn real, undoubted, *bonâ-fide* ghosts into jokes was fresh in his recollection; and to our decided disadvantage. Still desirous of "amicable relations," I ventured to bid him good morning. His reply was something between a grunt and a growl; so expressive of displeasure, offended dignity, suspicion and reproof, that it, involuntarily, raised a smile more or less broad on each of our impenitent faces.

We turned away; and the indignant official then relieved himself of a very long sentence, uttered with portentous earnestness. Its precise import none of us could catch, but the prominent word, duly emphasized, was—"SCOFFERS."

CHAPTER XV.

THE LATE REV. ROBERT LYNAM, AND THE PRIZES IN THE CHURCH.

“He was one of those who are well known only to intimate observers, and whom a friend could not know intimately without making daily discoveries of virtue, and wisdom, and sensibility. Under that calm and cautious exterior, and behind that modesty which was most apparent, there lay the utmost warmth of heart and anxiety of kindness, and an ardour for all good things fresh and sincere, so rarely felt but in youth. And the wonder of all was, that he had preserved this through all the habits of London life.”—“Character of a Friend,” by the late FRANCIS HORNER, M.P.

THE frank and fearless Sydney Smith, in one of his quaint letters to Lord John Russell, alludes more than once to the prizes in the Church—few in number—which he maintains should be preserved *intact* as a set-off to the blanks. He persuades himself that such livings as Stanhope, and Doddington, and Bolton Percy, and Lambeth, are so many inducements to men of vigorous intellect and varied attainments to enter the Church, which would otherwise be deprived of their abilities and services. He maintains, moreover, that the existence of such benefices holds out the cordial of hope to many a struggling and wayworn labourer in the vineyard, who grapples cheerfully with penury, and toils on, year after year, unremittingly and willingly, under the impression that ease and independence may await him in the evening of life; and are beyond question attainable by perseverance and industry. With these arguments I presume not to meddle. On their aptness or irrelevancy I leave abler heads to decide. This only, and with all humility, is suggested, that if ever there was a body which, in the privation, self-denial, and penury, inseparable from their profession, required the stimulus of hope, it is that body which is

constituted by the curates of the Church of England. Never were men so weak who might—*if they would unite*—be so strong! Never were men so helpless and dependent in “the day of adversity,” who might—*if they would co-operate*—be so fully and thoroughly prepared for it. No general super-annuitant fund! No asylum for the aged, decrepit, worn-out servant of the altar! No retiring pension for those whom disease, or accident, or loss of voice, or loss of sight, or mental alienation incapacitates for active service! So long as health, and spirits, and energies last, he toils: so long as he can work, he may reckon on a scanty maintenance; but let any of the ills incident to mortality surprise him, and then point out, if you can, a more dependent, helpless, sorrow-stricken, defenceless being than the invalided or incapacitated clergyman.

Masons! let the want of union exhibited by these contented but improvident men school you! Heed their miserable deficiency in forecast, and avoid it. Press on, with every energy you possess, the erection, establishment, and endowment of that noble institution projected by one of the most thoughtful and benevolent of your order—that institution which will attest the principles of your body far more favourably than the most laboured eulogy or the most aristocratic patronage—**THE ASYLUM FOR WORTHY AGED AND DECAYED FREEMASONS.** Let no petty objection suffice to weaken your conviction of its paramount necessity. Let no representations from the envious or the timid induce you to waver in your support of a scheme which holds out the promise of such a home for the lonely. Let no cavils tempt you to slacken in your representations of the importance, **GENERALLY**, to the order of such a charity; of its harmony and congruity with our principles—that it is the fruit of Masonic precept, ripened in the sunshine of Masonic beneficence. Let neither the torpor of one, nor the ridicule of another, nor the thinly-veiled hostility of a third, nor the official indifference of a fourth, release you from its determined advocacy, until you see **THE CHARITY** placed upon a permanent basis—until you see it built, officered, and endowed in a way that bids fair to secure to it—so far as aught can be secure in a scene so stamped with change and vicissitude—**PROSPERITY AND PERPETUITY.**

That the clergy need some haven of the kind is proved by daily instances of bitter sorrow and suffering. Take one case among many. It forms the subject of a printed appeal, and thus there can be no indelicacy in alluding to it:—

“The Rev. Robert Lynam, M.A., died in October, 1845, leaving a widow, and nine children, with no provision, except an annuity of 40*l.*, belonging to Mrs. Lynam herself. He was in his fiftieth year, and by educational and literary occupations, combined with his clerical labours, had supported his family with scrupulous integrity.

“He was known to the public as author of a Continuation of ‘Goldsmith’s History of England,’ and as editor of the works of several standard authors, especially Addison, Paley, Johnson, Robertson, Rollin, and Skelton, with biographical and critical introductions.

“He had been educated at Christ’s Hospital, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. *He was for seven years morning preacher at the Magdalen Hospital; and during the last twelve years of his life he had been curate of St. Giles’s Without Cripplegate, where he died.*

“Many of the inhabitants of that parish testified their esteem for his character by a liberal donation to him in his lingering illness; voluntarily attended in large numbers at his funeral, the expenses of which they defrayed; and they have since kindly formed a contribution amongst themselves for the relief of his widow and numerous family. Some of his personal friends, aided by the exertions of others to whom he was less known (amongst whom are the Bishop of London, Archdeacons Hale and Hollingworth, Rev. Dr. Gilly, of Durham; Professor Scholefield, Rev. Dr. Shepherd, Rev. Dr. Major, Sir. W. R. Farquhar, &c.), have joined in that contribution, and the proceeds, amounting to 300*l.* Three per Cent. Consols, have been invested in the names of Mrs. Lynam herself, Mr. J. Seeley, church-warden, and the Rev. Edward Rice, D.D., as trustees.

“Any additional donations, to be similarly applied, that benevolent persons may be disposed to give in aid of the bereft family of this deserving curate, will be thankfully received.”

But in this statement bare justice is done to the departed. Borne down by infirm health and adverse circumstances, Mr. Lynam had, nevertheless, supported his

large family up to the period of his last illness, *without having incurred one single penny of debt!*

Here, then, was an amiable man—a scholar—an industrious man—a man who acted habitually on principle—who shunned incurring any obligation which he was not fully satisfied he could meet—left in his most trying hour to the mercy and benevolence of his fellows.

He died *at fifty* a curate! His people loved him. This is quite clear. They ministered, liberally, to his wants in his last illness; attended him reverently to his final resting-place; buried him at their own cost; took into immediate consideration the necessities of his widow and orphans; and shewed their attachment to their pastor's memory by acts of mercy to his bereaved ones. Eternal honour to such benevolent and considerate churchmen! But ought *he* to have been left thus to struggle single-handed with poverty and disease? The dispensers of ecclesiastical patronage, where are they? His diocesan for instance?

Had the Bishop of London no small benefice to bestow upon this learned, laborious, and exemplary man? His lordship is understood to be the special patron of the working clergy. Lynam, surely, was one! Had the dean and chapter of St. Paul's no trifling benefice wherewith to acknowledge—not reward—the acceptable and unremitting labours of the curate on one of the most considerable of their own livings?

One item in the subscription list is singular enough. It must be a misprint. *On no other principle can it be explained.* The vicarage of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, is one of "the Prizes in the Church." Its *annual* value, according to Parliamentary returns, exceeds TWO THOUSAND POUNDS. On this living Mr. Lynam was curate for twelve years: the last twelve years of his life: in truth, exhausted and overburdened he died in serving it. In the subscription opened for the relief of his widow and orphans, opposite to the name of the incumbent, is placed a donation of *five* pounds! Now, the printer's devil who made such an abominable mistake deserves a flagellation—a flagellation such as is inflicted in the 7th Hussars, under the hands of farriers, rising on their toes at every other stroke. No milder punishment will expiate such intolerable carelessness. What opinion does

the little inky imp dare to entertain of the clergy of the Church of England, to suppose it probable that a gentleman who holds a living, the annual receipts of which exceed two thousand pounds, and a canonry of St. Paul's to boot, would dream of giving to the distressed family of an exemplary curate, after twelve years' faithful service, a paltry sum of five pounds! It's impossible!—incredible! A gross misprint, beyond all question. And the true reading should be—for “*five pounds understand FIFTY.*”

Did the clergy as a body co-operate, and have—as they easily might have—their own general super-annuitant fund, their own widows' purse, their own orphans' relief, or bounty board, the necessity for such painful appeals would be superseded.

The urgent need for these charities, each and all of them, is painfully felt: when will the policy of organizing them be admitted and acted upon?

Turn from this to another curious case of ministerial vicissitude. It is extracted from the journal of a missionary in one of our Colonial dependencies; and there is no ground for questioning its accuracy.

“We followed to the grave yesterday, Charles W. Thompson, aged 29 years, foremast hand of the *Panama*, Captain Crowell. He was the eldest son of Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson, late M.P. for Hull, who served under Wellington in the Peninsular war, and also at the battle of Waterloo.

“He received the name of Charles William Byron, his mother being a second cousin of the poet, Lord Byron; but he preferred to drop the name of Byron.

“*After graduating at Christ's College, Cambridge, he was ordained over a parish of the Church of England. Not being pleased with his situation there, and having conscientious scruples about the connection of Church and State, his relation with his parish was dissolved. His father had then acquired land in the United States, and Charles, with his wife, was proceeding thither on business connected therewith, when the vessel, being driven by a strong current, and surrounded for many days with a thick fog, instead of reaching New York, was wrecked on the shore of Halifax.*

“His wife, in consequence of exposure, was thrown

upon a bed of sickness, and about a month after expired. In consequence of loss from this wreck he was obliged, in order to prosecute his business, to return to England, and on his reaching America, the second time, was wrecked on Long Island. After forming acquaintances in the family of Mr. Vanfleet, of Hyde Park, in Dutchess County, New York, he was again married. His second wife died in childbed, leaving him a little son, whom he left at Hyde Park, with his grand-parents; thence proceeding south, on business, the vessel was run aground on the Jersey shore, which was the third time that this unfortunate man had been wrecked, where he lost his remaining all. Becoming now discouraged, he found his way to Sag Harbour, where his name was enrolled as a foremast hand for a whaling voyage in the Pacific.

“Though he says he had not lifted a fifty pound weight before in his life, he was now ready at every call, and by his prompt obedience ingratiated himself into the favour of his master and officers, and by his meek and obliging conduct into the good-will of all his companions. Whenever a dispute arose among the hands, they invariably looked on him to settle it. I found, on getting acquainted with him, that by his extensive travels in Europe and America, his retentive memory, his excellent address, and a command of language, he was a man qualified to please and interest the most intelligent circles.

“January 28, at three o'clock, p. m., he entered our house apparently much fatigued, and requested the privilege of reclining. I shewed him a bed, where he soon sunk into a fit of apoplexy. Upon discovering his situation, Dr. White, of the *Majestic*, was called, who attended upon him assiduously; but notwithstanding what could be done, his spirit departed that evening about eleven o'clock.”

And then to crown the whole, one meets with an advertisement like this, running the round of the morning and evening papers:—

“The Rev. Thomas Harvey hereby acknowledges the kind sympathy of an ‘Anonymous’ friend, contained in a letter dated July 1, bearing the ‘Liverpool’ post-mark, addressed to Mr. Harvey, enclosing a FIVE-POUND BANK OF ENGLAND NOTE, No. 00262, date April 26, 1845,

towards relieving the heavy expenses incurred in defending himself against the ruinous and oppressive usage of the Bishop of _____.

“Margaretting Vicarage, July 6, 1846.”

All which is to a plain man perfectly incomprehensible.

CHAPTER XVI.

A GRAND MASTER'S ANCESTRAL HALLS: HASTINGS AND DONNINGTON.

“In a speech replete with feeling, the Duke of Sussex proposed the health of ‘The Earl of Moira, the friend of his prince, the friend of his country, and the friend of mankind.’”—REED'S *Progress of Masonry*.

It was a spirit-stirring scene when this emphatic toast was given.

One of the most influential and unwearied supporters of Freemasonry in this country was about to bid the craft a reluctant adieu, and the body resolved to mark their sense of Lord Moira's past services by a public manifestation of attachment and regard. His lordship—then Marquis of Hastings, and on the eve of his departure as viceroy of India—was invited to a banquet at which no less than five hundred Brethren were present, which men of all parties struggled to witness, and which included among the guests no less than five princes of the blood. Animated by one and the same object, the Dukes of York, Clarence, Cumberland, Kent, and Sussex, met to do honour to acknowledged worth.

The gallery was crowded with the noble, the gentle-hearted, and the fair. A costly jewel, of matchless workmanship, was presented to the marquis, as a *souvenir* from his Brethren; and amidst acclamations, long and loud, the Duke of Sussex gave the toast so well remembered and, in after-times, so frequently referred to. It was a proud day for the marquis; and yet tinged in no inconsiderable degree with melancholy. After all, India to him was exile, gorgeous though it might prove. His might be the trappings of power—and the sweets of patronage—and the exercise of authority—but could these compensate for absence from the land he left behind

him, and severance from the friends he saw around him? But the 27th of January, 1813, is memorable in Masonic annals, not merely as a day of festivity, or as a day in which the fraternity took leave—a grateful and appropriate leave—of a most accomplished brother—but as a day in which a brief but able exposition of masonic principles was given by one well skilled in masonic practice.

Lord Moira thus spoke :—

“They¹ share with us in the glowing confidence that the beneficence of a superintending Father perpetually shields us. They participate with us in that sure hope of the future which makes our present existence appear but a speck in the immensity of our immortal heritage. They are assimilated to us in all the generous affections of that charity which tells us that *kindness to all must be the oblation most acceptable to HIM, who, in creating all, could have no motive but their happiness.*”

And again :—

“The prodigious extent of this society in England is little imagined by those who are not called upon to look to its numbers. Its perfect tranquillity attracts no attention. That so vast a body should exist in such silence, and move with such invariable regularity, while it would appear to the casual observer that no eye watches, or hand directs its procedure, is the best proof of its rigid adherence to principles in their nature unalterably advantageous to society.”

Those whom these records of past triumphs interest, will not be averse to wile away a summer's noon by a saunter around Donnington—Lord Moira's ancestral home.

The house is imposing. A park of some extent surrounds it; and the carriage-drive to the hall is fringed on either side with noble pollard oaks. Behind the mansion rolls the Trent, which here makes a very beautiful bend. Its ripple on a still day is discernible, and delightfully soothing. The gardens, the library, the pictures had charms for the more restless spirits of our party; but to me the most pleasing object, on that glorious summer's eve, was the spectacle of the deer which were

¹ The royal and illustrious personages present.

browsing, in groups, under the trees in the park close to the house—graceful, fearless, and confiding.

Oh! there is no teacher so mighty and magnificent as nature! For what is the whole creation, earth, air, water,—the winds,—the waves,—the stars,—mankind,—the universe,—but an infinite being complete, premeditated, varied into inscrutable details, and breathing, and palpitating under the omnipresent hand of God? To this feeling one of the most gifted of her race² did homage in one of the most exquisite sentiments ever traced by her versatile pen—“When at eve at the boundary of the landscape, the heavens appear to recline so closely on the earth, imagination pictures beyond the horizon an asylum of hope, a native land of love; and *nature seems silently to repeat that man is immortal!*”

A tolerably bold digression this from Donnington! Thither, courteous reader, let us return!

The pictures are few in number: and as a collection not remarkable. But there are one or two among them which merit lengthened observation. In the dining-room hangs a portrait of “Oliver Cromwell.” Before this successful effort of the limner the lover of art will pause delightedly. The expression of the countenance, and particularly of the eye, enchains attention. The longer the portrait is gazed on the more apparent is its excellence. What immovable determination about the mouth! And what a sinister, yet hard expression has the painter transferred to that leaden eye! Fixedness of purpose—cruelty—hatred—a spirit reckless of consequences—a heart insensible to the pleadings of mercy—all live upon the canvas! Regicide and usurper! He is limned to the life! The murderer of his king! The hypocrite towards his God! Scan his features once more! So stern, so resolute, so inhuman. Admirable deceiver! We can now conceive somewhat of that measureless ambition which the government of a realm could not satisfy; and of that ferocity of character—that quenchless hatred—which not even the life-blood of his royal master could appease!

The other portrait—it hangs in the small drawing-room—is a picture of Nell Gwynne.

² Madame de Staël.

The soft sleepy look of the eye—the beauty and delicacy of the hand—the expression of refined licentiousness—all this is finely given. It is a beautiful picture. But after all it is the picture of a courtesan. And it is a profanation of art—whether statuary or painting—when its glorions mission is made subservient to the brutal purposes of lust.

How different is Raphael's Madonna!³ It is the beauty of a lowly being—the beauty of innocent thoughts—of hallowed lips—of modesty that grows in the still hamlet—of a heart pure, holy, truthful, and confiding.

The library is a noble room, and crammed with books; some of them of rare and curious editions. And here, be it observed, there is a picture of some mark. It is that of Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X. It hangs above the fire-place; and we were told it was a gift from the royal personage it represents.

Now it is no want of charity to assert of this elaborate, but laughter-moving picture, that it is essentially French. The idea is French. The colouring is French. The attitude is French. The bow is French. The self-complacent grin which the painter has contrived to fix on the features of this unfortunate Prince is French. *Vive la bagatelle!* What a diverting picture to look at on a gloomy day! The Comte d'Artois is supposed to be receiving the salutations of the National Guard. He is evidently full of *esprit*: in other words, uncommonly frisky. He is dressed in a light pea-green coat, and has a shred of white ribbon—the Bourbon emblem—dangling from his button-hole. His “chapeau” is in his hand, and he is perpetrating a bow. But what a bow! A little girl in the party best described it. She laughed aloud, and cried: “Oh! how funny! What a *hoppy-kicky* bow!” “Hoppy-kicky” or not, the attitude certainly is nondescript. It is something between the grimace of a finished *petit maître*, and the flourish of a French dancing-master. The drollery of the whole affair is irresistible. Ha! Ha! Ha!

But we still linger in the library. Books of varied merit, and in various tongues, are heaped around; but in glancing at some dozen volumes, I was struck with the

³ In the Bridgewater Gallery.

predominance of presentation copies. Seven out of the thirteen were "from the author." Most of these were accompanied with some courteous and grateful expression. It spoke much, methought, for the kindly and generous character of the receiver.

Among these, one wretchedly bound and well-worn volume, from adventitious circumstances, possessed a degree of interest not intrinsically its own. It was a collection of speeches and pamphlets which had been called forth by the Union. Within its limits were to be found the passionate effusions of Flood and Barré. It had once belonged to Fox, and bore his autograph; and had besides several marginal annotations in his own careless but peculiar scrawl. From his possession it appeared to have passed into the library of Marquis Wellesley, and was by him presented with a few graceful expressions of admiration and regard to Lord Moira.

Methought it was rarely that upon the same fly-leaf three such autographs were to be read as those of "Charles James Fox," "Wellesley," and "Moira."

But I must hasten on.

That generous and confiding benevolence of character which had rallied around him so many firm adherents during life, was touchingly exhibited after death. In the necessary examination of his papers, letter after letter presented itself from parties whom his bounty had cheered; his influence assisted; or his prompt intervention raised from despair. The extent of his ready sympathy with sorrow was known only when the grave had closed upon him. In his good deeds he had observed the Masonic virtue of SILENCE.

And yet after all his devotion to his prince—his prolonged and frank hospitality to the exiled Bourbons—his unhesitating and undeviating loyalty in times of no common difficulty—his many and costly sacrifices to maintain the Prince of Wales's honour—he surrendered his last breath in what may be termed honourable exile. Did he in after-years ever recall this pithy passage in his parting address?

"The illustrious chairman has praised me as the friend of the prince. Can I assume merit for my attachment when all the honour of such a connection through a length of years must have been bestowed upon me? If

I had the happiness of being distinguished by such partiality, *adherence was but a slender return, though the only one I could make.*"

Or was his sad but inevitable conclusion that so well expressed by Burton: "The attachments of *mere mirth* are but *the shadows of that true friendship*, of which the sincere affections of the heart are the substance."

Failings he, probably, had: but who would wish to recall them?

Rather apply to him the acute remark of a popular writer: "The last triumph of disinterestedness is to forget our own superiority in our sympathy, solicitude, tenderness, respect, and self-denying zeal for those who are below us."

CHAPTER XVII.

HALF A DOZEN WORDS ABOUT THE POOR.

“Virtue and intelligence are the great interests of a community, including all others, and worth all others; and the noblest agency is that by which they are advanced.”—DR. CHANNING.

IN some book or pamphlet, which I am ashamed to say, I have forgotten, a passage occurs mainly to this effect:—

“Hope and imagination, the wings of the soul, carrying it forward and upward, languish in the poor; for the future is uninviting. The darkness of the present broods over future years. The idea of a better lot almost fades from a poor man’s mind. He ceases to hope for his children as well as for himself. Even parental love stagnates through despair. Thus poverty starves the mind.”

The remark is just. Under the pressure of poverty both mind and body become degraded. No one can judge so accurately of what is actually endured by the poor man—of the many weights and hindrances laid on him which keep him poor—as those who live near him year after year, watch him closely; stand by his sick-bed; are privy to his manifold trials; and witness how bravely he battles with that saddest union of all—poverty and disease.

No one—in a RURAL district—*pays so dearly for every article he consumes as the poor man!*

No one has such scant measure dealt out to him—no one suffers so systematically from “false weights and deceitful balances” as the poor man.

From no one is exacted a higher rate of interest than from the poor man.

Let me fortify these assertions by proof.

The poor man buys the common necessities of life in driblets.

Half an ounce of tea; a quarter of a pound of cheese; half a quarter of a pound of butter; such are the petty quantities which scanty means compel the poor man to purchase. He can give no large order. It is beyond him. Now mark the result. He pays for his wretched tea—*sloe leaves the chief ingredient*—four-pence halfpenny an ounce, or at the rate of *six* shillings a pound. The rich man purchases drinkable tea for FIVE. Again. For his scanty morsel of cheese—some quarter of a pound—the *serf* pays three-pence; and for the like quantity of rancid butter four-pence. The rich man buys his cheese at nine-pence per pound, and his salt butter at a shilling. But the poor man is not merely amerced—I still limit my remarks to rural districts, and rural “general dealers”—in point of price; he is fleeced, and that abominably, in point of weight.

I once entered, to confirm or dissipate my suspicions, a shop of this description in a very poor district. I had heard it repeatedly described as “a very money-getting concern;” and knew that within ten years two parties had retired from it in easy circumstances. It was a dark, gloomy den; well and variously stocked; and was scented with any thing but the fragrance of “Araby the blest.” I was examining some coarse, thick garden gloves which were lying in a side window, when an aged, emaciated creature entered—a widow by her dress—and, with a lowly curtsy and submissive voice, asked to be served with “half an ounce of *good* tea.” The master was himself at the counter.

“Oh! ah! we know what *you* want; *three-pence the half ounce!*” and as he spoke he seized a large grimy canister. Before, however, he weighed the article wanted, he put a square piece of thick, coarse, brown paper in one scale, and a half-ounce weight in the other, and then *poured the tea upon the coarse, heavy paper*. THAT TOLD ITS OWN TALE; and the miserable driblet which the widow was tendered for her three-pence may be imagined.

At this stage of the proceedings I ventured to interfere.

“You can never call that just weight. It is not half an ounce of tea; you must re-weigh it; and before you do so take out the paper.”

"I have weighed that tea as I weigh goods in general, and for every body," said he, doggedly and angrily; "and I shall make no alteration."

"But see you not the injustice of the practice? This poor woman loses the weight of that thick, brown paper in her half-ounce of tea. There ought not to be any paper at all in the scale. If there be, you wrong the purchaser."

Further reply to me the general dealer vouchsafed not. But, turning with a furious glance to his customer, he exclaimed—"Come! no bother! Take it or leave it!"

"It must be as *the gentleman* pleases," said the poor creature, submissively; and, grasping her tea, tottered feebly away.

While I was apparently examining the gloves, but in reality pondering over in my mind what was the next advisable step to take, a young woman with an infant in her arms entered the shop. She wanted "a little flour, and half a pound of currants to make a plum bun for a sick child."

The next move was bolder.

Near the "general dealer" stood a loaf of white sugar just unpacked. Than the blue paper which had formed a casing for it none could well be thicker, coarser, or heavier. The latter quality was a valuable recommendation in that dark den of robbery and fraud. Twisting off a huge strip from the blue mass beside him, the knavish owner quickly placed it in the bottom of one scale, poured the currants upon it, and then weighed them to a nicety.

Once more I ventured to expostulate.

"Mr. Gregory"—I speak of him *under that name*—"you are not giving this poor creature weight; and you know it."

"How so, Sir? I never knew a customer of mine that had not weight; and good weight, too!"

"Can you maintain that assertion in this instance? Look at the paper in which those currants were weighed."

"Would you have me weigh them without paper?" said he, pertly; "I'm no gentleman; I don't profess to be one; but I should call that a very dirty way of doing business."

"It is the just, legal, and fair mode; the other is fraudulent."

"My customers, Sir, who are, for the most part, particular, wouldn't stand it."

"We will put it to this one. Would you prefer"—and I turned to the trembling being at the counter, who had listened eagerly to all that passed—"having your goods weighed out to you in the bare scale, or having them"—

"Oh!" cried the knave, preventing and anticipating her reply—"I allow none to pick and choose here. The rule of my shop is *to weigh every thing in paper*; and I will depart from it for no one. Now, mistress, yours or mine? Be quick: I'm busy!"

"Refuse his goods," said I, earnestly; "refuse them and go elsewhere."

"I cannot, Sir," said she, despondingly, "I cannot; *I'm a booker!*"

I understood afterwards, though not then, the bondage which those words implied. Gregory grinned maliciously when his victim uttered them; and again, when hanging her head she slunk silently and stealthily away.

I paid for my leathern mittens—not, I confess, with the best possible grace or in the best possible humour—and as I walked homewards resolved on showing up this system elsewhere.

Within the week I made my way to the inspector of weights and measures; told him what I had witnessed; and requested his interference. The man in office looked starch and prim; then hemmed and hawed a good deal; and, at last, observed:—"Mr. Gregory is a thriving, nay, a wealthy man; I have examined more than once his weights and measures; he produces them readily; and I have always found them correct!"

"But you cannot sanction his present mode of carrying on business; you must feel that he deserves exposure, and the poor redress."

He paused for a moment, then looked up quickly, and remarked:—

"Pray, Sir, did you buy any article of him in which either measure or weight was concerned?"

"I did not."

"Did any purchaser in your hearing complain?"

“No.”

“Then I cannot interfere.”

“Indeed!”

“I have no grounds to go upon!”

“And you think wholesale robbery like Gregory’s should receive no check?”

“Quite the contrary; it is barefaced—shocking—base, and should unquestionably be put down.”

“By whom? Name the party able or empowered so to do, and no difficulty—no distance shall deter me from seeking him.”

“I should say,” said the inspector, in a tone of pique, evidently vexed at my pertinacity; “I should say it is a case for the neighbouring magistrate, Mr. Pape.”

“Enough. I will see him to-morrow!”

Mr. Pape—the *nearest* magistrate!—lived about seven miles off. To reach his domicile you had to ford a morass almost impassable in winter; or to flounder through the sands of a badly-constructed road, in the ruts of which a fullgrown man might safely take up his last resting-place any day in summer. He was a country gentleman who farmed his own estate; and had his peculiar likings and distastes. He liked an easy chair, old port, leisure, cigars, fly-fishing in May; the moors in August; pheasant-shooting in October; and a sharp burst with the hounds any morning in November. These were his likings. His distastes were as decided. He detested business; abhorred writing; eschewed reading; hated being obliged to play the listener to any statement, however brief; or to consult “The Magistrate’s Vade Mecum,” or “Every Man his own Lawyer,” for any purpose, however urgent. His constant inquiry ran—“Why upon earth can’t people live in peace?”

Mr. Pape had just despatched an early breakfast when I rode up to his door, sent in my card, and begged to “see him on magisterial business.” No interruption could have been less opportune. The month was October: the morning bright and cheering. The dogs were at the door, and the keeper in attendance. Mr. Pape had donned his sporting costume, and was on the very eve of starting in tip-top spirits for a distant and most promising covert. I won’t attempt to define where at that

moment he wished me, and her Majesty's commission, and his magisterial qualifications!

He entered the study with "unwilling step and slow," and in a most glorious fume.

"Business? of a magisterial nature, I understood?—aye, exactly! Why, in the devil's name, cannot people live in peace? What demon induces them to be eternally at war? Squabble, squabble, squabble!—folks grow, methinks, more tetchy, perverse, and wayward every day! My watchword is peace. All I covet is peace. All I sought in burying myself in this obscure and retired corner of the county was peace. The only boon I crave on earth is peace. Yet strife and uproar rage around me; and, as surely as aught disagreeable occurs in this district, so surely am I compelled to deal with it. You'll require a summons, probably? Haven't one left! Rattle"—this was the pointer—"tore up the last this morning. And now, Sir, what annoyance, trespass, discomfort, loss, or injury brings you hither?"

I briefly explained the nature of my errand. Long before I closed, he gazed wistfully out of the window, and then burst forth impatiently:—

"Good Heavens, Sir, you can't be serious! You surely don't expect *me* to interfere in a matter of this nature? This is purely a question for the inspector of weights and measures. By all means apply to him."

I watched my opportunity, and struck in:—

"I have. He declared himself powerless, and advised my seeking redress from you."

"There it is! That's the very word! The term which I have daily dinned into my ears till it threatens to drive me into a mad-house. 'Redress!' 'Redress!' Why can't people live in peace, and then they would need no redress? I can't help you: go to the inspector."

"He bade me come to you."

"Oh, he did—did he? I'll make a memorandum of his officiousness, in the hope that in one shape or other I shall be able to return his civility. And now, Sir, pray be satisfied with my reply—I *cannot aid you*."

"Who can?"

"I should say the inspector. Weights and measures are his province: repeat that to him from me."

"I fear it will be unavailing."

"*Then be at peace.*"

I stared at him somewhat wildly. He took my look for dissent and disapprobation; and, without giving me an opportunity for comment, continued:—

"Oh, yes! I'm quite aware of it. No advice more unpalatable! There never was such a contentious, ill-conditioned, quarrelsome, litigious crew as that which inhabits this district. Why harass me?" Again he gazed wistfully from the window, and his face grew darker. "Such a glorious morning!" he murmured, "and the dogs in such condition!" Then, in a louder key, "I repeat, why harass me? You have the remedy in your own hands."

"May I ask how?"

"If Gregory, as you affirm—and I doubt it not—cheats as to weight and measure, tell the poor to cut his shop and seek another."

"It is the only general shop within four miles."

"Then start an opposition."

"That has been tried; and unsuccessfully."

"In what way?"

"In two instances parties have come forward, stocked a small shop, and commenced business, avowedly to oppose this unjust and unscrupulous man. Instantly he has lowered his prices, and undersold them; has, in fact, beaten them off the field, and ruined them. He exults in this. He declares that in this district he will have no competitor. You do not suffer from this policy, Mr. Pape, nor do I; but the poor do, and most severely."

"Then let them submit, and be at peace. You will do this neighbourhood great service if you will constantly preach peace to the poor. I will send you a little American work on this subject. It is written by the Reverend Noah Worcester. He lived to a great age—seventy-five, I believe. He wrote three or four books every year of his life. But every one of them upon the self-same subject—peace!"

Again I stared.

"It is true, I assure you. I wish we had had him in this neighbourhood. What a glorious morning! Do you shoot?"

"Never."

"Dear me! you must find the country deplorably dull; my keeper and dogs—"

"But as to this man Gregory?" said I, interrupting him.

"Oh! I can say no more about him; *I* cannot act; and the inspector, it seems, will not."

"What, then, Sir, do you advise?"

"Oh, think no more about it, and live in peace!"

Further conference was useless. The justice grew, momentarily, more fidgety; the dogs more impatient, and the birds more shy. I made my bow, and retired. To battle with constituted authorities is an unequal and thankless warfare. I could not, however, "forget the subject," or Mr. Pape's mode of dealing with it. But Gregory was secure; he batted, unmolested, upon his gains; and for aught I know to the contrary, wrings, to this hour, an enormous and infamous profit from the bowels of the poor.

And now as to the "*booker*."

Determined to master the system in all its villany, I succeeded, by dint of inquiry, in ascertaining the exaction and extortion by means of which such men as Gregory, even in the poorest neighbourhoods, and from the most wretched population, rapidly attain independence. I found "*booker*" to be, as I suspected, equivalent to debtor; and that whenever a peasant, from his master's forgetfulness or inability to pay his labourers their weekly wages on the Saturday night, or from the visitation of sickness in the labourer's family, or from disease or accident disabling himself from toil, or from severe weather suspending farming operations, or from the operation of all or any one of these contingencies, is obliged to procure from the shop his weekly supply of necessaries on *credit* and not for *cash*, he instantly becomes a "*booker*!" Thenceforth, poor wretch! he has to battle with usury as well as penury! The general dealer affects to call booking a privilege—to his wretched dupes the indulgence is ruin. The charge ranges from 12 to 15 per cent., and is rarely under 10. Two accounts, from the circumstance of a sudden death, I had an opportunity of analyzing. The amount of one was *nineteen shillings* and eight-pence. In this document three shillings and eleven-pence were modestly charged for

booking! The sum total of the other was £2. 3s. In this seven shillings and two-pence were demanded for booking. The "privilege" was set down week after week as a regular item. It appeared as systematically and formally as the charge for tea, or soap, or candles, or coffee. It was assumed to be a fair and recognised demand, though inserted, I thought, somewhat *ad libitum*. "Booking" two-pence; "booking" five-pence; "booking" three-pence; "booking" seven-pence; and so on to the close of the account.

Once "a booker," the poor man must submit to whatever *scant measure*, or *short weight*, or *barefaced trickery* the general dealer chooses to inflict on him. He is no longer a free man. He is in bondage; and to the sternest, most unscrupulous, and most exacting of masters.

Retreat is impossible; rescue all but hopeless.

And then thoughtless and inconsiderate men talk of the improvidence, and waste, and want of economy in the poor, and wonder how it comes to pass that Gregor's grow rich; and how the English peasant closes a long and laborious life, crippled with rheumatism, amid the comforts (!) of a union workhouse!

That the exactions complained of are not confined to any particular locality may be gathered from the following incident. An invalid baronet, now deceased, took up, some three or four years since, his temporary sojourn in a village in one of the eastern counties. There, as elsewhere, he was a considerate and generous friend to the labourer; made himself master of his circumstances; entered into all his little difficulties; and though a confirmed invalid himself, disproved by his practice the adage that "sickness makes us selfish;" he forgot, in fact, his own ailments in ministering to the sorrows and privations of those around him. Careful investigation convinced him that several families in the village—and those maintaining the best character—were engaged in a hopeless struggle to pay off a debt due to a neighbouring huckster; a debt which paralyzed every effort which their industry could make, and was slowly but surely bringing them down to pauperism and the workhouse. Discerning as well as compassionate, he did not think it judicious at once to discharge the obligations of these parties, from an apprehension of being beset by

applications from others labouring under similar difficulties, but who could not boast of the same good character. For a period, then, the generous baronet was passive. But after he had left the parish, and after all connection between him and it had apparently ceased, he remitted a sum—fifty pounds, I think—to the curate, with directions to expend it as far as it would go, in releasing certain parties from their difficulties.

The curate, judicious and thoughtful on his part, imagined that this welcome largess opened out to him a prospect of great usefulness; that the sum might be spread over a vast surface; and release from thralldom many an aching and anxious heart among his flock. He made out a list of debts and debtors: he found several of the items—to use the mildest phrase—equivocal; and he boldly offered to the principal creditors—two neighbouring shopkeepers—immediate payment of their claims on John Brown, and Thomas Jones, and Philip Creed, and Job Stubbs, and a dozen other equally euphonious and unfortunate debtors, provided they—the said general dealers—*would accept ten shillings in the pound!* The outcry they raised was wonderful! They actually talked of “conscience;” and vowed they “had lost money every year that they had been in business.” They declared their “annual profits would not keep them in shoe-leather.” How, amidst all this, they managed to buy fields, and build houses, and bet at races, and run splash dog-carts, were points they did not stop to explain. They professed themselves “surprised and shocked that such a proposal had been made to them.” “How were they,” they inquired, “to meet *their* engagements if their debtors paid them ten shillings in the pound?” They considered the offer—“an insult”—a “direct and positive insult!” It was “an attack upon their character:” and as such they “resented” it.

The curate observed, very quietly, that the offer was not made in the light of an insult but of a benefit: was sorry his object had been misconstrued; and that there was an end of the matter.

Before the week ended the parties came to the clergyman, and told him that, “purely out of respect for him, —purely to show their good opinion of him,”—they would accept his proposal.

The money was paid, and receipts given. As they left one of them observed to the other—"No bad job: even as it is, a ten per cent. stroke of business I take it."

How much "*booking*" was included in these notable accounts I could never learn. The parish was not mine, nor had I access to the relieved parties.

The evil, then, being admitted, whence is to arise the remedy?

Is the suggestion rash or inopportune, that there should be in every poor-law union an officer entitled "the Poor Man's Protector," having as his care the poor man's interests; and for his special mission this result—that just measure and full weight be meted out to the poor man in those petty shops—particularly in rural districts—where the poor man deals?

It may be answered that "the local magistracy is the poor man's protector: he needs no other."

That the local magistrates are, in the main, a most valuable body—that the services they render their country are continuous and important—that their decisions are, with rare exceptions, merciful—few will deny.

But they are compelled to administer the law as they find it. They are tied to an equitable discharge of their responsible functions without respect of persons. Statutes fetter them. Precedents bind them.

Something more than this is required for the poor man. He needs an advocate. He requires a protector.

If it be objected that the evil is petty; affects only a class; is not worthy the attention of government; must be left to provide its own remedy—I reply, that of government the great end is to secure freedom: but its proper and highest function, is to watch over the interests of EACH AND ALL, and to open to a community the widest field for the happiness of all.

If the *class* I am contending for, constitute the objection, then I must call in another authority.

"Kindness to the poor," writes the learned and excellent Isaac Barrow, "doth in good part constitute a man pious, and signally declareth him such; is a necessary ingredient of his piety, and a conspicuous mark thereof."

Woe to that nation which regards poverty as criminal, and treats it accordingly; which does not mitigate its pains, but strives, impiously, to "put it down" altogether.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE TRUE POLICY OF THE ORDER.

“Live a life of faith and hope. Believe in God’s great purposes towards the human race. Believe in the mighty power of truth and love. Believe in the capacities and greatness of human nature. Carry to your work a trustful spirit. Do not waste your breath in wailing over the times. Strive to make them better. Do not be disheartened by evils. Feel through your whole soul that evil is not the mightiest power in the universe, that it is permitted only to call forth the energy of love, wisdom, persuasion and prayer for its removal. Understand that this is the greatest power which God gives to man—the power of acting generously on the soul of his brother; of communicating to others a divine spirit, of awakening in others a heavenly light, which is to outlive the stars.”—*Essay on Catholicism.*

It is a remark frequently hazarded about Masonry—sometimes in a friendly and at others in a hostile spirit—that the body, *as a body*, effects nothing; that its influence is unfelt—unseen; that in a social, civil, and commercial sense it is a *non-entity!*

Is the accusation true or false?

Of the numerical strength of the Society of Freemasons in this country they only can form a just idea who have access to its records.

In fact, the tranquillity of the order, the regularity of all its movements, the ease and quietude with which it is regulated, veil from the many its hidden strength.

But may not inaction be carried too far? May not quiescence pass into indifference? And the accusation of being a slothful servant, who, “buried his talent in a napkin,” apply collectively as well as singly?—to Bodies and Associations as well as to distinct and isolated individuals?

Was man ever designed by the great Architect of the Universe to be a passive being? Was he not formed to

be progressive—always pressing forward in the pursuit of knowledge, and earnest in the discovery and dissemination of good? Have we not studied the principles of our craft well and gained some little insight into its beneficent tendency, when we are incited by it to a more grateful, cheerful love of God, and a serener, gentler nobler love of our fellow-creatures?

Am I approaching perilous ground? Then it behoves me to fortify my position by the researches of others.

In that honest, fearless, and faithful organ of our body—*The Freemasons' Quarterly Review*—I read:—

“We know, amongst the guides which have led on the human race from the semi-barbarism of the middle ages, to the refinements of the present time, architecture has a place; and it has been so much the more a trustworthy guide, because all its noblest aspirations have been devoted to the service of Him who is the GREAT ARCHITECT of the Universe. In his works we read his wisdom, his power, and his benevolence; in His temples made by men's hands, we read the piety and devotion of souls which HE has warmed with his love, and enlightened with HIS fire to do HIM honour. These men were our founders. On us has fallen the task, however faintly and inadequately we perform it, to shadow out their past history, and never let us forget the duty which we owe to their fame and their memory.”

THE END OF MASONRY IS NOT FESTIVITY. It has far higher and nobler aims. Its legitimate object is to benefit and bless mankind.

May not, then, the quiet but wide-spread influence of the body be justifiably exerted in *doing away with some grand social evil, or conferring some definite social benefit?*

Any result bordering on, or connected with, political or party views, the Mason cheerfully foregoes.

Any victory which involves religious controversy, or the conflict of antagonistic principles, the Mason deems too dearly purchased. But nothing does he consider alien to him which teaches his fellow-man to have a quenchless faith in a higher presence than meets the eye to cherish a feeling of God's existence, not only around us, but in the very depths of the soul—to aim at and struggle after faithfulness to principle, fearlessness in duty, and delight in the GOOD and the TRUE.

The line of policy humbly suggested is, that a general and individual effort should be made to procure—

1. *The abolition of the legacy-duty on charitable bequests.*

Nothing but the exigencies entailed by an exhausting war could have justified the enactment of an imposition so arbitrary and unjust as the legacy-tax. "It is beneath the dignity of a great state," was Burke's indignant exclamation, "to stand by the dying and watch, like a vulture, the expiring breath." Now, if this be true of the impost generally, it applies with tenfold force when its operation affects charitable bequests.

It matters not to the argument that legacies for pious and benevolent uses occasionally originate in questionable motives.

"Who art thou that judgest another? To his own master he standeth or falleth!"

The clergy could say something on this head. Their experience by the bed of the sick and the dying would warrant their drawing some conclusion. But they wisely abstain. *THE INFINITE alone can rightly estimate motives!* But these why seek to impugn? Why attribute to a dark and troubled source that stream of bounty which, in its after-current, will be so beneficial to others? A rich man, who has been all his life grasping and hard-hearted, is laid on the bed of sickness, which threatens ere long to become the bed of death. He has leisure to think. His situation is new to him. His bodily sufferings tell upon his long-cherished prejudices and previous conclusions. They shake the first, and modify the last. He begins to understand how sad their case must be, where poverty and disease are united. As a proof that his impressions are altered—not from a persuasion that his alms can uncloset for him the gates of Heaven—he adds a codicil to his will, and bequeaths five hundred pounds towards "building a new wing to an over-crowded hospital."

That is the testator's avowed aim and object.

The State steps in.

The State says: "We don't care whether or no a rapidly increasing population renders an increase of accommodation in Hasketon Infirmary indispensable; we are indifferent as to whether a new wing be built or not; to us it is perfectly immaterial what the testator's intentions

were; we suspect, indeed, that you will require the whole of the sum bequeathed you if his project is to be carried out—and that you will be obliged to forego it if any deduction be made, but that is your affair, not ours; the State, *as a State*, knows nothing about philanthropy—so hand us over at once £50 (*i. e.* ten per cent. on the bequest), and then do as you will with the remainder—build or let it alone!”

Now, unquestionably, government is a great good, and essential to human happiness; but, may it not also be contended, that that alone *is* government which *represses injustice and crime, secures property from invasion, and respects the intentions of the dead?* Burke’s remark is bold and apposite: “In doing good we are generally cold, and languid, and sluggish; and of all things afraid of being too much in the right. But the works of malice and injustice are quite in another style. They are finished with a bold masterly hand; touched as they are with the spirit of those vehement passions that call forth all our energies whenever we oppress and persecute.”

Take another case.

A man has lived for years the slave of passion. His desires have been the governing impulses of his existence. In gratifying them the pleadings of youth, innocence, helplessness, dependence, never obtained a hearing. The demon of lust ruled. The brute propensities of the animal were dominant. The self-restraint which should characterize THE MAN, and the conviction of future responsibility which should impress and awe the Christian, slept. Life ebbs away. The wild tumult of lawless passion is about being hushed in the grave. Remorse-stricken at the past; conscious of the wretched purposes to which existence has been devoted; and sensible of the misery and wretchedness which he has caused in various relations of life; he resolves, as the *only* atonement he can make to society—not a sufficient or availing one—to leave the wreck of his property, some two hundred pounds, to a neighbouring penitentiary. He has ascertained it to be in difficulties, and he wishes to free it *wholly* from embarrassment.

The testator dies, and the will is proved. In steps the legacy comptroller.

“I must trouble you for twenty pounds legacy duty,”

cries that functionary, "on the bequest to Langport Penitentiary."

"But the benefaction," it is urged, "is for charitable uses."

"Immaterial! The duty due to the crown is £20. Pay it, or abide the consequences."

"If we pay it, the intentions of the deceased will be frustrated."

"We have nothing to do *here* with *intentions*," remarks the comptroller, "we have only to do with *ACTS*."

"But listen," persist the executors; "the deceased party left to our penitentiary £200 to release it from existing difficulties; that sum will do so effectually: but the balance, £180—supposing the legacy to be paid—will not."

"Then the testator," remarks the comptroller, drily, "should have remembered his duty to the crown, and have *left his legacy duty free*."

"But he left the institution *all he had*," exclaim the executors, in a breath.

"Then he should have been thrifty, and amassed more," is the comptroller's quiet rejoinder; "however, my business is to receive money, not to exhaust the morning in argument. Do you pay, or do you not pay?"

Take another case.

A destitute orphan boy receives his education in one of our national charities—charities which are speaking monuments of the piety, beneficence, and disinterestedness of our forefathers. His orderly conduct attracts attention; and at a proper age he is bound apprentice by the governors. The habits of industry and activity which had distinguished his early life cleave to him in manhood, and bear, with God's blessing, abundant fruit. The GREAT SUPREME smiles upon his honesty and assiduity; and in the evening of life, leisure and independence await him. In making a final disposition of his property, the recollection of his early struggles and early obligations recurs.

"I will not leave this world"—thus he reasons—"without testifying, in a tangible form, my gratitude to that noble institution which nurtured me when I was a poor boy—educated me, and started me in life. Others equally necessitous will rise up after me. The charity

shall have the residue of my property. It will amount to some £250, and thus enable the governors to repeat towards some other poor orphan the merciful and considerate part they displayed towards me."

Thus the thoughtful man ruminates; and thus the grateful man acts. Life's fitful scene ere long closes. The necessary forms are gone through. On investigation, the residuary bequest falls short of what was anticipated; and the executors' chagrin at the result is not lessened by a prompt demand from the legacy-office people:

"Ten per cent., gentlemen, ten per cent., without delay, on the residuary estate!"

It is submitted, somewhat hopelessly, that this bequest "originated in the deceased's gratitude to the charity which had rescued him from ignorance and want; and was intended to benefit some other being similarly situated."

"That we have nothing to do with: ten per cent. is our claim and *right* upon the residue, which you have sworn to be under £120."

"True: but gratitude"——

"Fiddlestick's end about gratitude! We've nothing to do with that here: pay your percentage upon the residue, and bid us good morning as soon as you please."

"But this bequest is to benefit a charitable institution of admitted excellence"——

"All moonshine! Language fit for a minor theatre: not for the legacy department of Somerset House: pay at once, or our solicitor shall receive instructions."

A cheque is given, and the executors withdraw.

But it is a wretched system! The enactment itself is unjust: its operation most injurious.

1. Its obvious tendency is to defeat the intentions of the testator.

2. It injures those—the widow, the orphan, the afflicted, and the sorrow-stricken—beings whom a government is bound specially to protect.

3. It inflicts injury upon a class which cannot complain—the helpless and dependent.

4. It obstructs the flow of Christian benevolence.

5. It contravenes, in its operation, the solemn warning of THE MOST HIGH:—"He that oppresseth the poor, reproacheth his Maker."

Masons! against such a rampart of robbery and injustice fling the first stone. In your *individual* capacity declare against it. A mighty energy is yours. In the sacred cause of CHARITY be not slow to exert it!

II. The cause of morality might be materially advanced if the influence of the order were brought to bear upon the reform of the law with reference to adultery. Society suffers under no greater calamity than the toleration of this monster evil, and the reparation which the law at present awards. The wealthy roué triumphs! What to him is a verdict amercing him in damages to the extent of five hundred or a thousand guineas? He tenders, with a sneer, a cheque on his banker.

He has gained his object. He has gratified his passions. He has ruined the peace of an entire family. He has dishonoured a hitherto spotless line. He has rendered some youthful and innocent beings motherless. The sons can never hear again their mother's name without the flush of shame. The daughters must shun her as a tainted and polluted being. He has degraded the one and blasted the fair prospects of the other. And the penalty is paid by the wrong-doer in—MONEY!!

He returns in triumph to his fellows. He has gained an enviable notoriety. He is a man of *bonnes fortunes*. His name is up in the annals of *crim. con.* His associates pronounce him "a fine, daring, dashing, fellow: only rather *wild!*"

But his *victim—where is she? What epithet is applied to her?*

Now, let money be no longer omnipotent in wrongs of this description. It can do a great deal. *But let it cease to gild infamy.* Let the adulterer pay the penalty of his crime IN PERSON. Let his punishment be *imprisonment and hard labour!* In a flagrant and aggravated case, where no common arts have been used, and no common stratagems exerted, let a visit to a penal settlement for some five or seven years reward the scheming of the lawless voluptuary. Let this be done, and our public records would be less frequently crowded with details of infamy. The experiment may seem severe; but its results would be salutary. It would soon be proved that the wealthy seducer, if he had no regard for the peace and comfort of others, had a most tender care for his own!

But, at present, money is to atone for crime! It is tendered as an equivalent for infamy!

Such a system is an insult to the right-thinking and the virtuous. The time for its fall, I trust, is coming. It cannot fall too soon. It has long enough warred with the behests of the Most High and the plainest dictates of reason. It has long enough mocked the holiest feelings of our nature. It has long enough caused the pure-minded and the gentle-hearted to sigh. It has long enough shielded the selfish voluptuary and wrung with agony the heart of the deserted and the betrayed. Let its end come. It cannot come too soon.

III. Another point on which the influence of the order might be safely exerted is—the health of the working classes.

The rage for adding field to field and house to house has miserably curtailed the personal freedom of the poor. Where are the open spaces in which, aforetime, the saucy school-boy used to fly his kite; and the rollicking apprentice to urge on his resounding game of football; and the town bachelors to pitch their wickets for a cricket-match; and the wearied artisan to pace slowly round in the glorious twilight of a summer's eve, and forget the while the hard words, and cares, and strife, of the closing day?

Bought; parcelled out; built upon; gone!

The village green; and the bit of breezy common; and the three-cornered town meadow; and the 'prentice-boy's pasture—have disappeared.

Speculators have made advantageous bids for them. Trustees and feoffees have most disinterestedly conveyed them. To the working man they exist no longer. Who is the sufferer? *He.*

To the open spaces, which were always few and far between, the poor, after their day's toil, cannot *now* resort. *None are to be found.* In cities where wealth is in the ascendant the project is to banish poverty from view. When affluence usurps the surface, penury is compelled to burrow in the earth. Space is too costly a luxury. Square feet are sold for guineas. In alleys, or cellars, or squalid holes, where miserable wretches breed and cling together like bats in unfrequented vaults, there the leaven of sickness and contagion never ceases to work. From

such places the artisan turns out for better air. *Where* is he permitted to seek it?

Is it alien, then, to the Mason's creed, or is it out of keeping with that benevolence which should mark his practice, that he use every legitimate means, through his representative, to obtain this boon from government for the poorer classes—that in every town where the population amounts to 10,000 and upwards, a proportionate space shall be set apart and preserved, where, after the toil of the day is over, the artisan may stretch his cramped and aching limbs; breathe the fresh air of heaven; enjoy unrestrained exercise; and brace himself in that atmosphere which God has so lavishly provided—which is the first and last food of man—and which it is the bounden duty of every constitutional government to preserve, free and uncontaminated, for the labourer and the toil-worn?

It is the true policy of the order—

IV. *To procure some recognition of the claims of the industrious and deserving poor.*

In the poor-law as at present administered—a law, be it observed, *which is a disgrace to us as men and a reproach to us as Christians*—no distinction is made between the vicious and the deserving. Previous good character is of no avail within the walls of a union work-house. The man who has been brought there by his own misconduct, by dissolute courses, by intemperance, or by idleness, is put side by side with the man whom sickness, or an unforeseen accident, or unavoidable misfortune has reduced to penury. They fare alike; are coerced alike; are imprisoned alike. With the female inmate the same wretched regulation obtains. The beldame who, soured by want of her daily stimulus, gin—stung by recollections of the past—and without hope to gild the future, sits and curses by the half-hour together, has for her companion, and most unwilling auditor, an aged, desolate, faded being—one who has known better days; been decently brought up; who remembers the lessons of her childhood and can recall the promises of her God; and who in the very depths and degradation of her poverty looks hopefully to the future, and is aiming at a better and brighter world. Does she deserve such an associate?

The Book of Life tells us that the poor are left to us as especial charges by a wise and bounteous Providence

—that to forget the poor is to disobey the command of The Most High, and to forfeit all hope of his mercy.

The Great Supreme says:—

“For the poor shall never cease out of the land: therefore I do command thee, saying, thou shalt *open thine hand WIDE* unto thy brother, to thy poor, and to thy needy in thy land.”

But man says, “Poverty is criminal, and is to be treated accordingly.”

The fact cannot be denied. Look at the institutions we have raised, not so much to mitigate its pains as “to put it down” altogether. Look at the buildings in which it is housed. Look at the food with which it is kept alive. Look at the officials by whom it is surrounded. Observe the sternness with which its pleadings are silenced; and the frightful disclosures which—as in the Andover case—are from time to time made, of its discipline and severities. Woe to us as a nation if we be content to rest our claims to godliness upon the fact of our tenderness to poverty!

Observe, too, how parties in authority deal with destitution and suffering.

I select the following from a collection of about five hundred similar scenes.

Arranged consecutively and published they would form a sad but very startling record.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

“A poor young woman, a widow, dressed in deep mourning, appeared before the court, when Mr. M’Manus stated that she had taken a quantity of opium, and had also given some to one of her children, of whom she had four, the eldest being but seven years old. It seems that a Mr. M. had taken out an execution against the poor woman’s goods, for a debt of between £3 and £4 owing by her late husband, and that the circumstance preyed so upon her spirits, that she was induced to attempt self-destruction in consequence. Mr. Moxon said that the governors and guardians of the work-house had offered to redeem her things, but as they had been removed to Mr. Waites’s, by a Mr. Groves, who had possession of them, time had not been allowed for their restoration. Sir William Lowthorp *lectured! the poor creature on the enormity of the crime she had attempted, and advised her being*

taken for some time into the work-house, UNTIL HER MIND SHOULD BE MORE COMPOSED!!"

The editor's comment on the scene is apt, judicious, and humane. He says: "The best way to administer to such a 'mind diseased' would be for Sir William Lowthorp, and other rich men, to raise a subscription for a poor, distracted creature like the above, and assist her *at home*. Putting her and her four children into the work-house is far more likely to confirm incipient madness than to cure it."—Police Report, *Hull Packet*, August 27, 1841.

What remedy, then, is suggested?

What is really meant by a national recognition of the claims of the industrious and deserving poor?

Let an experiment be tried. In the first instance on a very limited scale. *Let reward and relief go together*. Let alms-houses be built in some half-dozen counties for the reception of the disabled and meritorious poor. Let them be occupied by those who have borne good characters; by those whom poverty has overtaken in consequence of unavoidable calamity; by those who have struggled to the very last with adversity, and have been overborne in the unequal warfare. Let the state erect and maintain these buildings. Let the nominations to them be vested in the neighbouring clergy, and the neighbouring magistracy; and let the pecuniary allowance connected with them be *no starveling pittance*, but a sum on which life can reasonably be supported. Let it at least be at the rate of four shillings per week.

"A pretty expense!" cries some political economist, who cherishes as much affection for the poor as Lord Ripon does for Mrs. Newton. "What! burden the country after this fashion! A likely matter, truly! A tolerably heavy item you will add to the national expenditure!"

I reply, "No: a very humble affair—as humble as the donkey-cart which the noble earl tendered for the use of the curate's wife, Mrs. Crowther. But *my* proposition would be closed with while his lordship's was waived."

Admitting, however, that the scheme must necessarily add to the burdens of the state, who shall say that it is a sacrifice which the country, if called upon, would not cheerfully make?

The country which can vote five thousand pounds for the purchase of a single picture for the National Gallery ; the country which can vote twenty thousand pounds for the repair of an ugly and inconvenient palace, placed on a swampy and insalubrious site—would that her Majesty were, as her attached and affectionate people wish her to be, more agreeably and more suitably lodged—that country will never grudge, year by year, a grant of some sixteen or eighteen thousand pounds as the commencement of an experiment for maintaining and *encouraging* its aged, suffering, and meritorious poor.

Call the scheme Utopian if you will ; characterize it, if you choose, as extravagant ; say that it can never be carried out ; affirm that the country will never endure it ; and that the class for which it was intended do not require it—something must be done. The present system can never stand. The existing poor law is doomed. *After the Andover revelations, men's minds were made up.* Public opinion, months ago, has pronounced against it. It has been “weighed in the balance” and “found wanting.”

But let me call in another ally. Let a poet's voice be heard. Let the pleadings of the Bard of Morwenstow,¹ in his “Echoes from Old Cornwall,” gain a ready and a willing ear. If, as I suspect, he be the son of the loved and venerated Dr. Hawker, once vicar of Charles, his sympathy for the poor and attachment to their cause are *hereditary*. With no text in the Sacred Volume was his munificent father better acquainted—none did he carry out into more beneficial exercise than this : “Give alms of thy goods, and never turn thy face from any poor man, and then the face of the Lord shall not be turned away from thee !”

He is now before the throne ! He views face to face the Great Father ! the unceasing and unwearied benefactor of the whole human race ; the helper of the fatherless, and God of the widow ! “These new relations of the ascended spirit to the Universal Father, how near ! how tender ! how strong ! how exalting ! Oh ! shall our worldliness, and *hard-heartedness*, and unforsaken sins

¹ “Echoes from Old Cornwall,” by the Rev. R. T. Hawker. M. A., Vicar of Morwenstow.

separate us, by a gulf which cannot be passed, from the society and felicity of Heaven?"

I.

The poor have hands, and feet, and eyes,
 Flesh, and a feeling mind ;
 They breathe the breath of mortal sighs,
 They are of human kind !
 They weep such tears as others shed,
 And now and then they smile,
 For sweet to them is that poor bread
 They win with honest toil.

II.

The poor men have their wedding-day,
 And children climb their knee,
 They have not many friends, for they
 Are in such misery.
 They sell their youth, their skill, their pains,
 For hire, in bill and glen ;
 The very blood within their veins
 It flows for other men !

III.

*They should have roofs to call their own
 When they grow old and bent,
 Meek houses built of dark, grey stone—
 Worn labour's monument!*
 There should they dwell beneath the thatch,
 With threshold calm and free ;
*No stranger's hand should lift the latch
 To mark their poverty.*

IV.

Fast by the church those walls should stand ;
 Her aisles in youth they trod,
 They have no home in all the land,
 Like that old house of God !
 There, there, the sacrament was shed,
 That gave them heavenly birth,
 And lifted up the poor man's head
 With princes of the earth !

V.

I know not why—but when they tell
 Of houses fair and wide,
 Where troops of poor men go to dwell
 In chambers side by side ;
 And when they vaunt, that in those walls
 They have their worship-day,
 Where the stern signal coldly calls
 The imprison'd poor to pray ;—

I think—

VI.

“ Oh! for the poor man's church again,
With one roof over all,
Where the true hearts of free-born men
Might beat beside the wall!
The altars, where in holier days
Our fathers were forgiven,
Who went with meek and faithful ways
Through the old aisles to heaven!”

And now, gentle reader, I have done! And thus do I take my leave of thee: “ Wherefore, believing soul, abound in love! Love fervently; love constantly; love eminently. Love HIM whose essence is love, and in Him love his creatures. Love your kindred; love your enemies; love saints; love angels; love strangers; love aliens. Be rooted and grounded in love. Let all enmity cease. Let universal charity prevail. *Begin the life of heaven which is everlasting love!*”

Dear Sir,
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 14th inst. in relation to the above named matter.

I have conferred with the Board of Directors and they have decided to grant you a license for the use of the above named property for the term of years specified in the annexed copy of the license.



Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
[Signature]



APOLOGY

FOR THE

ORDER OF FREEMASONS.

BY M. N * * *,

A MEMBER OF THE ORDER.

A LA HAYE (FRANCE),

1765.

TRANSLATED FOR THE "UNIVERSAL MASONIC LIBRARY," FROM THE
ORIGINAL FRENCH, BY

HENRY W. THORPE, A.M.

NEW YORK:

JNO. W. LEONARD & CO., AMERICAN MASONIC AGENCY.

1855.

Stereotyped by
HOLMAN & GRAY, NEW YORK.

Printed and Bound by
J. F. BRENNAN, LOUISVILLE, KY.

PREFACE TO THE AMERICAN EDITION.

I HAVE selected this little treatise for an early place in the Universal Masonic Library, because I deemed it an excellent production in itself—in which opinion I have the concurrence of several enlightened minds; and because its antiquity, foreign origin, and the peculiarly practical style in which sundry objections, ancient, but even now urged against the Masonic Craft, are answered, give it high claims to literary distinction.

This treatise is numbered 9 in the catalogue of Carson's Library. In the annotated catalogue he has been kind enough to furnish me, he observes, concerning it, that "all the suspicious charges brought against the Institution at that early day (1765) are ably answered." The original title in full (see "Carson's Catalogue," as published in the Universal Masonic Library "Advocate") is: "Apologie pour l'Ordre des Francs-Maçons. Par M. N * * *, membre de l'Ordre; avec des Chansons. Nouvelle Edition, augmentée par l'Auteur. A la Haye: George Gosse, 1765. 12mo. Frontispiece, pp. xiv., 126." In this edition, the songs and the frontispiece, being of but little merit, are omitted—with these exceptions, the work is entire.

I am gratified to speak to the merits of the translation. Those who are familiar with French must see

that the translator, Bro. the Prof. Thorpe, has done a work here alike creditable to himself and honourable to the Order. It augurs well for the much larger and more difficult tasks he has in hand (Clavel, Ragon, and the like), and will, I doubt not, be an assurance to all my subscribers that this portion of the great enterprise, like the other, is in competent hands.

R. M.

LODGE, KY. Sept., 1855.

DEDICATION
TO THE MOST EXCELLENT, ILLUSTRIOUS AND
WORSHIPFUL BROTHER,
THE CHEVALIER DE L * * * * ,
G. M.
D.T. L.L. D.D.D.L.H.S.

MY LORD:

I take the liberty of dedicating this little work to Your Excellency, although the distance of my residence has rendered it impossible for me first to ask your permission. My great affection for your illustrious person, your goodness, of which I have so frequently experienced the effects, and those honourable ties, which, in uniting you to the Order, have given to our Lodges a Chief as zealous for the honour and glory of our Society in general as ready to serve all who have the happiness to be members of it; all these considerations induce me to hope, My Lord, that Your Excellency will accept this poor homage on my part. Were it less imperfect, I would say it was due to you.

I have the honour to be, with profound respect,
My Lord,
Your Excellency's
Very humble and obedient Servant,
N * * * .



ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Apology is not entirely new, although it has never yet been printed, its author having shown the manuscript to several persons of his acquaintance, out of the Order as well as in it. When it was written, the Society of Freemasons was but beginning to be known in France, and as to some people it appeared still more strange than new, awakening in their minds suspicion and alarm, whilst others, from hostility or malice, pretended to foresee a thousand imaginary dangers in the toleration our Lodges everywhere experienced, it seemed proper to draw up a refutation of such conjectures; since, however extravagant they might be in themselves, they might not be without some influence on the minds of those who are incapable of drawing just conclusions for themselves. For this reason I have judged it proper to give serious answers to the suspicions of Atheism, Deism, of indifference in religious matters, of evil designs against governments, and of the assassination of revealers of the secret. Their intense atrocity is, perhaps, a sufficient refutation of these suspicions; yet it seemed that the Fraternity owed to the public some explicit declaration on such points. At the present day, no sensible man could be found who would venture to insist on such odious suspicions. The whole conduct of the Order, and the characters of the many excellent persons who are to be found among its members, are more than sufficient to stop the mouth of calumny. I, therefore, readily admit, that the Chapters treating of these scandalous charges might have been omitted as needless, in places

where the Order is known. But I have judged it better not to retrench what ought to be comprehended in a complete apology, and may be regarded by some persons as most interesting; and, moreover, it is not impossible that the Order may be exposed to the same accusations, in places where it is yet not understood, or to which it may hereafter extend. These considerations, added to the advice of persons on whose judgment I have great reliance, have determined me to submit this Apology to the public as it was originally written.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	1
<i>First Objection.</i> —That these assemblies may be directed against religion in general; or, at least, aim to establish one denomination of Christians on the ruins of every other	5
<i>Second Objection.</i> —That the great mystery of these assemblies lays them open to the suspicion of some secret disorder	7
<i>Third Objection.</i> —That this Society may conceal a party dangerous to civil government	9
<i>Fourth Objection.</i> —That the mysterious assemblies of Freemasons may facilitate to conspirators the means of forming clandestine assemblies, under the pretext that they belong to this Order	15
<i>Fifth Objection.</i> —That the preservation of the secrets is due only to some ridiculous or shameful practice, which compels the initiate to be silent after he has undergone the ceremony	17
<i>Sixth Objection.</i> —Drawn from the misconduct of some members of the Order	18
<i>Seventh Objection.</i> —That Freemasons, recognized as such, have been known to speak of the Order and its mysteries in such a manner as to give but a poor opinion of them	19
<i>Eighth Objection.</i> —Drawn from our exclusion of the Fair Sex, without any exception or limitation	20
<i>Ninth Objection.</i> —That it is highly imprudent, and even sinful, to hazard initiation into an Order, one of whose known fundamental principles it is never to reveal its mysteries	25
Reply to certain Decisions ventured by the Inquisitive, against which we, in our turn, propound three Questions or Difficulties	29
<i>First Question.</i> —Propounded to those who say that there is an oath which preserves the secret; from the natural repugnance of men to violate the sanctity of an oath	30

Second Question.—Propounded to those who assert that there is no oath, because the Order has no secret; the pretended mystery being only a chimera of the imagination 31

Third Question.—Addressed to those who say that if there is in the Order a mystery, either with or without an oath, the fear of being assassinated, in case of indiscretion, restrains all the members of the Order, and insensibly forms them to a perpetual silence 32

Examination of the Question, How it has happened that, while all the religions of the world, good or bad, as well as all parties, have had their persecutors, the Order of Freemasons has at all times been exempt, at least with regard to individuals. Whether this truth implies either laxity of principles in the Order in general, or want of zeal in its members? . . . 35

Proof of the Purity and Innocence of the Order, drawn from the general silence of the dying 37

Reply to those who ask why we affect such mystery 38

Reply to the question, What is the purpose of the Order? . . 39

Conclusion 41

A P O L O G Y

FOR THE

ORDER OF FREEMASONS.

I N T R O D U C T I O N .

It is not very surprising that there have been found, from time to time, people of all classes, great and small, who have striven to render the Order of Freemasons suspected or contemptible in the eyes of the public. The impenetrable mystery which is the peculiar characteristic of this Society has naturally excited the curiosity of some, the envy and jealousy of others. I can readily appreciate the motives which have led some to condemn it; I can easily understand that very worthy men may have fallen upon this rock, either because a secret so inviolably kept has alarmed their conscience, as if there were in it something supernatural or hostile to religion, or because they have suspected some concealed design which might at a future day develop itself. And the dread of this unknown and untried development ought, they suppose, to induce all men unconnected with the Order to keep themselves on their guard, since no one can foresee from what side, when, or upon whom the blow may fall.

In order to put to silence the malice of the one class and to tranquillize the conscience and probity of the other, I have undertaken this apology for an Order to which I esteem it an honour to belong. I joyfully make common cause with my Brethren. And let no one object that I am treating of a matter known only to my party.

The mystery, I confess, is known only to us; but the

effects of the Association and the advantages derived from it are so widely spread that the public cannot be ignorant of them. To the public, then, the most impartial of judges, I am about to submit my remarks: or rather it is before the tribunal of good sense and enlightened unprejudiced reason that I consent, with all my heart, the question shall be tried; and, if I advance anything that is contrary to, that does not absolutely accord with, her unvarying rules, I am willing to be condemned.

The question may be asked, to what purpose this apology? Those who entertain apprehension of your mysteries, those who mistrust them, carry their hostility no farther. No one injures you either in person or property. A few people fear you, many despise you, but with all this your Order exists. What more would you have, since even where your lodges are not authorized they are in some sort tolerated, as is shown by the little care that is taken to watch you?

I confess that all this is literally true; but ought we to stop here and rest contented? A simple toleration is not enough for us, and we do not desire to conceal ourselves. Either our object is bad, useless, and vain, or it is good, just, and laudable. On the first supposition we deserve no toleration, on the second we have a full right to aspire to the favour of the public. We believe that we deserve this favour, and that the goodness of our cause must necessarily procure it for us.

But if it is true that this Society has not been attacked by other societies, if the justice of governments has always deemed it worthy of protection or at least of toleration, the Order notwithstanding has its enemies, especially where it is most extended. And although those who seek to vilify the Order or to render it suspected can rest their vain accusations only on false suppositions, the religious secrecy observed in the Order preventing their drawing their arguments against the Order and its fundamental rules from itself, yet they fail not to insist on their various charges with as much assurance as if they were really well founded. They vary their accusations for the very reason that they know not on what to place them. At one time our assemblies are so many scenes of the most criminal prostitution; those who say that we meet simply to divert ourselves profess

to be peculiarly merciful to us. Some go so far as to suspect that religion will in the end suffer, and states be unsettled by us. These are the grave and serious charges that tend to make us feared and hated. Others seek to bring contempt on the whole Fraternity. The pretended secret, they say, is nothing; it is some indecency; some debasing ceremony to be endured by the new comers, which the others have passed through before them. This it is which makes the pretended secret secure. Some are restrained by false shame, others by a sort of fanaticism for the Order. The secret has never yet been revealed: what a shame it would be for me to lead the way! And then, it is added, who knows if assassination would not be employed to arrest or to punish the indiscretion or treachery of a Brother?

I know that a great number of excellent men in all conditions of life keep silent lest they should judge too hastily. These persons wisely observe a middle course. They cannot resolve to approve absolutely an Institution based upon secrets to them unknown. This scruple prevents their seeking to become members of the Order, for which they, nevertheless, entertain a certain good will, because they remark among its members many men distinguished for their rank or their piety. Their modesty and discretion well merit an apology for the Order in their behalf; we hope they will be satisfied with it; and that, although they can become acquainted with our secrets by initiation alone, at least all their scruples will be removed.

The common people also merit some attention. Not worse disposed than other men, but more easily excited; more generally deficient in the light of education, consequently more readily imposed on, and prone to adopt opinions without any other motive than a blind prejudice. Sometimes, also, they act from the insinuations of more enlightened men, which reasons, drawn from malice, envy, false policy, or more frequently idleness, indirectly furnish to them. It is, then, no more than justice to do something also in their behalf. Charity requires this. They form a part, nay, the largest part of mankind, and since the many worthy men that are among them are by no means refused admission to our body, since as men, reasonable men, they have a right to admission, why

should we not have regard to them in this matter as well as to others?

Besides, do we not find many, even among those who have enjoyed the greatest advantages of education, suffering themselves to be drawn along in the wake of popular opinion without the least examination? In this respect many a man is of the populace without in the least suspecting it, and in this case in instructing the one we shall at the same time restore the other.

Finally, some persons endeavour to make one half of the human race, and that the most amiable half, hostile to us—the sex which merits not only our attention and respect, but all our admiration and our love. The pretext employed is specious. What contempt, they say, what injustice to the fair sex! Ladies are excluded from the Order, and so excluded as to leave them no hope of entrance. The secret is to be kept for ever impenetrable to them. The humblest among men has at least some hope for himself, whilst the most elevated station, the most distinguished merit, cannot obtain the admission of a woman! What judgment do Masons form of the character of ladies? Do they think them absolutely unworthy of being entrusted with a secret? Does not experience every day contradict so dishonourable a notion? As this reproach appears at first sight to have some foundation, since it is true that, according to our principles, ladies cannot be admitted to the Order, the respect that is due to them, the veneration we entertain for them, demand that we should explain to them the reasons for a course which appears, at first, so extraordinary, and of which they seem to have a right to complain. This we engage to do; and we trust they will be the more easily satisfied with our reasons, since their exclusion is partly the consequence of their condition, of the empire they have yielded to men, and which men have too often abused. These are some of the motives which have induced me to undertake this apology. I shall now enter on the work, and reply article by article to every objection that has been raised either to the Order itself, or to the consequences which result from its principles.

FIRST OBJECTION.

That these Assemblies may be directed against Religion in general; or at least may aim to establish one denomination of Christians, on the ruins of every other.

This first objection appears to comprehend two distinct and separate points; but as most of the arguments will apply equally to both, I have judged that it would be useless to divide them: they may be both answered at once, without affecting the clearness of the reasoning.

I. We carefully avoid admitting into the Order an Atheist or a Deist, as far as it is possible to detect in a candidate any such opinions, or to observe in his conduct any appearance that he is imbued with such principles. As, for example, when a man has for several years neglected public worship according to the rites and ceremonies of the communion in which he was baptized. Failings of this nature would be more than sufficient to prevent admission to the Order, with what good qualities soever a man might otherwise be endowed.

II. The Order admits Christians only. Beyond the pale of the Christian Church no one can or ought to be received; Jews, Mohammedans, and Pagans are ordinarily excluded as infidels.

These two remarks would be more than sufficient to prove to a demonstration that the Order, so far from being hostile to religion in general, or the Christian religion in particular, draws a part of its honour from the fact that it admits to its bosom Christianity only. By this course it shows that the fundamental principles of the Order flow from the profession of Christianity.

But the reply to the second point of the first objection will furnish still farther proofs.

III. All Christian communions have equal rights in the Order, and are admitted without any distinction: this is a well-established truth, supported by our constant practice, and no one will deny it. This point being established, how can any one imagine that one of these Christian societies can entertain the secret design of establishing itself upon the ruins of the other. It would be necessary to suppose the secret known only to the members of the one communion, and this would be an absolute impossibility.

For, how many people, passing from one communion to another, would carry this dangerous secret with them? How many are there to whom all communions are equally indifferent? Add to this the danger of being involved in a party which must one day fall under the attack of all other communions, justly combined against it. Here is far more than would be required to bury the whole Order under the ruins of its mysteries.

If, then, there is no reserved secret—if the whole Order without exception participates in the same mysteries, as must necessarily be the case, have I not a right to conclude that it is likewise impossible that one Christian communion should pretend, under shelter of this Order, to raise itself at the expense of all the others? Would not the members of different communions perpetually thwart each other in so senseless a project? and would they not be so many spies upon each other in every step that should be taken?

IV. This argument gains additional strength from the following observation, which is directed against the pretended irreligion of the Order:—That we constantly find that men, after their initiation into the Order, remain as zealous supporters of Christianity as they were before, and just as strongly attached to the peculiar dogmas and modes of worship of the communions to which they belong. This truth is everywhere observed, and no one will deny it. Whence I conclude—First, that religion, and the Christian religion only, subsists in the Order; and cannot be separated from it, but is in it as the basis and foundation: and, secondly, that it is not possible that any one Christian communion should seek to extend its powers to the prejudice of the other, since the Order admits to its mysteries all Christian communions indifferently.

How, then, can a Society, which cannot and will not exist separate from religion in general, and above all from the Christian religion in particular, tend to its subversion?

Or how can a Society, which admits into its bosom all Christian communions without distinction, have for its object to establish one of these communions on the ruins of one or all of the others?

SECOND OBJECTION.

That the great mystery of these Assemblies lays them open to the suspicion of some secret disorder.

What I have just said, to demonstrate how much religion is venerated and respected in the Order, might be a sufficient answer to this second objection. For if religion is not only admitted into the Order, but is judged worthy of the same veneration as the Supreme Being who is the author of it, does it not plainly follow that nothing can take place in our Assemblies that is in the slightest degree opposed to the strictest laws of Christianity?

We, therefore, reply to this second objection only from the charity due to those who are in error with regard to a fact on which we have it in our power to enlighten them, and from a sort of cumulation of evidence; and, because, as there are always some men evil disposed, we are willing to drive these to their last entrenchments.

And here I premise that, if I sometimes avail myself of the support of religion to draw inferences in favour of Freemasonry, I do this always without pretending to put the one on a level with the other. We acknowledge and adopt with all our heart the proposition, that religion is the most ancient, the most necessary, and the most sacred of all institutions; and that to her alone we ought to give the first rank, because she derives her origin immediately from God, the Maker of all things.

I. Every one knows that the religious assemblies of the first Christians, notwithstanding their purity and innocence, did not escape the odious accusations of the Pagans, sworn enemies of their faith and worship. The violence and cruelty of their persecutors obliged the faithful of those times to hold their assemblies at night, and in the most retired places, often in caves of the earth; and the very tyranny which forced them to this secrecy was the first basely to reproach them with the false consequences of the precaution; and the people, without examining into the causes, blindly adopted the ideas with which interested men sought to inspire them, to increase their hostility both to the religion and to

those who professed it. But at length a time arrived when the innocence of the believers triumphed.

If a religion so pure was attacked with such cruel calumnies, is it to be wondered at that Freemasonry has not escaped? which, although possessing secrets impenetrable to the uninitiated, has never laid the slightest claim to inspiration or infallibility?

That the places where the Lodges meet are unknown to strangers, when the assemblies are not authorized by an express permission from the sovereign; when they are at best only tolerated; or that, in countries where they are permitted to meet publicly, they always sit with closed doors, are precautions from which it would be extremely unjust to draw invidious consequences; since, in the former case, respect for the sovereign would dictate a prudent use of the toleration he has granted; and, in the second place, it is very natural that the meetings should be held with closed doors, since secrecy is one of the most essential points of the Order.

It is unjust, then, to reproach Freemasons for their secret assemblies and their closed doors; for to change this practice would be to reveal the mysteries of the Society.

II. I go still farther: I will suppose for a moment that good and honourable men may have been entrapped among others, because, before their initiation, they had not foreseen the disorders that are practised in these iniquitous assemblies; and that afterwards they had it not in their power to retrace their steps, having been constrained either by persuasion, or by violence, or by both united, to complete the ceremonies, so that when the fault was once commenced, it became absolutely necessary to carry it through.

But how is it that these persons of acknowledged probity and sincerely religious character, after having been thus cruelly deceived, are observed to embrace the interests of the Order with such earnest zeal? would not their conscience for ever reproach them with the fault they had committed? and would not a just indignation against societies so opposed to piety and sound morality induce them to abjure, at least in their hearts, such assemblies, and to absent themselves for ever from scenes of such licentiousness, even on the supposition

that the engagements they had entered into rendered it impossible for them to make the secret known? It would be mere chicanery to argue that the same necessity which forced them to complete the work of their reception might engage them, by the most solemn oaths, to visit, at least at times, the assemblies of the Order, how great soever their natural repugnance to them.

Every one will at once perceive the weakness of such an objection. Every Christian understands that an oath which binds him to commit a crime, even if taken voluntarily and without constraint, is of itself absolutely null and void: that it would be a greater crime to keep such an oath than to have originally pronounced it. Still more forcibly would he feel the indispensable necessity of revoking such an oath if it had been imposed on him by fraud or violence.

THIRD OBJECTION.

That this Society may conceal a party dangerous to Civil Government.

I shall enlarge upon this article and endeavour to exhaust it. The charge is a grave one. Sovereigns are the anointed of the Lord. The abolition of the Supreme power, in whatever form it may be exercised, whether by Kings, Princes, or Lords, or finally, by Magistrates, clothed with all authority in a State, would overthrow the order of civil society, would introduce disorder, confusion and crime, by the impunity that would ensue, and would, if such a thing were possible, destroy even religion itself.

It is utterly impossible to suppose in the Order so pernicious a design; and to no other end than the sole pleasure of overturning a power emanating from God; every Sovereign being a living representative of the Supreme Governor of the Universe. Any one who examines into the conduct of the Order wherever it has been known, will be obliged to confess the truth of my proposition.

I. As England is the kingdom in which the Order has most flourished and been most widely spread, and as that monarchy has been peculiarly subject to great

revolutions, I will confine myself to the conduct the Society has there uniformly observed. This examination will satisfactorily prove the integrity of our Order, its wisdom, and its entire impartiality in all that relates to the spirit of party.

In fact, we nowhere find, either in history or tradition, any circumstance which gives occasion for the suspicion that the Order has ever been in the slightest degree concerned in any of the revolutions which have more than once brought that kingdom to the very brink of ruin. An examination of the facts will throw still more light on what I have just advanced. I omit here a more lengthened detail, because I shall soon have occasion to return to the subject.

II. But how can the Order be suspected of entertaining designs hostile to government, whether monarchical, republican, or of whatever form it may be? Our mysteries are not impenetrable to the majesty of kings; many have been initiated into the Order, to make no mention of great princes, who, although not ennobled by the crown and sceptre, are, nevertheless, in their respective territories, endowed with sovereign power. It is the same with magistrates of all grades, not excepting those who, at the head of a Republican State, occupy the place of kings. Would it not be the height of madness to admit such persons to the mysteries of an Order, the end and purpose of which was to annihilate their power? Or, rather, is it not a proof of folly to believe that two things so incompatible as such a purpose and such a practice could subsist together?

III. Again, it has been found that sovereigns and magistrates, once initiated into the Order, have become its firmest supporters, its most zealous defenders, its most open protectors. Is it possible to believe that an oath which would tend to the abolition of their authority could be so far binding upon them? Any one who would maintain such a proposition, would deservedly be considered to be out of his wits.

IV. Some one may, perhaps, reply, that possibly we may not reveal our true mysteries to sovereigns and magistrates. That this is altogether impossible it will be very easy to demonstrate.

1. If the Order concealed some mystery, whose object

it was to destroy the authority of the powers that be, or, at least, to lessen it, it would, indeed, be very desirable to have a reserved secret carefully hidden from kings, princes, and magistrates; and it would be still further necessary that these illustrious characters, although initiated into the Order, should be kept in ignorance that there was anything concealed from them; and that they should confidently believe that they were acquainted with the whole secret. This would be no easy matter; but if we were to admit its possibility, we should thereby be no farther advanced; for,

2. It would avail nothing to conceal such a secret from princes; it would be necessary to conceal it also from the thousands daily admitted into the Order, whose zeal for the governments under which they live admits of no doubt. Love for their princes, the good of the state, the Christian religion, which teaches us to be obedient to our rulers, and we may add to all this, their own interest, all these motives would constantly urge them to the performance of their duties to their lawful sovereign, and inevitably lead them to reveal a secret which no oath could bind them to keep, since its purpose would be pernicious.

3. Finally, suppose this secret to be known only to the Grand Master, and, at most, to some few members of whom he could be very sure; and that it is transmitted by each Grand Master to his successor; has there never been one man honest enough to reveal the secret for the sake of honour, religion, and duty? no one ambitious enough to denounce the mystery for the sake of his own aggrandizement? nor any one avaricious enough to sell it for the sake of the profit to be made of it?

4. But even suppose, by an extreme chance, this case has not arrived; we must, at least, suppose some certain time fixed for the execution of the project; for if the Order entertains such views, it will not remain for ever inactive. But how could those few persons whom we have supposed alone admitted into the true mystery, set the whole body in motion to execute the most criminal of all treasons? And what would such a body of men think, having all along supposed themselves in a society of honest men and Christians, when they discovered, not only that they had so long been the dupes of a few

designing men, but that these intended to make them the instruments of the blackest of crimes? He who can believe these things possible may well anticipate an agreement between fire and water.

V. But mere probabilities are not enough; we proceed to examples. England is the country in which the Order is best known; and it is precisely there that its innocence, the integrity of its conduct, and, consequently, of its principles, have at all times been most remarked. It has never drawn upon itself, in that country, any more than in any other in the world, the least shadow of reproach or even of suspicion, although its principles and its maxims have been exposed to the severest proofs; and this I can clearly demonstrate. In the first place, with respect to religion, it is well known that Protestantism prevails in England, but subdivided into two parties, which, far from having been always agreed, for a long time made open war upon each other, each wishing to be dominant, until, at length, one party prevailed over its antagonist. I refer, of course, to the Episcopal and Presbyterian parties. These contests occasioned the usurpation of Cromwell; they cost Charles I. his life, and Charles II., his son and successor, very nearly his throne. Half a century has hardly sufficed to extinguish, or at least to smother the bitter party spirit which for so long a time racked that kingdom.

The Catholic religion, formerly so flourishing in England, has still its partizans there, and, although this Christian communion is merely tolerated, and the laws exclude it from all participation in the government, the Catholic party, nevertheless, maintains itself and even forms a numerous body. It comprehends not only many of the middle classes, but also many gentlemen and some noblemen of high rank. This party, formerly the master in England for many ages, cannot see its present abasement, which it regards as the effect of a usurpation of its rights, without deep regret and a strong desire to recover the ground it has lost. Such a desire is natural to men, as is also that of seeing the religion they profess in a respectable position; especially when that religion once flourished to the exclusion of all others. Accordingly, that party has, from time to time, endeavoured to recover, if not the whole, at least some portion of its

territory; and these struggles have necessarily caused troubles and divisions in the island; for it is of England that I am speaking.

This same kingdom tolerates, also, more or less, several different Christian communities, which, if all were united among themselves, would form a considerable body. It is true they are comparatively too weak to accomplish anything for themselves; and this, doubtless, has prevented their attempting to make themselves dominant in that country. They may, however, have taken interest in the government, according as it was in a greater or less degree favourable to them; they may have wished for a general liberty of conscience, in order that they might obtain a share of the advantages they saw possessed by the dominant party; and this both for their temporal interests and their own preservation.

Beside these religious divisions, there is another source of misunderstanding in the English government—a source which may, from time to time, cause disturbance in the state, and seems to arise from the constitutions of the kingdom.

Not that these constitutions are obscure in themselves, or that it is difficult to give them suitable interpretations, if men are willing to agree; but, rather, because the government being limited, and the people having a share of the power, which, in other states, is centered in the person of the sovereign, it sometimes happens that the prince considers himself injured by the claims of the people; or, on the other hand, that the people, fearing their privileges may be lessened or extinguished, oppose the sovereign in points which they might and ought to have permitted to pass without opposition; either because they are of small importance, or because the prince was clearly in the right. The nobility take different sides, and the people follow their example: one party proclaiming itself the supporter of the power of the sovereign; the other, the defender of the people's rights: hence the name Whig and Tory; hence so many factions and cabals which more than once have nearly proved the destruction of the state.

And are there not, at the present time, two parties in that kingdom? Has not each its adherents? If one seems inconsiderable, if it is thought to be crushed, it,

nevertheless, is still in existence, and shows itself from time to time. After so long a digression, but one which it was hardly possible to avoid, these are the inferences I wish to draw:—

Through the whole period of its existence in England, the Order of Freemasons has received among its members all the honourable men who have presented themselves from each of these different parties: Catholics and Protestants, Episcopalians and Presbyterians, Whigs and Tories—all party divisions being laid aside.

This general reception no one will deny; or I should have to demand when any of these various parties has been known to complain of its exclusion, and this assuredly could never be shown.

Nevertheless, the Order, receiving into its bosom so many persons whose sentiments, views, and purposes were so opposite—the Order, I say, has subsisted in all its integrity, in all its glory, through such difficult times.

I do not mean that, in entering into the Order, all party spirit is laid aside. By no means. The Order works no miracles. The Catholic continues a Catholic, and the Protestant a Protestant; the Episcopalian preserves the same zeal for his High Church, and the Presbyterian continues to support the discipline of his; Whig and Tory continue to advocate each his peculiar principles; but all these divisions can produce no disturbance in an Order which has nothing to do with them. An Order, instituted to maintain peace among Brothers, could not, and should not, embrace any party. Bitterness and disputation are banished from the Lodge. Admirable effect of the principles of the Society—it unites all parties without forming any itself, whatever differences of opinion its members may entertain with regard to things without. So in all the condemnations to death, or other penalties inflicted by one party upon certain members of an opposite party, as one prevailed over the other, no one ever heard that any Freemason was punished as a Freemason.

VI. From all this I draw the conclusion, that the conduct of the Order having always been such, in all quarters of the world wherever it has been established, and especially in England, where it has been most exposed to

the temptation of forming a body formidable in the state—reckoning, moreover, among its members some of the first men of the kingdom—I conclude, I say, from all these proofs, that Freemasons, far from plotting against their governments, have always been, and will always be, faithful and zealous defenders of them—each one for the government whose subject he is, either by birth or adoption.

And a Society which has no other purpose than to foster peace and union among men, believes itself entitled to expect for itself increasing approbation, goodwill, and protection.

FOURTH OBJECTION.

That the Mysterious Assemblies of Freemasons may facilitate to Conspirators the means of forming Clandestine Assemblies, under the pretext that they belong to this Order.

It would be very unjust to make the Order suffer for the imaginary danger—that its mysterious assemblies may serve as a pretext to conspirators to form, under the same title, societies which might tend to the injury of the state. If this principle were once received, to what would not the public be reduced? How many useful societies, how many meritorious establishments, would it not be necessary to suppress, regard being had to the abuses which might, in the end, spring from them, and which, indeed, have occasionally resulted from them already?

But, without wandering from my subject, I can safely assert that clandestine assemblies of conspirators having never been held, in any part of the world, under the name or pretext of Freemasons' Lodges, it would be the greatest possible injustice to wish to insist on so groundless a danger.

I go farther: I maintain that it is not possible that such assemblies can ever be held under this pretext, or that the Order can ever be even the indirect cause of them. This I proceed to demonstrate from the four following considerations:—

I. The public are generally agreed that Freemasons have among them certain signs and a sort of language, by

which they recognise each other so infallibly that a man who should attempt to pass for a Freemason, without really being one, would immediately be detected. Therefore, conspirators, or persons evil disposed to the state, would vainly attempt to hold their meetings under the name of Freemasons; they would be denied by the Brotherhood, and their pretensions declared false in the face of the world.

II. But should these conspirators succeed, under this pretext, in holding, without interruption, assemblies in which it would be easier for them to deliberate on the means of attaining their ends than if they consulted each other only individually, and with too great an appearance of mystery, what would result from all this? Merely that their secret, not being of the nature of Freemasonry, would soon leak out, and draw its punishment after it.

III. In places where Lodges are public, and authorized by consent of the sovereign, it would be impossible for conspirators to form false Lodges under the pretext of assemblies of the Order. There is no Freemason who has not full right of admission to any Lodge in the world; how, then, could such conventicles close their doors against any Freemason who should demand entrance? This would be to violate the fundamental rules of the Order, and to falsify the title under which they sought to shield themselves. But could they admit a man who would instantly detect the imposture, and who, by making the fact known, would cause the magistrate to institute particular inquiry into the motives for such an assembly.

IV. With regard to those places where Lodges are merely tolerated, and where the Fraternity can only assemble in secret, the risk of pernicious assemblies can neither be more nor less; for both alike are forced to concealment. Evil-disposed men would assemble none the less if there were no Freemason in the place; they would even be safer, for there would be no risk that some Freemason, learning by chance the meeting of an assembly under the name of the Order, should prefer a claim to be admitted among them. And now, I think, I have said more than enough to answer this objection.

FIFTH OBJECTION.

That the preservation of the secret is due only to some ridiculous or shameful practice which compels the initiate to be silent after he has undergone the ceremony.

In refuting the second objection I showed that it was impossible any practice should exist in our Lodges contrary to what religion requires: it is not necessary, therefore, to return to that point. So, also, is there no ground for the suspicion of those who make the objection I am about to answer. They say that, without offending against religion, there may enter into our mysteries some ceremony capable of covering an initiate with shame if it should become publicly known that he had been compelled to submit to it; and that, besides, the desire of seeing others caught as he has been, makes him carefully keep the secret; that, moreover, it must be a source of no small amusement to a man, when once he has been initiated, to be in his turn an eye-witness of the folly of so many people of all ranks, great and small, who come, one after another, to fall into the same snare; and especially to see grave and respectable men caught in it as well as others. It is easy to reply to such an objection as this, which we must consider rather as a jest, designed to entrap us into some avowal, than as a difficulty to which a serious answer is expected: accordingly, I notice it only because I am desirous that nothing whatever shall be passed over.

I. If we imagine the most disgraceful things to which a man could be subjected, (I say nothing in this place of criminality, we are now speaking only of what would be considered disgraceful in the idea of the public,) I do not understand how a respectable man should be disgraced by exposing such an initiation. For, 1, he could not know before his reception to what he was to be subjected, and even should he be chargeable with some imprudence in incurring such a risk, his fault has been shared by numbers of persons whose character, birth, and station, were so many motives to the removal of his doubts: 2, in any case, in naming the many illustrious partakers of his fault, he would divert the public scorn from himself on to a large number of persons of all ranks and

every character; and 3, if there would be something very humiliating in confessing such a secret, would it not be the duty of a good man to sacrifice himself, in some measure, for the public good, which would be outraged by the existence of a society whose purpose it is to turn into ridicule a large portion of mankind.

II. I am willing, however, to suppose what is impossible: that, among so many distinguished men, there has never been found one who would disregard the shame of such a confession; but are there not numbers initiated into the Order, who are less sensitive as to what people may say of them? and many more who, impelled by a naturally jocular disposition, would not hesitate to reveal such ridiculous secrets; beginning by rallying themselves first for having been so taken in, and then so many others as they have seen duped in their turn? Lastly, are there not many of unblushing countenance who, especially with such examples, would see no cause for shame! and indiscretion, wine, would not these, sooner or later, have produced their ordinary effects? and were there nothing else, would not avarice alone have surmounted all shame?

III. Finally, the consequences which result from the institution of the Order, and flow from its principles, cannot be the result of certain ridiculous or indecent ceremonies such as have been supposed. The purpose of the Order and its effects shall be explained hereafter.

SIXTH OBJECTION.

Drawn from the misconduct of some members of the Order.

This objection is so weak that it will need but few words to answer it.

I. Those who desire to discredit a body of men, usually pay little attention to the large number of good men who compose it: these they disregard, while they carefully point out the failings, real or pretended, of a small portion of the members. They act unjustly even towards these last; for, granting that they have failings, passions, vices, if you will, might not some good qualities be met with in them, to counterbalance the bad? A man may be respectable, although he may be enslaved by some master passion for a considerable time.

I beg the reader to remember the declaration that I made when I began this apology; that is, that when I draw my inferences and examples from religion, I mean not to derogate from the profound respect which is due to truth emanating directly from God. Religion should always be the prime mover of our plans and of our conduct. This reiterated declaration will be sufficient to preserve me from misconstruction.

II. We cannot justly require of the Order more than we require of religion itself. What shall be thought of such an argument as this:—There are to be found among Freemasons vicious and corrupt men, cheats and misers; therefore, the Order of Freemasons is a radically bad institution? Religion, proceeding from God himself, is subject to the same reproach; for not all Christians are good Christians. Why, then, should a human institution be condemned because a few of its members are not exempt from failings? If religion, notwithstanding all its excellence, is not able to make all its followers saints, can the same defect be reasonably objected to the Order of Freemasons.

SEVENTH OBJECTION.

That Freemasons, recognized as such, have been known to speak of the Order and its mysteries in such a manner as to give us but a poor opinion of them.

This objection will be as easily answered as the preceding; the one being as weak as the other.

I. Among those who permit themselves to jest at the Order and its mysteries, or who treat them as trifles, we have first to observe that some men profess to be Freemasons without really being so. We see every day pretenders to this title publicly exposed by some Brother whom they did not suspect to belong to the Order. However, I will frankly confess that there are sometimes found real Freemasons, who, through indiscretion, trifling, or the itch of saying smart things, so far forget themselves as to speak disrespectfully of an Order which should secure their highest respect. Wine, also, may sometimes produce this scandalous effect; weak and superficial minds may occasionally commit the same fault

from not having sufficiently reflected on the objects of the Institution, on the advantages which result from it, and what they owe to it.

But, what is this small number of defective members, in comparison of so many others whose probity, honour and piety accord so well with the zeal and regard which they constantly manifest for the Order, congratulating themselves that they are members of it? Can we suspect men of such a character, either of a silly fanaticism, or of a base collusion?

II. What nobler end can there be than that which the Christian religion sets before us? The practice of virtue in this world, and an eternity of happiness in the world to come. What better founded than its doctrines; what more excellent than its morality; what more desirable than its promises. Nevertheless, do we not daily see this daughter of heaven exposed to the raillery of the profane and the licentious? What do I say? Does it not often happen that people of undoubted piety suffer themselves to be led on by example, to utter expressions of which they subsequently bitterly repent?

EIGHTH OBJECTION.

Drawn from our exclusion of the Fair Sex, without any exception or limitation.

The world abounds with paltry writings, tending either to decry women, or to turn them into ridicule. Certain failings, for which, however, the whole sex is not to be held responsible, have produced an abundance of satires, some of which we may consider as harmless jests, because the faults ridiculed are distinctly understood to be exceptional. In these we find no indiscriminate charges against the whole race of women; but simply the faults of individuals exposed. But for those satires, or rather those infamous libels, which, occasionally with expressions of apparent reservation, aim, none the less, to place all women on the same level, we can regard them only as productions of the greatest depravity either of the heart or the head. Such writers must speak against their own consciences, for they contravene the sentiments of Nature herself. Or, if they are really sincere

and believe what they write, we can only conclude that there are monsters among minds as there are among bodies.

Possibly, a spirit of revenge may occasionally incite an author to eject such venom. I can imagine that his aim may be to visit upon the whole sex the misconduct of some worthless individual: at least, I can conceive no better reason for so discreditable a proceeding.

But, in condemning this extreme, we endeavour also to avoid its opposite. While I defend the fair sex, I do not desire to become their panegyrist, still less their flatterer. Far from thus attaining the end I have in view, I should but give occasion for impertinence, and confirm the voluntary skeptic in his pretended incredulity.

I believe that it is no violation of the rules of justice and equity, to maintain the equality of virtues and of vices in the two sexes placed in comparison. Although the Creator has assigned to man and woman certain, distinctive qualities which determine the vocation of each—strength and courage, for example, belonging properly to man, as beauty, gentleness, and modesty, to woman—it is quite evident that both equally concur to one and the same end, that is, the happiness, benefit, and delight of society. It is equally true, again, that in both are to be found vicious individuals; but to pretend that women are worse, more vicious in their especial sphere, than men are in theirs, is to advance an untenable proposition—that is to say, a calumny.

There are to be found too many proud and arrogant men, puffed up with the prerogatives that seem to belong to their sex, as the cultivation of the arts and sciences, the right of government, of enacting laws, and the like, who claim to concentrate in themselves, to unite in their individual persons, all the advantages that are diffused over the race. These men look upon the female sex with a certain air of haughtiness. To observe them and listen to their reasonings, women have been created only for their pleasure. Take from woman this small merit which they are willing to allow her, and she will cease to be good for anything; she is a weak creature, fickle, utterly incapable of solid reasoning; in a word, designed only for the continuation of the species. It is a great

thing that they allow her a soul, and do not condemn her to future annihilation.

Here I advance, in the name of the Order, and without any fear of contradiction, that our respect for the fair sex will always lead us to support all their rights. We honour their virtues, we cherish the sweetness of their society, we exercise forbearance towards their foibles and failings, confessing that we need all their forbearance towards our own.

This being once for all settled, the ladies will not the less think they have a right to complain of the separation that the Order places between them and us—a separation which consists in not initiating them into our mysteries, and leaving them without hope of ever participating in them.

We will give them a proof of the estimation in which we hold them, by rendering to them good and just reasons for their exclusion.

It cannot be from any apprehension that they would some day divulge our secrets. Whatever fools and silly jesters may say, we frankly acknowledge that discretion and indiscretion belong to human nature in general, and are equally common to both sexes, and that we could not, in this respect, incline the balance to either side. We must, then, look for other causes to justify the Order with regard to this exclusion.

I. If the Order, notwithstanding all its care and precaution, has not always been able to escape calumny—if the fact that no woman was admitted into its assemblies, which should have been a sufficient answer to all suspicion of irregularity, has sometimes only served to render us suspected of the greatest profligacy—not because such ideas of our mysteries were really entertained, but because the malicious found their advantage in the accusation—if, I say, the Order, notwithstanding the purity of its principles and the integrity of its purpose, has not been able to ward off the assaults of slander, what would have been the case if ladies had been admitted to its assemblies and initiations? Calumny in that case would have met with no restraint, and malice would have had free course.

II. Let us suppose, for a moment, a Lodge composed of an equal number of the two sexes, and that the

women are the wives of the men who form the other half: nothing could be imagined more regular or more modest than such an assembly, on the supposition that women were admitted to the Lodges; but, the mysteries of the Order continuing, the Lodge necessarily meeting with closed doors, should we escape slander? Vainly should we plead that, the Lodge being composed of husbands and wives in company of each other, they must naturally be mutual observers and guardians. This reasoning, however well founded, would not prevent the suspicion of a sort of community, the very idea of which is revolting; and are there not many who, for the sake of a jest, would disseminate this idea among the people at large?

III. By the very fact that the Order declares and acknowledges that it conceals a mystery from all the non-initiated, an individual must be free and independent to be in a condition to fulfill the duties necessary to be assumed, such as never to reveal this secret. Now, men, and men only, are thus free and independent. Woman, on the contrary, passes under the subjection and government of a husband—fortunate if she meets with a man honourable enough not to reduce her to slavery.

This is not the place to inquire if men have rightfully assumed such a power over women, or if this claim is a mere usurpation. Enough that this authority of the man is real and acknowledged, and that the laws sustain him in its exercise. At least, every one will grant that religion assigns to the man a primacy in marriage, regarding him as chief of the family, subjecting all to him—the wife no less than the children. From this subordination the following consequences result:

That a woman can never answer for her liberty through the whole period of her life; for

A girl, from her birth to her marriage, lives under subjection to her father and mother, or, in case of their death, to a guardian, till she attains her majority.

Even then, although become her own mistress, she cannot answer for her heart; and the liberty to which her age has entitled her may be, and naturally will be soon lost, by the engagements she will, probably, contract with a husband. Become mistress of a family, she is still in no condition to exercise her own will, but owes

to her husband an account of her proceedings, especially whatever may appear to him in the slightest degree suspicious or secret: such an account she cannot refuse him, if he requests it with kindness, provided she desires to preserve her husband's affection and confidence.

A girl might, indeed, promise never to marry, and even make such a promise in good faith; but could the Order rely that she would always be able to keep such an engagement? and is it not quite possible that she might be in this respect herself deceived?

Suppose, however, this girl, for greater security, should enter a nunnery, take the veil, and thereby, under the indissoluble bonds of a sacred and solemn vow, engage herself to perpetual celibacy—would she then be better fitted for the Order? would her primitive vow, binding her to an entire submission to her spiritual superiors, permit her to take upon herself new obligations, especially as she could not know what such obligations might include? Would her spiritual superiors suffer this? and, could she even do so without their knowledge, to what suspicions would she not be constantly subjected, both with regard to her faith and her morals? And, moreover, would the life of the cloister permit her to avail herself of the right she had acquired—to attend the meetings of the Order?

Lastly, in the case of a widow, become a free agent by her widowhood, can she promise herself never to think of a new engagement? Suppose her young, would she not have every reason to mistrust such a resolution? and if already of advanced age, would this be a security that she would never think of uniting herself to a second husband? Would not the example of thousands of widows, of fifty years old and upwards, give the Order perpetual occasion of mistrust?

When all these reasons are well examined, we see abundant cause for the exclusion of females from our mysteries; as well from what has been already said, as from other consequences which naturally result from their condition; some of which I will briefly mention.

To what vexations and persecutions would not a wife or a daughter be exposed, whose husband or father not only was not a member of the Order, but even entertained unfavourable ideas with regard to it, more espe-

cially should she attend the assemblies? The father's mistrust, and the husband's jealousy, would then have full play; and the malice of other women, not themselves initiated, and, above all, of any who had been rejected, would not remain without employment.

And supposing that ladies, who should be thus situated, for prudential reasons should refrain from attending the Lodge, would it not suffice for a father or a husband to know of their initiation into the Order; or that they had attended the Lodge once or twice in their lives, to awaken scruples that would touch conjugal or paternal affection? Hence would spring a perpetual desire to learn their secret; a desire that would strengthen from the refusal to gratify it, and might possibly at last urge them to some act of violence.

I am aware that a husband may occasionally be subjected to the ill humour of his wife should she happen to get information of his initiation. There are women who, to an insatiable curiosity, join a most intractable and unruly temper, and are the torment of their husbands. Nevertheless, there is no comparison between the two cases. However gentle and patient a husband may be, and to whatever extremity a wife may proceed with regard to him, both law and religion have given to the husband the full right to make his wife confine herself within the bounds of decency and propriety.

I believe that, after what I have said, the ladies will readily allow that we do them full justice; and that their exclusion from our Order is occasioned, not by our judging them unworthy of our mysteries, but solely by the dependence to which they are in so many ways exposed.

This being explained, I trust that they will generally grant us that esteem which those among them most enlightened and intelligent have never refused us.

NINTH OBJECTION.

That it is highly imprudent and even sinful to hazard initiation into an Order, one of whose known fundamental principles it is never to reveal its Mysteries.

It is quite true that this idea of imprudence or sin on the part of any one who ventures on initiation has some-

times troubled even very sensible people. A wise man will never enter on an undertaking from which he is not well assured he will come out with honour, escape the censure of the world, and, above all, be free from the reproaches of his own conscience. This maxim is so true, and its observance so necessary, that it is by this rule that we usually form our estimate of a man's understanding and judgment. We shall not, therefore, seek to overturn it, for our hearts would immediately re-establish it. We will only enquire if the maxim applies to those who seek initiation into our Order, and we will state the objection in all its force:—

A wise man should never enter on an undertaking from which he is not assured he will come out with honour, without incurring the just censure of others, and, above all, without exposing himself to the reproaches of his own conscience.

A man who applies to be received into Freemasonry is entirely ignorant what engagements he is about to contract.

Therefore such a man incurs all the risks we have mentioned: therefore he does not act as a wise man: therefore he exposes himself to remorse of conscience.

It will not be difficult to demonstrate that all this leaves us untouched: I only beg to be pardoned if I find myself compelled to glance at certain arguments which I have already adduced.

I. I confess that the mystery of the Society is unknown; I farther confess that the practices and ceremonies employed in initiations are equally unknown. But do these two considerations, perfectly true in one sense, prevent our seeing enough to know, that, however ignorant we may be of the details of what is to be learned and practised on our introduction into the Order, we may be perfectly assured that nothing will be taught or done which will in the slightest degree offend the honour, innocence, or conscience of any individual? Now, upon this certain foundation, can there be either sin or imprudence in wishing to learn more, and applying for admission into a society against which no well founded reproach has ever been made?

II. Before my own initiation, I made very serious reflections on what I was about to undertake. 1. I

observed in the Society princes and magistrates of all ranks. There can, then, I said to myself, be nothing in the Society inconsistent with the inviolable fidelity we owe to the government; otherwise these same authorities, who are initiated into the Order, would become its first destroyers. 2. I saw in it clergymen of good character, irreproachable in morals and conduct: what, then, has Christianity to apprehend from the Order since I see, even in its bosom, those who are the most faithful supporters of religion? 3. Lastly, I saw in it priests of my own particular church, whence I might naturally conclude, as I have elsewhere remarked, that the Order does not seek to direct the consciences of Christians; that it leaves this right to the Church, to whom alone it appertains; but that it receives all Christians without taking upon itself to turn any any one of them aside from the profession of his faith, much less to inspire him with indifference or carelessness in religious matters; and I was confirmed in these ideas when I saw them all continuing in their former sentiments with the same zeal as before, and finally resign themselves to death with all the evidences of sincere faith.

III. The number of sensible men whom I remarked in the Order, many of them by no means of a disposition to engage in anything ridiculous, much less contrary to sound morals, inspired me with confidence upon the initiation, still more by their example than by their words: and the behaviour of some Freemasons of ill-regulated lives and conduct, but called to mind that man is always man, and that some such must be found in all bodies and societies, especially those that are numerous.

IV. The course of this Society, during the long period of its existence, is conclusive proof of its innocence. The antiquity of our Order is disputed, but, on this point, men are certainly in error: is it, then, certain that it has not formerly appeared with some glory? This, however, is not the place to argue this position, and I am willing to limit my remarks to the last twenty years, during which period it has greatly increased, and now counts its members by thousands. What shadow of wrong has been detected within it? Has it laid itself open to suspicion in any way whatever? And does not

this new consideration throw light on my initiation and its consequences, even before my entrance into the Order?

Whence it follows, that if, strictly speaking, a candidate does not exactly know what he is about to do, nor to what he will be expected to engage himself, it is, nevertheless, equally true, that he knows in a general way, without the least room for doubt, that he is about to attach himself to a blameless and honourable Society, a gentle, peace-loving Society, whose conduct alone forms its all-sufficient apology.

From all this I conclude that no member of the Order is justly liable to the reproach of having blindly given himself up to engagements of which he knew neither the end nor the consequences; since the Order has been long and well enough known to have cleared itself from the suspicions its opponents have raised against it. And no great logical culture is needed to reason justly as to the consequences of such an engagement. A man of ordinary education, by the aid of good sense alone, will soon be convinced that he runs no risk whatever in an initiation which will associate him with a great number of persons whose religion, morals, and conduct, cannot be called in question.

REPLY TO CERTAIN DECISIONS

VENTURED BY THE INQUISITIVE, AGAINST WHICH WE IN OUR
TURN PROFOUND

THREE QUESTIONS OR DIFFICULTIES.

Those most inquisitive to discover the mystery of the Order, those who are most anxious to fathom it, are constantly deciding, in the conversations they hold with acknowledged Freemasons, in what this mystery consists and fixing it upon some particular point. It is this, they boldly assert, and can be nothing else! Not that, after this pretended decision, and unhesitating persuasion, they are in less doubt than before. They make these assertions only to conceal a snare too gross to entrap any one. They imagine that we will angrily contradict them, and that, in the heat of argument, some word may escape which may at last determine them. Experience might long ago have taught them the vanity of such anticipations. However, that they may not accuse us of assumed indifference, let us examine their decisions, and propose to them in turn our difficulties on their rash inferences.

Here we have an important advantage in the inviolable secrecy of the Order as to what passes within the Lodges; whilst those who hazard their decisions without knowledge, differ among themselves and fail to come to any agreement with regard to a secret so well kept.

I believe I may, without unfairness to these anxious enquirers, reduce their guesses about the mystery of our Order to three principal positions.

- I. That there is an oath which preserves the secret; men being naturally repugnant to violate the sanctity of an oath.
- II. That there is no oath because there is no secret; the pretended mystery being only a chimera of the imagination.

III. That, if there is a mystery under oath, or even without oath, the dread of being assassinated, in case of any indiscretion, restrains all the members of the Order and forms them insensibly to a perpetual silence.

These are the positions to which their decisions are reduced, at least those which seem to me the most rational.

As they cannot furnish the smallest proof of what they so boldly advance, I might very well be excused for leaving their decisions undecided. if the expression may be permitted, since they are not themselves in any way persuaded of what they maintain with so positive an air.

Nevertheless, without being obliged to give them any account of what they can only learn through the process of initiation, we are at liberty to propose to them in our turn the following three questions or objections, to which we desire their answers.

FIRST QUESTION.

Propounded to those who say that there is an oath which preserves the secret; from the natural repugnance of men to violate the sanctity of an oath.

If an oath is so infallible a means to secure the religious observance of a secret, I ask how it has happened that princes have been so often betrayed, notwithstanding the precaution of the oath which they have always exacted from their subjects; more particularly from those to whom they have entrusted matters of importance? But much more; to the obligation of an oath they have added motives often much more powerful among men than the fear of offending God, and perilling their salvation. They have decreed against the violators of their oath, infamy, confiscation of property, the penalty of death, often of a very cruel death, according to the exigence of the case. These penalties have been inflicted on transgressors whenever they have been detected; unless when flight or the clemency of the prince has rescued them from a punishment justly merited. Have

these terrible examples ever prevented the existence of traitors from time to time? and has not every age produced these shocking victims of avarice and the depravity of the human heart?

If, then, the Fraternity relies on a solemn oath, binding its initiates, for the inviolable preservation of its secret, how can it flatter itself that this secret will never transpire, when it must of necessity be confided to so many initiates? How can the Society hope that an oath will for ever retain all its members in their duty; and that in all times and under every trial they will have enough honour and religion to observe it? How, above all, can men expect such advantage from an oath, whilst they have not the resource which princes and magistrates alone have the right to employ? I mean the punishment of transgressors.

SECOND QUESTION.

Propounded to those who assert that there is no oath, because the Order has no secret; the pretended mystery being only a chimera of the imagination.

No, say another class of the inquisitive, there is no oath: the pretended secret is nothing; and what need is there of an oath where there is no secret?

Another decision as weak and unsupported as the former. It is nothing! The question is quite decided: but I would ask them to tell me at least how they understand this Nothing.

Let us assist them to explain it, that we may leave them no room to charge us with unfairness. I suppose them to mean by this Nothing, that the whole mystery of the Order consists in a certain confraternity, very exactly observed; and that what we name initiation or reception into the Order, in which the pretended secret is supposed to consist, is nothing more than a simple exhortation not to divulge the ceremonies employed in these receptions, if, indeed, it is to be supposed that there are any ceremonies whatever, and to conceal the words and signs by which the initiated recognize each other in all the countries of the world, amid every

variety of language, and that without having ever met before.

If this is not what they mean by their Nothing, I confess that I do not understand them, since all allow that we have a peculiar language and signs.

I will suppose, for a moment, that this is all we mean by the secrets of the Order. I have shown in the former Question that an oath does not seem a very infallible means of concealing our secret; that is to say, our language and signs. But if, as these men say, we have no oath, how is it that these signs and language have never yet been revealed; that they are preserved among us alone, on the faith of simple promises, although entrusted to so great a number of men, among whom not a few have been unable to keep to themselves secrets on which their own reputation and interest have depended, the disclosure of which has caused them a thousand vexations. Whence I infer, that if our language and our signs have never been disclosed, and this truth is undeniable, and that hitherto the secret has been faithfully kept, whether under oath, or simple promise, or any other engagement that may be supposed, I infer, I say, that it would be no more difficult to keep the secret of the Order, if there is one beside the language and the signs, than it has been to keep secret the language and signs themselves.

Those, therefore, who say that the secret of the Order is nothing, are reduced to a self-contradiction when they acknowledge a secret at least in the language and the signs. My objection being thus left in its full force, I call on them to tell me how it has happened that, either with an oath or without, this language and these signs have never transpired beyond the Order.

THIRD QUESTION.

Addressed to those who say that if there is in the Order a mystery, either with or without an oath, the fear of being assassinated, in case of indiscretion, restrains all the members of the Order, and insensibly forms them to a perpetual silence.

As, in truth, men have never hitherto been able to conceive that it was possible for an Order so widely spread

to preserve its secret among so great a number of initiates, and that without having any rewards to offer as a recompense of fidelity, nor any authority to inflict penalties on the betrayers of the secret, having no means to bring an offender to trial and condemnation, nor any tribunal for this purpose in any country whatever, and never having taken any step tending the least in the world to encroach on the authority of magistrates, and being itself subject to them in temporal things, as to the Church in spiritual; all this being clearly seen and received as an established fact, proved by the conduct of the Order at all times, they have been reduced, in order to explain the possibility of the preservation of the secret, to imagine that it is the fear of assassination which has wrought this effect, and for ever closed the mouths of the members against the least indiscretion.

But still more: to give colour to this black calumny, some have gone so far as to say that among those who have been from time to time assassinated, either in the forests, or at night in cities, or who have been found drowned in the rivers, there may have been some whose indiscretion had rendered them victims of the Order: a vengeance which might be safely inflicted on the violators of their oath, since such murders would naturally be attributed either to robbers or to some secret enemy, and thus the Order would be unsuspected.

It is inconceivable that honourable men should entertain ideas so unworthy of humanity in general, much more in particular that they should so suspect a Society among whose members are so many persons of undoubted probity and piety. Yet, as the charge is a very grave one, and as there may be weak-minded individuals who will suffer themselves to be abused by men, who, merely desiring to divert themselves with their scruples, by instilling into their minds ideas, the futility of which is to themselves well known, it may be well to prove how impossible it is that the Fraternity should have preserved its secret by such sanguinary means, and that the employment of such means would have been the very way to bury the Order under its own ruins by a just retribution, and to destroy in a brief time the very existence of its secret.

In reply to this detestable suspicion, I will first lay down the following positions:—

1. Either the Order, at my reception, having the design to assassinate me if I reveal its secret, yet does not inform me that such will be my punishment should I be wanting to my engagements.

2. Or the Order not only entertains the design in such case of punishing me by assassination, having no other means to employ, but candidly informs me that such is the law against the violation of the oath, and that such will be my end should I commit any indiscretion.

First, If, although in the Order, I do not know that assassination is the punishment in case of such revelation, here is a mystery concealed from me, and I have already proved that it is impossible that some of the members of the Order should possess a secret to the perpetual exclusion of the other members. But, supposing the possibility that I have been kept in ignorance of so terrible a danger, it is not, then, the fear of assassination that restrains me. If there is no threat there can be no fear.

Secondly, If, on the contrary, I am informed that, in case of indiscretion, my end will be to perish miserably, and so that no one shall ever discover the authors of my death, I should have a very easy way of warding off the blow, namely, to make the whole Lodge responsible, and that from the first moment that I had suffered the secret to escape me.

To explain my idea, I suppose for a moment that a Freemason has divulged his secret, whether under the influence of wine, or from a love of talking, or from treasonable motives, or from some other cause, it matters not what, would he not immediately seriously reflect on the perpetual danger he must thereafter incur? He has gone too far to recede; the desire to preserve his life will lead him to consummate his treason. He knows that the Order, as such, holds no legal authority, and cannot employ the secular arm. What, then, will this ex-Freemason do? He will implore the aid of the magistrate, and, to merit his full confidence, will disclose to him the secret from one end to the other. He will put himself under the magistrate's protection, by declaring his apprehensions and his danger; he will make each

member of his Lodge, and of all the Lodges around, responsible for his life, naming them all individually; and, lest time should bring about forgetfulness of a declaration, on which, for the future, his safety must depend, he will be careful to renew it at least every year. And let no one say that such an expedient is far-fetched; on the contrary, it naturally presents itself; and every one knows that the fear of death will awaken the intellect, even of the simplest man, to search for means of escape. It is, then, altogether ridiculous to allege that the dread of a tragic death causes the preservation of the secret.

To imagine that, among those who have come to a tragic end, there may be some whose deaths have been brought about by their having made revelations detrimental to the Order, is the most ridiculous idea that ever took possession of the mind; for, if these people revealed the secret, why is it still unknown? If the secret is still unknown beyond the limits of the Order, how can we believe that any one has lost his life for having disclosed it?

And here it would be wrong to accuse one of seeking, by these three questions, to mystify the reader, since I leave them unanswered. If the three positions on which I base my questions were of my own invention, did we not constantly hear them in the mouths of the inquisitive, there might be reason to suppose that a love of jesting had urged me to raise these difficulties in order to keep the reader in breath. But, as it is undeniably true that we every day hear such contradictory decisions, I have a perfect right, in my turn, to examine them severally.

Let us inquire how it has happened that, while all the religions of the world, good or bad, as well as all parties, have had their persecutors, the Order of Freemasons has at all times been exempt, at least with regard to individuals. Does not this truth seem to imply some laxity of principle in the Order in general, as well as want of zeal in its members? I desire to pass over no serious difficulty that may be raised against us, that I may not be called upon to return to the question.

Every party in the world has had its antagonists and opponents: when opposition has ceased, party was at

an end. Of the different religions that have appeared in the various ages of the world, and of all those which still subsist, no one has escaped the most strenuous opposition, the most open persecution. The true religion, especially, has ever had more attacks to sustain than falsehood and imposture.

Was not Judaism, at its birth, even before its full development, in danger of perishing through the jealousy of the Pharaohs? And in later ages, how many assaults were made upon that ancient faith, the mother of Christianity, by its own idolatrous kings, by Antiochus, and other Syrian monarchs, and by the power of the Romans!

The Christian Church was, in a manner, bathed in its own blood for three centuries. The blameless life of its first teachers, the exalted virtues of its earliest saints, the excellence of its doctrines, the purity and beauty of its morality, all supported by the most astonishing and unquestioned miracles, were unable to calm the rage of persecution, which never ceased till repressed by the authority of the emperors, when at length they rendered homage to the Cross, and gloried in a name which had hitherto been the object of their contempt and hatred.

If we carefully examine what forms the essential character of every religion, we shall find that each, claiming to be better founded than all others, looks upon itself as the sole depository of the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. Hence the natural desire to extend itself, to establish itself on the ruins of all the others; at one time by means of persuasion, at another by force, or by favour of the laws, and not unfrequently by all these means united. Do we not see even those Churches which profess the greatest moderation, as soon as they get the power on their side, hold all others in dependence and subjection? It is almost impossible to believe that they will ever think or act otherwise, influenced as they are by the powerful motive of saving the souls of men.

It is, then, this unavoidable desire of each to advance itself at the expense of others, which at all times has occasioned so many persecutions.

From this inconsistency, our Order has always been free, because its system and its views have been such as to excite no opposition. It has never made pretensions to divine institution; it acknowledges that its origin is

purely human, and thus it in no way interferes with religion. Although it forms an organised body, as it seeks not to dissolve or annihilate other bodies, it has never drawn upon itself their jealousy or hatred. Its views do not extend beyond the present life, and it leaves to each of its members the care of his own conscience, permitting each to work out his own salvation according to the principles of the religion in which he has been educated. It does not strive to draw any one within its pale; it cares not to strengthen its party, readily acknowledging that a man may be virtuous independently of the Order. Lastly, it never, as a body, exercises any party influence, each member remaining at entire liberty to do in such matters as his duty and conscience dictate.

These are the causes which have procured for the Order such unbroken and universal tranquillity. Those potentates who have been least favourably disposed to it, have never carried their opposition farther than the prohibition to assemble in Lodges. No member of the Order has ever been brought to trial as such, and no one has ever been banished, imprisoned, or deprived of his property, as a punishment for being connected with it. It is, then, quite clear that the tranquillity which the Order has uniformly enjoyed, cannot be regarded as the consequence of any unworthy negation in accordance with the temper and spirit of the times.

A Proof of the Purity and Innocence of the Order drawn from the general silence of the dying.

I think this last proof stronger than any of the preceding, for it is in the last moments of our life, when gathered into ourselves, on the eve of being called to render an account of all our past conduct at the bar of God, that the mask must inevitably fall, and the hypocrite and sinner accuse himself without reserve. Every one knows with what strictness one Christian community especially requires exactness and detail in the confession of its penitents; above all, when they are at the approach of death. I am aware that the confessor is bound to conceal the confession; and I am persuaded that this obligation is religiously observed. But this secrecy would be very far from an effectual concealment of the iniquities of the Order. A strict and

pious confessó, ill satisfied with a private confession which related to crimes spread through the whole body of the Society, would most assuredly require of the dying man a public avowal of all the evil he might know or suspect in the matter. Indeed, could the penitent be well disposed for the other world, if, before quitting this, confining himself to his individual repentance, he should neglect or refuse to employ the most effectual means of turning others aside from the snare into which he had unwarily fallen, and could so imperfect a confession obtain him absolution?

In other Christian communions, even those which seem least rigid in the details of confession, men cannot but believe themselves called upon to enter into certain particulars, according to their different vocations, and the varied circumstances of their lives, and especially in the article of death. To this the directors of their conscience are careful to exhort the dying, and should we see these different Christians belonging to the Order pass into the other world in such perfect tranquillity on this point, were they combined to violate that first principle of religion, to cut up evil at its roots.

Reply to those who demand of us why we affect such Mystery.

I. It is a sort of injustice to ask us this question. To call on us to state the reasons which induce us to the observance of a secret impenetrable to those who are not in the Order, particularly if this mystery is one of the fundamental supports of the Order, is in some sort to require us to unveil the mystery itself.

II. If the effects of this mystery have been invariably good, if the Order has never departed from the principles of religion and justice, and this has been sufficiently proved, the mystery can contain nothing but what is in accordance with the effects that have proceeded from it. This being the case, the secret ought to cause no scruple, nor to give offence to any; nothing but an immoderate curiosity can complain or murmur on this account.

III. After all, this mystery is not beyond reach. The great number of persons to whom it is daily entrusted on their initiation into the Order, in so many different countries, proves that, far from wishing to conceal it, we unhesitatingly spread it on all sides without apprehend-

ing that it will be betrayed. A mystery communicated to so many persons of all states, conditions, and character, hardly deserves to be called a mystery. True, it continues a mystery for those not initiated into the Order; but, as initiation is refused to no honourable and worthy man, most of those who raise this difficulty may, if they please, in a short time, be fully enlightene by means of initiation. But the desire must, however, be of their own free will, for the Order never seeks to draw any one; but, on the contrary, has always exhibited the greatest circumspection in the acceptance of aspirants.

IV. Finally, to gratify, in some sort, the inquisitive, I will ask them if the very fact of a secret preserved for so long a time by so many different people, in so inviolable a manner, does not render the Society more worthy of public attention and estimation? And if this effect, so advantageous to the Order, is not a sufficient reason for maintaining the secret?

Reply to the question: What is the Purpose of the Order?

I think the public has a right to ask this question, and that we are bound to state what are the advantages of belonging to the Order; and I suppose the chief advantages to be the eight following:—

I. The Order unites in the spirit of peace and fraternity all its members, in whatever communion they may have been brought up, and to whatever party they may belong; so that, whilst each remains faithful and zealous in his own principles, he entertains none the less affection for Brethren differing from him in opinion and mode of worship, but all entertaining the same hope of immortality, the same reliance on the eternal atonement of a God, who has condescended to die for their redemption; a union the more worthy of admiration, that it would appear impossible, did not the constant experience of the Order prove the reality of its existence—a union of the heart, such as the wisest and most pious men have always desired, since a perfect unity of opinion is not to be hoped for

II. The Order makes so many Brothers of the great and the humble. It brings them together without confounding either wealth or rank; and thus has avoided

the rock on which so many Christians of latter times have fallen, that of aiming to establish a community of goods among all men—or, at least, among all of their own sentiments—a thing utterly impracticable so soon as the body becomes numerous. Here the great man condescends to become the Brother of the poor man, and publicly to honour him with this title, aiding and protecting him on all proper occasions. But if the great man learns to condescend to him of low degree, the latter is early taught not to be puffed up, not to abuse a confraternity so honourable to himself, so suited to console him for the mediocrity of his condition; and not to forget what is due to his superior in rank, in birth, and wealth. He employs himself with the greater zeal and fidelity in his service, because he feels he is working for a Brother, and for a Brother not ungrateful. And all, both rich and poor, are under mutual obligations to contribute, each according to his station, towards the common welfare and happiness; and very seldom it is that we see this obligation unregarded.

III. All those illustrious orders, instituted by the various sovereigns, are the portion of the great alone, and out of the reach of the humble. Our Order restores to these the equality, by admitting them as readily as the most distinguished men.

IV. Every member of the Order is entitled to admission into any Lodge in the world—an advantage which, without more particular recommendations, procures to its possessor a ready means of introducing himself to a large body of honourable men, and which, in case of unforeseen misfortune—as robbery, shipwreck, or the like—enables him to find assistance among his Brethren, till he has had time to recover himself, and to draw from his own talents means for his subsistence; or, if he is in a strange land, and has resources in his own country, till he can obtain from thence what he needs to enable him to pursue the object he has in view.

V. The pleasure of recognizing Brethren, without ever having met them before, even in a foreign country, of whose language we are ignorant, and that by means of a language and signs universally employed in the Order; a language and signs which, at the same time, serve to distinguish a Brother from a man who would falsely assume the title.

VI. The opportunity of learning, in a very short time, the signs and expressions which constitute this sort of universal language—a resource which suffices to make us recognized and understood in any part of the world where Brethren of the Order are to be found, although in a country with whose language we are unacquainted.

VII. A still more general advantage is, that whilst, in certain respects, the unity and fraternity extend no farther than to Brethren of the Order, we profess, at the same time, to aid and succour all other men, so far as our means permit, without distinction of religion or country, in proportion to the necessities of the unfortunate.

VIII. Lastly, the duties most obligatory upon us are, 1. The practice of our duties towards God, each according the general prescriptions of Christianity, and, in particular, those of the Christian communion to which we severally belong. 2. An inviolable fidelity towards the government, whether as native or adopted citizens, or as merely residents in the state, enjoying public safety under shadow of its protection. 3. The love and care of our own families. 4. A charity ever ready to do good to our neighbour, under which title we comprehend, as taught by Christianity, all mankind, our enemies not excepted.

CONCLUSION.

From all I have just said, I proceed to draw two consequences. First, That to cast blame, or odious suspicions, or calumnies, whether with regard to religion or to the fidelity which every one owes to the government under which he lives, upon an Order that has never given the least occasion for them, is to sin against the laws of charity, of justice, and of duty; and, secondly, that those who withhold their approbation from the Order, because they are ignorant of its secret, ought at least to go no farther, and to suspend their judgment, were it only from the consideration, that it is not to be supposed that so many excellent men would choose to build upon a chimera, and, for a brief period, to adopt vain, useless, or dangerous principles; and all for the single purpose of distinguishing themselves from the rest of mankind, and imposing on the public, after having been themselves the first deceived.

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SOME ACCOUNT

OF

THE SCHISM

WHICH TOOK PLACE DURING THE LAST CENTURY

AMONGST THE

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS

IN ENGLAND,

SHOWING THE PRESUMED ORIGIN OF

THE ROYAL ARCH DEGREE;

IN A LETTER TO

ROBERT T. CRUCEFIX, LL.D.,

GRAND MASTER OF S. G. I. G. FOR ENGLAND AND WALES; PAST S. W. OF THE
GRAND LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS, AND PAST G. D. OF THE
UNITED GRAND LODGE OF ENGLAND.

BY THE

REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.,

S. G. I. G. 33°;

PAST D. G. M. OF THE GRAND LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS, ETC., ETC.

NEW YORK:

JNO. W. LEONARD & CO., AMERICAN MASONIC AGENCY.

1855.

“Alas! that e'er a cloud should rise,
To dim the glories of thy name;
Or little jealousies divide
The souls by kindred vows allied.
But see! while thus our rites we blend,
The mingled sacrifice ascend,
And borne to heaven in one united flame
Chase every ling'ring shadow from the skies.”

WALLER RODWELL WRIGHT

“Previous to the commencement of the eighteenth century, the Royal Arch has not been traced with any plausibility. But it is to be hoped that some one will take up the subject; for if the Royal Arch can be proved to have been invented so lately even as two hundred years ago, it must be considered as a modern degree. . . . If it be really ancient, the records of one or more of its many Lodges or Chapters may establish its long existence in England as easily as in the case of St. John's Masonry. But, whatever be the result, let the investigation be conducted with accuracy, and a desire to clear up the truth.”

FREEMASONS' QUARTERLY REVIEW

Stereotyped by
HOLMAN & GRAY, NEW YORK.



Printed and Bound by
J. F. BRENNAN, LOUISVILLE, KY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

SINCE writing the following letter, I have been favoured by Brother Willoughby, of Birkenhead, with a sight of a very old floor-cloth painted on silk, belonging to a Royal Arch Chapter in the city of Chester, and used only a very few years after the degree was admitted into the system of constitutional Masonry. This ancient document—(size 22 inches by 18 inches)—which I have thought of sufficient importance to present to my readers in a lithograph, offers a confirmation of the opinion expressed in the ensuing pages respecting the transfer of the latter portion of the third degree to the Royal Arch. Here we have an arch and keystone, the latter not drawn, but remaining in its place. The sun darting its rays obliquely into the arch, needs no explanation. Upon an arched fillet in the centre are the words *EN APXH EN ΛΟΓΟΣ*; “In the beginning was the Word;” and beneath, in the centre of the floor-cloth, a broad circle containing the interlaced triangles and a central sun, to represent the mysterious Name or Word. Below, in an inferior situation, on three fillets, are the words, Solomon, King of Israel; Hiram, King of Tyre; and Hiram, the widow’s son, at length, in the Hebrew character. Several masonic emblems which were formerly attached to the third degree, are disposed in order; viz., the golden candlestick, the table of shew-bread, the pot of manna and of incense, Aaron’s rod, &c., all of which were appendages to the Tabernacle, and typical of the Christian dispensation.

The Christian fathers interpreted these symbolical appendages thus:—the golden candlestick signified Christ, as the true Light by which his church is enlightened. Thus Gregory, in Ezek., Hom. vi., says, “No one can be understood by the candlestick but the Saviour of mankind.” And Bede adds, “The shaft of the candlestick is symbolical of Christ, the head of the church.” And Ferus more expressly affirms, that “Christ is the candlestick, who is the supporter of the church.” It will be unnecessary to notice the inaccuracy of the number of lights in the candlestick before us. The table of shew-bread symbolized the family of Christ, nourished and fed by him. The bread typified the true bread of life, Christ Jesus; the number of loaves, the whole Israel of God who are fed by his

word; and by the crown of the table is signified the hope of everlasting life, where we shall sit down at the table of Christ in heaven. The pot of manna was an emblem of Christ, as the giver of true food for our souls; and Aaron's rod that budded, was a type of Christ's resurrection, whose body revived, and as it were flourished out of the grave. The censor of incense, was also a type of Christ, through whom we offer up our prayers; and the burning incense denotes the prayers of holy men; for David said, "Let my prayer be as incense," (Ps. cxli., 2). In the floor-cloth the pot of incense is surrounded by a halo of light, to show that Christ is that covering cloud under whose shadow we are defended from the heat and storms of temptation.

Now, the very existence of these emblems in a Royal Arch floor-cloth, to which degree they are incongruous, and not in any respect applicable, betrays the source from whence the degree was drawn. And hence it was that Brother Dumckerley, and others, who grafted the degree on to *modern* Masonry, very judiciously weeded these emblems from it, and restored them to the third degree, whence they had been inconsiderately divorced, to the manifest injury of both; and a copious explanation of them was incorporated into the third lecture, that the application might be legitimized, and their direct reference permanently fixed into the degree, so that no further doubt might exist about their true masonic reference. I place some stress upon this point, because this primitive floor-cloth is an existing fact which it would be difficult to overturn. I am further inclined to think that the fabricators of the Royal Arch intended it to be a Christian degree, not only for the above reasons, but because they adopted the Christian emblems  and  as its legitimate insignia. And I have in my possession a fragment of an old Royal Arch lecture, which contains the following passage:—"A Royal Arch Chapter is called the Grand and Royal Lodge, in verification of the prophecy of Jacob that the sceptre should not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet until SHILOH come." And again—"The three Great Lights represent the Sublime Word in three different points of view; but more particularly that superior light which shone forth in the *Gospel Revelation*, when the mystery of the Trinity was publicly displayed at the baptism of Christ." And in another place we have this remarkable explanation:—"The reason why we enter the Chapter upon the Holy Bible and the interlacing equilateral triangles, refers to the Roll of the law which was found at the building of the second temple. This roll represented the Old Testament; and the equilateral triangles the New Testament, or, in other words, the

'Trinity in Unity.' And besides this, in an original formula of the Order, we find the following passage :

“In the beginning was the Word,
And the Word was with God,
And the Word was God.”

A dissertation on the three diagrams under the centre arch would occupy more space than can be conveniently assigned to it here ; and, therefore, I must leave the interpretation of them, for the present, to every Brother's own judgment. At some future period, I may be induced to renew the subject, for this primitive floor-cloth is of sufficient importance to merit a more extended illustration than my present limits will allow.

G. O.



ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH ROYAL ARCH.

MY DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,

Your last letter to me was particularly interesting, and I am not without hope that I shall be able to satisfy your enquiries on the abstruse subject of the origin of the English Royal Arch. I need not tell you that there are in Freemasonry several problems *sub judice* which have exercised the ingenuity of the Brethren in all ages of its existence, as an institution professedly speculative. Such as, whether Freemasonry was introduced into Europe by the gypsies?¹—Whether it can be correctly identified with Rosicrucianism?²—Whether it be, or how it is,

¹ Mr. Clinch boldly affirms the fact. The opinion is repeated in De Pauw's Egypt. This author observes. "Every person who was not guilty of some public crime could obtain admission to the lesser mysteries. Those vagabonds called Egyptian priests in Greece and Italy, required considerable sums for initiation; and their successors the gypsies practice similar mummeries to obtain money. And thus was Freemasonry introduced into Europe."

² There is an essay in the London Magazine for January, 1824, to prove the identity of Freemasonry and Rosicrucianism, and their modern origin; and the writer concludes that "though Rosicrucianism is not Freemasonry, yet the latter borrowed its form from the former." An American Anti-Mason endeavours to propagate the same opinion. He says, "the Rosicrucian mania sprung up in Germany, A. D. 1610, and nearly overspread Christendom. This puff of indefinable extravagance originated from the writings of John Valentine Andrea, a celebrated theologian of Wurtemberg, who amused himself with tales of spiritual wonder, and of mystical glory, as a literary hoax, in the style of Baron Munchausen's wonderful adventures. The visionary minds of that day took his work in earnest. They claimed for the Rosy Cross philosophy what is now particularly claimed for Freemasonry." It is believed in Germany that Freemasonry originated with the Rose Croix. The Baron de Gleichen says that the Masons were united with the Rose Croix in England under King Arthur. I suppose he considers the Knights of the Round Table to be of this Order. The Baron de Westerde gives as his opinion that the Rose Croix was promulgated in the eastern parts of Europe in 1188, for the

connected with Templary?³—Whether the numerous foreign degrees, called Ecossais, were really derived from Scotland?⁴ &c. And, as the solution of these problems

propagation of Christianity, and that it was received in Scotland under the appellation of the Order of Eastern Masons, and contained the secrets of all the occult sciences: and that it found its way into England in 1196, that it consisted of three degrees, and its emblems were a pair of golden compasses suspended from a white ribbon, as a symbol of purity and wisdom: the sun, the moon, a double triangle with the letter α ; and the Brethren wore a gold ring, with the initials I. A. A. T., (Ignis, Aer, Aqua, Terra).

³ Ramsay, Hinde, and many other innovators, founded their systems on the postulate that Freemasonry was a branch of Templary. Barruel was very positive on this point, and all the arguments which he has used to vilify Freemasonry in his History of Jacobinism, are expressly founded upon it.

⁴ It is curious to observe how diversified the seventy degrees of the, so called, Scotch Masonry are; and I subjoin a catalogue of them for the information of the curious Mason. Novice Ecossais; Maître Ecossais; Parfait Ecossais; Parfait Maître Anglais Ecossais; Ecossais Parisien; Rite Ecossais; Ecossais Anglais ou des Frères aînés; Ecossais Rouge; Ecossais d'Angleterre; Ecossais de Lyon; Grand Ecossais; Ecossais Français; Chevalier Ecossais; Ecossais Trinitaire; Parfait Ecossais; Ecossais Trinitaire, ou Globe des Grands Maîtres; Commandeurs du Temple; Ecossais Trinitaire, ou puissant Grand Maître de l'Ordre de la Sainte Trinité; Ecossais Sublime Anglais; Ecossais d'Alcidony; Ecossais de Montpellier; Ecossais de Paris; Ecossais de Dunkerque; Ecossais Egyptien; Ecossais de Prusse; Ecossais de Messine; Ecossais de Naples ou de Sicile; Ecossais d'Angers; Ecossais de Clermont; Ecossais Architecte parfait; Ecossais de l'Anneau; Ecossais d'Heredom; Grand Architecte Ecossais; Grand Architecte Anglais Ecossais; Ecossais fidèles ou de la Vieille Bru; Grand Patriarche Ecossais; Grand Ecossais de Saint André d'Ecosse; Ecossais de Saint André d'Ecosse; Ecossais de Saint André du Chardon; Grand Ecossais Patriarche; Grand Ecossais des Patriarches; Illustre Architecte Ecossais; Sublime Ecossais de la G. L. du Prince Edward; Sublime Ecossais ou la Jérusalem céleste; Ecossais de St. George; Ecossais Purificateur; Ecossais de Toulouse; Ecossais Vert; Ecossais Sublime Purificateur; Ecossais des Quarante; Ecossais des petits appartements; Ecossais des fils aînés; Ecossais de Franville; Ecossais de la Quarantaine; Ecossais des trois j.j.j. (inconnus); Grand Ecossais ou Grand Elu; Rite Ecossais philosophique; Grand Ecossais des Croisades; Ecossais des Frères aînés, ou du Triple Triangle; Ecossais d'Hiram; Grand Maître Ecossais; Ecossais de la Loge du Prince Edward G. M.; Ecossais Levite et Martyr; Grand Ecossais de Valachie, de Copenhague et de Stockholm, ou Grade de l'Intérieur; Ecossais de la Voûte sacrée de Jacques VI.; Ecossais des Loges militaires; Ecossais de Saint André; Ecossais de Saint André, ou quatre fois respectable Maître; Ecossais de la perfection; Dame Sublime Ecossais; Ecossais de l'Hospice du Mont Thabor.

depends upon evidence which is inaccessible, it admits of considerable doubt whether they will ever be elucidated with such absolute precision as to merit universal credence.

But the most important question which remains open at the present day, is that about which you appear desirous of my opinion, viz., the true origin of the English Royal Arch degree. The enquiry has excited much attention, and a great anxiety appears to prevail amongst the Companions of the Order to ascertain truly the fact whether it be an ancient or a modern rite. The Ahiman Rezon says it has been held "from time immemorial;" but this is rather an indefinite expression, and somewhat difficult to comprehend. Some have asserted more determinately that the Templars brought it from the Holy Land; others that it was attached as a pendant to Templary in the sixteenth century; and some believe that it was unknown before the year 1780. There exists sufficient evidence to disprove all these conjectures, and to fix the era of its introduction to a period which is coeval with the memorable schism amongst the English Masons about the middle of the last century. To ascertain the causes which gradually led to its establishment, we must take a brief view of the leading circumstances attending that division of the Fraternity into two great and independent bodies.

It is commonly believed that the prevalence of schism in any institution is the fruitful parent of many evils, which cannot fail to detract from its purity and excellence. And so it is; but the evil is not without its portion of good. Experience teaches that if the members of an institution become apathetic, nothing is so likely to rouse them to a sense of duty as the existence of conflicting opinions, which produce a separation of interests, and divide them into two adverse sections; each of which, like the self-multiplying polypus, will frequently become as strong and prosperous as the parent institution. This is peculiarly the case in religion. Separation, and the establishment of new sects, have generally been a prolific source of proselytism; and many a Christian may trace his conversion from a state resembling the darkest heathenism to the spirit of party, and the curiosity of searching for something new, stimulating, and attractive. In

Freemasonry, from the same causes, former feelings are revived and brought into operation, which enliven the lukewarm zeal, and convert the most quiescent member into an active partisan. Like a gentle breeze directed on the embers of an expiring fire, schism fans the dying apathy of the inert, and gives a new impetus to his thoughts, words, and actions.

Some such results as these attended the schism which agitated the Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons during the greater part of the eighteenth century. The jealousies which it excited, and the divisions and heart-burnings which it produced, have now subsided. Thirty years of peaceful union have extinguished all that unappeasable hostility which marked its progress; and the historian may now venture on the details without incurring the hazard of exciting an angry feeling either in one party or the other, by faithfully unfolding the circumstances that gave rise to the secession, and attended its course till it was ultimately absorbed in the great body of English Freemasonry, at the re-union in 1813.

To make the subject intelligible, it will be necessary to revert to the earliest times of Masonry in England. Passing over the Druids, and the Grand Mastership of St. Alban, which are unconnected with the question at issue, we find in an old masonic manuscript the following important passage:—"Though the ancient records of the Brotherhood in England were many of them destroyed or lost in the wars of the Saxons and Danes, yet King Athelstan, the grandson of King Alfred the Great, a mighty architect, the first anointed King of England, and who translated the Holy Bible into the Saxon tongue, A. D. 930, when he had brought the land into rest and peace, built many great works, and encouraged many Masons from France, who were appointed overseers thereof, and brought with them the Charges and regulations of the Lodges, preserved since the Roman times; who also prevailed with the King to improve the Constitution of the English Lodges according to the foreign model. That the said King's brother, Prince Edwin, being taught Masonry, and taking upon him the charges of a Master Mason, for the love he had to the said Craft, and the honourable principles whereon it is grounded, purchased a free charter of King Athelstan for the Masons; having

a correction among themselves, as it was anciently expressed, or a freedom and power to regulate themselves, to amend what might happen amiss, *and to hold a yearly communication and general assembly.* That accordingly Prince Edwin summoned all the Masons in the realm to meet him in a congregation at YORK, who came and composed a general Lodge, of which he was Grand Master; and having brought with them all the writings and records extant, some in Greek, some in Latin, some in French, and other languages, from the contents thereof that assembly did frame the Constitution and Charges of an English Lodge, and made a law to preserve and observe the same in all time coming."

From this document it is evident that Freemasonry in this island was first formally planted at York, which hence bears the same relation to English as Kilwinning does to Scottish Masonry, although its introduction into North Britain was two centuries later.⁵ A Grand Lodge was established at York, under the charter of Edwin, which maintained its functions, and asserted its supremacy down to the middle of the eighteenth century. The name of an ancient York Mason was considered honourable in all ages; and the precedency has been conceded to it, by both the sister countries, as being of greater antiquity than the Kilwinning Masons of Scotland, or the Carrickfergus ones of Hibernia. There is no evidence of a general Grand Lodge being held in any other place during the whole of the above period, nor has its authority ever been made a subject of doubt or dispute. It is true its records have not been published, owing probably

⁵ It is probable that Masonry may have been introduced into Scotland about the same time as Christianity, although there are great objections to that theory; for in general the early buildings were not of stone, but of wood and wicker-work, and such as were of stone were extremely rude, and displayed no great knowledge of the Craft. I am, therefore, disposed to think that scientific Masonry, Freemasonry, or anything worthy of being dignified with the name of architecture, was not introduced into that country till the twelfth century. But even though Masonry may have been introduced at the same time as the Culdees. I cannot suppose that the Culdees were Freemasons; and great injury has been done to the Order by attributing to it much not only incapable of proof, but of which there are strong grounds for suspecting the reverse. It appears to me that we have no proof of Freemasonry having existed in Scotland before the year 1126.

to the rash and mistaken zeal of some of its grand officers in 1720, who destroyed many of them, to prevent what they affected to consider an act of desecration.⁶ But there is sufficient proof that its proceedings were uniform and regular, and the names of its Grand Masters are before us in the proper order of succession.

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the government of the country attempted to interfere with its meetings, but without success. The queen was jealous of all secrets in which she was unable to participate, and she deputed an armed force, on St. John's day, in December, 1561, to break up the annual Grand Lodge. The Grand Master, Sir Thomas Sackville, received the Queen's officers with great civility, telling them that nothing could give him greater pleasure than to admit them into the Grand Lodge, and communicate to them the secrets of the Order. He persuaded them to be initiated, and this convinced them that the system was founded on the sublime ordinances of morality and religion. On their return, they assured the Queen that the business of Freemasonry was the cultivation of morality and science, harmony and peace; and that politics and religion were alike forbidden to be discussed in their assemblies. The Queen was perfectly satisfied, and never attempted to disturb them again.

The Fraternity was well governed by this Grand Lodge, which held its communications annually, and sometimes oftener; and the Fraternity at large were eligible to assemble in deliberation for the general benefit of the Craft. At these meetings the Grand Masters and Officers were installed, and other routine business transacted. This old Grand Lodge was the conservator of the primitive Gothic Constitutions and Charges; and under its benign patronage the works of art were executed which reflect such high credit on the Masons of the middle ages.

The establishment of a Grand Lodge in London for the southern division of the island, in 1717, did not interfere

⁶ Ware, in his *Essay in the Archæologia*, says that Nicholas Stone destroyed many valuable papers belonging to the Society of Freemasons; and he adds, "perhaps his master, Inigo Jones, thought that the new mode, though dependent on taste, was independant on science; and, like the calif Omar, that what was agreeable to the new faith was useless, and that what was not ought to be destroyed."

with its proceedings; and the two Grand Lodges entertained a mutual good understanding towards each other for many years; until the more recent establishment grew powerful by the accession of noble and learned persons of the highest rank; who, being under the necessity of having a permanent town residence for the convenience of attending their parliamentary duties, found no difficulty in being regularly present at the quarterly Grand Lodges, and thus conveyed the influence of their talents and position in society to the southern division of the Order. Their example augmented the ranks of Masonry in the provinces, until the increase of its Lodges, both in numbers and respectability, in every part of England, was so rapid and uniform, that the Grand Lodge at York became inert, and at length silently resigned its authority into the hands of its more fortunate rival.

This appears to be a correct view of the case, because the Lodges in the City of York itself, as well as the entire north of England, have for many years practised the mysteries of the Craft under warrants granted by the London Grand Lodge; and are governed by Provincial Grand Masters of the same constitutional appointment.

The authority of the York Grand Lodge was not, however, superseded without a feeling of jealousy at the usurpations of its rival, which indiscreetly committed a few instances of aggression on its privileges that appear to be indefensible, as the title of "Grand Lodge of *all* England" had been conceded to it, while the London Fraternity assumed the appellation of "The Grand Lodge of England." Taking advantage of an unfortunate dispute amongst the members of a Lodge at York, the southern Grand Lodge encouraged the seceding Brethren in their disobedience, by granting them a warrant to open a new Lodge under its constitutions, in the city; little dreaming how soon a similar secession would occur in their own body. This encroachment was not suffered to pass without expostulation and protest on the part of the ancient Grand Lodge, which contended that it would have been more in accordance with the genuine principles and regulations of Masonry, if the refractory Brethren had been admonished, and recommended to apply for re-

admission into the Lodge they had so inconsiderately abandoned.

This aggression having been attended with success, was followed up in 1734, during the Grand Mastership of the Earl of Crawford, by the constitution of Lodges, the issue of deputations, and the appointment of Provincial Grand Masters for Northumberland, Lancashire, and Durham; all within the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge at York.⁷ So direct an invasion of its ancient rights was highly offensive; but the York Masons, finding themselves too feeble to stem the torrent, after an ineffectual protest, held on their course in a dignified silence for a few years; and, although the rights of their Grand Lodge were superseded, and its influence weakened by the increasing prosperity of its rival, continued to act on their own independent authority, which was never called into question. Even after the dominion of the London Grand Lodge became indisputably established, and it considered itself entitled to the homage of the whole island south of the river Tweed, the one old Lodge at York was always excepted.⁸

About this time commenced that notable schism which again divided the English Fraternity into two separate and independent sections, by the establishment of another Grand Lodge in London, and the appointment of a new Grand Master, with his staff of officers. It will be observed in limine, that, at this time, private Lodges did not possess the power of conferring either the second or third degree, which was a privilege reserved by the Grand Lodge for its own peculiar exercise; and these degrees were given as the reward of meritorious Brethren, who had rendered essential services to the Craft, either by their learning, talent, or activity; and this only with

⁷ Matthew Ridley, Esq., was appointed to the P. G. Mastership of Northumberland; Edward Entwistle, Esq., to that of Lancashire; and Joseph Laycock, Esq., to that of Durham. And the London Grand Lodge pronounced that all the Lodges in those provinces were under its authority.

⁸ Thus it was resolved, during the Grand Mastership of the Earl of Carnarvon, afterwards Duke of Chandos, that "All Lodges are under the patronage of our Grand Master of England, except the old Lodge in York city, and the Lodges of Scotland, Ireland, France, and Italy, which, affecting independency, are under their own Grand Masters." —(Anderson's Const., 1738, p. 196.)

the unanimous consent of all the Brethren assembled in communication. An infringement of this privilege led to very serious and important consequences.

A few ambitious Brethren, who were ineligible for these Degrees, prevailed on some inconsiderate Master Masons to open an illegal Lodge, and to pass, and raise them to the sublime Degree. These irregularities having escaped immediate detection, the same Brethren proceeded to initiate new members into the Order; and attempted to invest them with masonic privileges. A project so bold and unprecedented could not elude ultimate discovery. The newly initiated Masons, proud of their acquisition, applied, in the character of visitors, for admission into the regular Lodges, when their pretensions were speedily unmasked, and the authors of the imposition were called on to vindicate their conduct before the Grand Lodge.⁹ Complaints were preferred against them at the Quarterly Communication in June, 1739, and the offending Brethren were allowed six months to prepare their defence. After a full investigation and proof of their delinquency, it was resolved that "the transgressors should be pardoned upon their submission and promises of future good behaviour." It was also resolved, that "the laws shall be strictly put in execution against all Brethren who shall, in future, countenance, connive, or assist at any irregular makings."

The delinquents, though pardoned, appear to have been highly dissatisfied with this decision, which they affected to consider in the light of an indirect censure; and having tasted the sweets of their former illicit proceedings, they assumed the position of persecuted Brethren, and converted the resolutions of the Grand Lodge into a pretext for persisting in their contumacy; and in open violation of the Constitutions, they continued to meet as Masons in unauthorized places, to initiate, pass, and raise candidates, and to perform all the functions of a warranted Lodge, under the plea that in ancient times a sufficient number of Masons residing within a certain district, with the consent of the civil magistrate, were empowered to meet for the purpose of making Masons, and practising the rites of Masonry, without warrant of

⁹ MS. Penes me.

Constitution; because the privilege was inherent in themselves as individual Masons. But the first meeting, under Anthony Sayer, had agreed, as a preliminary measure towards the formation of a Grand Lodge, and to cement its power, that this inherent privilege should no longer exist. And, therefore, it was resolved, that the privilege of assembling as Masons, which had been hitherto unrestricted, should be vested in certain Lodges or assemblies of Masons convened in certain places; and that every Lodge to be hereafter convened, except the four old Lodges at this time existing, should be legally authorized to act, by a warrant from the Grand Master for the time being, granted to certain individuals, by petition, with the consent and approbation of the Grand Lodge in communication; and that *without such warrant no Lodge should hereafter be deemed regular or constitutional.*"¹⁰

The seceding Brethren contended that the above assembly did not possess the power to pass such a resolution, because it was not only self-created, but defective in numbers; whereas, "in order to form what Masons mean by a Grand Lodge, there should have been the Masters and Wardens of *five* regular Lodges, that is to say, five Masters and ten Wardens, making the number of installed officers fifteen. This is so well known to every man conversant with the ancient laws, usages, customs, and ceremonies of Master Masons, that it is needless to say more, than that the foundation was defective in number, and consequently defective in form and capacity."¹¹ And that, although they called the assembly a revival of the Grand Lodge, it was a gratuitous assumption which could not be verified by facts; because "had it been a revival of the ancient Craft only, without

¹⁰ "This regulation was found necessary," says a Continental writer, "because that here and there private Lodges were formed by false and unworthy Brethren, who used a ritual of their own, and pretended to make men Freemasons, for the sake of their money. Some countries, particularly Denmark and Prussia, have passed laws that no Lodge shall be held or formed in any part of their dominions without having first obtained a warrant from one of the Grand Lodges. In Germany, there are a few of the ancient Lodges which are independent, and which have not joined any Grand Lodge, but which, on account of their age, are acknowledged as regular Lodges by all the others."

¹¹ Ahiman Rezon, p. viii., Ed. 1813.

innovations or alterations of any kind, the Free and Accepted Masons in Ireland, Scotland, the East and West Indies, and America, where no change has yet happened, nay, Freemasons in general, would agree in secret language and ceremonies with the members of the *modern* Lodges. But daily experience points out the contrary; and this is an incontrovertible proof of the falsehood of the supposed revival."¹²

These arguments and reflections, however, were unheeded by the Grand Lodge, or considered as serving only to aggravate the offence; and stringent resolutions were passed to check their proceedings, which produced only a temporary effect; for several Lodges having been erased from the lists for refusing to attend the Grand Master in Quarterly Communication, pursuant to notices repeatedly served on them for that purpose, the members united themselves with the seceders, and succeeded in forming a body of sufficient strength to cast off their allegiance openly to the metropolitan Grand Lodge. As there had been, before this period, some differences between the Grand Lodges of London and York, the schismatics assumed the name and authority of the latter, although it is doubtful whether that body gave any sanction to their illegal proceedings. Laurie¹³ asserts that the sanction was only "pretended;" and Noorthouck positively says, that they had no encouragement whatever from the Grand Lodge at York. His words are—"Under a fictitious sanction of the ancient York constitution, which was dropped at the revival of the Grand Lodge in 1717, they presumed to claim the right of constituting Lodges. Some Brethren at York continued, indeed, to act under their original constitution; *but the irregular Masons in London never received any patronage from them.*"¹⁴

The constitutional Grand Lodge now took the matter into its most serious consideration, and attempted to bring the refractory Brethren to a proper sense of duty, that they might return to their allegiance, and be received with affection and forgiveness. Failing in this endeavour, it resolved at length to adopt the expedient, apparently rendered necessary by the emergency, but

¹² Ahiman Rezon, p. ix.

¹³ Page 116.

¹⁴ Const., p. 240.

extremely ill-judged, of introducing a slight alteration into the system, which might have the effect of detecting the schismatics, and thus excluding them from the orthodox Lodges.¹⁵ The resolution was unfortunate, and produced the very evil which it was intended to avert.

The Grand Lodge now expressly ordered the regular Lodges not to admit the seceding Brethren as visitors, or to countenance or acknowledge them in any way whatever, but to treat them as persons unworthy of notice, until they humbled themselves as the Grand Master shall in his prudence direct, and until he signifies his approval by a missive directed to the regular Lodges. The Grand Lodge further recommended the utmost care and circumspection in the examination of visitors; and not to admit them on any pretence whatever, until they had entered into an engagement that they had been regularly initiated, passed, and raised, in a lawful, warranted Lodge.

These regulations were a source of exultation and triumph to the seceding Brethren. They loudly exclaimed against what they termed an alteration of the landmarks, as an unprecedented, and unconstitutional proceeding; accused the Grand Lodge of having deviated from ancient usage, and conferred upon all its members and adherents the invidious epithet of *modern Masons*,¹⁶

¹⁵ This alteration is thus explained by a cotemporary writer:—"I would beg leave to ask whether two persons standing in the Guildhall of London, the one facing the statues of Gog and Magog, and the other with his back turned on them, could, with any degree of propriety, quarrel about their situation, as Gog must be on the right of one, and Magog on the right of the other? Such, and far more insignificant, is the disputatious temper of the seceding Brethren, that, on no better grounds than the above, they chose to usurp a power, and to act in open and direct violation of the regulations they had solemnly engaged to maintain, and by every artifice possible to be devised, endeavoured to increase their numbers."

¹⁶ The offence was increased by the manner in which they recorded their opinions on this invidious subject. They charged the Grand Lodge with a design of abolishing the old custom of explaining geometry in the Lodges, and substituting conviviality in its stead. "Some of the young Brethren," they said, "made it appear that a good knife and fork in the hands of a dexterous Brother over proper materials, would give greater satisfaction, and add more to the conviviality of the Lodge, than the best scale and compass in Europe." They further asserted that the Brethren had made an attempt to get rid of their aprons, because "they made the gentlemen look like mechanics." (Ahim. Rezon, p. 14.)

while they appropriated to themselves the exclusive and honourable title of "*ancient* Masons, acting under the old York constitutions, cemented and consecrated by immemorial observance." Taking advantage of this popular cry, they proceeded to the formation of an independent Grand Lodge, drew up a code of laws for its government, issued warrants for the constitution of new Lodges. "under the true ancient system of Freemasonry;" and from the fees arising out of those proceedings they succeeded in establishing a fund of benevolence, besides defraying the current expenses of the Institution.

It will be necessary to pause a moment here for the purpose of taking into consideration a few anomalies in this new establishment, which appear difficult of solution. The *ancients*,¹⁷ in their justification, had strongly and repeatedly condemned the formation of any new Grand Lodge, as an unconstitutional proceeding, and at variance with the genuine principles of Masonry; and pronounced that such a body, being self-constituted, could not possess any legal authority over the Craft. If they were sincere in their protestations, why did they constitute a Grand Lodge of their own? And again, if they really derived their authority from the Grand Lodge at York, why did they not unite under its banner, refer to it for their warrants and other public sanctions, instead of openly renouncing its protection by the establishment of a new Grand Lodge, and issuing constitutions for the formation of private Lodges, even in the city of York itself? These queries are difficult to answer, and, therefore, the *ancients* wisely avoided them. Not a word on the subject is to be found in the *Ahiman Rezon*, though, as we have already seen, it is sufficiently vituperative on other points.¹⁸

¹⁷ I shall use the words *ancients* and *moderns*, in their general acceptation; the former to designate the seceders, and the latter the constitutional Masons; although both were alike either ancient or modern, being equally derived from the same source.

¹⁸ Laurie says of this book:—"The unfairness with which he (Dermott) has stated the proceedings of the moderns, the bitterness with which he treats them, and the quackery and vain glory with which he displays his own pretensions to superior knowledge, deserve to be reprobated by every class of Masons who are anxious for the purity of their Order, and the preservation of that charity and mildness which ought to characterize all their proceedings." (Laurie, p. 117.)

The accusation of changing the ancient landmarks of the Order, which was pertinaciously urged against the Grand Lodge of the moderns, answered every purpose which was intended to be effected by it. The new Order became extremely popular, and as it professed to convey privileges, and to communicate secrets unknown to the rival Institution, persons of rank were induced to enrol themselves under its banner.

But, notwithstanding the virtuous indignation which was expressed by the ancients at the alleged delinquency of the English Grand Lodge, I am inclined to think that they themselves, at the above period, remodified, at the least, if they did not alter, several of the old landmarks. It was asserted by Finch, and some other masonic charlatans, that the Master Mason's word was never lost! And although, when this public announcement was made, it was considered merely as an ingenious fiction to attract attention to their worthless publications; yet there is circumstantial evidence, which may induce us to suspend our opinions on the truth or falsehood of the assertion. These considerations afford a clue towards discovering the origin of the English Royal Arch degree, which, I think, it would be difficult to trace beyond the period of this schism, although I admit the imperfection of written evidence in proof of facts attached to a secret society, which professes to transmit its peculiar mysteries by oral communication only.

You will recollect, my dear sir, the observation—I think it was first made by Sir William Drummond, the erudite author of the *Origenes*—that “it is painful to have doubts where others believe.” I have long felt the force of this sentiment with respect to the Royal Arch. At my first exaltation I was taught to believe it an ancient degree; but I confess, that even at that period I entertained considerable doubts on the point. The degree is too incongruous to be of any great antiquity. It exhibits too many evidences of modern construction to be received with implicit credence as a ceremony practised by the ancient Dionysiacs, or even the more modern colleges of Freemasons, or confraternities of the middle ages, to whom we are indebted for the sublime specimens of science and genius exhibited in the ecclesiastical buildings, which still dignify and adorn every European

nation. It is not mentioned in any ancient record of acknowledged authenticity; nor does Dr. Anderson give the slightest hint in his elaborate history of the Order, that it was known at the period when he wrote.

The earliest mention of it in England, which I can find, is in the year 1740,¹⁹ just one year after the trifling alteration sanctioned by the modern Grand Lodge already mentioned. I have now before me an old Master Mason's tracing-board or floor-cloth, which was published on the continent almost immediately after symbolical Masonry had been received in France as a branch from the Grand Lodge of England in 1725, which furnished the French Masons with a written copy of the lectures then in use; and it contains the true Master's word in a very prominent situation. This forms an important link in the chain of presumptive evidence, that the word, at that time, had not been severed from the Third Degree, and transferred to another. If this be true, as there is every reason to believe, the alteration must have been effected by some extraordinary innovation and change of landmarks. And I am persuaded, for reasons which will speedily be given, that the ancients are chargeable with originating these innovations; for the division of the Third Degree, and the fabrication of the English Royal Arch appear, on their own showing, to have been their work.

Now the Royal Arch Degree, as it was practised by the seceding Brethren, although it contained elements of the greatest sublimity, was imperfect in its construction, and unsatisfactory in its result; which will tend to show, from the crude and unfinished state in which it then appeared, that the Degree was in its infancy. The anachronisms with which it abounded, and the loose manner in which its parts were fitted into each other, betrayed its recent origin. In fact, it was evidently an attempt to combine several of the continental Degrees of sublime Masonry into one, without regard to the order of time, propriety of arrangement, or any other consistent principle; and, therefore, we find, in the Degree as it was originally constructed, jumbled together in a state

¹⁹ In the Historical Landmarks of Freemasonry, the date of 1730 is given, but it is a typographical error.

of inextricable confusion, the events commemorated in Ramsay's Royal Arch, the Knights of the Ninth Arch, of the Burning Bush, of the East or Sword, of the Red Cross, the Scotch Fellow Craft, the Select Master, the Red Cross Sword of Babylon, the Rose Croix, &c. You will see, my dear sir, that it is impossible to be explicit on this part of the subject, because the particulars cannot legally be committed to writing; nor is it material, for it is the origin and not the details of the Royal Arch that I am now principally concerned to show. The fabricators might—it is barely possible—have had *the idea* from the sister island, but they could not have imported the Degree from thence, because, if practised by the Irish Masons at that period (which is extremely doubtful), it was altogether a different composition.

I proceed to show the presumption that the Royal Arch Degree was concocted by the ancients to widen the breach, and make the line of distinction between them and the Grand Lodge broader and more indelible. Colonel Stone says—"It is asserted, but with how much truth I have not the means of deciding, that the first warrant for the practice of the Royal Arch Degree was granted by Charles Edward Stuart, son of the Pretender, to hold a Chapter of an Order called the Scotch Jacobite, at Arras, in France, where he had received many favours at the hands of the Masons. This Chapter was subsequently removed to Paris, where it was called *Le Chapitre d'Arras, and is, in fact, the original of our present Royal Arch Chapters.*" Stone's information on the foreign Degrees, however, was very imperfect; for there is no evidence to prove that the English Royal Arch was ever worked in France. The Chapter established under the auspices of the Chevalier was denominated the Eagle and Pelican, another name for the Royal Order of Bruce, or that part of it which is called the R. S. Y. C. S., a composition of a widely different nature from our Royal Arch.

In compiling the Ahiman Rezon, Dermott was particularly guarded lest he should make any undue disclosures which might betray the English origin of his Degree, for it would have destroyed his claim to the title of an *ancient* Mason; but, notwithstanding all his care, I shall

be able to prove the fact almost from the Ahiman Rezon itself, with the assistance of a little analogous testimony collected from other sources. It was evidently his intention that the Royal Arch should be received amongst the Brethren as a foreign Degree, which had been practised from the most ancient times. Now it could not be a continental rite, because it does not correspond with the Royal Arch propagated by Ramsay on the continent of Europe; neither is it found in any of the French or German systems of Masonry practised during the early part and middle of the last century. It is not contained in the Royal Order of Bruce, which is the only ancient system of Masonry in existence, except the three blue Degrees; neither do we discover it in the systems of Charles Edward Stuart, of the Chapter of Clermont, in the Degrees of Baron Hunde, in Hermetic, Cabalistic, or Eclectic Masonry; nor in the elaborate rites of Zinnendorff, Swedenborg, Fessler, Bedaridde, Peuvret, or their compeers. It was not included in the order of Mizraim, Adoptive Masonry, or the Rite Ancien et Accepte; nor, I am persuaded, in any other system which was ever practised on the continent of Europe. If it were, I have failed in my endeavours to discover it. It is, therefore, very properly denominated the English Royal Arch, for it was doubtless a fabrication of this country, and from hence was transmitted to every part of the world where it now prevails. Let us, then, endeavour to ascertain its precise origin.

The ancients proclaimed to the public in their Book of Constitutions—"It is a truth beyond contradiction, the Free and Accepted Masons in Ireland and Scotland, and the ancient Masons of England, have one and the same customs, usages, and ceremonies; but this is not the case with the modern Masons in England, *who differ materially*, not only from the above, but from most Masons in all parts of the world."²⁰ And in another place they state particularly what some of these points of difference were, viz., "*they differ exceedingly in makings, ceremonies, knowledge, Masonic language, and installations*; so much so, that they always have been, and still continue to be, two distinct societies, totally independent of each

²⁰ Ahiman Rezon, p. 70.

other.”²¹ To authorize such assertions as these, there must have been some organic difference, which could be nothing short of the institution of a new Degree, practised in the ancient Lodges. And to make it the more attractive, they dignified it with the title of the Royal Arch, as Ramsay had done before them, although their Degree differed materially from that which he had promulgated under the same name. Although it is extremely probable that Ramsay may have had some hand in this business; for he visited London at the very period in question, for the purpose of introducing his new Degrees into English Masonry; and his schemes being rejected by the constitutional Grand Lodge, nothing appears more likely than that he would throw himself into the hands of the schismatics, who would receive his communications with pleasure, because they presented the means of furthering their views in the propagation of what they termed ancient Masonry. And under these circumstances a new Degree might be concocted,²² which

²¹ Ahinan Rezon, p. 30.

²² In the R. A. of Ramsay there was a jewel inscribed with the letters I. V. I. O. L., meaning *Inveni verbum in ore Leonis*, of which the following explanation was given in the historical lecture attached to the Degree. “Biblical history informs us that the Jews were slaves to the Egyptians until they were redeemed by Moses, for the purpose of occupying the promised land. We also learn from the annals deposited in the archives in Scotland (!) and only to be examined by us, that in a certain battle the ark of alliance was lost in a forest, and was subsequently found by the roaring of a lion, which, on the approach of the Israelites, ceased its roarings, and couched at their feet. This lion had previously devoured a great number of the Egyptians who attempted to carry away the ark, keeping securely in his mouth the key to the treasures which it contained. But when the high priest came near him, he dropped the key from his mouth, and retired couching and tame, without offering the least violence to the chosen people.” There is a similar allusion to a lion in the Degree of the venerable Grand Master of all Symbolic Lodges, or Master *ad vitam*, where he is represented as having been wounded by an arrow, and having escaped from the stake to which he had been bound, lay at the mouth of a cave with the broken rope about his neck, using certain mathematical instruments. At the foot of the stake lies a crown. This bore a reference to the escape of Charles Edward Stuart, the claimant to the crown of England; and in the lectures a question is asked, “What does Jackson signify?” which is thus answered, “I am that I am, which is the name of him who found the cavern where the lion was hid that kept in his mouth the key of the ark of alliance, which was lost, as is mentioned in the

would cement the schism, and prove an effectual bar to all reconciliation, by constituting a tangible line of demarcation between them and the moderns, which would be impregnable. Dermott confesses that the Royal Arch WAS FIRST PRACTISED in England by "the Excellent Masons of the Grand Lodge of England according to the old constitutions, who, duly assembled, and constitutionally convened in general Grand Chapter, carefully collected and revised the regulations which have long been in use for the government thereof;"²³ thus asserting their claim to antiquity, although it had never yet been practised in England. Ramsay had already made the same claim for the antiquity of his Degrees, which, it is well known, were invented by himself. It is, therefore, extremely probable that Ramsay was concerned in the fabrication of the English Degree; because it still embodies some of the details of his Royal Arch, the whole of which, I am inclined to think, in the earliest arrangement of the English Degree formed one of the preliminary ceremonies.²⁴

Degree of the R. A." It is now universally allowed that Jackson meant Jaques-son, the son of James, the exiled king. There can be no doubt but Ramsay invented the French Royal Arch, and made it the highest of all his Degrees, and the *ne plus ultra* of Masonry. The fact is, the above was a symbol to signify the lion of the tribe of Judah, or Christ, pierced with the spear, and bearing the key to unlock and explain the tendency of the Jewish dispensation, and its reference to Christianity.

²³ Laws and regulations of the Holy Royal Arch, in the Ahiman Rezon, p. 114.

²⁴ I make this statement, because the earliest copy of this Degree in my possession, dated 1788, commences with a long explanation of the ceremonies of Ramsay's Royal Arch as preparatory to the English Degree. This ceremonial had been discontinued before my own exaltation in 1813; and probably not long before; because a copy of the lectures which was placed in my hands, by a friend, at that period, opens with the details of Enoch's arches, but this portion had been obliterated by running a pen through it. The notorious Masonic quack, Finch, in the explanation of one of his engravings, says, "the four equilateral triangles, within the perpendicular part, is emblematic of the *Suspended Arch, Advanced Arch, Dedicated Arch, and Circumscribed Arch*; and the twelve letters are the initials of the proper words belonging to these four points of the Royal Arch Degree. In the right hand corner is another Cross relative to the *Royal Arch, with nine perpendicular Arches, made by Enoch, and discovered by Solomon*. The Z stands for the chief officer of the Chapter, and the equilateral triangle round the letter Z, alludes to the triangular chains of the Jews, during part of their Babylonish captivity."

Besides, Dermott could not have derived his degree from any other source, for the age of continental innovation had only just commenced, and Ramsay's degrees were the only new introductions grafted upon symbolical Masonry in France. The Freemasonry which was practised in that country, between A. D. 1700 and 1725, was only by some English residents, without a charter or any formal Lodge. The first warrant for opening a Lodge in France, was granted in 1725, by the Grand Lodge of England to Lord Derwentwater, Maskelyne, Higuetty, and some other English followers of the Preceder, who met at an eating-house in the Rue des Boucheries. It was not till 1728 that Ramsay added his new degrees; and this gave the idea of the hauts grades, which soon came into vogue; but they were received with suspicion, and made little progress for some years. In December, 1736, Lord Harnouester was elected Grand Master for France, and Ramsay was installed into the office of Grand Orator. In 1740 he came over to England, and remained in this country more than a year; after which he returned to France, where the rage for innovation had now fairly commenced.²⁵

It was during this period, I am persuaded, that the English Royal Arch was fabricated; for very soon afterwards, the ancients publicly announced that "Ancient Masonry consists of *four* degrees," while modern Masonry had only three; the fourth signifying the Royal Arch, of which, until a much later period, the constitutional Grand Lodge professed to know nothing, but which was authoritatively pronounced by the ancients to be "an essential and component part of ancient Masonry, and that which is the perfection and end of the beautiful system."²⁶ The words of the preamble to the original laws of their Royal Arch, are these,—“Ancient Masonry

²⁵ We have the testimony of Professor Robison, the Anti-Mason, that "Ramsay was as eminent for his piety as he was for his enthusiasm, but his opinions were singular. His eminent learning, his elegant talents, his amiable character, and particularly his estimation at court, gave great influence to every thing he said on the subject of Masonry, which was merely a matter of fashion and amusement. Whoever has attended much to human affairs, knows *the eagerness with which men propagate all singular opinions, and the delight which attends their favourable reception.*"

²⁶ Ahiman Rezon, pp. 113, 114.

consists of four degrees; the three first of which are those of the Apprentice, the Fellowcraft, and the sublime degree of Master; and a Brother, being well versed in these degrees, and otherwise qualified as hereafter will be expressed, is eligible to be admitted to the Fourth Degree, the Holy Royal Arch. *This degree is certainly more august, sublime, and important than those which precede it, and is the summit and perfection of ancient Masonry.* It impresses on our minds a more firm belief of the existence of a Supreme Deity, without beginning of days, or end of years, and justly reminds us of the respect and veneration due to that Holy Name. Until within these few years, this degree was not conferred on any but those who had been a considerable time enrolled in the Fraternity; and could, besides, give the most unequivocal proofs of their skill and proficiency in the Craft."²⁷ In fact, until within a few years before these laws were drawn up, it was not conferred at all; for it was unknown.

In proof that the members of the constitutional Grand Lodge were, at this period, ignorant of its existence, and disclaimed its authority as a masonic innovation, the Grand Secretary of the moderns stated, in answer to the petition of an ancient Mason for pecuniary relief, about the year 1758—"Being an ancient Mason, you are not entitled to any of our charity. The ancient Masons have a Lodge at the 'Five Bells,' in the Strand, and their secretary's name is Dermott. OUR SOCIETY IS NEITHER ARCH, (ROYAL ARCH,) nor ancient, so that you have no right to partake of our charity."²⁸ It is clear, therefore, that the moderns had no Royal Arch in 1758; and equally clear that it had been long practised by the ancients, who were entirely ignorant of it at the first breaking out of the schism; for they were then members of Lodges under the constitutions of England; and if they were acquainted with the degree, they were bound on their allegiance to communicate it to their superiors, if, as they afterwards asserted, it formed a constituent part of ancient Masonry, which they did not do. And if they were not acquainted with it, as it is reasonable

²⁷ Ahiman Rezon, p. 113.

²⁸ A copy of this curious document will be found in the Ahiman Rezon. Introduction, p. xi.

to presume, how did they know it after the schism, if it was not a new invention or a new communication? And it could not be the latter for the reasons already stated. The conclusion is, therefore, inevitable, that the ancients fabricated the degree.

In confirmation of this fact, the same book of constitutions declares, that "it is impossible to exalt a modern Mason to the Royal Arch, without previously conferring upon him the Master's degree *according to their own ceremonies.*"²⁹ This assertion was doubtless made on the ground that he was already in possession of the Master's word, which they knew was communicated in the Third Degree, according to the terms of the "Master's part," as then practised by the modern Grand Lodge: for the first lectures which were drawn up by Brothers Payne, Anderson, Desaguliers, Martin Folkes, Madden, and other eminent Masons, expressly declare, in the degree of Master, that "that which was lost," meaning the Master Mason's word, "*is now found;*" i. e. in the latter ceremonies of the Third Degree, when it was delivered to the newly-raised Master in due form; and, therefore, the Royal Arch Degree would have thrown no new light on the subject to a constitutional Master Mason."³⁰

This is a convincing proof that the difference between the ancient and modern systems consisted solely in the mutilation of the Third Degree; and it is actually referred to in the proceedings of the modern Grand Lodge, in 1755, where they express their disapprobation at the conduct of the ancients in "introducing *novelties and conceits of opinionative persons*, to create a belief that there have been other societies of Masons *more ancient than this society;*"³¹ evidently alluding to the establishment of the

²⁹ Ahiman Rezon, p. 20.

³⁰ A highly valued correspondent says, "Since I last wrote to you, I have had occasion to study much Masonry, both as to the history and origin of the several degrees, and its distinction into Speculative and Operative; and after the closest attention I can pay to the subject, I have come to the conclusion that no degrees are ancient except the three first. The R. A. Degrees may or may not; but I cannot trace them much, if at all beyond the middle of the last century; in fact I have great doubts if they be not a modern compilation (I speak particularly of the R. A. Degree itself); the idea having been taken from Ezekiel's vision, in the same way as the almost blasphemous foreign degree of the ——— is taken from the first chapter of Revelations."³¹

³¹ Noorthouck's Constitutions, p. 264.

Royal Arch; which they publicly repudiated three years afterwards, as I have already shown, by declaring that they knew nothing of "either Arch or Royal Arch."

These declarations appear to have created a sensation amongst the Fraternity, which was unfavourable to the seceders; and, therefore, Dermott proceeded, in his own justification, to charge the regular Grand Lodge with having concocted a new Third Degree at its first establishment, because the Masons who formed it were *ignorant of the Master's part*. He says that "About the year 1717, some joyous companions who had passed the degree of a Craft, though very rusty, resolved to form a Lodge for themselves, in order, by conversation, to recollect what had formerly been dictated to them; or if that should be found impracticable, to substitute something new, which might for the future pass for Masonry among themselves. At this meeting the question was asked, whether any person in the assembly knew the Master's part; and being answered in the negative, it was resolved that *the deficiency should be made up with a new composition*, and what fragments of the old Order could be found among them, should be immediately re-formed, and made more pliable to the humours of the people."³² It will be needless to add that this is an exaggeration; because it is very improbable that the Brethren who were acting in the four old Lodges in existence at that period, with Sayer, Payne, Lamball, Capt. Elliott, and other eminent Brethren at their head, should be ignorant of the ceremonies of the Third Degree.

From the above facts and arguments we may rationally conclude that the Royal Arch was practised at that period by the ancient Masons only.³³

³² Ahiman Rezon, p. 23.

³³ At the fabrication of this degree, it is evident that the word "Keystone" was used, for Dermott, who was doubtless the individual to whom its origin may, in a great measure, be attributed, in an epilogue of his composition, which was spoken at the Theatre Royal at the Haymarket, has the following passage, in evident allusion to it:—

"The men, too, can build, as their fancy best suits,

With curls on each side like a pair of volutes:

High toupees in front, something like a KEYSTONE." &c.

I think he was right in the use of this word, although our Supreme Grand Chapter has substituted the words *cape stone*, to imply that the subterranean passage of those early ages, was not vaulted, but covered with a flat stone roof supported by pillars, after the manner of the

It appears further, that the degree was then conferred in the Master's Lodge; for separate chapters were a subsequent introduction, as also was the change of colour. The records state, that "every regular and warranted Lodge possesses the power of forming and holding meetings in each of these several degrees, the last of which, from its pre-eminence, is denominated a chapter."³⁴ But these regulations were drawn up many years after the first establishment of the R. A.

They speak also of "Excellent Masons," which is another proof that the degree had been adapted from Continental Masonry, and that the fabricators were desirous of inculcating the belief that it was a foreign rite.

Egyptian temples; under an impression, I suppose, that arches and keystones were unknown at the building of Solomon's Temple. The subject is of sufficient importance to merit a brief examination, because modern discovery has confirmed the belief that the use of the keystone is older than the first temple. Mr. King indeed asserts that "arches were not used for a thousand years after the building of King Solomon's Temple;" and as a proof of it, he cites the temples of Zerubbabel and Herod, which contained no arches; nor are they mentioned by Homer. None, he says, were introduced into the magnificent buildings either of Babylon or Persepolis; neither were they made use of at Athens; in the temple of Diana at Ephesus; nor in Egypt, except in the edifices which were constructed after the time of the Ptolemies; and he concludes by assigning the honour of the invention to Archimedes.—(Mun. Antiq., vol. ii., p. 225.) But subsequent investigations have shown the inaccuracy of this opinion. It is now clear that the arch and keystone were known to the Tyrians before the time of Solomon. "An opinion," says Mr. Wilkinson, in his Topography of Thebes, "admitted by the generality of the learned world, gains force by want of contradiction, till at length it passes into fact. The arch was employed in the houses of the Egyptians, owing to the small quantity of wood growing in the country, and in roofing the chambers of the crude brick pyramids. I had long been persuaded that the greater part of the brick vaults in the western tombs of Thebes were at least coeval with the eighteenth dynasty, but had never been fortunate enough to find proofs in support of my conjecture, till chance threw in my way a tomb, vaulted in the usual manner, *with an arched doorway* of the same materials, stuccoed, and bearing in every part of the fresco paintings, the name of Amenoph I. Innumerable vaults and arches exist at Thebes, of early date, but unfortunately none with the names of kings remaining on them. *The above discovery carries the existence of the arch up to B. C. 1540, or 450 years before the building of King Solomon's Temple.*" And the same Egyptian antiquary thinks that they were known at a still earlier period. Dr. Clarke carries arches up to the time of Abraham; an opinion which is corroborated by Sir W. Gell.—(Argolis., p. 56.)

³⁴ Ahiman Rezon, p. 14.

This is further confirmed by what the Ahiman Rezon says of the Lodge at the "Ben Jonson's Head," that "Some of the Brethren *had been abroad*, and received extraordinary benefits on account of ancient Masonry."³⁵ The Excellent Masons were alone eligible to be present during an exaltation. It is evident that Dermott knew nothing of *the degree so called*, which is a more modern compilation, because if he had, his R. A., or Ne plus ultra, would have constituted a fifth degree, and this was repudiated by his preliminary announcement that "Freemasonry contains *four degrees*, and no more." The name of *Excellent* was, therefore, a mere distinction applied to those who had received the new degree. And this argument will serve to prove that the Past Master's was also unknown *as a degree*, it being then considered as a simple ceremony, and was confined to those who had actually occupied the chair of their Lodge.

When the General Grand Chapter was formed, the degree was dignified with the name of Most Excellent; the chief officers of the Grand Lodge were considered ex-officio as "Grand Chiefs" of the Royal Arch; and in the end, warrants were pronounced necessary to authorize Lodges to confer the degree; and the fee was stated at one guinea. These, however, appear to have been gradual steps; and many years elapsed before the system was arranged, and the Order of the Royal Arch organized so as to constitute an independent rite. Altogether it was a bold proceeding; but Bro. Dermott was an intrepid character;³⁶ and he succeeded in establishing quietly in England that which excited on the continent of Europe, opposition and tumult, and sometimes exposure and disgrace.

It is true, the degree was unattended with any speculative doctrines of a questionable or dangerous nature; and, therefore, it was not likely to excite an extraordi-

³⁵ Ahiman Rezon, p. 12.

³⁶ Sir W. Drummond (Origines, vol. i., p. 13), speaking of the fabulous history of the Chaldeans, says, "mankind are seldom satisfied with remaining in doubt, when conjecture can explain what curiosity desires to know. The bold invent, and the credulous believe. Imagination embellishes tradition, illumines the dark pages of history, and builds on the early and doubtful annals of former times some glittering edifice, which dazzles the eyes of the ignorant, and which even pleases the spectator who doubts of its solidity."

nary degree of attention in the recipients. It embodied none of those theosophic notions which pervaded some of the Teutonic systems of continental Masonry; it promulgated no doctrines which were prejudicial to the interests of morality; and for these reasons it escaped animadversion. It aimed to embody the sublilities of religion, and to hallow the attributes of the Most High. And while it pointed to the prophecy of Jacob, that "the sceptre should not depart from Judah until Shiloh come,"³⁷ the prejudices of the Christian and the Jew would be alike conciliated, and no one would feel justified in questioning the propriety of an extension of the Third Degree, while its object was reputed to promote the glory of God, peace on earth, and good-will amongst mankind.

Even after the Grand Chapter was formed, it was only necessary to produce a certificate that the applicant was "a Geometrical Master Mason" to entitle him to be *passed*³⁸ to the Royal Arch; and the candidate was privately *passed the chair* as a preliminary ceremony;³⁹ a custom that was used till the Union, in 1813.⁴⁰ This

³⁷ The name given to the Chapter No. 1 of the modern system, viz., "The Rock and Fountain Shiloh," is a proof that our Brethren of that age considered the Royal Arch to be a Christian degree; for the above title interprets Shiloh as Christ, and refers to the fountain of his blood springing from the rock of our salvation.

³⁸ This is the word that was then used.

³⁹ The qualifications of a candidate at that period, as I find by an old MS. in my possession, were these:—"Brethren who had distinguished themselves in Craft Masonry, not only by their learning and talent, but by their love of Masonry, their activity, generosity, and liberality of sentiment. They must have shown themselves possessed of a great desire to increase their masonic knowledge, and to promote the general interests of the Society; not governed by either enthusiasm or bigotry, but by a general love to the human race. They cannot be admitted until they have passed through the degrees of Craft Masonry, nor until they have attained the age of twenty-five years, unless their father be a Companion of the sublime degree, and then they may be admitted, if well recommended, ballotted for, and approved, at three several periods, at the age of twenty-three."

⁴⁰ The fact is proved by the form of the official documents. Before the degree was conferred the following certificate was issued by the Master and Wardens:—"Whereas our trusty and well-beloved Brother ———, a geometrical Master Mason, and member of our Lodge, has solicited us to recommend him as a *Master Mason*, every way qualified for passing the Holy Royal Arch; we do hereby certify that, so far as we are judges of the necessary qualifications, the

extension of the primitive principles of the Order, was subsequently adopted by the constitutional Masons under the Grand Lodge of England, who remodelled the degree, and brought it to its present form after many judicious alterations and improvements; but the period when it was first introduced amongst them is uncertain. The edition of Preston's Illustrations, dated 1781, contains no reference whatever to the Royal Arch; but in the very next edition, after the author had been admitted into the Fraternity of the ancients, the word "Companion" occurs in reference to the Grand Chapter of Harodim, established by the constitutional Grand Lodge in 1787, which, says he, "for some years was faintly encouraged; but after its merit had been further investigated, it received the patronage of several exalted masonic characters." The poetical department of the first named edition contains no Arch songs, while the latter contains several. Bro. Dunckerley composed his Royal Arch songs between these two dates. The introduction of the Royal Arch Degree into the modern system could not, therefore, be earlier than the dedication of Freemasons' Hall in 1776. Ten years after this date, the regulations of the degree were first published. I have before me a list of Grand Officers in 1788, which shows the state of the Royal Arch at that period; and from the number of Past Grand Masters Z, which was then an annual office, being only eight, the presumption is that the Grand Chapter had been formed only eight or nine years previously,—viz., in 1779.⁴¹ But it was

said Brother has obtained the unanimous consent of our Lodge for this recommendation." But after the candidate had received the degree, this certificate was issued to authorize his registration in the books of the Grand Chapter:—"We, the three Chiefs and Scribe, whose names are hereunto subscribed, do certify, that in a Chapter of Holy Royal Arch, convened and held under the sanction and authority of the worshipful Lodge No. —, our beloved Brother —, having delivered to us the recommendation of the Lodge —, hereunto subjoined, and proved himself, by due examination, to be well qualified in the several degrees of Apprentice, Fellowcraft, and Master Mason, and having passed the chair, was by us admitted to the supreme degree of Excellent R. A. Mason."

⁴¹ The names of these eight were Comps. James Galloway, Esq., Thomas Dunckerley, Esq., John Brooks, Esq., James Heselt, Esq., John Allen, Esq., Bartholomew Ruspini, Esq., Francis Coust, Esq., Sir Herbert Mackworth, Bart.

not till the year 1785 that newly exalted Companions were required to pay a registration fee.

At the period of its introduction by the ancients, however, and before the moderns ever contemplated its use amongst themselves, the Grand Lodge was alarmed at the innovation; and when the Marquis of Caernarvon was elected to the office of Grand Master, he applied himself steadily to the extinction of the schism. His acting deputy, Dr. Manningham, conducted the proceedings, and pointed out the necessity of discouraging such an open violation of the laws of the Society, by some decisive measures. At a Grand Lodge holden on the 20th of March, 1755, a formal complaint was preferred against certain Brethren for forming and assembling under the denomination of ancient Masons, and pronouncing themselves independent of this Society, and not subject to the laws or to the authority of the Grand Master. Dr. Manningham, the D. G. M., observed that "such meetings were not only contrary to the laws of Masonry, but an insult to the Grand Master and to the whole body of Free and Accepted Masons; as they tended to introduce the novelties and conceits of opinionative persons, and to create a belief that there have been other societies of Masons more ancient than this Society." After much deliberation, it was unanimously resolved, 'That the meeting of Brethren under any denomination of Masons, without a legal power and authority from the Grand Lodge of England for the time being, is inconsistent with the honour and interest of Masonry, and an open violation of the established laws of the Order.'⁴²

This resolution was followed up by the erasure of twenty-one Lodges from the list, for irregularity; and particular mention is made of one of these Lodges, which was most active in its propagation of the schism, held at the Ben Jonson's Head, in Spitalfields, and its fourteen members were all expelled the Society by name. Such prompt and decisive proceedings were met by a public remonstrance on the part of the ancients, couched in the following language:—"A Lodge at the Ben Jonson's Head, in Pelham street, Spitalfields, was composed mostly of ancient Masons, though under the modern

⁴² Minutes of the Grand Lodge, March 20, 1755.

Constitution. Some of them had been abroad, and received extraordinary benefits on account of ancient Masonry; therefore, they agreed to practice ancient Masonry on every third Lodge night." This avowal contains an indirect allusion to the Continental innovations from which the Royal Arch had been concocted; for all the new systems claimed to be derived from some ancient system of Scotch Masonry, which, in fact, never existed. "Upon one of these nights, some modern Masons attempted to visit them, but were refused admittance. The persons so refused laid a formal complaint before the modern Grand Lodge, then held at the Devil Tavern, near Temple Bar. The said Grand Lodge, though *incapable of judging the propriety* or impropriety of such refusal, (because, I suppose, they knew nothing of the Royal Arch,) not being ancient Masons, ordered that the Ben Jonson's Lodge should admit all sorts of Masons, without distinction, and, upon non-compliance with that order, they were censured.

"The persons thus censured, drew up, printed, and published, a manifesto, and Mason's creed, which did honour to their heads and hearts. The following lines are copied from the preface to their pamphlet:—'Whereas, the genuine spirit of Masonry seems to be greatly on the decline, that the Craft is in imminent danger from false Brethren; and, whereas, its very fundamentals have of late been attacked, and a revolution from its ancient principles, &c., it has been thought necessary by certain persons who have the welfare of the Craft at heart, to publish the following little pamphlet, by means of which it is hoped the ignorant may be instructed, the lukewarm inspirited, and the irregular reformed.' Every real, that is, every ancient Mason, who read those publications, was convinced of the injustice done to the Ben Jonson's Lodge in censuring them for having done their duty; a duty which they owed to God, and to themselves; *and a business with which their judges, the then modern Grand Lodge, were totally unacquainted.* Nevertheless, censure was passed, and a minute thereof preserved in the archives, from whence it was published as one of the legislative orders on their records."⁴⁸

⁴⁸ Ahiman Rezon, p. 12.

Matters went on in this state for some years, both parties increasing in numbers and respectability; until the ancients procured the high patronage of the Duke of Athol, the Grand Master elect of Scotland, who undertook the office of Grand Master, in 1776; and the opposition, which was now carried on upon more equal terms, had the effect of stimulating the zeal of the Fraternity on both sides; and the number of Lodges was gradually augmented by the issue of new warrants from each of the rival Grand Lodges. In 1777, Lord Petre, the Grand Master of the modern section, again brought the subject before the Grand Lodge; and, on the 17th of April, the following resolutions were unanimously agreed to:—"That no Lodge can assemble without a warrant from the Grand Master, and that the persons who have assembled, and still continue to assemble as Masons, by virtue of a power from a pretended Grand Lodge, established in London a few years since, and which is now said to exist under the patronage of the Duke of Athol, are not to be countenanced or acknowledged by any regular Mason under the Constitution of England, on pain of forfeiting the privileges of the Society; the said convention being a gross insult to the Grand Master, and to every Lodge under his auspices; and, the more effectually to discourage these illegal conventions, that no regular Mason shall be present at them, or give any sanction to their proceedings. That it is the opinion of this Grand Lodge, that the persons calling themselves ancient Masons, and now assembling in England, or elsewhere, under the sanction of the Duke of Athol, are not to be considered as Masons, nor are their meetings to be countenanced or acknowledged by any Lodge or Mason acting under our authority. That this censure shall not extend to any Mason who shall produce a certificate, or give other satisfactory proof of his having been made a Mason in a regular Lodge under the Constitution of Scotland, Ireland, or any foreign Grand Lodge, in alliance with the Grand Lodge of England."

These resolutions produced the famous letter of Laurence Dermott, the D. G. M. of the ancients, in which he propounds the following queries:—"Q. Whether Freemasonry, as practised in ancient Lodges, is universal? A. Yes. Q. Whether what is called

modern Masonry is universal? *A.* No. *Q.* Whether there is any material difference between the ancient and modern? *A.* A great deal; because an ancient Mason can not only make himself known to his Brother, but, in case of necessity, can discover his very thoughts to him in the presence of a modern, without his being able to distinguish that either of them is a Freemason.⁴⁴ *Q.* Whether a modern Mason may, with safety, communicate all his secrets to an ancient Mason? *A.* Yes. *Q.* Whether an ancient Mason may, with the like safety, communicate all his secrets to a modern Mason, without farther ceremony? *A.* No; for, as a science comprehends an art, though an art cannot comprehend a science, even so ancient Masonry contains everything valuable amongst the moderns, as well as many other things that cannot be revealed without additional ceremonies (the Royal Arch, for instance). *Q.* Whether a person made in a modern manner, and not after the ancient custom of the Craft, has a right to be called Free and Accepted, according to the intent and meaning of the words? *A.* His being unqualified to appear in a Master's Lodge, according to the universal system of Masonry, renders the appellation improper. *Q.* Whether it is possible to initiate or introduce a modern Mason into the Royal Arch Lodge (the very essence of Masonry), without making him go through the ancient ceremonies? *A.* No. *Q.* Whether the present members of modern Lodges are blameable for deviating so much from the old Landmarks? *A.* No; because the innovation was made in the reign of George I., and the new form was delivered as orthodox to the present members? *Q.* Therefore, as it is natural for each party to maintain the

⁴⁴ An annotator makes the following observation on the above:—
 “The author of *Ahiman Rezon* has stated, that he could convey his mind to an ancient Mason in the presence of a modern Mason, without the latter knowing whether either of them were Masons. He further asserted that he was able, with a few masonic implements, *i. e.* two squares and a common gavel, or hammer, to convey any word or sentence of his own, or the immediate dictations of a stranger, to a skilful and intelligent Freemason of the ancient Order, without speaking, writing, or noise; and that to any distance when the parties can see each other, and at the same time be able to distinguish squares from circles.” This masonic system of cypher-writing is now well understood.

orthodoxy of their masonic preceptors, how shall we distinguish the original and most useful system? *A. The number of Ancient Masons abroad, compared with the moderns, prove the universality of the old Order, and the utility thereof appears by the love and respect shown to the Brethren, in consequence of their superior abilities in conversing with, and distinguishing the Masons of all countries and denominations, a circumstance peculiar to ancient Masons.*"⁴⁵

It will be unnecessary to enquire whether all this is consistent with the requirements of masonic duty. It is clear that disobedience is a breach of masonic law. The very essence of the Institution is founded on obedience to authority; and this once forfeited, led to division, anarchy, and dispute. But good frequently springs out of evil. The bee has a sting, but it produces honey. These movements excited the attention of the Fraternity, and also of the public. Ancient feelings, which had long been dormant in some of the initiated, began to revive, and they renewed their connection with the Lodges they had abandoned. Lukewarm Brethren became partizans on either side, and Freemasonry reaped the benefit of these misunderstandings by an increase both in numbers and influence. A more active study of its principles led to a greater perfection in the science, and many initiations took place amongst persons who had not previously given the Institution a serious thought. Thus the ranks of both ancient and modern were increased, and the funds of benevolence for the widow and orphan augmented from new and unexpected sources; a result which cemented the popularity of the Order. Its beauties and excellences were placed in a clearer and more prominent point of view, and the public became convinced that, though the two hostile parties might differ on some unimportant points

⁴⁵ Ahiman Rezon, p. 18. The reference to the number of foreign Masons in the last answer, contains an evident allusion to the several systems of Scotch Masonry, which were at that time prevalent in France and Germany; all of which were confidently proclaimed to be ancient, when, in fact, the inventors were still living. The number of Brethren who were contented to practise unalloyed symbolical Masonry, the only system which possessed any real claims to antiquity, on the continent were comparatively few.

of discipline, both were pursuing the same laudable course,—the investigation of science, and the benefit of mankind.

About this time, a treaty of alliance and confederation was effected by the ancients, with the Grand Lodges of Scotland and Ireland, under an impression that the ancient rights of Masonry were exclusively practised by them, and that the English Grand Lodge had departed from the primitive Landmarks, and deteriorated the system by modern innovations.⁴⁶ In this treaty it was mutually agreed, that each Grand Lodge should transmit to the others, an account of their proceedings; and that all such information or correspondence should be conveyed in the most respectful terms, such as might suit the honour and dignity of the respective Grand Lodges.

The two Societies continued to practise Masonry according to their respective views, until the year 1801, when it appears that several members of the modern Craft were in the habit of attending the meetings of the ancient Lodges, and rendering their assistance in the ceremonies of making, passing, and raising; by which conduct they became amenable to the laws of Masonry. Complaints to this effect were formally preferred, and the Grand Lodge found itself obliged to notice the proceedings, and after some deliberation, the erring Brethren were attainted, and allowed three months to prepare their defence. It does not appear that the Grand Lodge had any intention of making an example of the offenders; on the contrary, in accordance with the amiable spirit of

⁴⁶ A correspondent to one of the London papers, in June, 1783, states, rather strongly, that the ancients “having prevailed on some of the Brethren from Scotland and Ireland to attend their meetings, and inducing them to believe that the ancient rites of Masonry were only practised by them, and that the regular Lodges had deviated from the ancient landmarks, they obtained, through this channel, a friendly intercourse with the Grand Lodges of both kingdoms, and a treaty of alliance was inadvertently formed between these Grand Lodges and this irregular society. Neither of these respectable bodies, had the real origin of these seceders from the regular Fraternity been known, would have permitted their authority to sanction an infringement of the Constitution of Masonry, to which all Masons are bound, or an encroachment on the established legislature of the Fraternity of this kingdom.” As this assertion was not contradicted, there appears to have been some truth in it.

Masonry, it displayed an anxiety to heal the divisions by which the Order had been so long distracted; and used its utmost efforts to effect an union of the two bodies; thus closing forever the dissensions that proved a bar to the divine exercise of brotherly love. For this purpose, a committee was appointed, with Lord Moira, the D. G. M., at its head, who declared, on accepting his appointment as a member of the committee, that "he should consider the day on which a coalition should be formed, as one of the most fortunate in his life: and that he was empowered by the Prince of Wales to say that his Royal Highness's arms would ever be open to all the Masons in the kingdom indiscriminately. As a mutual concession, the D. G. M. of the ancients publicly promised, on his own part, and in the names of his two friends, against whom charges had been exhibited, that if the Grand Lodge would extend their indulgence to them, they would use their utmost exertions to effect an union between the two Societies; and he pledged himself to the Grand Lodge that it should be accomplished.

It does not appear, however, that he adopted any measures which might tend to heal the breach; for, on the 9th of February, 1803, it was represented to the Grand Lodge, that the irregular Masons still continued refractory; and that so far from soliciting readmission into the Craft, they had not taken any steps to effect an union; their conduct was, therefore, deemed highly censurable, and the laws of the Grand Lodge were ordered to be enforced against them. It was unanimously resolved, that the persons who were opposed to the union of the two Grand Lodges, be expelled the Society; and also for countenancing and supporting a set of persons, calling themselves ancient Masons, and holding Lodges in this kingdom without the authority of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the Grand Master, duly elected by this Grand Lodge. That whenever it shall appear that any Masons under the English constitution shall in future attend or countenance any Lodge or meeting of persons calling themselves ancient Masons, under the sanction of any person claiming the title of Grand Master of England, who shall not have been duly elected in this Grand Lodge, the laws of the Society shall not only

be strictly enforced against them, but their names shall be erased from the list, and transmitted to all the regular Lodges under the constitution of England.

These differences became at length so irksome, that the most influential Brethren in both divisions of the Craft, were earnestly desirous of an union.⁴⁷ The first actual step which was taken to produce that effect, originated with the Earl of Moira, in the negociation of a treaty of alliance between the English Grand Lodge, of which he was the D. G. M., and the Grand Lodge of Scotland, under the Grand Mastership of the Earls of Aboyne and Dalhousie. At the Grand Festival of St. Andrew, holden at Edinburgh, November 13, 1803, the Earl of Dalhousie on the throne, Lord Moira introduced the question of the English schism, and explained the conduct of the Grand Lodge of England towards the ancient Masons. He stated that "the hearts and arms of the Grand Lodge had ever been open for the reception of their seceding Brethren, who had obstinately refused to acknowledge their faults, and return to the bosom of their mother Lodge; and that though the Grand Lodge of England differed in a few trifling observances from that of Scotland, they had ever entertained for Scottish Masons that affection and regard which it is the object of Freemasonry to cherish, and the duty of Freemasons to feel." His Lordship's speech was received by the Breth-

⁴⁷ This was strongly urged, in a letter to the Duke of Athol, published by Bro. Daniell, in 1801. "From a close and attentive observation," says he, "aided by frequent conversations with several of the most worthy and respectable members of that Society, I am warranted to assert, that an union has long been desired by them with an ardour equal to my own. Under all these circumstances, can it be supposed, my Lord, that you, as a regular Mason, when you are informed of the origin of the Institution which, I am fully persuaded, you patronize from the purest motives; can it, I say, be supposed that you, or any nobleman, would lend his name to support or countenance any society, however praiseworthy their motives might have appeared, who meet in direct violation of the laws and government of the Fraternity? No, my Lord, your public character is too well known; your zeal for the welfare of the country is too manifest, and your attachment to the royal family too deeply rooted, to admit of deviation. Therefore, I trust, your feelings will coincide with my own, and that you will really conceive what honour, what peculiar satisfaction, and what heartfelt pleasure it would give you, to bring that society which you have lately patronized, under the Royal banner."—(Masonic Union, pp. 23, 27.)

ren with loud and reiterated applause; a most unequivocal mark of their approbation of its sentiments.⁴⁸

An official despatch on the above subject from the same nobleman, was read at the Quarterly Communication, in April, 1805; and it was resolved, "That as the Grand Lodge of Scotland has expressed, through the Earl of Moira, its earnest wish to be on terms of confidential communication with the Grand Lodge of England, under the authority of the Prince of Wales, this Grand Lodge, therefore, ever desirous to concur in a fraternal intercourse with regular Masons, doth meet that disposition with the utmost cordiality of sentiment, and requests the honour of the acting Grand Master to make such declarations, in their name, to the Grand Lodge of Scotland."

The circumstances which led to this good understanding were detailed by Lord Moira, from his place on the throne of the Grand Lodge, at the Quarterly Communication, in February, 1806. His lordship stated that, during his residence in Edinburgh, he had visited the Grand Lodge of Scotland, and taken an opportunity of explaining to it the extent and importance of this Grand Lodge, and also the origin and situation of those Masons in England who met under the authority of the Duke of

⁴⁸ Laurie thus expresses himself on the subject:—"In the general history of Freemasonry, we have already given an account of the schism which took place in the Grand Lodge of England, by the secession of a number of men, who, calling themselves ancient Masons, invidiously bestowed upon the Grand Lodge the appellation of moderns. These ancient Masons, who certainly merit blame as the active promoters of the schism, chose for their Grand Master, in the year 1772, his Grace the Duke of Athol, who was then Grand Master elect for Scotland. From this circumstance, more than from any particular predilection on the part of the Grand Lodge of Scotland for the ancient Masons, the most friendly intercourse has always subsisted between the two Grand Lodges; and the Scottish Masons, from their union with the ancients, imbibed the same prejudices against the Grand Lodge of England, arising merely from some trifling innovations in ceremonial observancy, which had been inconsiderately authorized. From these causes, the Grand Lodges of Scotland and England, though the Brethren of both were admitted into each other's Lodges, never cherished that mutual and friendly intercourse, which, by the principles of Freemasonry, they were bound to institute and preserve. Such was the relative condition of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, and that of England, under the Prince of Wales, on the day of the present election."—(Hist. of Freemasonry, p. 294.)

Athol; that the Brethren of the Grand Lodge of Scotland he found to have been greatly misinformed upon the point; having always been led to think that this Society was of recent date, and of no magnitude; but now, being thoroughly convinced of their error, they were desirous that the strictest union and most intimate communication should subsist between this Grand Lodge and the Grand Lodge of Scotland; and, as the first step towards so important an object, and in testimony of the wishes of the Scottish Masons, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales had been unanimously elected Grand Master of Scotland. That the said Grand Lodge had expressed its concern that any difference should subsist among the Masons of England, and that the Lodges meeting under the sanction of the Duke of Athol should have withdrawn themselves from the protection of the Ancient Grand Lodge of England: but hoped that measures might be adopted to produce a reconciliation; and that the Lodges now holding irregular meetings, would return to their duty, and again be received into the bosom of the Fraternity. That, in reply, his lordship had stated his firm belief, that this Grand Lodge would readily concur in any measures that might be proposed for establishing union and harmony among the general body of Masons; yet, that after the rejection of the propositions made by this Grand Lodge, three years ago, it could not now, consistent with its honour, or the dignity of its illustrious Grand Master, make any further advances; but that, as it still retained its disposition to promote the general interests of the Craft, it would always be open to accept of the mediation of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, if it should think proper to interfere.

On this representation, it was resolved that a letter should be written to the Grand Lodge of Scotland, expressive of the desire of this Grand Lodge, that the strictest union may subsist between the Grand Lodge of England and the Grand Lodge of Scotland; and that the actual Masters and Wardens of the Lodges under the authority of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, who may be in London, on producing proper testimonials, shall have a seat in the Grand Lodge, and be permitted to vote on all occasions. A communication was subsequently received from the Grand Lodge of Ireland, desiring to co-

operate with this Grand Lodge in every particular which might support the authority necessary to be maintained by the representative body of the whole Craft over an individual Lodge; and pledging itself not to countenance, or receive as a Brother, any person standing under the interdict of the Grand Lodge of England for masonic transgression. It was therefore resolved, in Quarterly Communication, "That the acting Grand Master be requested to express to the Grand Lodge of Ireland, the sense which this Grand Lodge entertains of so cordial a communication."⁴⁹

These public declarations of the Grand Lodges of Scotland and Ireland, appear to have made a strong impression on the ancient Masons; who, entertaining an apprehension that their authority would be altogether superseded by such a coalition, now became anxious to complete the desired re-union of the two bodies; and their overtures were received in a masonic spirit by the authorities of the constitutional sections of the Craft. In the year 1809, it was resolved, "That it is not necessary to continue in force any longer those measures which were resorted to in or about the year 1739, respecting irregular Masons; and we, therefore, enjoin the Lodges *to revert to the ancient landmarks of the Society.*" An occasional Lodge was then appointed, called the Lodge of Promulgation, as a preparatory step to carrying out the union of ancient and modern Masons.

This concession was responded to on the part of the ancients by the resignation of the Duke of Athol, as G. M., and the appointment of his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent to that office; who publicly declared at his installation, in 1813, that he had consented to accept the office solely with a view of promoting and effecting an union between the ancient and modern sections of the Craft. His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex being, at that period, the G. M. of the Constitutional Masons, the two royal Brothers, with the advice and assistance of three learned Masons from amongst the members of each division, framed a series of articles for the future government of the United Grand Lodge. On the one side were Waller Rodwell Wright, Arthur Tegart, and James

⁴⁹ Preston's Illustr., p. 277, 279.

Deans, Esqrs.; and on the other, Thomas Harper, James Perry, and James Agar, Esqrs. The articles were signed, ratified, and confirmed, and the seal of the respective Grand Lodges affixed on the 1st of December, 1813. It was here agreed, "for the purpose of establishing and securing this perfect uniformity in all the warranted Lodges, and to place all the members of both Fraternities on the level of equality on the day of re-union," that nine expert Master Masons from each of the Fraternities, should hold a Lodge of Reconciliation, for the purpose of settling the ceremonies, lectures, and discipline, on such a basis that "there shall be the most perfect unity of obligation, &c., so that but one pure unsullied system, according to the genuine landmarks, laws, and conditions of the Craft, shall be maintained, upheld and practised, throughout the masonic world."⁵⁰ When all these preliminaries were settled, the event was commemorated by a general Grand Festival; and it is confidently hoped that "the removal of all these slight differences which have so long kept the Brotherhood asunder, will be the means of establishing in the metropolis of the British empire, one splendid edifice of ancient Freemasonry, to which the whole masonic world may confidently look for the maintenance and preservation of the pure principles of the Craft, as handed down to them from time immemorial, under the protection of the illustrious branches of the royal house of Brunswick; and that it may produce the extension and practice of the virtues of loyalty, morality, brotherly love, and benevolence, which it has ever been the great object of Freemasonry to inculcate, and of its laws to enforce."⁵¹

I shall conclude my letter with a brief statement of the present condition of the Royal Arch Degree, as it is practised in different countries, which I consider a necessary proceeding, for reasons which I shall presently explain. At the union of the two Grand Chapters of Royal Arch Masons in England, in 1817, the title of "United Grand Chapter" was used until 1822, when the title of "Supreme Grand Chapter" was resumed. The English Royal Arch, at present, according to the Con-

⁵⁰ Articles of Union, iii., v.

⁵¹ Minutes of Grand Lodge, 27th Dec., 1813.

stitutions, appears to be practised as a fourth Degree; for the Past Master, though now elevated into a distinct grade, attended with certain exclusive privileges, is not essential for exaltation.⁵² The articles of union, however, set out with a declaration that “ancient Masonry consists of three Degrees only, *including the Royal Arch*;” and the Supreme Grand Chapter still hold the doctrine that, in all things, wherein by analogy, the Constitutions of Craft Masonry can be followed, they shall determine the laws of the Royal Arch. Thus the connection between Craft and Royal Arch Masonry is still maintained, although the Degrees differ in design, in clothing, in constitutions, and in colour; and the proceedings are regulated by different governing bodies. In 1813, the union of Royal Arch Masonry with the Craft Grand Lodge, being considered extremely desirable, his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex was invested with unlimited powers to effect the object. On this resolution the editor of the *Freemasons’ Quarterly Review* thus remarks:—“Well had it been for English Freemasonry if this object had been carried out to its fullest extent; which, at some future time, may even yet be effected.”⁵³ In another place the editor remarks:—“The Royal Arch in England is not essentially a degree, but the perfection of the third. The entire system requires careful re-examination.”⁵⁴

There still exist in the English system some few anomalies after all the pains which have been bestowed upon it to make it perfect. I refer, in the first place, to the names of the scribes. The foundation of the second Temple was laid in the year B. C. 535; after which the building was hindered till B. C. 520; when it went on by order of Darius, and was dedicated B. C. 515. But Ezra did not come up from Babylon till the reign of Artaxerxes, B. C. 457; being fifty-eight years after the dedication of the second temple, and seventy-eight after the foundations were laid; and Nehemiah was not made governor till twelve years later than that. They could not then have been participators with Z, at the rebuilding of that

⁵² A Master Mason is now considered eligible for the honours of the Royal Arch.

⁵³ *Freemasons’ Quarterly Review*, 1842, p. 411.

⁵⁴ *Ibid.* 1843, p. 464.

sacred edifice. It appears probable that this anachronism may have arisen from Ezra having recorded in his first six chapters what happened from sixty to eighty years before his time; and from the name of Nehemiah, evidently, as Dean Prideaux shows, a different person of the same name, appearing in Ezra ii., 2, as some of those who accompanied Z out of Babylon. Another particular, about the propriety of which I entertain some doubts, is in the arrangement of the three Principals, Z, H, J. I think the order would be more correctly Z, J, H; not only because J is recorded, in the scripture account, as taking an active part with Z, but also because the office of Priest was acknowledged to be superior to that of Prophet. And there is another consideration which, in this case, is of some importance, that our Lord entered *first* upon the prophetic office; *second*, on the sacerdotal, viz., at Golgotha; and *third*, on the regal, viz., from Olivet. These and some other anomalies, which need not be specified, I should imagine, might easily be amended.

Our Irish Brethren entertain an opinion that the English mode mixes up two distinct matters; and that the *time* used in England for the events of the Arch, belongs properly to another degree; i. e. the Knight of the Sword and the East; while some intelligent Brethren consider the Royal Arch Degree to be really and truly a part of the Order of the East. Their system consists of three Degrees: the Excellent, Super-Excellent, and Royal Arch; as a preliminary step to which the Past Master's Degree is indispensable. The two first are given in Lodges, by a Master and Wardens; and the last, in a Chapter governed by three Principals. The Excellent and Super-Excellent appear to refer exclusively to the legation of Moses. After the candidate has received these, the Chapter is opened, the events of the Arch are transacted, and the Sublime Secrets disclosed to them.

In Scotland, great changes and innovations appear to have occurred in Freemasonry at a very early period; for in the charter granted by the Masons to William St. Clair, of Roslin, about 1600, mention is made of "many false corruptions and imperfections in the Craft," having been

introduced for want of “ane patron and protector;” and in the confirmation of this charter, in 1630, the Brethren repeat that “there are very many corruptions and imperfections risen and ingenerit, both amongst ourselves and in our said vocations.” And again, in the same document, they give as a reason for the renewal of the charter, that it had become necessary “for reparation of the ruines and manifold corruptions and enormities in our said Craft, done by unskilful persons thereintill.” What these corruptions were, is not specified; but it is quite clear, from the apprehensions of the Fraternity, that fears were entertained lest the old principles of the Order should be entirely extinguished. It is doubtful whether the Grand Scotch degree of St. Andrew was known in Scotland at the time when our Royal Arch was established, as it is a foreign degree, and, at present, forms the twenty-eighth of the Rite Ancien et Accepte. Its ceremonies approximate nearer than any other to the English Royal Arch, although they differ widely from it. In 1755, mention is made of the Glasgow Royal Arch, and, four years later, the Stirling Royal Arch; and subsequently, we find the Ayr Royal Arch, the Maybole Royal Arch, &c.; but how they were constituted, or what rites were practised in them, is, at present, very uncertain. In the best rituals used in Scotland, the degree of Excellent Master, comprehending three steps—improperly called veils, for the temple had but one veil—is supposed to be given at Babylon, as a test, to prevent mere Master Masons from participating in the privilege of building the second temple; which was confined to those who were liberated by Cyrus, and consequently *returned from Babylon*. It was, therefore, a temporary degree; but during the building, an incident occurred on which the Royal Arch was founded; and hence the Scotch Masons keep up the Excellent as a sort of introduction to it.

In America, we find an essential variation from any other system of the Royal Arch. The names of the officers vary materially, as also do the ceremonies. As in Ireland, it constitutes the Seventh Degree, although the intermediate steps are different. In Ireland they are, 1. E. A P. 2. F. C. 3. M. M. 4. P. M. 5. Excellent. 6. Super-Excellent. 7. Royal Arch; while in America

the fourth is Mark Master.⁵⁵ 5. P. M.⁵⁶ 6. Most Excellent Master. 7. Royal Arch. Until the year 1797, no Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons was organized in America. Before this period, and from the year 1764, when it was first introduced, probably by Stephen Morin who had been in England, and there received the degree, a competent number of Companions, possessed of sufficient abilities, under the sanction of a Master's warrant, proceeded to exercise the rights and privileges of Royal Arch Chapters whenever they thought it expedient and proper; although in most cases the approbation of a neighbouring Chapter was usually obtained.⁵⁷ "This unrestrained mode of proceeding," says Webb,⁵⁸ "was subject to many inconveniences; unsuitable characters might be admitted; *irregularities in the mode of working introduced*; the purposes of the Society perverted; and thus the Order was degraded by falling into the hands of those who might be regardless of the reputation of the Institution." And^b this may be one reason why the ceremonies differ so essentially from those which are used in this country.

The officers of a Chapter in America are, a High-Priest, King, Scribe, Captain of the Host, Principal Sojourner, Royal Arch Captain, three Grand Masters, Secretary, and Treasurer. The warrants issued to private Chapters contain an authority to open and hold Lodges of Most Excellent, Past, and Mark Master Masons; the High-Priest, King, and Scribe, for the time being, to act as the Master and Wardens of the said Lodges.⁵⁹

⁵⁵ In the National Convention, or Meeting of Delegates from the Grand Lodge of the United States, at Baltimore, in 1843, it was decreed that, in processions, Mark Masters should rank next to Senior Wardens.

⁵⁶ Dalcho says that, in America, they communicate the secret of the chair to such applicants as have not already received it previous to their admission into the Sublime Lodges; but they are informed that it does not give them rank as Past Masters in the Grand Lodge.

⁵⁷ As Morin was a Grand Inspector-General of the Continental degrees, he would have conferred the Royal Arch in his consistory if he had not found it practised under the sanction of blue Masonry in England; which is a presumptive proof that a regular Grand Chapter of the Royal Arch had not been formed by the ancients in 1764.

⁵⁸ Monitor, p. 178.

⁵⁹ In constituting a new Chapter, the Grand High-Priest uses the

Thus have I detailed the chief varieties in the different systems of Royal Arch Masonry. My reason for being thus particular is, to show that the differences are organic, and consequently the degree cannot be of any great antiquity; for if it were, there would exist more uniformity in practice, as is the case with the symbolical degrees, which may undoubtedly claim a very ancient origin. I am afraid, however, that those Brethren and Companions who have been in the habit of valuing the Royal Arch on account of its antiquity, will be sadly disappointed to find it thus shorn of one of its brightest attributes.⁶⁰ But there is rather cause for congratulation than regret; for what can be fairer or more desirable than truth? The degree loses none of its excellences by being shown to be of modern origin. If its claims to antiquity were not well founded, its advocates were maintaining a fallacy; and often found themselves in a dilemma when proofs were demanded, which it was impossible to produce. The above arguments will remove many doubts, by at least placing the matter in a clearer point of view, even if they be not allowed the merit of absolute demonstration. And as the case has been candidly stated, without any offensive reflections on the parties concerned

following expressive form:—"By virtue of the high powers in us vested, I do form you, my worthy companions, into a regular Chapter of Royal Arch Masons. From henceforth you are authorized and empowered to open and hold a Lodge of Mark Masters, Past Masters, and Most Excellent Masters, and a Chapter of Royal Arch Masons; and to do and perform all such things as thereunto may appertain; conforming in all your doings to the constitution of the General Grand Royal Arch Chapter; and may the God of your fathers be with you, and guide and direct you in all your doings."

⁶⁰ I find myself in the same predicament as Sir William Drummond describes in his preface to the *Origines*; when he says, "In questions unconnected with sacred and important interests, men are rarely very anxious to discriminate exactly between truth and fiction; and few of us would, probably, be much pleased with the result, could it now be certainly proved that Troy never existed, and that Thebes, with its hundred gates, was no more than a populous village. It is, perhaps, still with a secret wish to be convinced against our judgment, that we reject, as fables, the stories told us of the Grecian Hercules, or of the Persian Rustem; and that we assign to the heroes and the giants of early times, the strength and stature of ordinary men." So it is with our Royal Arch. We wish to be convinced, even against our judgment, that it is an ancient degree, because our prejudices have long cherished so pleasing an idea.

in the transaction, who, it is believed, were conscientiously persuaded that the design would confer dignity on the Order, no exceptions can be taken, on the score of partiality, to the end I have had in view, which is the discovery of truth.

In this letter, my dear sir, I have been anxious to clear up this dark problem in the history of Masonry ; and if I have been successful, the time I have employed in the investigation has not been ill bestowed. At any rate, the hints I have thrown out may be of some use to others in discovering the origin of this sublime degree ; and even in that case, the labour and research have not been altogether misapplied. If I have led the enquiries into a proper track, I shall have accomplished that which will shield me from censure.

Interdum speciosa locis, morataque recte
 Fabula, nullius veneris, sine pondere et arte,
 Valdius oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,
 Quam versus inopes rerum nugæque canoræ.⁶¹

It must be evident to you, my dear friend, and to every candid reader, that in these suggestions I have been actuated by no other motives than those which have influenced a long and active life in the cause of Freemasonry ; viz.,—a high veneration for its sublime qualities ; a love of its principles, not to be subdued by any earthly influence ; and an arduous desire to remove every objectionable impediment. I have devoted the humble talents which I possess, to the dissemination of its beauties, under many disadvantages ; and I trust that I have contributed, in some slight degree, to increase its influence, and promote its popularity in the world. In my anxiety to place it on the pinnacle of true greatness, based on Charity, crowned with Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty, and receiving the universal testimony of human applause, I have been induced to investigate its claims to public approbation ; because I think it is fairly entitled to that flattering eulogium which was pronounced on the writers of the English Augustan period of literature. “Such an institution as this, in a Roman age, would have been more glorious than a public triumph ; statues would have been

⁶¹ Hor. de art. Poet., v. 320.

raised, and medals would have been struck in honour of its supporters. Antiquity had so high a sense of gratitude for the communication of knowledge, that they worshipped their law givers, and deified the fathers of science. How, then, must they have acknowledged services like these, where every man grew wiser and better by the fine instruction."⁶²

Believe me to be, my dear Sir,
Your faithful Brother,
GEO. OLIVER, D. D.

Scopwick Vicarage, Nov. 5, 1846.

⁶² From an Essay sacred to the memory of Sir Richard Steele.

THE INSIGNIA

OF

THE ROYAL ARCH,

AS IT WAS USED AT THE FIRST ESTABLISHMENT OF THE DEGREE,

Illustrated and Explained,

IN A

SECOND LETTER

TO

ROBERT THOS. CRUCEFIX, LL.D.,

GRAND COMMANDER OF S. G. I. G. FOR ENGLAND AND WALES ;

PAST S. W. OF THE GRAND LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS, AND PAST G. D. OF
THE UNITED GRAND LODGE OF ENGLAND.

BY THE

REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

LIEUT. GRAND COMMANDER OF S. G. I. G. FOR ENGLAND AND WALES ;

PAST D G. M. OF THE GRAND LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS, AND PAST D. P. G. M.
FOR LINCOLNSHIRE.

NEW YORK.

JNO. W. LEONARD & CO., AMERICAN MASONIC AGENCY.

1855

Stereotyped by
HOLMAN & GRAY, NEW YORK.

Printed and Bound by
J. F. BRENNAN, LOUISVILLE, KY.

THE INSIGNIA OF THE ROYAL ARCH.

MY DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,

It was an observation of Sir H. Davy, that "men of genius in former times have often languished in obscurity, not because their merits were neglected, but because they were not understood. This, however, can scarcely happen in the present day, in which all sources of useful information are laid open, and in which unparalleled exertions have been made in the higher classes of society to diffuse useful improvement, and to promote all objects of inquiry which can benefit or enlighten the public. There are other uses, still greater uses, resulting from the communication of general and popular science. By means of it vulgar errors and common prejudices are constantly diminished. It offers new topics for conversation, and for an active exercise of the understanding; and in cities, it assists the cause of morality and religion, by preventing the increase of gross luxury and indulgence in vicious dissipation. Man is designed for an active being, and his spirit, ever restless, if not employed upon worthy and dignified objects, will often rather engage in mean and low pursuits, than suffer the tedious and listless feelings connected with indolence; and knowledge is no less necessary in strengthening the mind, than in preserving the purity of the affections and the heart."

These are sentiments which I have long applied to the science of Freemasonry; and have accordingly endeavoured to illustrate the science and philosophy of the Order, that its super-eminent merits may be open to public examination. Whether the Institution has derived any benefit, from my exertions, must be left to the decision of the Fraternity; and I am not without hope that

the sentence will be favourable. It is in conformity with these principles that I have considered it necessary to trouble you with a second letter. The old Tracing-board or Floor-cloth, which is prefixed to my former address, came under my notice too late to receive that ample consideration which it so justly merits; and the Companions of the Order will not be displeased to find that I have devoted a few pages to its exclusive consideration; because it embraces doctrines of the utmost importance to their temporal and eternal condition, both as men and Masons.

The old Chapter at Chester, to which this curious document belonged, was under the superintendence of one of the Grand Principals of the Supreme Grand Chapter in London. It worked the veils, and the scroll contained the first words of the Gospel of St. John. The prayer at the opening of the Chapter concluded with the words, "Grant this, O God, for the great Redeemer's sake. Amen." The first Book of Constitutions of the Royal Arch was issued by the Supreme Grand Chapter in 1786, and the laws were agreed to, 10th May, 1782. I have made use of this as an authentic document, in the following pages, because I consider its evidence to be conclusive. The introductory address, from which I have quoted largely, points out the construction which our rulers of that period put upon "THE WORD," that it was intended "to convey to the mind some idea of Him by whom all things were made; even the Word mentioned by St. John, who was in the beginning with God, and was God; for all things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made: even T. G. A. O. T. U."

The first Grand Principal by whom the above-mentioned code was signed was John Allen, and he was the Grand Superintendent over the counties of Chester and Lancaster at that very period, and consequently the above Chapter and its mode of working were under his especial superintendence. His colleagues were Sir Herbert Mackworth, Bart., President of the Council; James Hesletine, John Brookes, and John Allen, Esqrs., who held the great seal of the Order in commission, and were Inspectors General; Francis Coust, Esq., Treasurer; and James Galloway, Thomas Dunckerley, Richard Garland, and

John Allen, Esqrs., Provincial Superintendents; and with these were associated, all under the grand patronage of H. R. H. the Duke of Cumberland, Sir Peter Parker, Bart., Lieut.-General Rainsford, Thomas Preston, Esq., the Rev. John Frith, Bartholomew Ruspini, Esq., and other eminent Companions.

I now proceed, without further preface, to an examination of the Tracing-board or Floor-cloth.

Throughout the entire system of Freemasonry, whether practised by heathens, Jews, or Christians, as in successive ages we find it to have been, the MASON-WORD always appears surrounded with a peculiar mystery. Its various modifications, as it passed through the hands of those people by whom it was consecutively preserved, have been the theme of endless speculation; and there is no nation, kindred or people, with whom it has not constituted a curious subject of inquiry. Even its pronunciation has been variously interpreted; and some have gone so far as to refrain altogether from using it, until, as it is now believed, the true pronunciation is irrecoverably lost.

The same thing is said to have happened amongst the Jews respecting the name of Jehovah. They were afraid the heathen should get possession of it, and, therefore, in their copies of the scriptures, they wrote it in the Samaritan character instead of the Hebrew or Chaldee, that the adversary might not make an improper use of it; for they believed it capable of working miracles; and held that the wonders in Egypt were performed by Moses, in virtue of this name being engraven on his rod; and that any person, who knew the true pronunciation, would be able to do as much as he did. In like manner, the heathen had names of their gods which it was not lawful to utter, lest Nature should be subverted, and the earth dissolved.

The followers of Mahomet have also a tradition, that there is a secret name of the deity which possesses wonderful properties, and that the only method of becoming acquainted with it is by being initiated into the mysteries of the Ism Ablā. Lane has illustrated its power by an anecdote from the Koran. It appears that two rebel angels, called Haroot and Maroot, were believed to be confined in the subterranean caverns which exist amidst

the ruins of Babylon, and there suspended by the feet for an indefinite length of time. They had been sent amongst mankind as examples, and had sinned, for which this punishment was inflicted on them. The celebrated Mujahid visited them under the guidance of a Jew, who particularly cautioned him not to mention the NAME OF GOD in their presence; but when he beheld them, like two mountains, suspended upside down, he expressed his astonishment by uttering the forbidden NAME; on which the two angels became so violently agitated, that they almost broke the irons which confined them, and Mujahid and his guide fled in the utmost consternation.

From the above belief amongst the Jews, enforced by the consideration that the Shekinah actually delivered oracular responses to the high priest, the idea of attaching oracles to the heathen temples probably originated; and in all cases the power was supposed to result from a cabalistic use of the name of the deity; and these superstitions descended to the Mahometans and the Christians. It was commanded in the Jewish law, that sentences from the scripture should be inscribed on the door-posts of their dwellings;¹ and therefore the Jews had a custom of writing the Decalogue on a square piece of parchment, which they rolled up, and put into a case; and after inscribing *the name of God* within a circle on the outside, they affixed it to the door-posts of their houses, or private apartments, and considered it a talisman of safety.

It was probably from this custom that the prophet of Mecca recommended his followers, when they closed their doors at night, to repeat *the name of God*, which would render them impervious to the intrusion of evil genii. The Arabs have some curious anecdotes respecting the use that Solomon made of the sacred name. It was engraven on a seal ring, composed of brass and iron mixed; by virtue of the former he commanded the good, and by the latter the evil genii. His power over them was unlimited, and they add, that it was by their aid that he built the Temple at Jerusalem. By pronouncing the Name, his minister Asaf transported the Queen of Sheba to his presence; and performed other wonderful works.

¹ Deut. vi., 9.

The magicians of our own country made a similar use of the sacred name of God. When one of them desired to practise his art, he put on his magical robes, accompanied by an invocation in this form :—" By the figurative mystery of this holy vestment, I will clothe me with the armour of salvation in the strength of ADONAI, to whom be glory and praise for ever." After other ceremonies, which are of no moment here, he invoked the spirits "by the strong and mighty NAME of JEHOVAH ; by his holy name TETRAGRAMMATON, and by all the wonderful names and attributes, Dadai, Sillon, Paracletos, &c., &c." We have the authority of King James for saying, that in his time spirits were invoked by the use of "circles and *triangles, double and single.*" And as with the Jews and Mahometans, the Christians of the middle ages were imbued with a firm belief that the name of God was a powerful protection from unclean spirits. The charm ran in this form :—"In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti, Amen. + a + g + l + a +. TETRAGRAMMATON. + ALPHA + OMEGA. + A. Ω. + Primogenitus, + Sapientia + Virtus. + JESUS NAZARENUS REX JUDEORUM. + Fili Domini. + Miserere mei. + Amen. + Matheus. + Marcus. + Lucas. + Johannes. + Mihi succurrite et defendite. + Amen. +."

The mystery which overshadows the Word of Freemasonry is a recommendation which has always been replete with interest, and constitutes the excitement that leads the inquirer from one degree to another, till he is rewarded by a participation in this ineffable secret. It is in vain that the oppugner of Masonry affects to believe that we possess no such claims on the attention, because he conscientiously feels that he is feigning an objection which cannot be substantiated. He envies our knowledge, although prejudice prevents him from sharing in the advantages it conveys. It is in vain that apostate Masons tell the world, that they themselves were urged forward from step to step, under the promise that this great secret would be ultimately revealed, but which was always evaded under one pretext or another. The Brethren of the Order glory in the possession of a secret which never has been, nor ever can be revealed. "It is as a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it and is safe."²

² Prov. xviii. 10.

At the establishment of the Royal Arch Degree during the last century, a passage from the first chapter of St. John's Gospel was introduced, in which the LOGOS, or WORD, is pronounced to be T. G. A. O. T. U., or CHRIST, or GOD, on the authority of Holy Scripture; for JEHOVAH said, by the mouth of his prophet, "I have sworn by myself, and the WORD is gone out of my mouth in righteousness, and shall not return; that unto me every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall swear."³ Now these very words are twice applied in the New Testament to Jesus Christ. St. Paul says,⁴ "We shall all stand before the judgment seat of CHRIST; for it is written, As I live, saith the Lord, every knee shall bow to me, and every tongue shall confess." And again, more plainly,⁵ "At the Name of Jesus every knee shall bow."

The passage above referred to, was used by the holy Evangelist to refute certain heterodox doctrines, which had been propounded by the Gnostics, to the effect that "the Supreme Deity first generated an only begotten Son, who again begat the Word, which was inferior to the first born. That Christ was inferior to the Word. That there were two Spirits distinct from Christ, the one called *Life*, and the other *Light*; and that the Creator, or the G. A. O. T. U., was a still lower spirit, called Demiurgus, who formed the world out of eternal matter." These absurdities were set at rest by the passage in question; which was the beginning of his Gospel—"In the beginning was the WORD, and the Word was with God, and the WORD was GOD. All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made. In him was *Life*; and the Life was the *Light* of men. And the Light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not."

These principles are clearly illustrated by an Old Tracing-board, or Floor-cloth, of the degree, of which I have prefixed an Engraving to my account of the "Origin of the English Royal Arch." It was used nearly a century ago in the Chapter at Chester; and exhibits the interlacing triangles, within a circle, in the centre of the Tablet; while at the foot appear the names of the three

³ Isa. xlv., 23.

⁴ Rom. xiv. 10, 11.

⁵ Phil. ii., 10.

Grand Masters at the building of King Solomon's Temple, in Hebrew and Latin; and certain implements, belonging equally to the Tabernacle and the Temple, are disposed round the border. The upper part or head of the design is dignified by an arched fillet or canopy, containing the inscription $\text{EN APXH HN O AOTOC}$, as the crowning glory of the degree; which confirms the opinion I have always entertained respecting the commencement of the Sacred Roll, said to have been found in the vault.

Respecting this passage of scripture, I have elsewhere stated that the early Christians considered it to be a formula in use from the most ancient times, and adopted by St. John because it constituted an unanswerable argument in proof of the doctrine which he was anxious to establish, viz., the eternal divinity of Christ, and his identity with Jehovah, as the Creator of the world. It is recorded by Philostorgius, and after him by Nicephorus, that at the clearing of the foundations on mount Moriah, when Julian the apostate commenced his insane attempt to rebuild the temple, a stone was taken up that covered the mouth of a deep vault sunk into the rock. One of the workmen was let down by a rope fastened round his waist, and found some water at the bottom, out of which, in the centre of the vault, rose a pedestal, on which lay a Roll or Book, wrapped up in a covering of fine linen. Being drawn up, and the Roll unfolded, it was found to contain the Holy Scriptures, beginning with the words which are inscribed on the uppermost fillet in the old Floor-cloth above referred to.⁶

This may be true, or it may not; but I am persuaded that the first words of St. John's Gospel were used in the degree, because it was intended to be a vehicle for promulgating the essential doctrines of Christianity. And this conclusion appears to be confirmed by the following passage in the old lecture of the degree—"The Companions enter into the Chapter upon the Holy Bible and the double equilateral triangle, in commemoration of the happy discovery of the Roll, which was the emblem or prototype of the Old Testament; and the double triangle placed thereon is a representation of Him who originated the New Testament as a sequel to that Sacred Volume;

⁶ Philost., l. vii., c. 14. Niceph., l. x., p. 76.

even the divine Trinity in Unity." And in another place it explains that "the three Great Lights are symbolical of the Sublime Word in three situations; and also that effulgent Light which shines forth in the Gospel, and displays the mystery of the Trinity, on which every Christian Brother rests his hopes of final salvation." And, as a triumphant conclusion to this portion of the argument, the original formula of opening the Chapter contained this remarkable passage in triad form—

"In the beginning was the Word,
And the Word was with God,
And the Word was God."

The Word here mentioned was the true Name of God in every age of the world, and was called **JEHOVAH** amongst the patriarchs and Jews. Moses said to the latter, "The Lord (Jehovah) God of your fathers hath sent me unto you. This is my Name for ever."⁷

"And God himself," says Dr. Willet,⁸ "Jehovah, Christ, the Mediator both of the Old and New Testament, was the giver of the law; and that it was he himself that talked with Moses, by these reasons it is made plain. 1. Because he is called Jehovah, which is the proper and essential Name of God. 2. Moses himself saith, Jehovah spake unto you out of the midst of the fire. And 3, because Origen saith, In the end of the world Jesus Christ became man; but before his manifestation in the flesh, he was the Mediator between God and man; and Calvin adds, That there never was any intercourse between God and man, but by Jesus Christ."

David and Hosea make the same declaration. The former says, "Thy Name, O Lord, (Jehovah) endureth for ever; and thy memorial, O Lord, (Jehovah) throughout all generations;"⁹ and the latter, "Even the Lord God of Hosts, Jehovah is his Name."¹⁰ The Being spoken of in these passages is the same divine personage as Jesus, the founder of Christianity, pronounced by St. John to be T. G. A. O. T. U., or the Creator of the world; which is confirmed by St. Paul—"Thou Lord (Christ) in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the

⁷ Exod. iii., 15.

⁹ Psalm cxxxv., 13.

⁸ Hexapla, p. 302.

¹⁰ Hosea xii., 5.

earth;"¹¹ which is but a reiteration of what the psalmist had already affirmed of Jehovah—"Of old hast Thou (Jehovah) laid the foundation of the earth."¹² Again, the prophet Zechariah had said—"I will dwell in the midst of thee, said Jehovah;"¹³ and "they shall look on me (Jehovah) whom they have pierced;"¹⁴ both of which were applied expressly to the Saviour of mankind by St. John—"The Word was made flesh, and dwelt amongst us."¹⁵ And "they shall look on him (Jesus Christ) whom they pierced."¹⁶

Such was the view which our Brethren of the last century took on this important subject; and in a short Essay on Freemasonry, prefixed to the first copy of the Laws and Regulations of the Royal Arch, which were agreed to in the year 1782 by the Constitutional Grand Lodge of England, and written, as I conceive, by Bro. Dunckerley, some excellent observations on this Name occur, which merit preservation. "Speculative Masonry, or the Royal Arch, is subdivided into as many distinct branches as there are arts and sciences, and the parts as various as there are subjects for investigation; and we use certain signs, tokens, and words; but it must be observed, that when we use that expression, and say **THE WORD**, it is not to be understood as a watchword only, after the manner of those annexed to the several degrees of the Craft, but also theologically, as a term, thereby to convey to the mind some idea of that Great Being who is the sole author of our existence, and to carry along with it the most solemn veneration for his sacred Name and Word, as well as the most clear and perfect elucidation of his power and attributes that the human mind is capable of receiving. And that this is the light in which the Name and Word hath always been considered, from the remotest ages, not only amongst us Christians and the Jews, but also in the gentile or heathen world, may be clearly understood from numberless writers; but to mention only two. Cicero tells us that they did not dare to mention the names of their

¹¹ Heb. i., 10.

¹² Psalm cii., 25.

¹³ Zech. ii., 10.

¹⁴ Zech. xii., 10.

¹⁵ John i., 14.

¹⁶ John xix., 37. See more of this in my "Apology for the Freemasons," p. 20.

gods; and Lucan says that but to name the Name would shake the earth. Amongst the Jews, we all know with what a just and awful veneration they look upon it; which many of them carry so far as to believe that but to pronounce the Word would be sufficient to work wonders and remove mountains.

“Josephus says that the Name was never known till the time that God told it to Moses in the wilderness, and that he himself did not dare to mention it, for that it was forbidden to be used, except once in the year, by the High-Priest alone, when he appeared before the Mercy Seat on the day of expiation. He further adds, that it was lost through the wickedness of man; and hence has arisen a difference of opinion; some supposing the Word itself lost; others, the import or meaning only; and many, the manner of its delivery; and from hence contend that Moses did not ask the Almighty for his name to carry to his Brethren, but for the true delivery or pronunciation only. How far that might be the case, is to us uncertain; but it is certain that the true mode of delivery cannot now be proved from any written record; first, because it is capable of so many variations from the manner of annexing the Masoretic points, which points were not extant in the days of Moses; and secondly, because the language now in use amongst the Jews is so corrupt and altered from that in which he wrote, that none of them, except some few of their learned, understand any thing of it; for which reason the Jews call it שם המפורש *Shem Hamphoreth*, the unutterable Name. Hence is our learned Brother, Pythagoras, his τετραγραμματον or quaternion.

“Philo, the learned Jew, tells us not only that the Word was lost, but also the time when, and the reason why. But to make an end of these unprofitable disputes among the learned, be it remembered, that they all concur with Royal Arch Masons in others much more essential; first, that the Name or Word is expressive of SELF-EXISTENCE AND ETERNITY; and secondly, that it can be applicable only to that GREAT BEING who WAS, and IS, and WILL BE. It is also generally allowed, that in its full sense and meaning, it must be incomprehensible by a human capacity. Nevertheless we hope, so far as it hath yet pleased the Omnipotent to reveal it, it is reserved

for the honour of this Society to shew forth to the world its Glory, Power, and Import, in a much more perfect, clear, and ample manner, than is now generally done."

These observations are very judicious, and served well to introduce the new degree, and recommend it to the notice of the Fraternity. It is much to be regretted, however, that Bro. Dunckerley, whose influence in the Order was amply sufficient for the purpose, did not improve the degree from the materials which he derived from the *ancient* Masons, because he could not fail to perceive their incongruity, by at least a reconstruction of the Word which he has so learnedly described in the above cited passage; for whoever it might be that first arranged its members in their present form, certainly committed a capital error, and grievously mistook the principles on which the degree appears to have been founded.

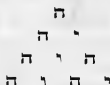
It is doubted by the Jews whether the word Jehovah be the true name of God, for they consider it to be irrecoverably lost by disuse; and regard its pronounciation as one of the mysteries which will be revealed at the coming of the Messiah; and they attribute its loss to the illegality of applying the Masoretic points to such a Sacred Name, by which a knowledge of the proper vowels is forgotten. It is even said in the Gemara of Abodah Zara, that God permitted a celebrated Hebrew scholar to be burned by a Roman Emperor, because he had been heard to pronounce the Sacred Name with points.

The author of the above tract, however, very properly alludes to the Tetragrammaton as forming the basis of the lost Word; which in the Jewish writings is spelled Jehovah or Jah. But in the forms which it now assumes it is either quadriliteral, as יהוה, or biliteral, as יה, which is one of the titles of the Messiah, and plainly refers to the *advancing* of a R. A. Mason; for $3 + 5 + 7$ are equal to $10 + 5 = 15$. This word, as numbered by the cabalists, is $7, 10 + 7, 5 + 7, 6 + 7 = 26$. The mystical cube and plumb-line, and the figures which compose it being added together give the number 8. Now the word IHSOVS , corresponding with the above word יה, being numbered makes $I, 10 + H, 8 + S, 200 + O, 70 + Y, 400 + S, 200 = 888$, or THREE cubes. But the Royal Arch Degree is founded on the number *three*, and, therefore, each member of the Word ought to have been trilateral. Again, the cabalists

used this form of the Word, which is an illustration of the same principle,



Sometimes expressed thus, triangularly,



This designation of the Ineffable Name was a symbol of the creation; and the mysterious union of T. G. A. O. T. U. with his creatures was in the letter ה He, which they considered to be the agent of Almighty power, and to enable the possessor of the Name to work miracles. It was also the symbol of the Trinity in Unity.

Amongst the Syrians, the Chaldeans, the Phœnicians, and others, the Ineffable Name of the Deity was Bel, Bal, Bul, Baal, or Belin. There are some doubts whether it was not biliteral; for we find אל El, בל Bel, and אב-אל Ab-El, signifying Pater-Deus. The trilateral name was בלל Baal.

Again, the Egyptians and Hindoos revered On, or Om, *i. e.* Aun, or Aum, as the name of their chief deity; who was also considered by the Canaanites as the Creator, or the prolific power, probably the solar orb; and the same name is compounded in the Philistine deity Dag-On, or in other words, the receptacle of On, which, perhaps, in their physical theology might refer to the ark of Noah. It is also found in the names of places in the same country, as Tzid-Aun, (Sidon), Herm-On, Hebr-On, &c.; and the Chaldean Oannes was O-Aun-Nes. Amongst the Jews, during the Theocracy, the worship of Teraphim, whatever they might be, was connected with that of Aun. Thus the original of 1 Sam. xv., 23, is —“As the sin of divination is rebellion, so is *Aun* and Teraphim stubbornness and iniquity.” And the same thing occurred at a later period; thus Zechariah accuses them by saying, “Your Teraphim have announced Aun;” which

in our translation is called "vanity," and was a solar oracle, which is nothing but vanity.¹⁷ The fact appears to be, that they consulted the God Aun though the medium of the Teraphim, as Jehovah was consulted by Urim and Thummim, or perhaps before the cherubic emblem, which is called by the Jews, "the very pith and marrow" of their mode of worship. Faber has taken a somewhat similar view of this subject, and concludes that, "by a plausible though wretched abuse, the Cherubim, or Seraphim, or Teraphim, became the symbolic faticidal gods of paganism; and as the principal hero-god of that system was thought to have migrated into the sun, and was thence astronomically worshipped as the solar deity, the Teraphim are, by the inspired writers, justly associated with the Egyptian On, who is the same as the Indo-Scythic Om of the Brahmins."¹⁸ It is remarkable that this word was also used by the early Christians to express the divine Being whom they worshipped, *Ο ΩΝ, και ὁ ἦν, και ὁ ἐρχομενος*, "God, which is, and was, and is to come."¹⁹ But it must be borne in mind that the heathen, while acknowledging their chief god to be the maker of the universe, did not understand it in the sense which we affix to it. They held that God built the world *out of existing materials*; while the Jews, as well as Christians, believe that he created it out of nothing.

The application of these materials to the purpose of Royal Arch Masonry would have been easy; and yet the usual combinations of them have failed to form a word in strict correspondence with the evident intention of the founders of the degree; for though it was termed the *fourth* degree, and included a reference to the Tetragrammaton, yet the TRIAD was considered to be its distinguishing element. The chief officers, the sojourners, the original Grand Lodges, the lights, the form of the jewels, and other particulars, are so many unanswerable proofs of it. The frequent references to a trinity in unity, as well as the construction of the word itself, leave us no choice in the interpretation of the design which was intended to be conveyed in this sublime degree.

It was evidently a determination on the part of its

¹⁷ Zech. x., 2.

¹⁸ Eight Diss., vol. i., p. 391.

¹⁹ Rev. i., 4.

founders to construct a link, by which Freemasonry might be unequivocally connected with Christianity; for the word, however it might be compounded, resolves itself into JEHOVAH, which was the name of the divine Logos, or Christ, being formed of יהוה, *the essence, O ΩΝ, He who simply is*, and יהוה, *always existing*, which is the character assigned to Christ in the Apocalypse—"He who was, and is, and shall be—the Eternal."²⁰ This hypothesis is of sufficient importance to merit a free examination.

Before the fall of man we have plain indications of the appearance of JEHOVAH, or the word of God in paradise.²¹ After our first parents had sinned, "they heard the voice of JEHOVAH walking in the garden."²² Now, who was this "voice of Jehovah?" It could not be God the Father, because St. John positively affirms that no man hath seen God at any time."²³ And adds, that "he declares himself by means of his only begotten Son." It must, therefore, have been Christ, who is called elsewhere, "the Angel of the Covenant," "the Branch," "Jehovah our Righteousness," &c., that thus conferred with our erring progenitors. This is confirmed by the terms of the prophecy of Balaam, who calls his victorious Star, who is to smite and annihilate the worshippers of On and Om, Aun, and Baal Peor, by this very title of the "Voice of Jehovah."²⁴ This appears to have been the opinion of the early Christians, for Theophilus Antiochenus²⁵ says expressly, "the Word, or voice of God, came into paradise and talked with Adam."

This is the sense in which the passage is explained by the Targumists; for they agree to render it, "they heard the word of the Lord God walking, &c.; the Jerusalem Targum paraphrases the beginning of Gen. iii., 9, by "the word of the Lord called unto Adam." The word, therefore, that called was the word or voice that walked."²⁶ Indeed, the old Chaldee paraphrase, the Jerusalem Targum, and the most learned rabbinical commentators, interpret Jehovah who communed with Adam

²⁰ Rev. xi., 17.

²¹ Gen. ii., 16-18.

²² Gen. iii., 8.

²³ John i., 18.

²⁴ Numb. xxiv., 17.

²⁵ Ad Autol., l. 2.

²⁶ See Maimon. Mor. Nevich., p. i., c. 24; Tzet. Hammor, s. Beresh. apud Owen. Exerc. x., in Heb. vi., 1; Faber, 8 diss., i. 28.

to be the Memra or Messias. : And Jonathan and Onkelos add, that "he judged the old world by his Word;" that he "made a covenant with Abraham by his Word;" and that "he would redeem mankind by his Word."²⁷

In like manner, Christians of all ages and times have held the opinion, that Jehovah who appeared to man in the time of the patriarchs was Christ. Thus, for example, that which the angel spake to Hagar²⁸ is said to be spoken by Jehovah;²⁹ and the same angel said, "I am the God (Jehovah or El Shaddai) of Bethel."³⁰ This angel, who is styled in other places the Angel of the Covenant,³¹ the Angel of God's presence,³² and the Name of God,³³ was no other than our Lord Jesus Christ, according to the unanimous opinion of all antiquity.

If further proofs of this invaluable truth be wanting, they are at hand. The Almighty says, by the prophet Isaiah,³⁴ "I am Jehovah, and there is none else; there is no God beside me." But St. John says, "the Word was God;"³⁵ and St. Paul affirms, "Christ came, who is God over all; God blessed for ever."³⁶ Therefore Christ is Jehovah or God. The glorious Name which was given to Moses at the burning bush,³⁷ was assumed by Christ himself, when he said,³⁸ "Before Abraham was, I AM," not *I was*, but I AM. This name, אֲדֹנָי, is, therefore, esteemed by the modern Jews inferior to the Tetragrammaton, because, they say, though it demonstrates the divine essence, yet it forms only a part of that sacred name; for numerically it is only twenty-one, while the Tetragrammaton is twenty-six.

The most ancient Jewish writers, instead of Jehovah use the name *Memra*, by which they intend to signify the Son of God. Now, as some of these learned men lived before and about the time of Christ, their opinions on this point may be received as positive evidence of the fact. In the passages of their sacred writings, where the name of Jehovah occurs, they substitute MEMRA JEHOVAH, or the Word of God, to whom they ascribe the

²⁷ Jerusalem Targum on Gen. xlix., 18.

²⁸ Gen. xvi., 7-11

²⁹ Gen. xvi., 13.

³⁰ Gen. xxxi., 13.

³¹ Mal. iii., 1.

³² Isai. lxiii., 9.

³³ Exod. xxiii., 21.

³⁴ Isai. xlv., 5.

³⁵ John i., 1.

³⁶ Rom. i., 8.

³⁷ Exod. iii., 14

³⁸ John viii., 58.

creation of the world, as we do to Christ; and all the divine manifestations which we find there, they say were effected by Memra.

In addition to this evidence, which is exceedingly valuable, we may also remark that in our authorized translation of the scriptures, the Septuagint version has been followed in rendering the word Jehovah by *Κυριος*, or Lord; and whenever the word LORD appears in the English Bible, it stands for Jehovah in the original; to which name the Jews associate much superstition and mystery. Many of the ancient fathers assert, that in their copies of the Bible the Name was written in Samaritan characters, that it might not be polluted by the heathen.

If to the above reasoning we subjoin the testimony of early Christian writers on this point, it will complete the chain of evidence, that the name of Jehovah, and the Word spoken of by St. John, and inserted in the Tracing-board of the English Royal Arch, are one and the same person. Justin Martyr³⁹ says—"Our Christ conversed with Moses out of the bush, in the appearance of fire." And again⁴⁰—"It was the Son of God who spoke to Moses." Irenæus affirms,⁴¹ that "it was the Word of God who, in a divine and glorious manner, conversed with the patriarchs." Tertullian is equally decisive on the subject, when he tells his adversary that "it was Christ who conversed upon earth from the beginning; and that it was He who appeared on all occasions to the patriarchs and prophets."⁴² Athanasius, Hilary, Basil, and Cyril of Jerusalem, speak to the same effect; and our Bishop Bull affirms, that it was the unanimous opinion of all primitive antiquity.

A further proof of the Christian reference of the Royal Arch Degree is found, not only in certain passages of the lectures which represent "the way, the truth, and the life," as characteristic of the Redeemer, and a direct mention of "the second person in the glorious Trinity," but also in its characteristic symbol or mark; for the TRIPLE TAU was unknown before the dispensation of

³⁹ Apol., 1.

⁴⁰ Apol., 2.

⁴¹ L. iii., c. 11.

⁴² Adv. Marc., l. ii., 4, 27.



Christ was promulgated, and the main hinge, on which all its illustrations were suspended, was the advent of Shiloh when the sceptre had departed from Judah. Now a sceptre, being figuratively put for government, because it is an ensign of royalty, it referred *literally* to the just and righteous government of King Solomon, but *mystically* to the government of Christ, which is more just and righteous, over the faithful people of God, and is, therefore, emphatically called "a sceptre of righteousness."⁴³

The Jews, however, affect to believe that the word *shebet* in the Hebrew text, which we interpret a sceptre, signifies a rod, which is an instrument of chastisement; and, therefore, they contend that it means, that their dispersion amongst strange nations shall not cease till their Messiah shall come to deliver them from it. Christ began his public ministry at a solemn jubilee; and, therefore, he said—"The Lord hath anointed me (as the Christ) to preach the Gospel to the poor, he hath sent me (as Shiloh, or the Apostle) to heal the broken hearted, to proclaim deliverance to the captives, and restoration of sight to the blind, to set at liberty the bruised, and to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."⁴⁴ Mr. Taylor, after proving satisfactorily that the Shiloh here mentioned could be no other than Christ, adds—"Our Lord was the only branch of David's family entitled to rule, and if the royalty had continued in that family, he would have sat upon the throne of Israel; and he dying without issue, the ruling branch of that family became extinct; so that, after his death, there was no longer any possibility of the continuance of the kingly office in the direct and proper line of David. The person who should have held the sceptre was dead; the direct descent of the family expired with him, the sceptre was *bonâ fide* departed; since, first it was actually swayed by a stranger or strangers (Herod and the Romans); and, secondly, no one who could possibly claim it, though he might have been of a collateral branch of David's house, could have been the direct legal claimant by birth-right; for that person was crucified! Such is the language Provi-

⁴³ Heb. i., 8.

⁴⁴ Luke iv., 18.


dence put into the mouth of Pilate—‘SHALL I CRUCIFY YOUR KING?’ ‘Yes,’ say the Jews, ‘we reject the lineal descendant of David, and prefer Cæsar.’ Rome triumphs; David expires in the person of his son; and with him expires all direct claim of right to the sceptre. The sceptre is departed from David, and if from David—from Judah—JESUS OF NAZARETH, THE KING OF THE JEWS!’⁴⁵

In the Royal Arch Degree the name of God is depicted, as in the centre of our Floor-cloth, by a double interlacing triangle, thus , inscribed within a dark circle, representing unlimited space beyond the reach of light, and the top representing the “light shining in darkness, and the darkness comprehending it not,”⁴⁶ as a continuation of the divine sentence at the summit of the Floor-cloth.⁴⁷ This had been used as a Christian symbol, to denote the two natures of Jehovah, the God-man, for centuries before the Royal Arch Degree was ever thought of. In this form , or the above, it was called the pentangle, or seal of Solomon, and the shield of David, and was employed all over Asia as a preservative against witchcraft, in which superstition the Jews are said to have participated; for they used written charms enclosed in the above hexagonal or pentangular figure, and disposed cabalistically, which were worn about their necks. It constituted the Pythagorean pentalpha, and was the symbol of health. Thus Pireius says—“Pentagonum, salutis symbolum fuisse; autem illi hujusmodi ostendisse, triangulum triplicem invicem insertum ex lineis quinque constantem; in quibus *YITIEIA* scriptum erat. Sic enim salus sanitasve Græce appellatur.”



Taylor's Calmet in loc.

⁴⁶ John i., 5.

⁴⁷ I have at length succeeded in obtaining the name and number of the Chapter at Chester, where the above Floor-cloth was used. It was called the Chapter of St. Michael, No. 24, and is dated Feb. 9, 1781. The warrant differs very little from the present form, except that it is dedicated to “the Almighty JAH, .

Christians used it to represent the five wounds of Christ, thus; and hence it was formerly referred, in the old lectures of Masonry, to the birth, life, death, resurrection, and ascension of the Saviour of mankind. And the formula which was used, even so recently as the early part of my masonic life, is worth preserving:—



“What do we learn by his birth? He being the day-star of mercy, hath risen to conduct our feet in the paths of peace and holiness.

“What by his life? All the moral and social virtues, he being the way, the truth, and the life.

“What by his death? That our debt is paid, the law satisfied, and our redemption completed.

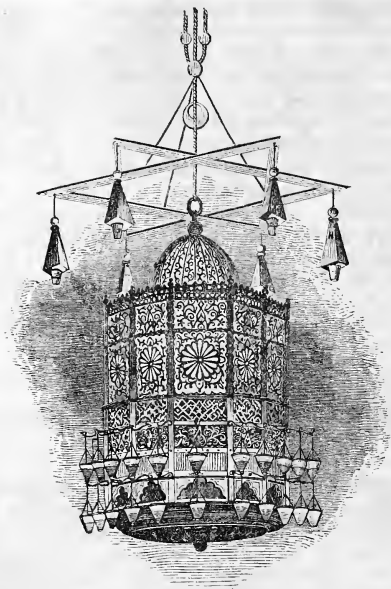
“What by his resurrection? A victory over death and the grave, wherein resteth our justification.

“What by his ascension? That he is gone before to prepare a place for his faithful people, that where he is, there may they be also.”


The above symbol is very common in Asia, even at the present day. Mr. Drummond Hay, speaking of the ornaments in the harem of a Moor, mentions “a brass frame composed of two intersecting triangles, as a chandelier.” These kind of lamps or lanterns are very common; and in the palace of a monarch they are often of great magnificence. I subjoin an engraving of one of these lanterns, with the pentangle of Solomon attached.⁴⁸

The next great and distinguishing symbol of the Royal Arch Degree is the tau cross triplified, $\tau\tau\tau$. And as the former was the seal of Solomon, and considered capable of warding off earthly dangers, so is this the seal of Christ, and competent to guard the recipient from such dangers as are spiritual. This latter seal is baptism, accompanied by the crucial sign. Thus Valesius, and others expound it, and term it “the seal of our Lord,” because in the very nature of it there is contained a covenant made between God and man, of which the sign or

⁴⁸ In the “Landmarks of Masonry,” this pentangular symbol is fully illustrated; and I refer the curious reader to vol. ii., pp. 355 and 659, for further information; and some remarks may also be found in the “Theocratic Philosophy,” p. 169.



symbol of the cross is the seal. Hence Thecla said to St. Paul—"Give me the seal of Christ and no temptation shall have power over me." And the shepherd Hermas, speaking of some who had died after baptism, says—"They were sealed with the seal of the Son of God, and are entered into the kingdom of God. For before a person receives the sign of the Son of God, he is consigned over to death; but when he receives that seal, he is freed from death and consigned over to life." And hence the cross was the symbol of life; and when triplified, it was an emblem of life eternal.

This remarkable figure, at its first construction, was an emblem used by the eastern Christians as a monogram of the sacred name of Christ. The original form appears to have been this , a combination of the Greek xp

(Chr),⁴⁹ the two first letters in *XPICTOS*; and it was placed, as a talisman of protection, on the summit of the ensign staff by Constantine; thus occupying the same honourable position as the Egyptian ibis, the Athenian owl, or the Roman eagle. It soon became an universal Christian symbol, although the form of its construction underwent many variations, as may be seen in the curious work of Aringhius, called "Roma Subterranea;" amongst which is found the triple tau of our Royal Arch Degree, and the motto was, *IN HOC SIGNO VINCES!* It was subsequently transferred to the official seals of several Roman pontiffs; from whence it passed into general use in all Christian countries; and formed part of an inscription on an old bell in Great Grimsby church, of which I subjoin a correct copy.

ϞϞϞ ϞϞϞ

ϞϞϞ ϞϞϞ ϞϞϞ ϞϞϞ ϞϞϞ

The above monogram merged into the triple tau during the life-time of Constantine, and appears not only on his coins, but on those of his successors; and certain contractions afterwards sprang into use, which were as highly revered as the original symbol. First we find the two first letters in the Greek name of Jesus, *ΙΗΣΟΥΣ*, used as a monogram, or mysterious sign, to represent the name of Jehovah or Christ, which were sometimes so

⁴⁹ "The bas-reliefs of the ancient *ambones* of the Cathedral of Rouen, now incrustated into the wall behind the choir, are curious as exhibiting in distinct rows, the fish, the dove, the lamb, the stag, the peacock, &c., the whole sacred menagerie, as Mr. Hope calls it, of symbolism. These tombs throw an interesting light on the origin of three tufts or rays of glory, emblematical of the Trinity, which surround our Saviour's head in the productions of early Italian painting, and even in the early works of Raphael, Titian, and their contemporaries. I have little doubt of their being a corruption of the well known monogram of our Saviour's name, formed by the Greek letters X and P." (Lord Lindsay's *Christian Art.*, vol. 1., p. 103.)

disposed as to form the triple tau, the I being placed upon the H in the form of a cross, thus $\text{I}\overline{\text{H}}$; and subsequently, when the third letter of the above name, Σ or C, was added, the symbol assumed this form $\text{I}\overline{\text{H}}\text{C}$, for which the western church substituted the Roman letters, $\text{I}\overline{\text{H}}\text{S}$ which are still profusely used by the Roman Catholics; and many protestant pulpits are inscribed with the sacred $\text{I}\overline{\text{H}}\text{S}$.⁵⁰

The above are the initial letters of the Greek inscription placed by Pilate on the cross of our blessed Saviour, of which I subjoin a fac-simile, taken by Dr. Adam Clarke from a copy of the *Codex Bezae*, which was first delineated in the fourth century, and resembles the autographs of the earliest ages of Christianity.

$\text{I}\overline{\text{H}}\text{C}\text{O}\text{Y}\text{C}\ \text{O}\ \text{N}\overline{\text{A}}\text{Z}\overline{\text{A}}\text{P}\overline{\text{R}}\text{E}\text{O}\text{C}$
 $\text{O}\ \text{B}\overline{\text{A}}\text{C}\text{I}\overline{\text{L}}\text{E}\text{Y}\text{C}\ \text{T}\overline{\text{O}}\text{N}$
 $\text{I}\overline{\text{O}}\text{Y}\overline{\text{D}}\overline{\text{A}}\text{I}\overline{\text{O}}\text{N}$

It is well known that the Greek Σ was anciently constructed like the Roman C, and was so used for several centuries; and therefore the IHC of the eastern church was improperly changed by its rival of the west to the Roman IHS.

Occasionally we find an abbreviation of both the

⁵⁰ In a letter which I have recently received from Bro. Willoughby, of Birkenhead, he says—"I was struck with an observation which fell from an old Scottish Mason, who was exalted on our last Chapter day. After the ceremony he was looking round the room, in order to take a calmer view of the arrangements, and seeing the $\text{I}\overline{\text{H}}$ upon the plinth of the altar, he asked me, 'What are you doing with that figure here?' 'Why do you ask?' said I. 'Because it is what we call the Holy Jesus,' was his reply. He is a builder in an extensive way, and said that he had often met with it in old churches, and that it was always called 'The Holy Jesus,' or Jesus the Saviour of mankind. $\text{I}\overline{\text{H}}\text{S}$."

names of Christ used as a monogram; thus IC XC, because these letters were supposed to represent the position of Christ's right hand when elevated in benediction, as M. Didron explains it, "L'index s'allonge comme un I; le grand doigt se courbe comme un C, ancien *sigma* des Grecs, le pouce et l'annulaire se croisent pour faire un X, et le petit doigt s'arrondit pour figurer un C. Tout cela IC-XC, monogramme Grec de Jesus-Christ (*Ἰησοῦς Χριστός*)."⁵¹ It was sometimes expressed ΙϞϞ XC, and sometimes XPC. And it does not vitiate the argument to consider that this monogram ΙϞϞS was the mysterious badge of the Jesuits, and worn upon the sleeve of their garments; as if, to use the language of Henry Burton, "with the name of Jesvs, inchanter-like, they would coniure downe the spirit of truthe, and coniure vp the spirit of pontifician error and sedition againe in this our church."⁵² It rather confirms our view of the subject, by showing that this triple tau or cross was publicly used and sanctioned for ages by the highest authorities of the Christian church.

Another form which this ever varying monogram assumed was the *vesica piscis*, an ancient Platonic symbol, but identified with Christ, (and in a fresco painting of the Last Judgment, in the chapel of the Arena at Padua, by Giotto, the Saviour is represented as seated within the *vesica piscis*),⁵³ by the substitution of a Greek word for a fish, ΙΧΘΥΣ, the letters of which formed the initials of the name and character of the Redeemer. *Ἰησοῦς Χριστός Θεοῦ Υἱός Σωτήρ*, *Jesus Christ, the Son of God, our Saviour*. We frequently find, not only in Freemasonry but elsewhere, the addition of the Greek letters Α and Ω subjoined to all and each of the above-mentioned monograms, to

⁵¹ Icon. de Dieu, p. 212.

⁵² Triall of Private Devotions, A. D. 1625.

⁵³ "Amongst the Mosaics in the nave of St. Maria Maggiore at Rome, we find a design of the Israelites stoning Moses and Aaron in their flight to the Tabernacle, on the morning after the punishment of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, a hand from heaven surrounds them with a *vesica piscis*, from which the stones, arrested, fall innocuously to the ground; while a third figure (like the fourth in the fiery furnace of the three children) appears beside them, within the *vesica piscis*, intended doubtless for our Saviour." (Lord Lindsay, ut supra, p. 101.)

denote the eternity of Christ as Jehovah. Thus Duncange—

Circulus hic summi comprehendit nomina regis,
 Quem sine principio et sine fine vides.
 Principium cum fine simul tibi donat A cum Ω ;
 X et P Christi nomina sancta tenent.⁵⁴



We will now examine how far this doctrine is applicable to Royal Arch Masonry. It appears from evidence which is incontrovertible, that this great and holy Being was known under the same name, or one which very nearly resembled it, in almost every nation under the canopy of heaven, however they might have departed from the true faith and manner of worship. By one he was called Ivah, or Evah ; by another, Javoh ; by others, Jevah, Jove, Jupiter, &c. Macrobius, in his Saturnalia (l. i., 18), says, that it was an admitted axiom amongst the heathen, that the trilateral JAH, or rather $IA\Omega$, was the sacred name of the Supreme God. And the Clarian oracle, which was of unknown antiquity, being asked which of the deities was named $IA\Omega$, answered in these memorable words :—

“The initiated are bound to conceal the mysterious secrets. Learn thou, that $IA\Omega$, is the Great God Supreme, who ruleth over all.”

Now it so happens, that in the gems of the early Christians we find these very letters, $IA\Omega$, which are an abbreviation of the name of JEHOVAH, used as a monogram to express the name of the Saviour of mankind, who was thus represented as existing before time was, and shall exist when time shall be no more. It was first adopted by the eastern church, and signified

⁵⁴ GLOSS., v. 10, apud Io. Anton. Castell. de antiquitate Basil.

Ἰησοῦς, Ἀλφα Ὠμεγα, Jesus, Alpha Omega, or in other words, Jesus, the first and the last.⁵⁵ And this is consonant with the decision of Ducange, who says that the letters *A* and *Ω* “designantes Christi divinitatem et humanitatem,” like the intersecting triangles of the English Royal Arch.

But this appropriation of *A* and *Ω* to Jesus Christ does not rest on the opinions of men, but it is frequently and plainly proclaimed in the Word of God. Jehovah applies it to himself in these remarkable words:—“Thus saith Jehovah, the King of Israel, his Redeemer, the Lord of Hosts, *I am the first, and I am the last*, and besides me there is no other God.”⁵⁶ But Jesus Christ claims these titles—“Behold I come quickly, to give to every man according as his work shall be. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, *the first and the last*.”⁵⁷ And again, in another place—“I am *A* and *Ω*, the beginning and the ending, which is, and was, and is to come, the Almighty.”⁵⁸ And he glories in the title, which his beloved disciple attributes to him saying—“These things saith the First and the Last, that was dead and is alive.”⁵⁹ On this account it was that he commenced his Gospel with that memorable passage which occupies such a prominent situation on the old Royal Arch Tracing-boards—“In the beginning was the WORD,” that is, *A* and *Ω*; and more significantly expressed in the central symbol of the sacred name. But his eternity is more plainly avouched by St. Paul. The royal prophet David had said—“They all shall wax old, as doth a garment, and as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed; but *THOU* art the same, and thy years shall not fail.”⁶⁰ These very words are applied by the apostle to Jesus Christ;⁶¹ and again,⁶² he says—“Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever;” which was an appropriation of the words of Jehovah by the prophet—“I am Jehovah, I change not.”⁶³

The Royal Arch word, to have been perfectly in keeping with the degree, and with the general construction of Masonry, should have been a triad not only of syllable

⁵⁵ Rev. xxii., 13.

⁵⁶ Isaiah xlv., 6.

⁵⁷ Rev. xxii., 12, 13.

⁵⁸ Rev. i., 8.

⁵⁹ Rev. ii., 8.

⁶⁰ Psalm cii., 27

⁶¹ Heb. xi., 11, 12.

⁶² Heb. xiii., 8.

⁶³ Mal. iii., 6.

bles but also of letters. Our transatlantic Brethren have seen this in its true light; but they have corrected the error unlearnedly. It ought to have been, if the principle of its construction be allowed, to be orthodox.

Syriac	Chaldee	Hindoo
— — —	— — —	— — —

And to have made it intelligible to a mere English scholar, which description will apply to a great majority of Royal Arch Masons, it should be translated to them thus—

English	English	English
— — —	— — —	— — —

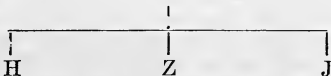
I cannot be more explicit for obvious reasons; but every Companion of the Order will be at no loss to understand my meaning.

Having thus, at some length, explained the tendency and various significations of that magnificent and sublime symbol which occupies the centre of the Floor-cloth, as it was understood by our Brethren of the last century—the Deity surrounded by infinite universal space; his eternity being declared by the awful *EN APXH HN O AOTOS*, which forms the crowning glory of the design—“The light shining in darkness, and the darkness comprehending it not;” I proceed to an examination of the subordinate figures, which constitute so many symbols, or types, illustrative of the doctrine which has already been enunciated, the chief of which had been abstracted from the Third Degree.

The diagrams underneath the centre arch are somewhat difficult of solution at this distance of time, when every clue is lost by which their true design might be explained. They consist of two single triads of circles, and a figure composed of three sides of a square, combining seven circles. The most obvious interpretation appears to be, that the angular triad refers either to the three original Grand Lodges on mounts Sinai and Horeb, each governed by as many Grand Masters; or to the three Principals of the Chapter, symbolized by the three key-stones, to show that as a knowledge of certain mysterious secrets was attained by drawing them forth, so by passing through these offices a knowledge of the

arcana of Royal Arch Masonry may be successfully accomplished. Now these three Principals are described in the original rules of the Degree (A. D. 1782) thus:—"The three Principals in Chapter assembled are to be considered conjunctly, as THE MASTER, and each severally as A MASTER." Hence, in their aggregate capacity they represent ONE PERSON only, in whom is united the different attributes of king, priest, and prophet. For as there is a trinity of persons in the godhead, so there was a trinity of offices combined in the second person when incarnate, which is clearly represented in the diagram. Now it will be observed that these Principals are three only in name, not in office. They are not 1 Z, 2 H, 3 J, but

THE MASTER.



They are, therefore, typical of Jehovah-Christ, in whom these offices are permanently united in their utmost perfection, and in him alone. This arrangement is one of the great beauties of the Degree.

It is possible that the angular triad might also bear a reference to the three great lights, which were at that period interpreted to symbolize "the light of the Gospel, and the sublime mystery of the trinity." The linear triad bore a reference to the sojourners, who represented the three stones on which prayers and thanksgivings were offered on the discovery of the lost word; thereby affording an example, that it is our duty in every important undertaking, to offer up our prayers and thanksgivings to the God of our salvation. While the quadrangular diagram reminds us of the seven pair of pillars which supported King Solomon's private avenue, the seven steps in advancing, and the seven seals; for in those days the OB was sealed seven times.

The figures, however, being read from right to left, may have a reference to the three Degrees of Craft Masonry, the three divisions of Operative, and the seven divisions of Speculative Masonry; the latter of which, in those times, was identified with the Royal Arch Degree,

and referred to the seven liberal sciences; and both were thus explained in the lectures of the day:—

“Freemasonry is to be considered as divided into two parts, the Operative and the Speculative; and these are again subdivided, the Operative (that is Craft Masonry) into three distinct branches, the manual, the instrumental, and the scientific. The manual consists of such parts of business as are performed by hand labour alone, or by the help of some simple instruments, the uses whereof are not to be learnt by any problems or rules of art, but by labour and practice only; and this is more peculiarly applicable to our Brethren of the First Degree, called Entered Apprentices.

“The instrumental consists in the use and application of various tools and implements, such as the common gage, the square, the plumb-line, the level, and others that may be called mathematical, invented to find the size or magnitude of the several parts or materials whereof our buildings are composed, to prove when they are wrought into due form and proportion, and when so wrought, to fix them in their proper places and positions; and likewise to take the dimensions of all bodies, whether plain or solid, and to adjust and settle the proportions of space and extent. To this part also belongs the use of various other instruments or machines, such as the lever, the wheel and axle, the wedge, the screw, the pulley, &c., which may be called mechanic, being used to forward and expedite our business, to alleviate our toils, and enable us to perform that by a single hand which could not be done without many, and in some cases not at all; and those more properly belong to our Brethren of the Second Degree, styled Fellowcrafts.

“The scientific consists in the knowledge of several of the arts and sciences, so far as to enable us to discern the reason for the operations of those before-mentioned instruments, tools, and machines, and to calculate the force and momentum of the different mechanical powers; and also to clear up and arrange our ideas in such a manner, as to be able to delineate them so clearly on our Tracing-board, that, by the help of a proper scale, our Brethren of the Second Degree may take them off and complete our design, and, if intended for that purpose, erect a structure, which, when finished, shall contain the greatest

possible degree of strength, elegance, and convenience, that the quantity of materials and space allowed will admit of; and this is the part of, or applicable to, our Brethren of the highest Degree of the Craft of Master Masons.

“To each of these Degrees belong certain signs, tokens, and watch-words, well known amongst the Brethren, and also a variety of instructive maxims and apothegms, the former intended to detect impostors, and exclude the unworthy from their Lodges; and the latter to strengthen the memory, to correct the judgment, and habituate the mind, by a due course of reasoning, to trace up causes from effects, and thereby explode the dogmata of every false hypothesis; and thus we are handed on from infancy to childhood, from childhood to youth, from youth to manhood; and by the instructions received in passing through the several probationary Degrees of the Craft, are prepared for our own most sublime one, namely, Speculative Masonry, or the Royal Arch, intended for the cultivation of every art and science that the human mind, in this sublunary state, is capable of; and particularly the seven liberal sciences, which are so many branches of that universal science called Freemasonry;” which may account for the seven circles in the quadrangular figure before us.

The remaining emblems mostly belong to the Third Degree, although, for a brief period, they were incorporated into the Royal Arch, as apposite illustrations of the lucid emblem in the centre of the Tracing-board. They were appendages equally to the Tabernacle of Moses, and the Temple of Solomon; but were not all restored after it had been rebuilt by Zerubbabel. We have here the golden candlestick, the table of shew-bread, the censer or altar of incense, the pot of manna, and Aaron's rod. These were explained in the following manner:—

The candlestick was manufactured by Bezaleel and Aholiab, of beaten gold. It had an upright shaft, which stood on a broad foundation, that its support might be firm and immoveable, without danger of being overthrown during the process of trimming and cleaning its lamps, which were seven in number (although nine are represented in the figure), one in the centre, and three on each side, on so many branches that were not equal

in length, the outer branches being elongated, that the lights might be all of the same height. The body of the shaft had four bowls, and as many knops and flowers, from which the branches sprang; each branch containing the same number of bowls, knops, and flowers. Some think that the seven branches symbolized the seven planets, the seven days of the week, and the seven ages of man; but, in truth, the Christian church is the candlestick, and the light is Christ.⁶⁴ The seven lights are emblems of the gifts of the Spirit; the knops and flowers, the graces and ornaments of a Christian life. As the candlestick gave light to the Tabernacle, so we must remain in darkness unless Christ shall enlighten his church. Simeon, therefore, pronounced it to be "a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory⁶⁵ of Israel."⁶⁶

On the opposite side of the sacred symbol we find the table of shewbread. Moses was commanded to construct this table of shittim wood, because it was intended to be durable, and to last as long as the Jewish dispensation should continue. This wood was the *acacia*, which, according to Kitto,⁶⁷ was exclusively employed in the construction of the Tabernacle. It is well agreed by writers on the natural history of the Bible, that the shittim wood was afforded by a species of acacia; but the particular species has been less determinately mentioned. But now that the labours of the French commission, and of different recent travellers, have made us acquainted with the botany of Arabia Petræa, we have little difficulty in concluding that the required species is found in either the *acacia gummifera*, or in the *acacia seyal*, or rather in both. They both grow abundantly in the valleys of that region where the Israelites wandered for forty years, and both supply products which must have rendered them of much value to the Israelites. The crown, or rim, of this table was particularly described in

⁶⁴ Rev. i., 20.

⁶⁵ *Nimbus*, referring to the glory which played round the head of Moses when he came down from the mount, and thus preserving a common phraseology, characteristic of the rays of light within the interlacing triangles of our Tracing-board, and overshadowing the altar of incense.

⁶⁶ Luke ii., 32.

⁶⁷ Palestine, ecli.

the lectures of the day as being common to it, as well as the Ark of the covenant, and the altar of incense. It consisted of an ornamented border of gold, as is seen in the lithograph, which was set round the table to prevent anything from falling from it, and so becoming polluted. On this table were placed the twelve loaves of unleavened bread, called the presence bread, because it was perpetually before the face of Jehovah; a custom which was imitated amongst the heathen, who had in their temples a similar table, on which meat and drink were placed in honour of the gods, as we find in the familiar instance of Bel and the dragon, recorded in the Apocrypha of our Bibles. The twelve loaves of shewbread in the Tabernacle were baked in moulds by the priests; and some say they were marked with the names of the twelve tribes of Israel; but there is no authority for this conjecture in the Sacred Writings. They were consecrated with incense, and being placed on vessels of gold, were renewed every sabbath-day. Josephus affirms, that a cup of incense was placed on each stack of bread, as is represented in the figure before us.

The mystical and symbolical meaning of this utensil is thus explained: some understand by it the Holy Scriptures, and interpret the four rings by which it was carried, when removed from one place to another, the four evangelists, by whom the Gospel of Christ is carried, as it were, from nation to nation, till it becomes universal; while others compare the twelve loaves to the twelve months; and others think the table a symbol of the earth, and the loaves to the fruits thereof. But these interpretations are too fanciful. The table was a symbol of the family of Christ-Jehovah, and the loaves of the true bread of life which that great Being has furnished to his faithful followers. By the incense upon the bread, we are to understand that the preaching of the word ought to be consecrated by prayer and thanksgiving, that we may be divinely incited to the practice of moral and social virtue.

We now come to the consideration of the pot of manna, and the rod of Aaron that budded. It is well known that the manna was given by Jehovah as food for his people in the barren desert, which was called by

David⁶⁸ “the bread of angels,” as some think, because it was a type of Christ, who was the true bread of life both to angels and to men. The manna was a white, transparent globule, of the size of a coriander seed, and tasted like wafers made with honey, and flavoured with olive oil.⁶⁹ A vessel of this pure substance was directed to be laid up before the testimony, as a perpetual memento of the miraculous sustenance of so great a body of people for forty years in a sterile wilderness; and it will be remembered that, when they came out of Egypt, they numbered three millions of souls. The form of this vessel has been represented like an urn, with a lid or cover; and thus it is depicted on Samaritan medals.

The manna is denominated by St. Paul⁷⁰ “spiritual meat;” whence Christians have considered it as a type of Christ; and for these plain reasons, because, as Jehovah, whom we have already seen identified with the Redeemer of mankind, had compassion on his chosen people when they were famishing in a region where no food was to be had; so the same holy Being had compassion on mankind, when they were in a state of spiritual destitution, and gave his body and blood as a nourishment for their hungry souls. In sending forth the manna, Jehovah displayed his tender love towards his people—but much more so when he came in human form to seek and to save those which were lost. He gave them the manna for forty years to teach them obedience under the law—and he has given us his Gospel, with a promise of everlasting life to those who should obey its precepts and observe its laws. The coincidences between the manna and Jesus Christ are too numerous to be overlooked, and too important to be despised. He himself drew the first parallel when he said to the Jews—“I am the bread of life. Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead. This is the bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof and not die. I am the living bread which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread, he shall live

⁶⁸ Psalm lxxviii., 9.

⁶⁹ Numb. xxiii., 21.

⁷⁰ 1 Cor. x., 3.

for ever; and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world."⁷¹

Of the properties and qualities of the manna, the following symbolical coincidences were noticed. The manna was small, but of great virtue; and Christ, though appearing of low degree, possessed unlimited power. The manna was white, the emblem of purity; and Christ was accordingly pure and spotless. To prepare the manna for use, it had to be beaten and bruised in a mortar—Christ was, in like manner, beaten and bruised for our iniquities. The manna came from heaven—so did Christ. It was sweet and pleasant to the palate—Christ is sweet and pleasant to the soul. It fell from on high like dew, as Christ imparts his grace and spirit. The manna was supplied till the Israelites entered the promised land; and Christ will supply his church till the heavenly Canaan shall be opened to all true believers.

The rod of Aaron that budded, and put forth blossoms, and yielded ripe almonds, as a miraculous attestation of his authority, was also ordered to be preserved as a visible testimony of the fact; and the Jews are of opinion that it retained its leaves and fruit to the last, which is, indeed, extremely probable, else the evidence of the miracle would be defective; and hence it is displayed in a florescent state on our Tracing-board. These two symbols of memorable events in the Jewish history were preserved in the Most Holy Place, *beside* the Ark of the Covenant, and not *in* it, as some have been led to imagine from the words of St. Paul, Heb. ix., 4. They were, however, within the Oracle, and, therefore, have been characteristically placed, in the drawing before us, beneath the arch where the holy Shekinah is symbolized by the sun, that darts its rays obliquely through the arch, because, according to a masonic tradition, "the height of the sun at Jerusalem on the day _____ was 58°, which formed an angle with the horizon, and caused _____." "Now," says Dr. Kellet,⁷² "it is not more odd than true *quod Sol in nube, Deus in Carne*; God in the flesh is like the sunne in a cloud. When Christ was first brought into the temple, the prophetic spirit came upon Simeon; and of extraordinary thanksgiving upon

⁷¹ John vi., 48-51.

⁷² Tricen. Christi, p. 114.

Anna. Was the presence of God in a cloud glorious in the first temple? Much more was the presence of Jehovah in Christ, of Christ in a cloud, superabundantly glorious. A cloud overshadowed them; and a voice out of the cloud said, this is my beloved Son. Againe, was the presence of God *in fulgore*, in brightness, such a great priviledge of the first temple? Certainly, the presence of Jehovah in Christ, who was the brightness of his glory and the expresse image of his person, upholding all things by the Word of his power, was much more illustrious and glorious; and the presence of Christ in the bright cloud, when his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light, was much more resplendent."

The censer of incense which occupies the upper right hand corner of the lithograph, surmounted by a rainbow, or halo of light, is a representation of the altar of incense, which was made of the acacia covered with beaten gold. In form it was a double cube, and had a crown or rim like the table of shew-bread, running round its upper surface. It was of small dimensions, being only $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet square, and three feet high, with elevations at each corner called horns. The figure in our drawing represents merely the censer that was placed upon the altar, in which the incense was actually burned, in allusion to the words of St. Paul, Heb. ix., 4; although we have no warrant in the Jewish writings that such a vessel was used, for the authority is exclusively Christian.

This altar or censer was placed close to the veil which separated the holy from the most holy place, that the incense might penetrate into the latter; and for this reason, perhaps, it was that St. Paul attributes it to the innermost room. It was an emblem or type of Christ, through whom we offer the incense of our prayers. The acacia and gold of which the altar was composed, referred to his human and divine nature; the crown to his regal dignity; and the horns to his power. As no incense could be offered but upon this altar, so no prayers will be accepted but those that are offered through Christ. The incense was offered every morning and evening, and our prayers ought to ascend to the throne of grace at the same periods. The halo or rainbow which appears to overshadow the censer, refers to a passage in the Book

of Revelation, which says—"And another angel came and stood at the altar having a golden censer; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne. And *the smoke of the incense* which came with the prayers of the saints *ascended up before God* out of the angel's hand."⁷³

I need not tell you, my dear sir, at the conclusion of this letter, that my advocacy of Freemasonry is perfectly disinterested and sincere, for an intimate connection of more than twelve years' continuance, during which our correspondence on the subject has been incessant and uninterrupted, will prevent any doubt from lingering in your mind of my entire devotedness to the great and holy cause. My head has become grey during the process; but increasing years and experience have served to confirm the predilections of my early life, and to convince me that Masonry is the handmaiden of religion; and that, while the preliminary degrees contain a most beautiful system of Christian morality, the Royal Arch is impregnated with the principal types and doctrines of our most holy faith. This is the firm and unshaken belief of the sexagenarian Mason who has great pleasure in subscribing himself,

My dear Sir,

Your most obedient and

Faithful friend and Brother,

GEO. OLIVER, D. D.

Scopwick Vicarage, 1st May, 1847.

⁷³ Rev. viii., 3, 4.







SEAL OF THE ABBEY OF ARBROATH.



THE
SECRET DISCIPLINE,

MENTIONED IN

A N C I E N T
ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY,
EXPLAINED.

BY
THEODORE TEMPLE.

NEW YORK:
JNO. W. LEONARD & CO., AMERICAN MASONIC AGENCY.
1855.

Stereotyped by
HOLMAN & GRAY, NEW YORK.

Printed and Bound by
J. F. BRENNAN, LOUISVILLE, KY.

TO
MORGAN LEWIS.

PERMIT me, Sir, to dedicate this Treatise on THE SECRET DISCIPLINE OF THE CHURCH to you, who have been a sufferer, and an efficient soldier, in two wars—a distinguished statesman in the halls of legislation—a presiding judge in the highest courts of justice in our State—a chief magistrate prompt in supporting the majesty of the laws—a president of that venerable band of patriots the Cincinnati; to you, who have shared the labours, been master of the mysteries, and dispensed the charities of Masonry; to you, who have breasted the storm of anti-masonic excitement, trusting to the purity of your principles, and to that great Being who in the end sustains the righteous, and punishes the wicked; to you, whom the younger men of your country regard as an example of firmness, moderation, and republican simplicity, who, in sustaining all these high callings, have never stained one of them with the *pride of place*, or insolence of office.

It is my belief, Sir, that as a scholar, you will be gratified by a perusal of this argument; that as a Christian, you will be delighted to find it so clearly proved that the followers of our Saviour and the Christian Fathers, were of our Order; and that the mysteries were known to all those who propagated the Gospel in all lands, as sent by their divine Master. Permit me also to add a prayer, that your life may long be preserved, in order that you may rejoice in new illustrations and fresh arguments in support of the great political, moral, and religious creeds, which you have from youth adopted and defended.

With respect and veneration,

Yours,

THE EDITOR.



TO THE PUBLIC.

IT is now more than five years since I published a small volume, called the GENIUS OF MASONRY: that work was written to prove, among other things, that Masonry had its origin in a remote antiquity, if some of its features bore a modern impress. In that work, I carefully avoided every thing of a personal nature, for fear of offending some conscientious anti-masons, for some such I believed did exist. For political anti-masonry I had no tenderness; I thought then, and believe now, that many seized this excitement to bring themselves into notice; and it would be vain, indeed, to attempt to convince those who were never deceived: the excitement was well enough for their purpose. To any attacks upon my work I never made any reply, for I believed that the periodicals established to put down Masonry, if not opposed, would soon fall to the ground, and the event has proved the truth of these predictions. The language they held was too intemperate to be the language of the wise and just, and they resorted to assumption, fiction, and falsehood, to support their opinions. Some of their periodicals lingered for a season, and then expired without making any void in society, and others went out as a flash. A few of them are now in being, but hold no rank as periodicals; no one envies their editors all the glory they may acquire, nor the proprietors the amount of their profits. The excitement would have long since passed away, if some few men of high standing, and of extensive acquirements, had not

come to the aid of anti-masonry. It is difficult to account for the part they have taken; but, as they have a right to do as they please, we will leave them to take a deeper view of the subject than they have done, and there can be no doubt of their returning to reason after wandering awhile in their errors.

From a state of quietude, I cannot say neutrality, I probably should never have been roused, having dismissed the subject from my mind, had not a friend put into my hands, a few weeks ago, a treatise upon *The Secret Discipline of the Church*. I read the manuscript with surprise and delight; it confirmed my previous impressions of the antiquity of the Order, and opened a new view of the science, as connected directly with the Christian religion. Others, more capable than myself, and who could spare more time in the investigation of the subject than I could, declared that the arguments in this treatise were learned, fair, and satisfactory. I therefore lost no time in giving it to the public. The writer is alone known to me, but I need only to ask the reader to examine the following pages to secure his approbation of the work, and to believe me when I assert that he is a scholar and a Christian, and that he has done much for religion and letters. It may be asked, why does he not come out with his name to the work? The answer is, that he is on the confines of another world, and does not wish to be disturbed by controversy, but at the same time thinks it his duty to present these views of the subject of Masonry to the thinking part of the community, and particularly to those who have entertained serious doubts of its antiquity.

In this work, the Secret Discipline of the Church is proved from the same authority by which the Gospels are established, and, for aught we see, as clearly; and this Secret Discipline was and is Masonry.

From the fanatic who believes that all Masons are

answerable for the deeds of every individual of the Order, there can be nothing said that can do him any good; his mind is full of prejudice, his heart of persecution; let him go on, he will soon become quiet by the force of reason, which is always acting upon the public mind even while the excitement is raging, as the vital principles of a good constitution are struggling in the paroxysms of a fever to recover their natural influence and power. Time alone can cure the errors of the mind, as well as the evils of the body.

The political anti-mason will come right, when the cry against Masonry will do him no good at the polls.

To those who have doubts, I ask them to read this small volume, and form their own opinions upon these questions: Is the Order a new one? If not, what did the early Christians think of it? These being answered, I shall leave the subject, not fearing for the Craft.

Most respectfully and sincerely,

Your obedient servant,

SAMUEL L. KNAPP.

P R E F A C E.

WHEN perusing ancient Ecclesiastical History, such references to the Secret Society, which was formed among the early Christians, as were elucidatory of what had been transmitted by tradition respecting the Masonic Fraternity, were noted. I then selected one or two passages from each of the Christian Fathers, most distinguished for labours in BUILDING UP CHURCHES; and found that the proof of the *oral history*, which at first glimmered faintly as it lay dispersed, grew brighter as the sparks were brought nearer together. I traced the lines of inference, and perceived that they met at last in one central truth; and hope that, by their reflection from these pages, new light will be shed to increase the splendours of an association, which, like the sun, its emblem, may be eclipsed by some dark body interposing, but cannot be extinguished.

In laying these pages before the public, I make it known, that to newspaper criticisms and cavils I shall not condescend to reply. The comments of anonymous sciolists I shall wholly disregard. Even against such antagonists as prefix their name to the attack, as a tavern-keeper does his to the sign of a bear or a lion before his door, I shall take no pains to defend myself. I MUST BE JUDGED BY MY PEERS. Whenever a man as thoroughly acquainted with the writings of the Christian Fathers, will, from the source of information which they supply, or from others more sacred, pure, and authentic, bring statements, declarations, and testimony, wholly different from what I have drawn, I shall certainly pay him that respect and deference to which he

will be entitled; and then, too, those who, by being more learned than either of us, *are alone capable of deciding*, can inform the public how the judgment is to be ended.

In the mean time, let it be clearly understood, that eference is here principally had to ancient FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONRY, as taught in the three degrees of *Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft, and Master Mason.*

THE
SECRET DISCIPLINE,
MENTIONED IN
ANCIENT ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY,
EXPLAINED.

THERE is no one, at all acquainted with Freemasonry, but must have been struck with the constant reference which it has to the Temple built by Solomon, accompanied with allusions to the Gospel History; though the application of this reference, and the pertinency of these allusions by those who, to show the antiquity or the sacredness of the Institution, have written or declaimed on the subject, has often served to increase, rather than to remove, the incredulity of the uninitiated.

To explain what has been very imperfectly understood in this respect, and reconcile what has seemed to be contradictory and inconsistent, is the design of this dissertation.

A difficulty, however, is met at the outset, occasioned by the want of *written records* relative to the origin and primitive history of Freemasonry; the particulars of which, having been transmitted only by *tradition*, have sometimes been incorrectly recapitulated, and, at length, are become exceedingly obscure; so that the authorities which I am about to cite in corroboration of my statements, must be collected from *incidental* intimations given in the writings of the fathers, principally within five centuries from the introduction of Christianity. These, however, when collected and summed up, will be found to furnish evidence that this secret society is filiated to Christianity; and, of course, that its professions are not without foundation.

In the parting advice which our blessed Lord gave to

his disciples, was this direction, "Take heed to yourselves, for they shall deliver you up to councils, and in the synagogues ye shall be beaten, and ye shall be brought before rulers and kings for a testimony against them."¹ Soon afterwards, they realized the troubles of which he forewarned them; and "being persecuted unto strange cities,"² were obliged to use great caution, and adopt discreet measures of personal safety, by appointing the meetings of the faithful to be holden in private places, and under the concealment of darkness.³

Commissioned to "go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature,"⁴ they went forth, and preached in the name of Christ among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem.⁵

Their first object was to make converts; their next to gather churches or societies of believers; and their third, to provide places for their assembling. As early as the second century, those who were employed in the last service, were formed into a distinct association; and, as they were to travel into distant regions, found it expedient to adopt certain means of recognition, should they meet with those who were engaged in the same cause, but with whom they had not been personally acquainted, "that they might strengthen each other's hands in the work of the house of God."⁶

Moreover, as their undertaking excited popular oppo-

¹ Mark xiii., 9.

² Acts xxvi., 11.

³ EUSEBIUS, *Hist. Eccles.*, lib. II., c. 23. JUST. MARTYR, *Dial. Tryphone*, p. 51. seq. 109. 138. 318. ORIGEN, *Contra Celsum*, lib. I., p. 5.

"They were forced to hold their assemblies in the night, to avoid their persecutors; which CELSUS himself owns, though otherwise prone enough to load them with hard names and odious reflections."—BINGHAM, *History of the Christian Church*, book I., chap. II., sec. 11. Conf. PLIN., l. X., epist. 97.

⁴ Mark xvi., 15.

⁵ Luke xxiv., 47.

⁶ "Sic omnes probant unitatem, dum est illis communicatio pacis, et appellatio fraternitatis, et contesseratio hospitalitatis; quæ jura non alia ratio regit quam ejusdem sacramenti una traditio."—TERTULLIAN, *De Præscrip.*, cap. 20. See also AMBROSE, lib. II., *offic.*, cap. 21, et lib. iii., cap. 8. CHRYSOSTOM, *Concione de Lazaro*. AUGUSTINE'S *Serm.*, 70. See also Appendix, Note A.

"Si peregrinus accesserit, signum est apud ipsos, in extendo manum, ad salutationem videlicet, subter palmam contractionem quandam titilationis per hoc se; indicare ostendentes, quod ejusdem religionis sit qui accessit. Hinc igitur mutua cognitione accepta, statim ad epulationem convertuntur."

sition, they deemed it prudent to hold their meetings for devising measures of co-operation in places where they should neither be interrupted nor overheard.⁷ And because false brethren might unawares be introduced, coming in privily to spy out their liberty, that they might bring them into bondage by an arrest from the magistrate,⁸ the faithful guarded against their intrusion, having determined not to give them place by condescension during the hour devoted to consultation. Lest, after all their precaution, covins and eaves-droppers might be near,⁹ still more effectually to cover the design of their fellowship from those who might divulge its object to their enemies, or indiscreetly talk about it to such as were not yet entirely attached to the cause, they avoided direct reference to their undertaking, and conversed together *figuratively, and by the use of symbols*. Thus, as their object was *to build in every land A HOUSE FOR RELIGIOUS WORSHIP*, in respect to its *spiritual edification* "upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, JESUS CHRIST being the chief corner stone," and, as to its *material fabric and use*, an edifice or temple, for the assemblies of the saints, *they adopted allusions to the building of the Temple of Solomon*. The blessed JESUS, who, after the death of Joseph, had passed under the designation of "*the widow's son*," they personified by HIRAM ABIFF;¹⁰ from the traditionary account of whose fate, they borrowed allusions to that of their master.¹¹ Thus, the outrage of the fellow-craftsmen to obtain advancement to which they were not entitled, they symbolized with the treacherous Judas; and they received from those to whom they imparted a knowledge of these typical references, and of the purpose for which they were adopted, and the objects to which they applied, a solemn declaration, that, *rather than betray their LORD, or abandon his cause, they would suffer a similar fate to that of the traitor*,—who "falling head-long, after his strangula-

⁷ JUSTIN MARTYR, Apol., l. c. 85. seq. TERTULLIAN, Apol., c. 39; *de Corona Milit.*, c. 3.

⁸ Galat. ii., 4.

⁹ COVIN—one who enters into covin; a deceitful agreement between two or more persons to the prejudice of others. EAVES-DROPPERS, those who privily listen at the eaves, or doors of a house.

¹⁰ 1 Kings vii., 13, 14.

¹¹ See Appendix, Note B.

tion, burst asunder in the midst, and all his bowels gushed out." [Acts i., 18.]¹²

The ineffable and mysterious name,¹³ which the high priest could utter only in a whisper, as his password through the veil into the *sanctum sanctorum*,¹⁴ and which the Jews never dared to pronounce, but substituted for it אֲדֹנָי ADONAI, was said to be lost at the death of our Saviour, when "the veil of the temple was rent in twain;" but recovered in the exclamation of Thomas on beholding the raised body of his master, and thenceforward adopted as the hailing word of the Fraternity.

The apostacy of Judas is quoted in the ritual of Freemasonry, where, to the question, "Why should eleven make a lodge?" it is answered, "Because there were but eleven apostles when Judas betrayed Christ."

By a singular *lapsus linguæ*, the moderns have substituted *Tubal Cain* in the third degree for *TYMBOXEIN*, to be entombed. This, in the ancient *Catechesis Arcani*, was the *pass-word*, from the symbolical representation of the state of death, to the restored and undying existence. Happy those, who, having gone through its preparatory form, are able to say, "We know that we have passed from death to life, because we love the brethren."¹⁵ Still happier those, who, "planted together in the likeness of the death of CHRIST, shall be raised also in the likeness of his resurrection."¹⁶

As those who went forth "to teach and to preach," divided their converts into three classes, the CATECHUMENS, COMPETENTS, and BELIEVERS,¹⁷ so they whose destination was "to build churches," formed three

¹² See Appendix, Note C.

¹³ " — the incommunicable name."—Wisdom xiv., 21.

¹⁴ The priests within bid him "enter in the *name* of the LORD." From the Talmud it appears that the Jews were taught that Moses, by virtue of the word יהוה JEHOVAH, engraved on his rod, performed all the prodigies related of him; and the modern Jews say that JESUS CHRIST by the same virtue wrought all his miracles; having, while in the Temple, acquired a knowledge of the ineffable name; and they flatter themselves that the Messiah will teach them this mighty secret. [See CALMET's Dictionary, under the name JEHOVAH.] The tetragrammaton is called by JOSEPHUS, τα ἑρὰ γράμματα το φρικτον ονομα Θεσ; and CALIGULA, in *Philo*, swears to him by the God *who was to them ακατανομαστο*.

¹⁵ 1 John iii., 14.

¹⁶ Rom. vi., 5.

¹⁷ See Appendix, Note D.

grades, or degrees,—*Καθαροί*, PURI, those who entered by divesting themselves of all impurities, and every thing offensive; *Μνημενοί*, INITIATI, initiated; and *Τελειοί* and *Τετελειωμενοί* (past-masters) PERFECTI, those who were raised to the sublime degree.¹⁸ These terms, or appellations, became a little varied, as the members of the Order, in process of time, assumed the distinctive character of *actual workmen*.

The place which they procured and fitted up for assembling was, at first, an *upper chamber*, *Υπερωον*.¹⁹ Of this many eminent writers have largely treated, and, particularly, a good account is given in a dissertation of the learned Dr. LEE, published in his Posthumous Works, vol. i. p. 261. Whether the word “Lodge” originated in the circumstance that the meetings were held in a *lodging* chamber, I pretend not to say; but the fact that meetings of the Masonic Fraternity have ever been held in such places, is of some consequence, as collateral confirmation of the statements which I have been making.

The being watched with jealousy, rendered such retired apartments peculiarly necessary to the early Christians. “Persecution was always attended with poverty, paucity of believers, and unsettled hopes; so that either they needed not stately and sumptuous buildings, or they were not able to erect them; or at least they had no invitation and encouragement to do it, whilst they were daily under apprehensions of seeing them plundered or demolished almost as soon as they had erected them.”²⁰ They were even subject to the necessity of having their meetings under arches, and *the Royal Arch* of Titus at Rome, decorated with representations of the spoils of the temple at Jerusalem, was a selected place. They congregated, also, in subterranean vaults, and even in tombs; as is evident both from the Canons of the Council of Eliberis, which was held in the heat of the Dioclesian persecution, and often mentions their assembling in such places;²¹ as also from the Edicts of the persecuting

¹⁸ See Appendix, Note E.

¹⁹ “Conclave majoribus Christianorum conventibus sacris destinatum.”—SCHLEUSNER, in verbum *Υπερωον*.

²⁰ BINGHAM, *Antiq. of the Christian Church*, book vii. chap. ii. sec. 2.

²¹ Concil. Eliber. c. 34. item Canon. 35. “Placuit prohiberi ne in cœmitario pervigilent.”

Emperors, forbidding Christians to hold assemblies in the cemeteries.²²

During the reign of those Emperors who distinguished themselves by their moderation, the Christians ventured to quit their vaults and catacombs, and erected some buildings which were set apart for the public worship of God; but as they were in perpetual fear of persecution, even when they did not suffer it, as the Emperors were idolaters, they did not dare to give their churches an air of grandeur, lest the jealousies of the infidels should raise a new storm against them.

“In more peaceable times,” EUSEBIUS remarks, lib. viii. c. 1. “the number of Christians so grew and multiplied in fifty years, that their ancient churches were not large enough to receive them, and therefore they erected from the foundations more ample and spacious ones in every city.”

More certain and explicit accounts of such edifices occur during the third century. In the beginning of it, TERTULLIAN gives a description of them as standing on high and conspicuous places, towards the east; and signifies that there was a distinction of places suited to the different orders and classes of those who assembled in them.

About the middle of the third century persecution against Christianity ceased; and no fears or menaces of any kind deterred men from embracing it. Some distinguished officers of the Emperor's household at Rome openly professed it; and the number of churches there was computed to amount to forty.²³ In the provinces, the lieutenants and subordinate governors could not but be actuated by a similar spirit of toleration and indul-

²² ONUPHRIUS *de Cœmitariis*, cap. xi. Comp. PONTI. pass. CYPR. “Jussum est ut multa conciliabula faciant, neque Cœmiteria ingredi-antur.”

KORTHOLT *de persecutionibus Ecclesiæ primæ*. 4to. Kiloni, 1688. The Judge Proconsul declared to CYPRIAN that the Christians must not hold their mysteries in the cemeteries, (in *Actis*, p. 11,) and the Prefect of Egypt to DIONYSIUS of Alexandria, (apud EUSEBIUM, l. ix. c. 2.) TERTULLIAN (ad *Scapul.* c. 3.) See also several inscriptions importing this in BOLDETTI, l. i. c. 11; MAMACHI, tom. iii. p. 162; and chiefly BOTTARIUS, *Rom. Sotter.* tom. i. p. 12. See also, BUTLER'S *Lives of the Saints*, vol. v. p. 148, note.

²³ OPT. *de Schis.* DON. l. 2. GREG. NYS. *opera*, tom. iii. p. 567.

gence; and hence either many new sacred fabrics were erected, or the old ones enlarged.

In the time of the Emperor Constantine, orders were given for forwarding and completing these works; so that, according to EUSEBIUS, numerous churches were built in various regions, and some of a magnificent kind. Such were the stately structures erected by the Emperor at Jerusalem, Antioch, Tyre, as well as his own imperial city, Constantinople; for, having transferred thither the seat of empire, he judged it incumbent on him to give an unequalled splendour to it; at the same time, bestowing all suitable elegance on those others of inferior class which he raised elsewhere.²⁴

Those who may be disposed to investigate the subject of ecclesiastical architecture, and the erection of churches in those early times, and the companies or associations engaged in their erection, I refer to the treatise of PAULUS SILENTIARIUS, and his learned commentator DU FRESNE, which may be found at the end of JOH. CINNAMUS, among the Byzantine Historians, published at Paris, 1670; also to EVAGRIUS, lib. iv. c. 31; PROCOPIUS, *de œdific. Justin.* lib. i. c. 1. and AGATHIAS, lib. v.

I have said that the association formed for the purpose of erecting churches, was obliged, at first, to use a greater caution, and adopt measures of co-operation under a greater guard of secrecy, than was necessary for others of the Christian community, because to carry those measures into effect, was at once to combat the prevailing religious institutions of the Gentiles; and whatever was to be done, must be so concerted as not unnecessarily to excite popular prejudice and opposition, or bring into exercise the authority of the civil magistrate. Why this association should retain its secret meetings, its mysteries, and its symbols, after those prejudices had subsided and that opposition had ceased, is not very apparent. I have *charity* to believe that to the members of the Fraternity there appeared *then* sufficient reason for preserving the Order under all its ancient rites; and if I had not this charity for them, and for their successors *now*, though I understood all the mysteries they possessed, and all the

²⁴ WILSON. *The Ornaments of Churches considered.* 4to. Oxford. 1761, p. 77.

knowledge of circumstances in which they were placed, my investigations, and the spirit in which I pursue them, would be in vain. I quit, therefore, this digression, and return to my principal aim, which was to show that *there actually existed a class, or order of men, among the early Christians, who were initiated into its certain MYSTERIES, which they were bound by a solemn promise not to disclose, nor even to converse about, but with such as had received them under the same sanctions.* And I trust that it will be apparent, that these associates, though bearing, in progressive times, different names, such as *ΑΓΕΛΦΟΙ ΚΑΙ ΣΥΝΕΡΓΟΙ, Brethren and companions in labour; ΟΙΚΟΝΟΜΟΙ ΜΥΣΤΗΡΙΩΝ, Stewards of the Mysteries; ΠΑΡΑΜΟΝΑΡΙΟΙ, Superintendents;*²⁵ *ΜΥΘΟΛΑΤΡΙΟΙ, Devotees of the Secret; or ΑΡΧΙΤΕΚΤΩΝΟΙ, Architects:* there may be traced the *LATOMI LIBERI,*²⁶ *MURATORI LIBERI,* and *FREE MASONS,* of after times.

Whoever is conversant with the works of the fathers, must have seen repeated references to the *DISCIPLINE OF THE SECRET,*²⁷ and perceived a difficulty in accounting for such a discrimination among professed Christians as it occasioned. Of the nature of the *mysteries* belonging to it, and of the causes which gave rise to an institution so exclusive as that in which they were guarded, there have been various conjectures, opinions, and disputes, among writers upon Ecclesiastical Antiquities.²⁸ “But these contentions,” (says VIDAL, in his notes on MO-SHEIM,)²⁹ “instead of elucidating, have rather tended to

²⁵ Bishop BEVERIDGE explains this of the *Mansonarii*, or administrators of the affairs of the Society. *Not. in Concil. Chalced. c. 2.* and JUSTELLUS, of the Steward. *Biblioth. Jur. Canon, t. i. p. 91;* and see GOTHOFRED, CUJACIUS, SUICERUS, and VOSSIUS.

²⁶ ‘*Latornus.*’ Conf. *Epit. Constitut. Eccles. VALENT. tom. iv. Concl. HISP. p. 186.*

²⁷ “*DISCIPLINA ARCANI,—hoc est occultatio sententiarum et rituum quorundem.*”—Conf. CLEM. ALEXANDR. *Stromata. l. i. p. 275;* et ORIGEN, l. i. c. 27. l. iii. p. 143.

²⁸ Many learned observations on the *Secret Discipline* have been collected by the celebrated CHRISTOPH. MATT. PLAFFIUS, in his *Dissert. poster. Theolog. § 13. p. 149; et seq. in primitiis Tubigen-sibus.* See also EMAN. SCHELSTRATE, in *Antiq. Eccles. illustr. et Diss. Apologet. 4to. Rom. 1685. Contra WILH. ERN. TENZELII, Diss. de Disciplina Arcana in Exercit. selectes, p. 1. ubi et Animad-vers. Ejus in SCHELSTR. Diss.—ALBERTINUS, lib. ii. disp. de reticentia mysteryorum.*

²⁹ *History of the Three First Centuries, vol. ii. p. 161.*

throw additional obscurity over a thing of itself sufficiently intricate, and that seems as it were to have set illustration at defiance." The Roman Catholics have explained it as referring to *the mystery of the mass*; and other theologians, still more ignorant of its true import, and not troubling themselves to trace it out, have pretty generally conceded to them this application. "But," (says BINGHAM,) ³⁰ "when this discipline was introduced into the Christian church, it was done for different reasons than those which the Romanists pretend." Surely it could not relate to the admission of participants of the eucharist, as some have declared, "understanding neither what they say, nor whereof they affirm;" for that ordinance, from the first, had been partaken by all believers, —men, women, and even children. None were excluded who professed a faith in CHRIST, and assembled with those who were distinguished as his followers. Whereas, to the *mysteries* of which I am treating, women and children were not admitted at all.

Some modern writers, unwilling to yield the point to the Catholics, have suggested that it was a part of the ancient discipline, or method of training up those who were to exercise the higher functions of Christian confessors. But ought we to suppose that the teachers of the religion of that Divine Instructor, who declared, "I spake openly to the world, and in secret I have said nothing," should have private communications relative to doctrine or precept, to be imparted only under solemn sanctions, in the most cautious manner, to a select few—when the directions given to them were to "go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature?" This DISCIPLINE OF THE SECRET, therefore, *could have no relation to the prescribed and usual method of teaching*, which was general, undisguised, and explicit; and addressed to "every one who had ears to hear."

Some remarks of Archbishop WHATELY on this subject, are so striking, that I must adorn my page by their insertion.³¹ Having spoken of the passages in the Epistles of Saint Paul, which characterize the Christian

³⁰ *Antiquities of the Church*, book x. ch. v. sec. 3.

³¹ *The Errors of Romanism traced to their origin in human nature*. Lond. 1830, p. 79.

religion as containing MYSTERIES, he says, "this the Apostle does in manifest allusion to the mysteries of the ancient Pagan religions, with which, in this respect, he contrasts Christianity; inasmuch as in this last, there was not, as among the Pagans, a distinction between the initiated and uninitiated—a revelation to some of the worshippers of certain holy secrets, from which the rest were excluded; nor *great mysteries* and *lesser mysteries*, (as the Eleusinian,) in which different persons were initiated; but, on the contrary, the *great mysteries* of the Christian faith (*μεγα μυστηριον*) were made known, as far as it is expedient and possible for man to know them, to all alike, whether Jew or Gentile, who were but willing to embrace the truth: and 'to know the fellowship' (i. e., the common participation) 'of the mystery,' was offered to all. There was not one system of religion for a certain favoured few, and another for the mass of believers; but 'the great mystery of godliness' was made accessible, gradually indeed in proportion as they were able to bear it, but universally. To all Christ's disciples it was 'given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven;' there was one Lord, one faith, one baptism; and, though with diversity of gifts, one and the same spirit sanctifying the church, and dwelling in all its members."

We must, therefore, explicitly state, that the DISCIPLINE OF THE SECRET had no discriminating reference to Christian doctrines or precepts, to opinions of faith, to principles of conduct, or to rules of life and manners, but to *engagements to undertake, and exertions to accomplish, a specific object*; ³² and what that was has already been mentioned.

By MYSTERY, in the ecclesiastical use and sense, is meant, *something secret, uncommunicated*; ³³ *religious rites or ceremonies*; or as defined by ELIAS CRETENSIS, in his Commentary on GREGORY NAZIANZEN, ³⁴ "Those things

³² *Arcana Sacramentalia revelata*, p. 67.

³³ *To απορρητον*, rem arcanam, occultam, non omnibus notam. CHRYSOSTOM: Hom. vii. ad I Corinth.—*Μυστηριον λεγεται το μη πασι δηλουμενον, αλλα μονοις τοις φιλοις θαρροουμενον*. *Mysterium dicitur quod non omnibus declaratur, sed solis amicis creditur*. THEODORET, in cap. xv. epist. I Corinth. CASAUBON, *Exercit.* xvi. ad BARON. treats learnedly on this subject.

³⁴ *Mysteria appellanturea quæ apud nos in maximis festis peraguntur, et item Μησεις, eorum, quantum licet, cum metu et reverentiæ*

which are transacted by us in solemn festivals are called MYSTERIES, the knowledge of which is attained by superior illumination, &c., and imparted only under the guard of special caution, restrictions, and injunctions of secrecy."

The *obligation* which was at first, and still is, exacted from the initiates, was not of the nature of the solemn OATH which is administered in courts of justice, called by the Greeks *Ορκος*, and by the Latins *jusjurandum*; but a *sacramentum*, i. e., protestation, something declared by a solemn or holy mind; and of the precise nature, as well as name, of the promise or engagement made by soldiers to be true to their commander.³⁵ Thus, in the first century, PLINY reports in his letter to the Emperor TRAJAN, that the Christians were wont to meet together in the night, and bind themselves by an *obligation of fealty*, "*sacramentum*;" and HERODIAN, at the beginning of the third century, says, "We retain still the military engagement, which is a sacred obligation of the Roman nobility."³⁶ As this immediately preceded the communication of the holy mystery, the terms *sacrament* and *mystery* were used as synonymous, or of like import; thus, the person who had received the knowledge of the mystery, was said to have received the sacrament. And so, in ecclesiastical history, the word *μυστηριον* in the Greek, was rendered *sacramentum* in the Latin, writers:³⁷ but through modern writers a mistake runs concerning what the ancients called *sacramentum*, as though it meant the *eucharist*; whereas it means only *the obligation of the initiated*. Still, there is a bearing upon its original designation in the terms by which it is now defined—"an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace."

explicatio, quæ hæc mystica sunt, nec apud vulgus efferanda; et quia iis quibus hæc traduntur danda opera est ut sensus suos velut claudentes, ac supra omnes corporeas rerum assurgentés, supernas illuminationes excipiant.—ELLE CRETENSIS *Comment. in GREG. NAZIANZ. Orat. iii. § 104., v. ii., p. 374.*

ΜΥΣΤΗΡΙΟΝ—*Mysterium*—arcanum ad aliqua sacra pertinens; res arcana et paucis cognita, neque communicanda nisi *initiat*is.—SUICER.

³⁵ See Appendix, Note F.

³⁶ *Νυν φυλασσοντες τον στρατιοτικον ορκον ος εστι της Ρωμαιων αρχης σημων μυστηριον.* Servato etiam militari jurejurando, quod est unum Romani principatus mysterium sanctissimum.—HERODIAN, lib. viii.

³⁷ See Appendix, Note G.

I now proceed to quote from the Christian fathers some passages referring to this, recondite discipline, the mysteries, and the adepts.³⁸

In the *Apostolic Constitutions*, which are ascribed to CLEMENT, the fellow-labourer of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, there is this injunction,—“These regulations must on no account be communicated to all sorts of persons, because of the mysteries contained in them.”³⁹ And it is made a part of the deacon’s office; not only to see that the uninitiated [*αμνητοι*] have retired before the presiding officer speaks, but to keep the doors, that none, who are *uninitiated*, should enter during the time of the oblation;⁴⁰ a service still performed by deacons in the masonic lodges. Nor can it be doubted of whom are required the qualifications “*irreproachable and well reported; of a sound mind and body, having no blemish or defect, neither maimed nor mutilated.*”⁴¹

St. CLEMENT of ALEXANDRIA, one of the most eminent fathers of the church, who wrote towards the end of the second century, frequently compares this SECRET DISCIPLINE with the Heathen mysteries, and their interior and recondite wisdom; and defends it by a reference to what the wisest aspired to and honoured.⁴² He promises that he would advert to some of the chief or leading points of this venerable knowledge in his *STROMATA*, but represents himself as bound not openly to make known, or explain the whole of it, lest, according to the proverb, “he should put a sword into the hands of a child.”⁴³ To any one who might be at a loss to account for his declining to make publicly known, and in a great measure altogether concealing, a species of knowledge confessedly of high import, he replies, that it was not to be comprehended except by minds that had been purged and delivered from the dominion of the passions; that there would, moreover, be a danger in it, lest occasion might be given to *contentious persons*, for cavilling and insult.⁴⁴

Many other passages of this kind are to be met with

³⁸ See Apendix, Note H.

³⁹ *Ου χροη δημοσιευεν επι παντων, δια τα εν αυταις μυστικα.*

⁴⁰ *Φυλακτισθωσαν δε αι θυραι μη τις απιστος εισελθει, η αμνητος.*

⁴¹ See Appendix, Note I.

⁴² See Appendix, Note J.

⁴³ See Appendix, Note K.

⁴⁴ See Appendix, Note L.

in St. CLEMENT, by any who will but diligently explore his *Stromata*.

I make another extract from this ancient writer, which may elucidate the frequent references in Freemasonry to the *east, the place of light*—and to the construction of churches, so that the altar should be at the east.

“As the east is the image of the new-born day, and thence the light is diffused, dispelling the darkness; and inasmuch as, to those who are involved in ignorance, the being brought to light by the opening day of the knowledge of truth, is as the rising sun;—so devotion should be paid by facing the east; and ancient temples were so built that the worshippers who stood looking at the monuments should be taught to turn towards the east.”⁴⁵

Another reason, indeed, is assigned by St. BASIL in the xcii. *Canon*, and by ATHANASIUS, *quest. ad. Antiochum*, q. xxxvii., “Because Christ made his appearance on earth in the east, and there ascended into heaven, and there will appear again at the last day; so that the faithful who look for his glorious appearing should pray towards the east.”

TERTULLIAN, in the second century, after repelling, in his most admirable *Apology*, the vile accusations brought against the Order, says, “If we do all in private, how came you to know what is done? Not from one of ourselves; for none are admitted to religious mysteries *without an oath of secrecy*. We appeal to your Thracian and Eleusinian mysteries. And we are especially bound to this caution, because, if we proved faithless, we should not only provoke heaven, but draw upon our heads the utmost rigour of human displeasure. And how should strangers betray us? They know nothing but by report and hearsay; for, *hence ye profane!* is the prohibition from all holy mysteries. And as to the evidence from common fame, you know how little it is to be depended upon; and yet this fame is the only evidence you produce against us; and she is, moreover, the worst evidence, because she has continued so many years to publish and to insinuate into the minds of men these wicked stories, and yet is still as far from proving them.”⁴⁶

Reprobating their injustice, he says, “Because they

⁴⁵ See Appendix, Note M.

⁴⁶ See Appendix, Note N.

know little or nothing of our principles, they despise and condemn them, and endeavour to blacken that virtue and goodness, which is so conspicuous in us, with imagined vices and impurities: whereas it would be more just to judge of our *secret actions* by those that appear, than to condemn what is evidently good and praiseworthy upon suspicion of private faults."

MINUCIUS FELIX wrote a learned and eloquent defence of the Christian religion, which Dr. LARDNER thinks was published about A. D. 210. This work is in the form of a dialogue between Cæcilius Natalis, a Heathen, and Octavius Januarius, a Christian, in which MINUCIUS was judge. Among other things, Cæcilius states, that "the Christians know one another by secret signs, and love one another almost before they are acquainted."⁴⁷

ORIGEN, who wrote about the commencement of the third century, in reply to the cavil of Celsus that there was among the Christians a *secret doctrine*, *Κρυφίον δογμα*, says, "that inasmuch as the essential and important doctrines and principles of Christianity were openly taught, it was foolish to object that there were other things which were recondite, and not disclosed to all; for this is common to the Christian discipline with that of the philosophers, where some things are exterior, and some interior, for it is enough that he says it was so with some of the disciples of Pythagoras, who were taught in private what it was not suitable to communicate to unpurified ears; nay, neither to the Greeks, nor barbarians, is it considered wrong that their mysteries are hidden. Rashly and unjustly, therefore, does he criminate the Christians for having something occult."⁴⁸

From the recovered fragment of a Disputation of ARCHELAUS, who was Bishop of Mesopotamia, in 278, the following extract is made;—it is part of an address to a newly admitted member. "These mysteries the Church now communicates to him who has passed through the introductory grade. They are not explained to the Gentiles at all; nor are they taught openly in the hearing of catechumens: but much that is spoken, is in disguised terms, that the *faithful* [ΠΙΣΤΟΙ] who possess the knowledge, may be still more informed, and

⁴⁷ See Appendix, Note O.

⁴⁸ See Appendix, Note P.

those who are not acquainted with it suffer no disadvantage."⁴⁹

St. CYRIL, of *Jerusalem*, in the beginning of the fourth century, in his *Catechesis*, which is allowed to be the most ancient and best digested abridgment of Christian institutes, says, "The Lord spake in parables to his hearers in general, but to his disciples he explained in private the parables and comparisons of which he had made use in public: The splendour of glory is for those who are early enlightened; obscurity and darkness are the portion of the unbelievers and the ignorant. Just so the church discovers its mysteries to those who have advanced beyond the class of catechumens;—we employ obscure terms to others."⁵⁰

St. BASIL, surnamed *the Great*, Bishop of Cæsarea, about the middle of the fourth century, remarks, "We receive the dogmas transmitted to us by writing, and those which have descended to us from the apostles beneath the mystery of oral tradition;—for several things have been handed to us without writing, lest the vulgar, too familiar with our dogmas, should lose a due respect for them."—"This is what the uninitiated are not permitted to contemplate; and how should it ever be becoming to write and circulate an account of among the people?" These secrets he calls *απορρητα*, *not to be divulged*, but locked up in silence. Referring to the charitable institutions for the reception of sojourners, he exclaims, "What injustice can be attributed to us by the erection of lodges for the reception of sojourners who come to us, and for the relief of indigent and distressed brethren?"⁵¹

St. GREGORY NAZIANZEN, one of the greatest ornaments of the Greek church, and Bishop of Constantinople in 379, says, "You have heard as much of the mystery as we are allowed to speak openly in the ears of all; the rest will be communicated to you in private, and that you must retain within yourself."—"Our mysteries are not to be expressed to strangers."⁵² Referring to those who censured, he remarked, "In this only they show their piety, that they condemn others as deficient in godliness."

⁴⁹ See Appendix, Note Q.

⁵¹ See Appendix, Note S.

⁵⁰ See Appendix, Note R.

⁵² See Appendix, Note T.

St. AMBROSE, Archbishop of Milan, at the close of the fourth century, declares, "All the mystery should be kept concealed, guarded by a faithful silence, lest it should be inconsiderately divulged to the ears of the profane." And in his book *on the Mysteries*, [c. i., n. 2.] "It is not given to all to contemplate the depth of our mysteries: the Levites exclude from them, at first, that they may not be seen by those who ought not to behold them, nor received by those who cannot preserve them." In his comment upon the verse in Psalm cxvii., "*I have hidden thy words in my heart, that I may not sin,*" he remarks, "He sins against God who divulges to the unworthy the mysteries confided to him. The danger is not merely of violating truth, but of telling truth, if he allow himself to give hints of them to those from whom they ought to be concealed." And he opposes such indiscretion by the words of our Saviour, "Beware of casting your pearls before swine."⁵³

St. AUGUSTINE, Bishop of Hyppo, in 395, says,— "Having dismissed the catechumens, we have retained you only to be our hearers; because, besides those things which belong to all Christians in common, we are now to discourse to you of sublime mysteries, which none are qualified to hear but those who by the master's favour are made partakers of them. You ought, therefore, to attend to them with the greater reverence, by how much more sublime those principles are, which are committed only to the approved, than those which others are wont to hear." And he declares that to have taught them openly would be a betraying of them.⁵⁴

St. CHRYSOSTOM, Bishop of Constantinople, in 398, expresses himself as follows, on the secrecy of the mysteries. "I wish to speak openly, but I dare not, on account of those who are not initiated. These persons render explanations more difficult for us, by obliging us either to speak in obscure terms, or to unveil the things which are secret:"—but adds, "I shall, therefore, avail myself of *disguised terms*," discoursing *συνεσκιασμενως*, *adumbratim*.—"When the holy mysteries are celebrated, we drive away all uninitiated persons, and then shut the doors."

⁵³ See Appendix, Note U.

⁵⁴ See Appendix, Note V.

He mentions the *acclamations* practised by those who are initiated in the mysteries, and which (he says) "I here pass over in silence, for it is forbidden to disclose such things before the profane."⁵⁵

To show how often this venerable father refers to *the Discipline of the Secret*, I quote the observation of the learned CASAUBON. "Is there any one so much a stranger to the writings of the fathers, who has not remarked, when any allusion is made to the mysteries, that the phrase, *the initiated know what I mean*, is the apology for not being more explicit? It occurs at least fifty times in the writings of CHRYSOSTOM alone, and as often in those of AUGUSTIN."⁵⁶

PALLADIUS, in his life of CHRYSOSTOM, records as a great outrage, that a tumult having been excited against him by his enemies, they forced their way into the penetralia, where the uninitiated beheld what it was not proper for them to see. And CHRYSOSTOM himself mentions the circumstance in his Epistle to Pope Innocent.⁵⁷

St. CYRIL, Bishop of Alexandria, in 412, in his VIIth book against Julian, declares, "These mysteries are so profound and so exalted, that they can be comprehended by those only who are enlightened. I shall not, therefore, attempt to speak of what is most admirable in them, lest, by discovering them to the uninitiated, I should offend against the injunction not to give what is holy to the impure, nor to cast pearls before such as cannot estimate their worth." And elsewhere, "I should say much more if I were not afraid of being heard by those who are uninitiated; because men are apt to deride what they do not understand: and the ignorant, not being aware of the weakness of their minds, condemn what they ought most to venerate."⁵⁸

THEODRET, Bishop of Cyzicus, in Syria, 420, in the first of his three dialogues, that entitled "The Immutable," introduces Orthodoxus speaking thus—"Answer me, if you please, in mystical and obscure terms, for, perhaps, there are persons present who are not initiated in the mysteries." And in his preface to Ezekiel, tracing

⁵⁵ See Appendix, Note W.

⁵⁶ See Appendix, Note X.

⁵⁷ See the passage in CASAUBON, *de rebus Sacris et Eccles.*, p. 558.

⁵⁸ See Appendix, Note Y.

up the secret discipline to the commencement of the Christian era, says, "these mysteries are so august, that we ought to keep them with the greatest caution."⁵⁹

St. DIONYSIUS, the *Areopagite*, is said to have been the first Bishop of Athens, after he was converted by St. Paul, [Acts xvii. 34.] and to have suffered martyrdom about A. D. 95: but the works attributed to him were probably written in the fifth century. I do not refer to them as of much importance, other than to show that at the time of their publication, the *Secret Association* obtained no little celebrity. The frequent allusions to it in various parts of his *Ecclesiasticæ* and *Hierarchiæ*, are highly interesting.⁶⁰

To show that these mysteries were retained under ecclesiastical sanction to a still later period, I refer to the *SEAL of the ancient Abbey of ARBROATH, in Scotland*, and to the explanation given of it by the Rev. CHARLES CORDINET, in his "Description of the Ruins of North Britain," 2 vols. 4to.

"The figures sculptured on the seal marked INITIATION, evidently represent (says he) some formidable ceremony in a sacred place, where a pontiff presides in state; one hand on his breast expressive of seriousness, the other stretched out at a right angle holding a rod and cross, the badge of high office, while he makes some awful appeal respecting a suppliant, who, in a loose robe, blindfolded, with seeming terror kneels before the steps of an altar, while several attendants with drawn swords brandished them over his head." Mr. CORDINET intimates the resemblance of these figures to an engraving which made the frontispiece to a book about FREEMASONRY: and then adds, that both bring to remembrance a description which Plutarch, in his famous essay "De Osiris," gives of the engraving of a seal which the Priests of Isis used in their solemnities,—namely, that of a man kneeling, with his hands bound, a knife at his throat, &c. "And (says he) is it not a little remarkable, which is more to the present purpose, in how many particulars the mysterious fate of OSIRIS, as recorded by the above celebrated author, corresponds with the accounts of HIRAM; a strong insinuation that the annals of the

⁵⁹ See Appendix, Note Z.

⁶⁰ See Appendix, Note AA.

latter, however mutilated and defaced, have somehow or other been descended from the *Eleusinian Mysteries*, and that the *Masonic rites of initiation into a Lodge*, are a faint sketch, an imperfect epitome of the august ceremonies which took place at *initiation* into the secrets which hallowed the *primæval fanes*: and this high origin, when discerned, may have been at the bottom of that general respect which men of learning have avowed for them.

“This subject, as an amusing research into antiquity, may be resumed; it only remains at present to specify that HIRAM coming forth in hallowed dignity of character from within the veil of the sanctuary; violated in the open Temple of the world by the ignorant and profane; concealed for a time in awful secrecy;—the want of his presence pathetically deplored;—the ardent solicitude with which he is sought for; the acclamation of joy at finding him again; and consequent discovery of the WORD, *almost of itself develops THE SECRET which the personification had involved.*”

The testimony of uninterrupted tradition for *eighteen hundred years*, corroborates the facts to which these citations allude, and is the only correct explanation and illustration that can be given of them. But they have been here cited, to authenticate that tradition,—and laid before the uninitiated, as, at least, *presumptive evidence*; being rather incidental references, than direct developments. But look at the terms, “*promise of secrecy,*”—“*initiates,*”—“*night meetings,*”—“*symbolic lectures,*”—“*tokens of cognizance,*” found so frequently in the writings of the early Christian fathers,—and say, can you suppose that these are in reference to the *Lord’s Supper* only, or at all? Is it not much more consistent to suppose that as they are not used in the celebration of that rite, and have no relation to its nature or design, but are peculiar to FREEMASONRY *now*, they indicate its existence *then*? And may we not infer that the *Fraternity* preserved its connexion with its parent stock till past its minority, and that coming of age and free, it set up for itself; but still retained a sacred regard to its early discipline, continued its veneration for the holy gospel, and cherished and supported its religious charac-

ter; although it devoted itself more directly to the building of churches?

Masons have always appeared in the profession of architects,—workmen in the Temple,—erectors of a sacred edifice;—and they have been either operative craftsmen, or superintendents of work. In consequence of the changes which take place in civil society, partly, and partly from other causes,—principally, perhaps, for the purpose of extending the charitable benefits of the association, the *operative* business of the Order has been superseded by the *speculative*; and the tools and the symbols retained, while the manual labours are not required.

Finally, the original object of the institution has been answered, and that *secrecy* which was its guard has ceased to be necessary; but the institution itself has been continued, and with it the forms and ceremonies, the rites and requisitions, which were adopted at its early foundation. The indescribable fascination of mysteriousness, the charm of fraternal cordiality, the animation of frequent interviews, together with the ardour in the cause of beneficence which is enkindled and diffused, and rendered of happy influence by means peculiarly their own, are operating motives with Freemasons for attachment and adherence to the Order; and these they plead for its continuance.

וְאָמַר אֶל-תְּשֻׁהִי יְהוָה כִּי בִרְכָה בּוֹ.

“*Destroy it not, for a blessing is in it.*”—ISAII. lxxv. 8.

APPENDIX.



NOTE A. "Habebant *symbola*, quibus in actu initiationis estebantur, et tanquam *tesseris* se thiasotæ discernebant." JUSTIN. *Apol.*, 2.

NOTE B. FOR such information respecting HIRAM ABIFF as has been committed to writing, I refer to the following works.

1. מפתח שלמה *i. e.* CLAVICULA SALOMONIS, seu *occulta occultorum, orationes semiforas; liber de secretis secretorum; septem altitudines,* &c. [This work was translated from the original Hebrew into Latin, and enriched with illustrations, by JOH. DE FLEXIA, in the year 1435, and published in 1626.]

2. R. GEDALIA, in *Schalscheleth Hakkabala*, p. 89.

3. R. SCHABTAL, in *Siphte Jeschinim*.

4. מדרות MIDDOTH LIBER, *sive tractatus de mensuris Templi*. Edid. CONST. L'EMPEREUR. Lug. Bat., 1630. [This work was republished in the collections of SURENHUSIUS, pars ii., Amst., 1702, fol. with a commentary and notes by R. MOSCHE, fil. MAIMONIDES, and R. OR. DE BATENORA.]

5. ספר היכל הקדש *Liber Templi Sancti*, a R. JACOB SESH PATES. Amst., 1653, fol.

6. BETHABECHIRA, *hoc est, DOMUS ELECTA. Versione Latine a Ludov de Viel.*

7. פסר הניוכה הכיה *i. e. Liber initiationis Templi*, ed. MOSES BEN GERSON CHEPETZ. Venet., 5456. [A. C. 1696.] 4to. [Vide *Acta Eruditorum*, 1696, p. 449.]

8. JOSEPHUS, *Antiq.*, lib. vii., c. 3., lib. viii., c. 2.

9. PINEDA, *de Rebus Salomonis*. Venet., 1611, fol.

10. CARPZOVIVS, *de Sapientia Salomonis*. Lips., 1673.

11. NATALIS ALEXAND., *Hist. Eccles. Vet. Test.*, p. 59, seq. "de quæstionibus Salomoni propos."

NOTE C. ARRINGHIUS mentions a monumental inscription dug up in the VIA NOMENTAND, by which it appears that *the fate of Judas* became a proverbial form of imprecation. [See his *Roma Subterranea*, p. 436, and MABILLON, *Mus. Ital.*, p. 149. J. ALBERT, *Obs. Philol.* in *libros. Nov. Feder.*, p. 233; and DODDRIDGE'S *Family Expositor*, on Acts i., 19.]

MALE. PEREAT. INSEPULTUS.

JACEAT. NON. RESURGAT.

CUM. JUDA. PARTEM. HABEAT.

SI. QUIS. SEPULCHRUM. HUNC. VIOLAVERIT.

This form appears also in the oaths administered to a certain class of the early Christians, with additional formality of reference: "Si vero non hæc omnia servavero, habeam partem cum JUDA, et lepra

Giezi, et tremore Cain, insuper et pœnis quæ lege eorum pietatis continentur, ero subjectus.” [See *Novellæ Constitutiones JUSTINIANI; cum notis J. F. HOMBERG.* Marb., 1717, 4to., lib. viii., tit. iii. “De Jurejurando quod præst. ab his qui administr. accip.”]

NOTE D. *Τρια καθ' εαυσον εκκλησιαν ταγματα, εν μεν το των ηγουμενων, δυο δε τα των υποβεβηκοτων; του της εκκλησιας του Χριστου λαου εις δυο ταγματα διηρημενον, εις του το των πιστων και των μηδεπω της δια λουτρον παλιγγενεσιας ηξιωμενων.*

EUSEBIUS, *Demonstr. Evang.*, lib. vii., p. 200.

NOTE E. “Universam doctrinam Christianam veteres distinguebant in τα εκφορα, id est, ea quæ enunciari apud omnes poterunt, et τα απορητα, arcana, temere non evulganda; de quibus neque in familiaribus colloquiis, neque in catechesibus, neque in concionibus verba temere faciebant coram Paganis, Catechumenis, aut quibus aliis non initiatis.” CASAUBON, *Exercit. de Rebus sacris et ecclesiasticis*, Ex. xvi., p. 556.

NOTE F. By reference to the best authorities, it can be shown that the word SACRAMENTUM means, *primarily*, the soldier's engagement of fidelity to a military commander; that he will neither prove traitor nor deserter, but be brave and persevering in the defence of the cause in which he has enlisted; and, *secondarily*, an oath of allegiance to the government of the country of which he is a subject, and fealty to the master whom he is bound to serve. In its ecclesiastical use and appropriation it means *a solemn engagement to be true and faithful to the divine Lord and Master, and devoted to his service and cause.*

The word SACRAMENTUM is explained largely, and with many references and authorities, in the *Lexicon Militare* of CAROLUS DE AQUINO. Rom., 1724, fol., 2 vol.

NOTE G, “SACRAMENTUM, quæ vox e versione vulgata ΜΥΣΤΗΡΙΟΝ interdum reddente Dan. ii., 18; iv., 6; Latinum Patrum Eccl. translata est, vetustior Ecclesia vocavit omnis generis REM ARCANAM, partem dictum aliquid obscurum, partem symbolum rei cujusdam sacræ, partem actionem certo modo consecratam et cum *promissione* quadam solenni conjunctam.” WEGSCHEIDER, *Instit. Theol. Christianæ dogmaticæ*, §166, p. 302;—who adds: “Hoc sensu TERTULLIANUS, v. SEMLER *index Lat. Tertull.*, p. 5, et HIERONYMUS potissimum, v. BECK *comment.*, 762. l.—GERHARD, l. th. viii., 201.—SUICER *Th. Eccl.*, II., 582, ss. 1082, 1265.”

“Apud Patres passim *γραφικα μυστηρια* vel *τον απορητον μυστηριον.*” GREGOR. MAGN., *De Consecr.*, Dis. II., canone LXXIII. appellarunt etiam τα ενδοθεν μυστηρια, q. d. *interiora mysteria.* Nam apud EPIPHANIAM, in fine operis, ubi instituta Ecclesiæ exponuntur, ita legas, τα αλλα μυστηρια περι λουτρον και των ενδοθεν μυστηριων επιτελεται.

“Tacitum sacramentum,”—TERTUL. *de præscript. Heret.*, c. 26., tom. I., p. 31, *i. e.* doctrina remotior et arcana. *Not. SEMLERI in loc.*

“Qui tantum sacramentum etiam illudendo prodiderim,”—*i. e.* tantum mysterium, tam arcanam et absconditam doctrinam. *Ib. Adv. Valent.*, c. xxxii., tom. 2, p. 183.

“Hinc igitur est quod *Sacramenta* Patres appellarunt *Mysteria*, *Μησεις*, *τελετας*, *τελειωσεις*, *εποπτειας*, sive *εποφειας*, *τελεστορια* item *τελεστοικα αυτ*, *τελειωτικα μυστηρια*, *τελειωτικας θεωσεις*, *ιεραχικας*

τελετας; interdum vero *οργια*, sed rarius, et *συμβολικην Θεωλογιαν*." J. CASAUBON in *Baronium Exercit.*, xvi., cap. 43, p. 550, ed. Lond., 1614, fol.

The Pagan mysteries were nocturnal. So, very frequently, were the celebration of the Christian rites; but this probably may have been a consequence of persecution. "Nocturnis multi in mysteriis peragebantur; noctu etiam initiatio Christianorum inchoabatur." CASAUBON, ubi supra, p. 555.

NOTE H. For the sake of the learned reader, for whose satisfaction, principally, this Appendix is made, I shall give my references to the FATHERS in their own words, quoting volume and page, and naming the edition which I have consulted.

I would here premise, that long since this investigation was made, I have heard that the learned and pious REINHARD has asserted in his "Christian Plan," that *no account is given of any such secrets by any other writers than CLEMENT of Alexandria, and his pupil ORIGEN; and, therefore, we are led to the conclusion that what is said by these writers is nothing more than the allegorizing common to the Alexandrian school, and docs not afford THE LEAST INDICATION of an existing SECRET SOCIETY.*

Now, should it be conceded that what CLEMENT and ORIGEN have written is only Alexandrian verbiage,—*vox, et preterea nihil*,—the same cannot be predicated of the numerous references to be found in the works of TERTULLIAN, MINUCIUS, FELIX, CYRIL, BASIL, GREGORY NAZIANZEN, AMBROSE, AUGUSTINE, and CHRYSOSTOM. The testimonies here quoted from these Fathers, few as they are, serve at least to show that the affirmation, that "no others than CLEMENT and ORIGEN had alluded to such secrets," being incorrect, must invalidate the inference which REINHARD draws, and so positively maintains.

NOTE I. *Ατρεπτους, αμεμπτους, ανεγκλητους· να ωσιν αγιοι σωματι και ψυχη, μη εχοντες σπιλον η ρυτιδα η τι των τοιουτων· αλλα ωσω αρτιοι, και μηδεις εν αυτοις η κολοβος η ατελης.*

CONST. APOST., lib. viii., cap. xi.

NOTE J. "Non solum antem Epicurei et Plato multa occultabant, sed etiam Epicurei dicunt quædam esse apud se arcana, et non permittere omnibus ut ea scripta legant." CLEM. ALEX. *Stromata*, lib. v.

The learned PAGI, in quoting this passage, refers to the declaration of JAMBLICUS, lib. ii., de vita Pythagoræ, "Cum externis, et, ut ita dicam, prophanis, si quandoque usus fuerit congregandum esse, nequaquam sua Sacramenta enunciabant, sed per symbola et arcanas tesseræ obscure et latenter sibi mutuo sensa mentis velut ænigmatibus significabant." PAGI *Critica Historico-Chronologica in universos Annales Ecclesiasticos Card. Baronii.* Ant., 1705, fol.

NOTE K. *Τα μεν εκων παραπεμπομαι ελλεγων επιστημονως, φοβουμενος γραφειν α και λεγειν εγυλαξαμεν.* CLEM. ALEX. *Strom.*, l. i, c. i., p. 324, ed. *Potteri*, 2 vol. fol. Oxon., 1715.

Στωματαις κρυπτειν εντεχνως τα της γνωσεως βουλονται σπερματα.

Ib. p. 327.

Οτι μεγας ο κινδυνος τον απορητηον ως αληθως της οντως φιλοσυφιας λογον εξορησασθαι τοις αφειδως παντα μεν αντιλεγειν εθελουσαν ονκ εν δικη, παντα δε ονοματα και ρηματα απορησιπτουσιν ουδαμως κοσμιως. Ib. cap. 3., p. 320. See also l. ii., p. 432.

NOTE M. *Επει δε γενεθλιον ημερας εκων η ανατολη, κακειθεν τω*

πως αυξεται εκ σκοτους λαμψαν το προτον' αλλα και τοις εν αγνοια καλω δουμενοις ανετειλε γνωσεως αλεθειας ημερα κατα λογον του ελιου προς την εωθινην ανατολην αι ουχαι, οθεν και τα παλαιοτατα των ιερων προς δυση εβλεπεν, να οι απαντι προσωπον των αγαλματων ισταμενοι προς ανατολην τρεπεσθαι διδασκωται.

STROM., l. vii., p. 520.

For the reason of churches being built "due east and west," I refer to the following authorities :

First, the APOSTOLIC CONSTITUTIONS, lib. ii., c. 57, *descriptio Ecclesiæ*, &c. Πρωτον μεν ο Οικος εστα επιμικης, κατ' ανατολης τετραμμενος, εξ εκατερων των μερων τα παστοφορια προς ανατολην.—Primo quidem Ædes sit oblongæ, ad orientem versa, ex utraque parte Pastophoria versus orientem habens.

Secondly. "Juxta usitatiorem morem, quo Basilicarum prospectus ad orientem spectabat, inquit S. PAULINUS, *Epist.* 12, ad Severum, ac multo post eum STEPHANUS TORNACENSIS, *Epist.* 104; itemque WALAFRIDUS STRABO *de rebus Ecclesiasticis*, cap. 4. "Atque eam ob rationem ut in missam ex optatam patriam Paradisum, quem Deus plantavit ad orientem, precantes intuerentur,"—docet Scriptor Quæstionum ad Antiochum respond. *Quæst.* 37, tom. II. ATHANASII.—Vide item SIDONIUM, lib. II., *Epist.* 10, ibique doctos interpretes.

NOTE N. Si semper laternus, quando proditum est quod admittimus? Imo aquibus prodi potuit? Ab ipsis enim reis non utique cum vel ex forma omnium mysteriorum silentii fides debeatur. Samothracia et Eleusinia reticentur; quanto magis talia quæ prodita interim etiam humanam animadversionem provocabunt, dum divina servatur. Si ergo non ipsi proditeres sui, sequitur ut extranei, et unde extraneis notitia? cum semper etiam pie initiationes arceant profanos et ab arbitris caveant nisi si impie minus metuunt."—"Natura famæ omnibus notum est.—Hanc indicem adversus nos profertis, quæ quod aliquando jactavit, tantoque temporis spatio in opinionem corroboravit, usque adhuc probare non valuit." TERTULLIAN, *Apol.*, c. vii., tom. v., p. 21.

"Laudant quæ sciunt, vituperant quæ ignorant; et id quod sciunt, eo quod ignorant, corrumpunt. Cum sit justius occulta de manifestis, præjudicare, quam manifesta de occultis prædamnare." *Ib.* c. iii., p. 11.

NOTE O. "Multis se notis et insignibus noscunt, et amant mutuo pœne antequam noverint." MINUCIUS FELIX, *Octav.*, Sect. ix., p. 90, ed. Gronov. 8vo. Lug. Bat., 1709.

NOTE P. Λεγειν κρυφιον ειναι τα δογμα, πανν εστιν αποπον' το δε ειναι τινα οιον μετα τα εξωτερικα, μη εις τοις πολλοις φθανοντα, οι μονου ιδιου του χριστιανιων λογον, αλλα γαρ και των φιλοσοφων' περι οισ τινες μετα εσαν εξωτερικοι λογοι, ετεροι δε εσωτερικοι, και τινες μετα ακρουντες. Πυθαγογα, ως αυτος εφα. Αλλοι δ' εν απορητω διδασχομενοι τα μεν αξια φθανειν εις ακρας βεβελους και μεδεπα κεκαθαρμενας και παντα δε τα βαρβαρον κρυφια οντα ου διαβεβληται διοπερ ματην μηδε νοησας ακριβως το κρυφιον του χριστιανισμου, διαβαλλει αυτο." ORIGEN *contra Celsum*, lib. I., § 7, *Oper.*, tom. i., p. 325 ed. DELARNE.

NOTE Q. Ταυτα τα μυστερια νυν η εκκλησια διεγειται ουκ εστιν εθος εθνικοις διηγεισθαι ου γαρ εθνικα τα διαγομεθα μυστερια ουδε των μυστεριων επι κατεχουμενων λουκως λαλουμην επικεκαλυμ-

μενως, να οι ειουοντες πιστοι νωησωσικαι οι μη ειδοντες μη βλαβουση. Collectanea Monumentorum veterum Ecclesiae quæ hactenus in Bibliotheca Vaticana delituerunt, a LAUR. a ZACAGNIUS, e scriptis Codias nunc primum edidit. Rom., 1698, 4to., p. 101.

NOTE R. *Ελεγεν ο Κυριος τοις μη ακουσαι δυναμενοις, εν παραβολαις, τοις δε μαθηταις επηλνε και ιδιαν τας παραβολας. Ο αιγασμο της δοξης τοις περωτισμενοις, η τιφλωσις τοις κπιστοις' ταυτα τα μυστηρια νυν η εκκλησια διηγειται των εκ καταχουμενων μεταβαλλομενοι ουκ εστιν εθος εθνικοις διηγεισθαι.* CYRIL HIEROSOL. Catechesis vi., § xvi., p. 97, ed. MILLES, fol. Oxon., 1703.

NOTE S. *Ου γαρ δη τουτοις ακουμεθα ων α αποστολος η το ευαγγελιον επεινησθη, αλλα και προλεγομεν και επιλεγομεν ετερα, ως μεγαλην εχοντα προς το μυστηριον την ισχην, εκ του γραφου διδασκαλιας παραβοτες.* S. BASIL, *de Spiritu Sancto*, Opera, tom. ii., p. 352, fol. Paris, 1678, 3 tom. fol.

Καλος εκεινοι δεδιδαγμενοι των μυστηριων τα σεμνα σιωπη διασωξουσθαι, α γαρ ουδε εποπιουειν εξετι τοις αμνητοις τουτων πως εικως την διδασκαλιαν θριαμβουει εν γραμμασιν. Ib.

Των εκ τη εκκλησια περναλαμμενων δογματων και κρηγματων τα μη εκ του εγγραφου διδασκαλιας εχομεν, τα δη εκ της των αποστολων παραδοσεως διαδοθεντα ημιν εν μυστηριω παρα εδειξαμεθα. Ib.

Τινα δε αδικουμεν καταγωγια τοις ξεινοις οικοδομουντες τοις κατα παροδον επιφοιτωσι, και τοις θεραπειας τινωσ δια την ασθειειαν δεομενοις. BASIL., *Epis.* ccclxxi., p. 1147.

NOTE T. *Εχης του μυστηριου εκφορα, και τας των πολλων ακουσις ουκ απορρηται' τα δε αλλα εισω μαθηση, α και κρυψης παρα σεαντω σφραγιδι κρατουμενα, πλην εκεινο ευαγγελιζομαι.* GREG. NAZANZ., *Orat.* xl., p. 672. *Opera edit.* Morelli, 2 vol. fol. Paris, 1630.

Μηδε εκφορα τοις εξω τα πολλα των ημετεριων μυστηριων ειναι.

Ib. *Orat.* xlii.

NOTE U. "Latere debet omne mysterium, et quasi operiri silentio, ne profanis temere divulgatur auribus." AMEROSIUS, *ne Abra.*, l. i., c. v., No. 38, tom. i., p. 223. *Opera*, 2 vol. fol. Paris, 1686.

"Cave ne incante divulges mysteria. Sunt plurima quæ cruda displiceant, toda delectant. Fove igitur pectore tua alta mysteria quæ prematuro sermone et insidiis auribus vel infirmis quasi incocta committas, atque auditor avertatur et cum horrore fastigiat; qui si coctiora gustaret spiritalis cibi percipiat suavitatem." Ib. tom. i., p. 146.

"Est etiam illa commendæ orationis et voti disciplina ut non divulgemus orationem, sed abscondita teneamus mysteria." Ib. *de Cain et Abel*, tom. i., p. 146.

"Decat Deo qui commissa sibi mysteria putaverit indignis esse vulganda. Periculum itaque non est solum falsa dicere, sed etiam vera, si quis ea insinuat quibus non oportet." Ib. tom. i., p. 805.

NOTE V. "Dimissis jam catechumenis, vos tantum ad audiendum retinuemus. Quia, præter illa quæ omnes Christianos convenit in commune servare, specialiter de cœlestibus mysteriis locuturi sumus, quæ audire non possunt, nisi qui eo donante jam domino perceperunt. Tanto ergo majore reverentia audire quæ dicimus, quanto majore ista sunt quæ fidelibus committuntur, quam illa quæ etiam Catechumeni audire consuaverunt." AUGUSTIN, *Serm.* i. *ad Neophytos*, in *Append.* tom. x., p. 845. *Opera*, Basil, 1569, fol.

“Prodisse potius quam edicisse cœstimantur.”

“Non solum sancto quodam silentio divinora dogmata, ne in vulgus publicata vilescerent, involuta, Ethnicorum Theologi tenuere, sed ut eandem viam inivere, imo prævivere, sacri utriusque Fœderis Scriptores; quod Dei secretum arca fœderis, a suprapositis Cherubinibus obumbrata et velando honorata, significatum olim fuisse.” *Ib. De bono perseveran.*, l. ii., c. 16, tom. vii.

NOTE W. *Βουλομαι μετα σαφως αυτω ειπειν ου τολμω δε δια αμυντας. Ουτοι γαρ δυσκολωτεραν ημιν ποιουσι την εξεγησιν αναγκαζοντες, η μη λεγειν σαφως η εις αυτους εκφερειν τα απορητα.* CHRYSOSTOM., Hom. xl., in 1 Cor. xv., 29, p. 688. *Opera ed. Saville*, 8 vol. fol. Eton, 1612.

Ο μελλον χειροτονειν, τας εκεινων ευχας καλει τότε, και αυτοι επιψηφιζονται, και επιβωσων, απερ ισασιν οι μεμνημενοι; ου γαρ δε θεμις επι των αμνητων εκκαλυπτην απαντα. *Ib. Homil. xviii.*, in 2 Cor., p. 872.

Αυτο τον μυστηριον ποσον ελεον, ποιησ η γιλανθοπιας; ισασιν τον μεμνημενοι. *Ib. Hom. in Matth. lxxii.*

NOTE X. “Quis ita hospes in Patrum lectione, cui set ignota formula in mentione sacramentorum potissimum usu trita, *Ισασιν οι μεμνημενοι*, norunt *Initiati quod dicitur?* Quæ formula in unius CHRYSOSTOMI Homiliis aut aliis scriptis minimum quinquaginta locis potest observari; apud AUGUSTINUM non multo varius.” CASAUBON, *de Rebus Sacris et Ecclesiasticis*, xvi., p. 556, fol. Lond., 1614.

NOTE Y. *Ισχυρος δε λιαν εστι και βαθυς ο επ αυτω λογος, και τας των πλανωμενων διακομιας ουκ αλοσιμοι. Ινα ταυτην μη εις τας τω αμνητων εκφερων ακοας τα κεκριμενα, προσκρουσαιμαι λεγοντι τω χριστω. Μη δωτη τα αγια τοις κτσι, μηδε βαλητε τοις μαργαριτας υμων εμπροσθεν των χοιρων.* CYRIL ALEXANDR., tom. vi., p. 247, ed. MILLES, fol. Oxon., 1703.

NOTE Z. *Ου ζη σαφως ειπειν εικος γαρ τινας αμνετους παρειναι: σιγνηματωδως η αποκρισις εστω.* THEODORET., dial. ii.

Αξιο δε μυστικωτερον αποκρινασθαι τινες γαρ ισως αμνηται παρεσθησων. *Ib. dial. i.*

NOTE AA. In the fifth chapter of his *Hierarchy*, DIONYSIUS distinguishes the tradition of the sacrament into three grades, *καθαρσις*, purification; *μνησις*, initiation; and *τελειωσις*, accomplishment; and mentions the ceremony also *εποψεια*, bringing to sight.

There have been several editions of the works of DIONYSIUS AREOPAGITA. The best is that printed at *Venice*, in 2 vols. fol., 1755-6.

The learned CASAUBON styles him, “Scriptor sane antiquissimus et elegantissimus.” In *Exercit.* xvi., p. 565.

“NUBES TESTIUM.”

FATHERS AND EARLY WRITERS OF THE CHURCH CITED OR REFERRED TO.

ARCHELAUS, Bishop of Mesopotamia, flourished 278.

ATHANASIUS, Bishop of Alexandria, forty-six years, from 330 to 375, when he died.

AUGUSTINE, Bishop of Hyppo, in Africa, flourished in the latter part of the fourth century.

BASIL, Archbishop of Cesaria, b. 326, d. 379.

CHRYSOSTOM, Bishop of Constantinople, b. 354, d. 407.

CLEMENT, of Alexandria, flourished at the end of the second and beginning of the third century, before 218.

CLEMENT, of Rome, a contemporary of the Apostles, Bishop of that see nine years, from 93 to 102.

CYPRIAN, Bishop of Carthage, d. 258.

CYRIL, of Alexandria, d. 444.

CYRIL, of Jerusalem, d. 386.

DIONYSIUS AREOPAGITA.

EPIPHANIUS, Bishop of Salamis, in Cyprus, d. 403.

EUSEBIUS, Bishop of Cæsarea, in Palestine, author of the Ecclesiastical History, from the birth of Christ to the reign of Constantine the Great. He died in the time of Constantine the Younger. B. 270, d. 339.

GREGORY NAZIANZEN, Bishop of NAZIANZUM, in Cappadocia, b. 324, d. 389.

IGNATIUS, Bishop of Antioch, disciple of St. John, the Apostle and Evangelist, died by martyrdom in 108.

MINUCIUS FELIX, a Roman orator, 210.

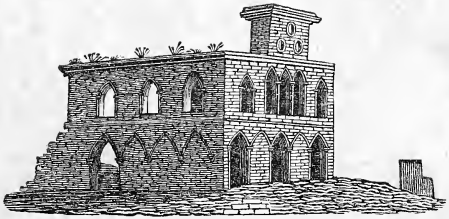
ORIGEN, Minister at Cæsarea, in Palestine, b. 185, d. 254.

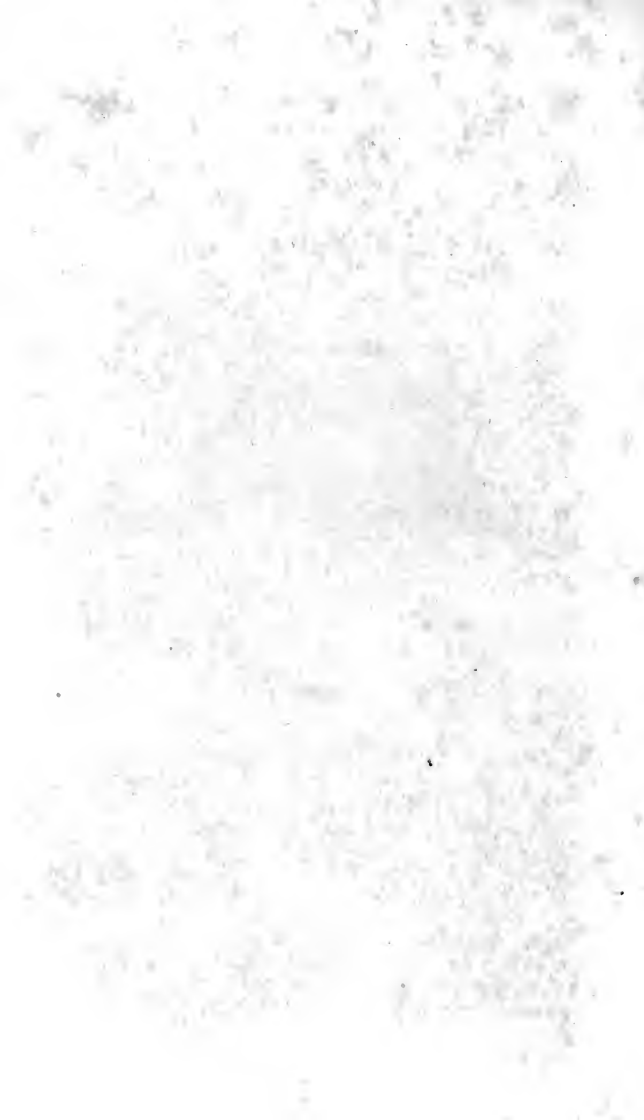
TERTULLIAN, a Presbyter of Carthage, d. about 216.

THEODORET, Ecclesiastical Historian, and Bishop of Cyzicus, in Syria, b. 386, d. about 420.

REMARK.

AFTER the preceding pages were written, they were shown to a friend, who, being a ROYAL ARCH MASON, expressed a wish that I had exhibited some information respecting that department of the Institution; believing that it was *ancient*, while he admitted that other degrees, most of which bore the title of "Knights," were modern chivalric appendages. To gratify him, and inform others, I have collected the particulars which follow.





SECRET
OF
THE ROYAL ARCH.

WHEN, in the fourth century, those Christian missionaries, who had undertaken to build churches in various parts of the world, turned their attention more directly to the structure of the fabric, they employed in that business those who had been regularly taught both the theory and practice of architecture; and, though they might occasionally labour with them, engaged, principally, as superintendents of the work. And it has always been the case, that in the erection of sacred edifices, more particularly cathedrals, the undertaking was contracted for, and carried on, under the direction of Wardens; the Bishop being looked up to for counsel, encouragement, approbation, and blessing.¹ About the more humble and preparatory arrangement, such as digging for the foundation, getting out stone from the quarry, or preparing the mortar, *common* labourers were employed; but those to whom was assigned the bringing rude ashlar into form, squaring the quoins, erecting the edifice, must be *professed Christians*; and these, though under the direction of the Fellows of the original institution, yet, as being *operative* workmen had their own regulations for those they employed. From among the master workmen were appointed some to attend to the construction of the *Arch*, on which the strength and beauty of the edifice much depended; to the forming of the altar, and to what might be considered the more sacred parts of the structure; and in general to the finishing of the building. Without stating further particulars, my present design is to give some information respecting the association, or Chapter, for the

¹ See Appendix, Note I.

Arch. The accuracy with which the arch must be formed, the symmetry of its structure, the exact adaptation of the key-stone, and its insertion and fitting in, so as to perfect the construction, was a very nice business. Only the well-informed and the skilful were employed upon it. The form or turn of the arch which was adopted, and has ever since been peculiar to ecclesiastical edifices, is the pointed, or, as it has been improperly called, "the Gothic."² I say improperly, because it is found in the remains of buildings more ancient than any Gothic structure. This being much in the shape of the bladder of a fish, was called "Vesica Piscis;" and a knowledge of the art of constructing it was acquired but by few, who were hence called "Pisciculi."³ They the more readily adopted this denomination, because they were followers of the Apostles, some of whom were originally *fishermen*, and heirs of that promise of their Divine Master, "I will make you *fishers* of men."

This class of architects carried as their *tessera*, a bone shaped in the form of a fish, bearing on it the letters IXΘΥΣ. When sojourners, and seeking employ, this became the token of their profession, and means of introduction to others of the craft, to whom they were personally strangers. The mode of introduction was, first, by producing the *tessera*, (which, when afterwards made of gold or silver, was called "a jewel," and by intermutual question and answer, lettering and explaining the import of each letter; as I, ΙΗΣΟΥΣ; X, ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ; Θ, ΘΕΟΥ; Υ, ΥΙΟΣ; Σ, ΣΟΤΗΡ JESUS CHRIST; the *Son of God*; the *Saviour*.⁴

Such is the origin of the ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER OF MASONRY. It obtained the title "Royal," because the *arch* was sanctioned and approved by the emperors and kings, who were "the nursing fathers of the church:" and the term "Chapter," serves to indicate its ecclesiastical source.

For my authorities, I direct my reader to the Ap-

² See Appendix, Note II.

³ OPTATUS, con. Parm. lib. iii., p. 62. CURIL ALEX., lib. ix., in Joh. Inst. THEODORET, Ep. 76, p. 994. See also Appendix, Note III.

⁴ See Appendix, Note IV.

pendix, where they are quoted largely. As my purpose, in what is here put together, has merely been to draw from ancient church history certain overlooked references, as I conceive, to a fraternity once in much repute, I have not indulged in any comments, nor pretended to undertake any defence of the institution against the censures and denunciations gone and going forth against it. I am, however, aware that these pages will be thought *too learned* for the information of common readers, though I have aimed to make them intelligible, particularly by *translating* the quotations from the fathers, and by transferring the literary illustrations to the Appendix: but “whoso is wise, he shall understand these things; prudent, and he shall know them;”—the unwise will not be instructed, nor the imprudent led to renounce their errors.

A P P E N D I X.

NOTE I. The contracts for the erection of the vaulting of the King's College Chapel, Cambridge, are in an account of the Chapel of WALDEN, and in *Anecdotes of Painting*, by WALPOLE, vol. i. appendix, 3d edition. In DUGDALE'S *Monasticon*, vol. iii. p. 162, is an agreement between the Commissioners of the Duke of York and WILLIAM HARWOOD, Freemason, for the rebuilding of the Chapel in the College of Fotheringhay, Northamptonshire; and in ASHMOLE'S *History of the Garter*, p. 126, is an agreement with HYLMEYER and VERTUE, Freemasons, for the building of the Choir of St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

The references in this note, though of a later date than the text to which they are appended, are referred to as notices of the manner in which such contracts were made. For more particulars, see *Observations on Vaults*, by SAMUEL WARE, Esq., communicated to the *Society of Antiquaries, London*; and published in the *Archæologia*, vol. xvii. p. 83.

NOTE II. A remarkable remain at St. Jean d'Acre, the ancient Ptolemais of Syria, is represented by LE BRUN, *Voyage au Levant*, plate 164, p. 313; and is also mentioned by Dr. POCOCKE, in his *Description of the East*, vol. ii. part 1. p. 53. The building is decidedly in the Gothic manner, as are also several buildings mentioned by him at Cyprus, p. 215, 216; and one in that island is represented by CASAS, *Voyage Pittoresque de la Syrie*, tom. iii. p. 104. Other Gothic structures in Egypt and Syria are mentioned by Dr. POCOCKE, vol. i. p. 75; vol. ii. part 1. pp. 4, 101, 122.

Archæologia, vol. xvii. p. 29.

NOTE III. TERTULLIAN says, and after him OPTATUS, "Nos Pisciculi secundam *εξθvs* nostrum Jesum Christum in aqua nascimur; nec aliter quam in aqua permanendo salvi sumus." TERTUL. de Bapt. c. 1. See also BINGHAM, *Antiquities of the Christian Church*. Vol. I. p. 2.

See also "Observations on the mystererious figure called VESICA PISCIS," in the *architecture of the middle ages*," by T. KERRICK, M. A., F. S. A., in the XIX volume of the *Archæologia*, No. xxxvii. p. 353.

NOTE IV. In the sixteenth volume of the *Archæologia*, art. xxxiv. are "some observations on the Gothic buildings abroad, particularly those of Italy; and on Gothic architecture in general," by T. KERRICK, M. A., F. S. A., Principal Librarian of the University of Cambridge." In describing the construction of a particular kind of arch, which Mr. Kerrick says "was held in peculiar veneration by Christians from very early times," he adds, "it appears to have had a

mysterious meaning, which I do not pretend to explain; but I believe a great deal might be pointed out, as to its influence upon the forms of all sorts of things which were intended for sacred uses. Possibly it might have some reference to the symbolical representation of Christ under the figure of a fish, the ΙΧΘΥΣ, which contained the initials of *Ιησους Χριστος Θεου Υιου Σωτηρ*. And this is the more probable, because we are told that it was called '*Vesica Piscis*.*' But however this may be, and whatever ideas of sanctity might be attached to the thing itself, we may remark, that in the paintings,† as well as sculptures of the lower ages, we find it almost constantly used to circumscribe the figure of our Saviour, wherever he is represented as judging the world, and in his glorified state, particularly over the doors of Saxon and Norman churches. Episcopal and conventual seals, and those of religious societies, and of all ecclesiastical officers, were universally of this form, and continue to be made so to this day."—p. 313.

Comp. "Observations on the origin of the pointed Arch in Architecture," by SYDNEY SMITH, Esq. No. xxxv. vol. xxi. p. 521. "It is highly probable," says this author, p. 583, "that the FREEMASONS, whose importance as a corporate body seems to have been established by a Papal bull in the early part of the thirteenth century, counted many eastern workmen among their number. Thus associated and exclusively devoted to the practice of Masonry, it is easy to infer that a rapid improvement both in the style and execution of their work would result. Forming a connected and corresponding society, and roving over the different countries of Europe, wherever the munificent piety of those ages promised employment to their skill, it is a probable, and even a necessary consequence, that improvements, by whomsoever introduced, would quickly become common to all; and to this cause we may refer the simultaneous progress of one style throughout Europe, which forms so singular a phenomenon in the history of Architecture."

In MALDEN'S *Account of King's College Chapel, Cambridge*, Dr. HENRY'S *History*, and a *Treatise on Masonry*, by WILLIAM PRESTON, some account of the Freemasons, as relating to the subject of building, may be found. They appear to have been known in England about the beginning of the seventh century. They are said to have introduced the art of building in stone; and that the art of constructing walls to resist the thrust of a stone vault, was their original mystery. It is more reasonable to suppose that the art of building stone walls is as old as stone quarries, than that this society is as ancient as Solomon's Temple. About the beginning of the fourteenth century, the art "de couper des pierres," was still held a *secret*, and the professors of this mystery were called the "Cotterie." MATURIN JOUSSE called his treatise, from this circumstance, "*Secret d'Architecture*." WARE'S *Memoir in the Archæologia*, vol xvii. p. 83.

Finally. Let me request my learned reader, who would pursue

* Dureri Instit. Geometricarum, lib. ii. p. 56. He uses it as a name well known, and familiar as that of circle, triangle, &c. "Designa circino invariato tres piscium vesicas."

† See an illustration in King Edgar's book of Grants to Winchester Cathedral, engraved by Strutt in his *Royal and Ecclesiastical Antiquities*.

this development farther, and into later times, to explore the recondite pages of the following work :—

Liber secretorum fidelium crucis super Terræ Sanctæ recuperatione et conservatione. [Printed in the second part of the *GESTA DEI* of BONGARS. This treatise of MARINUS SANUTUS, a Venetian nobleman, was commenced in 1306, and finished in 1321.]

