

HISTORIC MAGAZINE



NOTES AND QUERIES

A MONTHLY OF

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



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



VOL. XXI.

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“Here in the sunny summer of my youth
My soul grew up, and drank the sacred streams,
Of Wisdom, Knowledge, Virtue, Thought, and Truth :
Here my heart lived on bright and glorious dreams,
Caught from the Poet's or the Historian's page ;
Homer and Horace, and the Mantuan lyre,
Plato's deep thoughts, and Pindar's epic rage,
The Ascræan bard, and Lucian's words of fire —
From morn till night, from night till morning came,
These and the stars my sole companions were,
Still burned my lamp with clear and vestal flame,
Still my mind fed on visions grand and rare ;
The Past was still before me, and its soul
Shone with the splendor of some heaven-descended scroll.”

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HISTORIC MAGAZINE. AND NOTES AND QUERIES

MANCHESTER, N. H.

S. C. GOULD, - - - - Editor and Publisher.
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"Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations."
(PENT. V, xxxiii, 7.)

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Centennial Celebration of Manchester, N. H.

OCTOBER 22, 1851.

POEM BY WILLIAM STARK, MANCHESTER, N. H.

Who does not love, when twilight's pall of grey
Appears in mourning for the dying day,
To climb some hill, along this valley green,
And gaze enraptured on the lovely scene —

To mark the river, in the sunset glowing —
To see the waters, now so calmly flowing —
And then, anon, o'er ledgy ramparts pour,
Through winding gorge and rocky chasm roar ;
Till, far below, they mingle into union,
With verdant shores to bind the sweet communion —

To see Rock Raymond lift his hoary head,
With verdure clinging to his rough foundations,
Like some proud tombstone of the mighty dead,
Which has outlived a thousand generations,
And stood alone, the monarch of the plain,
Where cities fell and forests rose again.

To see the Unconoonucs' double mound
 Rise, gently sloping from the woods around,
 And, with its sides in richest verdure drest,
 Shut out the glories of the golden west :
 While sunbeams play upon each woody height,
 And, fondly lingering, kiss their last good night.

To see the hills, their lengthened shadows throwing,
 Stretch up to catch the last expiring ray,
 Till daylight, by the golden sunset glowing,
 In dewy evening pine itself away :
 While rock and dell, and tangled forest wild
 Lies calm and gentle as a sleeping child.

And can it be, that such a land of beauty
 Has known no heroes worthy of renown :
 That noble deeds of friendship, love or duty
 Have wreathed no laurels for the victor's crown ?
 A thousand years have trod their weary marches —
 A million souls have lived along this shore ;
 But who can say, that Heaven's golden arches,
 For all this host, support one soul the more !

What ! not a hero for the poet's pen,
 To laud his virtues o'er and o'er again :
 No chieftains, warriors, prophets, seers or sages,
 Have lived and flourished here for unknown ages :
 Have here no hunters, youthful, fleet, and strong,
 Pursued the wild game o'er these hills along :
 No laughing children gambol'd in the shade,
 Roamed through the wood, or by the water strayed :
 No dark-eyed maidens sat beneath the trees,
 And sang their love songs to the evening breeze :
 No deeds of Love, no deeds of fame or glory,
 A desert land, unknown to song or story !

Had Homer, 'stead of Argos' classic strand,
 Claimed this fair valley as his native land,
 How would these scenes have swarm'd with noble men ;
 How buried heroes would have lived again !
 Each lofty mountain, and each woody hill,
 Each winding stream, and gently flowing rill,
 Each rock and dell along this river shore,

In flowing verse would live for evermore.
 Proud Agamemnon would his sceptre wield,
 O'er thousand braves encamped in Derryfield :
 And Chryses kneel on Massabesic's strand,
 To pray Apollo's dire avenging hand :
 And bold Ulysses reign in proud array,
 From bright Souhegan to the Nashua ;
 While brave Achilles, pond'ring o'er his ills,
 Would roam desponding o'er the Bedford hills :
 The dark Scamander, flowing through the bog,
 Would yield its place to our Piscataquog :
 And where rough Simois the verse encumbers,
Contoocook stand, to grace the flowing numbers :
 While, on the shore, their close and serried ranks,
 Move, dark and fearful up the river banks,
 With courage dire, and martial ardor big,
 To sack some Troy built up at Amoskeag.
 But, of the mem'ries of the bloody deeds,
 Enacted on our native hills and meads,
 Of warrior yell, and dying victim's groan,
 But few remain, and would that there were none —
 For bloody deeds have filled unnumbered pages,
 And stained the record of a thousand ages ;
 While deeds of peace, embalmed by poet's pen,
 Are none too many for the good of men.

So turn we then, from scenes of bloody strife,
 From tomahawk, and club, and scalping knife ;
 And, should the muse, which, bound by cruel Mars,
 Like some caged warbler, pines between the bars,
 Be freed again to soar on spreading wing,
 And in her own wild native song to sing,
 She'll mount and warble o'er the notes of peace,
 And sing the sweeter for her kind release.

When autumn fruits conferred their golden boon,
 And bright September brought her harvest moon,
 On that high hill, above the rocky shore,
 Where first the falls begin their sullen roar,
 Once in each year, the Indians passed a night,
 In solemn prayer and consecrated right,
 To offer thanks, from dewy eve till morn,
 To their Great Spirit for the juicy corn ;

While youths and maidens, 'neath the moonlight glance,
 Tripped lively measure in the Green Corn Dance.
 Nor Persian skies, nor Thracian valleys green,
 Have ever known so beautiful a scene —
 In waving plumes, and belts of wampum, drest,
 The young brave dance, and beat the naked breast ;
 While light and fleet, as flitting shadows pass,
 So move the maidens o'er the yielding grass ;
 Dark eyes look out from 'neath a darker lash,
 And shine and sparkle like a meteor's flash ;
 And raven tresses, flowing unconfined,
 Float free and careless in the evening wind,
 While tones of music, lively, wild and sweet,
 Are tripped to measure by the tiniest feet ;
 The aged squaws, the hoary warriors stand,
 And gaze admiring on the youthful band ;
 While wrinkled crones, with low applauding hum,
 Beat loud and furious on the wooden drum.

O'er scenes like these the mem'ry loves to dwell ;
 Of pleasing traits in savage minds they tell :
 Though still a savage, place him as you will,
 With all his vices, he is human still.

Now short and simply, lest your patience fail,
 I'll prove my saying, by an Indian tale.

Long, long ago, one summer's day,
 Ere those dark forests passed away,
 Which hid the dusky Indian's track
 Along the lovely Merrimack ;
 Where now the island sand bars clog
 The mouth of our Piscataquog,
 And where the tall trees, spreading wide,
 Let squirrels play and shadows hide,
 There, on the mossy bank reclining,
 Her braided locks with beads entwining,
 An Indian maiden, young and fair,
 Sat playing with her jetty hair.
 'Twas calm and still, so sound was heard,
 Except the twitt'ring of a bird,
 Or turtles, diving from a log,
 Deep in the waters of the 'Squog ;

Her bark canoe lay on the sand,
 The paddle rested by her hand,
 In little coves the minnows played,
 E'en close around the lovely maid,
 Each other through her shadow chasing,
 The beauteous image half defacing.
 The river's bank, the village nigh it,
 Were all enrobed in solemn quiet,
 For all the warriors were away,
 Before the sun had brought the day,
 To Unconoonucs' southern side,
 To sit in council for the tribe,
 The squaws were making deerskin nooses,
 And playing with the young papposes ;
 The boys, for sport and pleasure wishing,
 Had gone to Amoskeag a fishing.

As thus the brave Manesquo's daughter
 Sat gazing on the placid water,
 A plaintive moan, of some one near,
 Fell on the musing maiden's ear,
 The girl look'd up, and there, before her,
 Stood the old prophet Pascagora :
 His manly form, now bent with age,
 Told of the chieftain and the sage :
 His eyes, which once like eagles' peer'd,
 Now, dimm'd by age, were dull and blear'd ;
 With all the wisdom of his race,
 Writ on his sear'd and wrinkled face.

The prophet now seemed faint and weak,
 A hectic flush was on his cheek ;
 And leaning 'gainst a tree near by,
 He heaved a long and deep drawn sigh ;

The girl arose in quick surprise,
 With pity beaming from her eyes :
 " What now, good father," said the maid,
 Has drove thee from the wigwam shade ?
 'Tis eighteen moons, since you before
 Have passed beyond the cabin door."

The prophet raised his sunken eye,
 And pointing to the western sky,
 "My child," said he, "ere yonder sun
 Shall through his daily course have run,
 And ere our noble braves return,
 Or ere their fires shall cease to burn,
 My soul shall well contented roam
 In the Great Spirit's distant home.
 I hear the rustling of his wings,
 I feel the dread his presence brings,
 O'er mighty rivers, dark and slow,
 In light canoe, I go, I go."

"But, ere I smoke the pipe of love,
 Before the council fires above,
 My spirit's eager to relate
 The secrets of the red man's fate.
 Now, maiden, list, I'll tell to thee
 The red man's future destiny;
 And treasure it with earnest care,
 Tis Pascagora's dying prayer;
 And to the braves, when home returning,
 To where the village fires are burning,
 Do you relate, with maiden's power,
 The warnings of my dying hour:

"No longer let the arrow hope
 With leaden bullets' force to cope;
 Let ashen bows no more withstand
 The musket in the white man's hand;
 Let scalping knives no longer gleam,
 Or redden in life's purple stream;
 Let tomahawks to graves be doomed,
 Nor more in human skulls entombed;
 Let not the simple Indian's will
 Attempt to thwart the white man's skill;
 The speed of his ambitious mind
 Will leave the red man's far behind:
 But let these wigwam fires go out,
 These hills forget the warrior's shout;
 While in the dark and distant west,
 The hunted brave shall find his rest."

Thus saying, Pascagora sank
 Upon the green and mossy bank :
 His eye, which once could meet the sun,
 How dimmed and failed — its work was done ;
 His silver locks fell o'er his breast ;
 His tawny hand his brow compressed ;
 Nor moved he more, but groaned and sighed,
 And thus great Pascagora died.

The maid, though trembling, not less bold,
 Had knelt beside the prophet old ;
 With one hand, his, the girl had grasped,
 One arm around his neck she clasped :
 She gave no cry — no tear she shed,
 But sat in silence o'er the dead.

The day passed on — she had not stirred,
 Through all the grove no sound was heard,
 The sun was sinking in the west,
 East bird had sought its welcome nest,
 And evening shadows dark, serene,
 Were gathering o'er the peaceful scene.
 But hark ! a war whoop, loud and shrill,
 Re-echoes from the eastern hill !
 The girl starts up, as now, once more,
 The sound comes pealing to the shore ;
 Quick to her light canoe she speeds,
 With one bold push she clears the reeds,
 Swift as a flash, the little bark
 Shoots out upon the waters dark ;
 Her fragile arm the paddle bends,
 On either side the foam she sends —
 Soon, at the village by the shore,
 The maiden drops the weary oar.

Meanwhile from Unconoonucs' brow,
 The warriors are returning now,
 Feathered and stained in stern array,
 All ready for the bloody fray,
 Each glittering knife is in the hand,
 Each bow and arrow at command ;
 With fearful yells, they stride along,

Chiming a rude and gutt'ral song,
 Till, on the river's bank they stand,
 A savage and a hideous band ;
 Then, by the red sun's parting glance,
 They gather for the warriors' dance :
 First, in a circle wide, they stand,
 Each with an arrow in his hand,
 Then crouching, and with bended bow,
 They step to measure light and slow,
 Now, quicker, with a savage flurry,
 They circle round and hurry, hurry,
 Now the ring breaks, and leaping, yelling,
 In one discordant chorus swelling,
 Then tomahawks are brandished high,
 Their shouts re-echo from the sky,
 Their blood-stained nostrils, opened wide,
 Their furious leaps from side to side,
 Their foaming lips, all dark and gory,
 Make up the red man's scene of glory.

Amid this frantic warrior band,
 The maiden rushed — her little hand,
 Speaking the force of woman's will,
 Motioned the savage braves "be still."
 Each, with a stupid awe complied,
 And dropped his weapon by his side.

Then spake the maiden : "Warriors brave,
 No more in angry passions rave ;
 Sheath now your knives, your war clubs lay
 Beside your wigwam's entrance-way ;
 Let pale-faced man no more excite
 The red-man to the bloody fight ;
 For deepest wisdom has combined
 Its powers in the white man's mind ;
 And the Great Spirit hides his face,
 In anger from our fated race ;
 But, with a sad and peaceful breast,
 Let each brave seek the distant west,
 For Pascagora — now no more,
 Sleeps on the island's dusky shore,
 And thus our noble prophet said,
 Ere to the spirit land he sped."

Thus spake the girl, and shocked, amazed,
 The warriors on each other gazed :
 A moment o'er — Manesquo proud
 Stepped out before the swarthy crowd,
 His blood-shot eye with anger burned,
 As to his silent braves he turned,
 " Warriors," said he, " Manesquo's knife
 Is yearning for the white man's life ;
 My arrow longs to see the blood
 Flow gurgling forth a crimson flood ;
 Or, with a quick convulsive start,
 Come leaping from the white man's heart ;
 My club is racked by hunger's pains
 And longs to sup on human brains."

Thus speaking, at some fancied foe,
 The chieftain dealt a fearful blow :
 And tossing back his blanket free,
 He hurled his hatchet at a tree :
 But ah ! some demon with it sped,
 It glanced — and cleft his daughter's head.

The maiden fell without a moan :
 Manesquo, with a fearful groan,
 Sank kneeling by his daughter's side,
 And strove to check the crimson tide,
 Now flowing o'er her quivering face,
 Fast passing into death's embrace :
 His head hung o'er his manly chest.
 A tear dropped on the maiden's breast.
 The warriors stood in mute surprise,
 And, silent, gazed with pitying eyes.

At length, Manesquo raised his head,
 And sighing, to his warriors said :
 " No flower was e'er so fair as she,
 No fawn e'er moved so gracefully,
 'Tis the Great Spirit — his command
 Has called her to the spirit land,
 Has claimed her, as his royal bride,
 To sit in beauty by his side.
 Now will I heed the maiden's warning,
 And, with the morrow's early dawning,

With every parting duty done,
We'll journey to the setting sun."

Then to the burial task they haste,
And in their birchen coffins placed
The aged prophet and the maid
In one deep sepulchre are laid.
An elm tree sapling, growing nigh,
Points out the hillock where they lie.

Next morning sun rose bright and clear
While through the valley, far and near,
From every bush, and every tree,
Poured forth the birds' sweet melody,
But, with the notes of every bird,
No sound of human voice was heard ;
The wigwam's shelter, now, no more,
Stood on the headland of the shore ;
The open spot, with woods around,
The footprints left upon the ground,
The brands, upon their ashy bed,
A broken knife, an arrow's head,
A blanket, in their haste forgot,
Were all they left to mark the spot.

Full fifty years were passed, and o'er
This valley stretched on either shore,
No member of the red man's race
Had shown his proud and dusky face.
From Unconoonucs' woody side,
To Massabesic's sleeping tide ;
From Hackett's hill and Martin's ferry,
All through the woods of Londonderry,
Were scattered in each sunny spot,
The clearings for the white man's cot,
When, on a bright September morn,
Before the early dews were gone,
An aged Indian, tired and sore,
Came limping to a cottage door ;
And, with his trembling accent rude,
In broken English, asked for food,
His form was bent, his long white locks,
Told of a hundred winters' shocks ;

No weapon in his hand he bore,
 No plumie upon his head he wore,
 No copper rings his features graced,
 No beaded wampum decked his waist,
 His moccasins were old and worn,
 His bearskin blanket patched and torn,
 Thus, day by day, this chief was seen
 Roaming about the meadows green ;
 Now by the brook, now by the bog,
 Now by the bright Piscataquog ;
 And, when the night brought on its shade,
 His couch beneath an elm he made,
 Which grow upon a grassy mound,
 Near what is now the fishing ground.

One morn, a settler passed that way
 And saw the Indian as he lay :
 The snow had fallen through the night,
 And covered him with mantle white ;
 His thin lips opened wide for breath,
 His eyes were closing fast in death ;
 He beck'd the white man to his side,
 And like a weeping infant cried :
 " Bury me here, here let me be,
 Bury me here beneath this tree ;
 And let your pale-faced squaws relate
 This legend of the red man's fate :
 That here the great Manesquo died,
 And slumbers by his daughter's side.
 Then bury me in this grassy mound,
 Oh bury me 'neath this frozen ground,
 Where lie the ones I hold so dear,
 Bury me here ! Oh ! bury me here ! "
 They dug his grave beneath the tree,
 And left him where he sought to be.

A hundred years have flitted by,
 And still the mound, in which they lie,
 Is standing by the river's shore
 As it has always stood before ;
 But now no tree with spreading shade,
 Points out the spot where they were laid ;
 And o'er their mould'ring ashes now,
 The farmer guides the shining plough.

Thus, undisturbed, their bodies rest,
 Beneath the meadow's grassy breast ;
 Their spirits, joined in holy love,
 Now roam the hunting grounds above.

Now, changed are the scenes of the red men's dominion
 Along the bright field by the Merrimack's shore ;
 The bird of their freedom has spread her broad pinion,
 To sail o'er the land of her glory no more.

The green Unconoonuc still peers o'er the valley,
 And o'er its proud summit, the breezes still ride :
 And never again shall the rude Indian rally,
 And chant his wild death song upon its dark side.

And still the Piscataquog rolls its bright water,
 The island still offers its deep gloomy shade,
 And where played the maiden, Manesquo's fair daughter,
 The little bird warbles her sweet serenade.

O'er Merrimack's bosom the winds are still straying,
 And plough on its surface, the furrows of blue ;
 But never is seen, o'er the bright water straying,
 The Indian again with the birchen canoe.

Still green is the tree, in the summer light glowing,
 And green are the woods, when the summer winds sigh ;
 But greener the moss, which below them is growing,
 And feeds on the mould where their ancestors lie.

The proud stepping moose, from the dread hunter flying,
 Has left his wild haunts to the still summer air ;
 And far in the dell, where the red deer were lying,
 The little brown rabbit is making his lair.

O'er Amoskeag rocks, the white foam is still dashing,
 As free and as playful as ever before,
 But the shad and the salmon no longer are splashing,
 While drawn in the fisherman's net to the shore.

Rock Raymond, created to wash away never,
 Still shows to the forest its dark, rugged breast,
 But hushed are the cries of the wild-cat forever,
 And squirrels crack nuts in the rattlesnake's nest.

The dark, gloomy cavern, where dew-drops are weeping,
 No longer shall cradle the cubs of the bear ;
 But out at each cranny so cautiously peeping,
 The little young foxes are gamboling there.

The high rocky hill, where the wolves were once starying,
 Now echoes the bleat of the motherly dam ;
 And, where the young whelps in the sunshine were playing,
 Now gambols and capers the frolicking lamb.

O'er broad Massabesic the waves are still creeping,
 And loud o'er the waters the loon-divers cry ;
 While, under the lily pads quietly sleeping,
 The pickerel waits for a little blue fly.

And still in the forest the wild bee is humming,
 And in the tree top the wood pigeons breed,
 And, on the lone log, still the partridge is drumming,
 While on the red berries her little ones feed.

The wild honeysuckle is gracefully swinging
 Down close by the bed where the violets grow :
 And, soaring above them, the gay bird is singing
 Her sweet little song to the flowers below.

O'er the same meadows the white clouds are floating,
 On the same hill-tops the blueberries grow,
 O'er the same valley the sun light is gloating,
 In the same channels the broad rivers flow.

All else now changed ! for another race
 Now live and die in the red man's place.

And the tall young brave, with his martial tread,
 And the prophet old, with his hoary head,
 And the noble chief, with his brow of care,
 And the youthful maid, with her raven hair,
 They are gone, all gone, and are all at rest,
 'Neath the mould'ring sod on the valley's breast.

They are gone, all gone from their native shore,
 And the woods shall ring with their shouts no more :

From the shady grove by the river's side,
 Where the lover sued for his dusky bride,
 From the purling brook in the woody shade,
 Where the young pappoose in the water played,
 From the rocky hill, and the sandy mound,
 From the hunting field, and the fishing ground,
 With the frightened deer, and the timid fawn,
 From their forest home they are gone, all gone.

They are gone, all gone and the rattling car,
 Rolls over the mound where their ashes are :
 And the lab'rer leans on his earthworn spade,
 To sigh at the havoc his work has made ;
 For the mould'ring bones lie scattered 'round
 Like the dead exhumed from a burial ground,
 And he stoops and takee with his horny hand,
 A raven tress from the mould'ring sand.

They are gone, all gone, and the crickets sing
 On their lonely graves to the sunny spring ;
 And the cuckoo moans in the shady wood,
 O'er the desert spot where the wigwam stood ;
 And the jay bird screams from the distant hill
 To the plaintive notes of the whip-poor-will ;
 While the waters moan, as they hurry on,
 And the night winds sighs, "*they are gone, all gone !*"

'Tis a hundred years ! but, a hundred years,
 How short their flitting sound appears,
 As we count the strokes of the ceaseless chime
 Which tolls and tolls till the end of time !

'Tis a hundred years ! but, a hundred years,
 How long their serried host appears,
 As we mark the tread of the golden sun,
 And the moments passing one by one.

In a hundred years, through the valley wide,
 What a host have lived, what a host have died :
 The weak and the mighty, the sad and the gay,
 How they hurry on and hurry away !

And the cry still is, as they're pressing on,
 "Give room, give room, for the later born."

'Tis a hundred years ! but, a hundred years,
 What a changeful phase in the sound appears,
 In the world before, to the youthful mind,
 To the men of age, in the world behind :
 To the sportive child, with its pleasures rife,
 When a single day is a long, long life ;
 And to sober age, with its locks of grey,
 When the whole of life's but a single day !

But a day ago, in her beauty's pride,
 The wrinkled crone was a fair young bride ;
 And the silken locks of her auburn hair,
 Caught many a youth in a fatal snare ;
 And the damask rose on her blushing cheek
 Filled many a breast too full to speak :
 But now, she sits in her high-backed chair,
 With her wrinkled cheeks and her hoary hair,
 With her toothless lips and her grisly brow,
 Like a faded rose in her beauty now.

But she sits and sits in her high-backed chair,
 With her dull eyes fixed in a dreamy stare,
 And she talks to herself, in a murmur low,
 Of the things she did but a day ago.

" But a day ago, when my voice was young,
 How the lovers sighed at the songs I sung,
 How their eyes would flash with a meaning glance,
 As I twined my feet in the mazy dance !
 And I smiled on all, with a look as gay
 As if beauty ne'er would pass away —
 And it seems, in spite of my locks of snow,
 It seems to me but a day ago.

" But a day ago, on a Sabbath morn,
 I was standing up with my bridals on ;
 And the noblest youth of a noble land
 Was to place the ring on my snowy hand :

And the roses blushed to the summer air,
 As they kissed the curls of my auburn hair ;
 And the diamonds dimmed as they failed to vie
 With the starry light of my sparkling eye.
 'Tis a weary life as the moment flow,
 Yet it seems to me but a day ago.

" But a day ago, since the joyous time
 When I danced and sang in my beauty's prime ;
 But a day ago, on the village green,
 With a blooming wreath, I was *crowned the queen.*"
 And a tear drops down her furrowed cheek,
 As she tries again, but in vain to speak,
 And her thin lips quiver, whispering low,
 "*But a day ago, but a day ago !*"

As the sailor sits in his cabin door,
 With his vessel moored and his voyage o'er,
 How he loves to read from his dingy log,
 Of the piping blast or the murky fog,
 Of the towering berg, which the vessel passed,
 Ere she safely came to the port at last.

So let us unite, as we gather here,
 On the safe return of a hundredth year,
 In a hasty search, with a curious eye,
 O'er the record book of the days gone by,
 From the letters old on its mouldy page,
 We may draw some good for the coming age.

Oh ! a merry life led the hunter bold,
 As he trod these hills in the days of old.
 When his only friend was the trusty gun,
 And his only compass the rolling sun ;
 When his warmest couch was a leafy bed,
 With the branches waving overhead ;
 When his only quilt was the dark blue sky,
 With its starry patchwork waving high.

When the day was o'er, and the hunt was done,
 With the parting ray of the setting sun,
 What a dainty meal did his hands prepare,
 By his hunting fire in the open air.

When the silver stars through the branches peep,
 And the squirrel curls in his hole to sleep ;
 When the warbler flies to her leafy nest,
 And the spotted deer lies down to rest,
 How he sweetly sleeps 'neath the open sky,
 With the evening breeze for his lullaby.

And the fishermen were a sturdy race,
 Who had this spot for a dwelling place.
 On the slimy rock by the water side.
 On the jutting peak 'mid the foaming tide,
 Where the speckled salmon wildly leapt
 O'er the lofty rock where the water swept,
 Where the shad was showing his silver side,
 And the alewife sculed in the foaming tide ;
 'Mid the wat'ry spray, and the snowy foam,
 'Mong the raging waves was their dearest home.
 And they loved to stand on the slip'ry rock,
 Which had stood through time 'mid the waters' shock,
 In the foaming waves below, to feel
 With an iron crook, for the squirming eel,
 And they loved to take from the eel his life
 With a horrid gash, with a monstrous knife ;
 And, sto tain their hands and garments o'er
 With the sticky slime and the ruddy gore ;
 And they love to fish through the livelong night,
 And they loved to drink, and they loved to fight.

But, your pardon here, as I must digress,
 For I cannot give e'en a short address
 On my fathers' home, their woes, their weal,
 And omit the claims of the squirming eel.

"Ignoble theme !" does the critic say,
 But what care I for the sneering bray ?
 In my boyhood days upon eels I fed,
 And as now to you, I a banquet spread,
 Of such simple food as the past reveals,
 I invite you now to a dish of eels.

O'er ev'ry land and in ev'ry age,
 By the high and low, by the fool and sage,

For the dainty eel has been left a space,
 At the festive board in an honored place.
 When the Roman consul gave his feast,
 Of the rarest kind of bird and beast,
 'Twould have seemed to him but a scanty meal,
 Had he failed to furnish the dainty eel.

Great Flaucus doffed his robes of pride,
 And in sackcloth mourned for an eel that died ;
 And with keenest pang the heart can feel,
 Horatius wept for a squirming eel.¹
 And higher still in the list of fame,
 I'll point to the royal Henry's name,
 Who died, as history's page reveals,
 A *martyred soul* in the *cause of eels* !²
 Our fathers treasured the slimy prize :
 They loved the eel as their very eyes :
 And of one 'tis said, with a slander rife,
 For a string of eels, he sold his *wife* !

From the eels they formed their food in chief,
 And the eels were called the "*Derryfield beef*" ;
 And the marks of eels were so plain to trace,
 That the children looked liked eels in the face ;
 And before they walked — it is well confirmed,
 That the children never crept but *squirmed*.

Such a mighty power did the squirmers wield
 O'er the goodly men of old Derryfield,
 It was often said that their only care,
 And their only wish, and their only prayer,
 For the present world and the world to come,
 Was a *string of eels and a jug of rum* !

Oh the eel, the eel, the squirming eel,
 What a lovely phase does his life reveal !
 In his chamber dark, 'neath the silver wave,
 Where the sleeping rocks in the waters lave,
 Harmless and lone, how he gently glides,
 As he sucks the dew from their mossy sides !

1 Encyclopædia Americana, Article Petronyson.

2 Turner's History of England, Vol. IV, p. 192.

As the litle fry through the water swim,
 Not a single fear have the fry for him :
 Not a single fear need the minnows feel,
 For a gentle thing is the squirming eel.
 When attacked by foes, not a blow he deals
 But away alone in his glory steals ;
 Not an angry thought to disturb his rest,
 Not an envious wish in his peaceful breast ;
 What a lesson here for his surest weal,
 Might be taught to many by the squirming eel.

If I should e'er at a future age,
 Support a costly equipage ;
 In a palace live, and, with swelling pride,
 In a gaily gilded chariot ride,
 I'll 'grave upon my family seal
" The eel ! the eel !! the squirming eel !!! "

Enough of this — no faithful heart desires
 To mark the failings of our noble sires :
 From little follies, though but seldom free
 Of grosser vices they had less than we,
 Their deeds of honor are by far too high
 To feel the lash of scorn and ribaldry,
 For every field which drank the patriot's blood
 Has tasted theirs the free'st of the flood.

But while they point with proudly swelling eye,
 To Bunker's column towering in the sky ;
 And while they boast the noble blood they shed,
 Till Concord's plains blushed with the gory red,
 They have their glory — it is theirs alone ;
 We, too, have ours, and we too, claim our own.

Where'er a school-house dots the village green,
 Where'er a church spire charms the rural scene ;
 Where christian people to the altar wend,
 Where happy children o'er their lessons bend,
 Where iron horses whistle o'er the land,
 Where crowded cities rise on barren sand :
 Where captured rivers feed our monster mills,
 There are our " Concorde," there our " Bunker Hills.

CENTENNIAL POEM OF MANCHESTER, N. H., October 22, 1851. This poem was read by William Stark, Esq., its author, a well-to-do lawyer of his time. He was well versed in the Indian lore and legends of this vicinity, and did well tell the rhythmical tale of some of their exploits hereabouts, including the legend of "The Indian Maiden," Manesquo's daughter.

The one daily paper of this city at the time of its delivery was then a small four-page sheet — the *Daily Mirror* — and in its report of the celebration briefly referred to the poem and only printed two short extracts. The entire poem was first printed in "Potter's History of Manchester, N. H." published in 1856, and even this history is nearly out of print, and only few copies are on sale at \$5.00 each. And now, 52 years since the reading of the poem, and 47 years since its publication, it seems to be an opportune time to reprint the same, which has been done in this number of this magazine. A small edition of the poem has been issued separately in an attractive covered pamphlet for those who prefer to possess copies of some of the local literature of this vicinity. These can be obtained at the office of this magazine. William Stark died October 29, 1873.

The Indian names of any locality, regardless of the various transliterations, are music to the natives and inhabitants of all such localities. Here in Manchester and vicinity there is not a single Indian name that we are willing to part with, and even some of our citizens are jealous when some of the neighboring towns or states claim a like-name, or priority in some name. Witness, Waterborough's (Maine) claim for "Massabesic" (a lake in Manchester); Conway's (N. H.) claim for "Kearsarge" (a mount in Warner). We do not know which is correct; perhaps both. But names are dear and full of poetry. What would Manchester be without her Amoskeag, even with more than fifty ways of spelling it (N. AND Q, XIX, p. 92)? The Indian names will never die, never die. The art preservative will find a way to ever preserve their mystical and musical sounds.

ORIGIN OF ODD - FELLOWSHIP IN AMERICA.

(Address pronounced in Music Hall, Boston, Mass., September 20, 1898.)

BY JOHN W. STEBBINS, PAST GRAND SIRE.

It may not be inappropriate to preface the introduction of the speakers of the evening by a brief historic statement touching the *origin* of the Order of Odd-Fellows in this country, with a view to correct a somewhat prevalent error.

Though in the early years of this century many Odd-Fellow Lodges existed in England, yet how, when, or where the Order originated authentic history fails to inform us. It does disclose, however, that one of its primary laws was the right, somewhat peculiar to Odd-Fellowship, of *Self-Institution*, that is, that any five members who had been initiated into its solemn rites and mysteries had a legal right to organize themselves into and found a Lodge, and initiate members to be received, welcomed and fellowshipped as Odd-Fellows throughout the world.

Contrary to the commonly received impression, the first Lodge thus founded on this continent was not Washington Lodge No. 1, of Baltimore, April 26, 1819, but Shakespeare Lodge No. 1, of New York City, December 23, 1806, more than twelve years previous.

Authentic history records the fact that Solomon Chambers, John P. Chambers, John Meyer, Thomas Heelas, and five others founded Shakespeare Lodge No. 1, December 23, 1806, and in January, 1819, initiated George P. Morris and Adam C. Flanagan, youths of but eighteen years (and youths of that age according to "ancient usage," could be lawfully received), the former of whom gave American literature that touchingly

beautiful poem, familiar to almost every schoolboy, and which will go ringing down the ages and render his name immortal, entitled "Woodman Spare That Tree." (See appendix p. viii.)

In January, 1821, George P. Morris, with others, withdrew from Shakespeare Lodge No. 1, and *founded* Franklin Lodge No. 2, from which, in November of the same year, sprang Washington Lodge No. 3, and January 3, 1822, Columbia Lodge No. 4, was formed, located in Brooklyn.

April 26, 1819, Thomas Wildey, and four others ¹ *founded* Washington Lodge No. 1, at Baltimore, and the same year, November 9, Henry M. Jackson and others *founded* Franklin Lodge No. 2, in the same city.

March 20, 1820, James B. Barnes, James Wilson, Jacob Myers, Thomas Kennedy, James B. Eaton, and H. D. Fregere *founded* Massachusetts Lodge No. 1, at Boston, the latter of whom had previously been made an Odd-Fellow by the other five brothers.

December 26, 1821, John B. Robinson of Franklin Lodge No. 2, of New York, while on business in Philadelphia, found and assembled four other Odd-Fellows residing there, and himself, though not a resident, joined them, making the requisite five, and *founded* Pennsylvania Lodge No. 1.

Thus were *founded* in four of our chief cities, in the order and at the time above named, eight Lodges of Odd-Fellows, consisting each of not less than five members, each independent and ignorant of the existence of any others, outside their own State, except perhaps Pennsylvania Lodge No. 1, instituted by John B. Robinson.

Although without the authentic record of the membership in each, except the five or more charter members, there is no reason to doubt from the zeal manifested by these *founders*, but that they each had added many to their number, and that in 1823 they must have numbered several hundreds, when, by the accidental visit of Thomas Wildey to Boston, they were finally organized under one central authority.

It is to be regretted that the early records of these pioneer Lodges have not been preserved; but like most great practical

¹ John Welch, Richard Rushworth, John Duncan, John Cheatham.

movements, the *founders* being intent upon only practical results, and not pausing to consider what might be the final outcome of their efforts, the records are mostly lost. Let us, however be true to history and from these fragmentary records, every one of which given above comes to us, authenticated beyond question, give to each one of these pioneers his just meed of praise.

In the light of these historic facts how can it be said that Thomas Willey was the *founder* of Odd-Fellowship on this continent? He *was* the prominent *organizer*, but in no just sense was he the *founder*. Let us not confuse terms when speaking of historical events. In heralding him as its *founder*, as is done in our current histories of the Order, we crucify the very facts here and there obscurely mentioned in those histories, so that many of the well informed of the Order too often announce in public lectures and elsewhere that Odd-Fellowship was first planted on American soil in Baltimore, April 26, 1819! But recently there went the rounds of our fraternal journals, quoted largely by the secular press, giving the growth of the Order in this country from its origin by decades, commencing thus: "1819, members, 5; 1829, members, 1009," etc., thus ignoring, at the commencement, all memberships except those of Washington Lodge No. 1, city of Baltimore.

James Wilson of Massachusetts Lodge No. 1, in the spring of 1822, was the prime cause of bringing Thomas Willey to the front as the leading *organizer* of the Order on this continent. On a visit to Baltimore he attended a meeting of Washington Lodge No 1, saw the work splendidly rendered and learned that Washington Lodge No. 1 had obtained a charter from a Lodge in London as the Grand Lodge of the United States. On his return to Boston he communicated this fact and gave such a glowing account of the work there that Massachusetts Lodge No. 1 immediately applied for a Grand Lodge charter. This visit conveyed to Washington Lodge No. 1 the first in formation of the existence of a Lodge outside of Baltimore of which we have any authentic account.

Washington Lodge No. 1, also Grand Lodge of the United States, as chartered by a single Lodge in London, without any authority save that of a subordinate Lodge on an equal

footing with all others, upon receiving this application, commissioned Thomas Wildey, the then so-called Grand Master, to bear to Massachusetts Lodge No. 1, a Grand Lodge charter and to institute it as the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts, which he did in June, 1823. On his return, learning of the Lodges in New York and Philadelphia, he visited them and induced them to apply for Grand Lodge charters for those States respectively, as Massachusetts Lodge No. 1 had done. This they did, though at that time Columbia Lodge No. 4, of Brooklyn, had applied for and obtained a charter from a Lodge in Liverpool, which was surrendered. To these four Grand Jurisdictions the Grand Lodge of Maryland surrendered its so-called United States Jurisdiction, and the four States, namely, New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, organized the Grand Lodge of the United States, January 15, 1825, adopting a constitution and electing officers. Thus through the chance visit of James Wilson, Thomas Wildey became the *organizer* of Lodges, then legally existing in three of the leading cities of the continent, into State grand Lodges, Maryland having previously so organized, and they in turn organized the Grand Lodge of the United States. No greater perversion of authentic history is conceivable than the oft-repeated statement that Odd-Fellowship on this continent was *founded* April 26, 1819, by Washington Lodge No. 1, of Baltimore, and that Thomas Wildey was its *founder*.

We would not underrate the labors not detract "one jot or tittle" from the praise and renown due Thomas Wildey, in devoting many of the best years of his life to organizing and building up Odd-Fellowship. We recall with deep gratitude his travels from Boston to New Orleans, and from the Gulf to the remotest bounds of the then civilization of the Great Northwest, dotting the borders of the Great Lakes and the shores of the "Father of Waters" and its tributaries, with Lodges, until hill and valley re-echoed with their joyous strains.

Broad-minded and large of heart, throbbing with sympathy for his fellows, he went forth the *Evangel* of the Order, proclaiming everywhere the Gospel of Odd-Fellowship, and drawing thousands to its standard. To his efforts may be justly ascribed the honor of having set in motion that mighty tidal-wave that has rolled in resistless volume, not only across the

"New Atlantic World," but has swept around the globe until now, in less than a century, the banner of Odd-Fellowship proudly floats under those of twenty different provinces and nations, numbering more than a million devoted worshipers, annually dispensing relief by the millions, accompanied by over two million annual visitations to the bedside of the sick, and the homes of the dying and the dead. It is no wonder that the staid old city of Baltimore gave that beautiful park on the summit of Broadway, overlooking the Patapsco, as a site on which to erect a monument to his memory, and that a grateful Order voluntarily contributed a fund sufficient to erect thereon a monument of imposing dimensions and most elaborate carving, an ornament alike to the city and an honor to the Order for which he gave many of the best years of his life.

But *because* of this, shall we *bury* in the oblivion of silence such earnest, devoted pioneers as Solomon Chambers, John P. Chambers, George P. Morris, and John B. Robinson, of New York; James B. Barnes, and James Wilson, of Boston; John Upton, John Pearce, and James Day, of Philadelphia; these the *founders* of the Order in those three cities respectively? Shall we not rather rescue their names and those of their co-laborers from those fragmentary references in which they now appear and give them their deserved prominence in our standard histories, side by side, with Thomas Wildey and his co-laborers in *founding* this great Order, the present magnitude of which not one of them dared even dream, and of whose future greatness we of today have but a dim conception? Until this is done, whatever else of excellence our "standard histories" may contain, this radical defect will continue to mislead the reader, and besides mar their otherwise instructive pages. The *value* of all history depends upon its *absolute accuracy* in statements and in its *deductions*, the *strictest loyalty to truth*.

We have but epitomized what properly expanded should form a leading chapter in every history of Odd-Fellowship, and without which they must each remain incomplete and justly obnoxious to the severest criticism of every student of history. (Sovereign Grand Lodge, 1898, pp. 16,214-16,217.)

ODD-FELLOWSHIP IN THE PROVINCES.

J. P. C. Frazee, Grand Secretary of the Lower Provinces of British North America, Halifax, Nova Scotia, made the following report to the Sovereign Grand Lodge in 1897. (See Proceedings, 1897, pp. 15,250-15,251) :

He says he had examined the files of the *Acadian Recorder*, Halifax, N. S., for the years 1813 to 1815 inclusive, with the following results :

In the issue of January 14, 1815, and in nearly every subsequent issue, with a few modifications, until October 12, appears the following advertisement :

“H. H. H.” The Royal Wellington Lodge of Odd-Fellows meets on Monday next at Mr. Webb’s large room, near Messrs. Cunard & Sons’ Wharf. (Without signature.)

On August 5, these words are added ; “And on Thursday following at Mr. George Leggett’s, adjoining the Lodge, on a visiting occasion.”

On September 2, and afterwards, the advertisement reads : “Royal Wellington Lodge of Odd-Fellows will meet on Monday next at the Odd-Fellows Hall, near Mr. Samuel Brown’s Navy Tavern, in Water Street.”

On March 11, and afterwards, in addition to the heading (H. H. H.) the advertisement has, at the upper lefthand corner, a picture, or cut, of two hearts, side by side.

On March 11, and afterwards, nearly every week, until October 21, there appears the following notice, in addition to the one given above :

“S. S. S.” “Loyal Benevolent Bon Accord Lodge No. 2 meets on Thursday next at Mr. Webb’s large room, near Messrs Cunard’s Wharf.”

On September 16, and afterwards, it reads ; “Near Mr. Samuel Brown’s Navy Tavern, Water Street.”

On April 29, the following appears: "The Bon Accord Lodge of Odd-Fellows informs its Brethren that the Ball which was to have taken place April 25 is further postponed to Tuesday evening, May 2, next. Tickets to be had of C. Ross, near Cunard's Wharf."

J. Frank Grant, Grand Secretary of the Sovereign Grand Lodge, follows the above report with these remarks:

It is sincerely hoped that Grand Secretary Frazee will not rest here, but will pursue this lead until he has fully developed the history of this very early attempt to plant Odd-Fellowship in America. That the efforts of these early pioneers were unsuccessful makes the history of their movements none the less interesting and important.

It appears from the foregoing address of Past Grand Sire Stebbins, and the files of the provincial press, both of which are authenticated and found in the official proceedings of the Sovereign Grand Lodge for 1897 and 1898, that Odd-Fellowship was *founded* in America on December 23, 1806. Then the centennial of that event, December 23, 1906, is near at hand. It remains to be seen whether the Sovereign Grand Lodge will recognize the event as the centennial of Odd-Fellowship in America, by a grand demonstration of the Order, and then commence the second century of the Order of American Odd-Fellowship.

Several of the fraternal Orders of the United States and Provinces have either collected or published a bibliography of its literature; also some of the States have confined such bibliography into a State monograph or pamphlet. It would be a desideratum in the Order of Odd-Fellows if a bibliography of its literature could be gathered for the first one hundred year and published in the near future, which would show the literary merit of its members and its rank in the fraternal world.

Woodman, Spare That Tree.

BY VETERAN GEORGE P. MORRIS.

(1802-1864.)

Woodman, spare that tree, Touch not a single bough ;
In youth it sheltered me, And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand That placed it near his cot ;
Then, woodman, let it stand ; Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old, familiar tree, Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea, And wouldst thou hew it down ?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke, Cut not its earth-bound ties ;
O, spare that aged oak, Now towering to the skies.

When but an idle boy, I sought its graceful shade ;
In all their gushing joy, Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here ; My father pressed my hand ;
Forgive this foolish tear, But let that old oak stand.

My heartstrings round thee cling, Close as thy bark, old friend !
Here shall the wild bird sing, And still thy branches bend.
Old tree, the storm still brave ; And, woodman, leave the spot ;
While I've a hand to save, Thy axe shall harm it not.

Friendship, Love, and Truth.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

(1771-1854.)

(Written in 1788. The earliest Odd-Fellows song known.)

When Friendship, Love, and Truth abound, Among a band of brothers,
The cup of joy goes gayly round, Each shares the bliss of others ;
Sweet roses grace the stormy way, Along the vale of sorrow,
And flowers that shed their leaves today Shall bloom again tomorrow.

How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy Friendship, Love, and Truth.

On halcyon wings our moments pass, Life's cruel cares beguiling ;
Old Time lays down his scythe and glass, In gay good humor smiling ;
With ermine beard and forelock gray, His reverend front adorning,
He looks like Winter turned to May, Night softened into morning.

How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy Friendship, Love, and Truth.

From these delightful fountains flow, Ambrosial rills of pleasure ;
Can men desire, can Heaven bestow, A more resplendent treasure ?
Adorned with gems so richly bright, We'll form a Constellation,
Where every star with modest light Shall gild his proper station,

How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy Friendship, Love, and Truth.

HISTORIC MAGAZINE.
AND
NOTES AND QUERIES

MANCHESTER, N. H.

S. C. GOULD, - - - - Editor and Publisher.

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Address at the Dedication Odd-Fellows Hall,

Manchester, N. H., August 5, 1847.

BY REV. BENJAMIN M. TILLOTSON.

(REPRINT.)

Brothers : I very much regret that the duty of addressing you this evening falls not upon one who could devote time and ability worthy of the occasion that has called us together. Some extra duties have occupied my time and attention of late, so that I have not made that preparation satisfactory to myself, and I therefore fear that I shall not interest the brothers, nor do honor to the exalted principles and objects of our profession. But I realize that I am in the midst of a *band of brothers*, who are as ready to overlook all imperfections and shortcomings, as I am to confess them. And were I to rise up here without at least premeditation, the circumstances of the evening, with the endearing associations, surrounded by so many smiling, happy faces, encouraged by the presence, and I trust, the sympathies of the ladies, all would tend to inspire profitable thoughts and salutary reflections. Therefore, I am strengthened to speak.

We are assembled this evening, brothers, for an interesting and promising purpose. *Interesting*, because it tells of past prosperity and success; *promising*, because it bespeaks better times coming, and views the future with a trusting, hopeful eye.

To consecrate this beautiful hall to the sacred principles of Odd-Fellowship; to set it apart as the future home of true fraternal hearts; to associate with these walls all that is benevolent, social, and humane, are the pleasing duties of the evening. But I am ready to confess, that as to the part assigned to me to address you, my mind has been somewhat exercised as to the selection of a topic best adapted to the objects of the meeting. With the history of our Order, with its objects and aims, with its principles, we are, or should be, all of us, familiar. Papers and periodicals, books and pamphlets, of various descriptions, have been published and thrown into the hands of every Odd-Fellow, communicating all the leading information upon these points. And more than all, the golden chain that binds us together in our peculiar relations, made up of those three grand qualities, *Friendship*, *Love*, and *Truth*, is so easy to be comprehended, so natural to the best feelings and affections of the human heart, that it entwines itself with our noble nature, almost by intuition. But, notwithstanding we may all be so familiar with the principles and duties of Odd Fellowship, that we can recount them as readily as the school-boy repeats the alphabet; yet we are in danger, from this familiarity, of depreciating the former and neglecting the latter. It is a truth universally admitted that great familiarity with any blessing, or privilege, often makes us indifferent to its real value. Blessings that come upon us freely and constantly as the air we breathe, as the glad sunshine, as health and strength, as Friendship, Love, and Truth, how often we forget them, or pass them by with slight consideration, and dwell upon others of less importance that are bestowed with a sparing hand. In consideration of this fact, I would at this time, speak of the *importance* and *duties* of Odd-Fellowship. I would, first, briefly speak of its *worth*, of its *intrinsic good*, then recur to some of the

weightier duties, especially duties peculiar to the present stage and condition of the Order. And, first, let us glance at the worth of our institution, when considered in a social light as related to the social welfare of society.

Man is a social being. God has made him thus. Friendship and Love are the first developments of his nature. In all conditions of society, men are bound together by social attractions. The people of barbarism live and move in families and tribes, exhibiting the strongest attachments. The rude, uncultivated savage adheres to his kindred and nation with the tenacity of undying affection, and the heart of the lowest as well as the highest thrills to the voice of Friendship and Love. Life is scarcely worth possessing without these social enjoyments. Let the greatest misanthrope in the wide world be surrounded with all the blessings that are calculated to promote human happiness, except social joys ; let him have the wealth of the Indies, and the most beautiful clime beneath the sun for his abode ; yet away from his kindred and friends, cut off from all social privileges, he will cry out in despair,

*“ O solitude, where are the charms,
That sages have seen in thy face ?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.”*

See the famed Napoleon, whose mighty mind could find nourishment and delight in “ the solitude of his own originality,” whose soul could well sympathize with the rough elements of nature, and hold sweet converse with the thunder, and the storm, and old ocean ; yet when thrown upon the lonely, island, away from society and friends, where no familiar voice of sympathy was heard, he lived a brief hour of wretchedness, and died a lonely, gloomy death !

How miserable was Byron, when with contempt for the world, he withdrew from it, and sought companions among the rocks and mountains along the shores of the Ægean sea ! He drew poetry from nature, and sweetly communed with her sublimest scenery,

*"Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds his sisters were, [brothers."
Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and winds, and storms, his*

Yet without the friendly smile of the human face divine;
without the warm grasp of the sympathizing hand, and the glad
voice of love, he

*"Repined, and groaned, and withered from the earth,
A gloomy wilderness of dying thought."*

The truth forces itself upon us, that we all need Sympathy, Friendship, and Love; that life without them would be a dreary waste. True, philosophers and sages have talked of the charms of solitude, and the poet has endeavored to paint with golden hues, the hermit's gloomy abstraction. But all such visions have vanished at the touch, as the dream vanisheth when the morning cometh. True, too, did Cowper, at one time, become disgusted at the world's oppression and deceit, with the sound of strife and war, and the clanking chains of the slave, and he exclaimed in the dissatisfaction of his soul,

"O for a lodge in some vast wilderness."

But some have supposed that these words of the poet expressed his desire for an *Odd-Fellows Lodge*, where his affectionate heart could have been cheered and warmed by Friendship, Love, and Truth. One thing we may safely affirm; had Cowper entered our friendly Order, where all is harmony, and where his tender sensibilities could have been attuned to the song of brotherly love, he never would have desired "*a lodge in some vast wilderness*, for, although true, that

*"Much beautiful, and excellent, and fair
Was seen beneath the sun; but nought was seen
More beautiful, or excellent, or fair
Than face of faithful friend; fairest when seen
In darkest day. And many sounds were sweet,
Most ravishing, and pleasant to the ear,
But sweeter none than voice of faithful friend.
Sweet always — sweetest heard in loudest storm."*

We learn by the preceding reflections, that we are social beings, that we have social interests to promote, that we have social affections to cultivate, and a social nature to gratify and improve. To accomplish these desirable purposes, it needs no argument to prove the utility of associations, whereby we may be frequently induced to meet and commune together, in Friendship, Love, and Truth. And I am free to declare that no association, within the bounds of my knowledge, is better calculated to promote our social interests than the one whose insignia are visible in every part of this hall. Our mottoes, our duties, our labors, our principles — all have direct tendencies to awaken the kindest emotions, and call forth the best emotions of the human heart.

It is a truth too palpable to escape the man of most superficial observation, that in human society, even the most enlightened and refined, men are too exclusive in their feelings, too deeply engaged in their efforts for selfish gain, and are by far too cold in their affections, too slow in the cultivation of their social faculties. We do not, indeed, meet and mingle in human life, but it is in the noise and strife of worldly business, where self-interest is first and foremost in all ranks. We meet in the crowded streets, and hurry by each other, at most, with a mere word of recognition. We meet in the mart, where men's sympathies are lost in their eagerness for gain, and where all is discord and strife, in the mighty contest for dollars and cents. We meet in the political assembly, where no charitable feeling nor tender thought can extend beyond "my party." We meet in the church, beyond whose pales toleration reaches not ; for there, men are, to say the most possible, *no better than they ought to be.* Thus we become unsocial and unsympathizing in our feeling ; we cherish, yes, we nourish the spirit of sectarianism and prejudice, and become averse to all society, except the society of those whose opinions, tastes and habits are similar to our own. Thus partition walls are reared up in our midst, and different sects and parties are arrayed against each other, like contending armies on the battlefield, their weapons all burn-

ished for the fight ! So does the world present one vast scene of conflict and battle !

Now to destroy this illiberal and exclusive spirit, to break down these divisions in society, to transform the discord and strife in our world into Harmony, Friendship, and Love, an association is needed that shall bring together men of all parties and pursuits in life ; men of opposite feelings and opinions, of varied tastes and habits, and uniting them, not as partizans, but as men and brothers, engaged in one great work, bound together by a common nature, and common sympathies, thus teach them to realize the bond of Universal Brotherhood, and to cherish the spirit of universal philanthropy. Such an association is ours. Such are its objects, such are its claims upon community ; such will be its legitimate results. It brings together all parties in politics, all sects in religion, and as they mingle together from week to week, their bitter and exclusive feelings gradually leave them ; they learn that virtue and goodness are independent of name ; the golden chain of sympathy is brightened and extended ; the affections are enlarged, and the name of brotherly love is enkindled in the soul, until, too large to be confined by the limits of sect or party, it overleaps all selfishness and goes abroad for the suffering race.

Now this is not all dreamy speculation, nor the fanciful vision of a fond predilection. It accords with the soundest philosophy, and harmonizes with all the known laws that govern the mind. The natural fruits of frequent meetings, of social communions, of friendly associations, of brotherly greetings, are kindness, liberality, union, love, and social concord. There exists, between those who are associated in the more intimate relations of life, a stronger feeling of dependence, a purer friendship, a firmer trust and regard than can possibly unite those who meet only in the busy crowd, and move with that unfeeling multitude whose paramount object centers in selfish gain and personal welfare. Yes, brothers, and I fondly cherish the belief, that in our Lodge-meetings, acquaintances have been formed, kindnesses and affections have been awakened, that

shall go with us through life and cheer us in death, and bloom in immortal perfection beyond the tomb !

For this reason, then, the social excellence of Odd-Fellowship, let us rally around its grand, central idea, and preserve our beloved institution, as one of the choicest blessings of human life. If we regard charity of feeling and brotherly affection ; if we esteem Friendship and Love, in their purest forms, as worth possessing, let us remember that they grow not up in the cold, selfish world, as natural productions, but must be brought forth by friendly association and communion, away from noise and strife, where brothers meet in social harmony. Here it is, brothers, within these sacred walls, where we grasp the warm hand of Friendship, and hear the sweet voice of brotherly Love ; where we blend our voices and aspirations in the song and the prayer that go up to the great Father of all here it is that all social virtues shall dwell, and all social blessings be enjoyed.

We may, too, if we will, through our institution, send out a social influence into society at large, that shall be felt in all its departments. We may be, notwithstanding we are termed a secret society, like a city set on a hill, whose light cannot be hid. We may, if we will, carry out with us, individually, those divine influences and principles which we receive here, and diffuse them abroad in the world, and gladden and cheer many hearts that are now oppressed with loneliness and sorrow. We may bless the world. With God's approbation, we shall. We will stand one of the safeguards of society. I fear not for our social system. I fear not for goodness and virtue, so long as they are strengthened by associations like ours. Let the world be torn and rent asunder by discord and dissensions ; let wars and strife, and tumult rage without, within these walls Friendship and Love shall reign, and Virtue and Peace shall dwell.

*“ Lo, down, down, in yon beautiful valley,
Where love crowns the meek and the lowly,
Where rude storms of envy and folly,
May roll on their billows in vain ;*

*The lone soul, in humble subjection,
 May there find unshaken protection,
 The soft gales of cheering reflection,
 May soothe the mind from sorrow and pain.
 This lone vale is far from contention,
 Where no soul may dream of discension ;
 No dark wiles of evil invention,
 Can find out this valley of peace ;
 Ye lone sons of misfortune, come hither,
 Where joys bloom and never shall wither,
 Where Love binds all brothers together,
 In harmony ever to dwell."*

Having thus reviewed the social advantages and blessings of Odd-Fellowship, I will now notice its *charitable* features.

I am aware it is often said that ours is not a charitable institution ; that it is wholly selfish and exclusive. But in opposition to this declaration, I affirm that it is entirely charitable ; charitable in its object, charitable in its character, charitable in its every point and feature. Why, what is the leading object of this institution ? What is the injunction which is enstamped upon our seal, inscribed upon our banners, and deeply engraven upon the heart of every true Odd-Fellow ? " We command you to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, and educate the orphan." Is not this charity ? Charity, pure as comes to us through the precepts and examples of the world's great Teacher ? And who of us that has wiped the tear from the widow's eye, or blessed the poor orphan, that has not been cheered and strengthened by those approving words, "*Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.*"

" Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, is this : To visit the Fatherless and Widows in their affliction, and keep himself unspotted from the world." Is not this the crowning excellence of our institution ? the very soul and spirit and essence of Odd-Fellowship ?

And this work of charity is constantly needed in our world. Widows and orphans surround us on every side. The cry of

distress and anguish, sighs and loneliness and sorrow, the groans of the sick and dying are borne by us on every passing breeze, pleading with us most earnestly, to do our duty. Great and holy are our duties, brothers ! They lead us into the footsteps of the Son of God ! To relieve the distress and mitigate the sufferings of humanity ; to visit the widow and orphan and soothe their sorrows and bless them ; to bend o'er the couch of the dying and support the fainting head, and hold the cordial to the parched lips and fevered brow ; to speak the last words of hope and consolation to the trembling spirit, as it is hurried away into the untried future. These are the works, the legitimate fruits of Odd-Fellowship. Great and glorious works ! Go forth, daughter of Heaven, into this dark and suffering world, and light up the dreary abodes of wretchedness with the hope and joy of thy own native skies ! Go forth, on thy mission of Love, and the benedictions of all good men, the approving smiles of the God of Heaven shall attend thee forever.

In our changing world, dear are those friends and brothers who will cling to, and assist, us, in the adverse hour.

All history teaches what all observation confirms, that no condition in human life is free from trouble and misfortune. Today, a man may be in the midst of prosperity and happiness, he may enjoy the full tide of success in business, and numerous friends gather around him, health and all life's blessings flow in upon himself and his family, so that he can exclaim in the fulness of his heart : " O God, thou hast blessed me, I ask for no more." Tomorrow, the cloud of adversity may gather over him, and the storm may pour its fury upon him, sweeping away his property, with which will go all his friends ; sickness may enter his family circle and blight some beautiful flower blossoming there, and the world that today is all sunshine, tomorrow will be dreary and dark, and his troubled spirit will be like the ocean when heaved and lashed by the furious tempest, its angry waves rolling and tumbling beneath a wrathful sky ! O then will he seek the face of Friendship, and strongly grasp the sympathizing hand ; then will the whispered tones of broth-

erly Love fall like angels' voices upon his agitated soul, making it as calm and peaceful as was the sea of Galilee when the great Savior trod those rolling billows, and spake to the raging elements, "Peace, be still!"

Such is Odd-Fellowship in the hour of trouble. It breaks, like the sunlight, through the rifted cloud, dispelling the gloom of the gathering storm, and the heavens smile again in all their loveliness and beauty.

There is another hour when the blessings of our institution are especially desirable and grateful. It is the hour of sickness, when we languish on the bed of weakness and pain, "thinking o'er the bitterness of death." Then are we shut out from the bright world; we go forth no more to enjoy the free air and merry sunshine, nor to mingle with the joyous and busy multitude. How lonely must be those hours; how slowly and sadly must they pass away, if no friend comes in to cheer us with his sympathy, to gladden us with the voice of Love! It is a sad thought, that we must all, sooner or later, resign ourselves into the power of death, and in struggles and agony pass from the beautiful scenes of earth to be here no more forever! But how much of the bitterness of that last hour is removed, if fond brothers stand by our dying couch, administer to our wants, pursuing their kind vigils until the spark of life expires, and the mortal remains sleep quietly within the tomb! But to die alone, to pine away in the gloomy death-chamber, and no tokens of affection and sympathy, with no friendly visit nor manifestation of brotherly regard, such a death must be bitter indeed! And many die thus! Yes, in the crowded city, surrounded by multitudes of human beings, many die *alone!* *Such loneliness!* I have read most affecting descriptions of the lonely death at sea, away from home and friends, in the wilderness of waters, where a solitary human being passes from existence,

"Unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown."

But more disconsolate than this even, is the death in the crowded city, where we can feel the great tide of human life

rushing by, and hear the myriad footfalls on the street, and listen to the glad voices of mirth and gayety, which seem to mock our solitude and distress ; and amid all this the dread thought comes o'er us that we are alone, and although surrounded by so many, not one will care for us, nor turn in to sympathize with our last moments, and soften the pillow of death ! This, this is a disconsolate death ! But he who enters our family dies not thus. There are those who gather around him in the last hour, and he feels that he is not alone. Even in a land of strangers, the sick brother is not forsaken. The following incident will illustrate this proposition :

“ In 1840, a gentleman from the north who was an Odd-Fellow, came south on some urgent business ; on his way down the Mississippi he fell dangerously sick of typhus fever. The captain, crew, and boat physician despaired of his life, and being desirous to get rid of such a charge, determined to thrust the sick man ashore. On reaching the landing, the mate and hands were ordered to take him off upon a litter, and put him on one of those miserable doggeries which, to the disgrace of civilization, infest nearly all our river towns. The rude hand of the mate upon the wasted frame of the stranger, and his gruff voice as he bellowed out, ‘Go ahead,’ partly roused him from his stupor, and he faintly asked what they would do with him ; he was told they were putting him ashore at ———. He inquired, ‘Are there any Odd-Fellows here ?’ A brother standing on the wharf, who had been gazing at the inhuman scene, replied instantly, ‘Yes, many and true.’ ‘Then,’ said the sick stranger, ‘put me down, right here ; I shall be taken care of.’ He *was* taken care of, though a stranger in a strange land. Man now felt the force of sympathy. Ready friends clustered round him ; they tested him ; he was an Odd-Fellow, and in good standing in his Lodge. It was enough ; he was taken up by the brothers’ hands, supported on friendly bosoms ; he was provided a place in the best hotel ; the best medical aid was called in ; he was nursed by friends whose eyes never slept over his couch of anguish. For many weeks his case was considered almost hopeless, but by strict attention he got well. He returned home to gladden the eyes of his aged mother, and to infuse new joy into the heart of his young and beautiful wife.”

Thus does Odd-Fellowship bless the hour of sickness and

death. It hovers, like an angel from heaven, over the couch of pain, and forsakes not the poor sufferer, until his spirit is released from the world of trouble, and his body rests in the grave.

There is another hour that demands the charities of our institution. That time is when the home is left desolate and drear, and the cries of the widow and the tears of the orphan plead for consolation and protection.

The last yearnings of the departing spirit ever rest with prayers and supplications upon the loved one left behind, especially if they need the charities and protection of the world. How often does the dying father commend his companion and little ones, with anxiety not unmingled with doubt, to the uncertain charities of the cold world, which so often "pass on the other side!" How would it sweeten death to know there are those to protect those helpless ones against the storms of the world, and provide for them against poverty and want!

When I consider the provisions which our institution affords for the widow and the orphan, I am compelled to say in the language of another: "For me, I confess, that when I look upon the little family with which heaven has blessed me, for their sakes I cleave more closely to this Order; for I know should it please God to call me hence, and leave my home desolate and drear, here should my loved ones find a shelter from the storm; for the strong arm of this institution would be a protecting shield around them, to relieve the weeping partner of my joys, and take up my tender babes and bless them. Ask me not to leave it. For their sakes I will plead its cause."

Thus, my brothers, have I attempted, in a hurried manner, to impress upon your mind the importance and true value of Odd-Fellowship. May we ever act in accordance with these suggestions. As we prize our social relations and welfare; as we would have friends and brothers surround us in the hour of trouble; as we would have our dying hour cheered by their presence, and their tears drop upon the grave where we sleep; as we would have our families protected after we are gone, let

us cherish this institution, and give it our united encouragement and support.

I intended, at the commencement of my remarks, to speak at some length of our duties ; but time would fail me in the work. Let us remember that duties, corresponding to the principles of our profession, are developing upon us. We must discharge them with faithfulness. Our duties, I will mention : punctuality in attendance upon our Lodge meetings ; fidelity in visiting the sick, comforting the mourner, protecting the widow and orphan, and burying the dead. Above all, let us cherish the true spirit of Odd-Fellowship, and carry it with us in all the walks of life. We should remember that our charities and sympathies should not be confined to the members of the Order. With a fraternal sympathy and loving heart, every Odd-Fellow should go forth to redeem and bless. All his principles should be embodied in his honest, faithful, true life.

The time has come when our Order must stand upon its merits. Opposition from without, which always accelerates a good cause, has, in a great measure, died away. Its novelty has ceased. Those who united with us from any curiosity or sinister motives, have left, and are leaving us. I repeat, we must now stand on our own merit, and live upon the fruits of our own benevolent labors. "By their works ye shall know them," is a rule by which a candid world shall judge us.

We have much to encourage us, brothers. The best principles in the universe, the smiles of heaven and the wishes of the kindest sympathies in the human heart, are urging us to press on, and not be discouraged. And if the spirits of the departed are permitted to look down upon our world, and witness human affairs, those brothers who have gone, through our charities, up to their endless rest, are with us in spirit, sympathizing with us in our humble endeavors, and rejoicing in our every work of Love. Let us be faithful !

Ladies, we welcome your presence this evening. We believe we have your sympathies, your hopes, and your prayers. You will second us in every charitable undertaking. You will rejoice

in our prosperity. God has implanted within you the principles of our Order, and you are ever ready to watch at the sick bed, and to labor with constancy and affection, on the field of suffering humanity. You are all Odd-Fellows without initiation. At all times we will seek to protect your happiness, and when those hands that fondly grasped yours at the marriage altar are cold and still, and those lips that vowed eternal love are pale in death, then will we cheer your widowed hearts, and protect your fatherless children.

Finally, brothers, we dedicate this hall to the grand purposes of Odd-Fellowship: to the dissemination of the principles of Benevolence and Charity; to the immortal Trio: Friendship, Love, and Truth. Here, let Friendship dwell, with a warm heart and ready hand, which forsakes not in the hour of trial; whose voice is "sweetest, heard in loudest storm"; whose smiles are brightest in the darkest hour. And here may Love, fairest daughter of the skies, from whose presence sorrow and sighing flee away, come and abide with us evermore, filling us with her own pure spirit. And may heaven's truth dwell with us here, inspiring us with energy and courage to perform good and laudable works. So shall this hall be free from jarring discords, from strife and passion. So shall it be the home of the brightest virtues, the dwelling-place of brothers, the threshold of heaven.

Brothers: Let us congratulate each other on this joyous occasion; then go forth with renewed strength and zeal, to our labors and duties. Let cries of distress and supplications of want never reach us in vain. In Friendship let us meet, in Faith let us labor, and when our toils are o'er, the twilight of age may be cheered by the most pleasing reflections of the past, and the brightest hopes of the future.

Look up to yonder heavens on a calm, serene night. See those numberless orbs, those suns and systems moving together in infinite space. By mutual attraction and repulsion, by constancy and reaction, each rolls in its own orbit, and all move with regularity, hymning the ceaseless song of universal Love!

So let us move together in our kindly relations, acting upon each other, encouraging the right and checking the wrong, each fulfilling his own obligations and moving in his own appropriate sphere, and cherishing the spirit of Friendship, Love, and Truth.

Then shall the world's approbation, the protecting power of Heaven, and the smiles of the Infinite Father, be ours.

(The foregoing address is submitted for publication at the unanimous request of the members of the two Lodges of I. O. O. F., established at Manchester N. H. It may be well to here state that a large portion of it was unwritten until some time after its delivery, which fact will account for any deviations from the original. The author has attempted to give the precise sentiment and form of expression, as they were spoken. If this hasty production shall prove the source of any gratification to those who heard it, or of benefit to others, he will be amply rewarded for his labors. — B. M. T.)

Dedication Hymns.

Written for the occasion by Thomas R. Crosby, M. D.

AIR — “Evening Song to the Virgin.”

*Brothers, assembled here, within these sacred walls,
Come, ask with rev'rend fear, God's blessings on these halls;
Come, with an humble heart, come with a trustful faith —
Come, from the world apart, offer this prayer:
Great God, in heaven above, stoop down with list'ning ear,
Bend from thy throne of love — our Father, hear!
Oh let thy presence, thy blessing ever be
On this hall, we offer, Great God, to thee!
God of the human race, teach us humanity!
Oh make us merciful, where'er the suffering be!
Binding the broken heart — wiping the tearful eye —
Giving a ready aid to those that cry.
Thou, that hast Friendship shown, Thou, all whose heart is Love
Thou, who art always Truth, our Father hear!
When here assembled, we e'er thy throne address,
Bend Thou, in mercy, Great God and bless!*

AIR — "The Minute Gun at Sea."

*When on the lonely couch of death,
A brother draws his fleeting breath
Without one friendly tear,
How brightly gleams the fading eye —
How swift the gath'ring shadows fly,*

*Yes, in the darkness of that night,
The dying gladdens at the sight,
As stranger friends draw near.
Through the wild storm they urge their way,
'Tis mercy guides — they ne'er delay,
For they go the lost to cheer.*

*Fear not, thou lonely widow'd heart !
Though thou from life's sweet hopes must part,
A brother still is near,
To bid all care and sorrow fly,
To wipe the orphan's tear-dimm'd eye,
And the widow's heart to cheer.*

*Then, Oh ! what comfort fills each breast,
Of the helpless ones, so deep distressed,
That in those hours of gloom and fear,
God gave their list'ning ears to hear
Of Friendship, Love, and Truth ;
And they'll love through life that band, thrice blest,
In Friendship, Love, and Truth.*

[Odd-Fellows Hall, in Patten's Block, was dedicated August 5, 1847. Address delivered by Rev. Benjamin M. Tillotson.

Odd-Fellows Hall, in Duncklee's Block, was dedicated May 23, 1856. Address delivered by Alfred Mudge, Boston, Mass.

Odd-Fellows Hall, in Martin's Block, was dedicated April 25, 1866. Address delivered by Rev. Benjamin F. Bowles.

Corner-stone of Odd-Fellows Block was laid April 26, 1871. Odd-Fellows Hall, in Odd Fellows Block, was dedicated April 26, 1872. Addresses on these occasions were delivered by Gr. Secretary Joseph Kidder.

The Semi-Centenary of Odd-Fellowship in the United States was celebrated in Manchester, N. H., April 26, 1869. Address was delivered by Rev. Alonzo A. Miner, Boston, Mass.]

THE NEOPLATONISTS. Ammonius Saccus. This philosopher, who lived about 190 A. D., was the founder of the Neoplatonic School. He was the son of Christian parents, and received a Christian education, but departed from this system and became a "philosopher." He gained a living by carrying burdens for pay, and yet he was one of the greatest philosophers of that age, and well acquainted with the Platonic and Aristotelian philosophy. His disciples were Erennios, Origenes, Plotinus, and Longinus.

Plotinus. This disciple was born at Lykopolis in Egypt in the year 205 A. D. He received his education at Alexandria. He took part in the war of the Emperor Gordianus in Persia, and went afterwards to Rome, where he established his school of philosophy. Here he obtained great renown and was respected by all. It is said that during the 26 years he lived in Rome he did not have a single enemy. Even the Emperor Gallienus, one of the greatest villains, respected and honored him.

Plotinus was taken sick, and a physician was summoned; as the physician Eustachius entered the room in which Plotinus was dying, the latter exclaimed, joyfully :

"I am now going to unite the God that lives within myself with the God of the Universe."

The mind of Plotinus was continually directed toward the Divine genius who accompanied him — his own higher self. He cared little about the physical body, and having been asked about the day when the latter was born, he refused to tell it, saying that such a trifling matter was of too little importance to waste any words upon. Phenomenal existence was to him a universal consequence, but a union with the Divine principle should be the highest aim of existence.

His philosophy taught him that God is the foundation of all things, eternal and everywhere. The Mind is the image of this Unity. The Mind is the eternal activity of the Eternal. It is "Light," primordial and unchangeable. The world of Mind is the internal world; the external or sensual world is the external expression of the former. In other words, "the mind is the stand of the man."

The Universe is a great "living being" or organism. All parts are connected together by that great universal power which constitutes the "One Life" in the Universe. All Souls lead, so to speak, amphibious existences.

One of the shining lights of the Platonic philosophy in this country was Thomas M. Johnson, of Osceola, Missouri. He edited and published *The Platonist*, in five volumes, during 1881-1890. He translated and published several of the works of Plato, Plotinus, and others. Two Books, "On the Essence of the Soul," and "On the Descent of the Soul," both by Plotinus, were given in a pamphlet by Mr. Johnson in 1890, dedicated and inscribed "To A. Bronson Alcott, one of the brightest of 'Heaven's exiles straying from the orb of light,' as a token of respect and esteem entertained for him," by Mr. Johnson.

The pamphlet was published and distributed as a specimen of an English version of the entire writings of Plotinus, which he was then making, and purposed to finish as soon as possible. Whether the translation was finished and published we are unable to say. Mr. Johnson's translation of the last words of Plotinus is given thus:

"Let my divine nature return to the Universal Divinity."

Porphyrus says: "For the end and scope with Plotinus consisted in approximating and being united to the Supreme God."

Plato says: "A light as if leaping from a fire will on a sudden be enkindled in the soul, and will itself nourish itself."

In 1758, there descended into this sensible sphere a divine soul whose worldly name was Thomas Taylor, commonly known by way of distinction as "The Platonist." This wonderful genius and sound philosopher devoted his whole life to the elucidation and propagation of the Platonic philosophy. By his arduous labors modern times became acquainted with many of the works of Plato, Plotinus, Porphyry, Proclus, etc.

EPITAPH ON THOMAS TAYLOR, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

*Health, strength, and ease, and manhood's active age,
Freely I gave to Plato's sacred page,
With Truth's pure joy, with Fame my days were crowned,
Tho' Fortune adverse on my labor frowned.*

A Masonic Parable.

Some years ago, at a meeting of the Grand Lodge of Masons in Houston, Texas, Grand Master Matthews, J. H. McLeary, ex-attorney-general of the State, and Governor Jos. D. Sayers were dining with the late Charles Stewart, when a discussion arose between Stewart and McLeary as to the parables of the Bible, the conversation ending with the assertion by McLeary that he could write a parable that would compare favorably with the parables of the Bible. Mr. Stewart wagered that he could not, and gave him a whole year to write one. At the expiration of the time, the same parties again took dinner with Mr. Stewart to see whether Ex-Att'y Gen. McLeary had written the parable. General McLeary then read the following parable, and it was decided he was entitled to the wager. The parable is as follows, which will be more readily appreciated by the Masonic fraternity :

"When King Solomon's Temple had been completed and dedicated, Zebulon, one of those faithful workmen who had been found worthy to receive the Master's degree, started forth upon his travels.

"He journeyed into a far country. In the course of time his strength was failing, his raiment was tattered, his purse was light and his feet were sore. He sat himself down to rest by the wayside. He beheld a stranger approaching him, and said, 'Are you a Mason?' 'Yes,' replied the stranger. 'Behold, I show you the 24 inch gauge and the common gavel wherewith I wrought at the building of King Solomon's Temple.' And the stranger showed Zebulon these and passed on.

"Then Zebulon arose and pursued his journey. And, meeting a wayfaring man, he said unto him, 'Are you a Mason?' And the wayfaring man replied, 'Yes, I can prove it to you by a sheaf of wheat and two of the pillars of King Solomon's Temple.' And Zebulon passed on. And he walked through a city at midday, and sat himself down on the steps of a palace. And the prince of the city, whose palace it was, walked forth, and Zebulon accosted him and said, 'Are you a Mason?' 'Even so,' replied the prince, 'for behold I have builded my palace, after the designs laid down on the trestle-board, and I have here a keystone like unto that in one of the arches of King Solomon's Temple.'

"And Zebulon arose and pursued his journey, and as he journeyed he met an army with banners, and at its head rode the general, with his officers armed and clothed in full pageantry of victorious war. And Zebulon saluted him and said, 'Are you a Mason?' And the general, answering, said, 'Verily, for have I not been clothed by King Solomon himself with the lambskin, which is by far the most honorable of decorations when worthily worn? And the general and his armed host passed on, and left Zebulon standing by the wayside.

"Then, footsore, weary, cold and hungry, he pursued his lonely way. At nightfall he approached a village, and sitting down on the steps of a cottage, he fell asleep. And the cottager came out and roused him, and Zebulon opened his eyes, and seeing him, said, 'Are you a Mason?' The villager replied, 'I am; come into my home.' And he raised him up and led him into the cottage, and he took off the sandals from the feet of Zebulon, and washed his feet and anointed his head with oil, and caused him to recline at his table. And Zebulon refreshed himself with bread and oil and wine. And when he was refreshed he opened his mouth and spake unto the host and said: 'The true test of a Master Mason is not in signs and symbols, not tokens nor decorations, but it is this: Is there burning on the altar of his heart that flame which ever warms a Mason's soul — the fire of charity?' "

THE DOCTRINE OF PYTHAGORAS. "God is neither the object of sense nor subject to passion; but invisible, only intelligible and supremely intelligent. In His body He is light, and in His soul He resembles Truth. He is the universal spirit that pervades and diffuseth itself over all nature. All beings receive their life from Him. There is but only one God who is not, as some are apt to imagine, seated above the world beyond the orb of the universe; but being himself all in all, He sees all the beings that fill his immensity — the only principle, the light of heaven, the father of all. He produces everything, He orders and disposes everything. He is the reason, the life, and the motion of all beings." — *Higgins' Celtic Druids*, p. 126.

"The end of human life ought to be to know God."

"The harmony of nature is the goodness of omnipotent God."

"As we can see the sun by the sun himself, and light by light; so no one can know God, but by the aid and assistance of God himself." — *Quotations from Doctrine of Philo Judæus*.

Two Persian Poems.

FROM HAFIS.

A child of clay delights thee by her presence ;
 Thy daily thoughts are fixed upon her light.
 At night she hurries slumber from thy lids ;
 Thy soul is bent alone upon her brightness.
 Beneath her feet of ivory pure or silver,
 Thou layest down thy head, O loving one !
 Thine eye beholds no form but her, alone,
 Thy heart trembles like a leaf in her presence.
 If she asks thee for thy soul, thou wouldst bestow it,
 Nay, thou wouldst surrender heaven itself.
 If a vain passion, airier than the air,
 Thus subdues thee in thy young energies,
 Wonder not at the spell of power which enshrines
 Those who love the True Light ; ¹
 Wonder not if they are wholly absorbed.
 They heed not Life ; their life is in Him.
 They value not the earth, but willing leave it
 To be immersed in the Paradise splendor
 Which He, crowned with the encircling light,
 Ever opens wide to their possession.
 What ! though they move about in robes of clay,
 Their feet are on the earth, their souls are fire.
 Wisdom illuminates their glowing thought.
 By faith they cannot command the mountains ;
 At one word a city falls with all its towers ;
 They are as mighty in their will as are the winds,
 Yet are still and silent even as marble.
 God, the Most Beautiful, they see everywhere ;
 Every fair apparition reflects but Him,
 Even as though it were an image in a mirror.
 By them alone are the pure delights of love felt ;
 They have abandoned all for the Supreme One.

¹A mong the Persians, as among the more intellectual of the ancient Greeks, there exists an intense yearning after a Kalon, or the Invisible, the Beautiful, and the Immortal, which is also called Sufism ; it exhibits itself in many ways. Thus the brother of Mirza Salêm burst into tears at the sweetly mournful singing of a boy in the service of the Khan.

FROM NIZIMI.

Fair and stately, flower-entinctured, perfumed
 Was the garden, through which roamed delighted
 Sage Ferhâd ; and in the midst a Palace
 Reared its radiant dome beneath the cypress.
 There were roses blooming like the summer,
 Bloodlike in their hues ; the gorgeous tulip
 Waved its glowing turban in the zephyrs ;
 Trees were there of wine and honey blended —
 Hawthorn, willow, violet, and narcissus.
 Onward passed Ferhâd ; in other regions
 He sojourned, and strayed in other gardens,
 But saw none so fair and flower-entinctured.
 Years passed over quickly ; back returning
 To that much-loved scene, he found but ruin.
 Gone was all that paradise of roses ;
 Weeds and thorns assailed him with their daggers.
 Where whilom the nightingale had wandered,
 Crows and kites yelled forth their horrid noises.
 All was fog, miasma, swamp and desert.
 Sorely wept the sage while thus surveying
 That which once had been a scene of splendor.
 Is it thus, he said, that all men's treasures
 Fade and pass away to desolation ?
 That the pomp, and pride, and royal beauty
 Which so charms the sons of mortals vanish
 Go, and in thy cell amid the forest
 Meditate, and know that earth hath nothing
 Which thou canst not find within thy spirit.
 So he sought the forest, and thenceforward
 Found in God alone delight unceasing.

Dream of Romance and Beauty.

The early sunshine streaming o'er the glade,
 The song of birds, the voice of some sweet flute,
 The ancient trees with broad and leafy shade,
 The moon that clothed the halls in silver suit,
 The fire-winged stars, the solemn silent night,
 The lamps through many a latticed window seen,
 The deep-toned bell for morn and evening rite,
 The reverend gloom relieved by the moon's sheen.

Mind and Matter.

Somebody said, can't say how long ago
 It might have been a hundred years or so,
 That matter don't exist, that what we call
 By matter's name : cash, houses, lands and all,
 Are but a picture of the spirit's sight,
 Projected outward on the infinite.
 And then another chap, some hard old head,
 Perceiving sharply, of the other said
 That when he claimed there wasn't any matter,
 His say so mattered not ; and such like chatter.

But now, when we are fairly brought to choose
 Which of the two we'd rather have or lose,
 Matter or mind, the most of us resist
 The stubborn claims of the materialist,
 Who, with is scapel and his other tools,
 Disects alike the wise men and the fools,
 Descries in flesh the hiding place of thought,
 And finds in tissues all that God hath wrought.
 The soul, he says, is but imagination,
 The mind only the body's manifestation,
 And what we idly style the spirit's work
 Results from brandy, bear, or beans or pork ;
 And what we suffer what we call our death,
 The spirit part, too, dies for lack of breath.

In spite of him, immortal mortals hold,
 With childish hope, the precious faith of old ;
 The faith which took its substance and its shape,
 What time the man developed from the ape,
 Or which, concealed iu protoplasmic cell,
 Inhabted the primal oyster's shell ;
 The faith which lived and moved and had its being
 Before tools for cutting, microscopes for seeing,
 Were known to men who boast that now so well
 They can perceive the perceivable ;
 The faith that knows, rejoicing in the knowing,
 'That seeds of God bring fruit well worth the sowing.

So, when we're called, these latter days to choose
 If mind or matter we had rather lose,
 Against all science still we cling to mind,
 And gladly whistle matter down the wind.

A Mosaic Poem.

In tempus old a hero lived,
 Qui loved puellas deux ;
 He ne pouavit pas quite to say,
 Which one amabat mieux.

Dit-il lui-même un beau matin,
 " Non possum both avoir,
 Sed si address Amanda Ann,
 Then Kate and I have war.

" Amanda habet argent coin,
 Sed Cate has aureas curls ;
 Et both sunt very αγαθαί,
 Et quite formosæ girls.

Enflu, the youthful ανθρῳπος,
 Φιλουv the δυο maids.
 Resolved propondere to Kate,
 Avant set evening's shades.

Procedens then ad Kate's domum,
 Il trouve Amanda there,
 Καὶ quite forgot his late resolves,
 Both sunt so goodly fair.

Sed smiling, on the new tapis,
 Between pullas twain,
 Coepit to tell his flame to Kate,
 Dans un poetique strain.

Mais, glancing ever and anon,
 At fair Amanda's eyes,
 Illae non possunt dicere
 Pro which he means his sighs.

Each virgo heard the demi vow,
 With cheeks as rouge as wine ;
 And offering each a milk-white hand,
 Both whispered, "*Ich bin dein.*"

The above waif, starting from where, no one seems to know, is one of the most ingenious mosaics put together by the mind of man. It is composed in six different languages: English, Latin, Italian, Greek, French, German, and it is here preserved.

FRANKLIN'S IDEA OF THE CHANGING POLES. It seems that Benjamin Franklin had arrived on his own account at the idea of one or more changes affecting the earth's axis of rotation. He is trying to explain "the deluge," and in 1790, he wrote :

"Is not the finding of great quantities of shells and bones and animals (natural to hot climates) in the cold ones of our present world some proof that its present poles have been changed? Is not the supposition, that the poles have been changed, the easiest way of accounting for the deluge, by getting rid of the old difficulty, how to dispose of its waters after it was over? Since, if the poles were again to be changed and placed in the present equator, the water would fall there about fifteen miles in height and rise as much in the polar regions, and the effect would be proportionate if the new poles were placed anywhere between the present and the equator."

A writer on this subject, in the *New Century Path*, for June 24, 1906, (G. de P.) speaks as follows on Franklin's ideas :

"But the earth like all else in Nature occasionally gets 'spasms' — if the word will be pardoned. The earth is a huge magnet of which the poles are subject to the bewildering host of pulls and strains, the 'ends of the earth get loose,' and wobble, so to say, and things happen unpleasant to imagine. An old book of initiation, the "Book of Enoch the Prophet," translated from the Ethiopic recension by Archbishop Laurence, has the following, Chap. lxiv (italic mine) :

1. In those days Noah *saw* that the *earth became inclined*, and that destruction approached.
2. Then he lifted up his feet, and went to the *ends of the earth*, to the dwelling of his *great grandfather* Enoch.
3. * * * And he said : Tell me what is transacting upon the earth ; for the *earth labors and is violently shaken*. * * *
4. * * * Respecting the moons (cycles) have they enquired, and they have known that the earth (land) *will perish with those who dwell upon it*.

(See the works of A. R. Drayson, Vol. XXIV, p. 215, giving an exhaustive account of the changes of the earth's axis.)

"*Heaven's Exiles Straying from the Orb of Light.*"
 "*Eddying the Secrets of Time in the full Tide of Destiny.*"

The Rosicrucian Jewels.

1. Jasper (dark green). The power of active light, multiplying itself to a sevenfold degree, and evolving the seven states of the one light, by which the seven states of darkness may be consumed.

2. Hyacinth (yellow). *Love*, born from the matrix of Light, manifesting itself as it grows, and emitting red rays. Its power overcomes the spirit of anger and violence.

3. Chrysolite (white). Princely wisdom. It confounds that which is foolish and vain, subdues it, and comes out of the battle victorious.

4. Sapphire (blue). Truth; originating and growing out of its own essence. It overcomes doubt and vacillation.

5. Emerald (green). The blooming spring in its eternal justice, destroying the unjust attributes of a perverted and degenerate nature: and opening the fountain of infinite treasures.

6. Topaz (golden). The symbol of peace, mild and pleasant. It suffers no impurity or division to exist; neither does it admit that which causes separation and quarrels. It heals ruptures and cures wounds.

7. Amethyst (violet). Impartiality, equilibrium of justice and judgment. It cannot be falsified, bent or counterfeited. It weighs all things in the scales of justice, and is opposed to fraud, cruelty, or tyranny.

8. Beryl (diverse colors). Meekness, humility; the equal temperature of the spirit, being kind and good, and overcoming wrath, stubbornness, and bitterness.

9. Sardis (light red). The high magical *Faith*, growing into power, and destroying fear, scepticism, and superstition.

10. Chrysophras (light green). Invisible power and strength overcoming all opposition, allowing nothing to remain which could possibly resist the law.

11. Sardonyx (striped). Triumphant *Joy* and gladness, flowing from the eternal fountain of happiness, destroying all sorrow and sadness.

12. Chalcedony (striped). The crown of Victory, dominion, and glory. The keystone and greatest of all miracles, turning everything to the glorification of *God*.

Death of King Solomon.

BY E. BULWER LYTTON.

King Solomon stood in his crown of Gold
Between the pillars ; before the altar
In the House of the Lord. And the King
And his strength began to falter,
So that he lean'd on his ebony staff,
Seal'd with the seal of the Pantagraph.

All of the golden fretted work,
Without and within, so rich and so rare,
As high as the nest of the building stork,
Those pillars of cedar were ;
Wrought up to the brazen chapters,
Of the Sidonian artificers.

And the King stood still as a carven King,
The carven cedar beams below.
In his purple robe, with his signet ring,
And his beard as white as snow,
And his face to that Oracle, where the hymn
Dies under the wing of the Cherubim.

The wings fold over the Oracle,
And cover the heart and eyes of God ;
The Spouse with pomegranate, lily, and bell,
Is glorious in her abode.
For with gold of Ophir and scent of myrrh,
And with purple of Tyre, the King cloth'd her.

By the soul of each slumbrous instrument
Drawn soft through the mystical misty air,
The stream of the folk that came and went,
For worship, and praise, and prayer,
Flow'd to and fro, and up and down,
And round the King in his golden crown.

And it came to pass as the King stood there
And look'd on the house he had built with pride,
That the hand of the Lord came unaware,
And touch'd him ; so that he died,
In his purple robe, with his signet ring.
And the crown wherewith they had crowned him king.

And the stream that came and went
To worship the Lord with prayer and praise.
Went softly over in wonderment,
For the King stood there always.
And it was solemn and strange to behold
The dead king crowned with a crown of gold.

For he leaned on his ebony staff upright ;
 And over his shoulders the purple robe ;
 And his hair, and his beard, were both snow-white ;
 And the fear of him fill'd the globe,
 So that none dared touch him, though he was dead,
 He look'd so royal about the head.

And the moons were changed ; and the years rolled on ;
 And the new king reigned in the new king's stead ;
 And men were married and buried anon ;
 But the King stood dark and dead ;
 Leaning upright on his ebony staff ;
 Preserved by the sign of the Pentagraph.

And the stream of life, as it went and came,
 Ever for worship and praise and prayer,
 Was awed by the face, and the fear, and the fame
 Of the dead King standing there :
 For his hair was white, and his eyes so cold,
 That they left him alone with his crown of gold.

So King Solomen stood up, dead in the House
 Of the Lord, held there by the Pentagraph,
 Until out from the pillar there ran a red mouse,
 And gnaw'd through his ebony staff ;
 Then, flat on his face, the King fell down ;
 And they picked from the dust a golden crown.

ZAPHNATH-PAANEAH. (*Ψονθομωφανηχ*. Septuaginta.) —
 Eusebius (*Præp. Evang.* ix, 20, 24, 27) has preserved in very
 rough hexameters, some lines from Philo, the epic poet, who
 wrote the history of Jerusalem. We give them below, and ask
 some of our readers to send us a translation in poetry, prose,
 or a paraphrase.

Τοισιν ἔδος μακαριστον ὅλης μέγας ἔκτισεν ἀκτῶρ
 Ἰψιστος, καὶ προσθεν αὖ Ἀβραμοιο καὶ Ἰσακ,
 Ἰακωβ εὐτέκνοιο τοκος Ἰωσηφ, ὃς οὐνεῶν
 Θεσπιστὴς σκηπτουχος ἐν Αἰγυπτίῳ θρόνισι,
 Δινευσας λαθραῖα χρόνου πλημμυρίδι μοίρης.

THE ROSICRUCIANS. "A halo of poetic splendor surrounds
 the Order of the Rosicrucians; the magic lights of fancy play
 round their day-dreams, whole the system in which they shroud-
 ed themselves lends additional attraction to their history."
 — Charles William Heckethorn.

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The Rosicrucians.

BY ALBERT G. MACKEY.

Many writers have sought to discover a close connection between the Rosicrucians and the Freemasons, and some, indeed, have advanced the theory that the latter are only the successors of the former. Whether this opinion be correct or not, there are sufficient coincidences of character between the two to render the history of Rosicrucianism highly interesting to the Masonic student.

There appeared at Cassel, in the year 1614, a work bearing the title :

"Allgemeine und General-Reformation der ganzenweiten Welt. Beneben der Fama Fraternitatis des Löblichen Ordens des Rosenkreuzes an alle Gelehrte und Häupter Europä geschrieben."

A second edition appeared in 1615, and several subsequent ones ; and in 1652 it was introduced to the English public in a translation by the celebrated adept, Thomas Vaughan, under the title of "Fame and Confession of Rosie-Cross."

This work has been attributed, although not without question, to the philosopher and theologian, John Valentine Andreä, who is reported, on the authority of the preacher, M. C. Hirschen, to have confessed that he, with thirty others in Wurtemberg, had sent forth the "Fama Fraternitatis"; that under this veil they might discover who were the true lovers of wisdom, and induce them to come forward.

In this work, Andreä gives an account of the life and adventures of Christian Rosenkreuz, a fictitious personage, whom he makes the founder of the pretended Society of Rosicrucians.

According to Andreä's tale, Rosenkreuz was of good birth, but, being poor, was compelled to enter a monastery at a very early period of his life. At the age of sixteen, he started with one of the monks on a pilgrimage, to the Holy Sepulchre. On their arrival at the island of Cyprus, the monk was taken sick and died, but Rosenkreuz proceeded on his journey. At Damascus he remained for three years, devoting himself to the study of the occult sciences, taught by the sages of that city. He then sailed for Egypt, where he continued his studies; and, having traversed the Mediterranean, he at length arrived at Fez, in Morocco, as he had been directed by his masters at Damascus. He passed two years in acquiring further information from the philosophers of Africa, and then crossed over into Spain. There, however, he met with an unfavorable reception, and then determined to return to Germany, and give to his own countrymen the benefit of his studies and researches, and to establish there a society for the cultivation of the sciences which he had acquired during his travels. Accordingly he selected three of the monks of the old convent in which he was educated, and to them he imparted the knowledge, under a solemn vow of secrecy. He imposed on them the duty of committing the instructions to writing, and forming a magic vocabulary for the benefit of future students. They were also taught the science of medicine, and prescribed gratuitously to the sick who applied to them. But the number of their patients soon materially interfering with their other labors,

and the new edifice, the House of the Holy Spirit, being now finished, Father Christian, as he was called, resolved to enlarge his society by the initiation of four new members. The eight now being thoroughly instructed in the mysteries, they agreed to separate, two to remain with Father Christian, and the others to travel, but to return at the end of each year, and mutually to communicate the results of their experience. The two who had remained at home were then relieved by two of the others, and they again separated for another year.

The society thus formed was governed by a code of laws, by which they agreed that they would devote themselves to no occupation except that of physic, which they were to practice without pecuniary reward ; that they would not distinguish themselves from the rest of the world by any peculiar costume ; that each one should annually present himself at the House of the Holy Spirit, or send an excuse for his absence ; that each one should, during his life, appoint somebody to succeed him at his death ; that the letters R. C. were to be their title and watchword ; and that the brotherhood should be kept a secret for one hundred years.

At the age of one hundred years Father Christian Rosenkreuz died, and was buried by the two brethren who had remained with him ; but the place of his burial remained a secret to all the rest, the two carrying the mystery with them to the grave. The society, however, continued, notwithstanding the death of the founder, to exist, but unknown to the world, always consisting of eight members. There was a tradition among them, that at the end of one hundred and twenty years the grave of Father Rosenkreuz was to be discovered, and the brotherhood no longer remain a secret.

About that time the brethren began to make some alterations in their building, and attempted to remove to a more fitting situation the memorial table on which was inscribed the names of those who had been members of the fraternity. The plate was of brass, and was affixed to the wall by a nail driven through

its center ; but so firmly was it attached, that in tearing it away, a portion of the plaster came off and exposed a secret door. Upon removing the incrustation on the door, there appeared written in large letters : " POST CXX, ANNOS PATEBO " (*after one hundred and twenty years I will appear*).

Returning the next morning to renew their researches, they opened a door and discovered a heptagonal vault, each of its seven sides being five feet wide, and in height eight feet. The light was received from an artificial sun in the roof, and in the middle of the floor there stood, instead of a tomb, a circular altar, on which was an inscription, importing that this apartment, as a compendium of the universe, had been erected by Christian Rosenkreuz. Other later inscriptions about the apartment, such as, *Jesus mihi omnia ; Legis jugum ; Libertas Evangelii* : " Jesus is my all " ; " the yoke of the law " ; " the liberty of the Gospel," indicated the Christian character of the builder. In each of the sides was a door, opening into a closet, and in these closets they found many rare and valuable articles, such as the life of the founder, the vocabulary of Paracelsus, and the secrets of the Order, together with bells, mirrors, burning lamps, and other curious articles. On removing the altar and a brass plate beneath it, they came upon the body of Rosenkreuz in a perfect state of preservation.

Such is the sketch of the history of the Rosicrucians given by Andreä in his "Fama Fraternitatis." It is evidently a romance ; and scholars now generally assent to the theory advanced by Nicolai, that Andreä, who, at the time of the appearance of the book, was a young man full of excitement, seeing the defects of the sciences, the theology, and the manners of his time, sought to purify them ; and to accomplish this design, imagined the union into one body of all those who, like himself, were the admirers of true virtue ; in other words, that he wrote this account of the rise and progress of Rosicrucianism for the purpose of advancing, by a poetical fiction, his peculiar views of of morals and religion.

But the fiction was readily accepted as a truth by most peo-

ple, and the invisible society of Rosenkreuz was sought for with avidity by many who wished to unite with it. The sensation produced in Germany by the appearance of Andreä's book was great ; letters poured in on all sides from those who desired to become members of the Order, and who, as proofs of their qualifications, presented their claims to skill in Alchemy and Kabbalism. No answers, of course, having been received to these petitions for initiation, most of the applicants were discouraged and retired ; but some were bold, became impostors, and proclaimed that they had been admitted into the society, and exercised their fraud upon those who were credulous enough to believe them. There are records that some of these charlatans, who extorted money from their dupes, were punished for their offence, by the magistrates of Nuremberg, Augsburg, and some other German cities. There was, too, in Holland, in the year 1722, a Society of Alchemists, who called themselves Rosicrucians, and who claimed that Christian Rosenkreuz was their founder, and that they had affiliated societies in many of the German cities. But it is not to be doubted that this was a self-created society, and that it had nothing in common except the name, with the imaginary brotherhood invented by Andreä. Des Cartes, indeed, says that he sought in vain, for a Rosicrucian Lodge in Germany.

But although the brotherhood of Rosenkreuz, as described by Andreä in his "*Fama Fraternitatis*," his "*Chemical Nuptials*," and other works, never had a real tangible existence, as an organized society, the opinions advanced by Andreä took root, and gave rise to the philosophic sect of the Rosicrucians, many of whom were to be found during the seventeenth century, in Germany, in France, and in England. Among these were such men as Michael Maier, Richard Fludd, and Elias Ashmole. Nicolai even thinks that he has found some evidence that the "*Fama Fraternitatis*" suggested to Lord Byron the notion of his "*Instauratio Magna*." But, as Vaughan says, ("*Hours with the Mystics*," ii, 104), the name Rosicrucian became by degrees a generic term, embracing every species of

doubt, pretension, arcana, elixirs, the philosopher's stone, theurgic rituals, symbols, or initiation.

Higgins, Sloane, Vaughan, and several other writers have asserted that Freemasonry sprang out of Rosicrucianism. But this is a great error. Between the two there is no similarity of origin, of design, or of organization. The symbolism of Rosicrucianism is derived from a hermetic philosophy; that of Freemasonry from an operative art. The latter had its cradle in the Stonemasons of Strasburg and the Masters of Como long before the former had its birth in the inventive brain of John Valentine Andreä.

It is true, about the middle of the eighteenth century, a prolific period in the invention of high degrees, a Masonic rite was established which assumed the name of Rose Croix Masonry, and adopted the symbol of the Rose and Cross. But this was a coincidence, and not a consequence. There was nothing in common between them and the Rosicrucians, except the name, the symbol, and the Christian character. Doubtless the symbol was suggested to the Masonic Order by the use of it by the philosophic sect; but the Masons modified the interpretation, and the symbol, of course, gave rise to the name. But here the connection ends. A Rose Croix Mason and a Rosicrucian are two entirely different persons.

The Rosicrucians had a large number of symbols, some of which were in common with those of the Freemasons, and some peculiar to themselves. The principal of these were the globe, the circle, the compasses, the square (both working-tool and the geometrical figure), the triangle, the level and the plummet. These are, however, interpreted, not like the Masonic, as symbols of the moral virtues, but as the properties of the philosopher's stone. Thus, the twenty-first emblem of Michael Maier's "*Atlanta Fugiens*" gives the following collection of the most important symbols:

A Philosopher is measuring with a pair of compasses a circle which surmounts a triangle. The triangle encloses a square,

within which is another circle, and inside the circle a nude man and woman, representing, it may be supposed, the first step of the experiment. Over all is this paragraph :

"Fac ex mare et femina circulum, inde quadrangulum, hinc triangulum, fac circulum et habebis lapidem Philosophorum."

That is : " Make of man and woman a circle ; thence a square ; thence a triangle ; form a circle, and you will have the Philosopher's Stone."

But it must be remembered that Hitchcock, and some other recent writers, have very satisfactorily proved that the labors of the real hermetic philosophers (outside of the charlatans) were rather of a spiritual than a material character ; and that their "great work" symbolized not the acquisition of inexhaustible wealth and the infinite prolongation of life, but the regeneration of man and the immortality of the soul.

As to the etymology of the word *Rosicrucian*, several derivations have been given.

Peter Gassendi first (*Exam. Phil. Fludd*, Sect. 15), and then Mosheim (*Hist. Eccles.* iv, 1) deduce it from two words *ros*, dew, and *crux*, a cross, and thus define it : Dew, according to the Alchemists, was the most powerful of all substances to dissolve gold ; and the cross, in the language of the same philosophers, was identical with *L V X*, because the figure of a cross exhibits the three letters of that word. But the word *lux* was referred to seed or menstruum of the Red Dragon, which was that crude and material light which, being properly concocted and digested, produces gold. Hence, says Mosheim, a Rosicrucian is a philosopher, who by means of *dew* seeks for *light*, that is for the substance of the philosopher's stone. But notwithstanding the high authority for this etymology, it is thought by some to be untenable, and altogether at variance with history of the origin of the Order, as will be presently seen.

Another and more reasonable derivation is from *rose* and *cross*. This was undoubtedly in accordance with the notions of Andreä, who was the founder of the Order, and gave it its name, for in his writings he constantly calls it "Fraternitas

Roseæ Crucis," or "The Fraternity of the Rosy Cross." If the idea of *dew* had been in the mind of Andreä in giving a name to the society, he would have called it "The Fraternity of the Dewey Cross," not that of the "Rosy Cross." "Fraternitas Rocieæ Crucis," not "Roseæ Crucis." This ought to settle the question. The man who invents a thing has the best right to give it a name.

The origin and interpretation of the symbol have been variously given. Some have supposed that it was derived from the Christian symbolism of the rose and the cross. This is the interpretation that has been assumed by the Rose Croix Order of the Masonic system ; but it does not thence follow that the same interpretation was adopted by the Rosicrucians. Others say that the rose meant the generative principle of nature, a symbolism borrowed from the Pagan mythologers, and not likely to have been appropriated by Andreä. Others, again, contend that he derived the symbol from his own arms, which were a St. Andrews' cross between four roses, and that he alluded to Luther's well-known lines :

*" Des Christen Herz auf Rosen geht,
Wenn's mitten unterm Kreutze steht."*

That is : "The heart of the Christian goes upon roses when it stands close beneath the cross." But whatever may have been the effect of Luther's lines in begetting an idea, the suggestion of Audreä's arms must be rejected. The symbol of the Rosicrucians was a single rose upon a passion cross, very different from the roses surrounding a St. Andrews' cross.

Another derivation may be suggested, namely : That, the rose being a symbol of secrecy, and the cross of light, the rose and the cross were intended to symbolize the secret of the true light, or the true knowledgs, which the Rosicrucian brotherhood were to give to the world at the end of the hundred years of their silence, and for which purpose of moral and religious reform Andreä wrote his books and sought to establish his sect. But the whole subject of Rosicrucian etymology is involved in confusion.

The Rosicrucians.

BY KENNETH R. H. MACKENZIE.

In times long gone by, there existed, up to the age of the martyrdom of science, men of various races, religions, and climes, who, consolidated by a humane feeling for the preservation of those means by which human life is maintained, and next those by which human prosperity in the true sense of knowledge is assured, formed a bond, understood never to be broken, unless any brother of this strange fraternity should be worthy of expulsion, disgrace, and death. This mysterious body was bound by solemn obligations of mutual succor, of impenetrable secrecy, and of humility, while the recipient of its secrets was enjoined to labor for the preservation of human life by the exercise of the healing art.

At various periods of history, this body has emerged into a sort of temporary light ; but its true name has never transpired, and is only known to the innermost adepts and rulers of the society. By other names, having a sort of general relation, members of this body have occasionally announced themselves, and among these perhaps that of Rosicrucian is the best known. Men of the most opposite worldly creeds, of diverse habits, and even of apparently remote ideas, have ever joined together, consciously or unconsciously, to glorify the good, and despise, although with pity, the evil that might be reconciled to the good.

But in the centuries of unrest which accompanied the evolution of any kind of civilization, either ancient or modern, how was this laudable principle to be maintained ? This was done by a body of the learned, existing in all ages, under peculiar restrictions, and at one time known under the name of the Rosicrucian Fraternity. Although this body existed, its corporate character was by no means marked. Unlike the institutions with which antiquity and the middle ages abounded, and of which the Masonic and other bodies are modern equivalents,

the fraternity of the Rosy Cross seldom had gatherings together. The brethren were isolated from each other, although aware of their mutual existence, and corresponding by secret and mysterious writings, and books, after the introduction of printing. They courted solitude and obscurity, and sought, in the divine contemplation of the divine qualities of the creator, that beatitude which the rude outside world despised or feared. In this manner, however, they also became the discoverers and conservators of important physical secrets, which by slow degrees they gradually communicated to the world, with which, in another sense, they had so little to do. It is not, at the same time, to be supposed that these occult philosophers either despised the pleasures or discouraged the pursuits of their active contemporaries; but, as we ever find some innermost sanctuary in each noble and sacred fane, so they retired to constitute a body apart, and more peculiarly devoted to those mystical studies for which the great mass of mankind were unfitted by taste or character. Mildness and beneficence marked each courteous intercourse as their studious habits permitted them to have with their fellow men; and, in times of danger, in centuries of great physical suffering, they emerged from their retreats with the benevolent object of vanquishing and alleviating the calamities of mankind. In a rude period of turmoil, of battle, and of political change, they placidly pursued their way, the custodians of human learning, and thus acquired the respect, and even the reverence, of their less cultivated contemporaries. They were regarded as sanctified personages of whom men spoke with bated breath, and with a species of awe such as individuals regarded as being in communion with intelligences of an ultramontane nature could alone inspire. The very fact of their limited number led to their further elevation in the public esteem, and there grew up around them somewhat of "the divinity that doth hedge a king." Nor did these pursuits uniformly draw them from the more active duties of their respective times. Some of them, such as the Abbot John of Trittenheim, ruled over communities of monks, and preserved,

by copying, the ancient historical and poetical works of Hellas and Italy ; others applied themselves to the arts of legislation, and were councillors at various courts ; others, again, like Cornelius Agrippa von Nettesheim, sought their fortunes as town orators and jurists, while some followed the arts like Albertus Magnus, and a large proportion devoted themselves, as in the case of John Baptista Porta, Theophrastus Aureolus Bombastus Paracelsus, and Johann Faust, to the study and practice of medicine.

Thus the mystical fraternities didnot neglect the practical and useful, while they pursued the more recondite studies of mental and theosophic lore. It may, however, be truly said, that they were divided into two great schools : the one occult, silent, and jealous of intrusion ; and the other, militant and even blatant, in their pretensions. All sections of men bear this two-fold character ; and while we may very properly regret the waste of energy which consumed itself in the fruitless search after the philosopher's stone, and the art of producing gold and precious stones, we ought not to lose sight of the undoubted fact that these enthusiasts, in a marked degree, contributed to an increase of our knowledge of psychology and mental science in other ways. Even of the alchemists there were two orders, those who labored at the physical forge and crucible, and those who, by a theosophic process, sought to elevate the mind into a knowledge of its constitution, thus perfecting a much higher series of investigations, and arriving at a mystical gold beyond all price. In a certain sense, these philosophers contributed very greatly to the common stock of human wisdom. They insensibly prepared the way for larger and grander views of the divine purpose in humanity ; to them we owe the first promulgation of more exact ideas on the mutual inner-relations of duty and right ; and our modern political economists are far more indebted to their speculations than they are willing to confess. It is easy at the present day to see that which is held up before every one in the broad light of a tolerant ceuntry but it was not so in the days of the Rosicrucians and other

fraternities. There was a dread among the great masses of society in bygone days of the unseen — dread, as recent events and phenomena show very clearly, not yet overcome entirely. Hence students of nature and mind were forced into obscurity altogether unwelcome or irksome, but in this obscurity they paved the way for a vast revolution in mental science.

The Kabbalistic reveries of a Johann Reuchlin led to the fiery action of a Luther, and the patient labors of John of Trittenheim produced the modern system of diplomatic cipher writing. Even the apparent aimless wanderings of the monks and friars were associated with practical life, and the numerous missals and books of prayer carried from camp to camp conveyed, to the initiated, secret messages and intelligence, dangerous to be communicated in other ways. The sphere of human intelligence was thus enlarged, and the freedom of mankind from the control of a pitiless priesthood, or perhaps rather a system of tyranny under which the priesthood equally suffered, was ensured. It is a fact not even disputed by Roman Catholic writers of the most Papal ideas, that the evils of society, ecclesiastical and lay, were materially increased by the growing worldiness of each successive Pontiff.

Hence we may see why the origin of the Rosicrucians was veiled by symbols, and even its founder, Andreä, was not the only philosophical romancer; Plato, Apuleius, Heliodorus, Lucian, and others had preceded him in this path; nor may we omit the *Gargantua and Pantagruel* of Rabelais, probably the profoundest Masonic emblem yet to be unriddled. It is very worthy of remark, that one particular century, and that in which the Rosicrucians first showed themselves, is distinguished in history as the era in which most of these efforts at throwing off the trammels of the past occurred. Hence the opposition of the losing party, and their virulence against anything mysterious or unknown. They freely organized pseudo-Rosicrucian and Masonic Societies in return, as the pages of Masonic history have already shown; and these societies were instructed to irregularly entrap the weaker brethren of the True and

Invisible Order, then triumphantly betray anything they might be so inconsiderate as to communicate to the superiors of these transitory and unmeaning associations. Every wile was adopted by the authorities fighting in self defence against the progress of truth, to engage, by persuasion, interest, or terror, such as might be cajoled into receiving the Pope as Master — when gained, as many converts to that faith know, but dare not own, they are treated with neglect, and left to fight the battle of life as best they may, not even being admitted to the knowledge of such miserable aporrheta as the Romish faith considers itself entitled to withhold.

The modern society of Rosicrucians, however, is constituted upon a widely different basis to that of the parent society. While the adepts of former times were contented with their knowledge of their mutual obligations, and observed them as a matter of course and custom, the eighteenth century Rosicrucians forced the world to think for a time that they were not only the precursors of Masonry, but *in essentiâ* that body itself. This has led to numerous misconceptions. With Freemasonry the occult fraternity has only this much to do, and that is, that some of the Rosicrucians were also Freemasons; and this idea was strengthened by the fact that a portion of the *curriculum* of a Rosicrucian consisted in theosophy; these bodies had, however, no other substantial connective ties. In fact, Freemasons have never actually laid claim to the possession of alchymical secrets. Starting from a definite legend, that of the building of Solomon's Temple, they have moralized on life, death, and the resurrection, correspondentially with the increase, decrease, and the palingenesia of nature; and rightly so. For as the science of mathematics contains within itself the protoplasmatic forms of things, and the science of morals comprehends the application of the forms to intellectual purification, so the Rosicrucian doctrine specifically pointed out the uses and interrelations between the qualities of the substances in nature, although their enlarged ideas admitted of a moral survey. The Freemasons, while they have deserved the esteem

of mankind for charity and works of love, have never accomplished, and by their inherent sphere of operation never can accomplish, what these isolated students effected. Modern times have eagerly accepted in the full light of science the precious inheritance of knowledge bequeathed by the Rosicrucians, and that body has disappeared from the visible knowledge of mankind; and reëntered that invisible fraternity of which mention was made in the opening of this article.

Presupposing in the minds of occult students some knowledge of these principles, it will readily be seen that a system existed amongst what may be emphatically, although only symbolically, termed "our ancient Brethren."

It is not desirable in a work of this kind to make disclosures of an indiscreet nature. The brethren of the Rosy Cross will never, and should not, at peril and under alarm, give up their secrets. Their silent influence terminated the Crusades with an honorable peace; at their behest the Old Man of the Mountain stopped his assassinations, and in all cases we find Rosicrucians exercise a silent and salient influence.

The *deuwy* question cannot be discussed in public. The ancient body has nothing to do with any kind of Masonic rite. It has apparently disappeared from the field of human activity, but its labors are being carried on with alacrity, and with a sure delight in an ultimate success.

The degrees (more generally known as grades) of the modern Rosicrucian system are nine, as follows :

1. Zelator, or Illuminatus, or Junior.
2. Theoricus or Theoreticus.
3. Practicus.
4. Philosophus.
5. Adeptus, Junior or Minor.
6. Adeptus, Senior or Major.
7. Adeptus Exemptus.
8. Magistri Templi.
9. Magus.

The last degree (or grade) is triple, thus : Supreme Major, Senior and Junior Substitute. The officers Master General, Deputy Master General, Treasurer General, Secretary General; and seven Ancient Assistant Officers, namely, Precentor, Conductor of Novices, Organist, Torch-bearer, Herald, Guardian of the Temple, and Medallist.

The Rosicrucian Society of England, which has been formed on the basis of the original body, meets in various parts of England, and possesses a Metropolitan College, together with several Provincial Colleges ; the rite is also known in Scotland and Canada. To belong to it the degree of Master Mason must be attained ; but no oath or obligation is administered, it being contrary to the genius of a philosophical society, having for its object the discussion of occult science, to exact vows of fidelity already ensured by the solemn acts of the three degrees of Craft Masonry.

El Amin --- Mahomet.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Who is this that comee from Hara ? Not in kingly pomp and pride,
 But a great free son of Nature, lion-souled and eagle-eyed.
 Who is this before whose presence idols tumbled to the sod,
 While he cries out, "Alla Akbar ! and there is no god but God ?"
 Wandering in the solemn desert, he has wandered like a child,
 Not as yet too proud to wonder at the sun, and star and wild —
 "Oh, thou Moon ! who made thy brightness ? Stars ! who hung ye there on
 Answer ! so my soul may worship ; I must worship or I die." [high.
 Then there fell the brooding silence that precedes the thunder's roll ;
 And the old Arabian Whirlwind called another Arab soul.
 Who is this that comes from Hara ? Not in kingly pomp and pride,
 But a great free son of Nature, lion-souled and eagle-eyed !
 He has stood and seen Mount Hara to the Awful Presence nod.
 He has heard from cloud and lightning — "Know there is no god but God."
 Call ye this man an impostor ? He was called "The Faithful," when
 A boy he wandered o'er the deserts, by the wild-eyed Arab men.
 He was always called "Faithful." Truth he knew was Allah's breath.
 But the Lie went darkly gnashing through the corridors of Death.
 "He was fierce !" Yes, fierce at falsehood — fierce at hideous bits of wood.
 That the Koreish taught the people made the sun and solitude.
 But his heart was also gentle, and Affection's gentle palm,
 Waving in the tropic spirit, to the weary brought a balm.
 "Precepts ?" Have on each compassion. "Lead the stranger to your door.
 "In your dealings, keep a Justice." "Give a tenth unto the poor."
 "Yet ambitious !" Yes, ambitious — while he heard the calm and sweet
 Aiden-voices sing — to trample troubled Hell beneath his feet.
 "Islam ?" "Yes ! Submit to Heaven !" "Prophet ?" To the East thou art !
 What are prophets but the trumpet blown by God to stir the heart ?
 And the great Heart of the desert stirred unto that solemn strain,
 Rolling from the trump at Hara over Errro's troubled main.
 And a hundred dusky millions honor still El Amin's rod —
 Daily chanting — "Allah Akbar ! Know there is no god but God ?"
 Call him then no more "Impostor," Mecca is the choral gate,
 Where, till Zion's noon shall take them, nations in her morning wait.

The Shadow and The Dreamer.

BY FANNIE RENSHAW.

Once within a chamber lonely sat my shadow with me only,
Like a real and breathing Presence, there it was upon the wall.
And it seem'd so very human, so much like a living woman,
That I thought perchance 'twould answer to my word or to my call.
So I said, "Pray tell me, Shadow, if thou hearest me at all,
Why thus outlined on my wall?"

Answer'd then the Shadow, turning, "When thy lamp is trimm'd and burning.
Only can I teach the lesson, thou should'st ever learn from me —
For, behold, if LIGHT thou banish, thy discerning sense doth vanish,
And thy wisdom, scarce can teach thee, Shadows from Reality.
In the darkness, thou would'st vainly blunder on to find the key
Of my being's mystery."

Said I, "Shadow, thy revealing, seems like some faint echo stealing
Over me, of spirit voices heard within my soul before —
And it may be, in my scorning, I have let these words of warning,
Knoek unheeded at the portals of my heart's unopen'd door.
Thou, the picture illustrative of them, I will study o'er,
Thou must leave me never more."

"Over me thou hast all power," said the Shadow, "this thy dower,
I was born to do thy bidding, I can follow only thee.
I am thine while life is lasting, ceaselessly before thee casting
Types of all the good or evil thou canst ever learn from mee.
But remember — just as thine is, so my onward path must be :
TAKE HEED WHERE THOU LEADEST ME."

Then my taper, burning brightly, more colossal and unsightly
Grew that form so much like human, there upon my chamber wall,
And it stood up like a column, as it said, all slow and solemn,
"Wouldst thou question of my being, when o'er thee Death throws the pall,
And the last act of life's drama, closes by the curtain's fall.
Mortal ! wouldst thou know it all?"

"I have heard what thou hast spoken — Be the silence all unbroken,
While once more, O Shadowy Presence ! I may listen unto thee."
"When my soul, no longer clinging unto things of earth, is winging,"
Sad the Shadow, "its flight upward, unto God's eternity.
When thy 'dust no dust' returneth, and the grave imprisons thee,
Then I perish — cease to be —

"I but follow to the portals — Spirit-land is for immortals,
There I may not dare to enter, where the feet of angels tread.
Where the springs of life are flowing — and the tree of Life is growing,
There I may not stand beside thee, when thy scroll is read,
ON THY PATH MUST BE NO SHADOW : in thy soul no dread,
When thy doom is said."

Then I groan'd aloud, and waking, lo ! the early dawn was breaking,
I had been in dream-land roving, with my Shadow for a guide,
But at last the spell was broken, be these words the sign and token,
Of the words to which I listen'd, in that fairy world so wide —
And believe, as I do also, that perchance the truth may bide,
In the whispers of my guide.

The Rosicrucians,

OR KNIGHTS OF THE ROSY CROSS.

(From "*The Dreamer*," London, 1754)

From hence, my noble friend conducted me to the college of the Rosicrucians, or the Knights of the Rosy Cross. This order of Knighthood is very ancient, and was greatly respected, while they strictly observed the statutes of their founder. For they are enjoined to be meek and humble, to be charitable and hospitable. And therefore the primitive Rosicrucians employed their whole revenues in entertaining the pilgrim and the stranger, and in feeding the poor and hungry. While they practised these virtues, of which they make profession, when they are elected into the college; while they were temperate, vigilant and laborious, they preserved their independency, and enjoyed with honor as great immunities, as the present Knights of *Malta*. But, as they have now entirely departed from all the rules of their institution, and are become proud and luxurious, covetous and ambitious, they are likewise the most corrupt and servile crew in all the land of the Papyropolites. Some years have passed since they renounced the independency of their order, both for themselves and their successors, by a formal act, and agreed to obey implicitly all the commands, which from time to time they should receive from the Intendants of the Mill. But they have lately consented to a decree, by which they are become odious to the whole nation. For they have not only obliged themselves to lay aside the cross, which has hitherto been constantly worn on their habits, but to practice the same ceremonies, with regard to this sacred badge of their order, which are used by the Dutch merchants and sailors, who are admitted into the empire of Japan. So that, whenever a Rosicrucian is mentioned, this proverbial saying is applied to him, *In Tartara, jufferis ibit*, not only for his servility, but to signify his dealings with the people of those regions, from whence he imports the waters of *Lethe*. But, while the Rosicrucians are the most abject flatterers of

men in power, they treat their inferiors, especially their younger brothers, of which there is a numerous tribe, with the greatest insolence and contempt, and suffer the latter, in violation of the most sacred injunctions of their common parent, to languish in poverty, and want even the common necessities of life.

The Knights of the Rosy Cross, says my friendly conductor, are those *adepts* who were formerly supposed to possess the philosopher's stone, or the secret of compounding a medicine, which, according to their report, would make the person, who swallowed it, immortal. By this artifice they raised in their several districts large contributions, especially among the old maids and widows, who of all beings are the most fond of life. I know a Rosy Cross, who, by the iniquity of the times and the aid of a peculiar cant, from the quality of a grave-digger, hath been elected into this honourable brotherhood, and hath since acquired one of the most lucrative commandries belonging to the order. His whole business is diligently to attend a large body of these ancient females, whom he dignifies with the title of his disciples, and never fails to extract a purse of gold from them once a day. And at the same time, that he pretends to make them immortal, he makes their wills, and takes particular care, that his own name shall be found in the first class of the legatees. The face of this Rosicrucian is a composed counterfeited; and it would puzzle all of the optics of physiognomy, or even the most penetrating genius, to define his real character, and investigate the disposition of his mind. I took some pains, since I arrived in this country, to inform myself of his most secret actions, and by that means I discovered his most exquisite hypocrisy.

But, tho' it sufficiently appeared, that this grand Elixir had not half so much virtue, as Ward's pill, yet the Rosicrucians, in those ages of ignorance and superstition, were able to maintain their reputation by ascribing the ill success of the medicine to the inaptitude or incredulity of the patient. Even, in our more enlightened age, the Rosicrucian Elixir has been in some kind of credit, and was not quite exploded, till Gulliver

published his travels. His history of the Strulldbrugs must convince every person of common sense, that nothing can be more absurd and ridiculous, than a desire of never dying, and that, if the grand Elixir could make a man immortal, it would make him the most miserable creature in the universe. However, the Rosicrucians, after this medicine was out of vogue, preserved their character of *adepts* by introducing another of singular virtue, and which never fails to answer the purpose, for which it is administered. I mean the water of *oblivion*, which, as I have said before, cannot be imported without their direction and assistance; and they may now appeal to common experience for the efficacy of this medicine, since it has been so successfully tried on the Band of *Four Hundred*, and consequently has proved of such notable service to a trading nation. It has indeed sometimes happened, that a young Knight, who has been troubled with a hypochondriac melancholy, owing to an ill habit of body, or to a disappointment, when one of his brethren hath been preferred to a rich commandry before him, in order to eradicate the seeds of his distemper, hath overdosed himself with the water of *Lethe*. The consequence of this has been fatal: For he has not only forgot all that he ever knew, or had learned; but has been rendered utterly incapable of knowing, or learning more, or of improving his mind in any manner, by his commerce with men or books, for the future. These Knights are styled in the ancient registers of the college, *Homines plumbei*, and they are distinguished now by the same appellation. I know that one of the poets of this country ascribes the *Plumbeitie* of the Rosicrucians to the want of genius, or a defect in their education, and imputes their admission into so honorable an order to corruption, or a want of discernment in the electors. But I will not enter into a discussion of this point, or, whether the men of little learning, or the men of much craft (into which division the Rosy Crosses at present naturally fall), are to have the preference in the judgment of their superiors.

It will be proper to inform you, before I leave them, that

the Rosicrucians are not Knights of chivalry. They are neither trained to arms, nor acquainted with those maxims of honour and gallantry, which form a modern hero. In case of a foreign or domestick war, they rather chuse by their harangues to inspire their neighbours with courage, than give any proofs of it themselves. On these occasions, *Fungar vice cotis*, etc., is their constant *motto*; and in this practice they have sometimes succeeded beyond all expectation. However, there are some of them who have been so bold as to gird their loins with the sword: and their present great master is as full of martial ardour, as he is of piety and devotion; and is ever prepared, in time of danger, both to pray and to fight for his friends and his country. I will likewise add, that I may not seem to speak with prejudice, or draw the character of these Knights altogether in profile, that I have known as excellent men of this order, as are to be found in the whole human species; and I doubt whether the chevaliers B—— and B——, lately deceased, have left their equals behind them.

The Alchemists.

Alchemists, from *Al* and *Chemi*, the fire, or the god and patriarch, *Kham*; also, the name of Egypt. The Rosicrucians of the middle ages, such as Robert Fludd, Paracelsus, Thomas Vaughan, Von Helmont, and others, were all alchemists, who sought for the *hidden spirit* in every form of inorganic matter. Some people, nay, the great majority, have accused alchemists of chalatanry and false pretending. Surely, such men as Roger Bacon, Cornelius Agrippa, Henry Khunrath, and the Arabian Geber (the first to introduce into Europe some of the secrets of chemistry), can hardly be treated as impostors. Scientists who are reforming the science of physics upon the basis of the atomic theory of Democritus, as restated by John Dalton, conveniently forgot that Democritus, of Abderea, was an alchemist, and that the mind that was capable of penetrating so far into the secret operations of nature in one direction must have had good reasons to study and become a Hermetic philosopher. Olaus Borrichius says that the cradle of alchemy is to be sought in the most distant times.

The Philosopher's Stone.

(Translated from an old German Rosicrucian Manuscript.)

BY FRANZ HARTMANN.

Some years ago, after having long and earnestly prayed to *Good*, the unmanifested, incomprehensible cause of all things, I was attracted to *Him*, and by the power of his *Holy Spirit* — through whom all wisdom descends upon us, and who has been sent to us through Christ, the *Logos*, from the *Father* — he illuminated my inner sight so that I was able to recognize the *Centrum in Trigono Centri*, which is the only and veritable substance for the preparation of *The Philosopher's Stone*. But although I know this substance, and had it actually in my possession for over five years, nevertheless I did not know how to obtain from it the *Blood of the Red Lion*, and the *Gluten of the White Eagle*, neither did I know the processes by which these substances could be mixed, bottled, and sealed up, or how they were to be treated by the *secret fire*, a process which requires a great deal of knowledge, prudence, and cautiousness.

I had studied to a great extent the writings, parables, and allegories of various writers, and I had used great efforts to understand their enigmas, many of which were evidently the inventions of their own fancy; but I found at last that all of their prescribed methods for the preparation of *The Philosopher's Stone* were nothing but fables. All their *purifications*, *sublimations*, *distillations*, *rectifications*, and *coagulations*, together with their *stoves* and *retorts*, *crucibles*, *pots*, *sand* and *water baths*, etc., were entirely useless and worthless for my purpose, and I began to realize the wisdom of *Theophrastus Paracelsus*, who said in regard to that *stone*, that it is a great mistake to seek for it in material and external things, and that the people who do so are very foolish, because instead of following Nature, they follow their own brains, which do not know what Nature requires.

Nature in her nobility does not require any artificial methods

to produce what she desires. She produces everything out of her own substance, and in that substance we must seek for her. He who deserves her will find her hidden there. But not every one is able to read the book of Nature, and this is a truth which I found out by my own experience; for although the true substance for the preparation of *The Philosopher's Stone* was in my own possession for over five years, nevertheless it was only in the sixth year that I received the key to the mystery by a secret revelation from God.

To open the secrets of Nature a key is required. This key was in the possession of the ancient patriarchs, prophets, and Adepts, but they always kept it hidden away, so that none but the worthy should come into its possession; for if the foolish or evil-disposed were to know the mysteries of Nature, a great deal of evil would be the result.

In the following description I have revealed as much of these mysteries as I am permitted to reveal, and I have been strongly forbidden to speak more explicitly and plainly. Those who read these pages merely with their external understanding will obtain very little valuable information; but to those who read them by the light of the true faith, shining from the ever burning fires upon the altars erected in the sanctuary of their own hearts, the meaning will be plain. They will obtain sweet fruits, and become and remain forever true brothers of the *Golden and Rosy Cross*, and members of our inseparable fraternity.

But to those who desire to know my name, and who might charge me with being too much reserved if I do not reveal it, I will describe it as follows, so that they will have no cause to complain: The number of my name is M.DCXII, and in this number the whole of my name is fully inscribed into the book of Nature by eleven dead and seven living ones. Moreover, the fifth letter is the fifth part of the eighth, and the fifteenth the fifth part of the twelfth. Let this be sufficient for your purpose.

“*Learn to know all, but keep thyself unknown.*” — IRENÆUS.

The Fallen Master.

So now when the Foundation stone was laid, the Lord called for the Master Baphometus, and said to him, "Go and complete my temple!" But in his heart the Master thought: What boots it, building Thee a temple? and took the stones and built himself a dwelling, and what stones were left he gave for filthy gold and silver. And after forty moons the Lord returned and spake: "Where is my temple, Baphometus?" The Master said: "I had to build myself a dwelling; grants me weeks" And after forty weeks, the Lord returned, and asked: "Where is my temple, Baphometus?" He said: "There was no stones (but he had sold them for filthy gold), so wait yet forty days." In forty days thereafter came the Lord, and cried: "Where is my temple, Baphometus?" Then like a millstone fell it on his soul, how he for lucre had betrayed his Lord; but yet to other sin, the Fiend did tempt him, and he answered, saying: "Give me forty hours!" And when the forty hours were gone, the Lord came down in wrath: "My temple, Baphometus?" Then fell he quaking on his face, and cried for mercy; but the Lord was wrath, and said: "Since thou hast cozened me with empty lies, and those the stones I lent thee for my temple, has sold them for a purse of filthy gold, lo, I will cast thee forth, and with the Mammon will chastise thee, until a Savior rise of thy own seed, who shall redeem thy trespass."

Eureka.

*"I sought and found; I purified (it) often,
I mixed (it) and caused (it) to mature.
The golden tincture was the result;
It is called the center of nature;
The origin of all thought,
And of all books of men and various figures.
I now acknowledge freely, it is a panacea
For all the metals,
The weak ones (in the constitution of man),
And a point which originated from God"*

— HARMANNUS DATICHUS.

A Rosicrucian Allegory.

There is a mountain situated in the midst of the *earth* or *center* of the *world*, which is both *small* and *great*. It is soft also above measure, hard and strong. It is *far off* and *near at hand*; but, by the Providence of God, it is invisible. In it are hidden most ample treasures, which the world is not able to value. This mountain, by the envy of the devil, is compassed about with very cruel beasts and ravenous birds, which make the way thither both difficult and dangerous; and, therefore, hitherto, because the time is not yet come, the way thither could not be sought after by all, but only by the worthy man's self-labour and investigation.

To this *mountain* you shall go in a *certain night*, when it comes most long and dark, and see that you *prepare* yourself by *prayer*. *Insist* upon the *way* that leads to the *mountain*, but ask not of any man where it lies; only follow your *guide*, who will *offer* himself to you, and will meet you in the way.

The guide will bring you to the mountain at *midnight*, when all things are silent and dark. It is necessary that you arm yourself with a resolute, heroic courage, lest you fear those things that will happen, and fall back.. You need no sword or other bodily weapon, only call upon your God, *sincerely and heartily seeking him*.

When you have discovered the mountain, the first miracle that will appear is this — a most vehement and very great wind will *shake* the whole *mountain* and shatter the *rocks* to pieces. You will be encountered by lions, dragons and other terrible wild beasts; but fear not any of these things. Be resolute and take heed that you return not, for your guide that brought you thither will not suffer any evil to befall you. As to the *treasure*, it is not yet discovered, but it is very near. After this wind will come an earthquake, which will overthrow those things which the wind had left. Be sure you fall not off. The *earthquake* being past, there will follow a *fire* that will consume the earthly rubbish and discover the treasure, but as yet you cannot see it. After all these things, and near day-break, there shall be a great *calm*, and you shall see the *day-star* arise, and the darkness will disappear. You will *conceive* a great treasure; the chiefest thing and the most perfect is a certain exalted tincture, with which the world, if it served God and were worthy of such gifts, might be tinged and turned into the most pure gold. — *John Heydon*.

HISTORIC MAGAZINE.
AND
NOTES AND QUERIES

MANCHESTER, N. H.

S. C. GOULD, - - - - Editor and Publisher.

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The Ballad of Judas Iscariot.

(AN EASTERN LEGEND.)

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot, lay in the field of blood ;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot beside the body stood.

Black was the earth by night, and blacker was the sky ; [by.
Black, black were the broken clouds, though the red moon went

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot strangled and dead lay there ;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot, looked on it in despair.

The breath of the world came and went like a sick man's in [rest ;
Drop by drop on the world's eyes the dews fell cool and blest.

Then the soul of Judas Iscariot did make a gentle moan —
“ I will bury underneath the ground by flesh and blood and bone.

“ I will bury deep beneath the soil, lest mortals look thereon,
And when the wolf and raven come the body will be gone.

“ The stones of the field are sharp as steel, and hard and cold,
And I must bear my body hence until I find a spot ! ” [God wot ;

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot, so grim, and wild, and gray,
Raised the body of Judas Iscariot and carried it away.

And as he bare it from the field, its touch was cold as ice,
And the ivory teeth within the jaw rattled aloud like dice.

As the soul of Judas Iscariot carried its load with pain,
The eye of heaven, like a lanthorn's eye, opened and shut again.

Half he walked, and half he seemed lifted on the cold wind ;
He did not turn, for chilly hands were pushing from behind.

The first place that he came unto, it was the open world, [cold.
And underneath were prickly whins, and a wind that blew so

The next place that he came unto, it was a stagnant pool,
And when he threw the body in, it floated light as wool.

He drew the body on his back, and it was dripping chill,
And the next place he came unto was a cross upon a hill.

A cross upon a windy hill, and a cross on either side,
Three skeletons that swung thereon who had been crucified.

And on the middle cross bar sat a white dove slumbering ;
Dim it sat in the dim light, with its head beneath its wing.

And underneath the middle cross a grave yawn'd wide and vast,
But the soul of Judas Iscariot shiver'd and glided past.

The fourth place that he came unto, it was the Bridge of Dread,
And the great torrents rushing down were deep, and swift and red.

He dared not fling the body in for fear of faces dim,
And arms were waved in the wild water to thrust it back to him.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot turned from the Bridge of Dread.
And the dreadful foam of the wild water had splashed the body red

For days and nights he wandered on upon an open plain,
And the days went by like a blinding mist, and the nights like
[rushing rain.

For days and nights he wandered on, all thro' the world of woe ;
And the nights went by like the moarning wind, and the days like
[drifting snow.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot, came with a weary face,
Alone, alone, and all alone, alone in a lonely place.

He wandered east, he wandered west, and heard no human sound.
For months and years, in grief and tears, he wandered round
[and round.

For months and years, in grief and tears, he walked the silent
Then the soul of Judas Iscariot perceived a far-off light. [night.

A far off light that went and came, small as the glow-worm's e'e,
That came and went like the lighthouse gleam, on a black night
[at sea.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot, crawl'd to the distant gleam ;
And the rain came down, and the rain was blown against him
[with a scream.

For days and nights he wandered on, push'd on by hands behind ;
And the days went by like black, black rain, and the nights like
[rushing wind.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot, strange, and sad, and tall,
Stood all alone at dead of night before a lighted hall.

[b'ack and damp,
And the world without was white with snow, and the foot-marks
And the ghost of the silvern moon arose, holding her yellow lamp.

[white.
And the icicles were on the eaves, and the walls were deep with
And the shadows of the guests within pass'd on the window light.

The shadows of the wedding guests did strangely come and go,
And the body of Judas Iscariot lay stretch'd along the snow.

The body of Judas Iscariot lay stretch'd the along snow ;
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot ran swiftly to and fro.

To and fro, and up and down, he ran so swiftly there,
As round and round the frozen Pole gildeth the lean white bear.

[bright and clear.
'Twas the Bridegroom sat at the table head, and the lights burnt
" Oh, who is that," the bridegroom said, " whose weary feet I
[hear ?"

[low,
'Twas one look'd from the lighted hall, and answered soft and
" It is a wolf runs up and down with a black track in the snow."

The Bridegroom in his robe of white sat at the table head ;
" Oh, who is that who moans without ? " the blessed Bridegroom
[said.

'Twas one looked from the lighted hall, and answered fierce and
 " 'Tis the soul of Judas Iscariot gliding to and fro." [low.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot, did hush itself and stand,
 And saw the Bridegroom at the door with a light in his hand.

[white.
 The Bridegroom stood in the open door, and he was clad in
 And far within the Lord's Supper was spread so broad and
 [bright.

[bright to see ;
 The Bridegroom shaded his eyes and look'd, and his face was
 " What dost thou here at the Lord's Supper with thy body's sins ?"
 [said he.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot, stood black, and sad, and bare,
 " I have wandered many nights and days, there is no light else-
 [where."

[fierce and bright :
 'Twas the wedding guests cried out within, and their eyes were
 " Scourge the soul of Judas Iscariot away into the night."

[still but slow,
 The Bridegroom stood at the open door, and he waved hands
 And the third time that he waved his hands the air was thick
 [with snow.

And of every flake of falling snow, before it touched the ground,
 There came a dove, and a thousand doves made sweet and
 [gentle sound.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot floated away full fleet, [sheet.
 And the wings of the doves that bare it off were like its winding-

[smiling sweet.
 'Twas the Bridegroom stood at the open door, and beckon'd,
 'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot stole in, and fell at his feet.

"The Holy Supper is spread within, and the many candles shine,
 And I have waited long for thee before I poured the wine."

[fair,
 The supper wine is poured at last, the lights burn bright and
 Iscariot washes the Bridegroom's feet, and dries them with his
 [hair.

SUPPLEMENT.

SUGGESTIVE HISTORIC MEMENTOS.

ADDRESS AT THE TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE VETERAN
ODD-FELLOWS ASSOCIATION, NOVEMBER 20, 1903, MANCHESTER, N. H.

BY S. C. GOULD, P. G. REP.

VETERAN ODD-FELLOWS, LADIES, AND GUESTS :

The principles and tenets of Odd-Fellowship have been very thoroughly analysed heretofore, and their practices and results have been portrayed by the fraternity at large, and published in the annals of the Order. I shall not, therefore, take time to rehearse to you those already familiar details, but address you this evening on the results of my researches into the more historic phases of the internal ethics and genius of the Order.

At the celebration of the fortieth anniversary (December 21, 1883) of the institution of the first Lodge of Odd-Fellows in Manchester, N. H., now nearly twenty years ago, by invitation, I gave an address on some of the historical data that had been gathered, from some of the legendary, traditional, and fragmentary records, relating to quite a number of more or less secret societies, antedating the most conservative claims of Odd-Fellows as having been known as such, as an "ancient society." That anniversary address¹ was published and distributed gratuitously to the members of the Order. It dealt more especially with many of the secret societies and the more arcane features as covered in their names. It partially traced the early history of this Order back many years and through the evolution of its several appellations, namely, the Philodemosians, Xenopolitans, Perigrinatans, Cives, Fellow-Citizens, Odd-Fellow Citizens, and Odd-Fellows.

I will, therefore, on this occasion, twenty years later, give

¹ THE PHILODEMOSIANS. Who Were They? Address delivered on the eve of December 21, 1883, at the Fortieth Anniversary of Hillsborough Lodge No. 2, I. O. O. F. By S. C. Gould, P. G. R. Manchester, N. H. 1883. pp. 16. 8vo.

you in this address some of my own inquiries, observations, and experiences during a membership in the Order of little over forty years. Some of these reminiscences may appear critical, some remarkable, and some coincidental.

Past Grand Master James Lot Ridgely was Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of the United States from April 24, 1840, to November 16, 1881, when he died, a period of more than forty-one years. He was a man thoroughly conversant with the history of the Order, and had collected its bibliography and had charge of its archives; he also was the author of a "History of American Odd-Fellowship."²

Nearly all the constitutions and by-laws of each subordinate lodge in our own State, and many in other States, are prefaced by one or two pages of introduction, containing references to the origin of the Order, and the objects to be attained.

I have collected quite a number of these gems, or concise statements of the objects and aims of the Order, and some of them bear the impress of the hand that is claimed to have written that monograph, "Odd-Fellowship What Is It"?³ namely, James L. Ridgely. However, be that as it may, I have selected one of these gems which I will herewith give in full, and make some comments on the same. It is found prefaced to the first edition of the constitution and by-laws of one of our New Hampshire lodges, instituted on the sixty-second anniversary of the birth of Thomas Wildey, namely, Suncook Lodge No. 10. January 15, 1845:

"Societies for mutual benefit have existed in all ages, and the duration of each has been measured to a great extent by the degree of immutability of its compact. It is owing, perhaps, to the religious veneration with which Odd-Fellows regard the ancient laws and customs of their Order, as well as to the conviction that the institution is founded on the principles of Divine Justice and Divine Truth, that, through a long

2 HISTORY OF AMERICAN ODD-FELLOWSHIP. By James L. Ridgely, Historiographer. Baltimore, Md. 1878, pp. 528. 8vo.

3. ODD-FELLOWSHIP.. WHAT IS IT? Baltimore, Md. 1867. pp. 8. 8vo.

period of changes and revolution, Odd-Fellowship retains its ancient character. Odd-Fellows of the present generation should be equally careful with those who have gone before, that the beauties of the Order suffer no change, that it be transmitted, as received, so that, going down the stream of time, its principles may be disseminated wider and wider, until all men shall dwell together in unity.

“Written languages constantly change; principles never. Descending through a long period of years, our principles remain the same; but the term by which we were known, once a beautifully expressed word, signifying *friends travelling together*, now fails to indicate to the uninitiated the elevated principles and moral precepts which Odd-Fellowship enjoins. Yet to us, who have entered within the veil, and traced Odd-Fellowship to the pure fountain of its existence, it is still hallowed by the sweet charities and virtuous principles it inspires. To us, it is a talisman that restrains our evil propensities, and aids us in the pursuit of that which is good.

“In our pilgrimage through the world, it throws over us the mantle of charity, and knits our hearts in bonds of brotherly affection that even death cannot sever. When afflicted and oppressed, it leaves us not to the care of the heartless, but leads us to the bosom of an Order which never sends the deserving brother away empty; where charity veils in secrecy the good she does, it admonishes us that there are joys as well as sorrows which should be known only to those who partake of them.

“To the unworthy the door of the sacred temple of Odd-Fellowship is ever closed; but to the benevolent and philanthropic, who would drink at the pure fountain of virtue and and truth, the invitation is: ‘Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.’” (*Matthew VII, 9.*)

This was published fifty years ago, and probably written by Grand Secretary Ridgely in the early forties. He was perfectly familiar with the history of this Order, having been born in 1807. He speaks of the “ancient laws, customs, and character” of the Order; and also of its euphonious name,

Query: What was that term which the writer says signifies “friends travelling together”? Was it Philadelphians, “lov-

ing brothers" ? or Philodemosians, "friendly travellers" ? or Demophilians ? "travelling friends" ? There was a sect of Philadelphians in the seventeenth century ; there was a Lodge of Philadelphes in 1786, which was absorbed into a similar rite in France, and re-constituted again in 1819, the same year that Thomas Wildey organized Washington Lodge No. 1, in Baltimore, when Ridgely was fifteen years old. The name of Philodemosians, or Demophilians from Demophilus ; Demophile is very ancient, and she is mentioned as living more than a thousand years before the Christian era.

There are recorded in the classics the names of ten Sibyls, the seventh of which was Demophile, according to Lantantius. The name Sibyl is from the Greek, and means "*counsel of heaven*" ; they were prophetesses, and twelve of their fourteen books are extant and have been published.⁴ Virgil mentions the prophesies of Demophile, the Cumæum Sibyl (*Æneid* III, 562-564) which gave to Alexander Pope the key-note and inspiration that prompted his sacred eclogue in imitation of Virgil' Pollio.⁵ The "Ode" which is sang in the Golden Rule Degree is taken verbatim from Pope's Eclogue on "Messiah."

When I received the Golden Rule degree I inquired of the officers who conferred the degree, for the author of the Ode which had been sung, and were referred to the Grand Lodge of New Hampshire, and hence the inquiry was carried to

4 THE SIBYLLINE ORACLES. Translated from the Greek into English blank verse. By Milton S. Terry. New York. 1890. pp. 267. 8vo.

5 "The last great age, foretold by sacred rhymes.
Renews its finished course ; Saturnian times
Roll round again ; and mighty years, begun
From their first orb in radiant circles run.
The base, degenerate, iron offspring ends ;
A golden progeny from heaven descends.
The father banished virtue shall restore ;
And crimes shall threat the guilty world no more.
The son shall lead the life of gods, and be
By gods and heroes seen, and gods and heroes see.
Yet, of old fraud, some footsteps shall remain ;
The merchant still shall plow the deep for gain ;
Gart cities shall with walls be compassed round ;
And sharpened shares shall vex the fruitful ground."

the proper officer, with the promise of the information in due time, but the information never came. Some years afterwards the entire eclogue was found which disclosed its author, as Alexander Pope. (See. p. 7.)

It was some fifteen years after the reception of the Golden Rule degree before the discovery of the full account of the episode, known as the "Parable on Persecution," was made.

The account of Abraham and the Stranger passing the door of his tent is found in an ancient Hebrew book entitled "*Shebeth Jehudah*,"⁷ and Jeremy Taylor epitomized the account and published the same at the end of his work on the "Liberty of Prophesying," 1647. Joseph Priestley has published in his works a Latin version of it which was translated from the Hebrew by George Gentius in 1680. The following is a literal translation of the Latin version :

"The most noble author Sardus relates that that venerable example of antiquity, the patriarch Abraham, celebrated for the glory of hospitality, thought it not happy nor fortunate for him, unless he had received some guest, whom as a presiding genius of his household, he might serve with all kind offices.

"Once upon a time when he had no guest, and had sent abroad to seek for a stranger, he perceived a man bowed down with years and wearied with traveling, lying under a tree. Approaching him, he led him home as his guest, and cherished him with every attention. When the supper was ready, and Abraham and his family had addressed themselves to prayer, the old man stretched forth his hand to the food, making no show of religion or piety; Abraham, seeing this act, thus addressed him : 'Old man, it scarcely becomes thy white hairs to take food without previous veneration of the Deity.' The old man replied : 'I am a fire-worshiper, and ignorant of that sort of manners, for our fathers have never taught me such piety.' At which words. Abraham being horrified that he was having intercourse with a fire-worshiper, as a profane

7 "*SHEBETH JEHUDAH*. The Tribe of Judah, the Virgin Daughter of Solomon : containing the Various Calamities, Martyrdoms, Dispersions, etc., of the Jews. Translated from the Hebrew into Latin, by George Gentius. Hamburg, 1680.

man and a stranger to the worship of his God, removed him from the table, and drove him from his house, as an offence to his company, and an enemy to his religion. But, at that moment, the great God admonished Abraham: 'What dost thou, Abraham? Becomes it thee to have done this? I have given this old man, though ungrateful to me, life and sustenance for more than a hundred years; canst thou not give the man one meal, nor bear with him even a moment?' Being thus admonished by the Divine Voice, Abraham brought back the old man from his journey, and attended him with such kind offices of piety and converse, that by his example he led him to the worship of the true God."

During one of Dr. Priestley's visits in London he formed an acquaintance with Benjamin Franklin, who afterwards became interested in Dr. Priestley's works, and it is said, expanded the Hebrew account with a few changes in the name and language, and his version was adopted and made the foundation of the Golden Rule degree, as now found in our book of instructions at the present time. Quite a number of our Patriarchs have supposed, yea, have been informed, that the "parable" could be found in the Bible, and no doubt many Patriarchs have searched long to find the chapter that commenced "Aram was sitting at the door of his tent."

Past Grand Robert Dale Owen, the great American social reformer, read this "Parable on Persecution," when delivering his address, at the celebration of the Semi-Centennial Anniversary of American Odd-Fellowship, in Indianapolis, Indiana, in 1869, which was received with great applause. He says he found it in a work entitled "*Boston*," by Saadi,⁸ the celebrated Persian poet, but not given there as original. Without doubt he appropriated it from the same Hebrew book that Priestley copied from. It is also found in Lord Kames's works,⁹ the Scottish Judge.

⁸ BOSTON. "The Fruit Garden." A moral poem in ten books. By Saadi, (1184-1291.)

⁹ SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY OF MAN. By Lord Kames (Henry Home). (1696-1782.)

MESSIAH.

Ye nymphs of Solyma ! begin the song :
To heavenly themes sublimer themes belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
Delight no more — O Thou my voice inspire,
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire !
Rapt into future times, the bard begun :
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son !
From Jesse's root behold a Branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies ;
The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
Ye heavens ! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower !
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storm a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail,
Returning justice lift aloft her scale ;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn !
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe be born ?
See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring ;
See soft Libanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance :
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfume the skies.
Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;
Prepare the way ! A God, a God appears !
A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply ;
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies !
Sink down, ye mountains ; and ye valleys, rise !
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay ;
Be smooth, ye rocks ! ye rapid floods, give way !
The Saviour comes ! by ancient bards foretold :
Hear him, ye deaf ! and all ye blind, behold ;
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day.
'Tis he obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear :
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting, like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,
From every face be wiped off every tear ;
In adamant chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air ;
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects ;

The tender lamb he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hands, and in his bosom warms ;
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
 The promised father of the future age.
 No more shall nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
 The brazen trumpet kindle rage no more ;
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad falchion in a plowshare end ;
 Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son
 Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun ;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sowed, shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren deserts with surprise
 Sees lillies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;
 And starts, among the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
 Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn ;
 To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,
 And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
 The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys with flowery bands the tiger lead.
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And hramless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take,
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
 Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey.
 And with their forked tongues shall innocently play.
 Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise !
 Exalt the towery head, and lift thy eyes !
 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks on every side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
 See barbarous nations at the gates attend,
 Walk in thy like, and in thy temple bend ;
 See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
 And heaped with products of Sabea springs !
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in Orphir's mountains glow ;
 See heave in sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon them in a flood of day !
 No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn ;
 But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
 O'erflows thy courts : the Light himself shall shine
 Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine !
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
 But fixed his word, his saving power remains ;
 Thy realm forever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns !

—ALEXANDER POPE.

Theodore A. Ross, in his history of the Order ¹⁰ devotes one entire chapter to English Odd-Fellowship, and what is now known as the Manchester Unity, and as it is a disputed question as to the real origin of the Order, I will not cover that ground but confine myself to American Odd-Fellowship. Bro. Ross states that the titles of the officers are said to have been taken from the "Order of Gregorianus," which met as early as 1736 at St. Albans.

THE ANCIENT RITUAL.

In 1797, the ritual of the Order of Patriotic Odd-Fellows was revised and adopted by the Grand Lodge of London, England, held March 12, of that year. That ritual is now in existence. The fifth degree was the "Royal Arch of Titus," or Fidelity degree. The past officer was hailed as Ancient Grand Master, the presiding officer as Noble Grand Master; the Americanized Order dropped the title "Master," but retained it in the Grand Lodge. At the opening of the Lodge the officers were standing except the "Ancient Grand Master," who needed repose and was allowed to remain sitting. He represented Mortality and wore an emblematical apron; the first officer represented the Sun; the second, the Moon; and the secretary, the Seven Stars. The dramatic scenes enacted then were the same as now, but they are at the present time greatly amplified. The sign of Fidelity was accompanied by the seven-lettered name of Deity; each letter was spoken and rotated by each person in turn. The number "seven" governed many of their movements. There was quite a number of social ceremonies engaged in in those days that would not be tolerated now, one being "In his Holy Name I pledge you all."

Another exclamation was uttered by each of the members at a certain stage of the ceremony in conferring the degree of Fidelity: "So help me Heaven, and keep me steadfast."

¹⁰ ODD-FELLOWSHIP. ITS HISTORY AND MANUAL. By Theodore A. Ross. New York. 1888. pp. 694. 8vo.

SKETCH OF THE DEGREES.

The main line of the degree work as gathered from the internal evidence of the ritualistic and monitorial work of the Lodge, prior to its introduction into America, appears to aim directly to the Golden Rule Degree of the Encampment ; moreover, previous to the creation of the Encampment Branch on May 15, 1827, the Golden Rule degree was conferred upon all Past Grands in a Grand Lodge for one dollar each, and then was called the fourth degree. The Encampment Branch as such was instituted on June 14, 1827, and the Golden Rule became then the second of the Patriarchal degrees, and the body was known as the "Encampment Lodge." More than five years later, August 24, 1832, it adopted the name "Jerusalem Encampment No. 1," and Thomas Wildey was the first High Priest. The third or Royal Purple degree was received, and announced in the Grand Lodge of the United States on February 22, 1825, and only Thomas Wildey and Thomas Scotchburn, both of England, were in possession of it at that time.

The subordinate Lodge in 1819 comprised three degrees — the White, the Blue, the Scarlet. John P. Entwistle of Baltimore, prepared two degrees, and called them "Covenant" and "Remembrance"; these were adopted as American, and denominated "Intermediate Degrees"; and these were placed between the others, making these second and fourth, or Pink and Green ; the order then being White, Pink, Royal Blue, Green, and Scarlet. These five degree were reduced to three degrees on September 22, 1880, going into effect January 1, 1881, and since have been denominated Friendship, Love, and Truth. The development of the several degrees as to the ritualistic and dramatic work as compared between now and forty years ago can truly and well be called the evolution of Odd-Fellowship. In the *Gentlemen's Magazine*, for 1745, the Odd-Fellows Lodge is mentioned as "a place where very pleasant recreative evenings are spent."

THOMAS WILDEY WAS A DRUID.

It will be somewhat surprising, as will be interesting to many others, to be enformed that Thomas Wildey, the introducer and organizer of Odd-Fellowship into Baltimore, was also an energetic promoter of the United Order of Druids, notwithstanding the literature of American Odd-Fellowship nowhere to our knowledge takes note of the fact. It appears that historical facts have come to light that he played a leading role in that Order from the early thirties to the time of his death.

The *Druiden Zeitung*, the official organ of the Grand Lodge of Germany, announced the historical fact in 1902. This Druidical organ says :

“The United Ancient Order of Druids was a large, well-known organization in England when one of its members by name of Thomas Wildey (born in London, January 15, 1783, and died in America, October 19, 1861) who emigrated from England to America in July, 1817, organized the first Druid Lodge in New York, in 1833.”

Dr. Charles Weil, communicates to the *Lodge Record*, an Odd-Fellows journal published in New York, the following :

“The various Lodges whose organizations followed were united in a Grand Lodge in 1839, and in the minutes of this Grand Lodge for the year 1849, the author of the article in the *Druiden Zeitung* came across the name of Thomas Wildey, from which he deducts the conclusion that Wildey was as prominent a Druid as he was an Odd-Fellow. The author prosecuted his search further, and found that on the 3d of August, 1852, Wildey was elected Noble Grand Arch for the term of 1853-1854, the election in those days having been held one year preceding the term of service. He was installed August 1, 1853, and in his address, he said :

‘Through your election, I am again called to the highest office of our Order,’ from which it is clear that he had held this office once before. Continuing, he said :

‘Since the permanent organization of our Order in 1839, fourteen years have elapsed. Since the Order first raised its flag on the soil of our free States, 112 Lodges have gathered

under its folds, and more than 9,000 members have become initiated into its mysteries.'

The article in the *Lodge Record* continues: "The following memorial is found in the Proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Druids for 1862":

'U. A. O. D. In memoriam of our honorable Brother, Past Most Noble Grand Arch Thomas Wildey. Born in England on the 14th of January, 1883. Died on the 19th of October, 1864. May his long, prosperous and sterling life in this Order be so rewarded, as he deserved it to be, and may his spirit continue to live in our brotherhood.'

This record goes to show Wildey did not devote his entire life solely to Odd-Fellowship, as has been so many times stated that has been so many times stated that he did; but that he did devote it to Brotherhood is undoubtedly correct.

ANCIENT ORDER OF ZUZIMITES.

The Zuzimites are a secret society, claimed to have sprang into existence nearly 6,000 years ago. They have in all twenty one degrees — each degree being a sort of continuation of the preceding one, and the Zuzimite as he advances learns more and more of the history of his ancient brethren. In the Bible the Zuzimites are mentioned (Gen. xiv, 5) as a race of giants and warriors, who lived in the fertile valleys of Palestine and waged war with the kings of Sodom and Gomorrah. The Order, like Freemasonry, is non-sectarian, the applicant only being required to express his belief in an All-Supreme Creator; while among its members are to be found Jews, Christians, and Muslims. It is also universal and exists all over the globe. In each of the twenty-one degrees a particular virtue is taught, the first three being *Friendship*, *Truth*, and *Love*. Zuzimitism, like another great moralizing mystic tie, can be correctly described as "a peculiar system of morality, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols, a mode of teaching man the duties of life, and an inculcation, explanation and glorification of virtue in an attractive form. Its ceremonies are most interesting and impressive. There are numerous secret signs, words, and grips, by which a Zuzimite is able to distinguish a brother. The Order is very extensive in England, where it was introduced from Australia over thirty years ago.

ANCIENT USAGES, CUSTOMS, AND LAWS.

The annals of American Odd-Fellowship contain many allusions to "ancient usages," "ancient customs," "ancient laws," and even "Ancient Odd-Fellows." It has been an interesting subject for investigation. I am aware of the many incongruities and anomalies that existed in this Order during its first decade in America, and the efforts made by the early pioneers to obtain the work from the Manchester Unity to bring about uniformity in the degrees. As previously stated the "Covenant" and "Remembrance" degrees were practically manufactured by John P. Entwistle of Baltimore. Ohio complained emphatically of the anomalies in the internal workings of the Order. It appears the first work that passed for uniformity was adopted by the Grand Lodge of the United States in 1830, and was in vogue until 1845, when it received a revision. The reading of that ritual would make an interesting chapter for Odd-Fellows of today and bring a smile to the memory of the Veteran Odd-Fellow who received his degrees in the early forties. I will quote two interrogatories from the lecture of the first degree :

Q. "Who was the first founder of Odd-Fellowship?"

A. "The Almighty and Supreme Grand Architect of the Universe."

Q. "Who was the First Odd-Fellow?"

A. "Adam, whom God created, and endowed with mental faculties superior to all other earthly creatures."

Thus the initiate was taught that Adam was the first Odd-Fellow, and numerically speaking it is true according to what is stated in "ancient records." But, somehow, the legend has come down to us that he soon after found a "Rebekah" and instituted the first secret *Lodge* and was favored with an angel for a Guardian. Therefore, the Order may have good and sufficient reason for the distinction of "Ancient Odd-Fellow."

Odd-Fellowship was introduced into New Hampshire by

Albert, Guild of Boston, Mass. Granite Lodge No. 1, was instituted at Nashua, September 11, 1843, and Hillsborough Lodge No. 2, at Manchester, December 21, 1843, and the five charter members of Hillsborough No. 2 were initiated in Granite No. 1, withdrawing December 12, 1843. Only two members of Our Veteran Odd-Fellows Association, now living, were made Odd-Fellows under this old work, namely, David Cross, of Hillsborough No. 2, initiated in 1844, and George Main, of White Mountain No. 5, initiated in 1844, who is, I think, present with us this evening.

The entire ritualistic and ceremonial work of the Order was revised and made consistent with itself in 1845, which remained the standard for thirty-five years; again in 1880 a revision was called for, made, and went into effect January 1, 1880, the five degrees being reduced to three as at present.

But there yet seems to be some anomalies in the Order: a person can be initiated into the Order, receive the degrees and resign, and in less than four weeks become an honorable "Ancient Odd-Fellow," while we, the members of this Association, are obliged to be at least forty-six years of age before we can become Veteran Odd-Fellows, and even wear the Veteran Odd-Fellows Jewel.

At the session of the Sovereign Grand Lodge, at Baltimore, in 1882, of which body I was one of the Representative from this State. De Soto Lodge No. 155 of Springfield, Mass., exemplified the revised work before the Sovereign Grand Lodge, and it was by chance that I sat beside of a brother Odd-Fellow the son of James W. Hunt, who had been a member of Washington Lodge No. 1, of Baltimore, for over fifty years; and this was the Lodge organized by Thomas Wildey April 26, 1819; that Brother informed me that his father before him was a member of the same Lodge, and also that his son was also a full-fledged member of the same Lodge. Thus here are son, father and grandfather in communication with "Father Wildey," by tradition at least.

My researches and investigations into the history and make-up of the ritual and ceremonials of this Order are such as to convince me that those persons, who formulated it into a system, borrowed a considerable portion of the work from other secret societies, and hence the words, "ancient usages," and "ancient customs," are used with considerable elasticity. It appears that more or less has actually been appropriated from the Freemasons, the Druids, the Gregorianians, the Zuzimites, and several others; yet, many of these societies had then and do now the same objects in view and taught and cultivated the same fraternal relations.

Now a careful comparison of all the ancient rites, as they existed anterior to the Christian era, leads to the following summarization and conclusion;

It was a leading characteristic of all the ancient rites, that they began in sorrow and gloom, but ended in light and joy; they were calculated to remind men of their weakness, their ignorance, their helplessness, and their sinfulness of character; of the shortness and uncertainty of life, of the ills which flesh is heir to; of the punishment of guilt, the reward of virtue, and the raising of the just to life eternal and immortal. In fact, the mode of initiation was calculated to make a deep and lasting impression upon the mind of the candidate.

The Rev. A. B. Chapin, a clergyman of high rank, and a Brother, who had made the history and traditions of secret societies a study, both in principles and practices, sums up his investigations on these subjects as follows:

"Every form of religion which, does now exist, or ever has existed, was copied from an original, divine institution; and that every form of the ancient mysteries was copied from some primitive and religious rite. The origin of these seem to have been a primitive, religious rite, kept in commemoration of the deliverance of Noah from the Ark, variously understood, in subsequent times, and variously modified among different nations, and upon which various superstitions have been engrafted."

ANNIVERSARY ODE FOR ODD-FELLOWS.

BY VETERAN JAMES G. PERCIVAL

AIR — "Brave Old Oak."

Odd-Fellows we are, in this cold iron world,
 For our hearts glow with charity bright ;
 Odd-Fellows indeed, for to help those in need
 Is our first and chiefest delight.
 The mourner we comfort, the sick we attend,
 We lift up the poor and down trod ;
 Every brother shall find, in his brother, a friend,
 And isn't that, too, very odd ?

CHORUS.

Then a health to Odd-Fellows ! long life to Odd-Fellows !
 Our Order forever shall stand :
 A health to Odd-Fellows ! long life to Odd-Fellows !
 Gie's a CLASP of a BROTHERLY HAND.

Every Odd-Fellow watches the bed of his friend,
 When he lingers in sickness and pain,
 Nor ever is weary his pillow to tend,
 Till health shall renew him again.
 But if in the cold grave his friend shall be laid,
 He visits the children of sorrow ;
 By the Odd-Fellow's kindness, the orphan is made
 To forget the dark fears of tomorrow.

Then just for a moment look into our school,
 Where the little Odd-Fellows are learning ;
 You must be more than ODD, if you then can keep cool,
 When each Odd-Fellow's bosom is yearning ;
 We are all of us odd enough then to allow,
 That the sight can extract from us tears ;
 Indeed, it is ODD, and we cannot tell how,
 But that sight, though it saddens us, cheers.

We can say when THREE of us together are met,
 We are ODD, and yet we THREE agree !
 And when TWO by TWO we together are set,
 Though EVEN, ODD-FELLOWS are we.
 Then let us rejoice in the name of Odd-Fellow !
 We can't find a worthier name ;
 Whenever 'tis spoken, the hard heart grows mellow,
 And charity lights up her flame.

CHORUS.

Then a health to Odd-Fellows ! long life to Odd-Fellows !
 Our Order forever shall stand :
 A health to Odd-Fellows ! long life to Odd-Fellows !
 Gie's a CLASP of a BROTHERLY HAND !

THE PARABLE ON PERSECUTION.

(Franklin's Version.)

Aram was sitting at the door of his tent, under the shade of his fig-tree, when it came to pass that a man, stricken in years, bearing a staff in his hand, journeying that way. And it was noon-day. And Aram said unto the stranger: "Pass not by, I pray thee, but come in and wash thy feet, and tarry here until the evening; for thou art stricken with years, and the heat overcometh thee."

And the stranger left his staff at the door, and entered into the tent of Aram. And he rested himself. And Aram set before him bread and cakes of fine meal, baked upon the hearth. And Aram blessed the bread, calling upon the name of the Lord. And the stranger did eat, and refused to pray unto the Most High, saying: "Thy Lord is not the God of my fathers, why, therefore, should I present my vows to him?" And Aram's wrath was kindled, and he called his servants, and they beat the stranger and drove him into the wilderness.

Now in the evening Aram lifted up his voice to the Lord, and prayed unto Him. And the Lord said: "Aram, where is the stranger that sojourned this day with thee!" And Aram answered and said: "Behold, O Lord, he ate of Thy bread, and would not offer unto Thee his prayers and thanksgivings; therefore, did I chastise him and drive him from before me into the wilderness."

And the Lord said unto Aram: "Who hath made thee a judge between Me and him? Have not I borne with thine iniquities, and winked at thy backsliding; and shalt thou be severe with thy brother, to mark his errors and punish his perverseness? Arise, and follow the stranger, and carry with thee oil and wine, and annoint his bruises, and speak kindly unto him. For I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, and judgment belongeth unto me. Vain is thy oblation of thanksgiving without a lowly heart. As a bulrush thou mayest bow down thy head, and lift up thy voice like a trumpet; but thou obeyest not the ordinance of thy God if thy worship be for strife and debate. Behold the sacrifice that I have chosen. Is it not to undo the heavy burdens, to let the oppressed go free, and to break every yoke? To deal thy bread to the hungry, and to bring the poor that are cast out to thy house?"

And Aram trembled before the presence of God. And he arose, and put on sackcloth and ashes, and went out into the wilderness to do as the Lord had commanded him.

THE PRAYER OF THE GRAND MAN.

Most High, Most Holy, and All-Powerful Love, our Father and Mother, in equal union; from whom we proceeded, and in whom we are sustained in life, and all the blessings we enjoy — give us increase of Your kind affections and cheerful obedience and submission to Your will. Make our daily labors innocent and inoffensive, and to produce a supply from Your bounty for our daily wants, with something to bestow in liberality where there is need. Increase our love to one another, that we may live together in mutual affection and kindness as Your children in honor and love unto You. Deliver us from evil, which in obedience to Your will, and subject to Your power, destroys itself, — that Your children may be established on earth, in honor and love, with endless progress, and nothing to hurt or destroy. Enlighten our minds; increase and elevate our affections, that we may see more and more of the beauty and glory of Your presence in all Nature around us, and in Your Providence, by which we are sustained and governed, until by Your command we lay aside our earthly bodies, and receive a new birth to higher enjoyment in Your love. Amen and Amen.

GOLDEN RULE OF CONFUCIUS.

“Do unto another what you would he should do unto you; and do not unto another what you would not should be done unto you.

“Thou needest only this law alone. It is the foundation of all the rest.”

STATISTICS OF THE ORDER DEC. 31, 1902.

Grand Lodges,	-	-	-	-	-	67
Grand Encampments,	-	-	-	-	-	55
Subordinate Lodges,	-	-	-	-	-	13,277
Subordinate Encampments,	-	-	-	-	-	2,862
Rebekah Lodges,	-	-	-	-	-	6,027
Lodge Members,	-	-	-	-	-	1,069,906
Encampment Members,	-	-	-	-	-	155,661
Rebekah Members,	-	-	-	-	-	411,955
Total Membership of the Order,	-	-	-	-	-	1,329,156

DECEASED MEMBERS.

(Oct. 9, 1902, to Oct 9, 1903.)

- Leroy M. Gould, Moultonborough, N. H. White Mountain Lodge No. 5, Concord. Died October 9, 1902.
- Joseph Kidder, Manchester. Hillsborough Lodge No. 2, Manchester. Died October 29, 1902.
- Samuel Upton, Goffstown. Mechanics Lodge No. 13, Manchester. Died November 20, 1902.
- Ephraim B. Wells, Concord. Hillsborough Lodge No. 2, Manchester. Died November 23, 1902.
- Robert Cook, West Manchester. Mechanics Lodge No. 13, Manchester. Died December 3, 1902.
- John W. Forbes, Hooksett. Hillsborough Lodge No. 2, Manchester. Died December 10, 1902.
- Darwin A. Simons, Manchester. Hillsborough Lodge No. 2, Manchester. Died December 11, 1902.
- Jonathan Dodge, Hopkinton. Mechanics Lodge No. 13, Manchester. Died December 12, 1902.
- Joseph H. Gardiner, Portsmouth. New Hampshire Lodge No. 17, Portsmouth. Died January 4, 1903.
- John Gillespie, Somerville, Mass. Mechanics Lodge No. 13, Manchester. Died January 14, 1903.
- James M. Moore, Manchester. Wildey Lodge No. 45, Manchester. Died June 1, 1903.
- William T. Evans, East Manchester. Mechanics Lodge No. 13, Manchester. Died June 28, 1903.
- James F. Pherson, Manchester. Mechanics Lodge No. 13, Manchester. Died July 2, 1903.
- Stephen Piper, Manchester. Wildey Lodge No. 45, Manchester. Died July 25, 1903.
- Charles F. Hildreth, Manchester. White Mountain Lodge No. 5, Concord. Died August 18, 1903.
- William H. Maxwell, Manchester. Mechanics Lodge No. 13, Manchester. Died October 9, 1903.

"Veteran Anchises recognized his friend Anius by a grip of the righthand."
—VIRGIL, *Æd* iii, 82-83.

April 16, 1870.

November 20, 1903.

VETERAN ODD-FELLOWS ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS, 1903-1904.

President,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	SYLVESTER C. GOULD.
First Vice-President,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	HENRY A. FARRINGTON.
Second Vice-President,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	EPHRAIM T. HARDY.
Secretary,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	EDWARD J. BURNHAM.
Treasurer.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	LEROY M. STREETER.

TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL ENTERTAINMENT.

November 20, 1903.

CATERER, - - - - - FRANK A. DOCKHAM.

Dinner served at 8 o'clock in Odd-Fellows Banquet Hall.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Annual address, - - - By the President, S. C. GOULD.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

Reading, - - - "Woodman, Spare That Tree."

Addresses. By P. G. Representatives, Henry A. Farrington, George A. Robie, John W. Bourlet; Grand Master George E. Danforth, Grand Secretary Frank L. Way; Secretary Edward J. Burnham; G. H. Priest Eugene B. Worthen; Past Presidents, John W. Mears, George C. Gilmore, Arthur L. Walker; Past Grands, John C. Chase, Frank J. Pillsbury; Rev. Nathan P. Philbrook, and other officers, and Veterans present.

MUSIC.

COMMITTEES ON ANNUAL REUNION.

ANNUAL ADDRESS,	-	-	Henry A. Farrington and S. C. Gould.
BANQUET AND HALL,	-	Edward J. Burnham and Henry A. Farrington.	
ENTERTAINMENT AND MUSIC,	-	Leroy M. Streeter and Ephraim T. Hardy,	
INVITATIONS,	-	H. A. Farrington, E. J. Burnham, and S. C. Gould.	
PRINTING,	-	-	Edward J. Burnham.
BADGES,	-	-	John P. Kelley.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot."

Representatives of the press : UNION, MIRROR, NEWS.

VETERAN ODD-FELLOWS ASSOCIATION.

PREAMBLE.

Many human institutions are ephemeral in their existence because such are not founded on correct principles, or conducted in a wise and prudent manner. Hence they flourish for a brief period only, and are then lost sight of forever. It is not so with Odd-Fellowship. Age but adds to its strength, prosperity, and usefulness. For twenty-five years or more those whose names are hereto attached have carefully watched its history, and have experienced some of its many advantages. In conformity with these views, and believing that we may still further promote the interests of the Order, by other organized efforts in its behalf, we agree to form a society to be hailed as the VETERAN ODD-FELLOWS ASSOCIATION, of Manchester, N. H., and be governed by the following

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I. This association shall be known and hailed as the VETERAN ODD-FELLOWS ASSOCIATION, of Manchester, N. H.

ART. II It shall be composed of Odd-Fellows in good standing who have been members of the Order for twenty-five years and upwards. Membership may be secured at the annual meeting of the association by furnishing evidence of the required connection in the Order, present good standing, and signing the Constitution. At all other times application shall be made to the Board of Officers, and receive their approval. The Secretary is authorized to receive applications, and, if accompanied by the admission fee, and approved by the Board of Officers, will enroll them as members.

ART. III. The association shall meet annually, on the first Wednesday of October, at half-past seven o'clock in the evening, for the purpose of electing officers and transacting any other business that may properly come before the association. It may also hold special meetings on the call of the Board of Officers, or at the request of any ten members of the association, provided that the call shall be made through the Board of Officers. All meetings for business shall be held in Odd-Fellows Building.

ART. IV. The officers shall consist of a President, First and Second Vice-Presidents, Secretary, and Treasurer, whose duties shall severally be the same as usually performed by such officers. The officers together shall constitute a Board of Directors, who shall have the general charge of matters during the recess of one year, and until their successors are elected.

ART. V. Applicants for membership in the association shall pay fifty cents, and this fee shall go to the fund for ordinary expenses. All expenses for the banquets, dinners, collations, and the like, shall be paid for by an equal assessment on those who participate therein. The Board of Officers are authorized to make assessments when deemed necessary.

ART. VI. This Constitution may be altered, or amended, at any annual meeting, said amendment being proposed in writing, and two-thirds of those present voting in its favor, provided there shall be present at said meeting not less than fifteen members.

RESOLVED, That at the annual meeting of the association the time for holding the annual festival be left with the Board of Directors, and all members shall be notified of the same.

RESOLVED, That the Board of Directors are hereby instructed to make all necessary arrangements for the annual festival. The members are requested to notify the Secretary the number of plates wanted by them at least one week previous to the meeting.

RESOLVED, That the annual assessment be fixed at twenty-five cents for each member when not otherwise ordered.

ROLL OF MEMBERSHIP.

LODGE.	NAME.	INITIATED.	LODGE.	NAME.	INITIATED.
13	Aldrich, Bradley B.....	Feb. 28, 1856	2	Kimball, Orrin E.....	Mar. 16, 1863
74	Aldrich, Ezra B.....	Aug. 18, 1871	18	Kinne, Martin V. B.....	July 12, 1868
2	Bailey, George A.....	July 19, 1869	13	Knowlton, Thomas O.....	Aug. 10, 1875
13	Barr, Albert T.....	Feb. 1, 1870	13	Lane, John G.....	Sept. 9, 1866
2	Bartlett, Oscar F.....	Sept. 9, 1867	13	Lane, John W.....	Mar. 24, 1874
2	Bean, Joseph.....	Sept. 19, 1859	2	Lane, Thomas W.....	Nov. 16, 1874
13	Bean, Joseph W.....	April 19, 1864	7	Leavitt, Almon C.....	Sept. 2, 1856
5	Bilsborough, Benjamin.....	Sept. 6, 1872	17	Locke, Hiram C.....	May 1, 1867
13	Brown, Henry S.....	Dec. 24, 1867	13	Lord, Harrison D.....	Jan. 17, 1865
45	Burbank, David H.....	Nov. 18, 1868	2	Longa, Horatio W.....	Dec. 3, 1866
2	Burbank, J. Oscar.....	Mar. 20, 1867	13	McKean, Henry L.....	Nov. 13, 1877
53	Burnham, Edward J.....	Oct. 31, 1874	5	Main, George.....	Mar. 22, 1844
45	Burnham, Henry E.....	April 14, 1869	2	Marshall, Charles H.....	Mar. 14, 1870
13	Burton, James F.....	Aug. 10, 1875	2	Marshall, William.....	Jan. 26, 1874
13	Butman, Oliver J.....	Dec. 13, 1854	13	Maxfield, Daniel H.....	Feb. 3, 1857
2	Cadwell, Frank A.....	Nov. 1, 1875	2	Mears, John W.....	April 28, 1870
2	Carr, James R.....	May 25, 1868	13	Merrill, Joseph E.....	Jan. 29, 1861
45	Carswell, Uriah A.....	May 12, 1857	24	Moore, Henry.....	April 3, 1865
5	Carter, Orrin T.....	June 12, 1866	2	Mores, George E.....	May 11, 1874
45	Cayzer, John.....	Mar. 20, 1867	2	Nallgey, Charles F.....	July 27, 1868
2	Chase, John C.....	Nov. 25, 1872	2	Noyes, Hezekiah H.....	Aug. 6, 1861
45	Chase, John N.....	Sept. 19, 1859	5	Nutter, Charles C.....	April 3, 1873
13	Clement, Chauncey W.....	Mar. 16, 1875	19	Nutting, Eben H.....	1866
2	Collins, David W.....	Dec. 20, 1858	13	Osgood, Charles H.....	May 16, 1865
6	Cotton, William W.....	Oct. 31, 1864	2	Paige, Alby H.....	Feb. 24, 1873
13	Craig, Isaac S.....	Nov. 2, 1858	2	Page, Amos B.....	Nov. 9, 1863
13	Craig, John P.....	Feb. 7, 1860	25	Page, Samuel B.....	Jan. 14, 1877
13	Crosby, Andrew J.....	Oct. 27, 1874	13	Parker, Jr., William.....	Jan. 30, 1856
2	Cross, David.....	Mar. 1844	13	Pennock, Ira W.....	June 9, 1863
5	Cummings, George A.....	Mar. 2, 1866	15	Pettingill, Isaac.....	Mar. 24, 1856
35	Davis, Richard E.....	Mar. 30, 1870	2	Pettit, Robert C.....	Mar. 19, 1877
58*	Dixon, John.....	July 10, 1873	5	Pillsbury, Nathan P.....	Sept. 1, 1848
2	Dudley, George H.....	Feb. 4, 1867	5	Pillsbury, Frank J.....	May 29, 1873
13	Dudley, Hollis O.....	April 15, 1856	19	Prunk, Edwin.....	Oct. —, 1851
2	Dunham, Guy B.....	Jan. 30, 1860	2	Randall, Noah M.....	Feb. 26, 1866
5	Dutton, Jacob S.....	April 6, 1866	19	Roble, George A.....	April 1, 1868
45	Edgerly, Clarence M.....	Mar. 20, 1867	74	Richardson, Frank T. E.....	Mar. 17, 1863
74	Everett, William G.....	Nov. 10, 1875	13	Robinson, Benjamin W.....	Oct. 13, 1851
2	Farnham, Charles H.....	May 27, 1867	13	Sanborn, Abner J.....	Dec. 5, 1855
66	Farnham, John U.....	Jan. 30, 1856	2	Sanborn, Edward G.....	Feb. 12, 1872
45	Farrington, Henry A.....	May 11, 1858	2	Sanborn, Luther.....	—, 1847
45	Flanders, Sherman L.....	Mar. 19, 1879	13	Sargent, Francis P.....	Aug. 30, 1854
44	Fletcher, Benjamin.....	May 14, 1861	13	Sawyer, Zara B.....	Feb. 10, 1857
2	Frye, Richard E.....	Dec. 3, 1866	2	Seaman, Henry G.....	Oct. 6, 1867
13	Garnon, William G.....	April 30, 1861	2	Senter, Franklin A.....	April 17, 1849
45	Gerrish, Charles F.....	Oct. 21, 1874	13	Simons, Hiram D.....	Feb. 18, 1852
13	Gilmore, George C.....	Aug. 29, 1849	13	Smith, (1st), John C.....	Dec. 25, 1860
2	Gould, Sylvester C.....	Oct. 5, 1863	13	Snow, Levi K.....	July 22, 1873
13	Grant, Daniel E.....	Mar. 6, 1877	45	Stearns, George H.....	Dec. 2, 1866
2	Greeley, William E.....	July 13, 1863	17	Stearns, William E.....	Dec. 1, 1873
2	Hardy, Ephraim T.....	Nov. 20, 1865	97	Streeter, Leroy M.....	Nov. 27, 1871
9	Head, Joseph N.....	July 16, 1844	13	Thayer, David.....	June 22, 1853
5	Hill, George W.....	May 8, 1870	45	Thayer, Edgar A.....	Nov. 24, 1869
2	Hodge, Jeremiah.....	May 15, 1869	45	Towle, J. Frank.....	Nov. 18, 1868
13	Hunton, Hollis C.....	April 26, 1854	2	Walker, Arthur L.....	July 18, 1849
13	Irwin, John.....	Nov. 29, 1864	2	Ward, Joseph T.....	Feb. 12, 1866
2	Jones, Jeremiah B.....	Mar. 24, 1856	2	Whitmore, Cyrus.....	May 21, 1877
2	Jones, Rufus K.....	Dec. 27, 1869	2	Whitmore, I. Clarence.....	Jan. 17, 1876
5	Johnson, James A.....	Oct. 22, 1874	97	Wilkins, Charles T.....	May 17, 1867
2	Kendall, Benjamin C.....	—, 1853	5	Williams, George L.....	Mar. 3, 1871
46	Kelley, John P.....	Mar. 3, 1873	2	Winlock, Charles.....	July 15, 1872
55†	Keniston, Charles C.....	July 11, 1848	2	Woodbury, John F.....	April 19, 1858
5	Kimball, John.....	Jan. 10, 1851	45	Worthen, Eugene B.....	Dec. 14, 1870

* Elliot No. 58, Mass. † Truth No. 55, Cal.

† Lowell No. 7, Mass. Total, 126

VETERAN ODD-FELLOWS HAVING VETERAN JEWELS.

LODGE.	NAME.	RESIDENCE.	LODGE.	NAME.	RESIDENCE.
2	I Joseph Kidder,	Manchester,	7	XIII Almon C. Leavitt,	Laconia,
1	II Stephen Williams,	Nashua,	1	XIV Job Wallace,	Nashua,
7	III Charles E. Lang,	Derry,	4	XV John H. Lord,	Somersworth,
44	IV Benjamin Fletcher,	Bridgeport, Ct.	28	XVI Benjamin S. Colby,	Franklin,
55*	V Charles C. Keniston,	Stockton, Cal.	51	XVII Rufus Smith,	Lakeport,
13	VI Abel M. Keniston,	Auburn,	68	XVIII Leonard W. Bradley,	Newton,
32	VII Isaac H. Morrison,	Deerfield,	68	XIX Archibald Dunn,	Newton,
1	VIII Freeman Tupper,	Nashua,	6	XX Ed. L. F. Holbrook,	Portsmouth.
2	IX Sylvester C. Gould,	Manchester,			
5	X Joseph A. Merriam,	Concord,			
28	XI William L. Rowell,	Franklin,	5	I George Main,	Concord,
1	XII Joseph H. Gardiner,	Portsmouth,	2	II Joseph Kidder,	Manchester.

* Truth No. 55, Cal.

HONORABLE VETERAN JEWELS.

5	I George Main,	Concord,
2	II Joseph Kidder,	Manchester.

NECROLOGICAL RECORD.

LODGE.	NAME.	DECEASED.	LODGE.	NAME.	DECEASED.
13	Abbott, William O.	Jan. 17, 1895	47	Ladd, William D.	Jan. 26, 1901
2	Abels, Charles.	April 19, 1892	9	Lane, Charles.	Nov. 26, 1896
17	Annable, George	May 6, 1894	2	Little, Joel S.	Mar. 7, 1891
2	Avery, John L.	Sept. 3, 1899	13	Lytford, John C.	Dec. 28, 1897
13	Bailey, Joseph.	Jan. 29, 1890	2	Marten, William G.	May 1, 1892
13	Baleh, Frederick B.	Jan. 10, 1901	45	Marston, John.	Jan. 10, 1892
2	Black, Frederick A.	Oct. 3, 1889	2	Mason, John Edwin.	Mar. 5, 1892
5	Blanchard, Charles P.	April 25, 1885	13	Maxwell, William H.	Oct. 9, 1903
13	Brooks, Benjamin P.	May 3, 1895	13	Merrill, Evander G.	April 14, 1895
13	Brooks, George W.	Aug. 17, 1884	13	Merrill, Henry C.	Sept. 23, 1893
2	Brown, Charles H.	Oct. 5, 1890	2	Metcalfe, Nathan H.	Sept. 29, 1901
2	Brown, Luther H.	Dec. 18, 1886	15	Miller, John R.	Feb. 15, 1896
2	Bruce, John N.	Sept. 16, 1902	2	Morgan, Thomas.	Aug. 23, 1891
13	Burleigh, Russell O.	Mar. 21, 1902	45	Moore, James M.	June 1, 1903
2	Canfield, Charles.	Feb. 19, 1895	45	Moore, Jonathan B.	Aug. 7, 1884
45	Cant, Augustus.	Sept. 4, 1900	7	Moore, Jonathan L.	May 27, 1898
2	Cilley, Ezra D.	April 21, 1896	2	Morrill, Nathaniel E.	Mar. 8, 1890
2	Clough, James M.	Feb. 17, 1892	2	Morrill, William H.	May 8, 1896
2	Colby, Christopher C.	Jan. 2, 1899	5	Morrison, Amos H.	Sept. 23, 1900
2	Colby, George H.	Feb. 3, 1903	2	Neal Walter.	Nov. 11, 1896
2	Colby, Leonard.	Jan. 22, 1888	3	Newell, Thompson L.	Nov. 25, 1893
45	Colby, Lyman W.	June 21, 1900	5	Norris, James S.	Sept. 30, 1900
13	Cook, Robert.	Dec. 3, 1902	5	Oberly, John H.	April 15, 1899
2	Custer, Emil	May 16, 1896	2	Oliver, Moses W.	Sept. 8, 1900
13	Currier, Charles.	Sept. 26, 1880	2	Olzendam, Abraham P.	Dec. 23, 1896
13	Daniels, Joel.	May 18, 1899	2	Paige, John R.	Feb. 6, 1899
36	Davis, William L.	Nov. 25, 1901	13	Palmer, Isaac D.	Oct. 3, 1898
13	Dickey, Andrew J.	Dec. 12, 1892	13	Palmer, Stephen.	Jan. 6, 1894
13	Dickey, John W.	June 22, 1901	13	Patterson, John D.	June 12, 1897
13	Dodge, Jonathan.	Dec. 12, 1902	13	Pherson, James F.	July 2, 1903
2	Downs, Noah.	April 2, 1886	5	Pillsbury, Thomas W.	April 23, 1896
13	Durgin, Charles T.	Jan. 10, 1890	13	Pettigrew, James W.	Jan. 1, 1892
46	Durgin, Luther P.	Feb. 17, 1900	13	Piper, John K.	Mar. 31, 1890
5	Eaton, Horace.	Aug. 28, 1900	45	Piper, Stephen.	July 25, 1903
13	Evans, William T.	June 28, 1903	13	Prince, John.	April 10, 1896
13	Fairbanks, Alfred G.	Mar. 31, 1896	13	Putney, Philip B.	Sept. 15, 1888
13	Flanders, Abial C.	May 24, 1896	2	Ricker, David.	Feb. 12, 1884
13	Flanders, Richard.	Jan. 8, 1900	2	Robbins, George E.	July 19, 1901
2	Forbes, John W.	Dec. 10, 1902	13	Robinson, Benjamin J.	May 1, 1902
2	Gage, Henry A.	May 16, 1895	13	Sanborn, William.	Feb. 28, 1897
17	Gardiner, Joseph H.	Jan. 4, 1903	13	Shattuck, George B.	Jan. 20, 1901
13	Gillespie, John.	June 13, 1903	2	Shirley, John.	Mar. 10, 1902
2	Glines, George E.	May 22, 1895	2	Simons, Darwin A.	Dec. 11, 1902
5	Gould, Leroy M.	Oct. 9, 1902	2	Smith, Stephen F.	Mar. 23, 1896
2	Green, Benjamin W.	Jan. 12, 1899	20	Sprug, John L.	May 29, 1900
13	Greenleaf, William B.	Mar. 1, 1902	5	Stanyan, David D.	Oct. 12, 1892
13	Hardy, Orison.	Sept. 3, 1902	2	Stearns, Charles H.	Feb. 21, 1898
2	Harlow, Reuben S.	Aug. 13, 1897	13	Sweet, James L.	Feb. 12, 1888
5	Hildreth, Charles F.	Aug. 18, 1903	2	Taylor, Joel.	May 8, 1881
46	Hildreth, Joseph W.	Dec. 3, 1900	43	Thorpe Joseph	Feb. 14, 1888
13	Hastings, Greeley W.	Sept. 28, 1899	2	Tillotson, Benjamin M.	Jan. 17, 1890
2	Hill, John M.	July 12, 1897	2	Tirrell, Henry J.	July 18, 1902
2	Holmes, George S.	May 3, 1900	45	Trefethen, Charles.	Feb. 3, 1901
2	Hosley, John.	Mar. 24, 1890	13	Upton, Samuel.	Nov. 20, 1902
13	Howe, James M.	Aug. 12, 1895	2	Vance, George R.	Feb. 3, 1901
2	James, Jacob F.	April 15, 1892	2	Wells, Charles.	Dec. 18, 1884
13	Jones, Jeremiah D.	July 18, 1893	2	Wells, Ephraim B.	Nov. 23, 1902
2	Kelly, John L.	May 1, 1887	13	White, Daniel K.	May 11, 1892
13	Keniston, Abel M.	Mar. 5, 1901	47	Whittier, Aaron G.	Nov. 6, 1900
2	Kidder, Samuel B.	Dec. 5, 1895	13	Williams, George G.	Dec. 5, 1886
2	Kidder, John S.	April 6, 1898	13	Wing, James C.	Sept. 12, 1900
2	Kidder, Joseph.	Oct. 29, 1902	2	Woodbury, Silas B.	Oct. 18, 1898
2	Ladd, Horatio H.	Nov. 9, 1881	45	Young, David H.	July 18, 1902

Total, 126

ANNUAL ADDRESSES.

LODGE.	BY WHOM.	YEAR.	LODGE.	BY WHOM.	YEAR.
5	P. G. Rep. George A. Cummings,	1890	53	Edward J. Burnham,	1897
2	Hon. David Cross,	1891	59	Rev. Charles W. Dockertill,	1898
45	P. G. Rep. Henry A. Farrington,	1892	25	P. G. Rep. Samuel B. Page,	1899
38*	Rev. William H. Morrison,	1893	2	Rev. Claudius Byrne,	1900
2	P. G. Rep. Joseph Kidder,	1894	13	Hon. George C. Gilmore,	1901
	Rev. Charles J. Staples,	1895	19	P. G. Rep. George A. Robie,	1902
45	Hon. Henry E. Burnham,	1896	2	P. G. Rep. Sylvester C. Gould,	1903

* Souhegan No. 38, Mass.

OFFICIAL SUCCESSION.

LODGE. PRESIDENTS.

2	Jacob F. James,	1880
13	George C. Gilmore,	1880-1881
13	Abel M. Keniston,	1881-1884
2	John Hosley,	1884-1885
2	Christopher C. Colby,	1885-1892
2	George S. Holmes,	1892-1894
45	Uriah A. Carswell,	1894-1896
5	George A. Cummings,	1896-1897
2	David W. Collins,	1897-1898
2	George A. Bailey,	1898-1899
2	John W. Mears,	1899-1900
45	David H. Young,	1900-1901
2	Arthur L. Walker,	1901-1892
2	William E. Greeley,	1902-1903
2	Sylvester C. Gould,	1903-1904

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENTS.

13	Abel M. Keniston,	1880-1881
13	Stephen Palmer,	1881-1884
2	Christopher C. Colby,	1884-1885
13	Daniel H. Maxfield,	1885-1892
5	Uriah A. Carswell,	1892-1894
5	George A. Cummings,	1894-1896
2	David W. Collins,	1896-1897
2	George A. Bailey,	1897-1898
2	John W. Mears,	1898-1899
45	David H. Young,	1899-1900
2	Arthur L. Walker,	1900-1901
2	William E. Greeley,	1901-1902
2	Sylvester C. Gould,	1902-1903
45	Henry A. Farrington,	1903-1904

LODGE. SECOND VICE-PRESIDENTS.

2	Arthur L. Walker,	1880
13	Stephen Palmer,	1880-1881
45	Jonathan B. Moore,	1881-1882
2	Christopher C. Colby,	1882-1884
13	Charles T. Durgin,	1884-1890
45	Uriah A. Carswell,	1890-1892
5	George A. Cummings,	1892-1894
2	Joseph Kidder,	1894-1895
2	David W. Collins,	1895-1896
2	George A. Bailey,	1896-1897
2	John W. Mears,	1897-1898
45	David H. Young,	1898-1899
2	Arthur L. Walker,	1899-1900
2	William E. Greeley,	1900-1901
2	Sylvester C. Gould,	1901-1902
45	Henry A. Farrington,	1902-1903
2	Ephraim T. Hardy,	1903-1904

SECRETARIES.

2	Nathaniel E. Morrill,	1880-1890
2	Sylvester C. Gould,	1890-1903
53	Burnham, Edward J.,	1903-1904

TREASURERS.

13	Daniel H. Maxfield,	1880-1885
13	George G. Williams,	1885-1887
13	Abel M. Keniston,	1887-1894
2	Joseph Bean,	1894-1898
2	William E. Greeley,	1898-1900
45	Eugene B. Worthen,	1900-1901
97	Leroy M. Streeter,	1901-1904

ORIGINAL MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

THE TWENTY WHO SIGNED THE CALL.

LODGE AND NAME.	DECEASED.	ORDER
(1) 2 Joseph Kidder,	Oct. 29, 1902	(20)
(2) 2 Nathaniel E. Morrill,	Mar. 8, 1890	(10)
(3) 13 Charles T. Durgin,	Jan. 10, 1890	(9)
(4) 13 Charles Currier,	Sept. 26, 1880	(1)
(5) 13 George W. Brooks,	Aug. 17, 1884	(4)
(6) 2 Joel Taylor,	May 8, 1881	(2)
(7) 2 Horatio H. Ladd,	Nov. 9, 1881	(3)
(8) 2 Christopher C. Colby,	Jan. 2, 1899	(18)
(9) 2 Charles Canfield,	Feb. 19, 1895	(13)
(10) 13 John C. Lyford,	Dec. 28, 1897	(16)
(11) 2 Walter Neal,	Nov. 11, 1894	(14)
(12) 2 Leonard Colby,	Jan. 22, 1889	(7)
(13) 2 John R. Paige,	Feb. 6, 1899	(17)
(14) 2 John Hosley,	Mar. 24, 1890	(11)
(15) 2 Henry A. Gage,	May 16, 1896	(15)
(16) 2 Samuel B. Kidder,	Dec. 5, 1885	(6)
(17) 13 Evander G. Merrill,	April 14, 1885	(5)
(18) 2 Jacob F. James,	April 15, 1892	(12)
(19) 13 Philip B. Putney,	Sept. 15, 1888	(8)
(20) 13 Frederick B. Balch,	Jan. 10, 1901	(19)

ALSO PRESENT AT FIRST MEETING.

LODGE.	NAME.	DECEASED.
13	Charles H. Brown,	Oct. 5, 1890
2	Noah Downs,	April 2, 1886
13	Abel M. Kenniston,	Mar. 15, 1901
13	Stephen Palmer,	Jan. 6, 1894
13	James W. Pettigrew,	Jan. 1, 1892

MEMBERS NOW LIVING.

13	George C. Gilmore,	Manchester
13	Daniel H. Maxfield,	"
13	Francis P. Sargent,	Goffstown
2	Franklin A. Senter,	Manchester
13	David Thayer,	"
2	Arthur L. Walker,	"

(Total membership at organization, 31)

Total number of members withdrawn,	12
Total number of members dropped,	18
Total number of members deceased,	136
Present Membership,	136

Total membership since organization, 302

MEMBERS WITHDRAWN.

LODGE.	NAME.	WITHDREW	LODGE.	NAME.	WITHDREW
2	John N. Bruce,	Nov. 1, 1892	7	Charles E. Lang,	Oct. 1, 1896
5	Walter Neal,	Nov. 1, 1892	13	Wallace L. Rogers,	Oct. 1, 1896
43	Gardner Towne,	Nov. 1, 1892	2	John Gillis,	Oct. 1, 1897
2	John Shirley,	Oct. 1, 1893	13	Robert Heath,	Oct. 1, 1897
2	Andrew J. Holmes,	Oct. 1, 1895	2	Daniel S. Harriman,	Oct. 1, 1899
2	John W. Forbes,	Oct. 1, 1896	2	Rufus L. Bartlett,	Oct. 1, 1900

(Total, 12.)

VETERAN O. F. ASSOCIATIONS IN UNITED STATES.

NAME.	ORGANIZED.	NAME.	ORGANIZED.
1 Massachusetts,	Nov. 15, 1875	8 Manchester, (N. H.),	April 16, 1889
2 Connecticut,	Mar. 8, 1876	9 Nebraska,	October, 1880
3 Essex County (Mass.),	April 10, 1876	10 Washington (D. C.),	April 21, 1887
4 Portland (Maine),	Sept. 28, 1876	11 Missouri,	Nov. 30, 1887
5 California,	April 17, 1877	12 Providence (R. I.),	Sept. 28, 1888
6 Louisville (Ky.),	Dec. 27, 1879	13 State of New York,	Nov. 9, 1888
7 Kentucky and Indiana,	Jan. 10, 1901	14 Pennsylvania,	May 9, 1894