

# The Museum Collection

No.11

The Origin of the  
Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes,  
being a research



by

*Primo J. P. Dowling,*  
*Grand Surrey Banner*

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THE ORIGIN  
OF THE  
ROYAL ANTEDILUVIAN  
ORDER OF BUFFALOES,  
BEING A RESEARCH

*Setting forth how and when the Order was first  
established in England, and shewing who brought it  
from Egypt, together with an explanation as to what  
Buffaloism is and what it is not.*

BY

**Primo J. P. DOWLING, G.S.B.**

AUTHOR OF "THE NINE LECTURES ON THE HISTORY AND MYSTERY OF  
BUFFALOISM", "IS THE R.A.O.B. ANTEDILUVIAN"? ETC.,

and compiler of the

FIRST DEGREE RITUAL

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*An account of all that is known of the R.A.O.B., dating from  
1776 to the present time.*



**To be obtained from the Author, 26, East Hill,  
Wandsworth, London, S.W.**

## ***Introduction***

**T**he contents of this book are a true copy of an original hard backed book loaned to me by a member and dear friend of the Grand Lodge of England.

I have copied these pages as faithfully as I can and corrected any spelling mistakes as and when they occurred. The phrases used are exactly as printed as are the Latin quotes.

Most of the long words have no meaning in the English dictionary and one must assume that they are a figment of Dowlings very enthusiastic, if overactive, imagination.

In the following pages where the initials O.R. occur, this refers to the Old Ritual as used by the Grand Surrey Banner and other Banners of the Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes as related by that other group which called themselves the R.A.O.B. League of Light.

Although the contents purport to be steeped in history there seems to be a distinct resemblance to another organisation which has its roots firmly established well before ours and whose ceremonies can be seen to be closely allied to our own.

The subject matter is a very in depth look into the mystery surrounding our Order and the authors view of how the R.A.O.B. originated in 1776. What Dowling perceives as the start of the R.A.O.B. is still not supported by any documentary evidence, perhaps a reference to Mervyn Payne's book "The Origin and Development of the Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes" should be taken and his remarks about the writings of J. P. Dowling.

In this particular work he remembers dates with a very clear mind yet he says he cannot remember the date of his own initiation or "Making".

Unfortunately to fully understand these works one must refer to three other publications by the same author, "The Nine Lectures on the History and Mystery of Buffaloism", "Is the Order Antediluvian" and "The Old Ritual" which can be

obtained from the same source as this series. These can be very interesting to the historical student and those who are interested in researching our Order and preserving same so that it is not forgotten, or very boring to those who like a bit of light reading.

The more I read the contents the more questions arise in my mind. It has been a pleasure for me to be able to key in all the contents and I hope you enjoy reading same.

*Mick Walker, R.O.H.*  
*April 2008*



## DEDICATION

TO MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER IN OUR ORDER,  
RICHARD HUTCHINSON OLDERSHAW,  
I DEDICATE THIS WORK

As soon as the R.A.O.B. League of Light was launched on the Buffalo world, R. H. Oldershaw, of 10, Postern Place, Middle Pavement, Nottingham, threw all his energies into that scheme. His untiring pen was used for several years in the advocacy of that movement, the object of which was to bring Buffaloeism into its own again; this he did in a manner that is beyond praise. He saw his duty lay in battling with the sand storms of ignorance that had been blowing over the R.A.O.B. since 1790, hiding and, disfiguring its Grand Archaic monuments, handed down to us through the long roll of the ages. This duty he fulfilled, to quote from our Old Ritual, "with zeal and wisdom". His work is now reflected in hundreds of Lodges; not only in the United Kingdom of England, Wales, Ireland and Scotland, but in our Colonies, South Africa more especially, the whole Order is deeply in the debt of Bro. R. H. Oldershaw.

Let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp and crook the pregnant hinges of the knee where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear brother? since my dear soul was mistress of her choice, and could of men distinguish her election, she hath sealed thee for herself; for thou hast been as one in suffering all that suffers nothing. Thou hast been a man that fortune buffets and rewards hast ta'en with equal thanks; and blest are those whose blood and judgment are so well commingled that they are not a pipe for fortune's finger to sound what stop she pleases.

"Give me that man who is not passion's slave, and I will wear him to my heart's core, aye, in my heart of hearts, as I do thee". — RICHARD HUTCHINSON OLDERSHAW.

THE AUTHOR.

## PREFACE

Unless some scribe in the Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes, possessing qualifications similar to my own in the history and mystery of that Order, which only lengthened study and reflection can endow for the task I have set myself to perform, and records, as I intend to do, what he has discovered pertaining to Buffaloism, the history of the Brotherhood known as indicated above (of which the letters R.A.O.B. form a tetragrammaton to be explained in its exoteric and esoteric aspects later on) bids fair to become as much a blank on the scroll of time as were the meanings of our symbolic mysteries before the nine lectures to explain them were published eight years ago by the author of this work.

To rescue such an important Order or Brotherhood as the R.A.O.B. is fast becoming, from this threatened blight of obscurity in its historical aspect, and more especially that period of its existence ranging back from 1863 to 1776 (in which period so very much depends to substantiate its Ritualistic claims to antiquity), is mainly, the object of the Author in publishing this book.

In endeavouring to impart R.A.O.B. historical enlightenment, the author will strictly adhere to the same plan or policy which governed his writing of the nine explanatory lectures already alluded to; that is to say, he will advance nothing in the pages of this work on his own ipse-dixit, but always on the authority of events which have already taken place, the authorities for which he will quote in full; but when any statement savours of an opinion (which it is all but impossible to avoid giving now and then), such seeming opinion, when examined in the light of unquestionable facts, will be found to be so clothed in reliable evidential garments as to lift the seeming opinion on to a pedestal of fact, rather

than that of erratic opinion which may be, and very likely is, but a masquerade for prejudice. Like all men who endeavour to ground their thinking on fact and not on erratic, ever shifting fancy, the writer has a wholesome horror of the mere opinion monger, or, in other words, of the intellectually LAZY, who habitually falls back on the personal pronoun "I" for his authorities. The more ignorant the opinion monger may be, the more emphatic does he become in his egoistic utterances.

It is the opinion of the author, rightly or wrongly entertained, he cannot say, having nothing better to substantiate it than fancy that, prefaces to books are seldom read with the attention they should command. Taking this as more or less of a fact, the writer intends to cut his preface as close as possible, knowing that what the artistic compiler of books would insist upon as necessary will all come out in the body of the work the reader has now before him.

No claim is made for this work other than that it is a truthful narrative, deeply interesting to about a million and a half of brothers. This narrative has been pieced together from well established facts, and its conclusions arrived at after an exhaustive research extending over thirty five years, bearing upon the history of the R.A.O.B. in England.

Usefulness has been the governing factor with the author for the publication of this book, disclaiming as he does all pretensions to literary excellence or style. Briefly put, he found a vast organization of a Secret Brotherhood, known as the R.A.O.B. in profound ignorance of their beginnings, and has simply done his best, unaided in any way, towards lifting the clouds and mists of obscurity into which the R.A.O.B., for the want of precaution (in not keeping suitable writings) had drifted, until all records as to how and when the Order first saw the light of England seemed to have perished entirely.

I must leave the reader to imagine the great blank which stared me in the face from all quarters when I first seriously started to unravel the maze of legend and doubt in which the history of Buffaloism had been steeped by carelessness.

The work, however, has been done, and the reader now knows, by the aid of this work, the TRUE ORIGIN OF BUFFALOISM in England, together with the names of its founders.





# CONTENTS

	PAGE
DEDICATION .. .. .	2
PREFACE .. .. .	3
CHAPTER I	
THE SUBJECT IS OPENED UP .. .. .	8
CHAPTER II	
HOW AN UNENLIGHTENED WAS MADE IN THE YEAR 1863 ..	12
CHAPTER III	
FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS .. .. .	18
CHAPTER IV	
THE CELEBRATED CITY OF LUSHINGTONS.. .. .	25
CHAPTER V	
CONTAINING MANY IMPORTANT POINTS CONCERNING BUFFALOISM	31
CHAPTER VI	
THE RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN ERA .. .. .	37
CHAPTER VII	
COUNT DE CAGLIOSTRO AND GEORGE COOPER MURRAY ..	43
CHAPTER VIII	
CAGLIOSTRO – CONTINUED .. .. .	49
CHAPTER IX	
AN ATTEMPT TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF ANIMAL FORMS BY THE AID OF THE “WISDOM OF THE EGYPTIANS” ..	60

# CONTENTS

PAGE

## CHAPTER X

CONCLUION OF THESIS ON THE ANIMAL SYMBOLOGY OF THE EGYPTIANS .. .. .	70
---	----

## CHAPTER XI

WHY TOMFOOLERY ONCE DISGRACED A BUFFALO INITIATION	74
--	----

## CHAPTER XII

COUNT DE ST. GERMAINS AND OUR SUPREME GRAND PRIMO	82
---	----

## CHAPTER XIII

DEALING MAINLY WITH QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE BANNER SHE ALLEGORICALLY PRESENTED TO THE ORDER	90
--	----

## CHAPTER XIV

DEALING WITH ILLUSIVE OPTIONS AND OUR R.A.O.B. RITUAL	95
---	----

## CHAPTER XV

OUR CEREMONIAL LIGHTS .. .. .	97
-------------------------------	----

## CHAPTER XVI

R.A.O.B. LEAGUE OF LIGHT MOVEMENT .. .. .	100
---	-----

## CHAPTER XVII

LAST WORD .. .. .	104
-------------------	-----

## EPILOGUE

## CHAPTER I

### THE SUBJECT IS OPENED UP

Regarding the constitution of the Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes, or Brotherhood, it has been found, after considerable research (in which Bro. C. S. Tomlin, Secretary of the late R.A.O.B. Amalgamation movement, has had the lion's share), that there were in the year A.D. 1907 twenty three autonomous R.A.O.B. Banners in the United Kingdom, the word "Banner" taking its rise from the Banner the Virgin Queen Elizabeth presented to the order in Shakespeare's time. This incident will be more fully considered later on.

Each of these banners has a distinctive name of its own, which distinguishes it clearly from the others, such as the Grand Surrey Banner, the Grand Lodge of England Banner, the Grand Executive Banner, the Royal Wiltshire Banner, the Thames Valley Banner, and so on to the number already indicated.

The number of these banners is, however, gradually increasing, twenty three was the number more in 1907; thirty or more must be considered correct in this year 1911, each banner prefixing the Tetragrammaton R.A.O.B. to its particular name or title.

Taking a low estimate, there must be about 2,700 Lodges of the R.A.O.B. collectively in the United Kingdom alone. I base this surmise on the following facts:— The Grand Lodge of England totals its Lodges up to the number 1,348 (see the number quoted on the official stationery of the Royal Swan Lodge, held at the Royal Hotel, Aldershot, Hon. Secretary, Bro. J. H. West, C.P.). How many more Lodges it has added to this number since June, 1909 (the date of the document in my possession which gives it), it is impossible to say.

The Grand Surrey Banner comes next, with about four hundred Lodges; the Grand Executive Banner follows with a roll of Lodges of about 150 more or less, I cannot say; leaving,

as will be seen, twenty banners to account for the balance of 802 to make up the 2,700, which they would do, and, in my opinion, with a considerable balance over.

To the above quoted number of 2,700 must be added the Lodges not as yet correctly estimated, viz., in Malta, South and West Africa, Australia, China and America, bringing up a grand total of about 3,000 R.A.O.B. Lodges in the world.

This collective mass of Lodges must, I think, at a fair estimate, represent a numerical strength of membership of a million and a half, the exact, number it is impossible to say.

The R.A.O.B., in a collective sense, is a secret society, having passwords, signs and hand grips; once in possession of these, the whole Buffalo world opens its "Tiles" guarded by its City Tilers, in response to the passwords, signs, and hand grips being given according to a set plan; any deviation from this plan would at once lead to the detection of an impostor; hence the canonical law in Buffaloism, "Once a Buff always a Buff".

There are higher and lower mysteries in Buffaloism, known in the Order as the 1st, 2nd and 3rd Degrees. Some brothers postulate a 4th, but this is impossible, the mysteries of Buffaloism being based on the universal trinity to be found in nature.

The objects of the Order are classed under two sections, viz., universal charity and benevolence, with harmony.

Such is a rough sketch of the R.A.O.B. taken as a whole; in it, as a Brotherhood, I have spent some of the happiest hours of my life. If I appear to lean in its favour, kindly take that into consideration, but with regard to its history and the meaning of its mysteries, nothing but strict actualities would ever draw a written line from my pen.

In this work I intend supplying a want keenly felt throughout the Order, viz., its history, which the happy go lucky traits of the Brothers from 1779 to the present time has unhappily allowed to drift into the wildest confusion. This probably is the reason why no one in the Order has had the courage to grapple with this historical task. Since the nine

lectures already alluded to appeared, meeting, as they have done, with approbation, I have been approached by many brethren calling attention to this lamentable want of historic materials and their sequences. I have now successfully grappled with our want in this direction, and have at last evolved order out of chaos, as the following pages will show. In doing this I have been governed by facts only, and have left fancies or opinions to look after themselves, for, according to my thinking, opinions on any polemical subject are worthless unless they have facts to ensoul them.

By these means, I hope this book will meet with the same approbation as that accorded to the nine lectures.

One of the burning questions of the hour in Buffaloism is; Who was our Grand Primo “who granted a dispensation to George Cooper Murray of thrice blessed memory to extend and consolidate our Order”? (See page 5 of the second edition of our Old Ritual, compiled by the author from authentic sources).

Beyond the mention of these two personages in our Old Ritual, as already indicated, nothing is known of them. So much so, that they have been regarded by some R.A.O.B. critics as mythical, and it is safe to say that no one in the Order outside myself and a few members of the L.O.L. (League of Light) up to the present time knew anything about them. Like everything else of a historical character, both these names seemed to be plunged in a dense mist, which appeared to defy all our efforts to pierce it.

In this work I propose clearing away all historical mists, dating from the year 1776, which hang about the names of our Grand Primo and “George Cooper Murray” who introduced Buffaloism into London. All other R.A.O.B. history prior to that date (1776) which links the Order up to Roman, Grecian, and Egyptian mysteries must resolve itself into a research on the part of our Archaic students, who will find a much easier task in tracing Buffaloism back for thousands of years than I have in bridging it over a paltry 135. In that latter period of

time its history is nothing but a Tavern tangle, in which little or no records have been kept. In the former case, clear records have been kept by historians, requiring nothing but scholastic industry to bring them to light.

It will be noticed as the reader advances in the pages now before him that when controversial matter is on the carpet all personalities are strictly avoided. When, however, it becomes necessary to mention names in connection with past and present burning questions relating to the R.A.O.B., references will be made by using the initials of the names only, having but one reason for so doing, i.e., the verification of any points that may be raised in which brothers are implicated, and which may be questioned by them.

Anything like slating a brother, however much I may differ from him in his opinion (I could never differ from his facts), is certainly too vulgar an occupation to suit my tastes.

With reference to personalities, I wish I could include my own under the same ban. This, however, is impossible, without setting up much confusion, which will become obvious to the reader as I proceed with this exposition. The use of the personal pronoun regarding myself, it will be seen, becomes imperative. I will, however, be as sparing in its use as possible.

To use a colloquialism, I have been a little too previous in mentioning the obscurity that hangs over the name of our Grand Primo who in the year, 1776 “granted a Dispensation to George Cooper Murray, of thrice blessed memory, to extend and consolidate our Order”, etc. (see page 5 of our Old Ritual), as these matters will come up for consideration in their proper places. My best plan will be to start from the beginning, and finish this work with as little prolixity as possible. An idea or fact that embodies a dozen illustrations, and not a dozen illustrations for an idea or fact, shall, as far as I am able, govern my pen.



## CHAPTER II

### HOW AN UNENLIGHTENED WAS MADE IN THE YEAR 1863.

I was initiated into the mysteries of Buffaloism in the year 1863, but cannot fix the exact date, for the reason that my book of rules, having a tortoiseshell pattern cover, together with my certificate of membership card bearing the signatures of Primo Kell and Sir Andrew Greig, Secretary, were, amongst other valuable effects, destroyed in a fire which occurred at 11, York Road, Battersea, London, about 1902, but if the books of the old Grand Surrey Lodge, since merged into the Grand Surrey Banner, which were sequestered from the St. George's Tavern with other Lodge Effects by Primo Danks, Mat Manufacturer, Saint George's Road, Lambeth, and party to the Gibraltar Tavern close by, are still in existence, the date of my "making" will be found in them. 1863, however, is as near that date as it is now possible for me to give.

The late brother John Worth, who kept a Hairdressing Saloon in the Walworth Road, London, was responsible for introducing the claims of our "Ancient and Honourable Order" to my notice.

Many an old Buff yet living, into whose hands this work may fall, more especially if he resided on the Surrey side of London at the time I write of, will readily remember Primo John Worth (the City Barber) in connection with the only song he was ever known to sing, viz., "The Fine Old English Gentleman".

It was currently reported; nay, it was a Buffalo canon in the Bohemian fraternal times of which I write, that when John Worth became powerfully refreshed and serenely unconscious to the hum and hilarity of a Buffalo Lodge in consequence, "The Fine Old English Gentleman" was struck up in a purely Samaritan spirit; and howled in his ear by some brother having a stentorian voice and lungs of leather, properly gassed with

Gatta. If that failed to restore John to a bodily state of equilibrium and remove that obfuscation of the inebriated known as “thick in the clear”, the next best thing to do was to search for his latch key, and, when found, to take him home in a four wheeled cab and deposit him gently on the door mat of his house. Then beat a hurried retreat into the waiting vehicle when the partner of his joys and sorrows was heard stirring on the first floor, wanting to know in vituperatives ensouled in LANGWIDGE, “wot the devil was up”, when all the time John was down on the mat snoring stentoriously, and drive with all speed back to the Lodge, by these expedients avoiding a scene with Mrs. Worth too great for words to describe.

The present time Buff has frequently heard from the elder brethren of the delectable doings that were carried out at a “Buff making” forty or more years ago. A guarded description at this juncture of our history may not be out of place, and as I was made in 1863 the reader may take my version of a Buff making, then, as being strictly correct.

The late John Worth was my sponsor on the night of my initiation.

This ceremony took place in the spacious clubroom of the St. George’s Tavern, St. George’s Road, Lambeth, London. This clubroom was situate on the first floor of that hostelry, immediately over the then famous Looking Glass Parlour.

Within the looking glass lined walls and ceiling of this parlour did the theatrical wits from the Surrey and Victoria Theatres, as well as those from the noted Bower Saloon, meet on a Sunday evening, Sunday being the “pro’s” day off.

Never, as long as life lasts, shall I forget that initiation, the recollection of it being literally blistered on my memory. Fortunately, Worth, who was a splendid fellow, as full of good points as a Derby winner, had prepared my mind for something of what I might expect. This preparation, however, fell far short of the grim reality I had to endure in order to become a Buffalo in the R.A.O.B.’s hilarious time of 1863.



Worth assured me that no matter what I “*heard, felt, smelt or tasted*” during my initiation, no harm would come to me. I recall his exact words as we walked to the R.A.O.B. Grand Surrey Lodge, situate as already described, on that memorable Sunday night.

“Whatever you may think”, said Worth, “they are doing to you or threaten to do, is all a make believe. I pledge my word to you that you’ll come out of your making without a scratch”.

Here, for obvious reasons, I must draw a veil over a subject not to be even whispered in unenlightened ears, much less related in a work like this, which anyone can purchase at its published price. This much, however, I can affirm to the advantage of every one interested that in all the principal Banners of the R.A.O.B., such as the G.S.B., G.L.E., G.E.B., G.W.B., etc., etc., the hilarious Bacchic tomfoolery of which I was made a victim in 1863 has entirely ceased. The makings now are characterised with decorum and dignity; shreds of the foolery may still exist with some of the small Banners, but Ichabod on the nonsense is plainly written in every R.A.O.B. Lodge. The so called glories, in the estimation of some old Buffs of a past Buffaloism as ensouled in the Knights of the Burning Brush, the salacious Salt Bowl, the gambols of the Burnt Cork Imp, the prodding with the Golden Horn and the fearful passage through the Khyber Pass, with the Kangaroo’s Leap, are all gone, and, thank heaven, are never likely to return! “R.I.P.”.

I may add, for the enlightenment of the present generation of Buffs to whom the delectable doings I have briefly glanced at are now a matter of history, that despite my Sponsor’s forewarnings and forearming before I was initiated, I was considerably unsettled in my mind during that ceremony, for some of the old time devices in vogue at a R.A.O.B. making for inspiring alarm, and even horror, were most ingenious, having those objects in view. Some old Buffs who are reading these pages will, I feel sure, commiserate with me when I tell them that nothing, in my case, was omitted. I passed through

them all, and came out of the ordeal with nothing worse than a mental shake up, in short, as John Worth said I should, “without a scratch”.

That initiation, apart from the tomfoolery which was rampant in it, had many highly suggestive features; to wit, its reference to the existence of Buffaloism in prehistoric times, and also to well defined periods of ancient Greece and Rome; also to English history dating from the Conquest; then on to Queen Elizabeth and her banner of silk on which was inscribed our motto, “NEMO MORTALIUM OMNIBUS HORIS SAPIT”, its enumeration of Monarchs once belonging to the Order, together with many beautiful passages in the exordium whose elegance of diction it would be difficult to match elsewhere.

All these made a deep impression on my mind; the more I reflected on them the more I became convinced that the senseless tomfoolery practiced at the initiation under consideration had no more to do with the redeeming features just glanced at than a squealing pig had to do with the aphorisms of Marcus Aurelius. They were, to use a chemical term, incompatible with the clearly set out plan of the Ritual in use in the year 1863. In short, the tomfoolery to which I was made a victim had evidently, at some period in our history, been tacked on and forced into service by a party of Bacchanalian Buffs who drank not wisely but well. They were, all things considered, in a cool analytical light, as much an incongruity as a chimney sweeper would be dressed in his sooty garments in a society of well dressed and groomed ladies and gentlemen. The tomfoolery was not Buffaloism, but the symbolic laying out of the Lodge, and its well attested Archaic symbology and allegories were.

These, and many more reflections of a similar nature, left a strong impression on my mind that there was a something that wanted explaining, a something cloaked up, that wanted elucidation, of which those who conducted the ceremonies in their official capacity had no knowledge.

That these first impressions regarding the R.A.O.B. were not peculiar to myself I soon discovered, for every thoughtful brother with whom I conversed had similar ones. These have been very ably voiced by Lord Balcarres when he was made at the Rose and Crown Hotel, Chorley, in 1904, in the May month of that year.

“It is evident to me”, said his Lordship, “that the ceremony I have passed through is one dating back into remote years of antiquity”.

A remarkable synthetic expression of a widespread impressional analysis I have since found to exist, and already briefly alluded to. How many Brothers, before and since Lord Balcarres’ time, have felt like him is only a matter for conjecture. Their name, however, must be Legion, but to any man with a trend to the occult and mysticism in his mental make up there is a something in R.A.O.B. ordinances, ensouled as they are in symbols and allegory, so soul appealing and so persistent in awakening echoes of the sublime from even the faintest subjective voice, counselling the practical exercise of the fraternal instinct potential, if not active in all of us. A Buff Lodge is most certainly the propagating ground for benevolent thoughts, and, as thoughts always precede actions, for those also.

In this light comes the explanation of the Tree or Tau of Buffaloism being planted during the Brother’s initiation in his soul as well as the solution for the activities of so many good Buffs, both past and present; who have and are devoting their energies for the making of Buffaloism a benevolent force in the world. The phenomenal growth of the Order from 1852 to the present time speaks for itself as to the vitality existing in the R.A.O.B.

From a few Lodges in 1852, not more than fifty all told, the Order has grown under the influence of the Buffalo Tree and Tau to its present colossal proportions, and is still growing, inasmuch as when a Lodge closes two fresh ones, on an average, are formed to more than fill up the gap, and so the

growth goes on. As an instance of this, take the last Convention of the Grand Lodge of England Banner, held at Portsmouth on August Bank Holiday, 1909, and succeeding days, when three hundred delegates from all parts were set down for attendance.

The conventions of other Banners, although not on such a gigantic scale, are nevertheless quite as reputable, and lack nothing in their sterling business methods and enthusiasm for the benefit of their Banner and the Order in general.



## CHAPTER III

### FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS

About ten years after my initiation in 1863, Buffalo reform, as it was then understood, set in.

These reforms, when passed on purely secular grounds, left little or nothing to be desired. Reforms were needed, and sound business passed them into Buffalo secular law. But when Ritualistic, or, to put this matter more comprehensively, the symbols and allegories of Buffaloism, came under the pruning knife of our 1873 reformers, they found this department refused to respond satisfactorily to their then up to date business principles.

In the first place, our reformers at that period did not understand what they were handling. They knew that the Bacchic tomfoolery briefly glanced at had to go, that it was doing the Order no good, being out of court with the progressive trend of the times; that to retain the anachronistic nonsense and rough pantomime clowning, which had hitherto disfigured a Buffalo initiation, would mean in the near future the death of the Order. This they saw clearly, and every Buff possessed of common sense will say they saw well.

Here, however, a great mistake was made on the part of our reformers. Not understanding symbolism, they associated our symbols and allegories, so pregnant with meaning, with the tomfooleries on to which they were tacked, and deleted both with a stroke of the pen.

Associating one with the other has been the cause of practically endless confusion, as I shall presently show.

Let us take one Banner in our Order as an example of what I mean. No need to name this Banner; the members belonging to it will readily admit the accuracy with which my cap fits it.

This Banner, in its laudable efforts for reform, has made sad havoc with R.A.O.B. symbolism and allegory. The following

initialled ordinances and officers, which will readily be understood by the brethren with the aid of the old Ritual, will be incomprehensible to the general public.

The following have been deleted by this Banner, which knows them no more.

The C — D and S — are no longer carried out. The two important officers, the C.P. and the C.B. no longer exist in any form, and with their deletion all the beautiful Archaic symbols which cluster around their existence, pointing indubitably to their Egyptian origin, of course vanish *pari passu*.

Then the Kerchief symbol is made to give way to the insanitary velvet blinkers. The Salt symbol, the Bona Dea Phrygian Dactylic feet symbol, are all, at the mere whim or fancy of a small body of men called a council, ignorant of the vandalism they perpetrate, expunged. This Banner, I am inclined to think, has emasculated our old world Symbols more than any other, though they are bad enough to disgust anyone with an Archaic conscience, when the vandalism complained of is pointed out to them.

But for what reason, save that of the exercise of pure, unadulterated mischief, this deleting Banner has expunged the Curfew Bell from its Ritual it would be difficult to say, seeing that no tomfoolery either before or since the year 1863 was tacked on to this symbol, but, on the contrary, its exhibition was always solemn and intensely dramatic. Be all that as it may, the Curfew Bell, together with its historical associations, is no longer heard under the Symbol deleting auspices of this Banner.

No good can ever arise from this deleting mania; ignorance always has, and always will have to play second fiddle to knowledge's first.

The old Archaic landmarks of our Order which have been cut and trimmed and deleted at the hands of well intentioned ignorance will all have to be reinstated. The property the councils have destroyed was not theirs to destroy. They belong

to the Order collectively; they were given to us as a sacred heritage by George Cooper Murray, of thrice blessed memory, who also informed us of the “UNCHANGING LAWS of our Order” (see page 6 of our Old Ritual. This was written about the year 1789. See further on).

The councils, in deleting our symbology, have acted ultra vires. Their vandalism cannot be allowed to stand, for in destroying our Archaic symbols and allegories they destroy Buffaloism. Had this reflection occurred to them they would never have acted in the way in which they have done. “IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND”. After the first mangling of grand symbolic and allegoric presentments, which occurred about the year 1873, solely, it must be borne in mind, on the plane of OPINION, the necessity to further mangle and delete became imperative.

Each Banner, as it sprang into existence, did so solely at the behest of OPINION. How many “You’re anothers”, what *argumentum ad invidiam* (Envy, spite, appeal to the passions) came into play, culminating into the *argumentum baculinum* (Force, blows) before the split could be accomplished it is impossible to say. Take the first split that occurred about 1869 over the Rye House fete, for which tickets were sold and not accounted for as an example. I was up in the Lodge held at the St. George’s Tavern, Lambeth, at the time when a final decision was to be arrived at after months of heated controversy. The Lodge was packed; Joey Jones, Tom Fitzgerald, Brandon Ledger, John Worth, The Woodpecker Tapping, The Brahams, Sir Andrew Greig, the Davises, Primos Kell, Danks, Hand, and Wilson, and a host of others, Brothers, whom no amount of FACTS could ever shake from their OPINIONS, were there, brimful of wrath and gatta, all ready to die rather than their cherished OPINIONS should not have an airing.

Can I describe that scene? I cannot. I must leave its realisation to the imagination of those who read these lines, and must re-enact the part of the Grecian painter who drew a veil over a subject too great for words.

“And shall Trelawny die? Then 20,000 Cornish men will know the reason why”. Put opinions for Trelawny and Buffs for Cornish men, and there you are.

It is almost needless to say that the Rye House fete ticket question gave rise to the first split. Those who seceded from the G.S.L., since called the G.S.B., were known as “The other side”. The other side waxed strong in numbers, and soon had differences of their own to settle. These differences gave birth to the G.L.E., then the residuum of “the other side” at last comfortably settled down as the G.E.B.

The name of the Banner claiming the proud and haughty position of being third in the race of splits from the parent stem of the G.S.B. I do not know, Buffaloism from 1873 to 1883 being in a state of ferment. Opinions ran high and wild, consequently splits became fashionable, brothers being smitten with the charms of TWEEDLE DEE would not see eye to eye with those who were under the blandishments of TWEEDLE DUM, in which condition nothing but a split could remedy matters.

It is, however, quite safe to say that none of the splits knew anything of esoteric Buffaloism, or, in other words, of the FACTS underlying Buffaloism. The splits were brought about solely by opinion mongers, a race of men in and out of the R.A.O.B. sublimely indifferent to FACTS. When facts are against these men, so much the worse for the facts. The actions, however, of the opinion mongers at this juncture of R.A.O.B. history seem to warrant my conclusion that one and all of them had taken a deep rooted dislike to R.A.O.B. allegories in general, and symbolisms in particular, by emasculating or deleting them as much as they could, as soon as they came into power under the aegis of a split. In this particular their actions were a faithful copy of their great progenitor the Persian Cambyzes, when he dealt with Egyptian Symbols, or a Red Indian did as narrated by Fennimore Cooper, to the “palefaces”, as a something to be tomahawked and then scalped.



The results, however, of allowing a free hand to well intentioned ignorance, to mangle and delete subjects concerning which it knew nothing, have been most disastrous and far reaching.

We have now at a fair computation about thirty, or a little more, autonomous Banners constituting in the concrete the "Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffalos", each with a Ritual of its own. These present a mass of Ritualistic confusion beyond the power of words to describe; I heartily commend the spectacle to every opinion monger in the Order, and ask him seriously if he does not think the present Babel of tongues should cease? That Archaic matters on which ceremonial Buffaloism is built should be left to those who know, and taken out of the hands of those who do not is obvious.

Freemasons and other secret societies leave the compositions of their Rituals, the ordering and arrangement of their symbolic furniture, regalia, etc., to the scholars in their Orders. Is it not high time that Buffaloes should follow so wholesome an example?

The years intervening between 1873 and 1883, as already noticed, may be considered the L.H. of the Order, or, as I heard the matter expressed at a L.O.L. meeting, the "do as you like with R.A.O.B. Symbology years".

For nearly half a century has vandalism with our allegories and symbolisms gone on, a bit chipped off here, and a lump there, until the wonder arises that we have any symbols and allegories left for well intentioned ignorance to vandalise.

But everything, we are told; must come to an end at last, even to that scholastic mystery, a boarding school resurrection pie. The one dished up when I was a lad at school was supposed to have had its *fons et origo* in the days of Horace. A few of the boys were of opinion that it first saw the light when Juvenal wrote his satires! Be this as it may, like all other matters in which opinions rule the roost, there were hot headed partisans in our School in favour of both classical eras.

Signs are not wanting in our Order, and more especially since the L.O.L. came upon the scene to save the R.A.O.B. from symbolic extinction, that the era of mangling and deleting of Buffalo archaics is drawing to a close, and that something like correct reasoning on Ritualistic subjects is taking the place of hide bound, dogmatic opinions. A spirit of enquiry is also noticeable as to the wisdom of deleting so much old time Buffaloism in favour of the so called up to date and new Buffaloism, but Buffaloism has always been up to date, and always will be.

Running side by side with the above is a section in our Order who are glamorised with the absurdity of bringing the Order up to date, whatever that may mean in their eyes. To the analytic mind, this bringing of Buffaloism up to date is simply an impossibility, for what is up to date now would not be up to date a year hence, and as time rolled on the efforts of well meaning but ignorant minds to keep it up to date would eventuate in a worse state of confusion than that which reigns now; there is always a lower depth, we are told, so I suppose even that is possible.

The deeper the reader goes into this work the more clearly will he see how impossible it is to deviate from the lines set down in our Old Ritual in vogue for the making of a Buff more than a hundred years ago, without getting swamped in absurdities. The whole scheme of Buffaloism being built on the laws governing the universe is an explanation for this. These laws never vary; they are the same now as were Kosmic laws thousands of years ago, and will be the same thousands of years hence. Consequently, Buffaloism is always up to date, always has been, and always will be.

What a saving of good energy and a consolation in consequence this will be to the host of busy bodies we have in our Order who have been and who are still trying to twist Buffaloism into something that is not Buffaloism according to Kosmic laws, but very much so according to squints in the brains of the busy bodies indicated, which ignorance never fails in planting there.

Nemesis, however, is overtaking our opinion mongers swiftly. Take, for instance, that of the Symbol deleting Banner already animadverted upon. It has a Ritual for initiation shorn of nearly everything Buffaloistic, and is now far from being satisfied with its opinion bought bargain. In a sentence, it is getting dissatisfied with the mediocrity stamped on every line of its present official making instrument. How far the revelations of the L.O.L. can be held responsible for the general enquiry that has set in concerning R.A.O.B. esoterics it is not for me, one of its founders, to say, but certain it is that the fury for emasculating and deleting our allegories and symbols has, within the past seven years, received a wholesome check. The coincidence is there. History will, no doubt, give the credit where it is due.



## CHAPTER IV

### THE CELEBRATED CITY OF LUSHINGTONS

At my initiation already glanced at, I was told *ex cathedra* that the Harp Tavern, opposite Drury Lane Theatre, saw the origin of Buffaloism. The Harp Tavern is now pulled down, and its site occupied by warehouses; in short, the old Harp Tavern and its City of Lushingtons only lives in the memories of a few old fogies like myself, to whom the *nil admirari* of up to date London is not to be compared with the social good fellowship London of my early days.

The above announcement of the origin of Buffaloism was supported by nearly every brother with whom I conversed on this subject, so, with a mind keenly alive as to how Buffaloism came into existence, and where and what was the proper solution of its weird mysteries, I continued my enquiries.

“You will never find out, my dear boy, what it all means”, said Sir Andrew Greig to me one night when I questioned him. “The knowledge has completely died out; of course, as you say, and as many before your time have thought, there is more in Buffaloism than what meets the eye at a making, but what? Well, I don’t know, nor more does anyone else in the Order know. Give it up, my boy, give it up. It’s a waste of energy. Others have tried to find out and failed. The only place where you are likely to hear something is at the City of Lushingtons. If you have not already been there you can try that source, but I think you will learn precious little if you do”.

To the City of Lushingtons then I went. The reader will find a description of this noted Tavern in “Old and New London”, Vol. III., p. 279, edited by Edward Walford, and published by Cassell, Petter and Galpin, London, Paris and New York; date of publication not given. The City of Lushingtons is also mentioned in the writing of Pierce Egan the elder, and other Bohemian writers of that period. In short, the Harp Tavern,

Russell Street, Drury Lane, London, as a *fons et origo* for Buffaloism, appeared in the year 1863, and later to be the ultima thule of what was then known as the origin of our Order.

To the Harp Tavern, situated as already described, I wended my way either in 1864 or 1865, I cannot be sure which, mounted the stairs that led to the City in question on the first floor of that hostelry, and much to my surprise was admitted to the "City" without any formality or the use of pass words or signs whatever. This, it must be admitted, was very unlike Buffaloism for a start!

The club room wherein the Lushingtons met was situated as already described, and had nothing of the laying out of a Buffalo Lodge about it. On looking round this room after seating myself in company of about twenty gentlemen awaiting the advent of the chairman or Lord Mayor, my attention became arrested by four large City notices, framed and glazed, one hung on each of the walls, in what order I forget, but the whole four had the appearance of a venerable age. Relying solely upon memory, these notices informed me that the Lushingtons divided their City into four departments or WARDS, to wit:—

"POVERTY WARD.  
BENEVOLENT WARD.  
JUNIPER WARD.  
INSANITY WARD".

Two of these Wards, viz., "Poverty" and "Benevolent", speak for themselves, but "Juniper" and "Insanity" are a little enigmatic. Their solution, however, would not be far to seek.

The Chairman or Lord Mayor was a Mr. Sherwal or Sherwin, or some such name. Subsequently a Mr. Leno and other gentlemen officiated as Lord Mayor. Leno made a capital Lord Mayor; he was a printer, and was known as the Drury Lane Poet. His works, such as Kimburton, are really good, and afford most pleasant reading.

At 9.0 p.m. the Lord Mayor of the City of Lushingtons, clad in his mayoral robes and attended by his sheriffs, walked

solemnly into the City, each taking his accustomed place on a raised dais, the Mayor in the centre. Before these officers stood a mahogany table, having on it bottles of creature comfort, drinking glasses, long church warden clay pipes, and one or more highly polished brass boxes, constructed on the halfpenny in the slot system, for supplying tobacco at the rate of a halfpenny a pipeful.

The City of Lushingtons, it soon became apparent, was a swell Free and Easy or Harmonic club, in which vocal and sometimes instrumental talent of a superior order could be heard. These Free and Easies, as nearly everyone knows, were the genesis of our Palatial Variety Theatres, our present day Empires, Alhambras, Hippodromes, Coliseums, etc.

In my visits to the Lushingtons I met many men who have since become famous, to wit, Henry Irving, afterwards Sir Henry Irving, gentleman, scholar and actor; his life long friend, J. L. Toole, James Fernandez, Edmund Phelps, son of the great Samuel, the elder Conquest of the Eagle, City Road, London, vernacularly known as the "Bird", Leno, already noticed, Creswick, Montgomery, etc., etc. Every one, alas, has gone over to swell the ranks of the majority. "Sic transit gloria mundi".

It is almost needless to add that in company with the choice spirits enumerated, and a host of others equally talented, and with glorious youth at the helm of my bark of life, the hours passed under the aegis of Poverty, Benevolence, Juniper, and Insanity Wards of the City of Lushingtons were hours snatched from Paradise.

I saw nothing on that visit, nor on subsequent ones, that deserved the title of Lushingtons. Nothing but a convivial meeting of Actors, Singers, Literary men, Jovial Tradesmen, and such like, whose hands were ever ready to help when it became known that some member of the City was down on his luck.

It has since occurred to me that the title of Lushingtons must have been conceived in an ironical mood by those

responsible for it, after that of a facetious Fishmonger, noted for the excellence of his wares, who cried “stinking fish”.

At the same time, I saw nothing that reminded me of a Buffalo Lodge; everything seemed to be shaped on different lines, to wit, the R.A.O.B. was a secret society, only accessible by the use of signs, passwords and grips. The City of Lushingtons was a society into which any man respectably dressed could go and enjoy himself.

The Chairman of the City of Lushingtons was addressed as “My Lord Mayor”. In a R.A.O.B. Lodge he is addressed as “Primo”.

None of the nine officers essential to the working of a R.A.O.B. Lodge were to be found in the City of Lushingtons.

The laying out of a R.A.O.B. Lodge was in every sense different to that of the City of Lushingtons.

The names or titles of both societies were as dissimilar as could be imagined, and when it is borne in mind that the R.A.O.B. was supposed to be an offshoot from the City of Lushingtons, it seemed, at the time of which I am writing, that no one whom I heckled at the Harp Tavern on that subject knew or had heard anything about it.

To sum up, I soon found that in coming to the City of Lushingtons for an origin of Buffaloism, I had come to the wrong place.

A little matter of similarity between the two Societies, however, must be mentioned. This is, I think, the one that gave rise to the supposition that the R.A.O.B. was an offshoot.

I allude to the crossed weed consumers over gatta, so conspicuous at a R.A.O.B. making in the First degree. The crossed Weed consumers used in the City of Lushingtons were, however, not ringed as they always are, both at a First and Second degree making, of course with the remarkable difference known to all Primos. Subsequent enquiries, extending over many years, have enabled me to snap this only link that seemed to bind the two societies as having a common origin, as the following will show.

For many years before 1786, but conspicuously so from that date, there existed in London and other large cities in England, any number of drink soaking and boozing societies; their name was simply legion. From 1790, or it may have been a little before, it is impossible to fix dates in these matters, the crossed weed consumers ceremony in such strong drink swilling fraternities as THE OWLS, THE HOOTING OWLS, THE BOILED OWLS, THE DIMBER DAMBERS, THE RUM FUZZLERS, THE QUI VACHS, THE HIGH AND LOW TOBIES, THE FAKE AWAY INDIANS, THE HAIR OF THE DOG THAT BIT YOU, THE CROSSED PIPES, etc., etc., formed a part of the mysteries enacted in honour of Bacchus.

The wildest and most frenzied mania for heavy drinking within the above named Temples of "Boose" was the order of the night, which extended right into the "wee sma' hoors" of early morning. Foaming gallons of thick, heady beer, brimming tankards of beady "old partiality" (gin), and JORUMS of Pineapple Rum, with other ceremonies not necessary to mention, had to be crossed with churchwarden weed consumers before being swallowed.

Every man present at those Bacchanalian orgies considered it the correct thing to drink as much as he could carry, to regard that night as though it were the last of his life in which he could get gloriously drunk, and if there was a heaven hereafter, to die drunk was the surest road thereto, not forgetting to have a drop in his pocket for Peter when he got there.

This drink soddened era and abuse of tavern life continued to flourish well into the year 1822, and a little later. From 1830, however, the rapid decline of orgyism began to set in, continuing with fluctuating persistence towards a better state of social life, viz., sobriety, until the year 1873. After that date, assisted by W. E. Gladstone's Early Closing Public Houses Bill, tavern orgies fizzled out at a rapid rate, culminating, to all intents and purposes, in the year 1910 in their death. They have left behind them a fetid aura of rank



and repulsive vinous fumes, the breathing of which, even in an historical sense, sets up a scholastic emesis for Bacchanalian ceremonies to wonder at and get perplexed over, Devil's Punch Bowls filled to the brim, with Old Nick dressed in his canonicals of "Black and White", (Stout and gin) made extra potent with Russian Vodka, in which crossed weed consumers were always in evidence, and drunken hiccoughs never absent.



## CHAPTER V

### CONTAINING MANY IMPORTANT POINTS CONCERNING BUFFALOISM

**T**he persistency of the crossed weed consumers ceremony made over foaming pots of Gatta that took place in the orgian temples briefly glanced at in the last chapter, to my mind, resolve themselves into burlesques of an original ceremony as far as England was concerned, of a Hermetic character, to be considered more fully later on, in which the symbolic cross had to be produced by the aid of the Greek Caduceus and another wand only to be described to the initiate. This cross in the Hermetic Ceremony, it is almost needless to say, was not objectified over foaming pots of intoxicating Gatta, but over vessels of pure water and dishes of fruit, corn, milk, oil and flowers, these being the gifts of Ceres, the Bona Dea of the Greeks, an imitation of the Attican Eleusinian Mysteries, which, it is agreed by scholars, were imitations of the Osirian Bull Mysteries of old Egypt, as these again were probably imitations of imported Atlantean Mysteries as far as Egyptian Mysteries are concerned. (See Robert Freke Gould, Barrister at Law, History of Freemasonry, Vol. I., page 13, published by Thomas C. Jack, 45, Ludgate Hill, 1886).

In the age we are considering, about 1780, abounding as it did in mock masonic ceremonies, burlesqued Church of England Litanies, unctuous nasal toned imitations of the Presbyters, in short, an age that took an impish delight in turning everything of a ceremonial character, held sacred by the decorous, into ridicule, profanity, and sacrilegious buffoonery, even to the celebration of that mock religious horror, the "Black Mass", it cannot be wondered at that a Hermetic Ceremony, which, it will be seen later on, saw the light in Whitcombe and North Audley Streets, London, and in which the production of the Decussate cross, objectified by

the aid of the Lemnascatic Caduceus, and another wand already alluded to, with evocations to the Roman Mercury, the Greek Hermes and the Egyptian Hermes Trismigistos, a "*tria Juncta in uno*" still retained in our ringed weed consumers as a symbol, it cannot, I repeat, be wondered at that as soon as these mysterious ceremonies fell into profane hands, as it will be seen later on they did, the pen of the burlesquer would not halt there; we have unmistakable evidence that it did not in the rampant buffooneries that disgraced Buffaloism from the year 1790 or thereabouts up to 1863, when the writer was made a victim of them as already described.

The Lemnascatic three looped wand, of the Greek Caduceus, is a symbol made by two serpents twisting around a winged stem, the dual aspect of wisdom or enlightenment. This symbol is replete with Buffalo mysteries. It is therefore impossible, in a work like this, to give generally what obviously is only for the initiated; any illustrated dictionary will give the reader a wood cut of the Caduceus.

The number of loops in the various wood cuts indicated differ considerably, that of Lloyd's Encyclopaedic Dictionary only gives two; Chambers' Encyclopaedia four, and so on. This is only an instance of the necessity for a correct knowledge of the science of symbols; the proper number of loops in the wand indicated should be three, for many reasons.

The sublime symbol of the Caduceus, as will presently be seen, was burlesqued by the Bon vivants of the period we are considering into the ringed weed consumers still in use in our making ceremonies.

The most diligent search on my part has failed to discover any crossed weed consumers ceremony in the orgian ceremonies already dealt with earlier than 1800. As the original ceremonies were, as already stated, performed both in North Audley and Whitcombe Streets, London, in 1776 (see also later on), it is a feasible conclusion to come to that the orgian variety were but burlesqued rites, and until it can be shown that the orgian rites were in existence prior to 1790,

the conclusion arrived at, that they were nothing but the burlesqued Hermetic rites of 1777 or thereabouts, is inevitable.

The looped symbol, or Lemnascat, to be found in the Caduceus is frequently to be seen in Egyptian Hieroglyphics, and brother readers will recall that the clumsy Bacchanalian imitation of it in use with us at a making is never done without mentioning the God Mercury in the following words:—"Feather heel'd Mercury, lend us thine aid".

This matter will be further elucidated when I touch upon that part of our enquiry dealing with Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

Not only has the sublime symbol of the Caduceus, the three looped wand of the Greek Hermes, suffered by tomfoolery at the hands of the burlesque mongers lately under notice, who had about as much knowledge of its old-time Lemnascatic meaning as a Hottentot would have, but that impressive ceremony, veiled in allegory, of Procrustian cutting down and stretching in order to get at the true Buffalo height of a man, has suffered in being deleted from our making ceremonies. The Procrustian allegory, however, in symbolic tomfoolery is not entirely dead in Buffaloism, for Brother E. Forbes, R.O.H., of Bolton, informs me that this symbol, or rather allegory, was in evidence in some parts of the province of Bolton as recently as ten years ago, dating back from this year of 1911. This information of Bro. E. Forbes has also been verified from other sources, but I can vouch for the fact that the cutting down and stretching were in full force in 1863.

Brothers, who were made about that last given date, let us mingle our symbolic groans!

The instances I have already given of Buffalo symbols deleted or emasculated at the hands of well intentioned ignorance could be very considerably increased were it to serve any useful purpose so to do. Sufficient, however, to say that symbolic ordinances which were in full force in our Order in 1863 are not now seen in a R.A.O.B. Lodge, and only

occasionally are they heard of from the lips of very old brethren. These, alas, are getting rarer as the cycles of time grind on in their undeviating course. Hence the necessity that what Buffaloism has been should be stated now, lest the knowledge should die out and be altogether lost.

Buffaloism as an Archaic society, and it is that without a doubt, from evidence too strong to be pooh-poohed away by ignorance, is worthy the attention of the most profound thinkers of our times. It has, from its inception in London in 1776, been most unfortunate through falling into wrong hands. That this is so will be plainly shown in the chapter dealing with Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

This misfortune has continued to dog its career right up to the time of the appearance of the R.A.O.B. League of Light upon the Buffalo stage in 1893.

Buffaloism, in its misfortune, as indicated, is by no means an isolated instance, according to the reasoning of the average man; it would be an easy matter to name other grand systems embodying ethical and Kosmic problems of the utmost importance to the human race that have been seemingly as unfortunate. These matters appear to obey some inscrutable law of obscurity for long periods of time, to be succeeded by a revival, and after that has been in evidence for long periods, to go into obscurity again, and so on.

Time, the great crucible in which almighty power resolves all things into their component parts, is now shaping the future of Buffaloism, after a long period of obscurity (see page 5 of our Old Ritual, second edition) to the lines on which it was originally intended it should travel.

The insignificance of the 135 years that have elapsed since the inception of Buffaloism into London, in 1776 up to 1903, one of its periods of obscurity, so graphically alluded to in the exordium of our original Old Ritual, is as nothing compared with the grand work for humanity it has done in the past, and what is evidently cut out for it to do in the future, viz., the redemption of humanity from the curse of Individualism,

or separateness, and this can only be done when this Divine work is ensouled in human BROTHERHOOD.

Let our widespread Order bear in mind that opinions and the un-Bufferloistic customs with regard to ceremonial they have set up in our Order, having their genesis, not in Bufferloism (for that is well ordered enlightenment), but in ignorant buffoonery of classic symbols concerning which the buffooners knew as much as savages; let them, I repeat, bear in mind that opinions do not make Bufferloism; nothing but FACTS can do that; let them look at our ceremonials torn into shreds with opinions, and from such contemplation come to the conclusion that a further infliction of it is not wanted in an Order already nauseated with it.

What the Order stands in need of at this juncture of its history, at this emerging from obscurity into light, are FACTS; these alone will lift our Order from out the muddy ceremonial pits into which opinions have plunged it, on to its proper pedestal of Archaic science, so that men of light, reading and discernment may be charmed with admiration of its beauties.

On purely secular matters, such as the voting money for current expenses, granting Dispensations for the opening of new Lodges, suspending or expelling erring brothers, "*Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*", and such like, the present councils leave little or nothing to be desired. Their decisions are practical and based on sound business principles.

Ceremonial Bufferloism is, however, rarely touched upon now. It appears that ceremonial mangling in the councils practically ended about twenty years ago; that is to say, after doing as much vandalism as would satisfy any iconoclast in existence, the councils suddenly ceased their symbol destruction and emasculation, and directed their energies towards turning the Order into a Benefit Society. I can speak on this point from experience; for close upon ten years I regularly attended the G.S.B. council meetings, and during the whole of that time ceremonial subjects only cropped up

three times; and then in a cursory form, not a single Archaic fact being mentioned in support of what the speakers had to say; nothing but opinions were advanced in those three ceremonial discussions.

With this warning before me, Brother E.H.B., of Chesterfield, will now better understand why I did not respond to his invitation to lay my ceremonial views before the G.S.B. Council assembled at Anderton's Hotel, Fleet Street, in the year 1908.

"There's the Council", said Bro. E.H.B., indicating the same with his finger; "they will listen to what you have to say".

Thinking how useless it would be to discuss such subjects with uninformed minds, I did not respond. The R.A.O.B. League of Light (initials L.O.L.) is, gradually altering what was then the status quo. Buffalo Archaics are looking up, and opinion mongering is decidedly on the wane in the R.A.O.B., in a collective sense, I mean.

The L.O.L. is gradually lifting the Order on to a higher plane than the one on which it has moved hitherto. The publication of this work will, it is hoped, accelerate so desirable a change. Buffaloism is no longer, with regard to its Lodges, the glorified tap room which the bon vivants of a bibulous age made it, but in a collective sense, a body of earnest men, bent upon uplifting those whom ill luck, or whatever the cause, has submerged into helplessness as far as ourselves are concerned. Its orphanages, its lifeboats, and its open air excursions to the gutter snipes of all our large trading centres only need mentioning as proofs of its universal charity.



## CHAPTER VI

### THE RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN ERA OF BUFFALOISM

The distinguished statesman, wit, and dramatist, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, PRIMO BUFFO, was born in Dublin in 1751, and educated at Harrow, near London. He was the author of those classics of the dramatic world, "The Rivals", "Pizarro", "The Critic", "A Trip to Scarborough", "The Duenna", and that evergreen comedy, "The School for Scandal".

Wit and Sheridan were, and ever will be, convertible terms. One could, but that has already been done, write a book on his brilliant repartees and flashes of merriment "that were wont to set the table in a roar".

It is not, however, with Sheridan the wit, the dramatist, the statesman, that I have to deal. That has already been done by more able pens than mine. It is with Sheridan the Buff, who had his first introduction to our mysteries at the hands of that hitherto mythical brother (but happily mythical no longer, as will presently be seen), "George Cooper Murray, of thrice blessed memory". This exclusively is the Sheridan who will engage my attention in this chapter.

We have already seen the bibulous trend of the times in which Sheridan lived. In those times the terms "total abstinence" or "teetotalism" were unknown; everyone drank intoxicating liquors, the majority well, but not wisely.

The abuse of alcoholic liquors, and not their use (if they have any) was undoubtedly a feature strongly stamped on the times in which Sheridan lived.

One has only to consult the *ad captandum vulgus* literature of the period now engaging our attention, such as the "Public Advertiser", "Swift's Journal", "The Exquisite", "The Man About Town", "Tom and Jerry", or "Corinthian Tom", to get at a part of what went on in those times as far as drinking was concerned.



The songs and ballads of the period are also highly suggestive. Take as samples “Peter Spy under the area rails”, “She had a black and a rolling eye”, and the “Ranting Rambler, or a Young Gentleman's Frolic”.

A visit, however, to Leicester Square and its adjacent streets will also impart a vivid description, I allude to the print and curio shops interspersed over this locality of London. The prints exposed for sale illustrating life in London at the period under notice give much information bearing upon what I am attempting to describe.

Sheridan, however, is one of our best witnesses relating to the Bacchanalian orgies in vogue when Buffaloism first saw the light in London. I allude to the famous drinking song in the “School for Scandal”, in which every lady, according to the fancy of the man about town, is made the subject of a toast in a verse which winds up with a rousing chorus, the following being the finale:—

“For let ‘em be clumsy, or let ‘em be slim,  
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;  
So fill a PINT bumper quite up to the brim,  
So fill up your glasses, nay, fill to the brim,  
And let us e’en toast them together.

*Chorus:*

Let the toast pass, Drink to the lass,  
I'll warrant she'll prove an EXCUSE for a glass”.

Here it will be as well to diverge a little in order to make this important period in the History of Buffaloism clear to the reader.

1863, it will be remembered, was the year when the author of these pages was “made” at the St. George's Tavern, St. George's Road, Lambeth. Ten years prior to that date the headquarters of the Order found a home at the Bower Saloon, near the present Canterbury Theatre of Varieties; prior to that, at the Pheasant Tavern, corner of Lambeth Palace Road and Stangate. This house was situated at the rear of Astley's Amphitheatre, and had a back entrance into the theatre for the use of the numerous employees engaged.

This brings the reader to about 1830, and also fixes the date for the birth of the G.S.B., which proudly calls itself "The Mother Banner of the World". It was at the Pheasant Tavern that the nucleus for R.A.O.B. Lodges first came into being.

Prior to the Pheasant Tavern epoch of Buffaloism, the Order found a roystering home at the Wrekin Tavern, Broad Court, Bow Street, engineered by a party of actors from Drury Lane Theatre.

At this juncture, the line of preceding homes becomes broken; nothing but a tangle of Tavern life confronts us, a life in which no records, save scores for drink, were kept, but the probabilities are that the Order, or what passed for the Order, had many homes, the Hum-ums in Covent Garden being one.

Taking notice of what Pierce Egan, the elder, has to say concerning Messrs. Smith, Lille and Cook drawing up the rules to be observed in the Order in 1822, from which Bro. H.I.W., who took the trouble to ventilate his views in the "Morning Leader", the "Daily Chronicle", and the "Reader", that 1822 was, in consequence, the date at which the Order first saw the light, is simply ridiculous. Smith, Lille and Cook were bon vivants, and well tinctured with the practical joking of the period.

They are, in my opinion, responsible for much of the hilarious buffoonery that used to disgrace Buffaloism.

Such men, however, could never have written the Occult Science treatise, such as our Old Ritual turns out to be, when it has been divested of the lewdness and tomfoolery with which they, without doubt, disfigured it (see the nine lectures published by the writer). Occult science is beyond the drink soddened brains of Bacchanalians either to write or understand. If these reasons are not sufficient for the old fossils of Buffaloism which time has cast upon our shores to show that the Order did not start its existence in 1822, perhaps quoting the date of Sheridan's death will be conclusive.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan died July 7th, 1816, six years before the date 1822. (See the Biographical Treasury, a Dictionary of Universal Biography, published by Samuel Maunders and L. E. Cates, London-Longmans, Green, Roder and Dyer).

To the best of my judgment, after many years spent in collecting evidence, the Wrekin Tavern already indicated must, as far as this exposition is concerned, be considered to head the list of authenticated Buffalo homes, that is to say, as far as holding them in Taverns is borne in mind.

One name, however, stands out from a mass of surmises and guesses like a lighthouse in the midst of (but for that) a sea of troubled and tossing waters. That name is Richard Brinsley Sheridan. In this name we hold a point towards which all our lines with regard to English Buffaloism converge.

In science it is held that when every known FACT supports a theory, without a single exception, Theory walks out and LAW steps in. This, a well known and admittedly correct postulate with scientific men, applies also to the Sheridan era of Buffaloism.

The personality of R. B. Sheridan in all our enquiries from the year 1814 to times preceding pulls us up short; all our facts converge upon and radiate from this name; the oldest Rituals accessible mention his name. I have one bearing the date 1826, in which Sheridan's name, as being a brother of our Order, is mentioned, and another lent me by Primo E. J. Cozens, of Aldershot, which, judging from its wording, must be quite as old, or even older, than the 1826 one just alluded to, mentions Sheridan's name as PRIMO BUFFO.

To the above I can add that in the course of over forty years assiduous investigations into the history and mystery of our Order, at least fifty, more or less, divergent Rituals for a 1st Degree making have passed under my notice, all bearing evidence that R. B. Sheridan was a brother of our Order. Brothers having old Rituals in their possession would greatly favour me by quoting one or more that does not do this; the

Ritual, it such exists, that does not mention Sheridan must bear a date not later than 1850. I cannot admit the claims of any Ritual to be authentic from 1850 to the present year 1911, for the reason that the widest liberties have been taken by well intentioned ignorance with Buffalo ceremonials during that time.

With the above weight of testimony before us, the contention of Bro. H. I. W., in order to make an untenable theory of his hold good, that the Order originated in 1822 and that the name of Sheridan occurring in all Old Rituals prior to 1850 was a pious fraud (this to me, in 1906), must be taken for what it is worth. Bro. H. I. W. is fully entitled to his opinions, but when FACTS are against him, it is then time that he modified them. As a brother, I have a great regard for H. I. W. He worked well for the Order in the late amalgamation movement.

It appears to me that Bro. H. I. W. has imbibed the notion that the R.A.O.B., at its inception in London, was nothing but a glorified tap room affair. He, in company with others, sees nothing in the Archaic laying out of a Buffalo Lodge, nothing in its symbols and allegories, and nothing in the beautiful diction of the Exordium of our Old Ritual, that have struck so many minds with wonder and admiration, culminating into the L.O.L. enquiry now permeating the whole of the Order. These to Bro. H. I. W. & Co. resolve themselves into happy go lucky, jumbled up comical episodes born of beery froth and beady bubbles of white and black gatta, engineered by a selected party of bon vivants who believed in getting powerfully refreshed, and were able, in consequence, to perform to absolute perfection that pot house acrobatic feat of laying on the ground without holding on to the entire satisfaction of all concerned.

The articles of Bro. H. I. W. in the journals already mentioned, about five years ago, necessitated a corrective reply. They were doing harm to the L.O.L. This reply came in the form of a pamphlet entitled "Are we Antediluvian?" by the

author of this work, in which dates were given bringing the existence of the Order up to 1800, thereby cutting the 1822 ground from under the feet of H.I.W. Since then he has been discreetly silent.

This has without doubt been as acceptable to Bro. H. I. W. as it has to all other earnest R.A.O.B enquirers. All we want is the truth relating to our Order. Bro. H. I. W. will readily admit this, I know.

We have, it will be seen, brought the existence of the Order up to R. B. Sheridan's time; it now becomes necessary to introduce a name entirely new to the brethren. That is to say, to the generality of them. A few have been aware of this name in connection with our Order, but only a few; not more than fifty all told. This number from out of a million and a half practically qualifies my statement of that slippery word NEW.

This name is now disclosed for the simple reason that it is impossible to make any satisfactory progress without its being known. This, however, is of such importance as to demand an entire chapter to itself in this work.



## CHAPTER VII

### THE COUNT DE CAGLIOSTRO AND GEORGE COOPER MURRAY ONE AND THE SAME PERSON

I am quite aware that in citing the name of the Count de Cagliostro, I let loose about my ears a whole hornet's nest of scandals concerning this man, scandals that have been most industriously put into circulation and kept repeated ever since his supposed death in the Castle of St. Angelo, Rome, in 1790.

What strikes the mind of the student more than anything else in going over the published accounts of these scandals is the deadly uniformity of manner in which the various writers have indulged in their narration of them, a uniformity that spells "copied" or "echoed" to the analytic mind under whose scrutiny they are placed.

As the reading public in the near past, and more particularly the Masonic section of it, have already been drenched with repetitions of these scandals, I shall leave that side alone, as one having been well ventilated, and take up a position practically new, by rebutting the most prominent of them by FACTS not to be gainsayed.

"Hear both sides before you condemn" is essentially a Buff aphorism; it also finds favour with every level headed man in existence. Leaving these evident truisms to work their usual way, when the other side in Cagliostro's case is presented to the reader's judgment, and considering the abundant material there is to draw upon, it is surprising that this has not been done before my time. It is, however, evident that unless the Count de Cagliostro can be cleared by FACTS of the slanders so lavishly thrown at him, he would not be a desirable acquaintance for the R.A.O.B. to make, nor, for a matter of that, for any other respectable man or society.

Let us for a brief span open up this subject. It has been said with truth "The evil men do lives after them, the good being interred with their bones".

This truly remarkable, and in a sense mysterious, man who is now engaging our attention was born at Palermo, Italy, in 1743; consequently, Cagliostro was an Italian. This I will ask the Brother reading this work to bear in mind when I touch upon the subject of Queen Elizabeth presenting us with the mottoed banner already briefly glanced at.

The family name of Cagliostro was Balsamo. The father dying in Cagliostro's infancy, and his mother being poor, his education was entrusted to relatives and friends.

In his fifteenth year he was sent to a monastery, and was taught medicine, chemistry and physics, displaying considerable aptitude in mastering these sciences; in short, to use an English expression, Cagliostro was at that time of his life a Medical Student.

Rightly or wrongly (I must leave to the reader), medical students have earned for themselves a reputation for roystering and practical joking. No matter their nationality, this judgment on the part of the general public seems to follow the medical student like his shadow. Anyway, whatever medical students did by way of larking and getting into trouble with the custodians of the peace, in his medical student's days, Cagliostro appears to have been no exception to his class, and when I come to recall my early years spent in the temples of Iatria, I feel convinced that in those days no one would have mistaken me for a saint or for a Sunday School teacher.

Medical students, as we have just remarked, seem to be pretty well tarred with the same hilarious brush all over Europe. To fix a reason for this psychological sameness is beyond my power; perhaps the mesmerism of example may have something to do with this psychic peculiarity; anyway, Cagliostro was no worse than his class, but when much slanderous capital has been made out of so prosaic a matter as a medical student's larking and hilarious exuberance, then I think the reader will agree with the author that THIS KIND of vituperative slander in Cagliostro's case being very much

in evidence, can safely be laid, without injustice, to the responsibility of his calumniators.

Take, for instance, the case of old Marano, a silversmith of Palermo, on whom Cagliostro played a practical and laughable joke, from which much slanderous capital has been drawn.

At the time with which I am dealing it was a general belief with nearly all classes that the devil or, in order to be polite, his Satanic majesty, could be summoned from his Plutonic realm in order to impart valuable information on various quests, more particularly on that of hidden treasure.

Of course, in the days of which we write, the party in possession of this necromantic trick expected a consideration, taking the shape of broad gold pieces before his performance of calling Old Nick or other cognate spirits from the vasty deep commenced.

There is a curious connection between shekel parting and spirit raising in all ages that wants elucidating. I have all the inclination, but lack the time to go into this interesting occult subject; but note that even in our own enlightened times a gipsy requires her palm to be crossed either with a silver or a gold coin (the latter is the most potent) before the oracle bubbling within her can be induced to speak.

Be all this as it may, old Marano, already mentioned, had a feverish desire to consult his Satanic majesty regarding the locality of certain buried treasure currently reported to be hidden in the earth not far from Palermo.

Now, the future Count de Cagliostro, known at the time I write of as Joseph Balsamo, had, by some means not necessary to enquire into, earned for himself the reputation of having acquired supernatural powers, and was looked upon as another Cornelius Agrippa or Paracelsus, and of course credited with the power of raising the Devil in those days.

In all this supreme nonsense old Marano believed implicitly, and applied to Cagliostro to aid him in seeking the assistance of the "Father of Lies", whom he hoped would reveal how the horde of shekels alluded to could find their way into his



pockets, without the usual prosaic methods of trade being employed for acquiring them. In short, Marano desired to get rich on the cheap, and was not over particular as to the means employed. This, by the bye, appears to my mind to be a penchant in human nature not by any means confined to old Marano, the silversmith of Palermo.

Cagliostro's sense of humour saw much fun curled up in the request of Marano. Anyway, he promised to meet him at midnight alone in a certain secluded spot outside Palermo; when there, he would proceed to work a spell by which a certain be-pitchforked and be-tailed sulphurous personage, known as Old Nick in England and Diavolo in Italy, would be compelled to leave his cosy corner in the nether regions and come to the surface in order to impart to Marano the straight tip as to where the buried shekels were to be found.

Marano was true to his tryst, and so was Cagliostro. History does not say whether or no a horned owl had perched itself on a Rowan tree, or a Witch hazel, near that meeting place, but doubtless it was there. History is also strangely silent concerning the customary Raven and the select party of Old Toads, Bats, and Shrew Mice, which enter so largely into the calculations of Nostradamus, Benvenuto, Celleni, Doctor Dee, and many others professing the necromantic art, but what has puzzled me more, the usual familiar with all necromancers, ensouled in a Black Cat is nowhere in evidence, but we may take it for granted they were all there. Cagliostro would have seen to all these necromantic accessories.

Regarding the particular incantation or formula used by Cagliostro on that occasion for the benefit, of old Marano, history is remarkably reticent in giving us information on this important point, but perhaps my own personal experience in raising the Devil may give some clue.

The favourite prescription when I was a lad for bringing Beelzebub to the surface in the sleepy old town of Aylesbury, Bucks., was as follows:— Three male members of the genus *Homo* were to assemble where four cross roads met; time,

the witching hour of night, set fire to some brimstone, join hands, and recite the Lord's prayer backwards. One night this was done by three of us, boys varying in ages between 14 and 16, but having NERVES OF STEEL, when, in about two minutes after this formula was set going what looked like a pair of horns slowly rose in the clear moonlight behind a hedge opposite to where we stood, and then a reddish brown grizzled head followed the horns, and looked at us; that did it! Leaving the brimstone to burn itself out, we took to our heels and ran as we had never run before. Whether what looked like horns belonged to a cow or were a donkey's ears I cannot say. In my maturer years I am disposed to lean towards the asinine surmise. Anyway, this I can vouch for, we saw something that looked in the moonlight distinctly formidable, horrible, and fiendish.

The reader will note how anxious I am to throw light on the dark spots of our history, and will be pleased to learn that Cagliostro's formula for raising Old Nick at Palermo was much more successful than ours was at Aylesbury, Bucks., inasmuch as at Cagliostro's bidding five or six veritable Devils, or young students rather, to be precise, dressed up as such, with horns on their heads, appeared on the scene, gesticulating sardonically, while dancing around the horror stricken Marano, who for the life of him could not remember "ABRACADABRA", the mystic word Cagliostro coached him up to say to the Devil or his Agents when he or they appeared, and which would compel them to indicate the exact spot where the treasure of shekels lay concealed.

After waiting some minutes for Marano to speak, these obliging imps danced off in company with Cagliostro, enveloped in smoke and sound, the latter striking the ears of Marano like a concatenation of the "jabbering of the damned", but which, had his mind been divested of the horror of the situation, would have sounded more like guffaws of boisterous laughter.

I will not tire the reader's patience with a recital of any more of the cock and bull stories, similar to that already told, but which, despite the bandinage with which I have attempted to invest it, is told correctly. With regard to the treasure of gold of which Cagliostro is said to have robbed old Marano, the reader may put that down to fudge!

Little space will be given to the slanderous capital made out of Cagliostro's sale of a proprietary medicine of his, which he called. "The Elixir of Life", and which moneyed people bought readily on account of the good it did to the old and infirm.

In my professional capacity I have heard of nostrum dealers and manufacturers, before the time of Cagliostro, vending medicines bearing this title; even publicans have labelled their spirits with it; at the present time quite two hundred chemists in the United Kingdom make use of it as an inducement for the public to purchase some doubtless very excellent tonic bearing the title "The Elixir of Life".

When, however, Cagliostro labelled his preparation with this much used title, that was the opportunity for some despicable critic, whom all others have imitated, to heap slander on his name, and away with him to the dungeons of St. Angelo in Rome!



## CHAPTER VIII

### CAGLIOSTRO – *Continued*

There is only one instance, as far as my reading goes, in which both sides, viz., the accuser and the accused, with regard to Cagliostro's well slandered name, had an impartial investigation, that instance being the stolen diamond necklace belonging to Marie Antoinette, Queen of Louis XVI of France.

This affair, as every reader knows, created a considerable amount of excitement all over Europe.

The stolen necklace already mentioned was valued at 1,600,000 French francs, or, in English money, £64,000, a nice little plum to fall into the mouths of the Raffles of that period.

To cut this story of the Queen's stolen necklace as short as possible, it is sufficient to state that Cagliostro was accused of the theft by Madame de la Motte, one of the hangers on of the Court of Louis the XVI., who, woman like, and more especially a criminal French one, threw as much mud at the object of her accusation as she was capable, in the hope, doubtless, that some of it would be sure to stick.

To the major charge of stealing the Queen's necklace she added a minor battery, or rather, a vituperative string of charges ensouled in "langwidge" decidedly of a feminine complexion.

According to this lady's vivid imagination, Cagliostro was an Alchymist, a dreamer of the Philosopher's Stone, a profaner of the true worship of God (she forgot to specialize this item, which, all things to be considered bearing upon this charge, is to be regretted), a robber, a swindler, etc., etc., and wound up by crowning this imposing edifice of vituperative abuse with the coping stone of sorcerer.

In this interesting state the matter came on for trial before the best Judges of France, but eventually collapsed as far as the charges against Cagliostro were concerned. The Judges,

although secretly instructed by high court officials who were anxious to make Cagliostro a scapegoat for their sins, could not but be convinced that he must be acquitted, so clear was the evidence of his innocence, and he was accordingly acquitted of stealing the Queen's necklace, leaving behind him the memory of one of the most eloquent addresses ever heard in a French court of Justice.

One can picture him on that, perhaps, most momentous occasion of his life. He had a fine personality, women said, and most likely the fair creatures were the best judges that he was handsome. Be all that as it may, as an orator he was unequalled. Alexandre Dumas does ample justice to him in this particular in his "Countess de Charney", but, as I was about to observe, one can picture him when his turn came to defend himself; his flashing eyes, his well chosen periods of scorn, his irresistible logic, his intensely dramatic fervour; and where is there an Italian of genius who, when roused, is not dramatic?

In these he ensouled his conscious innocence; they may have influenced his judges in his favour, but what decided them was the complete breakdown of the false charges which were brought to prove him a thief, charges advanced with all the cunning of criminal French lawyers, backed up by money.

To conclude this episode in Cagliostro's life, Madame de la Motte was found guilty of the theft of the Queen's necklace, and was sentenced to be publicly whipped and branded with a hot iron on her back.

The man she sought to incriminate left the Court acquitted and "without a stain upon his character".

One cannot but wonder, taking the scandal of the theft of the Queen's necklace as a sample, that if all the other scandals levelled so freely against the name of the Count de Cagliostro had been subjected to the same trained, cold, judicial light as that was, what would become of them?

Posterity will echo this query.

That Cagliostro was not the man foul mouthed critics, with venom dipped pens, have sought to make of him is evident, from the following facts, facts suppressed by the venom spitting gang of journalistic traducers of his day.

I will, in order to avoid unnecessary prolixity, only give the facts, with dates to substantiate them, and leave this part of my research to the judgment of my readers.

First, his winning over of the brilliant Madame de Lamballe, of the Court of Louis XVI to his views on the subject of Androgynous Egyptian Mysteries, and installing her as ISIS or the Bona Dea of the Greeks, March 20th, 1785.

Second, his masterly and eloquent address before a general assembly of French Freemasons, in which audience some of the finest intellects of France were present on May 9th, 1785. It was at this meeting he told his brother Masons to burn their records, for the reason that they were not Masonic.

Third, his consecration of Egyptian Mysteries at Lyons, in which eminent men assisted, 27th July, 1786.

Fourth, his inauguration of the Grand Seance of Egyptian Mysteries in a vast mansion of the Faubourg St. Honore, Paris, 7th August, 1785.

Fifth, his triumphal entry into Strasburg, in which the people of that city turned out *en masse* to welcome him as a benefactor of the poor and the infirm!

Sixth, his simplicity of character is shewn when he allowed himself to be fleeced of large sums of money by the soi-disant Lord and Lady Scott with the aid of a fellow countryman of his, one Vitellini, whom Cagliostro had befriended; in fact, succoured from starvation. This happened in Whitcombe Street, London, in 1786.

NOTE.-It is not generally the case that swindlers, such as Cagliostro has been slanderously stated to have been, allow themselves to be plundered by plausible tales; the boot is usually on the other foot.

It would be an easy matter to fill page after page with instances similar to the ones already given and descanted

upon. Enough, however, has been advanced to serve a double purpose, viz., to show the stuff from which the slanders alluded to were made; AND that Cagliostro's character had at least a bright side to it, as well as a presumed shady one. In the latter aspect it is needless to say I do not believe. BUT MERE OPINIONS in such a case ARE PRACTICALLY VALUELESS.

Even Charles Mackay, in his "Memoirs of Popular Delusions", published by Geo. Routledge & Sons, The Broadway, Ludgate, 1869, writing, as he does, with a strong bias against Cagliostro, admits that the so called crimes for which he was at first condemned to death by the Roman Inquisition in 1798, did not merit the sentence passed. Please take particular note of the charges made against him, viz., "for being a Freemason, a Heretic and a Sorcerer". The death sentence was afterwards revoked to one of perpetual imprisonment in the Castle of St. Angelo. Charles Mackay remarks on page 220 of the above mentioned work, "It is impossible not to feel that his sentence for the crimes assigned was utterly disgraceful to the Roman government that pronounced it", and I think every reader of this work will exclaim "and so say all of us".

Having attempted to relegate the slanders heaped upon the memory of this much maligned man to that vituperative source from which they arose, and do, if I can, a little justice where it was sadly wanted, and having by so doing introduced to my brothers in the R.A.O.B. their great Egyptian Master in a better light than that of malicious slander, all of which was absolutely necessary in order to avoid misconceptions hurtful to our Order, we will now get on, with an assured hope that Cagliostro, after what has been advanced, will improve upon acquaintance.

Three Mystic philosophers in the year 1776, to use a conventional term, flourished for the enlightenment of mankind, to sow the seed of the TREE AND TAU of Buffaloism in an unenlightened world, viz., St. Germain, Mesmer and

Cagliostro. When one of these names is mentioned in Occult Science literature, the name quoted is frequently further emphasised as “one of the three”.

In these three names is ensouled much of the impetus given in 1776 for the study of occultism, which has expanded to world-wide dimensions, having the finest and most varied literature in existence to assist and consolidate the steadily growing expansion of esoterics wherever civilization exists.

When Cagliostro established Egyptian Mysteries in Paris, as already mentioned, with dates given to aid the Buffalo student in his researches, it may, I think, be taken for granted that his English Egyptian Mysteries were brought to London in 1776. (See Charles MacKay's (LL.D.) work, “Extraordinary Popular Delusions”, published by Geo. Routledge & Sons, The Broadway, Ludgate, 1869, pages 208 and 209; also the Biographical Treasury by Samuel Maunders, page 151, published by Longmans, Green, Reader and Dyer, 1868).

Both these writers fix the date for Cagliostro's visit to London as 1776, and as so much depends on this date I give two reputable authorities as vouchers, and could if necessary give more to corroborate these, that in 1776 is to be found the correct date for the visit already indicated.

I shall now make an attempt to piece together, from unquestionable data, a working hypothesis that will, as far as the strongest circumstantial evidence goes, link up certain names into a canon of belief, or rather, into an actuality of events taken place, having the Egyptian Mysteries practised by Cagliostro both in Whitcombe and North Audley Streets, as a *via media* for such an introduction and subsequent acquaintance.

Previous to Cagliostro coming to London in 1776, he paid a visit to his Master in the occult sciences, at Sleswig Holstein, in Germany, whose name was St. Germain, and who was then staying there.

Cagliostro and his wife, Lorenza, a beautiful Italian lady of noble birth, stayed with St. Germain for some days, and were entertained with magnificent hospitality.



It is not drawing too deeply on the problematic to say that during that visit Cagliostro's impending journey to London formed a topic for conversation between master and pupil. Both these men were adepts in Egyptian Scientific Symbolism, and without doubt St. Germain imparted much valuable information to his pupil bearing upon the best method for Cagliostro to pursue in the laying out of the Egyptian Mysteries in London, which we find he did as soon as circumstances permitted after his arrival in London.

Here, to my mind (after lengthened investigations), is to be found the only solution of the statement to be found on page 5 of our Old Ritual 2nd Edition, published by Amusements, Ltd., 16, Grand Arcade, Leeds, to wit:— "The Supreme Grand Primo of our Order (St. Germain), about the year 1776, taking into consideration the obscurity into which Buffaloism had fallen at that time, granted a Dispensation (at Sleswig Holstein) to George Cooper Murray, of thrice blessed memory, to extend and consolidate our Order by disseminating its principles, which mission he fulfilled with an astounding zeal and wisdom", etc., etc.

It will be noticed that the names George, Cooper, Murray are each composed of six letters, the three initial letters of these being G. C. M., which also initial Germain, Cagliostro and Mesmer, the Occult Science three, to which allusion has already been made.

It is impossible in a work like this, which anyone can purchase at its published price, to go much further into this question without imparting Buffalo secrets intended only for a Third Degree initiate in our Order. I may, however, venture this far, and say that in its Temuric, or six lettered aspect, it is closely connected with the Greek Hexalpha Symbol meaning six Bull's heads. In its ecclesiastical symbolic architectural aspect it represents the six columns placed at the facade of churches. See St. Martin's church, Trafalgar Square, Kennington Church, Waterloo Road Church, close to the station, and in thousands of other churches all over the world.

It also represents the six mystical books of the Rosicrucians, commencing with T and ending with A, the initials for Taurus and Apis, Greek and Egyptian names for Bull. From these two indicated sources all the mysteries of Buffaloism arise.

Regarding the veiled meanings of George Cooper Murray (it was the custom of occult writers to veil their meanings), I cannot give them in this work. They must rest for a time. If they never come via myself, future students of the mysteries of our Order will most assuredly find them; they will not be lost.

We have seen that immediately previous to his advent in London, Cagliostro paid a visit to his occult science master, St. Germain, at Sleswig Holstein in Germany, and that without a doubt his intended visit formed a topic for conversation between these two remarkable men (see page 208 of Chas. Mackay's "Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions").

Cagliostro's subsequent advent in London in 1776 was marked with the same enthusiasm as that which greeted him wherever he went. Crowds of Londoners flocked to his house, seeking to gain an audience, the fashionable London world being no less eager to make his acquaintance than were the rest.

Amongst the notables who sought to, and succeeded in making, his acquaintance, was Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who became a frequent visitor both at Whitcombe and North Audley Streets, where Cagliostro carried out his mysterious Egyptian seances. Both Sheridan and Cagliostro being brilliantly intellectual men, it is natural to conclude that they were mutually attracted.

That Sheridan, together with a number of other notables were initiated into these mysteries, which subsequent data will show, admits of no doubt.

The following few reasons, selected from a number of similar ones, will, I feel sure, help the reader to form a judgment on this matter.

First, Cagliostro brought Egyptian seances to London in 1776. See the authorities already quoted for this.

Second, In 1777 Sheridan produced his “School for Scandal” at Drury Lane Theatre, in which one of the characters of that comedy is called “My Lord Buffalo”. The Buffalo as an animal is a symbolic expression of one of the seven correlations of the Egyptian Apisian mysteries, each one bearing the prefix Lord, viz., RA. It is natural to infer that Sheridan, with the novelty of his initiation into Egyptian Mysteries fresh upon him, should desire to objectify that novelty in a character, which he did in the “School for Scandal”, as Charles Dickens left his mark of being made a Primo of our Order in his “Bleak House”. Particulars of this interesting item can be given to every Primo in the Order if desired.

Our Old Ritual, divested entirely of the tomfoolery engrafted on it in 1822 (which has been done), will bear favourable symbolic comparison with the Egyptian Book of the Dead, said to be the oldest book in existence, with Akkadian Mysteries (see Chaldean Magic, by Francois Lenormant, chap. IV., page 78, published by Samuel Baxter & Sons, 15, Paternoster Row). The recent discoveries at the City of Bismaya, in Assyria, the centre of a civilization which flourished over 10,000 years ago (as related by Dr. Edgar J. Banks, and published by the “Daily Chronicle”, September 13th, 1907, which journal also gave woodcuts of the most interesting of the finds, one of which were the State Seals of that City), in an excellent state of preservation, showing the worship of the Buffalo at that, remote period. The engraver’s art on the seals mentioned did the same justice to the contour of the Buffalo as do the sculptures of the Buffalo on the walls of the rock hewn temples of both India and Egypt, to be seen at the present day. These Bismaya sculptures or glyphs represent this animal as having votive offerings made to it, plainly showing the sacred light in which it was held. This subject will be further elucidated in the chapter dealing with the animal metaphysics of the Egyptians.

I trust by this time the reader is beginning to see the connection between so called modern Buffaloism and that of ancient Egypt, that is to say, as far as symbolic Bovine Bull worship is concerned, via the media of Cagliostro and Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

To establish Egyptian mysteries both on the Continent and in England, as well as in Poland and Russia by the dissemination of them, via the vehicle of seances, appears to have been very dear to the heart of Cagliostro. Even the scurrilous Carlyle, quoted by the writer of the article on Cagliostro in Chambers Encyclopaedia, Vol. II, page 493, published by W. & R. Chambers, 47, Paternoster Row, London, 1874, saw this when he says: "We next find him at Warsaw, discoursing on his pet Egyptian Masonry", etc., etc.

Here, both the writer and compiler of the disparaging article under notice, give themselves away somewhat, for the analytic mind will be disposed to ask, how could Cagliostro on the one hand be a student and a disseminator of the highest moral philosophy the world has ever seen, viz., the Egyptian, and be such a consummate scoundrel as they try to make him out to be on the other? As well, according to my idea, mix up the aphorisms of that divine thinker, Marcus Aurelius, with the doings of a Jeremy Diddler! Anyway, I hope the judicious reader will, in company with myself, "hae his doots" as to their connection.

The time has now arrived in this research to explain why the brethren of the R.A.O.B. in the concrete should be called Buffaloes, and a section of them confined entirely to the members of the First Degree in the R.A.O.B., who are known as Kangaroos.

Not understanding the Egyptian occult significance of these two animals has been the reason why Buffaloism has been diverted by cynicism and a love of practical joking, in an age when both were rampant, from the intentions of the Egyptian adept (viz., Cagliostro) who wove them into his educational

scheme for the uplifting of the English people from the drink degradation into which he saw the nation plunged when he visited London in 1776.

That a sparkling dramatic genius like R. B. Sheridan, an initiate into the Egyptian mysteries as taught by Cagliostro, should see anything philosophic in two grotesque animals like the Buffalo and Kangaroo is certainly not to be expected.

Even at the present time, when Egyptology has been revived into a serious enquiry, the town has recently been tickled into guffaws of laughter and ripples of merriment over the Comic Opera of Amasis, the plot of which hinges on a sacred dead cat, just in the same ways that Sheridan tickled the London public over the Buffalo when Cobb's opera of the Pirate was brought out at Drury Lane Theatre on November 21st, 1792, "We'll chase the Buffalo", one of the choruses, being howled day and night over London by roysterers filled with beer.

To more fully understand my meaning, and enable the reader to draw a correct estimate as to what was meant in the symbolic objective presentments of two grotesque animals given us by Cagliostro, viz., the Buffalo and the Kangaroo, into his English version of Egyptian mysteries, afterwards ridiculed by Sheridan, it will be necessary to go a little into the Symbolisms with which the Ancient Egyptians enshrouded animal and vegetable forms.

As this portion of my exposition will savour somewhat of the metaphysical, I must be careful not to write over the heads of those of my readers to whom such subjects are new, but, on the contrary, to make all as plain as possible by using words that all of them understand.

Possibly this method will not commend itself to those who may be advanced in Egyptian Esoterics, who will probably give as a reason the subject suffering from any attempt to popularise an essentially Cabinet question. With these possible surmises of those "in the know" I shall not deal. I am vain enough to think the contrary, and to objectify that vanity

in trying to enlighten the man in the street a little into what has passed into a proverb, i.e., “The Wisdom of the Egyptians”. How I shall succeed remains to be proved; anyway, the attempt on my part shall be governed by the reflection that I had better slightly offend the taste of those who know, than fail in the comprehension of those who do not.



## CHAPTER IX

### AN ATTEMPT TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF ANIMAL FORMS BY THE AID OF THE "WISDOM OF THE EGYPTIANS"

On this very important portion of our research it will, I hope, be noticed that I have no opinions of my own to offer bearing directly upon animal symbology that are not supported by facts. Opinions without facts have, during the past thirty years, torn the Grand Symbolic science of Buffaloism into shreds and patches, but the era for acting on vandalistic opinions to the detriment of the R.A.O.B. is, I am pleased to record, at last drawing to a close; the brain of the Order is asking itself, Why this vandalism? What good has it done? And what good is it likely to do if we allow it the same free hand in the future as we have done during the past thirty years?

The publication of this work will make up the minds of thousands of our brothers who will give a too long delayed coup de grace to a well intentioned but fatuous policy already briefly glanced at. On this question the reader's attention is particularly directed to the chapter at the close of this work bearing the title "ILLUSIVE OPINIONS".

As I have explained in my nine lectures (published for the reading of brothers only), Buffaloism is essentially a Symbolic Society. Its story is told in allegories, and ensouled in Symbols. Take its allegories and symbols away, as many of them have been, as the result of well intentioned ignorance, and you take Buffaloism away, and substitute in its place some so called up to date R.A.O.B. Ritual, having about as much claim to be Buffaloism as I should have were I asinine enough to scrape a relationship with the Mikado of Japan.

At a rough guess we have now about thirty of these up to date monstrosities, tricked out with up to date opinions and Rituals, everyone of them doing service in the Buffaloistic

world at a “Making” under the aegis of a Banner. The contemplation of this jumbled up mass of Ritualistic nonsense, this jingle of words in which the science of Buffaloism is lost, cannot but cause the mind of any Archaic student to reel in despair of ever being able to evolve R.A.O.B. order out of such an up to date chaos of men’s unsupported opinions, who should know the subject they handle, but, alas! do not.

Many years ago a brother and myself were conversing on a question as to why we are called Buffaloes and Kangaroos; some of his remarks struck me at the time as being both sensible and interesting. The spirit of enquiry which ensouled his part of the conversation has now become general. In a sentence, the Brethren want to know what Buffaloism really is. “Why”, asked the brother just alluded to, are we called after such grotesque animals as the Buffalo and the Kangaroo? Why were such supremely ridiculous members of the animal kingdom tacked on to the mysteries of an Order like ours? The Buffalo, for instance, if not the dirtiest and most malodorous animal under heaven, would be hard to match in those obnoxious traits. Look at its habit of wallowing in the mud and oosey slime always to be found in the creeks of rivers, lying there for hours, baking the mud on its body into thick hard cakes under the fierce sun of both India and Egypt, but for all such evidence of filth and laziness, the fiercest and most revengeful fighter known, inasmuch as the tiger, which can pull down and kill nearly all other animals, is no match for the Buffalo.

“Then look at the Kangaroo, a long eared, stupid looking marsupial, whose leaping performance is so ludicrous that it is enough to make the proverbial cat laugh to witness it! To my mind”, continued the brother under notice, “it seems that some one with a facetious turn of mind has raked the animal kingdom over in order to select specimens of animal grotesqueness, which, when incorporated with our Order to the extent of providing names or titles to our members seems, to my mind, more of an insult than anything else! To associate



sentiment savouring of honour or respect with a filthy animal like the Buffalo, or with that marsupial clown the Kangaroo, is not to be thought of. Someone has intended to insult us, and has done it well via the media of the Buffalo and the Kangaroo”.

The above quoted paragraphs, if not put in the actual words spoken, convey exactly what the brother under notice intended them to mean.

Since that interview I have many times wondered at the speaker’s remarkable intuition as to the real motives Cagliostro had in view when he selected the two animals under notice to symbolise, in his London Egyptian Mysteries, the English people as he saw them in 1776.

The reader unacquainted with Egyptian Animal Metaphysics will naturally ask, “Why”?

I will now endeavour to answer this query, and shall do so in plain intelligible language, so that it may be clear to a certain ubiquitous person, very much in evidence of late years, “the man in the street”, together with that gastronomic young man who aspires to the Dutchman’s ideal of manly form in being 5 ft. 10 ins. high and 5 ft. 10 ins. round the abdomen, popularly known as the skittle shaped order of humanity, who sedulously worships at the shrine of “Little Mary”, so felicitously described in the comic opera of “Patience” —

“He’s great at the Monday hops,  
Is fond of his dinner,  
And doesn’t get thinner  
On bottled beer and chops”.

together with “that pushing young particle”, the Edgar and Swan young man, the Public House Saloon young man, the Collar and Cuffs Music Hall Lounge young man, the Dawdling, JADED, but so awfully superior to the common herd, stage door frequenter, listening to the last bars of the orchestra before the curtain rises on the play, young man; in short, that very extensive genus, the “young man, that answers to the name of Guppy”.

Should I succeed in making an inane class such as the one described understand the rudiments of Egyptian Animal Metaphysics; and this is possible, provided they will allow me to first remove their coterial squint in the brain by assuring them that history is really not bounded by the mid Victorian era, but has an actuality of several thousands of years ante dating to that supposed ultima thule of their historical convictions. That done, my task will be an easy one; once get them to understand that there really were civilisations quite equal to that of the mid Victorian era, that men lived, thought and worked in those civilisations, and actually built stupendous palaces and temples, say, 5,000 years ago, wherewith to adorn those civilisations; once get them to see this, then it is quite possible that human curiosity, innate in all of us, will want to know a little more.

On this hypothesis I build my hopes, and will proceed, for the benefit of the potential mentally evolved, to state my case.

We shall now deal with a civilisation of 5,000 years ago, i.e., the civilisation of Egypt, when learned men thought, spoke and wrote in a symbolic language. Symbolism with these men assumed the dignity of a science. Professor Ralston Skinner, the eminent orientalist, of Cincinnati, America, and others, call this language the Mystery Language of Antiquity, it having for its basis that mystery of mysteries, SOUND.

Should the reader have in ever so small a degree a mystic trend in his intellectual make up; he will, by the exercise of this faculty, follow me all the more closely, but apart from that, it will be my endeavour to make my subject plain to all. In the first place, let me direct my reader's attention to what he already knows of the animal world, and I will ask him kindly to concentrate his thinking entirely and exclusively on the subject under notice.

The reader already knows that there are Tigers, Elephants, Brahma Bulls and poisonous snakes in India, Lions in Africa, Buffaloes in Egypt and India, Bisons in America, Yaks in Thibet, Wolves in Russia, Wild Horses in Tartary, Kangaroos in Australia, Bears in the Polar Regions, and Camels in Turkey.

He also knows that the diffusion of animal life over the globe is practically inexhaustible, some countries possessing quite a thousand varieties.

Now let the reader go a step further, and either refresh his memory by reading up or recalling what he has heard or experienced concerning the nature or disposition of the various animal life forms with which he has become acquainted. Perhaps the following rough summary will be sufficient as a guide for this purpose.

First and foremost from this enquiry would come the impression an animal would make on the reader's mind, and more especially from a near proximity to that animal or life form. For instance, let us suppose a man who had never seen a Tiger, Lion, Rattlesnake or Cobra di Capello, or Wolf, were to meet with hither in its native haunts. What would happen? He would certainly feel an instinctive dread creep over him; a warning voice, as it were, would whisper to his reasoning conscience that there was danger to his life ensouled in such Life forms.

If, instead of meeting with any of the animal life forms just instanced, he met with an Antelope, a Gazelle, or a Fawn, in its native haunts, the sight of these would give rise to no creeping horror, would convey no warning voice of danger. On the contrary, he would have a desire to stroke the backs, or pat the heads of such animals, if they would let him, and he would most likely feel in his pocket for an apple, a biscuit, or a sweetmeat where with to inspire confidence towards himself in such life forms so agreeable to his nature.

Speculate as we may on the why and the where fore of the stupendous, intricate mystery ensouled in the attraction or repulsion set up by animal life forms towards ourselves, little satisfaction ensues. Our greatest animal scientists, Darwin, Wallace, Haeckel, and Company, on the inductive plane afford us little or no help to solve it. On the contrary, they seem, in their dissertations, only to add to our perplexities by intensifying the riddle. It is only by tapping the wisdom of the

Egyptians, that we are able to lift a corner of the veil which separates the seen from the unseen and to get a peep at the subjective animal world. Professor Oliver Lodge very ably voices what I want to say:—

“Psychic Science”, says the Professor, “is wearing the partition that separates the seen from the unseen down so thin that we can almost hear the workers on the other side”.

Size, it is almost needless to say, gives no solution to the dispositions of the animal life forms of this Objective mystery, especially with regard to their Subjective natures. As an instance, a full grown horse and a full grown cobra are scarcely comparable with regard to size, for a full grown horse would, as far as material goes, make a thousand cobras, yet one of these reptiles could so dominate a horse that the mere sight of the snake would cause a cold sweat of horror to break out on that animal, and unless the cobra had fixed the eye of the horse with its mesmeric glitter, the horse would gallop off as fast as its legs would carry it.

A multitude of instances are recorded of the peculiar mesmeric power exercised by the cobra, the spectacled, hooded snake of India, on man, animals, birds, etc. The serpent *Trigonocephalus* is even more deadly than the cobra. Persons meeting one of these reptiles in their rambles have been struck both dumb and motionless with an indescribable horror, for it attacks both men and animals indiscriminately, and always with fatal results, for unless killed before it stings, there is practically no hope of saving life from the bite of this peculiar life form. Birds have been known, when flying over the place where one lay concealed in the long grass, to become suddenly arrested in their onward flight, to be pulled up short, as it were, to a few circumscribed circles over where the reptile lay, each one less in diameter than the preceding one, and to finally drop down like a stone, as if shot, into the creature’s waiting open jaws to receive the victim.

This peculiar mesmeric power exercised at a distance by the Cobra and *Trigonocephalus* is not confined only to these

life forms of the reptile world. Boa constrictors, Pythons, Rattlesnakes, the Mokassin Serpent of the Southern States of North America, and others not necessary to mention, have also this power of bewildering the mind of man and animals into a state of utter helplessness.

As we have just said, it is useless at present to expect anything of an explanation from modern science, save the bare record that many snakes are really possessed of this amazing power. No law or rule has yet been given to guide us to a reason for its possession, beyond the at present practically useless one, which I give for what it is worth, *i.e.*, that this mesmeric power runs *pari passu* with the power possessed by the reptile to cause a speedy death from its stings. That is to say, the more poisonous the snake, the greater is its mesmeric power. Whether or no the ancient Hierophants of Egypt and Rishis of India solved these riddles ensouled in the life encasements of snake forms I cannot say, but if my unsupported opinions on this subject are worth anything, I think they did. One has only to look at the amazing tangle of animal headed human figures as depicted in the glyphs, both of India and Egypt, to feel instinctively that something approaching a solution of the deep problems ensouled in animal life forms had been reached in those ancient times by the Hierophants of Egypt at least.

Be that as it may, it has been demonstrated by the acquirement of minor secrets after years of research given freely by modern scientific men in order to unlock the deeper Kosmic problems ensouled in those built up mountains of stone, the Pyramids, and which are known to exist on pure logical grounds, the FACT stands out clear and unquestioned that the Hierophants or High Priests of Egypt's colossal temples were in possession of nature's secrets to an extent little dreamt of by the average scientific man of Europe.

Like those gigantic triangular stone riddles near Cairo and elsewhere, which have at present disgorged but few of their stone-locked secrets to the curiosity of modern men, what

may not the Phono-Symbolic language, compiled by the same High Priests under whose direction the Pyramids were built, have to reveal to us, when the correct meanings of such Hieroglyphics as the Ram headed Kneph, the Hawk headed Konsu and Ra, the Cow headed Hathor, the Cat headed Sekket, the Ibis headed Thoth, and Crocodile headed Typhon, the Jackal headed Anubis, and the Cobra crowned Mitres of the Kings of Upper and Lower Egypt, reveal to us regarding the meanings the ancients attached to the above enumerated glyphs of life forms so profusely scattered over the sculpture and drawn on the papyri of Egypt. The inner secrets of that mysterious and only partly solved Phono Symbolic Hieroglyphic language are yet to be unravelled. Like the Pyramids, they only give us crumbs of knowledge to reward our years of untiring research. In 1960 or thereabouts our researches will, I feel sure, be pregnant with great results. Like the discovery of Radium, which sent us all to school again, the correct interpretation of Egypt's animal headed man and woman will put us in possession of knowledge relating to animal and vegetable life forms so difficult to understand now.

The great sages of Egypt, it must not be lost sight of, were not inductive thinkers, similar to the present day scientists of Europe, but deductive. That is to say, they reasoned from the opposite pole of thought to the one in vogue with Europeans. The *fiat experimentum* of Bacon, which still holds good with European scientists, had no reliable value in their eyes, the European mode of reasoning from induction, or reasoning from particulars to generals. The Egyptian deductive mode was from generals to particulars. Induction, however, leads up to deduction, but the Sages did not want this leading up; they took, as it were, the didactic bull by the horns and reasoned from deduction first, paying little or no heed to inductive thought, and when we pause for a minute or two to consider that mathematics, the purest science known, is purely a deductive science, the Egyptian mode of reasoning

has strong recommendations as being the superior of the two modes from that consideration alone.

The scientist of Egypt had no need to make experiments in order to establish a data, the data being already established by the orderly, never varying laws of nature, or, in other words, they took the unchangeable in nature for a fulcrum with which to solve problems, and never deviated from that certainty. They had no opinions to air and no theories to formulate and then prove by induction.

To our Western impressions their teachings would appear to be an autocratic tyranny; their lessons to their pupils seldom exceeded more than twenty words; what was said would sound to occidental ears as an *imperium in imperio*. The pupil had the master's problem imparted to him didactively, from which there was no appeal, no trimming of difficulties, no deference to pre existing opinions held by the student; nothing but a rigid, intellectual despotism, as it would have appeared to our Western eyes and ears, but to which the pupil had to subscribe, in short, the "*autos epha*" ("He has said it", referring to Pythagoras, an Egyptian Hierophant) with the pupils of Pythagoras, himself an Egyptian Hierophant, was the rule with Egyptian teaching, and never the exception. Hence arose the axiom of the "Wisdom of the Egyptians". The Hierophants found that their deductive system for training the mind produced Hierophants, which is saying much. They were the drill sergeants of the mind in those ancient times, as our army ones are of the body today. Both had a stock phrase often in use with drill sergeants "OBEY ORDERS". The Egyptian High Priests were, are, and, for all time will be regarded by the student of these matters as the schoolmasters of the succeeding nations.

The foregoing remarks will, to a great extent, be my justification when I said that if we desire true enlightenment as to why the English people were called Buffaloes and Kangaroos by an adept in Egyptian animal symbology, viz., Cagliostro, who had, previous to his coming to London in

1776, spent some years in Egypt, living in Coptic monasteries (Dumas calls him “The Great Copt”. See the opening chapter of his “Memoirs of a Physician”) why, I repeat, he called the English people Buffaloes and Kangaroos, we must, as far as we are able, divest ourselves of our Western modes of thinking. The inductions of the stock and share markets of Europe are of no help to us in this enquiry. What the commercial magnates of our mammoth houses of business may happen to think on such entrancing (to them) subjects as the prices of long cloths, chiffon, and crepe de chine, or even of pudding basins, pails, brooms, brushes, and soap, will not aid us, and as for your opinions, you meddlesome Matties in matters you do not understand, reserve them strictly for your Political and Theological controversies, for your reasonings on “that ass, Jones”, or “that puppy, Smith”, with whom you have been at polemical loggerheads for years, who will not see things eye to eye with yourself, when (in your opinion) you make them. “as plain as a pike staff”.

Your up to date thinkings on these questions are only short shotted guns; they will never reach the sublime evolutions of thought known as the Wisdom of the Egyptians. The very circumstance that you think they will is very much in evidence that they won’t.





## CHAPTER X

### CONCLUSION OF THE AUTHOR'S THESIS ON THE ANIMAL SYMBOLOGY OF THE EGYPTIANS

**I**n the preceding introductory chapter to this part of our exposition we have seen something of the mind working of the Egyptian High Priests regarding the great problem of animal life forms scattered all over the globe. These forms confront us where ever we go. These life forms, or life encasements, to the Sages of Egypt were symbols of primordial life forces, to repeat what has already been written, the Hierophants thought, spoke, and wrote in symbols. This is the key that unlocks their hieroglyphic Sun and Sound language.

A Lion, Tiger, Horse, Snake, Fish, or any other life encasement with the Hierophants, was either a primordial or a correlation from such of the life forces of nature, sparks struck off, as it were, from a central life sun which they called Osiris, the great Sun God of Egypt.

Osiris, in their minds, was a something akin to the emanations from the sun whose rays, ensouling the invisible forces of all life forms, speedily objectified them with suitable differentiations of matter into animal life forms of which we are all cognisant.

The KA, as it was called, or invisible life force ensouling the mere physical encasement, but directing the form it should assume, was looked upon as superior to that encasement, for it was noted that as soon as the Ka, either by accident or design, separated from the encasement (which circumstance we Westerns would call Death) life in that encasement ceased to function; it lay motionless, and speedily lost shape, to finally disappear from view, being drawn back to that plane of matter from whence it had been taken.

A little reflection on this subject will convince my readers what a practical grip the old Egyptian Sages had on the

phenomena of life forms at present so difficult for the average Western tutored mind to understand.

The reader will not forget that all life forms resolved themselves, in Egyptian eyes, into symbols. These, taken collectively, make up the bulk of the characters of the “Mystery Language of Antiquity” already referred to. This bearing in mind of the Egyptian concepts relating to animal life forms will enable us to understand why Cagliostro banned the drink sodden English nation of his day under the suitable Symbols of the Buffalo and the Kangaroo.

With the Ancient Egyptian, the Bovine Bull was a symbol of the procreative powers of nature. All its correlations, such as the Brahma Bull of India, the Bison Bull of America, the Yak Bull of Thibet, the Buffalo of India, Egypt, and elsewhere, in short, the Bovine Bull, wherever found, was a sacred animal, on account of its symbol in the eyes of the Hierophants, whose colour, according to their science of Chromoscopy, was *red*. The Ka or animating principle of the sacred Bull Apis they called OSIRIS, the great Sun God of Egypt. The primary colour RED is also an important symbol.

The Cow, in this symbolic language under notice, was a symbol of the receptive or passive side of nature, in which the procreative principle of Apis could act, giving objective expression to the two opposites of the Bovine race, viz., a Bull calf or a Cow calf, according to the requirements of MUT, the universal mother, symbolized by the Egyptians as a woman bearing the Hoopoo wand, a symbolic expression of the male prerogative, in her left hand, and the Crux Ansata, or symbol of the key of life, in her right, these two symbols meaning the androgynous operating. Following the great symbolic plan, as shown in the great Sun God OSIRIS ensouling the sacred Bull Apis, the Cow, or Hathor, as the Bull found expression in OSIRIS, the Cow found expression in ISIS, whose colour was BLUE. SHE is the Blue Pillar of our Ritual, symbolized in our Lodges by the C.M., as the Red Pillar in our Lodges is by

OSIRIS, symbolized by the S.P. who, like Osiris, sitting in the Judgment Hall of Amenti, gives judgment in our Lodges, from which there is no appeal, except by and through the C.P. Hence the origin of the S.P.'s prerogative, and hence the importance of retaining the C.P. as an important factor in our Bull or Buffalo mysteries.

The Egyptian word MUT, or the Egyptian universal mother, has already been mentioned. This is the origin of our word Mother, and the German MUTTER, meaning the same. As a further exposition of this really sublime symbolic science of the Ancient Egyptian Hierophants who invented it, when the Bull called Apis in its breathing expired its breath, all life forms visible to our senses sprang into objective existence, and remained visible so long as that expiration lasted. When Apis drew in its breath, or, according to our concepts of breathing, inspired, the KA, or soul of all animated existences, was drawn from out of the material life encasement, which done, it, according to our language, died, to speedily crumble into dust, and so return to that plane of matter from which the KA or breath drew it.

The Great Breath concept of Egypt is after the manner explained applicable to all life forms, and when further it is borne in mind that this Great Breath was none other than the Sun God, Osiris, functioning, some idea can be formed of a practical something, ensouling a seemingly complex, but, in reality, a simple system of Scientific Symbolism.

The charge of idolatry so freely levelled by ignorance at the theological system of the Hierophants, to my mind is so absurd as to merit nothing but an amused smile from those who have taken the trouble to analyse what that system really meant.

To my brothers of the R.A.O.B., I hope I have given a sufficient reason to think with me in citing the positions of the S.P. and the C.M. and their colours, together with the functions of the S.P. in our Lodges, that none other but ancient

Egyptian mysteries, as surmised by Lord Balcarres when he was initiated, can explain ours. This will be obvious as I proceed.



## CHAPTER XI

### THE REASON WHY TOMFOOLERY ONCE DISGRACED A BUFFALO INITIATION

The preceding roughly descriptive chapters on Egyptian Animal Metaphysics have been necessary in order that the brethren of the R.A.O.B. may get a little reliable enlightenment concerning what has been a puzzle to thousands in our Order as to the meanings of our two symbolic animal life encasements, the Buffalo and the Kangaroo.

The chapters indicated will also enable them to understand what Cagliostro, an adept in Egyptian symbolic science, intended them to mean when he launched the mysteries of Egypt on the City of London in the year 1776, the authorities for which statement have already been given.

It will also be readily understood that in this age of 1776, when practical joking and hilarious buffoonery was rampant, and drinking orgies fashionable, Rituals were strung together, burlesquing all that was held sacred by the decorous portion of society. Actors were paid to dress up as clergymen of the Church of England and regale their listeners with a mock church service, in which lewdness, profanity and vulgarity vied with each other for the mastery, the Scottish Presbyters with their presumed nasal intonations and Swedenborg's Mysticism not escaping ridicule (this latter religious sect gave a cordial reception to Cagliostro). The Freemasons also came in for their share of mock imitations. Burlesqued Rituals of the Craft's official ones, in which the Grid iron and Hot Poker were much in evidence (hence the origin of the hot poker in our pantomimes). In short, anything held sacred by a part of the community was mercilessly satirized and vulgarised by the so called bon vivants of the period, who would not, at any price, have anything savouring of the decorous. What chance, then, had the sublime mysteries of Egypt, inculcating a high

morality, as introduced by Cagliostro, of escaping the sacrilegious vulgarities of a drink sodden age like 1776?

To a mind like R.B. Sheridan, to whom life at this period was more or less a cynical joke, a thing to sneer at and pepper with bon mots and stab with ridicule, in short a thing to set roasting before the fires of his brilliant dramatic genius, the advent of the Buffalo and Kangaroo must have been irresistible as a fun provoking media.

In 1779 Cagliostro left London for the Continent, in order to escape the bitter persecution of Scot, Fry, Vitellini, Madame Balvery, and others whom Chas. Mackay, LL.D., writing, as he does, with a strong bias against Cagliostro, calls “a gang of swindlers”. Here are his exact words:—

“Instead of duping the people of England, as he might have done (Cagliostro never duped anyone, save old Marano, in his devil raising already explained) he became himself the victim of A GANG OF SWINDLERS who, with the fullest reliance on his occult powers, only sought to make money out of him. Vitellini introduced him to a ruined gambler like himself named Scot, whom he represented as a Scottish nobleman, attracted to London solely by his desire to see and converse with the extraordinary man whose fame had spread to the distant mountains of the North. Cagliostro received him with great kindness and cordiality, and ‘Lord’ Scot then introduced a woman named Fry as Lady Scot”.

Chas. Mackay goes on to show how this “gang of swindlers” so imposed upon the benevolent nature of Cagliostro as to borrow large sums of money from him, and further, to extract information from him which enabled them to win other large sums of money in their shady transactions at the gaming tables of England and elsewhere.

At length their true characters dawned upon the trusting mind of Cagliostro, who, to quote the words of Chas. Mackay, “closed his doors upon them and all their gang”. Subsequent to this, by a series of trickery in which a sharking attorney named Reynolds was the chief instrument, Scot, who had

accompanied Reynolds to the house of Cagliostro, suddenly burst upon him with a pistol and presented it at the heart of Cagliostro, swearing he would shoot him instantly if he would not impart to him information he had come to get, to which armed threat Cagliostro turned a deaf ear, and ordered him to put down his weapon, to leave his house, leave him in peace and never more return.

In 1779 Cagliostro left London, solely to escape the plots of “a gang of swindlers” who had abused his confidence, robbed him of large sums of money and left him all but penniless.

This on the authority of Chas. Mackay, LL.D., in his “Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions”, pp. 209 to 212. As soon as Cagliostro left London, the spell of the Egyptian mysteries, under which R. B. Sheridan and several others had been brought by the magnetic personality of the Count de Cagliostro, became weakened, and finally snapped under the slobber of a mud caked grotesque malodorous animal like the Buffalo, and a huge, short fore legged rat, like the Kangaroo, whose mode of locomotion would set the risible muscles of an anchorite in motion.

It wants no ghost from the grave to tell us that humanity, especially that part of it that is bolstered up in vested interests, either of purse or of mind, has an instinctive dislike to being lampooned in any shape, either in their persons or professions, but more especially is this the case when the said lampooning is directed against their vices. Sheridan and his bon vivants objected strongly to having their drinking orgies symbolically lampooned by the Buffalo and the Kangaroo. From Nero, who writhed under Juvenal’s pointed barbs of satire directed against that vain glorious Caesar, who banished the satirist from Rome in consequence, to our own times, the above reflections hold good. Perhaps the best hated man in Charles II time was Butler, who lampooned Law and Divinity in his Hudibras, and got himself roundly cursed by those who waxed fat on vested interests in consequence. In the same way, in 1839, did Samuel Dickson, M.D., of Clarges Street, Piccadilly,

London, get himself cordially detested by the medical profession for writing “Fallacies of the Faculty”.

The author of “Dying Scientifically, or a Key to St. Bernard”, by Aesculapius Scalpel, did not mollify the medical prejudice of his day, did not throw oil on the troubled waters of medical practise when he lampooned the “Furor Operativus”, the operating madness of his day, by publishing “Dying Scientifically” in 1888.

Enough, however, has been given to show that men do not like to be satirised or lampooned, either in their precious vices or in the vested interests by which they live. There may be a few exceptions to this rule of men who are sublimely indifferent to what their fellow men may think or write concerning them, but instances are so rare as practically not to count.

Anyway, in this Exposition we may take it in the light of subsequent events from 1776, that R. B. Sheridan and his bon vivants who had been initiated into the Egyptian Mysteries did not relish what they regarded as the satirisation of their cherished vices via the media of the Buffalo and the Kangaroo, and resentment quickly followed. To be likened to a Buffalo, with its penchant for wallowing in mud and slime, its slobber and mud baked and caked malodorous smelling carcase, coupled with its fierce fighting powers, were too much for R. B. Sheridan & Co.

But how true this Buffalo symbol was to illustrate the drink soddened orgies of 1776 and later, from which neither Sheridan nor his bon vivants could claim an exception, and when we further consider the Egyptian conception of the OSIRIDE lying potential in any correlation of the Sacred Bull Apis, of which the Buffalo Bull was one, a conception, however, rather too intricate to touch upon here, but when considered by any student in Egyptology, the Buffalo symbol for the purpose already indicated is without a flaw, so much so that it is difficult to conceive how Cagliostro could have selected a better one for his purpose.

But this symbol is associated with another appropriate life encasement from the NEW world, known as the Kangaroo,



the “old un” (according to the vernacular of the Australians) whose blood corpuscles are elliptical, showing a reptilian origin in the animal, or in an Egyptian symbolical sense, a correlation of wisdom lying potential in the animal as the Osiride did in the Buffalo.

The mode of locomotion in the Kangaroo, consisting of a rapid succession of comical leaps, is well known to everyone, and so is the obfuscated, addled assumption of wit and cleverness of a man primed with liquor known to everyone; a mentality permeated with vinous fumes is so superlatively clever, so doubly knowing and cunning and anticipatory of everything you would say, that it is a sheer waste of well intentioned energy and breath to say anything at all to an omniscient man “three sheets in the wind”, as it would be a waste of energy on the part of the swiftest of runners to try and overtake a Kangaroo when leaping.

The mental leaps of a man primed with liquor have not escaped the observations of the judicious. From an abusive, derisive plane towards all who are foolish enough to proffer advice for his good, to one of abject humility, in which he will cling to your arm and implore you with tears to take him home and put him to bed, is a phase in drunkenness well known; these are the kangaroo leaps.

On its ludicrous side, this volte face of a man “powerfully refreshed” is quite as comical as a kangaroo’s leaping. The stupid look of both when engaged in their mental and physical acrobatic performances are very much alike, with this reservation, the kangaroo leaps for some useful purpose, the so called “man” in liquor does not.

As soon as Cagliostro left London, as indicated, notwithstanding his parting injunction to his initiates, including, of course, Sheridan, to nourish their minds with wisdom, the spell, as I have remarked, which held them as students, of the Egyptian mysteries was broken. The drunken, lampooning spirit of the times taking shape in ridiculing everything of a decorous character already dealt with, began

once more to assert itself with the few whom Cagliostro had instructed.

The symbolisms of Egypt gradually but surely lost their hold on the minds of R. B. Sheridan, and by his *bon vivants*; when the Master is away, the schoolboys play. Those who had been initiated were left to their own devices, "And Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do!"

But why dwell on an oft told story? Let us emphasise it by saying "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon".

Let us anticipate the inevitable. In 1780 or 1781 Cagliostro bade farewell to Sheridan and his mother pupils, from which date they allowed themselves to be gradually drawn into the vortex of drink, witnessing mock ceremonials and other blasphemous imitations of sacred subjects already briefly glanced at as characteristic amusements of Sheridan's times. The "Qui Vachs", or "What Lows", "The Boiled Owls", "The Slop Pail Sows", "The Dimber Dambers", and many other similar fraternities speedily saw the lurid light of the open all night Tavern lamps of London.

The year 1792 also saw Cobb's comic opera of "The Pirates", from which the Order gets, or rather got, its famous "We'll chase the Buffalo" chorus. This roystering bacchanalian jingle of words, culled from the bad old times of 1792, is certainly "more honoured in the breach than in the observance", and judging from the half hearted way in which it is greeted in many of the London Lodges, its final extinction cannot be far off, if the Provincial Lodges follow the London initiative. Anyway, the musical jingle referred to is not Buffaloism in any sense, but is, on the contrary, animal vulgarity.

The departure of Cagliostro from London in the year 1779 practically saw the commencement of that boisterous tomfoolery which disgraced Buffalo initiations up to 1870. The birth of this nonsense, unfortunately for the good name of the Order, occurred at a time highly favourable for its continuance; mock ceremonials of the decorous, as we have already seen, exactly suited the tastes and temper of a hundred or more years ago.

Tavern life in Sheridan's time was not considered a going concern unless it had three or more societies or clubs, generally secret societies, whose meeting nights were so arranged as not to interfere with each other. What passed at these meetings did not matter a rap to the landlord, so long as they helped to increase his accounts with his brewers and distillers. Government supervision of public houses in those times was practically nil. Publicans had a free hand in Sheridan's day. It is not, however, going too far to say that the majority of these societies on their meeting nights had some mock ceremony in imitation of Freemasonry or the Church of England to go through, in which the lewd, obscene, and when practicable (which was frequently) blasphemous, were drafted.

In societies of such a character, the mud wallowing buffalo and comical leaping kangaroo, set off by lewd accompaniments better conceived than narrated, were much in evidence as riotous fun provokers, more particularly when it is borne in mind that ethical capital (the *bon vivants'* *bete noir*) under the guise of symbols, was sought to be enforced in the original ceremony drawn from such sources.

The grotesque animals we have been considering were too tempting a bait to be passed over by the lampoonists of Sheridan's time. Accordingly, we find travesties of the Egyptian mysteries enacted in the Hum ums and Evans' supper rooms, both of Covent Garden, London. The coffee and chocolate houses of the Metropolis, such as Wills', Daniel Button's, Bickerstaff's, etc., etc., where the wits of the period most did congregate, had their satiric effusions of all mysteries, especially those of the established church.

The Wrekin Tavern, Broad Court, Bow Street, was a noted house for secret societies of the character under notice. Every night in the week, including Sundays, some roystering (or what would now be called an abomination) club was held here. The ceremonial of the House of Uncommons, called the Flash Coves Parliament, was gone through; also the

“Rationals”; rationalisms, according to the ethics of the members, consisted in getting gloriously drunk, howling through the streets, bonnetting the Watchman, (Turning the watchman’s box, in which he was dozing, over him, and then sitting on it; howling obscene songs or listening to the imprisoned Charley’s curses underneath) and upsetting every respectable person they met in their nocturnal ramblings. At this house was also held the Noble Society of Alligators, doubtless a skit on the Egyptian Typhon, in common parlance, The Devil, and, if so, a correlation of the mummery Sheridan and his bon vivants set going over the mysteries brought to London by Cagliostro.

At the time we are considering, there were really no bounds set to the licence, ribaldry and contempt for everything decorous; the so called “wits” of the period had it all their own way; with the exception of the Bow Street Runners, the custodians of the peace were men whose ages varied from fifty years to seventy, called Charlies, of little or no use in stemming the inebriated rushes to clear all before them of the Mohawks and Dimber Dambers. It is to this source, i.e., the spirit of the times in Sheridan’s day that I have tried to describe, that the R.A.O.B. owes the tomfoolery which used to disgrace its initiations, but now happily suppressed in toto. There is none of the insane nonsense at a Buffalo “making” now. It continued, however, with a steadily decreasing ferocity, well up to 1870.



## CHAPTER XII

### THE COUNT DE ST. GERMAINS AND OUR SUPREME GRAND PRIMO, AS MENTIONED ON PAGE 5 OF OUR OLD RITUAL, ONE AND THE SAME PERSON

Some curiosity, no doubt, will be felt by the reader to know something more about this Grand Primo than what is contained in the brief notice of him on page 5 of our Old Ritual. On his pupil, the Count de Cagliostro, I have discanted at length for a purpose already explained, and which I trust I have succeeded in accomplishing to the satisfaction of the reader.

Let us now make an attempt to learn a little concerning Cagliostro's tutor and Master in the occult sciences so eagerly sought after and studied now in this year of 1911.

So far as my knowledge is concerned, no scandals were raised against the fair name of the Count de St. Germain. He is allowed to come and go before the reader free from scandal mongers. Instead of scandals we have, however, a plentiful crop of the marvellous come down to us concerning him, into which I only intend to enter but briefly. Whether St. Germain lived for a thousand years, a hundred, or to the regulation three score years and ten, is clearly no business of mine, but sufficient to state, tales of the marvellous of this kind cluster around the name of St. Germain pretty thickly, for, given a man the public, at the time of which I am writing (*viz.*, 1800), could not understand, two courses were open to it, *i.e.*, either to load the non understandable one with lies, slanders, and insinuations, as it did with Cagliostro, or to make a Wandering Jew of him with regard to age, *a la* Eugene Sue. St. Germain was fortunate enough to come under the latter category.

St. Germain, however, was a remarkable man. Unfortunately, he left behind him no writings to throw a light on the mystery that surrounded him. In this he was unlike his pupil Cagliostro, who did. He founded no schools of mysticism, as did Cagliostro; all we know of him, as far as my knowledge goes, comes to us via the media of the gossiping memoirs of court ladies and their maids of the reign of Louis XV of France, to wit, of Madame du Pompadour, mistress of that monarch, and her maid, Madame du Hausset, both of whom describe him as a fascinating personage and very generous with his costly gifts.

The Baron de Gleichen also mentions him in his memoirs in flattering terms; Louis XV would not listen to anything at all disparaging to St. Germain, and even the cynical and hypercritical Francois Marie Arouet, popularly known as Voltaire, sought his society, and on the whole was favourably impressed with him.

Where he came from, as far as I can trace, is not known. To all appearances he seemed to have dropped from the clouds to take up a niche in the court of Louis the XV. His manners, however, were those of a highly polished gentleman, ensouled in a handsome personality, of an Oriental caste, and wedded to scholarship of no mean order. He could converse fluently in every known spoken language, describe as an eye witness events that took place hundreds of years prior to his narrating them, his descriptions vastly puzzling the court historians who listened to them, but who afterwards vouched for their accuracy.

It was his narration of historical events, told with all the frankness of a man who was merely recounting what he had seen, that won for him the reputation of being several hundreds of years old, but a much easier explanation than this is forthcoming, in the surmise that he must have been a profound historian with the dramatic faculty of an improvisatoire.

These, and other tales of the marvellous in connection with St. Germain's are, however, no concern of mine, as far as the purpose of this book is concerned, and that is to establish the Identity between the Count de St. Germain's, the favourite councillor and friend of Louis XV of France, and the Supreme Grand Primo of our Order, who granted a dispensation to George Cooper Murray. (See page 5 of our Old Ritual, 2nd Ed., published by Amusements, Ltd., 16, Grand Arcade, Leeds).

This has been done on the clearest of circumstantial evidence, evidence that would satisfy any court of justice in the world, that St. Germain's was none other than our Supreme Grand Primo, of our Ritual, already indicated, evidence that it is impossible to refute for the simple reason that what has been advanced is logically irrefutable.

Here Brothers H.I.W., of Dartmouth Park, N.W., E.H.B., of Chesterfield, "ETA", Hornsey Rise, N., L....ge, of Aldershot, A., of Hyde Park, and a few other old fossils whom the seas of Buffaloism has washed on our shores, here is your chance to dispute this point raised, of the identity between our Supreme Grand Primo and the Count de St. Germain's, AND PROVE your contention! Not, mark you well, on your unsupported opinions, for they are worth no more in evidence than would be the patriarchal cawing of a flock of crows, but on reliable data similar to those I have quoted. Do this, and you take away the Keystone of the Arch of facts I have raised for the benefit of the Order generally.

Beyond establishing, without the shadow of a doubt, the existence of such a personage as the Count de St. Germain's, I am free to confess that there is much surrounding this remarkable man that wants clearing up; at present the word "mystery" fits him as did his skin. Conjecture, surmise, and wonder, with an occasional spice of ridicule and sarcasm ensouls the utterances of every reviewer that has found the subject of sufficient interest to engage his attention.

From the time that we find him in close companionship (*i.e.*, in 1765) with the Marechel de Bell Isle, who induced him to make Paris his home, to the finish of his career at the Court of Cassell, or in a Mansion at Sleswig Holstein, where he entertained, as we have already seen, his pupil Cagliostro (it is supposed that he died in this mansion in the year 1784, as we hear nothing further of him after that date), all concerning this remarkable man is one long drawn out mystery, and, as far as research goes, is likely to remain one. I have, however, shown that on the strongest circumstantial evidence, which it is impossible to refute, the identity of St. Germain must be merged into that of our Supreme Grand Primo (see our Old Ritual already indicated), for it was St. Germain whom Cagliostro went to see on the eve of his departure for London in 1776, when he brought Egyptian mysteries to London, and practised them in both North Audley and Whitcombe Streets.

The mystery surrounding those hitherto mythical personalities, our Grand Primo and George Cooper Murray is now pierced and cleared away. The Order now knows for the first time since 1816 who these brothers were.

Nothing now remains to explain in this part of my research save the clearing up of the why and wherefore the Count de St. Germain's name is not mentioned, and that of his pupil the Count de Cagliostro should be veiled under the Tri Temuric one of George, Cooper, Murray, that is to say, names containing six letters in each.

In order to clear away the why and wherefore just alluded to, I must remind the enquirer that the story of Buffaloes, as given in our Old Ritual, is told in Allegories and ensouled in Symbols. We, as Buffaloes, are by no means alone in this mythical rendering. Every secret archaic society with which I am acquainted, including, of course, that noble craft Freemasonry, are built up on the same lines; allegory and symbols meet the enquirer at every turn when investigating



secret societies. Let us dissect Buffaloism a little and see how we stand with regard to allegory and symbols.

The word "Buffaloism" is, as we have seen, a symbol.

The word "Antediluvian" is also a symbol, combined with an allegory.

Why a R.A.O.B. Lodge is called a City is an allegory.

The underworld, or Hades, in Buffaloism, is an allegory; this, in vulgarised Buffaloism, was called the Kyber Pass.

The chain used in Buffaloism is a symbol.

The Tree and Tau of Buffaloism being planted in the souls of the initiates are symbols.

The C.P. in a Buffalo Lodge is a symbol.

The C.B. in the same is a symbol.

The S.P. and C.M. are symbols.

All the rest of the officers are symbols, and so are their various coloured Regalia.

Refreshment at an initiation is a symbol.

The Salt used is a symbol.

The first letter of Buffalo alphabet, viz., B (see page 7 of our Old Ritual), is an allegory.

The Biblical names mentioned at an initiation are all allegories.

The Flood mentioned, including Noah and the Ark, are allegories.

The birds sent out from the Ark by Noah are symbols.

The Curfew Bell is a symbol.

Queen Elizabeth is a symbol.

The silken Banner she presented to the Order is an allegory, and the enumeration of English Kings that were made Buffs, are allegories.

The Buffalo link is a symbol.

The right arm placed over the left is an allegory.

The crossed weed consumers are symbols and allegories.

The Count is a symbol.

The Lodge fire is an allegory, and a symbol.

In short, I should be within fact to say that the whole of the old Ritual is comprised of nothing else but symbols and allegories, each ensouling Kosmic lessons of the highest importance to the human race. This being so, and it can be exhaustively proved in the affirmative, it is sacrilege for well intentioned ignorance to pull and twist it about to suit their opinions as it has done, and is still doing. I appeal to every intelligent man in our Order to put a stop to this vandalism. It has already, in the minds of thousands in our Order, gone too far. The time is over ripe for the Order to go back to *first principles*, viz., to go back to our Old Ritual, which is Buffaloism, and nothing but Buffaloism, and to further collect every abomination of an opinion compiled Ritual in vogue at the present time that they can lay their hands on, and set the heap on fire, for that is what they are fit for, and for nothing else.

This slight digression on symbols and allegories was necessary to enable the reader to understand why especially Cagliostro's name was allegorical in the Tri temuric sense. St. Germain's name is not mentioned in our Old Ritual, nothing beyond our "Supreme Grand Primo". There is a reason for this I cannot enter upon in this work.

I will now endeavour to voice the thoughts, and from them the opinions, of a considerable section of our Order.

"Why?" asks this section, "the necessity for allegorical and symbolical veiling or covering up? Why clothe sacred history and Buffalo Ritualistic subjects in a garb that requires much study before they can be understood? Why not state such matters in plain English, as far as Buffaloism especially is concerned, so that all may understand what they read? Allegory to the man in business is fogging, and symbolism practically an unspoken language. We should as an Order get on much better without such veiling and otherwise hiding of what is intended to be understood".

This, I think, is fairly stating the matter under notice from the hypothetic view of that popular ubiquitous person known

as “the man in the street”, who, whatever his merits in other directions may be, is decidedly not a scholastic individual. Indeed, I will go a step further and label him an intellectually lazy man, without meaning offence to anyone.

Personally, I am not responsible for the allegorical and symbolical mode of writing of all the mystical writers; whether ancient or modern, Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek, Roman, Biblical, or European, they have all of them clothed their writings in allegorical and symbolical garments. From the Royal Egyptian Amphion to Pythagoras, from Aristeus to Hernotines and the Oracles of Greece, in short, all the Egyptian, all the Grecian mystical Writers, and their name is legion, presented their subjects allegorically and symbolically.

The mystic Romans from Numa to Virgil, and Vespasian, etc., etc., did the same. The Persian writers followed suit, while in the Dark Ages of Europe from Merlin to St. Dunstan the same peculiar methods of hiding up subjects behind the veils of allegory and symbols are always in evidence.

The mystic Popes of Rome, from Silvester, Benedict the Ninth, Gregory the Seventh, etc., indulged in the same method, and right down to our own times, the writings of Paracelsus to Eliphas Levi, allegorical and symbolical methods in writing are largely made use of.

All secret Archaic societies, such as the Trismegistians, the Hermetic Brethren, the Vehm Gerich, the Tauranii, the Roman Cultores, Osiris and Isis, the Echevians, the Rosicrucians, Freemasonry, and Buffaloism, are all built up on this allegorical and symbolical basis.

The why and wherefore of a Tri Temuric name to symbolically represent the personality of the Count de Cagliostro is, after this brief exposition of the methods of the mystics in writing, not far to seek. With regard to St. Germain, let us say, and with truth, the reason why he withheld his name was modesty, coupled with the desire that his pupil should have all the credit of introducing the Egyptian Mysteries into London in 1776.

Anyway, this allegorical and symbolic veiling of subjects was done long before my time. I cannot enter into the motives of the mystics for so doing. As far as I know, all of them are dead, and so cannot answer for themselves. All that is left to me, in common with other students, is to try and understand what they meant in such veiled writings. This I have done, and I couple it with a piece of advice which all brothers will find useful, to wit:—

Avoid as much as possible mixing up the motives of the mystics with the motives of a man who opens a cheesemonger's or a fried fish shop, or of those of a man who has a pile of scrap iron to dispose of and is willing to do a "swop" with another man who may happen to have a pile of bricks, provided, of course, he makes something for himself out of the deal.

As our Old Ritual is essentially a mystical treatise, and written by mystics, *let it alone*. Don't try and bring it up to date in your ideas. The mystics have saved you that well meant (on your part) trouble, in the fact that our Ritual is always up to date. It always has been, and always will be. Think of that, my brothers; try and understand your Old Ritual, but do not interfere with the work of men who knew more concerning Buffaloism than you or I will ever know.



## CHAPTER XIII

### DEALING MAINLY WITH QUEEN ELIZABETH AND THE BANNER SHE ALLEGORICALLY PRESENTED TO OUR ORDER

The whole of this part of our history is an allegory, which includes the mention of the Earl of Essex, and must be taken entirely in an allegorical sense. All previous conceptions other than allegory that we may have formed on this subject must be erased from our minds, and we must take as our guide the methods of the mystics when writing, to deal out their enlightenment clothed in symbolic or allegoric garbs. Both St. Germain and Cagliostro were mystics of a high order. This admits of no doubt.

I cannot fully, as already stated, go into the motives of the mystics for clothing, or veiling rather, their subjects in the way they have done. These motives, however, are easy to understand to those who have mastered elementary occult science. When this is done by the student, the superiority of the symbol language over all others when dealing with ethico Kosmic problems becomes apparent, and as such problems lie ensouled in the symbolic language of the Egyptians to a pre eminent degree, the Egyptian Buffalo symbol used by our two mystical masters already understood, in the sense intended by the wisdom of the Egyptians, becomes so plain, so justifiable, that we can only admire their wisdom for using the best mode at their command for imparting sound and enduring enlightenment after the manner they have. Any other mode would have been illusive, in an esoteric sense.

It is a law stamped on human endeavour, either in the understanding or the mastering of any subject requiring study, or the acquisition of any art, that preliminary drudgery before the threads of either can be picked up, must be gone through before we can make ourselves *au fait* in such study or art. For instance, a man desires to play the violin, or to study

some history; he can do neither without mastering the preliminaries, and so it is with every subject a man desires to understand or master. Drudgery stares him in the face before he can even commence.

With regard to understanding Buffaloism, any brother who thinks his initiation is sufficient makes a mistake. His initiation only introduces him to the grand philosophy of his Order. The rest depends entirely upon himself, but on this we may rely: he will never understand Buffaloism as St. Germain and Cagliostro meant it to be understood if he is hide bound in his opinions or intellectually lazy and relies on what he may happen to think.

I am well aware that the whereabouts of the Banner Queen Elizabeth presented to the Order has been one of perplexity, enquiry, and doubt to many thousands in the R.A.O.B. They would like to see it, or, if that is not possible, to know who has it. Many very curious opinions on this subject have come to my knowledge. Some of these curiosity dealers have rushed into cold print in which to record their wants and convictions or to impart enlightenment. The following is a sample:—

“In a paper read before the King Henry VIII. Lodge at Bristol, on Thursday night, March 29th, 1909 and published in the Buffalo Record by Alfred Constance, 209, Walworth Road, London, S.E., occurs the following:— What the author means by Eleusis and the Alexandrian Library I do not know, but his remarks concerning Queen Elizabeth’s Banner of silk are plain enough. But let the reader of the paper speak for himself. “Seventy years before Christ, Eleusis, a very ancient writer, wrote nine books of mysteries. Some of them were left in the Alexandrian Library, containing Buff Mysteries. These were destroyed when the Library was burnt down. Our ancient Buff mysteries were also burnt.

“When Queen Elizabeth became a member of our Order she presented us with a Silken Banner, about the year 1556 or 1557, which is now to be seen in the British Museum”.

Neither the name of the reader of this interesting paper is given, nor the name of the author.

Primo R. H. Oldershaw, of Nottingham, had his curiosity somewhat aroused by reading this report from “A Bristol Lodge”, as indicated. He was probably on the *qui vive*, like a great many more brothers, to see this celebrated Banner of Silk, so he wrote to the British Museum enquiring where and when the Banner could be seen, receiving a courteous reply to his enquiry to the effect that the authorities of the Museum knew nothing of such a Banner.

In conclusion, on the question of Queen Elizabeth’s Banner of Silk, it may be taken for granted, from a literal standpoint, or, to put it more directly, from the standpoint of an actual occurrence taking place in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, that such a presentation never actually occurred, but from an allegorical standpoint it did occur, as the trisyllabic name of Elizabeth, or Eli-za-beth, will confirm to any mind acquainted with symbolic science, just in the same way that the name Noah will explain the allegory of the Flood, and why we are antediluvian, as the name of Solomon will explain the allegory of the Temple in connection with the Egyptian Sun God, Osiris, and the tritemuric name of George, Cooper, Murray, dealing, as it does with the Pronaos of Solomon’s Temple; all these, and much more, will become abundantly clear to the student if he be not afraid of a little drudgery, less, in point of fact, than he would have to submit to, in order to learn to play the violin, but if he is under the impression that the explanation of our mysteries grows on hedgerows, or that they spring up ready to be plucked like a mushroom, in a night, he will find himself mistaken. In a sentence, there is no Royal Road by which to acquire enlightenment for the intellectually lazy, but one thing he can do, and that is, to leave our Old Ritual alone. Don’t smudge with your sooty fingers our R.A.O.B. Venus de Milo, or crawl over it like a snail, leaving your slimy track behind you to show where you have been.

Our Old Ritual was given to us by brothers who knew what the Buffalo and Kangaroo meant as symbols, and what the names of Elizabeth and Essex impart in the garb of symbolic allegories. Several of the intellectually lazy in our ranks have given me the credit for writing our Old Ritual. Such a supposition is absurd. Writing such a piece of symbolic science is utterly beyond my powers; all I have done in compiling that grand work is to gather from authentic sources the symbolic and allegoric flowers which ensoul every line of it as published to our Order by the publishers of Laurie's Gems and Buffalo Star, Leeds. That splendid Archaic bouquet is not mine; nothing in that bouquet is mine, but the ribbon that ties the flowers together.

Several in our Order have objected to our Old Ritual, on the ground that it retains the C.P. and C.B., alleging as a reason that their retention would be an incentive for bringing back the old time tomfoolery. To my mind such a contention is absurd.

1st. It is now forty years ago since that tomfoolery was suppressed.

2nd. No one in our Order, save very old Buffs remembers anything of those hilarious times.

3rd. The spirit and trend of the year 1911 is utterly against a resumption of such Bacchanalian MONSTROSITIES.

4th. There is not a Licensed Victualler in the united Kingdom who would give us house room were such proceedings enacted again.

5th. It is an insult to our Order to suppose for one moment that the orderly proceedings, as set down in our Old Ritual for the C.P. and C.B. to perform could by any stretch of fancy be construed into a licence for the resumption of proceedings now dead and only remembered by very old brothers, whose age and matured thought would be against any such resumption.

6th. You cannot have correct Buffaloism without the C.P. and C.B.



7th. Any Order that cannot govern itself against giving way to bad taste while its sublime mysteries are being performed is not fit for them. That this applies to the Order to which I have the honour to belong is, I know, utterly absurd and libellous, and not worthy the consideration of MEN.

Referring once more, and as far as this work is concerned for the last time, to Queen Elizabeth's Banner, it will be remembered that one of our great Masters, viz., Cagliostro, was an Italian. Our word Banner finds its root in the Italian word *bandire*, which means in that language to publish, to make known, proclaim, etc. This little enlightenment, with any critically minded brother, should go some distance in solving this mystery.

Finally, let not any Primo in the future, when conducting an initiation, have conscientious scruples in using the words pertaining to this part of our initiation exactly as they are set down for him to use in our Old Ritual. Our Old Ritual is only an elaborate treatise on the occult sciences, having Esoterics of an Ethico Kosmic trend, but it is the most truthful work with which I am acquainted, in its dual esoteric system ensouled in our Exoteric Old Ritual, exoteric strictly in the sense that it meets the eye; its dual esoteric system referred to, linked in with the uno exoteric basis, viz., our Old Ritual, evolves the number 3; it is one of the many correlations of the universal Trinity that ensouls Buffaloism; hence there can be no 4th Degree in our Order. The R.O.H., for instance quoted by a few as a Degree, is not so. It is an honour, and nothing but an honour. To exalt an honour into a Degree is only one of the many confusions into which well meant ignorance has plunged the R.A.O.B.

Freemasons know that their 33 Degrees coalesce into three root Degrees. The scholars in Freemasonry are men from whom our leaders may with profit take lessons.



## CHAPTER XIV

### DEALING WITH ILLUSIVE OPINIONS AND OUR OLD R.A.O.B. RITUAL

Ceremonial Buffaloism does not stand in need of any one's opinion, being founded, as it is, on FACTS. Opinions must play second fiddle to facts; facts can never play second fiddle to opinions.

The only function in Buffaloism in which opinions are of any value is to be found in a R.A.O.B. Council, where purely secular matters are, as a rule, under consideration, such as voting money, granting or rescinding Dispensations, expelling or reinstating a brother, arranging a conference or an amalgamation of all the Banners, and such like. On these and cognate subjects well digested opinions are valuable, but when Buffalo ceremonials are on the carpet for consideration opinions are of no value. They are, on the contrary, a hindrance, a confusion, and a snare.

The interference of the thirty and odd councils in the R.A.O.B. with our ceremonials has set up a mass of confusion in that important matter appalling to contemplate, for the reason that those who are responsible for this confusion knew little or nothing of the subjects they had interfered with.

The bulk of the Order are beginning to see this; hence the general unrest existing in the R.A.O.B. as to whether, or no the councils have not gone too far in altering or deleting, as they have done, Old Buffalo landmarks in our ceremonials, particularly in the First Degree "Making".

The obvious duty of all brothers is to try and understand what your masters, St. Germain and Cagliostro, have left you. They knew, and you do not; it is never too late to mend, and unless you first understand what you attempt to mend, you will not advance on the plane of intellectuality, neither will the Order you are supposed to represent.

The Mysteries of Buffaloism are a gift to all, to be held sacred for future generations of Buffs. THEREFORE cease your vandalisms WITH OUR MYSTERIES.

Other Orders similar to Buffaloism, viz., secret Archaic Orders such as the Hermetic Brethren, the Gnostics, the Freemasons, etc., have wisely left their Rituals to the scholars in their Orders. Is it not time you followed so wholesome and so practical an example?

You cannot say that our Order has not given you a free hand to mend and improve our Rituals. It has given you every chance, and what has been the result? Nothing but confusion worse confounded has rewarded your well meant efforts, for the simple reason that you have relied on your opinions to evolve order out of chaos, but instead of order you have got a Babblement. Rituals, stuffed with a few symbols of old time Buffaloism on to a padding of word jingling that, so far as construction and phrasing goes, is all right, on any other plane but Buffaloism. There, unfortunately for your well meant labours, my opinionated (but unsupported by facts) brothers, what you have done turns out all wrong. Never in one single instance do you give to your initiates any explanation of the old time symbolism and allegories you have thought proper to retain in your 1st Degree Making, for the simple reason, I surmise, that you do not understand them, and what you do not know you cannot impart. You have given your initiates a ceremony without any explanation as far as regards its symbols are concerned. This, according to the judgment of Primo R. H. Oldershaw, of Nottingham, is MUMMERY, in which judgment I am compelled, by force of logic, to agree.



## CHAPTER XV

### OUR CEREMONIAL LIGHTS

**M**uch interest is being evinced in our Order as to what is correct regarding the number and colour of our Ceremonial Lights. Judging from the letters that have reached me on this question, the trend of the brothers' thinking on this vital ordinance is one of perplexity, in which the usual bugbear, opinion, plays its usual banal part.

In the first place, opinions are of no earthly use here, our ceremonial ordinances being entirely out of or beyond the opinions of anyone.

In the second place, unless our symbolic presentments are properly placed, it is of no use to fall back upon any makeshift in number and colour to supply their place. Until this is clearly understood and acted upon, we shall get nothing but confusion to reward our labours.

Symbolism is a science; its laws are as imperative as are the laws that make up any other science. We must, in order to be correct, conform ourselves to those rules, and not expect those laws to conform themselves to what any of us may happen to think our symbology should be or mean.

In a sentence, in dealing with our symbolic ordinances, we must learn to obey their teaching. In doing this we shall be correct; in failing to do so, we shall be in the wrong, adding confusion to an already existing confusion. Opinion made confusion is practically a BOG in which there is no sound ground on which to plant our feet.

From what I can gather, some Banner has, in council assembled, decreed three in number ceremonial lights, of NO COLOUR; the council having decreed white to be the colour (sic) of the three, has by so doing piled on an Ossa of symbolic ambiguity to a Pelion of confusion in so reckless a manner that I have never seen its like before. I am sorry I cannot go further into this symbolic monstrosity. There is, however,

some comfort in knowing that such a ridiculous decree as passed by one council can be rescinded by another, and the sooner this is done the better will it be for the Banner implicated.

The correct number of our ceremonial lights is four, which is the number of God. The word God or Good is spelt with four letters in every language known to me; see the lectures in which this is given. With four lights you get the Hexalpa, the Decussate Cross, and the Square, etc., etc., which it is impossible to do with the three lights. Three lights mean nothing; four lights mean completeness, as God or Good is complete.

It is useless to tell me, or any other symbolist, that the council of any Banner can alter our ceremonies to suit their ideas. When a council does this it acts *ultra vires*. Buffaloism is for all time, and if its mysteries are duly observed they come within the meaning of the “unchanging laws of our Order”. (see page 6 of our Old Ritual). No council has any right to interfere with our unchanging laws.

The Order now knows that our ceremonial lights are four in number, and Blue and Red in colour.

Any council upsetting these unchanging laws acts, as I said before, *ultra vires*. In other words, they have no right to upset Buffalo fundamentals. Buffaloism was given us to cherish and preserve, certainly not to, destroy. Up to the present no good has come from severing ourselves from the unchanging laws; nor can any good come. The more we stray from Buffalo fundamentals, the greater hobble we get into. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear. The councils have done the Order a valuable service in suppressing the tomfoolery that used to disgrace our initiations. That they had a perfect right to do. Tomfoolery in no sense is or was Buffaloism. The time is ripe for them to do the Order another service, and that is to rely upon the scholars in the Order to put their judgment upon all forms our ceremonials should take.

Let it never be lost sight of that all our symbolic ordinances have deep meanings, but to have these meanings the symbols comprising the ordinances must be arranged according to the laws governing symbolisms, and not according to the fancy or opinion of any one of us. Let me try and make this clear by the aid of an illustration. We have twenty six letters in our English alphabet, all symbols, and desire to spell the word "Correct", so that all who read may understand our intentions. Now the word "correct" is made up of seven letters, and so long as we arrange these letters in the following order, "C O R R E C T", the word we wish to make known, viz., "correct", comes out plain enough, but these seven letters can be made to spell other words with which CORRECT has no affinity whatever. It is only when the letters are arranged in their proper order as indicated does the word "correct" come out, and NEVER out of other arrangement. Hence the utter uselessness of fancy of opinion in using symbols not properly arranged according to law. All sciences are built up according to this rule, symbolic science being no exception to this rule. Analytic and synthetic chemistry gives us crowds upon crowds of examples; in short, ORDER is Heaven's *first* law.

Three lights is simply confusion worse confounded, and those lights, when made to be all white, develop the confusion into nothing but delirious symbolic madness.



## CHAPTER XVI

### THE R.A.O.B. LEAGUE OF LIGHT MOVEMENT

(The Initials for League of Light are now understood as L.O.L.)

**T**his school of instruction in the R.A.O.B., sections immaterial, was started in the year 1902.

Three brothers are responsible for that step in the year mentioned, viz., our late and much lamented Editor of Laurie's Gems and Buffalo Star, Brother A. E. Laurene, of Leeds, R. H. Oldershaw, P.G.P., of Nottingham, well versed in R.A.O.B. esoterics, and the author of this work.

The title "League of Light" was suggested by Bro. R. H. Oldershaw, submitted by him, and agreed to be used. The title explains the objects of this movement, i.e., to diffuse the blessings of light and wisdom in the hitherto ignorance and custom darkened chambers of the Kosmic erected Temple of our Order. This has been efficiently accomplished up to the present by the L.O.L. movement capturing the brain of the Order, and holding the attention of its members throughout the globe to the objects of its research.

It is not overstating the case in favour of the L.O.L. to say that previous to its advent, as stated, the whole of the Order was plunged into great obscurity with regard to the history and the meaning of the symbols used in ceremonial Buffaloesism.

Under the influence of the L.O.L., the mists arising from ignorance, bad customs, and intellectual laziness, began gradually to lift and disperse. Light dawned and diffused itself where, before, all was darkness and obscurity, and now it is safe to say that there is not a Lodge throughout the R.A.O.B. that has not heard of the L.O.L. and its teachings, many brothers taking up the role of lecturer in order to spread these teachings.

This, it must be borne in mind, has been accomplished, not by money, but solely by the reciprocity of the brethren anxious to know. A. E. Laurene, alas! has passed over, leaving us when his cooperation was greatly needed, but the work has gone on, engineered mainly by Primo Oldershaw, owing to the lengthened illness of the author of this work.

I must not, however, overlook the fact that little could have been done had not the spirit of enquiry in our ranks been ripe to be tapped. The sheaves of letters from brothers all over the United Kingdom, and from Malta, South Africa, Australia, etc., in the possession of Primo Oldershaw and myself, are indisputable evidence that this part of the work of the L.O.L. towards enlightening our Order as to what Buffaloism really is has borne good fruit.

What is now wanted is a general effort put forth establishing Lodges of instruction to meet once a week, fortnight, or month, according to circumstances, in connection with every Lodge throughout the Buffalo world. The Order has now the nine lectures on the mysteries of the R.A.O.B., and the pamphlet, "Are we Antediluvian", price 3d.; both can be obtained from the Editor of Laurie's Gems and J. P. Dowling, 26, East Hill, Wandsworth, London, S.W. The publishing of our Old Ritual with this work forms the nucleus of a sound R.A.O.B. literature already established, being amply sufficient for Lodge or instruction purposes. Additional information can always be obtained by writing to the Grand Chapter of the L.O.L., situate at 26, East Hill, Wandsworth, London, S.W. A stamped directed envelope must be enclosed for reply.

The work of spreading L.O.L. concepts obviously rests with our young brothers. Our late Editor, A. E. Laurene, worked well as long as he lived; he was old when he left us; neither Oldershaw nor myself improve in strength under the depleting care of Anno Domini, but my esteemed and loved brother Oldershaw is, fortunately, a much younger man than myself.

Then there are Primos Spencer, of Halifax; Woodman, Wales; Watson, Gateshead; Hack, Swindon; Geisthorpe,



Shiple, Derby; Holland, Aldershot; Fitzgerald, Aldershot; Ralph, Swindon; Stidston, Stratford; Sir C. Jenkins, Sydney, N.S.W.; Knighton, C.P., Rhodesia, S.A.; Thresh, Bradford; Mapp, Oxford; Foss and Halliday, Hull; Astil, Nottingham; Tomlin, Wembley; Forbes, Battersea; Place, Leeds; Ratley, Lambeth; Hewitt, Kennington; Hentschel, Gau, Aldershot; Hibbert, Taylor, Stubbs, James and Bisterfield, Newcastle; Bolton, Brighton; Bond, Hertford; Bafico, Cape Colony, S.A.; Abbott, Leeds; Akam, Huddersfield; Coates, Conway, Colliver, Guildford; Collis, Cambridge; Cozens, Aldershot; Treile, Leeds; Poddy, Devonport; Potter, Norwich; Prinn, Aldershot; Lewis, Wales, Lee, Ramsgate; Lancaster, Chiswick; Marehat; Fakenham; Mattingley, Oxford; Mayall, Oldham; Moore, Manchester; Miller, Cape Colony, S.A.; Hibbert, Bacup; with hundreds of other enlightenment seeking brothers, altogether too numerous to mention.

Buffaloism is already a power in the land. All classes or grades of society belong to it, Dukes, Earls, Viscounts, Lords, Barons, Judges, Magistrates, the Clergy, and Scientific men.

These distinctions in men, however, are only in evidence and in force with an outside and, consequently, an unenlightened world. Once inside, a R.A.O.B. Lodge, a Czar of Russia or a Mikado of Japan would be of no more importance than a Kangaroo. At the magic touch of the Buffalo Tree and Tau, class distinctions, caste, titles, and whatsoever is manufactured to trick out such distinctions, in the shape of coronets, stars, garters, ermine and scarlet, all drop off and crumble into dust, being swallowed up and lost in the one consideration of Brotherhood.

What an honour to belong to such a MANLY organisation as this! Our privilege to put into practice the Aphorisms of Marcus Aurelius, the admonitions of Seneca, the profound learning of the Egyptians, with Pythagoras to teach it, the patience of Socrates, and the justness of Aristades, is the birthright of every initiate into our Ancient and Honourable Order. This is the lesson that a R.A.O.B. Lodge of instruction mainly has to teach and enforce.

Gird up your loins, then, all in our Order in whose veins course the generous young blood of your existence! You cannot say that some of the “old uns”, matured in age and wisdom, have not shown you the way. Regard the L.O.L. as the lost property office of the R.A.O.B. This property is not the L.O.L.’s, but yours. Ask for your property, and the L.O.L. will hand you over what belongs to you. Your first step is to make of ceremonial Buffaloism what your great Masters intended. Buffaloism is an epitome of the wisdom ensouled in the long roll of the centuries. Make of it, then, a grand symposium of the manifested. This is the legitimate right of every R.A.O.B. Lodge throughout the globe. The correct laying out of a Buffalo Lodge is the grandest symbol of the universe ever devised by man, which, in its turn, is a symbol of God. Be true, then, to your sublime Order, and you will be true to God. Be faithful to its ethical wisdom, and you will be faithful to your Brother Man. Build yourself, then, into your Lodge, which is a symbol of God, and your Lodge will build itself into you. Do this, and you will get a heaven on earth, viz., an approving conscience. Do this, and it is manifest you cannot then be false either to God or man.

The above, my brothers, is the religion of Buffaloism. It will compare favourably with any other theological system the world has to offer you.



## CHAPTER XVII

### LAST WORDS, AS FAR AS THIS WORK IS CONCERNED

Let not the Brother reader of this book come to the conclusion that, in order to become a Buffalo, from the author's standpoint, it is necessary for him to become an archaic student, to dive into books and collate what he reads, as the author has done, into synthetic passages of the general analysis that had occupied his attention.

To many, the attempt to realise an expectation like this would be tantamount to contracting severe mental distress on the part of the student indicated not to be lightly disposed of by mere words. In a sentence, Buffalo or Archaic students become, they cannot be made. Any forcing in this direction would only end in a dismal failure. Nothing, then, of such a character is intended by the author of this work.

What, however, is intended, and will be fully realised as the cycles of time grind on, is the assurance to every Buffalo student or otherwise, that, like Masonry, the rituals and other lodge observances enacted by Buffaloes are but the shell encasing the fruit. The rank and file of Freemasons, no matter whether they be students of their Order or not, know that behind the masonic observances and ceremonies he is accustomed to see enacted in his Lodge, deep philosophies of an Archaic nature abound, and such convictions instil a deep reverence in the non studious Mason's mind for the learned and noble Order to which he belongs. He also knows that, if for lack of time or inclination, he does not give the attention to these mysteries that many of his brethren do, the fault is his and his only. Masonry has them to impart if its members are willing to learn.

Unfortunately, with the majority of Buffaloes, this knowledge does not as a rule exist. Nothing but the mere husks of Buffaloism, husks, however, which plainly show the impressions the fruit has made upon them, have been

presented to the Order practically since 1790; all since that time up to about ten years ago, when the R.A.O.B. League of Light came into existence, being marked by the happy go lucky methods for doing good on the part of the brethren, and enjoying one's self while doing it, so characteristic of the genus Buff, that for years to come little or no change will set in (nor is such to be desired). To interfere with the bursts of good fellowship so characteristic of Buffaloes is certainly not aimed by the author of this work. Let each Brother enjoy his time in a Buffalo Lodge in his own way. To the man in business, seeking relaxation from his day book and ledger, and scope at the same time wherein to reconcile the promptings of his benevolent nature, there is certainly no better place for him than a Buffalo lodge. He will, however, be none the worse for the knowledge that esoteric truths lie behind the exoteric presentments of Buffaloism as they do in the exoteric presentments of the Rosicrutians, the Hermetic Brethren, and the Freemasons, and many other secret Archaic societies not necessary to enumerate.

The possibility of a Brother, hitherto indifferent to study, blossoming out into an Archaic student later on in his life must not be lost sight of. Should this happen, and the thirst for knowledge make itself felt, the works already published under the auspices of the R.A.O.B., L.O.L., including this one, will be there to help him on in his quest. For this, and similar considerations, the author works, thinking also that a brief attention to our sublime Buffalo symbolic and allegoric mysteries would be a blessed relief from the monotony of S.O. and L.H., which begins in this age of enlightenment to pall on many of us. New initiates would in this way be debarred from using their parrot cry that there is nothing in Buffaloism. Absenteeism on the part of new initiates would become small by degrees and satisfactorily less. But this is imperative:- Our Rituals for 1st, 2nd and 3rd Degrees must be left in the hands of those who know, and taken from those who do not. The thirty and odd councils as at present constituted are all

one could wish with regard to purely up to date business methods. Their dealing with Buffalo Archaics, however, is the opposite to this; deleting and otherwise emasculating our glorious symbolisms must be avoided. Such treatment of these matters serves no useful purpose, but on the contrary only adds to the general confusion existing in the various Banners of Buffaloism when ceremonials are being enacted. These, if not strictly symbolic according to the laws governing Buffaloism as already set down for our guidance, and mentioned on page 6 of our Old Ritual, resolve the Order into an anachronism of up to date customs which would be “more honoured in the breach than the observance”, as far as correct Buffaloism is concerned. Our duty in this matter is clear. Freemasonry has been drawn upon to furnish our Lodges with official insignia, such as chains, gauntlets, aprons, &c., such plagiarism should be expunged from our Order, but let us go a step further and follow Masonic leading by leaving the compiling of our Rituals, as the Masons have done, in the hands of those who are competent for the task.

I am not a Freemason, but the thought has often obtruded on my mind, what would Freemasonry do with any of its members who had the temerity to suggest alterations in Masonic Rituals, observances, &c., which they did not properly understand? These, it must not be lost sight of, are the work of Masonic gentlemen and scholars. I cannot say what would happen in such a case; I can only surmise, but am strongly of opinion that the busybody implicated would not interfere a second time.



## EPILOGUE

As this is already written in the pages of this book, the judicious reader will not, I feel sure, expect a very lengthy thesis of an epilogue from my pen. Sufficient to state, and I think I am entitled to claim as much, that nothing but unwearied research would ever have rescued the beginnings of Buffaloism in England from falling into entire oblivion, and so becoming lost for ever.

The Order has now a solid basis to rest upon with regard to its beginning, entirely free from my *ipse dixit* or opinion, but on the contrary, built upon the irrefutable references quoted; these quotations cannot be explained away by any “Pooh bah”, and we have several in the Order and outside it. They stand as incontrovertible evidence that the narrative contained within the covers of this work is true and worthy of entire acceptance.

I shall not dwell further upon my share in the compilation of this work, beyond offering the same as an object lesson to all members of the Order to which I have the honour to belong, and more particularly to urge our young members not to be discouraged by difficulties; difficulties, no matter the task we have in hand, are factors made to be overcome. “Whatever useful work thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might”, and thou shalt be rewarded, as I have been, in rescuing that portion of our history dating from 1776 to the present time from being swallowed up and lost in the ever grinding on cycles of time.



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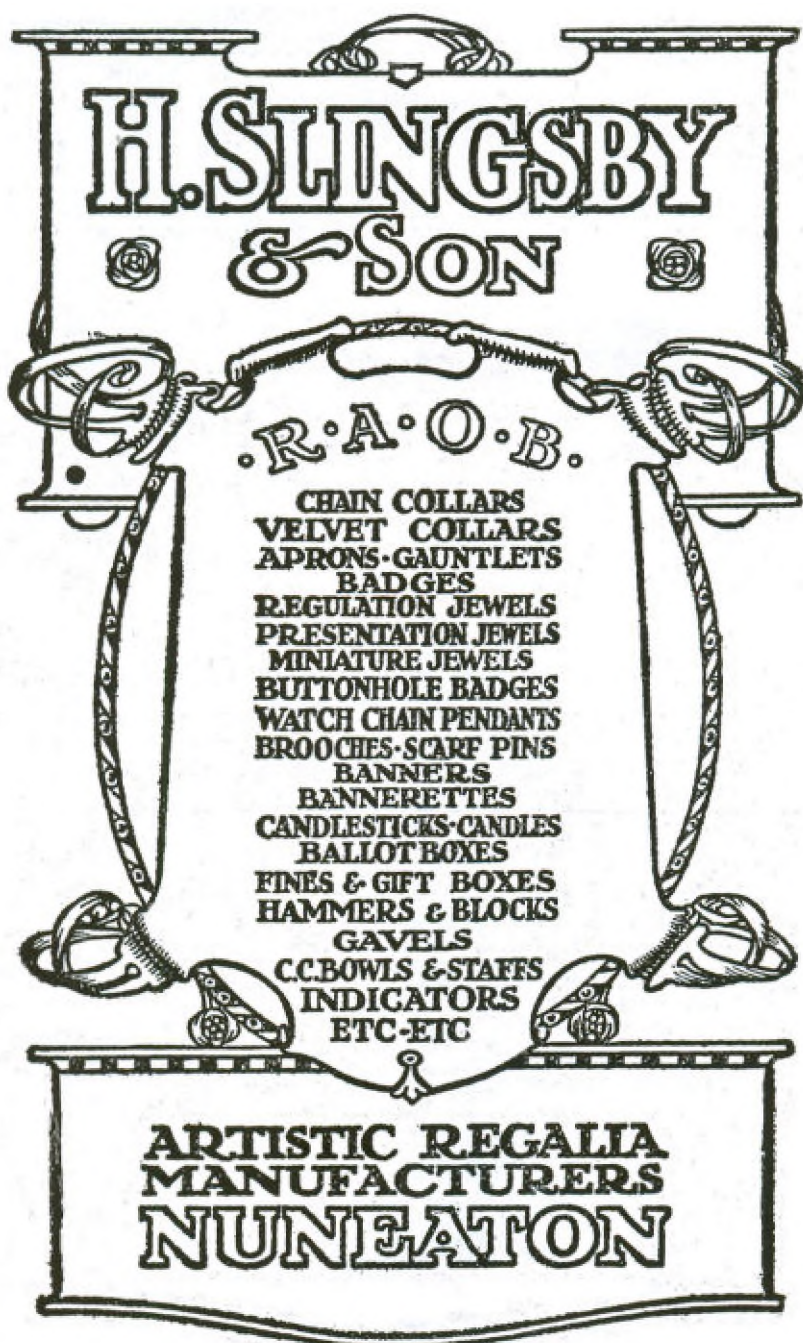
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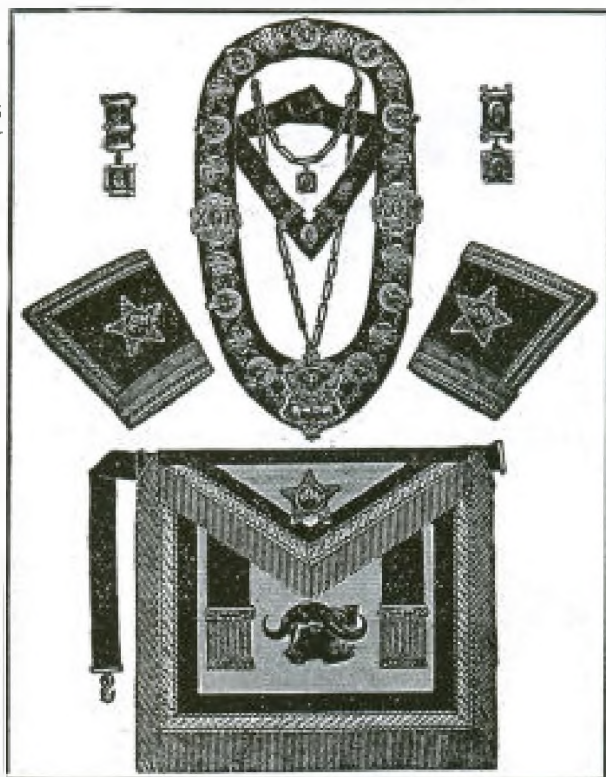
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