Mornington

Mornington

Alex. M. Madden

Geo. Askin

William Foster

Atherley

Sam'l Foster

[illegible]

John Parker

Jno. D. Ridley

[illegible]

John Grierson

Henry Thos Foster

Chas Bonnycastle

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A Monthly Digest of FREEMASONRY

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

(SUPPLEMENTAL TO "THE FREEMASON.")

VOL. III.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.
The M. W. Grand Master.
ENGLAND.

SIR MICHAEL ROBERT SHAW-STEWART, BART.,
The M. W. Grand Master.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF ROSSLYN,
The M. W. Past Grand Master.
SCOTLAND.

COLONEL FRANCIS BURDETT,
Representative for Grand Lodge.
IRELAND.

AND THE GRAND MASTERS OF MANY FOREIGN GRAND LODGES.

LONDON:
GEORGE KENNING, 198, FLEET STREET.

1875-6.

TO OUR READERS.

Another twelve months have passed away, and the MASONIC MAGAZINE thanks to our worthy Publisher, still holds its own. We have to thank, with the close of another period of editorial labour and anxiety, those who have aided to make "duty light and responsibility a pleasure." We offer our best acknowledgments to all, who by literary efforts or personal sympathy have enabled us to fill our pages with what is alike interesting and amusing, instructive and improving.

Though we do not care very much for profession, and greatly prefer practice; though we look upon reality as far superior on all occasions to the most high-flown outpourings of an effervescing and evanescent sentimentality,—we trust that in what we are going to say we shall be able alike to redeem our promises and make good our declarations. Favente Georgio Kenning, we shall sedulously seek in the current year, to improve still more the staple of the literary character of the MAGAZINE. Looking back on our past volumes, and re-perusing them, we note gladly how much of intellectual power and Masonic excellence, and literary ability and valuable information, we have been able to offer to our little reading public.

We have no reason to believe that the "supply" will fall off in the next twelve months, though we could wish, indeed—on the grounds especially of Masonic political economy—that the "demand" equalled the "supply.'

Unfortunately Freemasons have a long-cherished idea that Masonic literature can support itself, and needs neither their sympathetic countenance nor their active support.

A great delusion! but one which has exercised and still exercises a most benumbing and paralysing influence both on the tastes of the Order, and the efforts of Masonic writers.

Like all other delusions, it can only be dispelled by the advance of Education, or by the effusion of Light—and so our zealous Publisher, in a true Masonic spirit, confidently awaits that "good time coming" which is to re-coup all his sacrifices and reward his manly efforts.

To all our readers and contributors, Publisher and Editor beg to tender once again their sincere thanks, and to offer their "hearty good wishes."

We have pleasure in publishing the following seasonable Pæan of Masonic attachment and congratulation here for the edification of our many readers :—

THE SAFE RETURN.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS ALBERT EDWARD PRINCE OF WALES, K.G., M.W.G.M., &c. &c.

FROM India's clime, where pomp and riches sway,
Our Prince, our Pride, his presence brings this way.
No nobler guest Great Vishnu's Land e'er saw,
An English Prince, whose crest's without a flaw.
A kindly victor with a maiden sword,
A knight, with peace to quell the world's discord;
The Future King, above whose earthly crown
Our loyal love shall rise to his renown;
And universal will the homage be,
From pole to pole—on either land or sea.
A king of peace, a Ruler without war,
Beloved at Home, and reverenced afar;
Delighting all where peaceful arts excel,
And social virtues crown those lov'd so well.

And this is he, who now triumphant comes
To gladden us who dwell in English homes,
With hearts as warm as India's burning sun,
Proud of our Prince, and glad his journey's done.

The loyal people of a distant land,
With Chiefs and Rajahs and a princely band,
Have warmly welcomed their most Royal Guest,
Unto that hallow'd shrine, within each breast,
And, that their fealty, all the world may know,
E'en words of prayer from Parsee lips do flow;
And kindest greetings to the Queen—"Mama"
From sweet Ceylon to lofty Himalaya,
Are sent by Indian hearts, that ever feel
Enthusiastic for their country's weal.
The honour paid our Queen's first Son abroad,
At home, with sympathy, we much applaud.
And every subject in this happy land,
Doth welcome back the traveller to the strand,
Where tender hearts, and pleasant presence nigh,
With anxious hope, and gentle love beat high.

In future ages let historians tell
The deeds our Prince hath done, and done them well;
The joyful conqueror of so many hearts
At home, abroad—in earth's remotest parts.
Let Legislature always choose such ways
As lead to peace, prosperity, and praise;
A nation, free from the fell yokes of yore,
Will bless and love its Rulers evermore.
Hygeia, then, with smiles shall walk the land,
The cheering cup of health held in her hand;
And people taught to live a moral life
Will shun the ways that work the worst of strife.
So be it, thus, in this Victoria's reign,
And future dynasties the rule maintain.
Old England then may boast and never cease,
If we can call our Prince a Prince of Peace;
And his late journey to far Hindustan
Be but the harbinger of peace to man.
With fervent voice our prayers and songs ascend,
To the bright realms of bliss above, and blend
To supplicate our Heavenly Father—Friend,
To bless the Prince, now at his journey's end.
And those that prayed he safely might sojourn,
Now shout for joy at his safe return.
And happy people o'er the hills and dales
Sing from their hearts "God bless the Prince of Wales."

JOHN SAFFERY, *Sheerness-on-Sea.*

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THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 1.—Vol. III. JULY, 1875. Price 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

Our Royal Grand Master has made his appearance in Grand Chapter, and has evinced his deep interest in our Order, and his full appreciation of the headship of the English Craft, in what it means and in what it requires. We augur most favourably and most Masonically alike for his constitutional rule and for the future progress of English Freemasonry. So universal has been the outburst of loyal enthusiasm evoked by the Installation of the Prince of Wales, alike in England, Scotland, and Ireland, that we were alike pained and startled to read some very unmasonic remarks on the subject recently in the "Scottish Freemason's Magazine." We felt much for the Order in Scotland, as we were persuaded that such disloyal utterances were entirely alien from the real sentiments of the Scottish Freemasons. Our contemporary having, to use a common expression, not elegant, but very significative, "gone a mucker," instead of attempting to apologize, proceeded to explain and even to defend. He was a wise man who said, "never explain; if you once begin to explain all's up with you." And never was adage made more true, or more perfectly illustrated. The "Scottish Freemason's Magazine" went from bad to worse, made confusion worse confounded, laughed at grammar, despised common sense, repeated the original offence against good taste and fraternal feeling, and "loyalty and charity," and added to the regret of every sound Scottish and English Freemason. We are now told that the "Scottish Freemason's Magazine"—is not. So, though like Archdeacon Grantly, we think the saying humbug, we will repeat here to-day, once for all, and close this most unmasonic chapter in the history of Scottish literary adventure, "de mortuis nil nisi bonum." Peace to its manes! Beyond this, there does not seem much to say about Freemasonry in general, or in particular.

Freemasonry is like the fag whom, in old days, a cricket ball struck, and whom a kindly præfect instantly consoled by saying "a cricket ball never did hurt anybody." True or untrue, the wickets of Freemasonry are standing up very straight, and are not to be bowled either by a left-hand twister from Cardinal Manning, or a right-hand slow from Monseigneur Ketteler, by a shooter from the Bishop of Orleans, or by a lob from Cardinal Cullen. Even Pio Nono's best delivery does not take effect, and there is little fear of any bowler lowering them now. Seriously, allocution and brief, polite expletive and angry exordium, and Ultramontane Billingsgate, come in quick succession, and the old flag of Freemasonry is blowing out clear and straight, and he will be a very bold person who ventures to endeavour, and a very wonderful person who succeeds in his attempt to haul it down. Loyalty and charity are emblazoned on our "bit of blue" in letters of gold, and like our great poet, and probably brother, William Shakespeare, we feel inclined to say, being very combative just now,

"Let all the world 'gainst Masonry come
in arms,
They all shall rue,
If Masonry to itself do prove but true."

Bro. Captain Boyton has crossed successfully from France to England, and has received, as he deserved, well earned Κυδος. A writer in the "Times" tells us, (as there is nothing new under the sun), that he was anticipated by Dardanus who, at the time of the deluge of Deucalion, having his body wrapt up in a dress of skin inflated as a leathern bottle, swam with the aid of one paddle (μονήρης), from Saus to the coast of Troy, where he built the town of Dardania. He caps this anecdote from prehistoric times, with a quotation from Lycophron.

"* * * * ὅς ποτ' ἐν ραπτῳ σκύτει,
"Οποῖα πόρκος Ἰστριεὺς τετρασκελής,
"Ἀσκῳ μονήρης ἀμφελυτρώσας δέμας,
"Ρει Θυμνιάτης κέπφος, ὡς, ἐνήξατο."
V. 73-76.

A Mr. Heckethorn has published a History of Secret Societies, which, however

pretentious, is more superficial than authoritative. We do not gather from the two volumes anything that we did not know before, and we miss many names of secret societies of which little authentic has as yet transpired, and about which we should be very glad to be enlightened. One of the modern ideas of bookmaking is—a very mistaken one, by the way—collect as many cuttings as you can, thread them together with a running text of commentary, and you produce a book of original research. Sad mistake for the writer, and intense suffering for the student. Instead of the calm reality of original research, and carefully collated authorities, you have to put up with the hurried compilation of the daily leader, or of the sensational writer of a review, composed for a special journal, not written exactly in the interests of judicial truth, but spiced or coloured for clique or coterie. One signal feature in Mr. Heckethorn's work is—whether intentional or unintentional we know not—the entire accordance of his views with the Jesuit and Ultramontane scribes of the hour in their often fierce and always foolish invectives against Freemasonry. There is nothing too absurd for some writers to put forth just now. Witness that German or Italian Abbe who contends gravely that we are the successors of Manichœan heretics. Is the wish father to the thought? And does the good man believe that we are ready for the burning? Surely we may wish him—well, better information and a little more charity. ED.

HELIOTROPE.

How strong they are, those subtle spells
That lurk in leaves and flower-bells,
Rising from faint perfumes;
Or mingling with some olden strain,
Strike through the music shafts of pain,
And people empty rooms.

They come upon us unaware,
In crowded halls and open air,
And in our chambers still:
A song, an odour, or a bird,
Evokes the spell, and strikes the chord,
And all our pulses thrill.

I loitered but an hour ago,
With lagging footsteps tired and slow,
Along the garden walk:
The summer twilight wrapped me round
Through open windows came the sound,
Of song and pleasant talk.

The odour-stealing dews lay wet
And heavy on the mignonette
That crept about my feet:
Upon the folded mossy vest
That clothed the ruby-roses' breast,
It fell in droppings sweet.

It fell on beds of purple bloom,
From whence arose the rare perfume
Of dainty heliotrope;
Which smote my heart with sudden power,
My favourite scent, my favourite flower,
In olden days of hope!

Ah, me! the years have come and gone,
Each with its melody or moan,
Since that sunshiny hour,
When, for the sake of hands that brought,
And for the lesson sweet it taught,
I chose it for my flower.

Faint-scented blossoms! long ago
Your purple clusters came to show
My life had wider scope;
They spoke of love that day—to night
I stand apart from love's delight,
And wear no heliotrope.

Between to-night and that far day,
Lie life's bright noon and twilight grey,
But I have lived through both:
And if before my paling face
The midnight shadows fall apace,
I see them, nothing loth.

Only to-night that faint perfume
Reminds me of the lonely gloom
Of life outliving hope:
I wish I had been far to-night,
What time the dew fell, silver-white
Upon the heliotrope!

All the Year Round.

MURIEL HALSIE.

(*Continued from page* 367.)

WEAK and worn with illness, Muriel sat in an easy chair by the open window of

Miss Morton's sitting-room at Newcombe; though her eyes were closed, she was not sleeping, for tears were trembling on her dark lashes, and dropping slowly down her pale, thin cheeks. Miss Morton had gone over to the Rectory to report her return from Rocksend, leaving Muriel alone, to rest. Her friend had only left her a short time when the servant announced a visitor, from whom Muriel would gladly have fled had she possessed the strength, but weakness held her fast, and there was no escape. The greeting of the new comer, too—for it was Eric Forbes—was not one to still the nervous trembling of her heart.

"Muriel, my darling, are you better?" and his eyes searched her face with a tender yearning of love and pity that said far more than words.

"Yes," so low as to be scarcely audible, was her only answer.

"Muriel, do you know why I am here?" he asked, seating himself by her side, and taking her hand in his; then, without waiting for a reply, he went on—"I am come to ask you if you love me—if you will be my wife? I have known for a long time that I love you, but now—ever since the day I so nearly lost you for ever—I feel that life will be a blank without your love—that you make up the sum of my happiness. Muriel, dearest, what is your answer?"

"It cannot be," she murmured. "Forget what you have said, and—me."

"Why?" he asked, in pained surprise.

"Think of your sister's social prejudices—the difference in our positions—you, who might marry the richest heiress in the country, if you liked."

"But I don't like," he said, smiling again. "For riches, I want my wife to bring me but the pure love of a true heart; such will be enough for me—it will be my happiness to supply all secondary needs. It never was intended that a wife should be independent of her husband. As to social prejudices, I marry to please myself, not the world; and as for position, believe me, Muriel, I have too much family pride of my own to disgrace myself. Remember that you are the daughter of an officer."

"And your nieces' governess," she added, quickly.

"What of that? Is it any disgrace?" and Eric drew himself up proudly.

She did not answer.

"Muriel, if you knew how I love you, you would not say me nay."

"Forget me—forget me!" she said, faintly.

"I cannot! Farewell, Muriel, you have sent me away with a sorrowful heart—with a wound you alone can heal!"

He rose to leave the room; she sprang forward.

"Do not go; one moment!"

Eric turned quickly, his face radiant.

"Mr. Forbes, I have never, I so want to thank you for saving my life! let me now, if I can;" and she held our her hand.

His face clouded again.

"No," he said; "don't offer me words that mean nothing."

"When I would rather thank him than anyone else in the world," she murmured.

If he had heard, he took no heed, and, striding from the room, closed the door fiercely after him; while Muriel for a moment stood still in dismay, and then sank into her chair with a strange feeling of pain creeping round her heart.

The brightest sunshine earth can give had come to her that day, but she had allowed false pride and mistaken duty to bar the way and shut it out of her life.

. . . . .

When Miss Morton returned home to tea, she found her patient unaccountably worse, and insisted on her immediately going to bed. Only too glad to avoid the questionings of her friend, Muriel willingly complied. Nor was the visit of Eric Forbes mentioned between them for some days. Muriel could only surmise that it was known.

. . . . .

"Muriel, I want to have a little talk with you."

The two ladies were sitting together at the open window, twilight was deepening fast, a young moon, newly risen above the trees, made bars of light across the carpet, a pleasant scent of mignonette was wafted into the room, and in the ash tree on the lawn a blackbird was singing his good-night song. They had been silent so long that the sudden exclamation startled Muriel. "A little talk," she thought, half in fright.

"Of course you know that Eric Forbes has set sail?" said Miss Morton.

Another start. "No."

"I am sure you are cold, Muriel; let me get you a shawl. That is the second time I have seen you shiver."

"Indeed I am not cold. Please sit still."

Miss Morton leant back in her chair again.

"Yes, Eric has sailed; gone to America, for nobody knows how long, and left his poor old father nearly broken-hearted about him."

"What has it to do with me?" said Muriel, angrily.

"Everything," answered her friend; "and you know it, Muriel!" she added, with some indignation.

Muriel made no answer, and Miss Morton spoke again, earnestly.

"Why did you not accept his offer?"

"You know quite well, without asking me," Muriel replied, impatiently.

"Ah, true; so I do! You prefer to be dependent on your sister's husband rather than on a husband of your own. Muriel, for so sensible a girl, your decision is most foolish!"

Miss Morton was sarcastic, but she put the matter in a new and certainly not very pleasant light. Muriel had not thought of Captain Ferroll at all in the matter, only of her sister. After a brief silence—

"I can still be a governess," she said; "then I shall be independent of everybody."

"That will not be pleasant for Mrs. Ferroll, of Wellwood, even if she agrees to it—which I doubt," rejoined Miss Morton.

"Why should I be forced to marry?" asked Muriel, pettishly.

But her friend did not think that remark worth answering.

"I suppose I ought to marry him," said Muriel, presently; "but it would not add to my happiness or to his either, to hear such remarks as 'Oh, she was only a governess!' 'He married very much beneath him!' and so on. Still, he saved my life, so I suppose I ought to devote it to him, and leave after consequences to take care of themselves."

"If you look at him in that light, the fisherman's son is the person you should marry; he discovered and took you off the ledge."

"It was Mr. Forbes who insisted on the search; so it must be to him my life is due."

"As you like," said Miss Morton, smiling at the absurdity of the conversation. "If he asks me again, I will say 'Yes;' but then he can't if he is in America."

"He can return, I suppose."

"Oh, of course; but ah, Christie will be home before that, and I shall be with her at Wellwood. There nobody will know that I was a governess."

"Nobody and everybody are the bugbears of your existence, Muriel. Do you know that I am not inclined to think very highly of your love for your father or Christie."

"Dear Miss Morton, why not?"

"If I were Colonel Halsie's daughter, or Christie's sister, I should think myself the equal of any man that might ask me to marry him."

Another ray of light for Muriel! For a long time she sat gazing thoughtfully out of the window; then she turned to Miss Morton—

"You have opened my eyes at last," she said, with a bright flush. "I begin to see the difference between false pride and true. What a foolish girl you must think me!"

"You are not foolish, but the line of conduct you have chosen to follow is a false one. And now, Muriel, I want to ask you one question before we close our chat—Do you love Eric Forbes?"

"If I did not, I should not have acted as I have," she answered, with a rosy flush. "My pride was as much on his account as my own—perhaps more."

"Then, if he asked you again, you would give him a different answer?"

"He will not, dear Miss Morton. You forget that men have more pride than women."

"There is not a grain of false pride about him. He is true as steel."

"Do you think that he can forgive me?" asked Muriel, shyly, the crimson of hope, which the darkness hid, mounting to cheek and brow.

"He will never acknowledge your need of forgiveness," answered her friend, closing the window as she spoke. "Now, child, we will ring for lights and have supper."

. . . . .

It was summer-time again. Captain Ferroll and his wife had been six months in England, and were comfortably established at Wellwood, where Muriel, too, found a happy home. From Miss Morton

she heard frequently; and sometimes her kind old friend would forward certain American letters which made her eyes bright, her voice merry for days.

In a dainty room—half nursery, half boudoir—overlooking the park, sat the sisters one sunny June day—Christie, blue-eyed and golden-haired, with a tiny, white-robed creature on her knees; Muriel seated on the floor, amusing with some toys a child of two years old. It was a pretty picture; and so thought Captain Ferroll, as he stood for a moment unobserved in the doorway.

"Another letter from Newcombe, Muriel," he said, coming forward and dropping the missive into her lap. "I found it at the post-office just now."

She opened it quickly—two letters in one day were unusual.

"Dear Muriel,—I have just heard that Eric sets sail for home in the 'Europa' on Saturday next.—Your affectionate, A.M."

They were but few words, yet they brought a light to the girl's dark eyes and a smile to her lip.

The days now seemed longer than usual to Muriel.

"I am very silly," she thought; "I have no right to think that he will seek me again—at least, not on purpose. Circumstances may throw me in his way; perhaps then—"

But at that point she always stopped abruptly; even to herself she felt shy to own her hope. It may be that she thought herself scarcely worthy of so much good fortune, or that she had too lightly thrown away her happiness to so easily regain it.

"A *bonne bouche* for your breakfast—the 'Europa' is in at last!" exclaimed Captain Ferroll one morning, looking over his paper at Muriel, and laughing merrily. "Christie, we shall have company to-morrow."

"Very likely," said Christie, coolly, taking pity on her sister's confusion. "I think you told me you had asked the Archers to dinner."

"Yes," he answered, rising with another little laugh; "and now I shall ride over to Newcombe and invite Miss Morton."

Muriel escaped. With her hands pressed tightly over her beating heart, she stood at her window, joy and fear struggling for the mastery. "Was he really coming? Was he coming back to her?" And then, when she could not answer herself—although in her heart something spoke affirmatively—she laid her head down upon the sunny window-sill and sobbed herself into calmness.

. . . .

"A man in love does not let trifles stand in his way." So confessed Capt. Ferroll; but he wondered how Eric Forbes managed to reach Wellwood within twelve hours after landing; yet so it was, and all Muriel's doubts and fears were speedily put to flight in the certainty of Eric's love.

. . . .

It was midsummer, and the sea at Endy Bay looked, under the bright full moon, just as it had looked one summer night two years before; nothing was changed—even the same fishermen were there putting out to sea in their boats. And yet how different it all looked to Muriel—how much brighter.

"Eric," she said, placing her hand on her husband's arm, "Eric, I think this is the prettiest place in the world."

He laughed, looking incredulous. "Wait till you have seen prettier."

"But I never shall. Oh, Eric, my love, my love, if you had not forgiven me."

"Little wife, don't you think I studied my own happiness better than that?" added Eric; adding presently, with a smile, "I suppose you know that you have never thanked me yet for taking you off those rocks yonder?"

"I will thank you all my life, dear," she answered, in a half whisper.

In a moment his arms were round her, her head was on his breast.

"My darling, this is thanks enough," he said, and kissed her.

A.S.D., in Voice of Masonry, U.S.

DR. DASSIGNY'S ENQUIRY.

(Continued from page 372.)

"That accordingly prince *Edwin* summoned all the Masons in the realm to "meet him in a congregation at *York*,* "who came and composed a General Lodge, "of which he was Grand Master, and "having brought with them all the writings and records extant, which were in

* I am informed in that city is held an assembly of Master Masons under the title of Royal Arch Masons, who as their qualifications and excellencies are superior to others they receive a larger pay than working Masons; but of this more hereafter.

"*Greek, Latin, French,* and other langu-
"ages, from the contents thereof they
"framed the constitutions and charges of
"a Lodge, made a law to preserve and
"observe the same in all time coming, and
"ordained good pay for working Masons,
"*&c. Hal.*

"That in process of time when Lodges
"became numerous, the right worshipful
"the Master and Fellows, with consent of
"the Lords of the realm, (for most great
"men were then Masons) ordained, that
"for the future at the making or admission
"of a Brother, the constitution should be
"read, and the charges hereunto annexed
"by the Master or Warden, and that such
"as were to be admitted Master Masons
"or Masters of the work should be ex-
"amined whether they be able of cunning
"to serve their respective Lords, as well
"the lowest as the highest, to the honour
"and worship of the aforesaid art, and to
"the profit of their Lords; for they be
"their Lords who pay them for their ser-
"vice and travel.

"And besides many other things the
"said record adds, that those charges and
"laws of Free Masons have been seen and
"perused by our late sovereign king *Henry*
"VI. and by the lords of his honourable
"council, who have allowed them, and said
"that they be good right and seasonable
"to be holden as they have been drawn
"out and collected from the records of
"antient times."*

Now although in the reign of King *Henry* VI. while an infant, a certain act of parliament passed affecting only the working Masons, who had contrary to the statutes for labourers combined together not to work, but at their own prices, yet as it was supposed that such confederacies were formed in the general Lodges, they thought it expedient to level the said act against Masons holding themselves in chapters and congregations*. But when the said king arrived to man's estate, and the records and charges were laid before him and some of his lords (who then must have incorporated themselves with that antient fraternity) they were solemnly approved of as good and fit to be holden.

But as there was not a single instance of the acts being put into execution in that or any other reign, the brethren continued to hold their Lodges, and thought it not worth their while to employ their noble and eminent Brethren to have it repealed; because working Masons, who are free of a Lodge, scorn to be guilty of any combination, and others accepted Masons have no concern in the trespasses against statutes for labourers.†

The kings of *Scotland* very much encouraged the Royal Art, from the earliest time down to the union of the crowns, where Lodges were kept up without interruption, whose records testify the great regard those Kings paid to the honorable fraternity, who always give undeniable evidences of their love and loyalty, from whence sprung the old toast amongst *Scots* Masons, *viz.* GOD *bless the King and the Craft.* This royal example was followed

* In another manuscript more antient we read, that when the Master and Wardens meet in a Lodge, if need be, the sheriff of the county, mayor of the city or an alderman of the town, in which the congregation is held should be made fellow and sociate to the Master, in help of him against rebells and for upbearing the rights of the realm.

That entered apprentices at their making were charged not to be thieves, or thieves maintainers, that they should travel honestly for their pay, and love their fellows as themselves, and be true to the King of *England,* to the realm and to the Lodge.

That at such congregations it shall be enquired, whether any Master or Fellow hath broke any of the articles agreed to; and if the offender, being duly cited to appear, prove rebel and will not attend, then the Lodge shall determine against him that he shall forswear or renounce his Masonry, and shall no more use this Craft, the which if he presume for to do, the sheriff of the county shall imprison him and take all his goods into the Kings hands till his grace be granted him and issued: for this cause principally have these congregations been ordained, that as well the lowest as the highest should be well and truly served in the art aforesaid throughout the kingdom. *Amen so mote it be.*

* Tertio Henrici vi. Cap. 1. An Dom. 1425 Co. inst. 3. p. 99.

† It is to be remarked that this act was formed when solid learning was a crime, and Geometry condemned for conjuration; wherefore the ignorance of these times are so apparent, that tradition informs us that parliament men were influenced by the illiterate clergy, who understood neither the secrets of the Craft, nor true Architecture; but apprehending that they had an indefeasible right to the secrets of the people by auricular confession, were strongly disgusted that the Masons should preserve their grand benefits and valuable privileges from them; whereupon they represented them as dangerous to the state, and artfully perswaded the members of both houses to make an act which might reflect dishonour even upon the whole Fraternity. But the opinion of the great judge Coke ‡ clears all our doubts in regard to the statutes against Masons.

‡ Vide Co. inst part 3. fol 99.

by the nobility, gentry, and clergy, of *Scotland*, who with the utmost assiduity joined in the promotion of the Craft and Brotherhood, and so great a deference was paid to that noble order, that the Grand Master and Warden received an annual stipend from the crown as also an acknowledgment from every new Brother in the kingdom at entrance, who had power not only to regulate whatever might happen amiss in the neighbourhood, but also to hear and finally determine all controversies between Mason and Lord, to punish the Mason if he deserved it, and to oblige both to equitable terms; and this privilege remained until the unfortunate civil wars, yet the great care the *Scots* took to preserve true Masonry proved afterwards very advantageous to *England*.

The learned and magnanimous Queen *Elizabeth* beginning her reign in troublesome times, was diffident of her subjects holding private assemblies, she therefore attempted to dissolve the annual communication of Free-Masonry as dangerous to her government and being a woman could not be introduced into the fraternity; but she thought it necessary to commission some noble persons to pay a visit to the Lodge at *York*, where being admitted, they threw aside their arms and returned the Queen a most honourable account of the antient fraternity, whereby her political fears and doubts were removed, and she let them alone as a people much respected by the noble and wise of all political nations.

Upon her demise king *James* the VI. of *Scotland* succeeded to the crown of *England*, (who was mason *King*) revived the *English* Lodges, and as he was the first king of *Great Britain*, he was also the first prince in the world that recovered *Roman* Architecture from the ruins of *Gothic* ignorance. For after many illiterate ages, when learning again its drooping head uplifted, and the science of Geometry recovered its ground, the polite nations then began to discover the confusion and impropriety of the *Gothick* Buildings, and in the 15 and 16 centuries the *Augustan* stile was raised from its rubbish in *Italy*, by many bright Architects, but more particularly by the Great *Palladio*, who tho' not imitated there, was justly rival'd in *England* by our Great Master Mason *Inigo Jones*.

And notwithstanding all true Masons pay due honour to the memories of those *Italian* Architects, yet the *Augustan* stile was not revived by any crowned head before king *James* the first of *England*, who employed the said glorious *Inigo Jones* to build his royal palace of *White-hall*; and upon the king's demise his son *Charles* the I, being also a Mason king, intended to carry on his royal father's design according to Mr. *Jones's* stile, but was unhappily diverted by the civil wars, and it is allowed by all skillful Architects, that Master *Jones's* designs and erections are originals, and at first view discover his mighty genius in Architecture, for which he was as much honoured by the nobility and gentry of *Scotland* as of *England*.

Masonry could not help feeling the dismal effects of the wars in those times, but when the royal family was restored and a general peace proclaimed throughout the nation, it then began to flourish again, as appears by the productions of Sr. *Christopher Wren* and Sr. *William Bruce*, who followed the inimitable designs of *Master Inigo Jones*.

In the reign of king *James* the II. the Lodges of Free Masonry in *London*, dwindled into ignorance, for want of being duly frequented and properly cultivated; but after the revolution anno 1688, the glorious King *William*, tho' a warlike prince, had an excellent taste of Architecture, which is evidently proved by his carrying on the building of the two famous hospitals, *Greenwich* and *Chelsea*, together with the palace of *Hampton Court*, *Loo* in *Holland*, &c., and the bright example of that prince influenced the learned of *Great Britain* to affect the *Augustan* style, as appears by the stately edifices erected since throughout the kingdom of *England* and *Ireland*, not only in the reign of Queen *Anne*, but likewise in that of King *George* the I. and his Royal successor, the present majesty of these Realms, whom GOD long preserve.

To describe the mighty influence of the Craft of Free-Masonry in every age, and in every nation since the beginning of the world, would require many volumes; but were it expedient, it could easily be proved that the knights of *Malta* and many other religious orders and societies, did borrow their solemn usages from our ancient fraternity, who can with the utmost truth assert that no set of men can be better instituted, more decently installed, or

whose laws and charges in general have been more sacredly observed; and tho' we have maintained and propagated our concernments in a method peculiar to ourselves, which hath hitherto resisted the violent attempts of the most learned and cunning in all ages, who have by several means strove to steal our secrets from us, while neither the loss of speech or the want of knowledge in different languages could prevent us from knowing and loving one another.

Having now described the antiquity of the Royal Art, and the honours paid to the Craftsmen by the learned and noble of all ages (for the most part of which particulars I confess myself indebted to the several tracts of Historical Masonry printed both in *London* and *Dublin*) I shall proceed to enquire into the cause or motive of its institution, which will appear more plain hereafter when we take a view of the principles of the Craft, and the benefits arising from a strict observance thereof; but in the meantime shall inform you that without Masonry the world would have afforded a rude and irregular prospect, and its inhabitants liable to the severity of inclement seasons, to the raging dogstar's heat and piercing cold, to the greedy savage, whose voice in sounds, ungrateful to human ears, thro' all the forest rings, and to the daring insults and bold attempts of aspiring warriours, while by masons art majestic piles arise to defend mankind, and nature unpolished owns its harmonious and friendly influence. By Masons art religious domes appear, where the Almighty Architect is worshipped in spirit and in truth.

By Masons art the avaritious miser opens his iron bounded breast, and feels compassion's tender warmth.

By Masons art the injurious and unruly tongue falls down before the throne of awful silence; and readily submits to her commands.

By Masons art the wings of loose desire are clipped, and the lascivious mind refrained from all immodest and unlawful bents.

By Masons art the puny fop (mankinds disgrace) rejects a vain and gaudy outside and gladly accepts of more valuable and permanent furniture within.

By masons art ensigns of state and princely ornaments (the nursery of pride, where ambition keeps her lofty seat) as useless toys by free born sons meet with disdain, since they can boast of a more lasting glory who are

Ennobled by the name they bear,
*Distinguished by the badge they wear.

By Masons art impartial justice her equal balance holds, and fraud oppressive owns her gentle sway.

Since then by this noble art so many extraordinary advantages accrue, I presume it will of consequence be granted, that the welfare and good of mankind was the cause or motive of so grand an institution (no art yet ever being so extensively useful) which not only tends to protect them from external injuries, but to polish the rusty dispositions of iniquitous minds and to detain them within the limited and pleasant bounds of true religion, morality and virtue.

In the next place I shall beg leave to treat of the principles of the Craft, which I hope will meet with a just admiration because they were founded upon religion, morality, Brotherly-love, and good fellowship.

A Mason is obliged by his tenure to believe firmly in the true Worship of the Eternal GOD, as well as in all those sacred records which the dignitaries, fathers, and apostles of the church have compiled and published for the use of christians; for that no one who rightly understands the art can possibly tread in the irreligious paths of the unhappy libertine, or be induced to follow the arrogant professors of atheism or deism; neither is he to be stained with the gross errors of blind superstition, but may have the liberty of embracing what faith he shall think proper, provided at all times he pays a due reference to his Creator, and by the world deals with honour and honesty, ever making that golden precept the standard rule of his actions, which engages *to do unto all men as he would they should do unto him.* For the Craft, instead of entering into idle and unnecessary disputes, concerning the different opinions and persuasions of men, admits into the fraternity all that are good and true, whereby it hath become the center of union, and hath brought about the means of reconcilliation amongst persons, who without that assistance, would have remained at a perpetual variance.

* Vide fellow Crafts song by Bro. G. Delasay, Esq.

AN ORIGINAL DISSERTATION ON PUBLIC SPEAKING.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

(Continued from 347.)

Delivered in the Town Hall, Colchester, before the Members of the Y.M.C.A.

See Hamlet's celebrated address to the players (act 3, scene 2).

The Greeks were so nice in points of eloquence, and so offended with a vicious pronunciation that they would not suffer the public crier to proclaim their laws unless he was accompanied by a musician, who, in case of a vicious tone, might be ready to give him the proper pitch and expression. It would seem that the town criers of classic story could boast of a degree of oratorical propriety, from which their modern successors must have sadly degenerated. What would have became of the Colchester Town Bellman in thosedays?

Attention to the rising and falling inflections, proper accentuation, distinct utterance, and such animation as uses appropriate action and gesture—these are the great things to study in a speaker.

Bro. Emra Holmes, alluding to the ludicrous effects of a wrong accent, instanced a case in point, where he heard a clergyman once in church reading the story of the old prophet say—"And he said, saddle me the ass. And they saddled *him.*"

As to action and declamation, Barron, the French Garrick, speaking of acting, said :—

"Rules may teach us not to raise the arms above the head, but if passion carries them, it will be well done. Passion knows more than art."

Massillon, the great French preacher, so far affected Barron with one of his magnificent sermons, as to force the confession from him to one of his companions :—

"My friend," said he, "this is an orator, we are only actors!" I suppose, the lecturer continued, to be really ready speakers we should adopt Fox's plan (or was it Pitt's?) to get up whenever opportunity offered, and speak upon the subject then introduced, whether we knew much or little about it.

The excellent impromptu speech plan of the Ipswich Mutual Improvement Society, introduced on stated occasions, is well worthy of imitation in similar institutions elsewhere, as tending to make ready speakers.

I had the pleasure once of attending one of these gatherings. Questions were propounded by any one amongst the audience, and five or six of the members volunteered to speak on the subject given to them.

The questions, which were written down on slips of paper, were put into a hat with the names of the impromptu speakers on similar slips.

They were drawn out at random, as is the fashion at lotteries, and whichever query fell to the lot of each member, he had at once to get up, and without the smallest preparation, speak upon the question then introduced.

If I remember rightly, the questions and subjects suggested and proposed were the following :—

1st. Are class distinctions a necessity in highly civilised society?

2. Satire!

3. What does Ireland want?

(Rather a wide question, and one that is found to be rather difficult to answer).

4. Is it right to kill for sport?

5. Beards and moustaches!

These questions and subjects have no lack of variety at all events, and they were for the most part very fairly treated.

As the speeches were perforce extempore in the most ample sense, and by junior members, they no doubt were sketchy and somewhat wanting in finish, but they afforded considerable amusement, and served the purpose for which they were intended, viz., to create ready speakers.

After all, there is more in the method of delivery, than in the thing itself. Great orators' speeches are often poor when reduced to writing. Josh Billings says, "the power of oratory lays more in the manner than in the matter; you can't reduce it to writing *any more than you can play a streak of lightning on a hand organ!*" The great art of speaking well is to be *en rapport*, as the mesmerists say, with your audience; to know what it likes; when it is pleased, and when it is tired; *and the greatest art of all is, perhaps, to know when to stop.*

The usefulness of attending to what a late M.P. of my acquaintance calls *sucking peoples' brains as boys suck eggs*, is another thing worth remembering by a would-be

speaker. Some brilliant orators get most of their information as it were at second hand in this way, which is the reason they are *always brilliant* and *never profound.* Speaking of the great art, and a great art it is, of knowing when to stop (perhaps some of the readers of the "Masonic Magazine" are already thinking that the lecturer himself might take a lesson), I would not have men, like a sheep's-head, *all jaw,* nor should they be brought up to talk a horse's hind leg off, to use a common expression.

By no means. But surely it must be admitted that that man is a more useful member of society who can address a family gathering at a wedding breakfast without making himself the laughing stock of the company; who can preside worthily over an assemblage of his fellow townsmen without reminding us forcibly of that illiterate personation of fatuous grandiloquence, Shakespeare's chief constable in Much Ado about Nothing—Master Dogberry; who can enliven other than pot-shop audiences with the fertility of his wit, the richness of his humour, and the powers of his pathos, in exciting joy and sorrow, laughter and tears; I say it must be admitted that he is a more useful member of society who can speak readily, calmly, temperately and with effect when suddenly called upon so to do, either before a multitude, or only in converse with a few friends, than he who bungles and flounders over a vote of thanks to the performers at a concert, who utters the feeblest inanities, the poorest platitudes, when asked to respond to the toast of, let us say, the Army and Navy, or Church and State, at a public dinner, or who stammers and stumbles over the presentation to the superintendent of the Sunday School.

Wherever there is not a debating society already in existence, the young men should form one and learn by practice the art of speaking well.

Readiness of repartee, which is of itself a great gift, is almost necessary in an extemporaneous speaker.

The following anecdote may not be out of place as illustrative of its effects:

In the debate on the Occasional Conformity and Schism Bills in the House of Lords, in December, 1718, they were very warmly opposed by Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, who said he had prophesied last winter this bill would be attempted in the present session, and he was sorry to find he had proved a true prophet. Lord Connigsby, who always spoke in a rage, rose immediately after the Bishop, and remarked that one of the Right Reverends had set himself forth as a prophet, but for his part he did not know what prophet to liken him to, unless to that famous prophet Balaam, *who was reproved by his own ass.* The Bishop, in reply, with great wit and calmness exposed his rude attack, concluding in these words: "Since the noble Lord hath discovered in our manner such similitude, I am well content to be compared to the prophet Balaam; but, my Lords, I am at a loss how to make out the other part of the parallel. I am sure I have been *reproved by nobody but his Lordship.*" From that day forth, Lord Connigsby was called Atterbury's ass.

This reminds me of another, an instance of Curran and the Judge—I believe it was Lord Norbury or Lord Clare. Whilst Curran was speaking, a donkey brayed outside the court. The Judge, who never missed an opportunity of galling the great advocate, whom he hated, looked up and said, "One at a time, if you please!" Curran took no notice, but during a pause when the Judge was summing up, the donkey brayed again, and Curran, looking up with feigned astonishment, said: "Did your Lordship speak?"

Speaking of Curran reminds me of another ancedote, showing the keenness of his satire told of his passages of arms with Lord Clare, who never lost a chance of snubbing and insulting the eminent barrister. One day when it was known that Curran was to make an elaborate argument in Chancery, the Chancellor brought in a great Newfoundland dog with him, placed him on the bench, and during the progress of the argument lent his ear much more to the dog than to the barrister.

At last the Chancellor seemed to lose all regard for appearances, for propriety, and decorum; he turned himself quite aside in the most material part of the case and began in full court to fondle the animal.

Curran stopped short.

"Go on, go on, Mr. Curran," said Lord Clare. "Oh," replied Curran, "I beg a thousand pardons, my Lord. I really

took it for granted that your lordship was *employed in consultation.*"

A debating society in a small, or, for the matter of that, a large town is a great nursery for young politicians and embryo orators; in fact, debating societies are the making of our public speakers, and should be supported by mechanics' institutes, working men's colleges, and societies similar to your own, everywhere.

Many of our parliamentary orators trace their power as speakers to the training they received in the debating clubs of our Universities, and one or two I believe to such mutual improvement societies as that at Ipswich, to which I have already alluded.

The late Lord Brougham was a warm advocate of such institutions, and so is John Bright, than whom there is no greater orator in England.

Yes, John Bright has, I believe, spoken warmly in favour of mutual improvement and discussion classes as a means of cultivating the art of public speaking. To all young men then who have a spark of ambition in them to improve their powers of speech, I say, join the first discussion class or debating club, or kindred institution you come accross. Join some debating society—*unless it meets in a tap-room.*

Young men, join your local debating society if there is one, and if not, organise one at once, and if you do not find yourselves improved in the noble art of speech —say twelve months hence, the fault will not be in the society, but in the debaters.

And then, who knows, perhaps some one from this assembly may one day rise in his place to address Parliament, the great debating society of which we are so justly proud. It was Sidney Smith who said, "the free parliament of a free people is the native soil of eloquence, and in that soil will it ever flourish and abound."

When we think of the grand names of orators who have awakened the echoes in that great place; of Burke, of Fox, William Pitt, and his great father the Earl of Chatham, of Sheridan, and of a multitude of others whom I could name, who have electrified their hearers with the torrents of impassioned oratory which have flowed from their eloquent lips; when we mention the names of such great speakers and debaters as Lord Derby, Disraeli, Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, the late Bishop of Winchester, John Bright, the late Lord Lytton, and the silver-tongued Coleridge, we catch a glow of the enthusiasm which prompts the actions of their followers, we feel a laudable ambition, perhaps, to be amongst the mighty orators who sway the destinies of this mighty Empire whereon the sun never sets.

The House of Lords contains now, perhaps, more great speakers than the House of Commons; but let it be remembered the House of Commons is not composed of orators. Far from it. I fear we are much in the same position now that they were when Sydney Smith, speaking of the long debates in Parliament in his day, said: "Why do not people remember the flood? If they had lived before it with the patriarchs they might have talked any stuff they pleased, but do let them remember how little time they have under the new order of things."

His remedy for putting a stop to the interminable speeches in the House of Commons is worth remembering: "Don't talk to me of not being able to cough a speaker down, try the *whooping cough!*"

I noticed some time since that a gentleman in the House of Commons had been complaining that there is a list kept of the Honourable Members who are to be allowed to speak on great occasions in the House, and that none but those on the list are to be permitted to have their say. Mr. Gladstone denied all knowledge of the list (he was then Leader of the House), but it is thought there is something in it, and at first sight it would appear to be a scheme for checking freedom of speech.

But, my dear friends, ye who read the debates, ought we not be very thankful that there is a check upon the verbose utterances of some of our worthy but long-winded representatives?

I tell you what I would do, as I have said before, when some of our members insist upon speaking who can't speak. I would threaten to report them verbatim—which if once done they would be like dead men, they would *never speak again.*

(To be continued.)

CHRONOGRAMS AND CHRONOPHONS.

BY ALBERT MACKEY.

THESE two words, identical or nearly identical in meaning, relate to a matter

which at one time occupied a good deal of puzzle-making ingenuity, and may perchance again do so, if an imitative freak should seize upon us. When men made no steam-engines, and did not spin cotton at the rate of a thousand miles or so per hour; when they neither travelled by railway over the land; nor by screw and paddle over the sea; when there were no penny posts, electric telegraphs, penny papers, or gas lights; when men did not give three thousand guineas for a picture about "Roast Pig," or three hundred for an old fiddle, then it was that verbal crochets were in fashion to an extent that we can hardly understand now. In France, especially, during the dissipated reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., the "gilded youth" of the gay capital, and aristocrats old enough to have known better, whiled away their hours in such fashion to an almost incredible degree, incited partly thereto by the epigrammatic qualities of the French language.

The chronogram, or "description by means of numbers," is rather antiquarian and ecclesiastical than gay in its origin. Perhaps it may be more correctly defined as "date-writing"—the incorporating a date as part of a written word or sentence. It depends on the main characteristics of the Roman numerals. We are all told at school that our usual numerals, such as 1, 2, 3, 4, are of Arabic origin; but that the Romans employed some of the capital letters of their alphabet as numbers. There are seven in familiar use, namely I, V, X, L, C, D, M, standing respectively for 1, 5, 10, 50, 100, 500, 1000; but there are others, found in old documents, which are now seldom used, especially a capital C turned upside down, (Ↄ,) and a sort of a figure 8 laid on its side, (∞.) One extraordinary combination, to denote a million, stands thus: CCCCIↃↃↃↃ; and another, only a little less complex, for a hundred thousand—CCCIↃↃↃ. In order to denote four, the Romans occasionally used I four times repeated—IIII; but a briefer form was IV, which stands for "one less than five;" in like manner XL and CD were devised instead of XXXX and CCCC, for forty and four hundred. Fourteen years hence, in 1888, the A.D., when expressed in Roman numerals of the usual kind, will be more lengthy than it has ever before been, or than it will again be for a long time to come, namely, MDCCCLXXXVIII—thirteen symbols instead of the convenient four which suffice when Arabic numerals are used.

In some languages a sentence will express a date or number, whether the writer intends it or not. Thus, learned men tell us that, in Persian, the letters forming the words "Hooshung Shah is no more" also denote the number 837; and a chronogram was at once thus constructed, seeing that Shah Hooshung died in the 837th year of the Hegira. In like manner, many of the controversies and speculations concerning the mysterious 66 and 666 of the Book of Revelation have arisen out of the Hebrew alphabetical characters being alike letters and numerals.

The Romans are believed to have begun the style of chronogram which has more or less been in favour ever since. It was an amusement, a play upon words something like our rebus. We all remember such effusions as XL, which will serve either for 40 or for "excel" in a puzzle; and MIX, which will do alike for 1009 and for "mix"—and doubtless we deemed ourselves very clever in composing them.

Chronograms are rather numerous in and about churches and other religious structures, comprising pious sentences, often passages from the Bible. Tourists have detected many of them in the Rhenish provinces, in some instances placed in odd corners and nooks not very visible, and often partly obliterated by time and weather. Some are incised or cut in the stone-work, others painted or gilt on wood. Instances have been met with on a beam in a chapel on the south side of the choir of College Cathedral; on the base of a crucifix outside the minster at Bonn, and another within the minster; in Poppelsdorf church, near the same city; on the baptistry at Aix-la-Chapelle; on the front of the west gallery at St. Michael's Church, in the same city; round the arch of the west door of St. Castor's, Coblenz; on the base of a crucifix, and over the principal door of a church, at Königswinter; and in many other places. There is one on the floor of the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli at Rome, comprising a date relating to the English Jacobite princes in 1721; and on a fountain near the church of San Paola, at Parma, is one to the honour of one of the vice-regents of that State. Our

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own country is not wanting in instances of the same kind. Thus, in Winchester Cathedral, on the roof which conceals the lantern tower from the choir, is a chronogram recording the date and circumstances of the construction, in 1635. On an oaken wall plate in the porch of Brockthorp Church, Gloucestershire, is one to denote the year of the decapitation of Charles I., and even the day and the period of the day, "On the thirtieth of January's setting sun." In Albury Church is an epitaph on George Duncombe, who died in 1646, a date denoted by the capital letters mixed up with others in the following words: "Res Vrgent eX Isto pVLVere qVI IbI sepVLtI DorMIVnt." Let us analyze this a little, and see how it is built up. The first R is the initial capital at the beginning of the sentence, and does not count; all the other capitals denote numerals; while V, as a numeral, (5,) has to do duty both for *u* and for *v*, if either or both of those letters happen to take part in the sentence. Printed in ordinary type, the epitaph makes its appearance in a Latin form familiar to those who are conversant with this class of inscriptions: "Resurgent ex isto pulvere qui ibi sepulti dormiunt." The thick capitals, taken in the order in which they stand, are VXIVLVVIIIVLI DMIV; but rearranged in the order of their dignity or relative importance, they are MDLLXVVVVVVIIIIII—rather a lengthened way of saying 1646.

Coins, medals, and other articles are often to be met with bearing a chronogram stamped or engraved on them. After the opening of a gold mine in Sicily, in 1734, coins were struck to celebrate the event; and the Latin motto, "Ex visceribus meis hæc funditur," borne on each coin, by converting *u* into *v*, and using thick letters for XVICIVMICVDIV, managed to denote the above mentioned date. On the upper border of a sun-dial, existing some years ago on the west end of Nantwich Church, Cheshire, was a chronogram celebrating the coronation of Charles II. in 1621: "Honor Domino pro pace populo suo parte;" the significant letters here can easily be discriminated. Over the door of Sherbourne School, Dorsetshire, is (or was) a chronogram with the significant letters rubricated, or painted in red. The whole of it relates to the foundation of the school; while the rubricated letters give the date 1670.

The same conceit used sometimes to be followed by, or for, well-to-do families, in mottos for articles of domestic use. Thus, a damask table napkin has been described, which contains a motto woven into the linen fabric: "SIgnVM paCIs DatVr LorICæ," to celebrate the conclusion of peace between England and France in 1763, after seven years' hostilities. In a paper by Addison in the *Spectator*, relating to the verbal puzzles which were in fashion in the seventeenth century, he gave an instance of a chronogram, showed how it was constructed, and pretty plainly hinted his small estimation of such productions: "This kind of wit appears very often on many modern medals, especially those of Germany, when they represent in the inscription the year in which they were coined. Thus, we see on a medal of Gustavus Adolphus the following words: 'ChrIstVs DuX ergo trIVMphVs.' If you take the pains to pick the figures out of the several words, and range them in their proper order, you will find they amount to MDCXVVVII, or 1627, the year in which the medal was stamped; for, as some of the letters distinguish themselves from the rest, and overtop their fellows, they are to be considered in a double capacity, both as letters and as figures. Your laborious German wits will turn over a whole dictionary for one of these ingenious devices. A man would think they are searching after an apt classical term; but instead of that, they are looking out a word that has an L, an M, or a D in it. When, therefore, we meet with any of these inscriptions, we are not so much to look in them for the thought as for the year of the Lord."

Addison might have found abundant illustrations of his meaning in books as well as in medals. The title pages, prefaces, dedications, and endings of books have often been made to show a date in the form of a chronogram, relating either to a person honoured in the book, or to the year in which the book was printed. Whether it occurred in any book, as one among the many adulatory compliments to Queen Elizabeth, we do not know; but a chronogram purports to say, "My Day is Closed In ImmortalIty," denoting the year of Elizabeth's decease, 1603. Shakspeare, in Elizabeth's time, unquestionably knew something about chronograms, (what did

he *not* know something about?) for, in *Love's Labour Lost*, Act iv., Scene 2, Holofernes made one of his quips and oddities available in this way in his droll colloquy with Sir Nathaniel the Dull. He takes praise for this and other *jeux d'esprit*, which his companions deem surpassingly good. "This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions." His mode of making letters serve for numerals comes out thus:

If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores; O sore L!
Of one sore I an hundred make, by adding but one more L.

The seventeenth century was very busy in the production of these effusions. One, running thus, "GeorgIVs DVX BVCkInghaMIæ," records the year in which the duke was murdered by Felton, 1628. The Rev. G. Gipps, rector of Elston, in Lincolnshire, preached a Fast Sermon before the House of Commons in 1644; he published it in the following year, with a preface containing a chronogram, in which a well-known passage from the Bible is slightly altered, and made to denote the year 1644—namely, "GoD Is oVr refVge, oVr strength, a heLpe In troVbLes VerIe aboVnDant VVe fInDe." The peculiarity here is that W is represented in the old form VV, which enables the computer to count ten for it. About the close of the reign of Charles I, many royalists insisted that the end of the world was nearly at hand. One of them fixed on the year 1645 in the following fashion: "Adventus Domini," by capitalizing certain of the letters, denotes 2012; "dies abbreviuntur" gave him 517; while "propter electas" gave 150. Then he argued that 517 taken from 2012 leaves 1495, to which, if 150 be added, the sum gives 1645. We can only say that if the reader is satisfied with this, his satisfaction is easily brought about. The flattery of the hapless monarch was a favourite subject with chronogram-makers. The "iniquitous condemnation of a pious king and good shepherd"—

ReX pIVs et greX VerVs
ConDeMnantVr InIqVe—

was made to denote the year of his execution. In Fuller's *Worthies*, we find a record of the death of Bishop Prideaux, so printed as to give the date 1650.

ASSYRIAN DISCOVERIES.

(*Continued from page* 378.)

YET aside from these cruelties, which passed such an impressive judgment through the mouth of the divine seers of Israel, we wonder at these works of art, which far surpass those of Egypt in genuine beauty and faithfulness to nature. Moreover, looking on their weapons and tools, on those fragments of ivory baskets, of bronze thrones and terra-cotta figures, on the ornaments in architecture or in dress and jewellery, as shewn on their pictures, we feel bound to recognize the Assyrians as the ancient masters of fine arts. By their products, or rather by copies made of them by Persian and Lydian imitators, the then slumbering genius of the Hellens was aroused, which afterwards inspired a Phidias and Praxiteles with their chisel, and even a Homer, Hesiod, and Pindar with their songs, to create everlasting models of beauty. Indeed, if history has forgotten to record the indebtedness of the Greeks to Assyria, Greek mythology has not, as Cheiron the centaur, who taught Achilles, Perseus, and many other Greek heroes, every art and science, is surely a a slight reminiscence of the Assyrian genii, who wore the shape of winged bulls with human heads.

Likewise we look to Assyria for models furnished by the hands of Phœnicians for the Temple built by Solomon, and even for the equipment of the whole sanctuary, even to the Cherubim. It was in beholding those imposing figures of winged lions, with human and eagles' heads, called cherubs, on the gates of the Babylonian and Assyrian palaces, that the Prophet Ezekiel felt inspired in his visions of the heavenly throne, moved by the same wheels, endowed with heads and wings like those seen on Assyrian pictures. On Assyrian monuments you can discern these same instruments played upon by David and other psalmists to accompany their undying songs of holy inspiration.

Yet all these works of art would have remained dumb, and Assyria's past would still be shrouded in darkness, had not Divine Providence pointed man's eye, searching after knowledge, to a number of clay tablets, inscribed on both sides with cuneiform letters, which proved to be nothing less than the royal library of

Sardanapalus, containing historical and chronological, astronomical, and private records, prayers and songs, poems and formulas, letters and contracts, yea, grammars and dictionaries. Henceforth, one startling revelation followed the other, until after two years ago George Smith, in London, detected the legend of the flood, presenting a much older form than that of the Bible.

With assistance offered by the London *Daily Telegraph*, excavations were resumed by George Smith, who succeeded in making new discoveries. He added more than 3,000 fragments of clay tablets to the old ones, and found, besides, many interesting articles, as, for instance, a fragment of a magnificent crystal throne, and a greatly wrought fork, an article unknown to civilization until the eleventh century of our era. And, having scarcely taken the new work of George Smith, describing his journey and his discoveries at hand, we received through the last number of the London *Athenæum* the welcome, yet not unexpected, news of his having found the legend of the building of the Tower of Babel on these tablets too.

Having thus far shortly reviewed the way these explorations were made, I will pass on, pointing out to you in a few broad outlines the revelations brought about by this most modern and most promising science through the labours of a few English and French scholars. Twenty years ago all the source of information about Assyrian and Babylonian history was confined to a few names mentioned in Holy Writ, and a few stories told from hearsay by Greek authors. From "the mighty hunter," and the first rulers of Ninevah, Ninus and Semiramis, both kingdoms for a long time were lost sight of. Of a sudden Assyria appears at the northern horizon of the kingdom of Samaria, pouncing on her people like a bird of prey, and eating up piece after piece, then entangled Judea in her network, but this time to meet the vengeance of God, who smites Assyria's army, while standing at the gates of Jerusalem, by an angel of pestilence. Finally we hear the prophet's triumph over her downfall at the attack of the Babylonians, whose rise betokens ruin to Judea, and whose fall brings her resurrection. Aside from these facts, only names of these successive King are given, in a confusion apt to perlex any one trying to bring them into an harmonious order. Nor does the Greek literature furnish us with more than fables.

Thanks, then, to recovered records of the Assyrian conquerors themselves, we gain a new insight into the political struggles of those petty kingdoms and nationalities settled along the shore of the Mediterranean Sea. We see them pressed together, as if by grinding mill-stones, by the two large empires of Egypt in the South, and of Assyria in the North, who vie and struggle with each other for the dominion of the world. Out of a large number of little kingdoms, presenting as many ruins of a scattered old empire, the kingdom of Assyria rises above Babylonia, its rival, in the fourteenth century, before our era, growing like an avalanche, while it pushes its conquests onward to force all those nations standing in its way down under its irresistible power, taking advantage of Egypt's temporary exhaustion. Thus among the number of Kings defeated and compelled to pay large tribute to Assyria, we find Ahab of Israel, suffering severe penalties for his defensive alliance with Hazael, King of Aram, and afterwards Jehu, the son of Nimshi, regarded by the Assyrians as belonging to the house of Omri. We discern the great power in the North interfering with the politics of Samaria, soon imposing a King upon her, soon deposing him, until Shalmaneser completes her doom by besieging her capital, and Sargon, scarcely mentioned in the Bible, leads Hosea, her King, with 30,000 inhabitants, away as captives. Then comes Judea's turn. Azariah and Ahaz, the latter bearing on Assyrian inscriptions the fuller name of Jehoahaz, are recorded as tributaries to Tiglath Pileser, and we may presume the idolatry of Ahaz to have stood in near relation to his sympathy with Assyria, which caused his escape for the time. But Sargon's following campaigns, advancing along the sea-shore as far down as Philistia, inspired Egypt with fear, while they entrapped Judea into dangerous temptations of leaning towards the one and the other power, against which Isaiah's warning voice is lifted. Indeed, the keen-sighted prophet proved a wise statesman, when Sargon trampled Ashdod, the neighbour and ally of Judah, under his feet. Yet prophet and King of Judah hoped. And

A SONG FOR THE CRAFT.—CONCLUDED.

THE PALACE OF THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

CARL MAUCH'S JOURNEYS IN SOUTH-EAST AFRICA.

(*Continued from page* 390.)

We all know the disappointment experienced by those who flocked to our shores expecting to find ready to their hand the riches which the mineralogist had seen, with rather his mental than his bodily eyes. But we also believe that had Mauch confined himself to a less glowing statement of what he had actually seen, his words would have failed to startle Europe from her propriety, and attract hither the expeditions which, under all the vicissitudes of failure or success, have been since then working out the problem, and some of which are now realising the truth of Mauch's prophetic words. Hopeless, however, at the time of overcoming unaided the opposition of the natives and other difficulties in the way of further exploration, Mauch returned to Natal, and, with such an equipment as his slender finances could supply, returned to the Transvaal, where, travelling eastward from Pretoria, he reached the sources of the Umkomati, or King George's River; then, turning north, he visited Lydenburg, and in July, noted a "probable goldfield on the north of Olipant's River;" then, crossing the Limpopo, in latitude about 22° 10′, and longitude about 32° 15′, he turned north-west, and, after a long and weary pedestrian journey, worn out with fatigue, with hunger, and with thirst, he (accompanied, we believe, by a fellow-countryman named Jebe,) reached the Kraal of Mutigaan, a principal induna of the Matabili, who, knowing that his Sovereign had granted no liberty of ingress to his dominions from the Transvaal Republic, detained him until the pleasure of the autocrat should be known, sending out meanwhile to shoot a rhinoceros, that his prisoner might not perish from hunger. After some delay, permission was granted for Mauch's advance to the mission station of Inyati, whence he had to return to the Transvaal, and make a second visit to the diamond fields. In February, 1870, he again set out on a journey through New Scotland toward Delagoa Bay, where he suffered from attacks of fever, and made his way back to the Republic. Later in the same year he undertook a daring and adventurous voyage down the Vaal River from near Potchefstroom to the diamond fields in a flat-bottomed boat, which occupied twenty-one days, passing thirty-three rapids and cataracts, one of which was about twenty-six feet high, during the voyage. The last and greatest of his journeys, however, in which he may claim to have struck out an entirely new, and in some parts an entirely untrodden trackway, commenced in the year 1871, with the express object of discovering ruins marked on the old Portuguese maps as Zimbayo, known to the surrounding tribes as Mazimbaowa, described in the old legends as rivalling those of ancient Rome, and supposed, though on insufficient ground, to be the Queen of Sheba's palace.

The Journey to the Ruins of Zimbabye, 1870-72.—About the end of January, '71, Mauch prepared for his fourth great journey, intending to explore a district of the Transvaal that was as yet unknown to him, and then to seek for the ruins to which tradition had long pointed between the Limpopo and the Zambesi. Clad in leathern garments, and provided with fire-arms, ammunition, astronomical instruments, sextant, artificial horizon, quicksilver, prismatic and pocket compasses, a strong watch, lantern for night observation, aneroid barometer and thermometer, botanical papers and geological hammer, and materials for writing and sketching, his personal equipment of instruments and weapons weighed 50 lb. or 60 lb. His library was limited to the nautical almanac, logarithmic tables, and a work or two on botany and geology; his "diky bag" contained needles, thread, awls, whetstone, and the most needful articles of the toilet, and beads, brass wire, neck rings, anklets and armlets, and other goods for barter, packed in leather bags or waterproof mats of grass or palm-leaves bound with bark, and divided into convenient loads for the native porters provided by St. Albasini, the Portuguese Consul.

About the end of July and beginning of August, he passed through the fertile district of Spelonken, or "The Caves," watered by the Limvuba, and other rivers coming from the Zoutpansbergen, and dotted over by huts and villages built under the shelter

of the overhanging cliffs. Here he stayed awhile to cultivate, with the assistance of his interpreter, Rolle, the friendship of the chief Lomondo, a man of unprepossessing appearance, and not unsuspected of cannibalism. His difficulties were increased by the temptations held out to his people to desert him, and by the frivolous pretexts for delay invented by themselves; but he at length reached Sewaas, a powerful chief of the Baramapulana, who had his nest under the eastern face of the same sandstone range, well watched and guarded by his people, armed with bows and arrows, as the little caravan approached. The interpreter went forward. An audience was granted, and the traveller advanced at the head of his party, saluting the chief as he entered. During the absence of the interpreter, Mauch sat in enforced silence gazing at the grotesque costume of this ruler of 20,000 people. His breadth and height seemed to rival each other. His natural short locks were lengthened by being bound up in tufts with bark, and smeared with fat, which, melting in the sun, glistened over his face and beard. His flat nose sought refreshment from the snuff-box which hung by an iron chain from his neck, and the aroma of majesty was such that the traveller was fain to light his own pipe and protect himself by thick clouds of tobacco smoke. He was waited on by dark-browed Hebes, who served him kneeling, and was addressed as the "Elephant," the "Lion," the "Steer," the "Great Baboon," &c. It may be well imagined that when the audience was over Mauch was glad to retire to the little cylindro-conical hut that had been set apart for him, but which was soon rendered unendurable by the crowd of visitors who forced themselves upon him. He was well supplied with maize meal, sour milk, and beer; but observation or work of any kind was impossible when so many curious hands were busy overhauling his guns, his instruments, or any other object of interest that happened to be exposed. A beast was killed for him, but so many begged a share of the flesh that hardly more than a single meal fell to his own lot, while such constant demands were made upon him for presents, that he began to dread complete exhaustion of his stores, and sought the earliest opportunity of taking his leave.

On the 7th of August the party travelled along the south-east side of the hills, over a fruitful country, the baobab and euphorbia becoming more common as they descended into the Limpopo valley, followed by a band of parasites from Sewaas, watching an opportunity of acquiring some last present from the departing caravan. Passing Sukene's, they came upon a barren and stony flat with patches of grass and mopani forest, with the thermometer 93° Farenheit in the shade, and not the slightest breeze to allay the intense heat. They reached the banks of the Limpopo a little before noon, in latitude 22° 18′ 49″, at an altitude by the aneroid barometer of 1,780 feet above the sea—the river being 250 yards broad. About four hours below this drift a waterfall is reported, and the breadth of the river is increased to 1,200 yards. The Tolo Azine Falls, discovered by Captain Elton, are about 25 miles above the drift. North of the Limpopo they crossed the rivers Bubye and Manetse, where for 70 English miles game was so scarce, and the villages so far from the path, that the whole train of about forty persons had to satisfy their hunger with beans, Indian corn, and such roots as they could dig up.

On the 18th of August they reached Dumba's Kraal, where Mauch restored to their parents several children that had been stolen in former times. The applause of the women was unbounded; but he had to sleep supperless, and it was not until next morning that Dumbo supplied him with beer, and brought an elephant's tusk, weighing 15 lb., for which he asked powder and lead. Hitherto he had been accompanied by Albasini's men and his interpreter Rolle, but they left him here; and now he hired some of Dumbo's men, who deserted, taking with them a quantity of calico. Other thefts were committed, but some of the plunder was recovered and brought back; and with great difficulty he persuaded some of the people to go on with him two and a half days to the Kraal of Sumba, among granite hills 800 or 1000 feet higher than the plain, watered by rivulets, and bedecked with waterboom and other trees. Here Dumba's people, quarrelsome and impertinent to him and the chief's son, deserted him, although they had agreed to bring him on to Maapansule, three and a half hours further. Harassed, annoyed, and plundered on every hand, and uncertain whether at any moment a

poisoned arrow would not end his life, Mauch began almost to despair. Flight was impossible, the country being so thickly peopled, and where should he fly? westward to the Matabili? They would not let him enter. Eastward to the Zulus? They would strip him to the skin, even if they spared his life. He knew not what to do. In this forlorn condition he remained till the chief came with more of his people to talk with him; but his slight knowledge of the Zulu or Matabele language helped him but little in his present strait. At last he made the chief comprehend that he required carriers for his goods to Massamsule's. He laid out the payment for each man, with a present also for the chief. He took it, but asked more for the bearers; and as Mauch complied with each successive demand, he asked more and more till the traveller's whole stock would not have sufficed to pay for its carriage. A second night of terror and anxiety followed the first, and Mauch felt almost tempted to release himself by his own hand from the more terrible fate that seemed to threaten him. On the third day, however, seven stout fellows arrived and saluted him. He remained not long in doubt. In a short time he had concluded an agreement with them for the carriage of his goods to Massamsule's, which they faithfully performed. When they encamped for the night they brought him flesh, beer, and grass for his bed, and the next morning they reached Massamsule's. But here again he was in danger. A band of people belonging to Sewass were already there, and he was again threatened with robbery, detention and captivity. But here, even in the extremity of his distress, help was at hand. He learned that a white man lived with another chief about three hours distant; but report led him to be anything but hopeful of assistance from this adventurer. He wrote and dispatched a note, however, and late at night a messenger, or spy, who spoke Dutch, arrived, followed somewhat later by the white man, who energetically and successfully protested against the intended detention. Mauch accompanied his deliverer (Adam Render), and took up his residence in the village (Peka's Kraal).

To be continued.

LET'S WELCOME THE HOUR.

Let's welcome the hour when thus happy we meet,
May the light of our Order long gloriously shine,
While in kindliest feeling and harmony sweet,
All true brother Freemasons for ever combine:
Some sage once declared, that a portion of gold
In mankind lay conceal'd, but he ne'er could impart
The secret recess, till our Masters of old
Prov'd the ore was Freemasonry; lodged in the heart.
Then let's welcome the hour, &c.

This gold of kind nature shown then but in few,
Nor had Masonry's virtue as yet its full scope,
Till illumin'd by Faith, it arose to our view,
And the heart was adorn'd by the sunshine of Hope:
The ore even then was unyielding and cold,
Nor as yet had the ensign of light been unfurl'd,
Till melting with Charity's glow, the heart's gold,
In a stream of warm fellowship, flow'd thro' the world.
Then let's welcome the hour, &c.

The Craft thence diffus'd the rich pure golden tide
Of Masonic benevolence, right from the heart,
Over all human nature, extensive and wide,
Shedding lustre the Order alone can impart:
And now for a toast, fill your glasses, be sure,
And let each with each heart flow in union with me,
A bumper, my friends, here's "the health to all poor
And distress'd brother Mason's where'er they be?"
Then let's welcome the hour, &c.

Masonic Herald.

A MASON'S GRAVE.

On turning the corner of a walk, just as I had emerged from the foliage of a magnificent weeping willow, whose branches, drooping downwards, swept the grass silently in the gentle breeze of evening, I came upon a grave, before which I stood for some moments in wondering admiration, it was so different from anything else I had seen, or indeed expected to see, in the cemetery, that I was thoroughly surprised. A space somewhat larger than usual was inclosed by a neat but substantial iron palisade, within which in front rose two pillars of beautiful proportions and masterly workmanship. That on the left was of the Doric order, its base being ornamented by a level in relief, its capital surmounted by a frieze adorned with triglyphs and metops, and supporting an entablature on which was placed the terrestrial globe. The right hand pillar was of the Ionic order, finished with the same attention to detail, its base ornamented with the square and compass; on its summit rested the celestial globe. The floor of the enclosure was a beautifully tesselated pavement in colours, in the centre, and in front of the headstone was a perfect ashlar, with a lewis. The chastely canopied headstone stood on an elevation of three steps. On the first were the words, "And God said, let there be light, and there was light." On the second, "Behold, I will set a plumb line." On the third, "We have found." On the plinth of the stone, an anchor in relief. Above it the words, "Be ye also ready." The edges of the stone were worked in the form of a cable. In the centre, under the canopy and over the inscription, an open book, in which was written, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." On the book rested a ladder with three rounds, behind which, as a background, was a sprig of the acacia tree, and immediately above the ladder was an irradiated eye. The inscription ran, "Sacred to the memory of Henry Tucker, who departed this life," &c. The pavement was dotted over with pots of lovely flowers, whose fragrance seemed to spread silently and lovingly around. As I stood taking in the details of the picture, I thought, "One of the good old craft lies here. Surely the history of all this tender care and loving memory must be an interesting one." I determined to make enquiry on the first opportunity offering. I here briefly sketch the result:

Captain Stafford and Captain Tucker were "sworn friends and brothers" through many years of adventure. The former was owner and the latter was master of a vessel trading from this port (Wellington, N.Z.), principally to Newcastle, N.S.W. At length death severed the connection. All that Masonic affection could prompt was done by Captain Stafford in paying the last sad offices of respect. The cabin of the vessel which they had both so often occupied was draped in mourning; the deceased laid out, coffined, and canopied, with his Masonic clothing and insignia on its lid. On arrival in port, the Masonic friends of both Captains laid the deceased in his last resting-place, and the tomb I had seen was erected by Captain Stafford to the memory of his friend and brother. The materials (like portions of a building dear to Masons' memory,) were brought over sea from Newcastle, N.S.W., the stone being a beautiful dark freestone. Each part was marked and numbered, and the masons who worked the stones came with them, and fitted them in their places at a cost of about £1,500. Captain Stafford, in paying this beautiful tribute to the memory of a brother, has shown to the world how Masons love each other.—*Gleanings by* * * 49 * *. [As the figures are partly obliterated by the action of the salt water, we simply give the figures 49.]

Review.

Worksop, "The Dukery," and Sherwood Forest. London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co. Worksop: Robert White.

Mr. Robert White, of Worksop, has been long and honourably known as a provincial publisher, the books issued from whose press would be creditable to any London office, and the subject matter of which would not disgrace the best of metropolitan booksellers. Indeed, he is himself possessed of considerable literary ability—as every printer *ought* to be, whether journeyman or master—and is at present engaged in collecting "The Provincial Words of Nottinghamshire" for

publication in a volume of his own editing. Such a man is of great value in any part of the world in which he may be located; and he has done good service to historical literature in bringing out, at the very reasonable price of three halfcrowns, the neatly printed and well-illustrated book on *Worksop, "The Dukery," and Sherwood Forest,* now before me, which I have read with much interest. It is well-written, and every page teems with useful information.

"By frequent visits to the British Museum," says he, "and by reference to other acknowledged sources of information, I have sought to verify every historical fact given, and I believe no statement of importance has been made without some competent authority having been consulted."

This is as it should be; for it is astonishing what imaginary rubbish is often foisted upon the reading public, by writers who ought to know better, as matter of fact, which ought not even to be given as matter of fancy. Shakspere's "unhappy marriage" may be taken as a sample, although there never was the least ground for the suspicion, but the misunderstanding of his will, in which he only leaves his wife their "second-best bed with the furniture,"—she being entitled to dower. Poor Kit Marlowe is still trounced by angry critics for the play of *Lust's Dominion*, which has long since been shown not to be his. All history is full of blunders and misrepresentations.

And—though as I write, the heir to the British Crown is being installed as the most worshipful ruler of the Craft in England, supported by two others of our beloved Queen's sons—Bro. Woodford has found it necessary to publish a book of arguments to prove that Freemasons do not really form one of the devil's regiments of the line, leagued for upsetting all good government on earth, and bringing about social anarchy and ruin. Only those writers who have laboured hard to avoid errors in their writings, and after all have often found themselves misled by authors whom they had regarded as trustworthy, know what even attempting to verify one's statements means.

And Mr. White has been fortunate in friends of kindred sympathies. John Holland, of Sheffield, whose *History of Worksop*, published about half a century ago, would be found useful in compiling the present work; Charles Rees Pemberton, who "used to return from his rambles in the woods around Worksop, decorated from head to foot with ferns and evergreens," which soon drooped and died there, but live as green as his memory in his writings; honest Christopher Thompson, artist, naturalist, and author, whom I thought it an honour to sit on the same sofa with when I met him in Leeds many years ago: these gifted men have all three long since paid the debt of nature, and Mr. White has reason to be proud of having had the high honour to call and feel them friends. Nor have living worthies given him the cold shoulder in his useful labours. The Rev. J. Stacye, M.A., has contributed an admirable paper on "The Ancient History of Sherwood Forest;" the Venerable Archdeacon Trollope has allowed "the free use of his valuable paper on the monastic remains," as well as rendered other help; C. Tylden Wright, Esq, has written for the book a careful chapter on the geology of the district, apparently in the same loving spirit as that in which the late beloved Professor Phillips did the same for my own *People's History of Cleveland*; Captain A. E. Lawson-Lowe, has given the pedigree of the early Lords of Worksop; Earl Manners has allowed the use of his Thoresby Manuscript; William Howitt has allowed the use of his chapter on Sherwood Forest, from *The Rural life in England*; W. J. Sterland, Esq., has contributed the Zoology of the forest; R. E. Brameld, Esq., the Lepidoptera; H. R. Gilson, Esq., has arranged the papers of their old friend John Bohler, on the Flora of the Forest; my friend, January Searle's *Leaves from Sherwood Forest*—of which I remember reading the proofs with pleasure as it passed through the press—is quoted amongst others; and Dr. Spencer T. Hall, "the Sherwood Forester," who, Goldsmith like, adorns whatever he touches, is here found "recounting the glories of his native realm, 'The Land of Robin Hood.'" With such subjects and such helps, a man of inferior talents to Mr. White might have made a readable book; but he has done more, for he has produced what must now be considered the standard book on *Worksop, "The Dukery," and Sherwood Forest*; and it is to be hoped that the public will patronise the work as it deserves.

Speaking of the changes that have come over the country since William the Conquer caused the Doomsday Survey to be made, Mr. White graphically observes :—

"We rarely hear this book mentioned, but our thoughts immediately revert to what must have been the aspect and condition of the country and its inhabitants at the remote period at which it was compiled. In regard to Worksop, how much the appearance of the country has been changed, when, instead of the present highly cultivated fields and meadows, a bleak and barren extent of sand presented itself, clothed with heath, gorse, fern, and stunted brushwood, with here and there a range of noble forest trees, growing in all the wild luxuriance of nature, undefaced by the hand of man, and tenanted by countless herds of deer and other noble wild game, rarely disturbed, because protected by penal statutes and harsh laws, which elevated above, and gave more protection to, the wild animal than the peasant. So severe and unjust were these laws, that the unauthorised slayer of a deer, a boar, or a hare, was punished with the loss of his eyes, while the killing of a man could be atoned for by the payment of a moderate composition.

"A few acres of land in the valleys, or on the river banks, gave the only token of cultivation and of the presence of man. A few miserable huts would be scattered here and there, with their little less miserable inhabitants, who derived a scanty subsistence from their hard labour, and that too often mulcted by the rapacity and extortion of their superiors, whom no laws restrained, and with whom Might formed the only code of right and wrong, and by whom they were considered in the light of mere beasts of burden, and formed for their sole use and pleasure. His black bread, with which he might allay, but could scarcely satisfy his hunger, was seldom accompanied by anything more dainty ; and many things which have now become necessaries of life, were to him either utterly unknown, or if known, unattainable. Still more insecure was he from the grievous forays of the neighbouring barons and freebooters, to whom plunder was a speedier means of enrichment than the honest pursuits of industry. The law to him was a sealed book, and totally ignored his presence, except as mere property. Ignorant and degraded almost to the level of the beasts, aspirations or hopes of better days could seldom come across his mind ; tied to the soil, he lived and died, having rarely indeed left his native valley—all beyond being to him another world.

"After a time, a change comes over the scene ; the axe and the hammer are heard sounding in the valley ; a noble monastery rears its head, and seeds of civilization and cultivation are spread around. An alteration and improvement of the poor man's temporal condition ensues ; though for some ages this was so small that it can scarcely be appreciated.

"Time passes on—the land is now more fully brought into cultivation—the hamlet slowly increases and becomes the village, and the village the town. The peasant delivered, at least in part, from the thraldom of the lords, passes through a rough and stormy period, improving his condition by dint of hard and long-continued exertion, at times losing all he has gained ; yet, nothing daunted, he fights the battle over again, and at last his persecutors acknowledge him as worthy of equal laws and privileges with themselves."

I have often longed to know the exact influence which our ancient Craft has exercised in helping to bring the rude matter of savage tribes into due form for the partial security of life and property, and the gradual development of civil and religious liberty ; and the part it is yet destined to play in aiding human society to become an institution perfect in all its parts, and honourable to the Grand Geometrician of the Universe, because useful in the highest degree to all his creatures. Neither a believer in the literal truth of our glorious legendary lore, nor that the whole was a mere crafty invention at the "Revival" of Masonry, in 1717—when the speculative seems to have pushed out the operative with as little remorse as the cuckoo does the young of the sparrow that has hatched it—a divorce that has been carried too far ; I, for one, believe that the influence of Freemasonry on such changes as we have just been reading about, has never yet been properly appreciated. Even as an operative guild, banded together against cowans or knobsticks, cultivating the rudiments of science, and something more as regarded the glorious fabrics which it was their's to rear ; with their wooden lodges

tyled against eave-droppers; and carrying out, more than others, the brotherhood cherished in all the guilds, because they were more subject to be cast adrift on the world and separated when they had completed their undertakings; who can say how our speculative Masonry gradually grew up amongst them? not altogether without some rudiments of ritual, and with an wholesome terror of the penalties of their Ob. And even during the last century and a-half—however much it may, at certain times and places, have been polluted by the prevailing vices of drunkenness and guzzling, which were no part of it, any more than they were a part of our aristocracy, our commerce, or our national church, and "the trail of the serpent was over them all;"—yet, even when its beautiful ritual has been most parodied by ignorant workers—its lodges profaned by the presence of worthless men, who had never been prepared in their hearts for its sublime mysteries—when the funds, which ought to have been kept sacred for the relief of some poor brother struggling for the means of existence, were most improperly squandered over tawdry pageantry and in revelling;—even in its darkest hours, Freemasonry has held aloft the bright lamp of truth, high over all petty party and sectarian differences of opinion; inviting good men of every creed and clime, of all political opinions and of all stations in society, to band themselves together in the great cause of brotherly love, relief and truth; reminding them constantly of the natural equality of man, but aiming always to level up, and never to level down; inculcating all the moral virtues; recommending the liberal arts and sciences to the study of all her children; teaching them, by the most impressive lessons, that life should be usefully and benevolently spent, that death has no terrors to the good man equal to the stain of falsehood and dishonour, and cheerfully lending him a helping hand through the dark shadow of the Valley of Death to that Grand Lodge above, where the world's Great Architect lives and reigns for ever. Happy the Mason who can see in the Craft a constant tendency to this grand regeneration of our glorious but sadly-soiled humanity, and whose life is in harmony therewith. He can look calmly on such changes as Mr. White has well described; can hope in the darkest days of his country's history; and equally loves the sublime principles of Masonry, whether, as now in England, publicly patronised by the heir to the crown and his brothers, or denounced by despotic monarchs and popes, who would fain crush beneath their heels all that rises above their own narrowness in science, in morality, and in religion.

In another number of the Magazine I will invite the reader to accompany me in a sort of Masonic pic-nic to Sherwood Forest and its vicinage; when, with Mr. White's excellent volume for our guidance, I have no doubt that we shall be able to spend a little time together both pleasantly and profitably. In the mean time, I can honestly recommend the book as well worth double the price charged for it.

GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

THE YOUNG WIDOW.

She is modest, but not bashful,
Free and easy, but not bold,
Like an apple, ripe and mellow,
Not too young, and not too old;
Half inviting, half repulsive,
Now advancing, and now shy,
There is mischief in her dimple,
There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature,
And is skilled in all her arts;
She has taken her diploma,
As the mistress of all hearts;
She can tell the very moment
When to sigh and when to smile;
Oh, a maid is sometimes charming,
But the widow all the while.

Are you sad? how very serious
Will her handsome face become;
Are you angry? she is wretched,
Lonely, friendless, fearful, dumb;
Are you mirthful; how her laughter,
Silver sounding, will ring out;
She can lure and catch and play you,
As the angler does the trout.

Ye old bachelors of forty,
Who have grown so bald and wise,
You young heroes all of twenty,
With the love looks in your eyes—
You may practice all the lessons
Taught by Cupid since the fall,
But I know a little widow
Who could win and beat you all.

Keystone, American.

HOTEL INCIDENT IN THE RIVIERA.

No one who has sojourned for a while in the Riviera is surprised at the crowds of foreigners that are collected from all parts of Europe into its various nooks and retreats. The English go there to escape mist and fog; the Russians, to avoid extreme cold; the invalid Germans, to put a barrier between themselves and the withering east wind. Some, again, visit it for other than sanitary reasons. Monaco with its gambling attractions entices and detains some, and the mere enjoyment of a climate luxurious even in winter invites many more.

We—that is, my wife and myself—were enjoying a few weeks at one of the large hotels that are so numerously dotted along this coast.

We had been staying at the Hotel du Bon Vivant about a week, when there appeared at the table-d'hote a very striking personage. As soon as dinner was over, my wife found herself (by accident) near the visitors' book, and discovered that the new arrival had entered himself as the Baron Monteggiana-Tavernelle. We were chiefly English at the hotel, there was no Italian there, and our acquaintance with the national Burke was limited; so we easily accepted the theory that this lengthy appellation was one of the most ancient titles in the land. We were subsequently informed by the baron that it was Sicilian, which made our ignorance the more excusable.

I don't think it was his title, or, at least, it was not only that, which made us all so charmed with him. It must have been "his noble bearing, his perfect manners, his evident desire to please, his modest evasion of all topics bearing on his own career, and his handsome face. He appeared to be about thirty years of age, his black hair was as glossy as a raven's plumage, and his black, flashing eyes betrayed a passionate soul, while his thick moustache framed, rather than concealed, a smile that irradiated his intellectual countenance with sweetness and light."

Such, at least, was the description given of him in one of my wife's letters to my mother-in-law; and I am glad I happened to look into that letter, as it has saved me some little trouble in attempting to describe him in words of my own.

The baron mixed very little with his own countrymen, and, as I ventured to suggest to my wife, seemed rather shy of them. He never went to the public amusements, and declined to subscribe to the Circolo. She explained to me in reply, that he was the only nobleman in the place, and was, perhaps, a little haughty towards his compatriots of a lower rank. He had also informed her himself, that he had selected our hotel for the express purpose of mixing with the English, as he was expecting shortly to receive a government appointment, and for the better discharge of his prospective duties, a little knowledge of English was desirable.

I should have mentioned before, that I only speak my own language; but my wife can converse in Italian with ease and fluency, and the baron very naturally talked with her a good deal, and occasionally condescended to speak to me by her interpretation.

Shortly after the arrival of the Baron Monteggiana-Tavernelle, we were further enlivened by another. This time it was a Russian lady, attended by her maid. There were no other Russians at the Hotel du Bon Vivant, and she appeared to have come there rather from necessity than by choice, as there were no rooms vacant in the inn usually frequented by those of her nation. She declined to enter her name in the visitors' book, and for the first two or three days dined in her own room, and held aloof from the rest of us. This, added to the effect produced by a stateliness, not to say grandeur, of deportment, and rich sobriety of dress, prepared us all for the discovery which in a few days oozed out, that she was a Russian princess, a widow, who wished to remain *incognita*, and to live quietly in the enjoyment of an unconventional freedom from the obligations of nobility—an enjoyment beyond her command at home.

We never fully understood how this oozed out. Her female attendant could understand nothing, and therefore could divulge nothing. The maitre d'hotel assured his guests that he knew no more than the rest of the world; and, by his mysterious shruggings, his self-contradictions, and, above all, by his manner, impressed us all with the firm belief that

there was a secret in his possession. This, of course, confirmed the truth of the report, and it became an established fact that the lady was a Russian princess.

After a few days of seclusion, she vouchsafed to make her appearance at the table-d'hote, and retired with the rest of the ladies to the Salles des Dames afterwards. Then it was that the baron exhibited his inborn as well as inherited nobility. He attended to her little wants, placed her an arm-chair by the fragrant wood-fire, and, on receiving her thanks in his mother tongue,—his parents' pride had no doubt prevented him from learning any other,—he entered into a respectful and courtly conversation with her. There were plenty of other men in the room who could have done it; but the baron was naturally the fittest person to begin; and I will give him credit for boundless self-possession—not to call it impudence.

The acquaintance thus begun grew with a tropical rapidity. The cold northern temperament softly but quickly thawed beneath the warm rays of Italian sweetness and light. Fragments of their talk occasionally reached the ears of my wife and others who could understand them, from which it appeared that their main topic was the opera.

"Ah, madame,"—he was intrepreted to me as saying,—"If I could but be honoured with your presence in my box at Florence! The music would be angelic then."

"The signor does me a great favour in expressing the wish."

Yes; it was clear that he was hard hit, and that she knew it, and had no desire to dismiss him. And yet she was in no single point guilty of indiscretion, forwardness, or coquetry, in my opinion.

"That woman," said my wife, "is abominable! Look how she hunts that poor man down. I suppose she fancies Sicily is a nicer country than Siberia, or wherever it is she comes from."

"Well, my dear," I replied, "it seems to me that the hunting is mutual. Really, I don't see why he shouldn't marry her, if they both like it."

"She may be a mere tuft-hunting adventuress, for all we know," said she. "I don't believe in her."

"Well, but perhaps he knows more than we do."

"I don't believe in her a bit. She's hunting him down for his wealth and title, and is as much a princess as I am!"

The season was now at its height, and every room was occupied; the very last attic in the Hotel du Bon Vivant being secured by a German count, the Count Sigismund von Borokopek. He put down his name in the visitors' book like a man, and his whole demeanour was frank, open, and robust. He was extraordinarily fluent in English, as well as in French and Italian; German, of course, was his mother tongue, a few dialectical peculiarities noticeable in his pronunciation arising, he explained, from the circumstance of his being partly of Austrian, partly of Hungarian origin; the Borokopek estates being in the vicinity of Tokay.

We now numbered about eighty guests, and began to know one another pretty well; but somehow the count knew us all better than we knew one another, before he had been a week among us. He was a big, burly, fair man, so thoroughly British in appearance, and in his general characteristics, as to render it difficult, but for his proficiency in other languages, to believe that he was not a Briton born. He had knocked about the world a good deal, he said. Of the forty years he had passed in it, twenty had been spent in travelling, half of which time had been passed in England, and a good deal of the rest in America. Russia, too, he was acquainted with; and on the strength of that he introduced himself to the princess, and was evidently as much disposed to admire her as the baron himself.

Indeed, before very long, the attentions paid by Count Sigismund von Borokopek to that lady began seriously to disturb the serenity of the Baron Monteggiana-Tavernelle; and in proportion as their rivalry progressed, so did the interest and amusement of the company progress with it.

"My dear Charles," said my wife, "isn't she abominable *now*? She's a vulgar flirt; and at her age, too!—forty, if she's a day. And after entangling the baron, to go and egg on the count, and all in public too! It's bad enough to make love in public at all, but to do it to two men, one after the other— I say she's simply abominable!"

"Well, but, my dear," I expostulated, "they are both making love to her at the same time. You see the count's castles

are much nearer to Russia than Sicily is, so perhaps she prefers to become Mrs. Count, etc., to the other thing."

Those of us who were not in love with the princess began to wish the absurd affair at an end. The lady was most unfairly fair to each; for she gave each of them enough encouragement to make them savagely jealous of one another, without going far enough with either to give the other any grounds of complaint. But for her beautiful eyes, I would compare her to a *tableau vivant* of Justice holding the scales. I can, however, safely liken her to Helen; for she was setting by the ears not only the two most interested individuals, but also the whole world about her; and it wanted but a spark to commence a conflagration, certainly an explosion, between those two.

We had an American at the Hotel du Bon Vivant, a quiet, thoughtful man, too much of an invalid to talk much, and very reserved in his manners. We little thought that the dreaded spark would be dropped by him; but it was.

The baron was describing to a knot of us, including the count, as we were lounging in the entrance-hall after luncheon, his Syracusan villa, with its exquisite gardens. The American was listening with his usual air of abstraction, and quietly interposed a question. "Did I understand you to say that the villa d'Aosta in the Strada di Palermo belongs to you?"

"Si, signor, the Villa d'Aosta you speak of is the one. It is mine. It has been in my family for several generations.'

"You've got a tenant there now who's a friend of mine"—

"No, signor, no: I do not let my villa, nor other of my residences."

"Well, that's queer, I consider," said the American. "I came direct from Sicily last month, and a friend of mine was tenant of that villa for the winter, and I stayed a day or two with him in that very house. Guess there's some bunkum somewheres!"

Part of these remarks were made in Italian; some ejaculated in English.

"Bagatelle!" replied the Baron; "you are mistaken, signor! It must have been some other Villa d'Aosta."

"No, it wasn't," replied the American; "and for my part, I think you are no more a baron than I'm Julius Cæsar."

He certainly looked offended, though happily the last sentence was in English; in fact, he had been so unaccustomed to be contradicted, that it positively confused him. And I could not help noticing that the count looked excessively tickled, as well as triumphant.

That evening, when the baron advanced to attend the princess to the salon, she declined his offer to place the shawl on her shoulders, as he had always done; and in the most perfect manner, without snubbing or putting him down, allowed him to discover for himself that she was utterly indifferent to him. It was just as if the moon were to take the place of the sun, in a quiet and undemonstrative way, with no explanation given.

But, of course, an explanation was to be demanded; and as soon as the dinner was over, the baron sought, and obtained, a tete-a-tete in the corner of the Salle des Dames. We all had the decency to read *Galignani*, or play bezique, or otherwise to throw a veil over our curiosity, as we anxiously watched the development of the plot, and tried to hedge our bets before it was too late.

Suddenly the baron started to his feet, and uttered a loud execrative exclamation, which I decline to translate. His soul now most clearly betrayed its passionateness, but there was rather more light than sweetness in his eyes as he glared round the room in search of the hapless American.

We all sprang to our feet too; the ladies near the door rapidly retreated, and the men looked at one another, half-amused, half-angrily.

"If I knew who had poisoned the mind of madame, I would 'dilaniate' him—tear him to pieces," shrieked the baron. "That Viper of an American!"

"It was not the American," answered the count, coming quietly out of the recess; "*I* told madame what he had discovered."

The baron so far forgot the perfectness of his manners, and evident desire to please, as with his open palm to slap the count on the face. But in another second he found himself in that physical checkmate known as chancery—and there, before the princess, in the Salle des Dames, was being displayed a scene from the British ring; chairs and tables going

everywhere, as the quadrupedal monster performed his erratic revolutions, amid the screams of women, the shouts of men, the groans of the maitre, and the indescribable cries of astonishment uttered by the whole staff of the hotel, which had been gathered together at the door by the first exclamations of the baron.

The Anglo-Saxon nationality having, in spite of the principle of non-intervention, separated the Latin and the Teuton, the defeated combatant was assisted to his room, and looked to by an English doctor who happened to be at the hotel, and who reported that, with the exception of a couple of broken teeth, nothing of consequence was to be apprehended beyond a further requisition of his services at a rencontre of a different character, which, however, would not be possible for some little time, owing to a difficulty his patient had in seeing. And the next morning we found that the maitre had given the baron notice to quit the Bon Vivant forthwith; and so we saw no more of the Baron Monteggiana-Tavernelle.

In ten days or so, the count received a letter from him, dated at Florence. In it the baron demanded satisfaction, and required that the count should meet him at Florence, or, if more convenient, at Rome. In reply, the latter expressed his readiness for an interview, but positively declined to fatigue himself with an unnecessary journey. The affair could very well be settled in the place where it began. The letter was carefully and fully directed, registered, and posted by the count himself.

In the ordinary course of events, an answer was due in four or five days at the farthest; but a fortnight passed without any, and at length he received the following, dated from Rome:—

"SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the honour which you have done me by addressing a letter to me at my house in Florence; and must apologize for my inability to understand it. Your name is strange to me; I was never in the place from which you write; I have not been in Florence for several months; and I must conclude that there is some mistake. It is possible that my name has been assumed by a rascally valet who robbed me last year of several private papers and a considerable sum of money, but whom I could not conveniently prosecute."

Then followed a description which tallied exactly with the appearance of our baron. It seems that the letter, being registered, had been sent on to the real baron at his residence in Rome, instead of being delivered to the false one at the address given by him at Florence.

The princess was no doubt overwhelmed with shame at finding that she had been encouraging a valet instead of his master; for she at once admitted the count to the privilege of paying her more attentions than ever. I think, too, she really liked him. Anyhow, he had proved himself substantially able to protect her; and the scuffle with his rival had in no degree lessened him in her esteem.

Of course we were not behind the scenes; and could only judge of the probable course of events by such little evidences as chance might throw in our way; but it was rumoured that the marriage was to take place from our hotel before Lent.

"The sooner the better," said my wife; "if another man comes forward with better prospects, she'll throw over the count, just as she did the baron."

"But you see he wasn't a baron, my dear," I remonstrated; "not a real one, I mean, as the children say."

"Well; and perhaps this is not a real count."

"Dear me! what a joke it would be if he turned out to be somebody's butler! I wish some Yankee would come and ask him a little about *his* place. We want a little life here just now."

That day we had another fresh face at the table-d'hote; this time an Englishman's. He was very taciturn, but liked to look at the company and to listen to the conversation, and was much struck with the count. It occurred to me, too, that the count noticed him a great deal, so much so as to refuse some of the choicest dishes. But no one conversed with the stranger, and after dinner he retired to his room—the baron's old room—and we saw no more of him till the next day at dinner. There was the same curiosity on the part of the count, who, by the way, spoke German exclusively now; but the stranger was absorbed in his dinner. Afterwards he strolled into the billiard-room to smoke a cigar.

By and by the count and I went in to have a quiet game, and there we found the new arrival comfortably lolling in an ample rocking-chair by the fire.

The count played badly, missing the easiest strokes. "You're off your play to-night, count," I said; "what's the matter?"

"Don't mind *me*, gentlemen," said the stranger; "I hope my being here don't make the count nervous,"—he put a very remarkable emphasis on the title,—"i don't play the continental way myself, though I do see a good many queer games at odd times. Now, was you ever in Scarboro', sir?" addressing the count. "No! Leeds? No! Hull, where the steamers start for Bremen? No! Manchester, perhaps,? No! Then,"—he had been sidling gradually nearer and nearer to the door as he talked, and was now between it and the count—"then suppose you and I go back, Mister Alexander Jenkinson, on this warrant I've got against you, for forgery of a check on Gleeson's Bank at Manchester for three thousand five hundred pounds! Oh yes; it's all right, and it's no good making a row. My name's Inspector Rawlings of the detective police, and me and my man here have had a pretty hunt after you; he and the gens d'armes are waiting for you outside the door."

Poor princess, with two strings to her bow, and both of them rotten! Still my wife wouldn't pity her yet.

"But, my dear," I expostulated, "the poor thing will have to marry some Russian now, perhaps a Laplander, or one of those fellows that drink train-oil with their dinner. And she such a monstrous fine woman too, to say nothing of her rank."

However, we had but little further call on our sympathy, for the next day she left the hotel.

"So the princess is off," I said to the maitre the same day, while paying my weekly bill.

"Monsieur said"—

"I said the princess is off—gone, *allee sortie, partie*, you know."

"Oui, oui; but then, the princesse; who does monsieur wish to say, princesse?"

"Why, of course the Princess of—well, the Russian princess that didn't marry the baron or the—"

"Ah, bah! Who would call her a princesse?"

"Why, you made us believe she was," I indignantly rejoined, "by making believe she *wasn't*."

"But Monsieur remembers without doubt that I said she was not a princesse?"

"So you did; but there's a way of saying no and looking yes."

"Pardon, monsieur! The lady desired repose and to be in particular; and I, I assisted that she should so be."

"Well—now she's gone, in fact, *what* is she?"

"Monsieur, she is teacher of the dance at Marseilles."—*Philadelphia Keystone.*

AN ORATION FIFTY YEARS AGO.

In an old copy of the "Masonic Casket," published in 1823, we find an oration by Bro. J. R. Breckenridge before the craft at Versailles, Kentucky, on December 27th, 1821. It is beautiful and eloquent, and though some of its doctrines may now be questioned in the light of advancing intelligence, yet it is eminently worth reading by the craft of to-day, after it has slept more than half a century.—Editor *Masonic Review.* [Quite concurring, we have published it for our English readers.—Editor.]

Brethren and Fellow Citizens,—There exists in the human mind a sentiment of elevated and instinctive admiration for the more stern and lofty virtues of our nature. Thus when we contemplate the ardent patriotism of Epaminondas, breathing, as it were, along the line of his embattled countrymen; or the brave Leonidas, erecting his stately form in defiance of the storm of war; or the venerated Regulus, the destinies of contending empires resting on his nod, returning amid the agonized entreaties of his countrymen to Carthage, to death, our minds are filled with high emotion, and we catch with enthusiastic avidity the inspiration of their virtues.

There is something in the splendour of vast achievements that dazzles and bewitches; there is something in the pomp of successful ambition, which pours a tide of delusive joy over the human heart. Yet when we calmly investigate the deeds which attach such apparent dignity to the hero's

death, or shed such a lustre around the patriot's career, shall we not often find them cruel, bloody, and unchristian? Alas! what is the hero's fame but the wreck of human existence? Or, on what so frequently as the ruins of other nations, does the patriot erect the proud fabric of his own? Far different are the achievements which we are this day met to celebrate. The path of virtue is that of obscurity, and quietness, and peace. The light which shines along its rugged steep, unlike the meteor glories of the world, which dazzle to mislead us, and shine the brightest on the eve of their extinction, is steady and eternal. It enters the soul, and expands and elevates it to a region where the voice of human vanity is mute, and human splendours are but darkness.

This is the natal day of St. John the Evangelist. We are met to commemorate the birth and usefulness of one of the greatest benefactors of our species; one of the chosen messengers of heaven; the tenderest friend of the Saviour; the favourite disciple of our Lord. What more shall we say of him? Follow him through all the vicissitudes of his fortune; mark the depth of his self-devotion; the simplicity and dignity of his character; the sublimity of his conceptions; follow him through the splendours of his apocalyptic vision; then view him reposing on the bosom of his Master, and receiving at the cross the tenderest legacy the heart has to bequeath, and at every incident of his long life does not the heart leap with a prouder throb when we hail him as a brother and patron of our Order?

What has been said of this great contemporary may, with equal truth, be said of St. John. His powerful and diversified character seems to have combined the separate excellencies of all other sacred writers; the loftiness of Isaiah; the devotion of David; the pathos of Jeremiah; the vehemence of Ezekiel; the didactive gravity of Moses; the elevated morality and practical sense of St. James; the noble energies and burning zeal of St. Peter, added to the strong argumentive powers, depth of thought, and intensity of feeling, which so peculiarly distinguished the great Apostle of the Gentiles. Never was there a man more eminently fitted to combat the difficulties with which he was surrounded, and to fill up the glorious destiny which awaited him.

He who delineates the character of our existing and splendid institution is placed in the same situation with him who writes the biography of a living individual. Distinctive qualities cannot, indeed, be invented, nor the current of actions diverted from its channel; but every virtue may be made to shine with a lustre not its own; every excellence may be magnified; every imperfection veiled, and the unpretending rill, which wandered in silence through the mead, may become, if we accept the enthusiastic testimony of the admirer who traced its course, a majestic river, on whose broad bosom the wealth of nations floats. If, on the contrary, we view the picture as drawn by an enemy, we scarce recognize in the gloomy colouring and distorted countenance the least resemblance to those features which affection has engraven on our hearts. Prejudice has discontinued, or passion extinguished, the spring-blossom of their beauty; and though a faint likeness may be perceived, all the loveliness which endeared them to us is gone. It is one of the merciful effects of decay, that it scatters a benevolence of recollection around the objects which are subjected to its remorseless influence. It not only melts down prejudices, and extinguishes animosities, but it gives to affection itself a deeper tone of tenderness. It sheds a moon-light glory over its dominions, pale and pure, more serene and lovely than the flood of splendour poured from the meridian sun of life. That which is illuminated appears softer than when viewed in a stronger ray, while whatever was obscure or unsightly, sinks into masses of shadow, which the eye cannot penetrate, and which, while they conceal the deformity, give a character, a deeper solemnity to the whole scenery, and afford a pleasing contrast to the mild light, which sleeps upon it. Such are the more obvious difficulties which present themselves in the investigation before us. We profess not to be entirely free from their influence.

The science of Masonry consists of three departments, each in its nature distinct from the rest, yet all most intimately and beautifully connected. These departments are its symbols, its mysteries, and its principles. This is a distinction which, though not always made by Masons themselves, is not only intelligible, but absolutely necessary to the correct understand-

ing of the scope and design of the institution. Before the invention of letters, the knowledge of important events was preserved from generation by oral tradition. But the manifest danger that facts might be distorted, and concomitant circumstances embellished, by the fancy or prejudices of those through whom they were transmitted, pointed out the necessity of some more precise and restricted method for their communication.

Hence the use among all rude nations of symbolical figures. In the first dawnings of civilization, those representations were usually taken from the simplest and most common objects with which savages are conversant. As nations advanced in improvement, we find more obvious principles of science, and the implements for their practical use made subservient to the design of perpetuating the knowledge they possessed. Thus astronomy, agriculture, and architecture, have afforded materials for the most copious symbolic languages. From this latter are mostly drawn the hieroglyphics of Masonry, which constitute the most perfect system of the kind, of which any knowledge has been preserved. Their design is two-fiold; through them has been transmitted to us the important occurrences in the history of our Order; and they afford besides the most beautiful illustrations of the precepts it inculcates, and the duties it enforces.

Whence may be seen their intimate connection in one of their uses with the mysteries, and the other with the principles of the institution. The former can be known to Masons only; the latter is ably explained in most of the numerous publications, which have treated of the subject. Of the mysteries of Masonry it is necessary to say but little. Their design must be known to all. They are the cord which binds us indissolubly to each other. It is by them that every Mason must vindicate to himself the rights and privileges of the order, and the peculiar immunities of each particular degree, which he may claim to possess. It is by their agency that we have been preserved, as we believe, from the foundation of the world, but as can be clearly proven, from the days of Solomon, a distinct and peculiar class. They constitute a science the most varied and beautiful, each degree complete in itself, yet the union of all forming a symmetrical whole. They resemble the union of every colour in a ray of light.

When we reflect on their importance to the Craft; on the millions of human beings of every generation, who have been members of the Order, and on the strong communicative propensity of the species, we may be surprised that greater interest and anxiety are not evinced by the Craft generally, when the strong probability of their revelation is urged. This apparent apathy arises from the conviction that such suggestions are vain and false. The disclosure of the minutest mysteries of the Order would exhibit a degree of desperate and short-sighted villany but rarely to be found in the history of mankind. There is also another consideration which tends to produce the same effect. Mysteriously as our secrets have been preserved, and important as it certainly is that the knowledge of them should be confined to the members of the institution, its gradations of distinction and skill would render the disclosure of them much less ruinous than is generally imagined. He who is possessed of the mysteries of one, or even of several degrees of Masonry, is no more a Mason than an acquaintance with a few of the simplest mathematical axioms confers a knowledge of the stupendous operations of that boundless science, or than the smattering of a few sentences of unintelligible jargon can give a just perception of the rich and exhaustless beauties which the stores of classical literature unfold.

There are few inquiries more interesting in their nature than those institutions, which have occupied much of the consideration of mankind, or which could exert much influence over their happiness. Nor can we in any way more readily effect the object of our research, than by an examination of the principles by which their actions have been directed. For though the consequences of our actions may be frequently unknown to us, and are generally beyond our control, a scrutiny of the causes which have operated to produce them, and of the rules by which they have been directed, will supply us with some idea of the general result. Fortunately, in the present instance, the object of our attention is not of difficult attainment. The principles of Masonry are as widely diffused as the extent of creation. They

are drawn from the operations of nature, and the injunctions of nature's God. Formed at first by that reason, which so peculiarly distinguishes man above all other creatures, and perfected by the successive revelations which the Almighty has been pleased to make us of His will, they constitute a system of the purest and most perfect morality. The hallowed volume of inspiration is the depository of our faith, our principles, and our hopes. By its light we hope to be directed through the gloomiest dispensations of life; to be cheered by its influence in "the dark valley of the shadow of death," and covered with it, as with a mantle at the judgment bar of God!

The effects of such an institution upon society at large, and upon the individual happiness of men, cannot avoid being permanent and useful. That which exists only by system and order, cannot encourage confusion and insubordination, unless by the vilest species of moral suicide. That which seizes hold on the strongest and tenderest sympathies of the human heart, and wields them through a succession of years and of honours by the most powerful impulses which are known to our nature, must, by the plainest law of our intellectual constitution, strengthen our virtuous affections, and vastly increase the desire and faculties of knowledge. If this be to dupe and degrade mankind, then were our revilers right to spurn and despise us. But if we direct you to all the lessons of the past, and show you that government itself has derived its firmest support from those virtues which we most especially inculcate; if we point you to the smiles of the helpless, the benedictions of the widow, and the rich tribute of the orphan's tears cheering us on our way, then may we contemn the ignorance which derides us, and look forward with confidence to the track of glory which will illuminate our course, when the childish virulence of Robinson, and the learned malice of Baruel shall be buried amid the rubbish of a barbarous antiquity.

Masonry, the depository of virtue, of arts, philosophy, and freedom, enlightened our continent in the days of its barbarity, and now sheds its benign influence around the rising glory of another. Every part of created nature is the subject of its contemplation and its influence. From the minutest ingredient of an atom, up through all the gradations of beauty and of being, to the spangled myriad of glories which surround and light us, it traces and reveals the wisdom and benevolence of the Creator. Its principles, commensurate as we may say, with the existence of man, have survived the shock of time, and the decay of empires. Nations have arisen, and have triumphed, and have passed away, leaving scarce a fragment on which the eye of philanthropy might repose, or whence history could trace the story of their fame. The land of Maro, and Tacitus, and Tully, exists only in the decayless empire of the mind. Their descendants, standing amid the monuments of their country's freedom, and the decaying tombs of those at whose frown the nations trembled, in unblushing corruption hug their gilded chains, and smile over their infamy!

The canvas glowed beneath the pencil of Apollos, and the marble breathed under the chisel of Phidias; Athens was mute at the eloquence of Demosthenes, and the waves of his rocky Chios were still at the sound of Homer's harp. Yet the land of Aristotle is now the abode of ignorance, and the descendants of those who fell at Marathon and Salamis live—and are slaves! The shade of Hercules no longer dwells on the top of Mount Œta. The heights of Olympus, the banks of the Peneus, and the vale of Tempe no longer resound to the Muses' song, or Apollo's lyre. The glory of Achilles has departed from Larissa; Thebes has forgotten the martial summons of Cadmus. Mycenæ no longer dwells on the fame of Agamemnon, and Philippi could not learn from Brutus to be free! The altars of Ida, and Delos, and Parnassus, are crumbled into dust; Platœa has forgotten the triumphs of Pausonius, and the sea of Marmora that the wreck of an invader once rotted on its waves! Thus has it been not only with man, but with all those subjects which would seem from their nature less liable to change or decay. Learning, arts, and accomplishments, have changed with successive generations, or perished beneath the weight of remorseless barbarism.

Not so with Masonry. Race has followed race, as wave chases wave upon the bosom of the deep until it dashes against the shore, and is seen no more. Thus our Order has withstood the concus-

sions of a thousand generations. The billows of every sea have lashed its sides, and the storms of every age have poured their fury round its head. Perfect at its creation, sublime amid all the changes which have convulsed the world, its adamantine column will stand unshaken throughout all the revolutions of the ages which are to come; or, if it should fall crushed beneath the weight of its own incumbent magnificence, it will carry with it in its ruin half the happiness and half the wisdom of mankind. When the Eternal shall gather in his grasp the splendid retinue of worlds which constitute his train, and call into judgment all the souls which have peopled them, then will the principles we profess survive the general desolation, and be consummated in the glories of measureless eternity.

Such is the brief outline of our institution, which, from its remote antiquity—its unknown origin—its mysterious preservation, and its vast extent, forms the most remarkable phenomenon in the history of mankind. As far back as the human vision can penetrate, we behold her moving in quiet majesty along the stream of time, apparently unconcerned in the events which were transpiring, but really exerting an influence over the concerns of men—mute, indeed, but extensive as the countries over which her votaries were dispersed.

The sketch which we have given is but a distant external view of the temple of our Order. A superficial view of the cartoons of Raphael will not bring the observer acquainted with the style of that master. Much time must be devoted to each to feel its individual force and grandeur of outline and expression; for although they are all the productions of the same matchless pencil, and have all therefore a correspondent style, they cannot be judged of, one by the other, but must be diligently studied apart. Thus it is with this stupendous fabric. Every attitude in which it can be viewed is striking and magnificent; but every change of situation produces a correspondent change of appearance. To those who are not Masons we would say—study well its graceful proportions, its imposing aspect, its rich and gorgeous decorations. Every view will afford a lesson for future practice. Here the natural and dignified simplicity; the exquisite symmetry of Doric architecture, solicits your admiration; there you behold the richer Ionic drawn, as we are told, from the matchless proportions of Diana, and made immortal by being used in her Ephesian temple. Moving on, you may contemplate the plain and solid strength of the Tuscan; the rude magnificence of the Gothic, and the light and graceful proportions, the delicate and rich decorations of the beautiful Corinthian.

Brethren and Companions:—To you we would say, enter the expanded portals of our consecrated dome. Contemplate with awe and admiration the splendours which surround you. Remember that you stand upon holy ground, and amid the labours of the best and wisest of mankind. The accumulated trophies of countless generations lie open before you. All that is lovely in nature; all that genius could create, or skill embody, solicits your admiration, and urges you to advance. Pause not with heathen indifference at the vestibule, but prosecute your search through the glittering apartments, until you shall arrive at the Holy of Holies, and gaze undazzled upon its flood of glory. Each step you advance will afford you a richer theme for admiration; a stronger inducement to virtue, an undiscovered source of usefulness and knowledge!

May your lives "become beautiful as the Temple, peaceful as the ark, and sacred as its most holy place. May your oblations of piety and praise be grateful as the incense; your love warm as its flame, and your charity diffusive as its fragrance. May your hearts be pure as the altar, and your conduct acceptable as the offering. May the exercise of your charity be as constant as the returning wants of the distressed widow and helpless orphan. May the approbation of Heaven be your encouragement, and the testimony of a good conscience your support. May you be endowed with every good and perfect gift while travelling the rugged path of life, and finally admitted within the veil of Heaven to the full enjoyment of life eternal!" So mote it be. Amen.—

HENCKABY BUDGINTON'S LITTLE DINNER.

HENCKABY BUDGINTON, or as his friends mostly term him, plain Henckaby, is a

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member of a most distinguished family, which came in with William the Conqueror. Drogo de Budginton is mentioned as presiding over the cooks at the battle of Hastings; and it is generally believed among the Budgintons, male and female, that this taste for "la cuisine" has been transmitted through succeeding generations to Henckaby himself, for he is famous for two things, his admiration of the fair sex, and his love of a good dinner. Though a married man now of some years, he often talks of the hour when, as he says, "militavi none sine gloriâ," and though since that time he adds "parma bene relicta," he has not changed. As his friend, Captain O'Leary, says, "Bedad sir, it's the natchur of the baste." Hence our friend, Henckaby, for I hope he is your friend, kindly reader, as well as mine, is always doing many gallant little things, and saying numberless pretty little words, which procure him much favour in the eyes of those angelic beings who constitute so much of the happiness, and so much of the "botheration" of us lords of the creation. Nothing so delights him as to take his fair friends to the theatre, or the opera; no one so well arranges a little luncheon for the dear and hungry creatures at Verey's or the Criterion; no one is so friendly to Blackwall or Greenwich; no one is so ready for an excursion to Richmond or the "Palais du Crystal," in the words of the enthusiastic Frenchman, as our Henckaby, always active, and ever full of "bonhommie." And then it is that you see him really in his element. "Doing the civil" is evidently, as Mr. Bushe would say, his "forte." His attentions to those gentle beings, those gushing angels, who constitute the grace and delight of his friendly circle, are most touching and unceasing. Nothing escapes his observation, nothing eludes his consideration, nothing is overlooked by his solicitous foresight. Henckaby is, therefore, in high favour, and pœans to his name are continually arising, and to his good "intentions." You hear soft voices saying so pleasantly—how agreeable a woman's praise always is—"Henckaby is so pleasant;" "Henckaby is so thoughtful;" "Henckaby is so very nice;" "Henckaby is so good-natured;" "Henckaby is such a vivacious companion." If, like the chameleon who lives on flies, Henckaby could live on praise from liquid voices and bright eyes—praise, as old John Jones says, "praise, sir, from good lungs and better digestions," Henckaby, I repeat, is, or ought to be, the happiest of mortals. Old John Jones, whom I have just quoted, a retired major of much service and more wounds, is evidently, as most of our "vieux militaires" are—though why I know not—of a cynical disposition. If we seek the recondite causes of things, it may be difficult to say why it should be so. Perhaps some unlucky brevet, some slipshod dispatch, some cruel beauty who ought to have been Mrs. Jones, and is Mrs. Hodgkin, may be at the bottom of our good old friend's "brusquerie." Be this as it may, John Jones vigorously shakes his head at Henckaby's goings on, and says in his loud voice, and "ore rotundo," "A married man, sir, in my opinion, ought to attend to No. 1. He is tied up, sir, manacled, sir, fettered for life, sir, to one and only one dear deluding seraph, and he has no business, sir, no business to constitute himself a general admirer, a 'Clumber spaniel,' sir, of the sex. My experience of females, sir, is not good; my opinion of them, sir, is not high. But I know it's no use talking. Henckabies will ever abound where women 'most do congregate,' and they will be always dubbed by that impressionable body of beings, 'so good natured; and so very useful.'" I for one do not agree with John Jones in his long tirade. As a rule, women have both the "savoir faire" and good sense, in a higher ratio than men. That they like attention is not blameable in itself, but none are more clear-sighted than they are as to the actual merits and sterling worth of men. If Henckaby finds any favour in their eyes, you may depend upon it there is some good in Henckaby, though, like the modest violet, as his friend, Dr. Bayley, says, "he is born to blush unseen, and hide his sweetness in the dusty air." The doctor adds, he believes that this quotation is from Shakespeare, either Coriolanus or Troilus and Cressida.

All this is what the Germans call an "Einleitung." Henckaby took it into his wise head the other day, as his spouse was going to the Derby in a break with some cheerful friends, to give a little dinner to a very charming person, "a great friend," as he remarked, "of my dear, dear wife." Accordingly, Henckaby arranged the follow-

ing little "Menu," which I have thought well to transcribe, for sentimental old gentlemen and hungry youths. "Printanier au Riz." Saumon, sauce Tartare. Petits Bifsteeks, and new potatoes. Tendrons de Veau, Sauce Sucree. Quartier d'Agneau roti, Haricots verts. Cannetons rotis, petits pois. Asperges. Gelée au Maraschin. Meringues Glacès. Mayonnaise a l'Homard. Champagne, Chateau d'Iquem, La Rose, Fromage de Neufchâtel, &c., &c., &c. Now this "Menu" does Henckaby great credit, and if two people or four people cannot enjoy themselves on it, all I can say is, they deserve to have Government skilly for dinner for the rest of their natural lives. Well, the dinner came, and the dinner was eating. The entrees were well cooked; the Champagne was "bien frappé;" and Henckaby was saying in dulcet tones, "another little slice," (I presume of the "Cannetons,") when rap rap, tap tap, went the door, and in bounced Mrs. Henckaby. Whether it was that that excellent female had not had a good luncheon at Epsom, or whether she had, as some ladies are said to have done, backed "Camballo," and not put anything on "Galopin," I don't pretend to know or say, but she evidently was a little startled, and not altogether pleased, as her voice was elevated, and her remarks abrupt. It seems that the astute Henckaby had understood that the Derby party, as they had lunched together, would dine together on their return, and so he had not exactly calculated on his angel returning so soon to her domestic shrine; and though her husband was only dining with her dearest friend—it is not all wives who encourage what Mrs. Partington calls "flatonic lesions." However, there she was. "Yes, sir," says John Jones, "she was there, by Jove, and no mistake." How the rest of the dinner passed over, I cannot tell you, as it is a subject which, for some reason inexplicable to me, Henckaby does not even like ever to allude to. It seems a great pity if so good a dinner should have been spoiled by any little domestic contretemps; or if so very agreeable a tête-a-tête should have been broken up by uncongenial elements, for some people do say, "two is company, and three is none." But such is life! The only moral I can dream of for the benefit of any of my readers from this veracious little chronicle is, "do not give a bachelor's party on the Derby day, and unless you are quite sure that your 'petit soins' will not be thrown away." A moral did I say? Old John Jones declares that he thinks Henckaby was rightly served. "A married man, sir," he says, speaking loudly and emphatically, "ought always to think of his wife, sir. I don't approve of a chap like Henckaby forgetting that he is really a married man, sir." Dr. Bayley adds, "I should have managed better, I think, 'sub regno bonœ Cinaræ.'" But what do my readers—what do the ladies say? Verdict. Female foreman of the jury: "We find Henckaby Budginton guilty; but with extenuating circumstances." So let us all say. But I fancy that Henckaby will never give a dinner on the Derby day again, even to his dear wife's dearest friend, but will reserve his "agremens" for that domestic circle, where he shines so much, and always makes himself so agreeable.

T. T.

IMAGININGS.

O happy day-dreams of the heart,
Mid hazy clouds of care,
All hail! ye fair imaginings,
Bright castles in the air,
Which still can soften and can soothe,
Can comfort and beguile
Us all, as on life's way we wend
For many a weary mile!

The pulse beats high, fair weather ours,
Brave sunshine gilds the scene,
The earth is full of verdure,
The sky is all serene;
No hearts are sad, no tear-drops fall
In this our pleasant day,
But golden dreams and gracious fancies
Strew flowerets on our way.

Bless'd hour for suffering mortals,
Glad gift to toiling man,
Which lightened with exulting faith,
And with hope's rainbow span,
Bids troubles and despondent sighs
In the far distance stay,
Which summons from their soft retreat
The perfumed hours of May.

And then there come to all of us,
  High hopes and pensive joys,
The gayer pageants of the brain,
  Like children's painted toys;
The calm resolves, the earnest will,
  And loyal love and true;
Fond aspiration's gay mirage,
  The heart which trusts, the lips which sue.

And o'er our being comes a spell
  Of fancy's bright regime,
Imaginings of radiant power,
  Give to the things which seem
The earnest of a higher sphere,
  Dear phantasies and fears,
Which throw the glamour of their greatness
  O'er the march of toiling years.

Though common things and common cares
  Are here the lot of all;
Though ever in this wilderness
  The same events befall
Us all in various measure still,
  Whether humble, whether high,
There are for all imaginings,
  Memories which never die.

Yes, mid the heartlessness of years,
  By the dead sea of our joys,
Mid the tumults and the echoes
  Of this earth's empty noise,
That heart alone can aye be calm,
  That mind contentedly abide,
Which finds its own long-treasured thoughts
  Its pleasure and its pride.

Dream on, dream on, O laughing youth,
  Dream on, maturer life,
Drown your discordant sonnets
  Grey hairs and aged strife,
In all those loftier longings,
  Imagination's bliss,
Which tell you now mid mortal tears,
  Of a truer home than this.

There shall one day dawn upon the world
  A brighter, fairer scene,
The present has faded from our gaze,
  With the follies that have been;
And then, brave heart and tender trust,
  Fond hopes which never cease,
Shall find that their imaginings,
  Have chang'd to knowledge and to peace.

A. F. A. W.

THE MYSTIC ORDER.

THE approaching dedication of the Grand Masonic Temple at New York, which is to take place next June, is our apology, if any be needed, for presenting a brief sketch of the rise, progress, and present condition of this world-renowned fraternity. Although the popular idea of Freemasonry is, or used to be, that of a secret conclave, having intrenched itself with mysterious and terrible rites and ceremonies, and bound together by fearful oaths and fiery ordeals; yet a better acquaintance with the genius of the institution, is said to reveal so much to commend, as to leave comparatively little against which exception might be taken. True, it is environed with profound mystery, and this is by some urged—justly or unjustly—as an objection against it; yet, as there is otherwise so much of interest connected with the Order, we will not disenchant the inquisitive reader by divulging any of its occult secrets, but glance at some of its works and results, that have become historic. Like almost every other influential institution, Masonry has been the object alike of extravagant encomium by its friends, and unmerited obloquy by its opponents. Without attempting to reconcile these dividing opinions, we shall steer between them, and thus, doubtless, arrive at a more just estimate. Viewed merely as an eleemosynary association, its generous benefactions are worthy of all honour; but its aims and purposes are said to be more than these: it not only ministers to the necessities of suffering humanity, but its system of symbolism—a science that has ever been closely allied with poetry and religion—is replete with significance, teaching such lessons of morality and ethics as must win approval.

Freemasonry, in its theory, regards mankind as a common brotherhood, irrespective of colour, clime, condition, creed. It does not, therefore, reject from its fellowship any but the atheist, or those who are found to be deficient in personal morality, while all of an opposite character, whether Jew, Mohammedan, or Christian, are regarded as equally admissible to its privileges. Although it professes to derive its creed and code from the Bible—which is said to be ever found upon its altars—yet, since it thus liberally groups together men of such

diversity of creeds, *all* cannot, of course, strictly be called *Christians*, although many Christians are among its supporters. Freemasonry is to be regarded as an institution of human devising—whose principal design is to conserve the bodily well-being of men; while Christianity—of divine origin—has to do with their spiritual welfare. They can never, of course, become identical; all that needs be desired, perhaps, is that they come not into antagonistic conflict. Claiming, as it does, to be established upon the immutable principles of virtue, truth, and charity, it need not surprise us that under the gis of these good genii, its historic annals should be replete with glorious memories, and while these guardian angels keep watch and ward over its works and ways, the world can scarcely afford to dispense with its philanthropic service.

Man being essentially a gregarious and social being, there have ever existed in all civilized communities, associations of men, for the purpose of mutual profit and protection. Each department of human industry has, consequently, had its appropriate representatives among the various societies and guilds of science, literature, and in the arts of life. Hence, among other benevolent institutions, that of Freemasonry took its rise; and wider in the range and sphere of its benefactions than most others, it has lived through centuries, to bless mankind. Where the foot of the adventurous traveller may stray—from the thrilling regions of thick ribbed ice to the savannas of the sunny south, in the far-off east or remotest west—there the friendly greeting and aid of a Mason may, by a mystic sign, be secured by any brother in need.

Franklin thus speaks of Freemasonry: "It has secrets peculiar to itself, but of what do these principally consist? They consist of signs and tokens which serve as testimonials of character and qualification, which are conferred after due instruction and examination. These are of no small value; they speak a universal language, and are a passport to the support and attention of the world. They cannot be lost so long as memory retains her power. Let the possessors of them be expatriated, shipwrecked or imprisoned; let them be stripped of everything they have in the world, still their credentials remain, and are available for use, as circumstances may require. The good effects which they have produced are established by the incontestable facts of history. They have stayed the uplifted hand of the destroyer, they have subdued the rancour of malevolence, and broken down the barriers of political animosity and sectarian alienation."

Many traditions are held as to the origin of the institution, but they are generally regarded as merely mythical and legendary. According to some writers, it took its rise from a band of Craftsmen in Tyre, who went to Jerusalem to assist in the erection of Solomon's Temple; hence the great prominence given in the ritual and symbols of the Order to that memorable edifice. By others it has been traced to the ancient Egypt, and again to the times of the Crusades, and the Masons of Strasburg, in 1275. Some bard has thus put the legend in verse:

"They're traced on lines in the Parthenon,
Inscribed by the subtile Greek,
And Roman legions have carved them on
Walls, roads, and arches antique.
Long ere the Goth, with a vandal hand,
Gave scope to his envy dark,
The honoured Craft in many a land,
Had graven its Mason-mark.

"The obelisks old, and the pyramids,
Around which mystery clings—
The hieroglyphs on the coffin-lids
Of weird Egyptian kings.
Carthage, Syria, Pompeii—
Buried and strewn and stark,
Have marble records that will not die—
Their primitive Mason-mark.

"Those Craftsmen old had a genial whim,
That nothing could ere destroy;
With a love of their art that naught could dim,
They toiled with a chronic joy,
From Tiber to Danube, from Rhine to Seine,
They need no 'Letters of marque;'
Their art was their passport in France and Spain,
And in Britain, their Mason-mark."

Baldwin's Monthly.

CONVERSATION.

THERE has been a great deal in the newspapers lately on the subject of conversation, suggested by the advertisement of a Professor of that art.

If we were professors of the art of Conversation, we should begin with the teeth. If, according to the philosopher, a lie is too good a thing to waste, so is the effect which may be produced in conversation by the judicious display of the teeth. Teeth is *only, after all,* another word for smile—in the nomenclature ef the art of conversation.

How often, then, in every rank (except the lowest, and, in this matter, the wisest), by the clergyman, the lawyer, the editor, the dry-goods merchant, the artist, the woman of society especially, do we see the beautiful device of the smile utterly wasted and frittered away. There is nothing which can be more inane and ineffective; *there is nothing capable of greater utility* and force. The trouble is, that most people, who appreciate the power of this device, smile perpetually, from the beginning to the end of a conversation. The background of facial expression should be rather of a neutral, or perhap even sombre tone—against which the high light of a sudden smile may be glowingly relieved.

At the beginning of the session with the person before whom your art is to be exercised, the smile, of course, is in order. The features should then take their natural position in repose; or should, if the circumstances seem to require it, assume a graver expression; it might, indeed, be well to show the lines of the brow somewhat drawn together, with a suggestion of trouble, or at least of concentrated attention. Above all things, remember that when your vis-à vis begins what promises to be a prolonged humourous narration, your face must *instantly relapse into quiet.* The smile may begin early in the story—but should be very light and inconspicuous *at first, gradually diffusing itself over* the entire countenance and coming to a climax with the point of the story—either in an actual laugh, *or, still better, in a radiant* smile of appreciation, tip-toe on the verge of laughter, and a hundred times more effective for its reticence. *No one who* has made use of this method will ever return to the old and inelegant system—tiring to yourself and unsatisfactory to your interlocutor—of beginning the facial audience, *if we may so call it, at the* highest pitch at the outset of his narration, and vainly endeavouring to keep up the strain upon the features to the end. The consequence of such a course is, that either the smile becomes hard and mechanical, or that precisely when most needed it altogether disappears, and you are forced to some clumsy substitute.

You may say that the rule just given is too simple to be regarded. But behold the disastrous results that have followed the ignoring of a method so simple—so entirely within the reach of all. History tells us of a man who rose to the highest political positions on the mere strength of a smile. A discerning and witty people associated the exercise of this gift with his very name. He knew how to smile; but he did not know how not to smile. The constant use of this method of conversation gave his features as decided a set as that which was more artificially produced in the case of Victor Hugo's "homme qui rit." His art was only half learned, and the old adage was again proved true, that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

We might cite another case in which the art of a whole social life-time was betrayed—we will not say nullified—in ripe old age. There was a man who smiled subtly and successfully through fifty seasons. He then contracted the not unusual habit of falling asleep in company. There would not have been anything serious in this, had he taken the precaution carefully to re-adjust his features before letting himself drop into sweet oblivion. But no; instead of this, he would permit the nicely-arranged expression with which he had listened to the last pleasing commonplace still to linger meaningless and ghastly upon his countenance, while his head dropped against the wall or upon his shoulder.

We had nearly forgotten one important point. The most exquisitely proportioned smile will utterly fail of its effect, if the features too quickly resume their ordinary tone. The hand, or rather face, of the master *is shown in nothing more* conspicuously than in the delicate shading off of expression. This is the crowning art, by which the art is hidden.

We have no intention of entering at present upon the general subject of facial expression, and only suggest that there is no reason why the Delsarte system should be confined to the public stage. A Professor of Conversation should include in his curriculum a modification of this method, especially adapted to the shorter distances of the reception-room and parlour, and with reference to the direct and reflected lights, and the different tones of the street and the house, both by day and night. It is evident that the expression of the same temper and mental attitude—surprise, flattery, devotion, interest, pique, or what not—must require a different arrangement of the features according to the dress, surroundings, and especially the quantity and quality of the light.

That the utilization of the countenance in conversation is largely a matter of education there can be no doubt. We are well aware that there are persons who are conscious of a strange immobility of features; who feel that their faces are, in very truth, veils and disguises; who, at certain moments of their lives, feel that they would give all they possess if they could tear away the mask and expose their true feature, alight with appreciation. But it is a question whether early and persistent education might not have done something for unfortunates like these. On the other hand, you may have seen men who had carried this education to such a pitch that they could execute a visual storm-symphony with nothing but the face for orchestra.

As an example of what may be accomplished by concentrated effort in this direction, we should be glad if we could present here a photograph of the face of the fish vendor we met this morning on Fourth Avenue. He was carrying two pails containing fish, balanced one on each side from a shoulder-piece such as you see more frequently in foreign countries, and his whole countenance was given up to the shrill, concentrated, imperative statement of: "Wee-hi-ah,—striped bass!" There was no feature, no line or wrinkle of his crooked countenance that was not abandoned to this one end. A scientific study of a face—and of faces—like that, we are sure would be of incalculable benefit to a Professor of the Art of Conversatien. He would be enabled, finally, by analysis and classification, to read even in the silent countenance the inveterate phrase; and he could easily deduce his rules and suggestions. The knowledge so acquired would be of use in other ways. Every man has a favourite pun, or story, or sentence of some kind, which at last makes itself apparent in the set of his features.

"* * * There lies
A conversation in his eyes."

This should be a warning in your own case as to the manner of phrase permitted to dominate your outward presentment; and in the case of a stranger you might learn, by looking at him, the very pun or harangue that is sure to come—and in this way make good your retreat.

There are persons who, in conversation, have the faculty of putting you in the wrong on your own ground. You are, for instance, devoted to the Venus of Milo, so called. You have always considered that your "favourite statue." You have in your house the very best reproduction of it extant—cast from the original, and procured by you at great expense and no little trouble; and day by day you gain new pleasure in it, and new admiration for it. You meet Mr. A. B. C. in friendly discourse, and suddenly find yourself forced by his exclusive, appropriating *culte* of the Venus, into what, even to yourself, seems, for the time being, not merely a condition of ignorance and lack of appreciation, but into almost a virulent personal animosity toward the statue. It is as if, in some dream of horror, you had flown at your idol, and dashed it into a thousand pieces.

Against conversationalists of this kind you cannot be too assiduously on guard. One method of self-protection is this. Every intelligent man has, say fifty opinions about each topic of conversation that may be suggested. In his own mind, each opinion holds its proper relation, and although the two extremes might, detached, appear incongruous, yet, in his own consciousness, they all have sense and sequence. In conversing with the ordinary mortal, it is not necessary to marshal these opinions in solid continuous columns. Conversation should not be a battle, but a spring-day excursion into the country, with agreeable companions, in search of trailing arbutus. Yet there are times

when you must advance with your heaviest battalions. If you do not, you will find all your resources drawn upon for the defence at a disadvantage of some point in itself insignificant. In other words, state only your leading thought, the one that represents your reigning mood. This is the course to pursue, unless you are wickedly given to feints and alarms, and all sorts of tantalizing manœuvres.

Beware, also, of another kind of conversationalist—the man of negation, the cynic, the anti-enthusiast. Ten chances to one he is not the terrible fellow he seems. Ninety-nine chances in an hundred he is hiding his own conscious incapacities and ignorance under this shoulder-shrugging acquiescence, this well-bred doubt—well-bred it is, only superficially, for at heart it hides the very essence of ill-breeding, the desire to hold always the position of advantage at whatever cost to others—in a word, selfishness. Moreover, you are likely to find this very man deprecatingly given to certain select enthusiasms of his own. It is here that you can bring him to the test, and find him human.

There is still another sort of converser against whom warning is of no avail. There is no conversation possible with a person who talks in paragraphs, the separate sentences nicely balanced, and ending with monosyllables only when they are most effective; the thought embodied in these paragraphs—opinions of men and systems, no matter how complex—as finished as the stereotyped paragraphs themselves; and no modifications allowed except in foot-notes, also stereotpyed!

We are inclined to believe it would be better to teach people how *not* to converse. Conversation, or what goes by that name now-a-days, is a hot-house growth. Good conversationalists seem to have lost their perfume in the over-development of certain showy parts. When a man begins to be a good conversationalist, he begins to lose ground as a man.

It is not at all silly, however, this Professor's advertisement. The fact that conversation can be taught, shows what an artificial thing it is. You can teach almost any one to make wax flowers. We know of but one man in America who can give you the soul of a water-lily on canvas, and nobody taught him the trick.

Scribner's American Monthly.

LIVE MASONRY AS WELL AS TEACH IT.

BY J. R. BOYCE, M W., MONTANA.

In my address to them I have tried to urge upon the lodges the necessity of practical Masonry, especially calling their attention to the standing resolution of the Grand Lodge, passed in 1870, denouncing as high treason against the most vital tenets of Masonry, the crimes of gambling, drunkenness, licentiousness, and profanity, realizing that the time has now come in our history when we must assume our true position and place ourselves right before society, relative to these sinners. They are too flagrant a violation of our teachings, and too commonly practised to be lightly passed over; the mantle of charity will no longer cover them, and the hour for action has come; we may no longer shun the responsibility of respecting the opinions of society; the Grand Lodge has placed her seal of condemnation on these practices, and our sister Grand Lodges have approved, yet these wholesome regulations have remained on our statutes a dead letter, unpractised and unenforced. Brethren, otherwise good and true, have well nigh ruined themselves: our lodges have been mute; a mawkish charity has held them back from enforcing our laws, and our beloved Order has lost, in a great measure, her prestige as the harbinger of morality. Good Masons stand appalled at the fearful violation of the Masonic law, and society condemns the flagrant violation of what all know to be Masonic duty. These departures from duty must cease, or we lose our heritage. Brethren, we have good material; men as true as steel; men who would ornament any society on earth, if we will only break off the rough corners, and fit them for the builder's use. But we have rested in the glory of our beautiful ritual, admired its grandeur, and the drapery in which it is clothed, and forgotten that without exemplification in every-day life it is only a relic of the mystic past. Masonry is either something

to be practised, or its teachings are valueless. It teaches sublime truths; it arrays itself in gorgeous drapery; it points grandly to the beautiful, the good, and the true; it elevates the evergreen of immortality; it tells of high duty and glorious hopes; it lifts the veil of the future and points to immortality and a glorious resurrection and eternal life; yet how far below these grand visions and duties do we practice? Brethren, can we hope longer to maintain our heritage, and enjoy our birthright, unless we live Masonry as well as teach it? It is important that the minds of the Craft be constantly called to the vital importance of a more thorough investigation into the character and qualifications of candidates. You cannot take a candidate without he be worthy and well qualified, and make him a Mason by conferring degrees. He must be a *man*, God-like, his vision undimmed by vice, his thoughts elevated, his reason bearing full sway, stamped with the divine impress, or degrees will *never* make him a Mason. You may manipulate him, and restrain him for a time, but "Truth is mighty and will prevail;" his true character will develope itself, and when too late you will find that you have either a pestiferous meddler or a useless drone. Where were you taught to look first for the embodied principles of Masonry? At the heart. Will degrees make a Mason, and create what does not exist in a man? Never! never! Principles, eternal principles deeply planted by the *great* I AM, can only make Masons. Degrees make members; *Deity makes Masons.* Take one who only knows Masonry as the parrot is taught language, and when all is lovely he may seem to be what he professes, but let the hour of trial come, and you will find him ready to rebel against the principles and teachings of our Order, and exhibit the properties of the *thistle* instead of the *olive.* But, my brethren, are we not in a measure guilty in this, that we do not practise what we teach initiates? We present to the initiate our sublime ritual, explain its moral, and he is deeply impressed with all he sees and hears; he goes forth from the lodge with high resolves and glorious purposes; he meets his teacher and other members to whom he looks up for exemplification, and he sees and hears those for whom he has such reverence violating all the precepts of the moral law, and he feels how are the mighty fallen, and concludes there is nothing in Masonry, only its high-sounding professions, and his Masonry is dwarfed by the influence of those to whom he looks up for example, and is either encouraged to violate our regulations or disgusted with our hypocrisy. Brethren coming up from the various camps, valleys and mountains of our lovely territory, entrusted with the watch-care of Masonry, it is your duty to make its laws, expound its principles, and reflect its high prerogatives, and to establish it permanently as the grand old mountains by which we are surrounded, laying broad and deep its foundation of fundamental principles, and crowning it with the evergreen of beautiful exemplification, drawing to it the good and true, and repelling all that is vicious and bad. See ye to it that true Masonry is reflected, its high and holy mission truly exemplified. Mankind, as well as the brotherhood of Masons, have claims upon you Masonry is designed to benefit mankind, or it is the verist humbug that ever disgraced the world. Go forth from the sacred temple of Masonry imbued with its spirit, teach its principles, and practise its precepts; thus will you bring glory and honour to our noble Order. You will be judged by an impartial world by your acts, and he that practises our beautiful moral lessons will receive honour rather than he who prates of *virtue* and practices vice.—*The Craftsman, Canada.*

MESSRS. FELTOE AND SONS' "Specialité" Sherry appears to be gaining great popularity, and, speaking from practical experience, we can honestly recommend it to the notice of our readers. A thoroughly good and pure wine, at a moderate price, has long been a great desideratum, and Messrs. Feltoe and Sons embrace in their wine all the above advantages, and far outdistance any competitor in the field. A large body of the medical profession speak in the highest terms of its purity, pleasant flavour, and special features in its composition, rendering it a very essential article in an invalid's diet.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

MOST WORSHIPFUL GRAND MASTER

OF

FREE & ACCEPTED MASONS OF ENGLAND.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 26.—Vol. III. AUGUST, 1875. Price 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

We have not this month much to record, except the onward progress of English Freemasonry. The constitution and consecration of three new lodges within ten days within the Metropolitan District, and three in the provinces, is a remarkable proof of the expansiveness just now of our lodge system.

The Chaucer Lodge is a new lodge established at Southwark, not far from where once stood the Tabard. While the lodge was being consecrated, and the orator was alluding to Chaucer and the Tabard, the remains of the old hostelry were being demolished. It is a mistake to suppose, however, that the last Tabard was the original Tabard! That had long yielded to the encroaching hand of time, and had been followed by another Tabard, which, often repaired, has at last disappeared from Southwark. We think it was a happy idea that linked the fortunes of the new lodge with the venerated name of Chaucer, as, whether he were a Freemason or no, as some have thought, he was officially connected with the operative guilds of Freemasons. Some of us will remember how he tells of some of the guilds of London, clothed in the "solempne livery" of a "grete Fraternité," and we shall wish that he had said something about the "Fremaçons"—the whilom form of the word. So far, the earliest mention of "Fremaçon" is about 1398, we believe, proving to us its simple derivation from the Norman French.

The building of the New Surrey Masonic Hall is a very good thing for the district; but London is still far behind the provinces in accommodation for the Craft. The proceedings, under our distinguished Deputy Grand Master, were most successful, and we wish all prosperity to the new W.M., Bro. Lailham, and the officers and brethren of the Surrey Masonic Hall Lodge 1539.

The Alexandra Lodge has also been consecrated, and our able and esteemed Bros., J. Hervey, G.S., R. J. Simpson, P.G.C., R. W. Little, and others, took part in the day's proceedings. According to the "Times" of Monday, 19th July, the announcement was officially made at the meeting that the English Grand Lodge had recognized the Grand Orient of Rome.

The three provincial lodges are the United Military Lodge, 1537; the Abercorn Lodge, Middlesex, 1549; the Liverpool Lodge, 1457, at Liverpool. At the United Military Lodge Major-General Brownrigg, P.G.M. for Surrey, made a most admirable speech, which appeared in the "Freemason" of July 10th, and which we earnestly commend to the attention and perusal of our Brethren. At the consecration of the Abercorn Lodge, Bro. R. W. Little gave an able oration, and at the consecration of the Liverpool Lodge, Bro. the Rev. J. M. Morgan, P.P.G.C., W. Lanc., delivered a very eloquent address. Bro. R. J. Simpson, P.G.C., at the consecration of the Alexandra Lodge, gave an eloquent oration, which appeared in the "Freemason" of July 24th.

The Bishop of Orleans, "more suo," has penned a fiery pamphlet against Freemasonry. The Bishop, who is, as most know, a very able writer, though he deals with Freemasonry generally on the grounds mainly of the Papal interdicts, specifically attacks the French and Belgian Freemasons for their political proclivities and their non-religious avowals. We wish that we could say or think that Monsigneur Dupanloup has no ground for what he advances so very clearly and fully. In our humble opinion, the great defect of French and Belgian Freemasonry is its dealing with political and religious questions. To us in England the banishing of the Bible from the lodges is a deplorable mistake, and we fear that their acute opponent has hit a terrible blot, alike in their profession and their practice. We hope, however, as it is never too late to mend, that both the French and Belgian Freemasons may retrace their steps, and become what they say they are, but which at present they certainly are not, in their intolerance towards the Bible, a liberal, a tolerant, a religious, a philanthropical organization, truly Masonic in word and deed.

THE "EDINBURGH REVIEW" AND FREEMASONRY.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

In the "Edinburgh Review," some time ago, appeared an able critique of *Norman Architecture*, &c., by Henry Gally Knight, M.P. We do not purpose following the article in its treatment of the subject as affecting the claims of the Norman School of Architecture, but desire simply to consider the statements made therein with respect to Freemasonry. We are told that, "As the substratum and foundation of any consistent theory for the history of art in the middle ages, we must advert to the fact, that in the earlier eras of society, all handicrafts (save and except those upon which slaves were employed) were carried on by societies which the Romans termed 'colleges;'—receiving in the middle ages the appellation of 'guilds,' 'mysteries,' 'zunften,' or other analogous denominations. . . . . Furthermore, these colleges adopted as a leading or fundamental principle, that they conferred an hereditary privilege or duty. The son succeeded to the occupation of the father; just as in the companies and guilds, the son became a freeman by birthright. His trade was his best estate—his inheritance. . . . Amongst the Roman 'colleges' the company of hereditary architects held a conspicuous place. . . . . But the Masonic square, the level, the trowel, and the mallet, all carefully represented upon the memorial of the Roman architect, display how important a feature the mechanical practice of the art was considered, in estimating the calling to which the master belonged. Now it is to the societies representing and continuing these Roman colleges, in those cities of Gaul which, during the middle ages, and indeed, until the great political revolutions of our own times, retained the unbroken succession of their municipal government from the imperial age—as was peculiarly exemplified in Nismes and Cologne—that we would attribute the structures which we have designated as the *Romanesque-imperial*, and described as always exhibiting a decided, and often a successful endeavour to assert the relationship to the prototype. . . . After the extinction or dissolution of the bodies deriving their succession from the colleges, the art would only be practised by insulated workmen."

The foregoing we take to favour the "guild theory" in connection with Freemasonry, which Bro. the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, and ourselves, have for some time endeavoured to support as the only reasonable view of the origin of modern Freemasonry, and surely such a paternity should be thought sufficiently ancient to satisfy the most exacting, whilst its harmony with history must ever secure for it the acceptance of all thoughtful masonic students.

We read again as follows:—"We adopt, however, with more certainty, the opinion long since suggested by Wren, that the Societies of Freemasons became the means of spreading the knowledge, as well as the practice, of Gothic architecture throughout the middle ages. Whether any of their original lodges are, as they themselves assert, founded upon the Roman Colleges, or whether they were affiliated upon similar institutions in the middle ages, is open to much conjecture; yet we cannot deny but that their symbols retain the impress of high authority. Many of them can be traced in the Roman sepulchre, or the quarter gem; and although it may be hard to admit that the craftsmen of York are the unbroken successors of the architects sent to Britain by Claudius, yet they might, perhaps, more truly assert, that they derived their reorganization from members of the brotherhood, travelling into this island at more recent periods, from Germany or Gaul."

'Confused, ignorant, and even absurd, in the traditional 'Charges'* which unfolded to the Masonic aspirant, the incipient *lodgenna*; the dignity of his art, the connection assumed between Masonry and the severe sciences, bear a remarkable resemblance to the canons of Vitruvius; and the astral hieroglyphics, so conspicuous in various portions of the mediæval structures,

* From the language of these Charges, they are, in the existing texts, at least, as old as the early part of the fifteenth century. The one which we have before us has the following attestation prefixed:—"This is a very ancient record of Masonry, which was copied for me by Mr. Reid, Secretary to the Grand Lodge, 1728. Lord Coleraine, Grand Master; Alexander Clarke, Deputy; Nat. Blakesby, J. Highmore, Grand Wardens."

furnish a very remarkable comment upon the Vitruvian precepts of combining astrological and architectural science. The signs of the Zodiac, the seals and configurations of the planets, the phases of the moon, are found in the recesses of the portal,—in the gem-like orb—high in the vaulted roof—in the pavement of the choir. . . . If any mysterious doctrine is, or has been at any period really taught in the Masonic Lodge, it may, as in the case of the Templars, be deemed an extraneous engraftment; for which the practice of secret initiation, anciently common to many other similar bodies, prepared the way. Yet it is remarkable that the *mythos* of the disciple slain by the jealousy of his master, whose skill he rivalled or excelled, and presented as the basis of modern Masonic system, retains a local habitation at York and at Lincoln, at Rosslyn and at Rouen, whilst the window or column which tradition assigns as the cause of the rivalry, displays the pentalpha, or exhibits the adornment by which they are rendered the acknowledged tokens of the fraternity." . . .

"In England, the lodges, at an early period, were proscribed by the legislature. . . . . Under these circumstances, instead of being surprised at the deficiency of evidence, it is, in truth, remarkable that such distinct and satisfactory evidence of the labours of the Freemasons should have been preserved. . . . As to our own country, in despite of the statute, the abbott, nay, the sovereign retained Freemasons as the architects of their proudest structures."*

After disproving the assertion that Gothic architecture was due to the Freemasons, or in other words, their offspring as a *congregated body* by working in concert, and clearly stating the impossibility of any such united action any more than for a scientific *society* to discover gravitation, a literary *academy* to compose a "Paradise Lost," or an academy of the fine arts to have painted a "Transfiguration," the writer observes that the fraternity of Freemasons simply performed the useful and important duties expected from such organizations, viz., "They assisted in the spread of knowledge, and in bestowing upon talent the countenance and protection of station and established power."

Finally, the author of the interesting article (Sir Francis Palgrave, apparently a *non-mason*) remarks, "Much more might be said on the subject of Masonry. The connection between the operative Masons, and those whom, without disrespect, we must term a convivial society of good fellows—who, in the reign of Queen Anne, met at the 'Goose and Gridiron, in St. Paul his Churchyard'—appears to have been finally dissolved about the beginning of the eighteenth century."

The note below the foregoing is important, and is to the following effect: "The theoretical and mystic, for we dare not say, ancient Freemasons, separated from the Worshipful Company of Masons and Citizens of London, about the period above mentioned. It appears from an inventory of the contents of the chest of the London Company that not very long since it contained, 'A book wrote on parchment, and bound or sticht in parchment, containing an 113 annals of the antiquity, rise, and progress of the art and mystery of Masonry.' But this document is now not to be found."

Having presented the foregoing extracts from an article in the "Edinburgh Review," we should like to draw attention to a few points which appear to us important.

1. The MS. mentioned in the note, having passed through several hands, is now in the possession of Bro. the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, and as we have explained in our "Old Charges of British Freemasons," it is almost word for word, with the celebrated "Cooke's MS." (British Museum), published by Bro. Spencer, London.

2. The second MS. alluded to, however, is not so easily traced, in fact so far is unknown. It is just possible that one of the existing MSS. may prove to be this very document; and we, therefore, hope to have the assistance of Masonic students in seeking either to discover the original MS. or find it amongst those still preserved in our libraries. The fact of such

* The following items are extracted from the entries of the works performed at the Palace of Hampton Court, between the 26th February, 27 Hen. VIII. to the 25th March, then next ensuing. "Freemasons. *Master*, at 12d. the day; Warden, at 5s. the week; Setters, at 3s. 8d. the week; Lodgemen, at 3s. 4d. the week." One of the first and second class, four of the third, and twenty-nine of the fourth classes.

a manuscript being in the archives of the Masons' Company goes far to illustrate its operative connections, and suggests the thought that we may yet succeed in discovering something more definite as to the character of the company.

3. Respecting the "connection between the operative masons," and the speculatives, which Sir Francis Palgrave considers was dissolved about the beginning of the eighteenth century, we are quite content to abide by his opinion, for about that period, we all know, Freemasonry became much more speculative than ever it did before, and generally—though not universally—ceased to be connected with the operative Craft. A *severance*, however, suggests a *prior connection*, and so evidently the able writer of the article in question believed in the continuous existence of the Society of Freemasons for centuries; and that the operative department, so to speak, of the Institution was not severed from the *esoteric* and speculative portion until the period mentioned, viz., early in the last century. The *final* disjunction also suggests the *partial* severance previously, which was accomplished, and can still be traced in the records of some lodges, which exhibit the fact that prior to the formation of the speculative Grand Lodge in 1717, the members had ceased to have any practical connection with operative Masons, and thus had *partially* accomplished what the Revivalists of 1717 *completed*.

HOMERIC TROY.

A MEETING of the Society of Antiquaries was held at Burlington House on Thursday evening, June 24, Earl Stanhope in the chair. His lordship had previously received Mr. Gladstone and the Trojan discoverer, Dr. Schliemann, and a small party at dinner. Dr. Schliemann read a paper entitled "The Discovery of Homeric Troy." There was a full meeting of the Fellows, and among those present were Mr. Gladstone, the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Grant Duff, M.P., Lord Talbot de Malahide, Mr. Beresford Hope, M.P., Mr. Paley, Lord Arthur Russell, Mr. C. T. Newton, D.C.L., Admiral Spratt, Mr. Frederick Leighton, R.A., Mr. George Richmond, R.A., Sir John Lubbock, M.P., the Earl of Rosebery, Dr. L. Schmitz, Sir John Heron Maxwell, Dr. Dasent, Dr. Acland, Professor Rolleston, Mr. Penrose, Mr. John Evans, &c.

Routine business having been transacted, the President introduced the illustrious excavator of the Troad to the crowded assembly.

The paper opened with some remarks on the topography of the Troad, and noticed the once flourishing city, Alexandria Troas, which, from the extent of the ruins, Dr. Schliemann thought must have contained half a million of inhabitants. Differing from common opinion, he thought the city was not founded, but only enlarged by Antigonus, and cited Strabo for that opinion. Its extensive Byzantine *débris* leave no doubt of its having been inhabited till the end of the Middle Ages It is now called Eski-Stambul. On the left the traveller immediately afterwards passes the island of Tenedos, behind which, according to the "Odyssey," the Greeks hid their ships after the construction of the wooden horse. At Cape Sigeion begins the Hellespont, the strait between the Troad and the Thacian peninsula At the foot of the cape were two conical heroic tombs, commonly identified with those of Patroclus and Achilles. Here was the celebrated plain of Troy, 8½ miles long, 1¾ to 5 broad, and bounded on the north by the Hellespont, and on all other sides by continuous heights, sloping from Ida. The terrain was then further described in detail. The Plain of Troy was traversed by the River Scamander, still recognizable in its present name Mendere. The river rises from a cold and a hot spring, in a valley near the summit of Ida, and after a course of 36 miles, falls into the Hellespont near the town Kum-kalé. The river was minutely described, and the Homeric notices of it were compared with its present state. There could be no doubt that in the poet's time it filled the broad bed of the little rivulet called Intepe-Asmak. If it had occupied its present bed it must have passed through the Greek Camp. The modern Dumbrek-Su was Homer's Simoïs. Other remarks followed on the waters of the district. The question had not been yet decided whether the plain of Troy had once been a deep gulf and harbour, consolidated into

land in the course of ages by the mud of the Scamander and Simoïs. But it might be easily decided by sinking shafts, for below the alluvial soil, which must abound with freshwater shells, would be found seacockles and seasand and stones. However that may be, those who assume from the "Iliad" the existence of a deep gulf in Homer's time, do not, in Dr. Schliemann's opinion, rightly interpret Il. II., 92, and XIV., 35-36, for the poet merely intends to describe here the Hellespont's low shore, encompassed as it is by Cape Sigeion and the heights of Intepe. Dr. Schliemann cited and commented on Professor Forchhammer's "Observations on the Topography of Troy" as to the impossibility of the Plain ever having been under the sea, and maintained that it was the tradition of all antiquity that a gulf had once existed in the Plain of Troy, citing Heredotus, Strabo, &c. He trusted, however, that he could prove that the gulf had been filled up long before Homer's time; and that the Plain extended as far into the sea as now, for the town of Kum-kalé is situated on the point of the Plain which projects furthest into the Hellespont, and stands on the site of an old city, which could be no other than Achilleion, whose foundation reached to about B.C. 800. Dr. Schliemann then entered into various criticisms on Homeric texts relative to the topography of the Plain of Troy, examining the true sense of the Θρωσμος πεδιου (Il. XI., 56, X. 159-161, and XX., 1-3), objecting to the common translation "hill in the plain," preferring to render it "the upper plain," which ascends a little, but has no elevation in the shape of hills. Dr. Schliemann then spoke of the conical hills of the Troad, called "heroic tombs," several of which must have existed in the time of Homer, since he mentions those of Achilles, Myrine, Aisuetos, and Ilos. Sir John Lubbock's investigations of the existing *tumuli*—the results of which were negative—were referred to, as well as the excavations of Mr. Fred. Calvert, whose brother also had examined the so-called tomb of Patroclus, without finding either ashes, charcoal, or bones. In none of the six excavations had the old identifications been confirmed by the criticism of the pickaxe. In this Plain of Troy, whose topography he had endeavoured to describe, must be sought the site of Homeric Ilion. Dr. Schliemann then recapitulated the arguments stated in his celebrated book, "The Antiquities of Troy," which have led him to identify the City in the "Iliad" with the modern site of Hissarlik 1. In all antiquity till the time of the Diadochi it was deemed certain that the Ilion of the Greek colony stood on the site of Homeric Ilion. The testimony of Herodotus and others of the ancients were cited in proof at some length, and it was shown that the Ilion which Xerxes and Alexander visited as Homer's Troy could have been none other than (New) Ilion—*i. e.*, Hissarlik. Till the time of Demetrius of Skepsis nobody had ever heard of any other. Demetrius had pitched on a place called the "village of the Ilienses," but Dr. Schliemann had excavated the site, and found none but most insignificant remains. Chevalier's identification with Bunarbashi had also been tested with the pickaxe, and no pottery, the infallible criterion of an ancient site, had been found there. 2. Having excluded the claims of other sites, Dr. Schliemann detailed the immense positive results of his own excavations at Hissarlik. He gave a most interesting *résumé* of his discoveries in the perpendicular pentapolis, buried beneath the ruins of (New) Ilion, all these five cities, one upon another, being therefore older than B.C. 700, the date of the foundation of the Greek colony. Not much, if anything absolutely new was brought forward. The reading of the paper occupied an hour and a quarter.

On the conclusion of the paper, Lord Stanhope, with a few warmly complimentary remarks upon its great value, expressed his conviction that Dr. Schliemann had really ascertained the true site of Homeric Troy. He then invited Mr. Gladstone to open the discussion.

Mr. Gladstone, who was warmly received, said,—I should be better pleased to listen to the observations of others on the able and interesting paper we have just heard, if I presumed to offer any remarks, so that I might have first had the benefit of their thoughts; but I cannot for a moment decline to answer the appeal which you, my lord, have been good enough to make to me, especially introduced as it was by a commendation which I am far from deserving, and also for another reason which I will proceed to state. I own I

am not ill pleased to say a few words before this assembly, not because I think you will derive any great benefit from what I have to say on the subject of the paper, but because it enables me to give some vent to my opinion and feeling with regard to the claims of Dr. Schliemann. I think that we see in Dr. Schliemann a spectacle, not perhaps so rare in his own country as it is among us, of the most pure, simple-minded, and ardent devotion to the cause of literature and knowledge in one of its most interesting departments. Dr. Schliemann, with immense labour, as he has told us in that very striking work of his autobiography, qualified himself, and provided the means which others would have spent perhaps in ignoble waste; and having in one arduous course of labour, thus furnished himself with what was necessary for the purpose of his pursuit, he proceeded to engage himself and to give his life to another course of exertion, perhaps still more arduous, and the result certainly has been that he has given us the most splendid example of disinterested sacrifice. Also, as Lord Stanhope has said, he has conferred a service which cannot be over-estimated or forgotten in the history of primeval inquiry itself (cheers). The field which has been covered by Dr. Schliemann's work, and by his remarks to-night, is so wide, that even if the clock now pointed to the hour at which you commence your papers it would not be possible for me to attempt to traverse it. Nor do I pretend to state that, after the interval of rather a lengthened period of arduous work in that other department to which Lord Stanhope has referred, I am as fresh and as exact in my recollection as I should like to be if I were to proceed to discuss controversially or even argumentatively, the conclusions of Dr. Schliemann. I feel also that even the best and most circumspect among us are at present in this condition, that from year to year the evidence varies, though I by no means think the direction in which it leads is from year to year reversed. On the contrary, upon the whole, it appears to me that there is considerable unity of direction to be discovered in the additions which have been made to archæological knowledge, especially within the last ten or twenty years. At the same time, with regard to particular and special conclusions, they must necessarily be formed with considerable reserve and caution when our evidence is still partial and incomplete. I wish, therefore, to speak with very great reserve on anything which I may say, and to reserve to myself the liberty of correction, as well as to give my judgment with submission to those who are better informed. I think, indeed, our debt as regards Dr. Schliemann is really independent of the truth or untruth of his discovery. We owe a debt to him for his devotion and for his example—a debt which could never be cancelled even if he were to fail in the proof of any of his conclusions. (Hear, hear.) But I must also say it appears to me, endeavouring to look calmly at the matter, that Dr. Schliemann's main conclusion is exceedingly difficult to shake. I myself have for many years been very strongly what may be called a believer in Homer and the Homeric poems, as far as regards their poetical unity, and as far as regards their historical character, in the highest sense of history—that is, as regards the manner and institutions of mankind. But with respect to the question of the facts of the poems as distinguished from the manners, the institutions, and the characters described, on this matter my mind has been altogether open, and, I think, to some extent impartial. I am bound to say, also, I have always had the impression—I don't know whether Dr. Schliemann shares it or not—that it is extremely difficult as to certain details to reconcile the topographical features of the Plain of Troy, as it now exists, with the topography described in the "Iliad." I have never been able fully to embrace the opinion current until quite recently, that Bunarbashi was the site of Troy; for it was quite impossible to reconcile that site with the distance from the sea, and to bring together the natural features of the place with the described features of the poem. But I don't see by what arguments are to be met the proofs adduced by Dr. Schliemann in favour of Hissarlik. He has shown indubitably that at a great depth below the surface he has found the remains of a city of a certain size and a certain advance in civilization—a city which underwent a sudden and violent destruction by means of fire, and so far he is in entire and indubitable accordance with Trojan and Homeric traditions. (Hear, hear.) Looking further into the details of

Dr. Schliemann's discoveries, and the details of the Homeric poem, in almost every point on which I have had the opportunity of instituting a comparison, there is a wonderful precise correspondence between the facts of the poem, and the evidence afforded by the objects which he has discovered in the recesses he has unveiled. One of the most important pieces of evidence is that which relates to the use of metals, and in this great department, the discoveries correspond with the representations of Homer. It is undoubted that Dr. Schliemann has discovered objects manufactured of copper, while, on the other hand, he has not found a trace of iron in Troy. I am not quite certain from my recollection of the text now, but do not think Homer ever speaks of the use of iron at Troy. He speaks of iron in his own time, but as a thing so extremely rare and valuable as to approach in character the precious metals. Again, with respect to its non-appearance among Dr. Schliemann's objects, we must bear in mind that it is an extremely perishable metal when exposed to the influence of corrosion, and it would not, therefore, be surprising if every foot of the site were turned up, that no iron relics should be discovered. Then, again, with regard to pottery, Dr. Schliemann tells us that in this third pre-historic city, which he takes to be the city of Priam, the pottery was generally hand-made, but that he found in that city a certain number of plates which were made by the potter's wheel. If that is so, it is evident that the potter's wheel was just beginning to be used, and, we may assume, that it had not yet been employed in producing works of art. This, I think, is in precise correspondence with the stage of the potter's art as we find it in Homer, who only just mentions the potter's wheel, but does not refer to any work of art, or even any object —certainly to no important object—of pottery. There are a large number of points to which it is impossible now to refer; but I am bound to confess that I do not think it will be possible to thrust back the period of the existence of Troy to an antiquity so remote as that suggested by Dr. Schliemann. First, the evidence of the poem is against it. One of the principal of Homer's genealogies—which really conveys his idea of history, for he had no knowledge of chronology—is that of the family of Priam; and this gives Dardanus as the founder six generations before Priam and the Trojan war. Consequently, six generations before that war there was no Troy. Now, Dardanus's name is found in Egyptian inscriptions whose chronology has now attained a considerable degree of fixity, of the time of the nineteenth Egyptian dynasty, which may be stated to have begun somewhere about the fifteenth century before Christ. The accesssion of Rameses II. may be placed about half a century afterwards, or say at the beginning of the fifteenth century before Christ. That, however, will not be quite long enough for the purposes of Dr. Schliemann. It is a curious fact that, according to the Egyptian inscriptions, the time of the reign of Sesostris, or Rameses II., was the time when there was a strong combination of the Assyrians and Khita, or Hittites, which included the Lycians, Mœsians, the Dardanians, and the people of Asia Minor, to check Egyptian power. Therefore, in the fifteenth century before Christ the name of the Dardanians still was in possession of the Plain of Troas, and Troy did not yet exist, because afterwards their historical names are blended. It is, therefore, quite plain that you cannot undertake to throw back the Troy of Priam to such a remote antiquity as Dr. Schliemann is disposed to claim for it, and I think that if he gets an antiquity of 1,300 or 1,400 years before Christ he ought to be very well satisfied. (Laughter and "hear, hear.") The right hon. gentleman concluded by congratulating the Society that light was now beginning to pierce the thick mist which had hitherto obscured such remote subjects of antiquarian research, and by a renewed eulogy of the labours of Dr. Schliemann.

Mr. Gladstone resumed his seat amid loud and prolonged applause, and a cordial vote of thanks to Dr. Schliemann having been carried with enthusiasm, the meeting closed.—*The Times.*

THE MASON'S DAUGHTER.

Art thou an angel from above,
That youthful hearts to thee make love?
Hast thou e'en come to tempt youth all,
From single blessedness to fall?

Thy face, thy form, attraction win ;
To covet thee scarce seems a sin !
Thy walk e'er shows a queenly grace,
As well becomes a beauty's face.

Nature and study both combined
To give all talent to thy mind ;
Since past thy childhood thou hast grown,
Thou dost not live for self alone.

Taught from above, inspired by Heaven,
Thy hand sends forth the Gospel leaven,
Converting souls from error's ways—
The young rise up to chant thy praise.

Lives of sinfulness now cease,
The works of piety increase,
Youths give to God their golden hours,
For wisdom's ways, the paths of flowers.

A spirit quiet, meek, thy robe,
Thy praise increases o'er the globe,
And thou shalt shine as stars most bright,
High in God's firmament of light !

A. G. S., *in Loomiss's Journal.*

DRAGONI'S DAUGHTER.

BY MARVIN HYDE.

Chapter I,

"Ho, comrades! be merry men to-night! By the mass! this is right good wine! A brimming goblet to the Count Dragoni's beautiful daughter."

"Ay, Elena Dragoni, the fairest of high-born Venetian ladies!" shouted a hundred voices; and a hundred banditti lifted a hundred drinking-cups to their lips, drained them to the lees of the flashing wine, and then dashed them down upon the festal board.

A rare banquetting hall was that of these Italian outlaws. Cut in the solid rock, with no sun ray penetrating its massive walls, but lighted by antique lamps fed with perfumed oil—a table standing its entire length, around which sturdy, athletic men, with heavy features, hair and beards of raven blackness, and clad in a wild, picturesque costume, reclined in cirles, and partook freely of well-cooked viands and ruby wine mantling high in silver flagons that perchance had once graced a noble's board, with golden goblets and plate of every description, richly inlaid with precious stones—such was the apartment, in the depths of an Italian forest, where the bandits held their revels.

"'Tis time our chief was here; he tarries long in the city to-night. The Virgin keep him from all harm!" exclaimed the bandit who had first spoken, crossing himself. "Holy Mary grant that old Dragoni may not discover him!"

"Never fear for Carlo Trevorra!" exclaimed another. "Let me tell you, comrades, that our brave young captain fears not old Dragoni's eagle eyes, nor the prying emissaries of the Council of Ten; nay, not even the deepest dungeon of the accursed Inquisition—so long as Signora Elena's bright eyes are the stars that lure him to her side. Ay, brothers," said the old man, and he smote his hand heavily on the board till the goblets rang loudly, "ay, for more than two score years has Martin Monadi been a free rover, yet never served he a braver chief than Carlo Trevorra!"

"Ay, three cheers for our brave young captain!" responded the first speaker, and again their shouts were echoed back from the cavern's walls; yet hardly had the shout died away, ere the shrill notes of a bugle rose on the air, peal following peal in quick succession.

"Ha, Carlo returned!" exclaimed the men, and quickly raising a trap-door, descended a flight of steps, and hastening along a subterranean passage, they cautiously unbolted a door cut in the rock, and gave the newcomer admittance.

"'Tis a wild night," said the bandit chief, lifting his beaver and shaking the rain-drops from its waving plume. "Are the men in?" he inquired, as they proceeded along the passage.

"Ay, signor," was the response of the man, who held the flaming torch to light him up the narrow staircase.

Giving his rich velvet cloak to a page, the young captain flung himself on a couch before the blazing fire. Then he arose, advanced to the board, drained a cup of wine, and paused before his men, turning a bold, handsome face full upon them.

"What tidings from Venice, signor," exclaimed the old man, Martin Monadi, who seemed privileged above all others

among those rude outlaws, and whose years befitted him most for the position of adviser to the brave, handsome, but extremely youthful chief who held sway over them.

"Tidings?" said the captain. "Ha, my brave fellows," and a bitter smile curved round the Italian's well-cut lips, "know ye that all Venice is placarded, and that a price is set upon the head of your chief? Merry tidings that, i'faith!" And the smile broke into a derisive laugh.

A murmur of surprise ran through the hall, and several of the banditti grasped at the daggers in their belts.

"By the mass! but 'tis true enough," continued the young captain. "Listen, comrades! 'Twas early morn, as you know, when I entered the city in my good friar's garb," and he glanced down at the coarse robe which hung loosely over a doublet of embroidered velvet. "The sun had scarce looked out from his Mediterranean bed, when I anchored my gondola at the landing-stairs, and betook my footsteps to the streets. But though 'twas early, the maskers were already abroad in these high carnival times, and so drawing closer my cowl, I walked onward. 'How now!' exclaimed some one, brushing past me. 'Whither in such hastle, holy padre? Hast thou found the hiding-place of Carlo Trevorra, the bandit, and art hastening to the Doge to gain the reward offered for his head?' And then, with a merry laugh and a slap on my shoulder that almost sent the breath from my body, he hurried on, leaving me standing still in surprise. But a moment restored my caution. Again I went on my way, mingled with the thickest crowd of maskers, unmindful that everywhere I turned placards met my gaze, wherein five hundred ducats were offered for my head. By the Virgin, my men, it was right pleasant thus to defy the power of his most gracious highness, Geronius Priuli, Doge of Venice, and the most worshipful Council of Ten!" And the bandit captain laughed quickly. "But when was Carlo Trevorra ever fearful of danger?" And he glanced proudly round on the circle of dusky men.

"Never!" they replied; and again their tumultuous shouts beat the air of the rocky cavern hall. "Never! Carlo the brave! Carlo the undaunted!" rose in a shout of exultant applause.

"'Tis well," continued the young captain, after a short pause. "I saw the danger, shunned it not, and yet I am with you again in safety. But it may not be amiss to shun Venice for a season. It appears that the noble senator who escaped us in the forest proceeded straight to the council, and lodged his complaint against me; hence the fame your captain has suddenly acquired. We must not rush heedlessly into exposure, unless we would find a home in the Inquisition's dungeons. The knowledge of our boldness is the talk of all Venice; the spies of the council are wary; we must be on our guard. And yet you may deem it strange that Carlo Trevorra counsels others to shun what he seeks himself. To-morrow eve must again behold me in Venice. Shall it be alone?—or what half-score among his brave men will meet him there, ready to do his bidding?"

Scarce had Carlo paused, gazing around on his men with a keen, anxious glance, ere full three score were upon their feet, with hands upon their rapiers' hilts.

"It is enough," said the captain. "Ye are all true fellows and brave. By the Madonna, but Carlo Trevorra will not soon forget this! On the morrow will I choose; for to-night feast long and late, and let the red wine flow like water. Ere the sun has twice dipped his crimson face in the western waters, the bandit chief shall be richer—ay, a thousand times richer—than any Venetian noble, and the Council of Ten may have need of double, ay, treble the price set upon my head."

And so saying the young captain drained another goblet, and passed from the hall to his own chamber.

For a few moments surprise was depicted on the faces of the men sitting at the board.

"What new project is our gallant captain brewing now?" asked one.

"I'faith, that's an easy question; but who was ever known to keep his secrets closer than our captain?" replied another. "Let us leave him alone with it, and for to-night pay court to this rare vintage of Tuscany. Per Bacco! but 'tis most sweet, and has a flavour that smacks of age. 'Tis like that we poured so freely into our throats the night we robbed old Jose Verriez, the wine-merchant. Comrades, didst ever listen to the story of that night?"

And leaning back on his couch, the speaker launched into an oft-repeated tale, to which the banditti were never weary of listening.

But follow we the fortunes of Carlo Trevorra, the hero of our recital; and, begging the reader's permission, let us relate events that transpired a year anterior to the opening of our story.

CHAPTER II.

A midsummer's evening bent softly over Venice, when at an open window of the Palazzo Dragoni sat Elena, the count's only daughter. Her waiting-maid had long since been dismissed; the little page who brought her flowers and carried her fan and gloves whenever she tripped lightly down the landing-steps to take her daily sail in her father's velvet-cushioned gondola, had been asleep for a full hour on a pile of cushions in an ante-chamber; the birds in their splendid cages drooped their heads under their folded wings, and now Elena sat alone, indulging her own thoughts and inhaling the fragrance of the night-blooming flowers.

There were many gondolas abroad upon the Adriatic, and the merry laughter of their occupants swept along on a light breeze that gently stirred the blossoms of an orange-tree at her window. The apartment was shrouded in dimness; yet by the lingering twilight its luxurious furnishing could be distinctly noted. The walls were draped with blue velvet of the richest texture, as also were the low couches ranged around. The floor was of the purest white marble, and in the centre the arms of Dragoni were laid in gold. In one corner stood a table spread with a velvet cover, and upon it an ornamental basket composed of precious stones, and a porcelain vase filled with the richest tropical flowers. In a deep niche at the farthest extremity of the apartment was heard the low dropping of perfumed water, which a small fountain sent forth in various jets and sprays into a marble basin beneath.

Though the Count Dragoni's only daughter was but sixteen, still she was an Italian of sixteen, and passing beautiful. Her hair, of a rich chestnut hue, was braided back from a snowy forehead, and fastened at the back of her head with a golden bodkin. A delicate and peach-like bloom mantled her cheek, and her ruby lips were parted with expectation as she leaned from the casement to listen to the faint sound of muffled oars approaching below. Presently a gondola shot under the balcony, from which sprang a young man attired as a citizen, who rapidly ascended the landing-stairs, and seizing one of the stone balustrades, cleared the balcony at one bound, and stepping through the low Venetian window, stood by her side.

"Cara mia, dost think me bold?" were the first words he uttered to the beautiful and trembling girl.

A glance of tenderness was her expressive answer; then she hastily exclaimed, "Oh, Pietro, your danger. If discovered, what punishment too great? Pietro, I tremble!" and she glanced around with an air of terror.

"That is my own unselfish Elena!" said her lover fondly. "Woman-like, you see only my danger, while yours is far greater; for, cara, even your noble birth could not prove your shield were it known that you stooped to love a low-born citizen."

"Nay, Pietro, I fear not," she replied; and the girl drew nearer him who stood beside her. "I have no thought for rank, for it sits heavily upon me so long as it parts me from your heart. The world's scorn is naught; it is a sire's curse I most dread; and yet, for your love, Elena Dragoni is willing to brave even that!"

But what need here to repeat words that have always been, and will be spoken, so long as lovers are tender, and women are true? Suffice it that to this pair of lovers the hours passed swiftly, hours fraught with happiness and bliss; and the fair moon had nearly dipped her crescent into the eastern wave when the citizen rose to depart.

"Let love and caution be our watch-words!" murmured Pietro, as Elena cautiously unclosed the Venetian blind for his departure, and in another minute his gondola shot swiftly down the flashing waters of the Adriatic.

(To be continued.)

Review.

Consequences and Ameliorations of Blindness. By Wm. Moon, LL.D. Longmans & Co., London.

WE have perused with much pleasure this admirable little book,—fitting corollary

as it is to previous works from the same zealous and earnest writer. It is quite clear that Dr. Moon's heart is in his work, honest work and great work as it really is, and we rejoice to think, not only how much good his labours have effected, but how truly these painstaking efforts of his are now appreciated by many who take a thoughtful interest in the good and happy work of philanthropy. To lessen the sorrows of life, to mitigate the afflictions of to-day, to soothe and to soften, to elevate and to impress those whom earthly infirmity has marked as its own, is ever a righteous and a sacred mission for all who have time to bestow, or means to make use of. But when, as in the case before us, some patient sufferer not repining at his own incurable malady, sets himself gallantly and devotedly to aid and improve his fellow sufferers, it is impossible but to feel the highest admiration for talent consecrated to so high an end, and for the labour of a life bestowed ungrudgingly in the amelioration of the bodily, the mental, the moral lot of others. Dr. Moon tells us in this concise little work, the story of his endeavours, in modest yet moving words. He gives us also some facts which are very startling, and some statistics which will be new to our readers, and which may make some of us realize for the first time how vast not only is the field of human sympathy for personal calamity, but how widely spread is the result of evil, and of suffering in this fallen world of ours. For despite, that some may question to-day, as the sceptic sometimes ventures to do, the moral government of God, one fact remains indelibly imprinted both on the annals of time, the trials of man, and the progress of our race, that sin and sorrow and affliction and malady everywhere abound, weaknesses of body, weaknesses of mind, and that in them all, we still must discern, unless our eyes are blinded by the hurtful glare of hopeless unbelief, the solemn trace of that eternal government of this lower creation by Him who is over all, God blessed for evermore.

It seems from Dr. Moon's work that that there are no less than 30,000 blind persons in Great Britain and Ireland—and that the approximate number of blind persons in the world is not less than 3,000,000.

Among the blind in England and Wales in 1871, were 270 gentlemen with private means, 665 ladies, 21 clergymen, 14 Nonconformist ministers, 352 musicians, 131 shoemakers, 78 army pensioners, 135 grocers and tea dealers, 134 seamen, 331 farmers, 495 agricultural labourers, 275 miners, 441 general labourers, 122 female domestic servants, 84 laundresses, 4 law clerks, 1 engraver, and 14 watch and clock makers.

There were in England and Wales in 1871, 21,590 blind persons. In Scotland 3,019; in Ireland 6,879. Surely this is a sad catalogue.

With, then, the fact of this great affliction before him, in all its acute personal pressure, Dr. Moon in 1840, when he became blind himself, and when he sought to alleviate the sad tedium of visual darkness by reading, found that the system of reading for the blind, a great resource for all, was very difficult of attainment.

So far back it seems as 1784, a system of embossed reading was introduced at Paris, when the type resembled purely Italic letters, and in 1817 the large and small Roman letters were used. In 1827, Gall's angular type was made use of in Scotland, and in 1837 Alston's Roman type was introduced. From that time several modifications have been arranged in Great Britain, Germany and America. But they have all been found too difficult for the majority of the blind to decipher in consequence of numerous lines and intricate forms. Indeed, the Council of the British and Foreign Blind Association has condemned such forms in these distinct words: "The Roman character in all its existing forms, is so complicated that it requires long education and great acuteness of touch to read it with ease, and its universal adoption would be tantamount to the total exclusion of the great majority of the blind from the privilege of reading."

There have been also put forth the stenographic systems of Messrs. Frere and Lucas, but though the characters are simple they are burdened with numerous contractions difficult for the aged, the nervous and the uneducated to acquire and to master.

Braille's dotted system, though easily learnt probably by the young, is unsuit-

able for the adult, to all accustomed to rough manual labour, and to the advanced in years.

Accordingly Dr. Moon set to work to attempt the completion of a system of reading adapted to all classes and ages of the blind. As he very touchingly says himself—"By Divine blessing upon my endeavours, I was enabled to project a plan embracing very simple characters for the alphabet, which is composed principally of the Roman letters in their original or slightly modified forms, combined with full orthography. Some few of the new complex letters of the Roman alphabet could not be altered to advantage, and I therefore substituted new characters in their stead, and when the alphabet was completed it was found to consist of nine distinct characters of very simple formation placed in various positions."

So that this alphabet actually consists of eight of the Roman letters unaltered, fourteen others with parts left out, and five new and very simple forms, which may be easily learnt by the aged, and even by persons, as we ourselves have seen, whose fingers are hardened by work.

This ingenious alphabet is of universal application, and has been already adapted to 80 different languages, alike European and Asiatic, African and South American. We give an illustration of the forms in ten different languages, of the embossed character, by the kind favour of Sir Charles A. Lowther, a most zealous and munificent friend of the blind. Since Dr. Moon began his really invaluable labours, 100,000 volumes have been circulated, including portions and the whole of the Word of God.

Dr. Moon's library for the blind, in his type, which may fairly be termed the universal type for the blind, now comprises, in addition to the Holy Scriptures and a large number of single chapters, 37 volumes of Religious Works, 53 Biographies, 49 volumes of Tales and Anecdotes, 27 volumes of Poetry, 4 of History of England, 2 of Geography, 4 of Biblical Science, 1 of Natural History, 1 of Astronomy, an atlas of the Stars, a Primer, and several easy reading Books, a Spelling Book, a Grammar, and many volumes in foreign languages.

Is not this a pleasant amount of good work manfully done in the truest spirit of religious philanthropy? We think it is; and we beg therefore very earnestly to commend this little book to the persual of all, whose hearts are moved by the sufferings, and whose energies are devoted to the mental and moral improvement of their fellow sufferers.

It must be very gratifying to Dr. Moon to have been permitted to see the great result of his labours, and the general appreciation and admiration of his strenuous anxiety to benefit his fellow sufferers.

We are not all permitted to have here this always deep satisfaction to the thoughtful, the benevolent and the religious; but still for all true workers for God and man "their works do follow them."

Dr. Moon in the later hours of his life, has the intense happiness, in the Providence of God, of finding that he has not altogether sowed, or planted, or laboured in vain.

We take the liberty of adding, that any brethren who may be desirous of trying Dr. Moon's invaluable system, by applying to the Editor of the "Masonic Magazine," 198, Fleet Street, will be put in the way of obtaining what they desire.

W.

THE PALACE OF THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

CARL MAUCH'S JOURNEYS IN SOUTH-EAST AFRICA.

(*Continued from page* 19.)

THIS was on the 31st of August, 1871, and here the traveller stayed till May 21st, 1872; but he soon gathered intelligence of the vicinity of the ruined edifices which tradition had so long indicated there. On the 3rd of September his perseverance was rewarded by the finding of another gold-field, from which, during succeeding months he washed out enough, at least, to assure himself of the richness of the alluvial deposits; and on the 5th of the same month he achieved the crowning success and guerdon of his long and lonesome researches in the discovery of the long-sought ruins of Zimbabye, Zimbase, or Mazembase; defaced, shattered, and weather-beaten by the storms of many centuries, but still standing in their weird

and mystic grandeur on the summit of a lofty hill of granite. Well might he exclaim, as he stood almost bewildered, and these things passed before him as a dream, "God be praised for this: to Him be honour." From 1867, when he first heard of these ruins, and 1868, when the fuller description was given him, his heart had been set on this achievement, and now, on the 5th September, 1871, he stood upon the heights of Zimbabye, the discoverer of the long-sought relics of a civilization which ages ago had passed from Africa. On a granite hill, 400 feet above the level of the country, and about 4,000 feet above the sea, stood the massive walls, apparently of a fortress, impregnable to enemies provided only with ancient implements of warfare. One portion of the wall, frowning over the very edge of a precipice, was still about 30 feet in height, 12 feet in thickness at its base, and six or seven feet along the ruined top. Circular in form, with irregular or zigzag walls continued round the summit of the hill, and forming passages now blocked up. It was impossible to trace with accuracy a plan of the various parts of the building, for the fallen stones, rubbish, and vegetation had in many places nearly obliterated it; the western slope of the hill especially being covered with the ruins; and it may well be understood that our poor traveller, who, at the risk of his life, and robbed of nearly all his outfit, had reached these ruins, was obliged to leave to a future time the task of clearing away the accumulated rubbish, to seek for relics that might fix a date or indicate the nationality of these edifices. Nevertheless, some remarkable facts are pointed out; the walls were built *without* mortar, and of small hewn granite blocks, about the size of our bricks, as if abundant labour, but no machinery for moving heavy weights, had been at the command of the architects. From the under side of these walls several beams of close-grained, dark-coloured stone projected; they were probably 15 or 20 feet long, but much of their length was built into the wall to give them firmness. These sections were ellipsoid, their depth 8 inches, and their thickness from 2½ to 4 inches, showing that the architects well knew what form would afford the greatest strength with the least possible weight. On these beams the only attempt at ornament in the form of zigzag or diagonal lines and lozenge-shaped figures was observed—a broken bowl of soft stone was also found in the ruins. On the plain, about half a mile from this hill, stands another large round tower, about 150 yards in diameter and 24 feet high, the walls being twelve feet thick at the base and eight at the top. The most noteworthy building in this rondeau is a small tower, with no observable entrance, about 30 feet high, 15 feet in diameter at its base, cylindrical to about 10 feet high and thence tapering to a diameter of 8 feet at the top.

After long and patient inquiry, Mauch was referred to a survivor of one of the ancient tribes to whom all the traditions respecting the ruins were known, and from this man he learned that one of the towers was called the House of the Great Princess, or Palace of the Queen; and also that in former times it had been the custom for the people to assemble at intervals of three or four years for solemn feast and sacrifice. The High Priest (for so Mauch renders his title,) with his assistants—viz., two maidens, two young women, and a man, went round among the people, and was greeted with clapping of hands. Two young oxen and a young cow, all black and without blemish, were brought forward, and of these, the cow was bound, laid upon the pyre, and burned alive. One of the oxen was slaughtered and eaten on the spot, and the other was brought to the mountain to some distance outside the circular wall, killed, and its flesh left for wolves and vultures. The High Priest now betook himself to his sanctum, and from the before-mentioned bowl scattered beer around him and prayed. He prayed that Mali (or the Father) would remove all disease from among them, and suffer not the healthy to become diseased. This ended, the assembly fell upon their faces exclaiming, "The High Throned has made all right." The festivities occupied a few more days, and the people dispersed to their homes.

Mauch's informant was said to be a son of the High Priest Tenja, who had performed these religious ceremonies for thirty or forty years; but one evening, encountering his enemy, Mangapi, he was barbarously murdered, and his sons, not having learned the use of all the implements, or the routine of the ceremonies, could not

continue the sacrifices. This man, Bebareke by name, lived still in the neighbourhood with his family, but apart from the new-comers, to whom he was unaccustomed. Mauch offered him a blue blanket, or a white one with red stripes, red beads, or brass, but he declined, as he could only wear or use ornaments that were black. He gave Mauch his son Mudsuru to be a guide to Senna, that he might be taken to Europe and instructed in the mode of making offerings. Mauch describes him as a true, faithful, and right-hearted guide and companion; and greatly lamented that the destitute condition in which he reached Senna rendered it impossible for him to afford the charges of bringing his friend to Europe, and obliged him to part from him there.

Mauch remarks upon the similarity of the sacrifices just described to those of the Israelites, and thinks we should not be far wrong if we suppose that the Queen of Sheba, during her stay in Jerusalem, became converted to the religion of the Jews, and on her return with skilled Phœnician builders to oversee and instruct her own people, raised these edifices as a copy of the Temple on Mount Moriah and Solomon's Palace in her own land near the sources of the Sabia River.

The Portuguese knew for three or four hundred years of the existence of these ruins, and reported them as equal in magnificence to those of ancient Rome; but they were ancient then, and were even at that time supposed to be the palace and city of the Queen of Sheba.

In the rondeau on the plain stands also a double giant tree, the only one to be found in the country, probably the same known as the *Almnegem* or *Algumim*, and at Quillimane Mauch saw a native resin that burned with a similar odour, and learned that these trees were common on the lower Zambesi. They are not generally known, but no doubt will yet become an article of commerce.

In 1872 Mauch continued his journey northward from Zimbabye, crossing various sources of the Sabia River, and passing about seven miles east of the village of Umtigesi (visited by Baines on the 16th July, 1870), and four or five miles east of the mountain called Tuthaba Wahula, or Woedza, also seen and laid down by Mr. Baines.

The watershed, as laid down by coincident observations of the two travellers, passes west and east north of Umtigesi, so that the Kitore and other rivulets flowing thence cannot go north to the Zambesi as laid down by Guido Cora, but must, as shown on Petermann's map, form the head-waters of the Sabia. In about latitude 18° 15′ south, and 32° 10′ east longitude, another group of ruins was passed, and Mauch applied the name of Altar to one particular stone among these. (It is well known from travellers in Matabeleland that large rocks are enclosed, and that the Mashonas resort to them for religious purposes.) Here the traveller crossed the watershed, and the sources of the Zambezian tributaries henceforth supplied their needs. In 17° 46′ south, 32° 40′ east, ruins were again found, and north-west of the Jaukombe River, and south of the Nâké River of Dr. Livingstone, in latitude 17° 30′, longitude 32° 50′, Mauch discovered still another, and at present his last, gold-field, to which he gave the name of Kaiser Wilhelm, naming the mountain which bounded it on the north-west Bismarck, and one to the south-east Moltke.

Here the natives wash the river sand for alluvial gold, finding nuggets as large as hazel nuts, and asking leave of none but their own chiefs, who take the larger pieces as their tribute. The gold is sent for barter to the Portuguese. The chief of this district is named Somalia. Thence he travelled east-south-east to Makombe, the chief of the Baloka; then east-north-east to the Zambesi, about 10 miles south of Senna; thence he proceeded to Quillimane, and there obtained a passage to Europe.

Mauch concludes his journal of his eight years' wanderings in the interior of south-eastern Africa with the expressed hope that the facts he has brought to light may be the means of inducing the equipment of a better-provided and properly organized scientific expedition to explore the country thoroughly, and make known to the world its treasures of archæology and its mineral and other riches.—*The Guardian.*

MOZART AS A FREEMASON.

An address delivered in the Lodge "Astræa Zur grunen Raute" and "der drei

Schwerter," after the initiation of two Brethren distinguished for musical ability. Translated from the German, by Brother Charles H. Titus, Jr.

Perhaps you remember that I some time ago communicated to you a history of our ROYAL ART, how it spread from England through Hamburg to Berlin, to us and all the northern part of Germany. It would be natural for me now—in spite of such scanty information—to wish to sketch for you also the spread of Masonry in other German states, particularly in Austria, under the noble, liberal Emperor, Joseph II., (whose father, Francis I., had joined the Society in Italy). The material for this, however, is very meagre; but in this connection another item is found, which will certainly address itself to every Brother Mason, and especially to all musicians, and those who are to-day initiated.

What Brother would not at once by that most noble song of the Masons—"In these sacred halls," "In diesen heil'gen Hallen," be reminded of Brother Mozart? And what Brother would not rejoice to hear that he belonged to our Order, and of the influence it exerted upon him?

On this point we find admirable intimations in the excellent biography of Mozart, by Otto Jahn, who, however, speaks as one of the profane.

He says: "It is well known that in the last part of the previous century the inclination, through secret unions and fraternal orders, which were for the most part in some way connected with Freemasonry, to promote intellectual, moral and political advancement, was wide spread in Germany, and won a mighty influence, which was, perhaps, most plainly manifested in the traces which it had impressed upon the literature of that time. A review of the most important events belonging to this period is given in Schlosser's History of the *Eighteenth Century*, Vol. III., page 278, and Gervinus' History of the German National Literature, Vol. V., page 274.

However much or little has been attained in this way towards the true elevation of mankind, by whatever excesses of folly or crime, even riotousness and deceit, the alluring forms of a secret society have been abused, we must point out the fact that princes—among them Frederick the Great—that the noblest and greatest minds of our nation, Lessing, Herder, Wieland, Goethe, have sought in the Order of Freemasonry an effective means of attaining their highest aims. It is sufficient here to mention what Goethe said in his eulogy on Wieland: "If this long-established and (after many vicissitudes) oft-re-established Union were in need of a testimony, then could this most welcome fact be brought forward, that a man, rich in talent, wise, prudent, circumspect, experienced, right-minded and temperate, believed that he found among us his equals; felt, while among us, that he was in a society which he, accustomed to the best, gladly acknowledged as the consummation of his natural and social wishes." Moreover, Wieland himself declares, "that, by the spiritual temple of Freemasonry, no other or more worthy object could be signified than the earnest, active and constant striving of every pure and honest Mason, by unwearied preparation, to bring, first of all, himself, and then, so far as possible, those united with him, even nearer to this idea of humanity: that man is destined to be a living stone in the eternal temple of God, and that he has already in his rough nature all the necessary qualifications."

To the golden words, which our noble Brother Wieland has so significantly spoken for the encouragement of all younger, newly initiated Brethren, I quote in addition, from Tanti Sainct Nicaise, the words of the distinguished Brother, Kessler Von Sprengseisen:

"To do good, to relieve the distress of mankind, to spread enlightenment among his fellows, to soften human animosities, to be continually zealous; in all this not to grow weary,—this—this is the true *duty of the Mason, the secret of the Order.* Mysteries of secondary importance are the ceremonies by which one of the profane becomes a Freemason. How much the Order contributes to the now prevailing toleration, especially among the religious parties, is so evident that I need not enlarge thereon"

Very conceiveable it is, that in Vienna, also, as there the striving for enlightenment and improvement was actively aroused under the Emperor Joseph, the form of the secret society was found of use, as being particularly effective and serviceable for that purpose. In the year 1781,

a union was formed of the most eminent minds of Vienna, under the guidance of the noble and accomplished Ignaz von Born. The object of this union was to promote the advancement of the freedom of thought and of conscience favoured by the government, and to fight against superstition and fanaticism; consequently, against the principal support of both, the monastic order.

Reinhold and the friends of his youth, Alxinger, Haschka, Leon, Ratschky and Aloys Blumauer, formerly a Jesuit, then also Van Swieten and Censor, were the most zealous participants in this league. To maintain the outward union of those who were joined in mind and heart, they made use of the forms of Masonry. Their lodge bore the name "Zur wahren Eintracht," (The True Harmony), and they worked for a long time, indirectly supported by the government of Joseph, on the plan which they had marked out, with much effect and a successful result. With the weapons of learning and eloquence, now in earnest, now in jesting tones, they unitedly fought against those who, in this kind of contest, were by no means skilful adversaries.

From this circle (to which other men of importance, such as Sonnenfels, Ratzer and Gemmingen belonged) proceeded the satirical poems of Born and Blumauer against the monastic life, which at that time had an extraordinary effect.

The Vienna "Realzeitung," edited by Blumauer, was the scientific organ through which it was sought to remove in the slow manner by which they came, superstition and prejudice, according to the principle of Blumauer, that the work of enlightenment advances slowly, and that the unlearning of things which have been once hammered into the head demands much more time than the learning. Naturally, Freemasonry became the *mode* in Vienna, and it was much misused. Caroline Pichler accounts for this in her Memoirs, book 1, page 105, from the fact that the Order of the Freemasons was conducted with a very ludicrous publicity and ostentation. Freemasons' songs were composed, printed, and universally sung. Freemasons' jewels were worn as trinkets on the watch chains; the women received white gloves from apprentices and fellows, and many articles of fashion were called "a la franc macon." Many men allowed themselves to be initiated out of curiosity, entered the Order and enjoyed at least the delights of the table-Lodge. Others had other objects. It was at that time not without profit to belong to this Brotherhood, which had members in all the colleges, and everywhere had influences to draw into its bosom overseers, presidents and governors. Then one Brother helped the other. The Brotherhood was upheld everywhere. Those who did not belong thereto often met hindrances: this fact allured many. Again, others, who were more honest or more circumscribed, sought with devout minds higher secrets, and thought to find in the Order information about secret sciences, about the philosopher's stone, about intercourse with spirits. Whether these criticisms of the profane were founded in truth, I leave to the opinion of every worthy Brother; but that now, and for a long time, Masonry, especially as purified after the system of Schroeder, has made any further abuse of the kind impossible, is sufficiently evident. Charitable the Masons certainly were. Much was done in the Lodges for the poor and unfortunate.

There were eight Lodges in Vienna in 1785. The oldest, "Zur Gekronten Hoffnung" (Crowned Hope), was the one to which Mozart belonged. There were in the same Lodge many noble and rich members. But in December, 1785, after the people in Bavaria and elsewhere, in the pursuit of their investigations against the Illuminati, had also commenced to persecute Freemasonry, the Emperor Joseph issued a decree, in which, with the severe expression "that he knew not the secrets of the Order, and did not wish to experience the jugglery of the same," he recognized Freemasonry on condition of certain reforms, and placed it under the protection of the state,—a thing which was done according to the will of this wise monarch from a particular motive,—to remove the many Lodges in small places and suffer them only in great cities.

This decree, praised by some as a proof of the highest wisdom and favour, lamented by others as the ruin of true Masonry, gave occasion for violent disputes; it moreover caused the accomplishment of another purpose, namely, the fusion of the eight existing lodges into three, by order of the

Specimens of Dr. Moon's Type for the Blind.

As applied to foreign languages.

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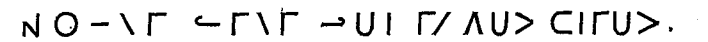
French,



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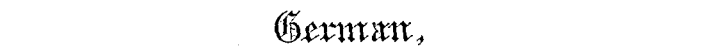

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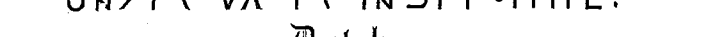

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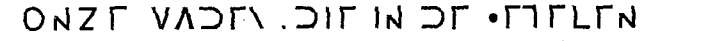

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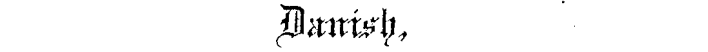

Armenian,

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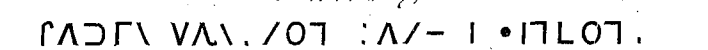


Ningpo,

104, Queen's Road, Brighton.

W. H. TAYLOR, Sc. BRIGHTON.

Emperor. Born, who disapproved the change, and who had previously been universally respected, had to endure many personal attacks; an unpleasant encounter with Joseph Kratter called forth a long list of odious pamphlets. Born withdrew altogether fron the Lodge in 1786. This was a perceptible loss for the intellectual vigour of the Lodge. Others followed his example. The Order was obliged to submit openly to ever-increasing assaults and suspicions, which afterwards led to public ill-will against it. But not a few Brethren remained constant. Mozart belonged to those zealous ones, and up to the time of his death was interested in the lodge. He even, according to information imparted by his wife, had entertained the idea of establishing a secret society of his own, "die Grotto," and drew up rules for it.

The thought of being helped on to success through the Order could scarcely have moved Mozart to enter it; such considerations did not exist in his character. The result shows this, for his connection with the Order was of no pecuniary profit to him. His relations with Puchberg, of whom he speaks later in his letters, were purely private, even if the circumstance that they were Freemasons exercised an important influence thereon. In the respect in which the Order stood when Mozart came to Vienna, when the most important, most cultivated men, whom he everywhere met in the best society, belonged to it, it is not to be wondered at if Mozart was also attracted to it; indeed, the necessity of a more earnest, more solid and more intellectual conversation, which he would expect to see satisfied here, must have led him thither. But we find also other traits deeply implanted in Mozart's nature, which were so allied with what the Order designated as its chief object, that they well show why Mozart, that genial, honest man, joined himself with his whole soul to this society. Above all, his humanity, his warm sympathy for human joys and sorrows, the heartfelt longing to help and to do good, which amounted even to a weakness in him; but most of all an active feeling for friendship, which was peculiarly prominent in his character, must have induced him to join the Order. A society which had for its object the fraternization of its members could not but possess strong attractions for him; so much the more as that peculiarly lively feeling of independence, which he possessed in common with every great nature,—the belief that a man should not be esteemed merely for his rank, station, and ancestral outward belongings, but for his true worth,—found satisfaction in the corresponding principle of the equality of every brother within the Order. The polemic position which the society assumed toward the monks would have the effect to attract rather than repel him.

If we have found grounds sufficient to show Mozart's attachment to the Order of Freemasonry, then we can accept with certainty the fact that his participation in the same exerted an influence on his advancement. That earnest and lively struggle for a freedom depending on intellectual and moral improvement which was so fervent at that time in Vienna, would in those years be essentially defended by the Freemasons. That Mozart was in earnest with Freemasonry is best shown by the fact that he exerted himself with success to move his worthy father to enter the Order; a testimony which his lodge has given him in the funeral oration delivered at his death.

To his connection with Freemasonry, Mozart as a composer is indebted for many impulses, inasmuch as the "Macic Flute" "(Zauberflote)" was not only in plan and text founded on Freemasonry, but the musical ideas also were essentially controlled by it. Here we may mention the compositions which Mozart prepared for appointed festivals in the Lodge. Naturally, they were written for male voices only, and betray also that he bound himself to certain conditions and limitations.

A song of a soft, pleasing character is the "Gesellenreise," composed on the 26th of March, 1785, which is printed with different text in Opus VI., page 28, and which we, if it be thought best, might appropriate to ourselves through our beloved musical brethren. The original text runs:

"Ye who to a new grade of knowledge now advance, walk firmly on your way; know that it is the path of wisdom. Only the unwearied may approach the source of light."

Another song, composed earlier, is accompanied by the organ, with a chorus for tenor and bass voices, and similar

choruses for three voices are made use of in other Freemasons' cantatas. So, for an example, in the original manuscript of Mozart in the possession of Andre, the text of which begins, "Dir Seele des Weltalls, o Sonne," etc., (To thee, soul of the universe, O sun, etc.); as also the cantata composed in honour of the oft-mentioned Brother Born, on the 20th April, 1785, engraved at Vienna and sold for the benefit of the poor, which was performed in the presence of Mozart's father a short time before his departure. This with other words has been arranged for use in church.

The second Freemasons' cantata was composed on the 15th of November, 1791, and was brought out by Mozart a few days afterwards in the Lodge "zur gekronten Hoffnung." It is the last work which he completed. The score, with the original text, was published by Joseph Hraschanski at Vienna, for the benefit of Mozart's family, under the title "Mozart's last Masterpiece"; and through the kindness of Brother Gretschel, now gone to the eternal East, the brethren of our lodge heard this cantata under the title, "Lob der Freundschaft," (Praise of Friendship,) with great delight.

A composition of wonderful beauty and of the highest peculiar character is the Masonic funeral music, composed in July, 1785, on the occasion of the death of Brothers Mecklenburg and Esterhazy, for the orchestra, which was published as Opus 114 by Andre of Offenbach. That Masonry by its stand against the monks had gained many enemies may be seen from the fact that Mozart's father, who, as well as his son, was in the service of the Archbishop Hieronymus Colloredo, at Selzburg, feared lest his son might hint at the secret of the Order in his letters, since he generally received them already opened.

In a truly sublime style Mozart writes about death to his father, who was taken into the Masonic Society while on a visit to his son, when he was suffering from sickness:

"Since death is the true end of our life, I have for a few years past made myself so well acquainted with this true, best friend of man, that its image has not only nothing terrible for me, but is very full of rest and comfort! And I thank my God that he has granted me the good fortune to provide for me the opportunity (you understand me) to learn to know him as the key to our true happiness." These expressions are a proof of the high moral earnestness with which Mozart, in his connection with Freemasonry, sought for enlightenment on the highest questions of being. It will not be without interest to compare the utterances on death and immortality of Baggesen, whose excellent song for the bass voice, "O selig, wer dies Pilgerleben," etc., (O happy, who this pilgrim life, etc.,) is often sung among us, and who was an enthusiastic Freemason. (Correspondence, Book I, page 314).

The letter of Mozart sets the seal on that beautiful, pure and manly relation which existed between father and son; in the face of death stood they as men prepared through the conviction that pure love and faithfulness, earnest striving for morality and truth, reach beyond the bounds of earthly being.

Now, permit me, my dear Brethren, to close with the following brief extract from the funeral oration on Mozart:

"He was in life good and kind and upright, a Mason in intellect and feelings; the darling of music,—for he raised us to higher experiences. Severed now is the tie! Him shall the blessings of Masons follow, joyously and confidently, for our Brotherly love shall lead him even to the land of harmonies. We in silence followed his steps as he sought those whom fate had struck down, as he to the widow's huts so often carried the unboasted gifts, where he built his fame on the blessing of orphans, gave his cloak to naked poverty, and trusted to God for the reward which followed him to the grave; who, rocked by the siren songs of flattery, could rejoice in the joyous glances of his poor Brothers, and not forget to be a *man*."

We select the following interesting items in explanation of the foregoing, from Edward Holmes' charming "Life of Mozart," published by Harper & Brothers in 1845:

"Mozart had now [1783] for some time been enrolled a Brother of a Lodge of Freemasons at Vienna, and had the honour to compose the music for most of the remarkable solemnities and festivals of that Order. The jolities of this club seem to have been much to his taste, and often raised his spirits when depressed by too close attention to composition.

"The visit of Mozart's father lasted six weeks [1785). He was now in declining health, much afflicted with the gout, and, during his whole stay, almost constantly indisposed. However, what could be done to make the time pass cheerfully was done; he heard music at home and abroad, and was carried by his son to the Lodge of Freemasons, and initiated into the mysteries of that Fraternity.

"In the middle of this year [1785] he composed several songs, an orchestral dirge for the Freemasons' Lodge, on occasion of the death of a distinguished brother of the house of Mecklenburg and Esterhazy, and the pianoforte quartette in G minor.

"The plan of the 'Zauberflote' originated about May in this year [1791], with Schickaneder, Mozart's old acquaintance, and the companion of his revels. The theatre of which this man was the manager was fast falling into a ruinous condition, partly from his own carelessness, partly from the absence of public patronage; and in a half-distracted state he came to Mozart, telling him that he was the only man who could relieve him from his embarrassment. 'I!' replied Mozart, 'how can that be?' 'By composing for me an opera to suit the taste of the description of people who attend my theatre. To a certain point you may consult that of the connoisseurs and your own glory; but have a particular regard to that class of persons who are not judges of good music. I will take care that you shall have the poem shortly, and that the decorations shall be handsome: in a word, that everything shall be agreeable to the present mode.' Touched by the entreaties of Schickaneder, Mozart promised to undertake the business for him. 'What remuneration do you require?' asked the manager. 'Why, it seems that you have nothing to give me,' returned Mozart; 'however, we will so arrange the matter that I may not quite lose my labour, and yet enable you to extricate yourself from your difficulties. You shall have the score, and give me what you please for it, on condition that you will not allow any copies to be taken. If the opera succeeds, I will dispose of it to other theatres, and that will repay me.'

"The delighted manager closed this advantageous bargain with the most solemn assurances of good faith. Mozart soon set to work, and so far kindly consulted the taste, or rather interest, of Schickaneder, who was constantly with him during the progress of the 'Zauberflote,' as to strike out whole scenes that displeased him, and to compose one duet five times over in order to satisfy him. In a few weeks the opera was produced; its reputation spread throughout Germany, and it was soon performed by several provincial companies; but, alas! not one of them received the score from Mozart! The cruelty which Schickaneder in this instance superadded to his black ingratitude was chiefly shown in his being fully aware of the necessitous condition of the man whom he thus basely defrauded. Mozart did not permit conduct of this kind to disturb his equanimity. When made fully aware of the manager's treachery, he exclaimed, 'The wretch!' and dismissed the matter from his thoughts.

"It was during the composition of the 'Zauberflote' that the eruption of those symptoms which portend decay of the vital powers and a general breaking up of the constitution first appeared. As usual, he grew interested in his work, and wrote by day and night, but not, as formerly, with impunity. He sunk over his composition into frequent swoons, in which he remained for several minutes before consciousness returned. His health suffered so much, that in the month of June he suspended for a time his labours on the 'Zauberflote,' and made a short excursion to Baden. It is entered in his catalogue as finished in July, though it was not performed till the 30th of September. That it was not quite finished, however, at that time, but submitted to various alterations and additions, will presently appear.

"While engaged in the hurried composition of 'La Clemenza di Tito,' his last opera, he was in the daily habit of visiting a neighbouring coffee-house with some friends, for the purpose of recreating himself with billiards. One day, they observed that he drew a book at intervals from his pocket, in the midst of his game, and humming as he made some hasty memoranda in it, pursued his play. The company at Dussek's house (where he was living) were soon after astonished to hear him perform the beautiful quintette in the first act of the 'Zauberflote,' Hm, hm, hm, which he had completed in this manner.

"Towards the close of September [1791] he was again at Vienna, where the 'Zauberflote' only awaited the last touches to be quite ready for representation. On the 28th of this month he composed the memorable overture and a priest's march. The opera was produced on the 30th with a success which fully warranted the manager's prediction.

"By the advice of his physician the score of the 'Requiem' was taken from him. This, for a time, had a good effect; the removal of the work which so fatally excited his imagination caused a sensible improvement in his health, and by the middle of November he was so far recovered as to be able to attend a meeting of his old friends, the Freemasons. Their joy at seeing him again among them, and the excellent performance of a little cantata which he had just written for them, entitled 'The Praise of Friendship' ('Das Lob der Freundschaft'), greatly revived his spirits. On reaching home after this festival, he said to his wife, 'Oh, Stanerl, how madly they have gone on about my cantata. If I did not know that I had written better things, I should have thought that my best composition.'"

In the catalogue of his works is mentioned "A Cantata: 'The Joy of Freemasons,' composed in April, 1875."

He was born January 27, 1756; died December 5, 1791, aged thirty-five years and ten months.—*Keystone, America.*

HUBERT AND IDA;
A LEGEND OF S. SWITHIN'S EVE.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

Glorious sunset rays were glinting,
Hill and dale, and mount and lea,
Purpling white smoke curling upwards
From the minute gun at sea.

Tinting all the rippling waters,
And the vessels sailing o'er;
Making golden tower and steeple,
With the glories as of yore.

Twilight came upon the ocean,
Came and touched the ancient town;
Slumb'rous shadows brooded over
Lofty headland, noble down.

And the curfew sounding sweetly,
Caught by western evening breeze,
Floated over tower and steeple,
Over those soft summer seas.

All around seemed calm and peaceful,
All on earth in sea and sky,
Just as if there were no sorrow,
Strife and discord ever nigh.

Just as if this were a heaven,
And no sin-stained stricken earth,
Where the battle wages ever—
'Tween good and evil,—sadness, mirth.

So thought Countess Eva gravely,
As she looked o'er sea and land;
Looked out westward through the gloaming,
Seeking loved ones on the strand.

One a fair and stately maiden,
Eldest of a noble band,
And another loved as fondly,
Walking with her hand in hand.

Sauntering careless in the twilight,
Over shingle, yellow sand,
In and out, o'er rocks and caverns
Still they linger hand in hand.

Now the tide is creeping, crawling
Like a treacherous snake it moves,
Slowly round the cliffs and upwards,
Towards those Countess Eva loves.

Looking down from beetling crag-path,
High above the fated pair,
Countess Eva sees the peril,
Of the dear ones loitering there.

The summer moon a path of glory
Spreads across the glassy sea;
Billow over billow rolling,
With a soft sound ceaselessly.

Onwards with a stealthy motion
As a truant creeping home,
See the tide comes sweeping, flowing,
With the white crest of its foam.

In the pathway of the moonbeams,
Where they shimmer on the strand,
By chill waters now surrounded,
Still they wander hand in hand.

Seeking here and there some outlet,
Hoping yet some path to find,
Which may lead them yet to safety,
Leaving treach'rous sands behind.

Vainly do they call for succour,
None are near to help and save;
Rushing waters come between them,
Both must find a watery grave.

Oh! the terrible despairing,
Oh! the anxious bitter cry
Of the mother who above them
Standing breathless, sees them die.

Sees the waters lapping round them,
Narrowing ever where they stand,
Till a last sad vestige only
Now remains of shifting sand.

And the lover's mute appealing
To the God who reigns above,
Seems but mocked by swelling waters,
As they bear him from his love.

So in death e'en they're divided,
For a cruel hungry wave
Carries her away, and sunders
That brief union in the grave.

A love of years, a love of childhood,
Which had only grown with time,
Now to close, oh, bitter ending,
Just when both are in their prime.

Still he would have borne it bravely,
Called that painful past but sweet,
If the false sea had not robbed him—
E'en in death, of her so meet.

Parted by the glittering wavelets,
Plashing idly on the shore,
Just a little distance only,
But to meet, oh! nevermore.

From the grave he could not save her,
Though he now himself might save,
For a huge wave bears him safely
To the shore, to find a grave.

Just across the streak of glory,
Comes a shadow and a cloud,
Winds are rising now and sobbing,
As of death and of a shroud.

Dimly sees he coming towards him,
Washing nearer with each wave,
What was only now the maiden
Whom he loved, but could not save.

Clambering up, on a rock above him,
Looking down on that sweet face,
Borne so close beneath him, peaceful,
Full till now of light and grace.

Can he live now she is taken
From his side in fear and pain?
Can he look on her dear mother?
Ne'er on this earth, ne'er again!

She, the stately noble lady,
Standing awestruck, shrieks for aid;
But, alas! no echo answers;
All her fond hopes sadly fade.

Grief and fear o'ercome the mother,
Standing 'neath that placid moon;
Calling vainly for assistance,
Sinking down in helpless swoon.

But the lover hears the last cry,
Dimly distant though it seems,
Just as one hears sounds and voices
In the visions that are dreams.

Dimly sounds the shrill beseeching—
Wail that comes adown the breeze;
Like the cry of some strange night-bird,
Hid midst grand old forest trees.

Something told him that a mother's
Sad, sad cry, gone up on high,
Had repeated the old story—
Earthly love is born to die.

That this world is not for ever;
That here pleasure leads to pain;
And the happiness of summer
Soon brings winter in its train.

And with one wild sob of madness,
Holding life without her cheap,
Looking down upon the waters,
Hubert took the fatal leap.

Down to where fair Ida, lying
In a little fairy cove;
Where the straggling moonbeams wandered,
And the wave plashed soft above.

* * * * * * *

And the fishers tell the story,
How one, passing on the cliff,
Saw the tragedy enacted;
Saw the corpses stark and stiff.

When the tide had slowly fallen,
Leaving these two on the shore,
He descended with another,
And with help the lovers bore

Up the craggy path and homeward,
To the castle of the Lord,
Where the sad tale they related,
Of the daughter he adored.

Side by side the lovers lie now
In the great ancestral tomb,
'Neath the stately fane where slumber,
All the dead in endless gloom.

Countess Eva now amongst them,
Never did she come again,

But on that drear night she wandered
Over breezy down and plain.

Gone distraught and always asking
When would Ida soon return;
Sinking slowly, ever sinking,
Her life's lamp doth feebly burn.

And at last the Countess Bertram
Went the way we all must go;
And the old baronial mansion
Was once more the house of woe.

Now they all are gone and vanished;
Naught remains to tell of those,
Save the sculptured urn and hatchments,
Showing where they now repose.

But the fishermen still show you
That great rock the Lover's Leap,
And the Fairy Cove, and tell you
Tales that make your cold blood creep.

How once every year at even
Two young forms do wend their way,
Over sand and over shingle,
Towards the cliffs out near the bay.

How the tragic scene's repeated
Where the faithful lovers died,
Where the bodies were discovered,
And the mother wildly cried.

And some think the place is haunted,
But of that I cannot say,
Only on St. Swithin's Even,
Naught would make me pass that way.

* * * * * * *

Still the glorious rays are glinting
Hill and dale, and mount and lea;
Still the white smoke purples upwards
From the minute gun at sea.

Just another cloudless evening
Like the time I said before,
And the sunset on the steeple
Brings back glories as of yore.

Tells such stories as I tell now,
Of a day now long gone by;
Just to bring back the remembrance
Of some lost chord silently.

Some sweet scent—a sound of music,—
Some one word—how oft they bring
A joy, a sorrow, or a something
That perchance to which we cling.

So this hour and day have brought me
Back to this old legend too,
And I tell you as I've heard it,
Vouching that at least 'tis true.

And if you can find that old town,
Which stands nobly by the sea;
With its Church an ancient building
Founded by the Bruce, say we:

Then on asking they will show you,
Fairy Cove and Lover's Leap,
And I trow will show you also
Those grey cliffs so bold and steep.

June, 1875.

DR. DASSIGNY'S ENQUIRY.

(Continued from page 8.)

A MASON, as a lover of quiet, is always subject to the civil powers, provided they do not infringe upon the limited bounds of religion and reason, and it was never yet known that a real Craftsman was concerned in any dark plot, designs or contrivances against the state; because the welfare of the nation is alone his peculiar care, so that from the highest to the lowest step of magistracy, due regard and deference is paid by him.

But as Masonry hath at several times felt the injurious effects of war, bloodshed and devastation it was a stronger engagement to the Craftsmen to act agreeable to the rules of peace and loyalty, the many proofs of which behaviour, hath occasioned the antient kings and powers to protect and defend them. But if a Brother should be so far unhappily mistaken as to rebel against the state, he would meet with no countenance from his fellows, and tho' he could not for that crime alone be excluded the lodge, the Brethren would keep no private converse with him, whereby the government might have cause to be jealous or keep the least umbrage.

A Mason, in regard to himself, is carefully to avoid all manner of intemperance or excess, which might obstruct him in the performance of the necessary duties of his laudable profession, or lead him into any crimes which would reflect dishonour upon the antient fraternity.

He is to treat his inferiors as he would have his superiors deal with him, wisely considering that the original of all man-

kind is the same, and tho' Masonry divests no man of his honour, yet does the Craft admit, that strictly to persue the paths of virtue, whereby a clear conscience may be preserv'd, is the only method to make any man noble.

A Mason is to be so far benevolent as never to shut his ear unkindly to the complaints of wretched poverty, but when a brother is oppressed by want, he is in a peculiar manner to listen to his sufferings with attention, in consequence of which pity must flow from his breast: and relief without prejudice according to his capacity.

A Mason is to pay due obedience to the authority of his master and presiding officers, and to behave himself meekly amongst his fellows, neither neglecting his usual occupation for the sake of masonry, nor to quarrel with the ignorant multitude for their ridiculous aspersions concerning it, but at his leisure hours he is required to study the arts and sciences with a diligent mind, that he may not only perform his duty to the great Creator, but also to his neighbour and to himself; for to walk humbly in the sight of GOD to do justice and to love mercy are the certain characteristicks of a real Mason, which qualifications I humbly hope they will possess to the end of time, and I dare venture to say that every true brother will join with me in *Amen.*

The benefits arising from a strict observance of the principles of the Craft, are so apparent, that I must believe every christian would be fond to profess and practice the same, because those principles tend to promote the happiness of life as they are founded on the basis of wisdom and virtue.

Now as it is every man's wish and design to accomplish the business of an happy life, how comes it that we see so many fall short of it? the reason I believe will appear conspicuous, when we reflect that the giddy crowd which are most numerous open a beaten tract which their erring and mistaken followers after their mad example pursue, leaving the light of reason behind them; and as the wise *Seneca* justly observes it fares "with us in human life, as "in a routed army, one stumbles first and "then another falls upon him, and so they "follow one upon the neck of another, till "the whole field comes to be but one heap "of miscarriages. Wherefore how careful "ought we then to be (if happiness is our "aim) to leave this croud, for true felicity "is not to be found there, but in a sound "mind which judges aright and perseveres "in such judgment, ever observing a due "decorum in our actions and squaring our "lives according to the dictates of right "reason." And surely it may engage the admiration of some that a Craft (whose antiquity is from time immemorial, and whose qualifications are not only proveable by the touch-stone of true merit) should meet with contempt or fall into decay; but when daily circumstances are the evident marks of my assertions, I must with some regret lay open the irregular deeds of mistaken men, and should be well pleased that they, seeing their follies, may no longer continue in them, but rather persue the the antient land marks of our virtuous Brethren.

In the first place as our priviledges and instructions, when rightly are made use of, are not only productive of our welfare on this side of the grave, but even our eternal happiness hereafter, they ought to be communicated to those alone who might improve and enhance their value; whereas on the contrary in several Lodges, too many have been fond of a trifling treat, and have sold their birthrights at a mean price even for a mess of potage; and instead of taking a due and especial care to enquire into the reputation or character of a candidate, they have imprudently hurried him into the Craft, and that perhaps too at an age before he arrived to mature discretion, or while under bondage and servitude contrary to the known constitutions.

REMARKS.

That this custom hath been too prevalent, I believe no one who hath been conversant with our Lodges will deny; and as it must give pain to every faithful Mason to see the sacred rules of the order profained or broke thro', I shall beg leave to acquaint the Brethren, that all persons admitted members of a lodge should bear the character of being free in birth and from bonds, for in juvenile years it is not to be expected that any one can be capable to promote the welfare of the Craft, which is or ought to be the real intention of introducing any member therein, who likewise ought to be without maim or defect, either in body or mind; the former being sufficient to prevent them from serving their Lords and Masters as

they ought, and the latter from falling into immoral or scandalous actions, which the Craft, instead of countenancing, ever showed the utmost abhorrence and detestation thereto.

And from the imprudence of introducing such members, various divisions and disputes have arose in Lodges, where the Brethren (instead of preserving the harmonious and friendly concord that ought to subsist amongst them) have unluckily fell into factious parties; so that unanimity, which will ever be the lasting cement of the Brotherhood hath been dissolved.

REMARKS.

As an house divided against itself cannot stand, so likewise is it absolutely essential that every community should preserve peace and harmony as the surest foundation of its welfare; and I cannot help expressing my concern to hear of so many idle and trifling disputes as lately have happened amongst some of the fraternity, occasioned, as I must imagine, by the unfortunate and inconsiderate election of their members; the examples of whom ought highly to engage us in a strict examination of the temper, disposition, and conduct of each candidate; for one contentious man may subvert and spoil the peace and quiet of our harmless hours, and as the old Proverb alledges.

Unica prava pecus in ficet omnia pecus.
One scabby sheep may infect an whole flock.

But how ridiculous do partisans concerning religion appear amongst us? Whereas the Craft, tho' founded upon that solid basis will admit of no such controversies, and provided we are not all of the same opinion in matters of faith, yet ought we ever to be of one mind in matters of Masonry; that is to labour justly, not to eat any men's bread for nought, but to the utmost of our capacity to love and serve each other, as Brethren of the same household ought to do: nor can I help judging it as great an absurdity in one man to quarrel with another, because he will not believe as he does, as it would be in him to be angry because he was not exactly of the same size and countenance, &c. but the true Brotherhood are resolved never to suffer any strife to enter into the door of the Lodge upon that or any other point whatsomever.

Some years ago I had the honour to introduce to the Grand Lodge a remonstrance, setting forth the necessity of a strict scrutiny into the candidates behaviour and character, which I humbly proposed should be by their having one months notice and upon receiving such intelligence, they (as having power) should appoint two of their members nicely to examine into the requisites, and tho' that most revered and august assembly did not agree to it at that particular juncture, I cannot held believing it would greatly tend to the honour and welfare of the Craft, and prevent some complaints of which we at present have cause to make mention of; but, however, shall always be fond to leave all matters of consideration to their mature and superior judgment.

The honours due to the Craft forbids me to pass over a certain set of unprofitable labourers, who under a pretence of knowledge in the art, strive to lead astray, after their irregular method, many persons of credit and reputation.

REMARKS.

It is too well known that in this city lately hath appeared a number of mean and low spirited wretches, who, (if ever just) have turned rebels to our well formed government and artfully brought into their iniquitous net several unguarded men, who from me shall meet with pity instead of blame (because they knew not the truth) wherefore I shall beg leave to acquaint them, that the laws of our constitution are so agreeable to the disposition of every good man, and so easily performed that I dare say no one can have an excuse for not obeying; but as these labourers work not to serve our worthy masters, they receive instead of the advantages accruing from our vineyard, the just reward of their actions and in each honest breast are stigmatized with a name I here shall not mention.

These despicable traders or hucksters in pretended Masonry, every prudent Brother ought carefully to avoid holding any converse with them, but as the learned apostle, St. *Paul*, in his *Epistle to the Thessalonians*, very justly advises, *Withdraw yourselves from every Brother that walketh disorderly, and not after the tradition he received of us; for yourselves know how you*

ought to follow us behaving orderly amongst you, neither eating any man's bread for nought, nor weary with well doing; but labouring night and day to raise up the fallen, not counting them as enemies, but admonishing them as Brethren.

(To be continued.)

MR. MUGGINS' LOVE STORY.

"MARRY young," somebody once said. I have no idea who the idiot was that said it, and I wouldn't give fifty thousand dollars to find out, but I do know that I once attempted to act on the advice, with the most exasperatingly unpleasant results.

This is a love story.

Nota-bene.—I have put in this line to catch the eye of the ladies, for I know that if I can but establish my reputation as a writer of amatory romances, I shall rank with Dumas, and Sand, and Sylvanus Cobb, and other celebrities, who have recklessly given their names to fame by enlisting the sympathetic sympathies of the tender sex.

I was once a youth—a young youth, and a verdant. The things I have learned since that period of my existence only serve to show how little I knew then. Well, to confess my indiscretions in a breath, when I was passing through this adolescent period, I fell in love.

She was beautiful, she was fair, with blooming cheeks and golden hair, with breath of roses, eyes of fire, a Grecian nose, or I'm a liar, or words to that effect. For a more elaborate description, I refer my readers to any of the twenty-five cent novels of the day. To me she seemed the *ultima thule* of perfection, not only in face and feature—I would say, *form* and feature—but in her sunny temper, kind disposition and general slap-dash way of speaking her mind, which compelled my heroic admiration more than any other attribute of her habits or character.

I can remember as though it were but the day before yesterday, how I used to go to church with her on a Sunday, and walk home with her after the service, as proud as a peacock before his tail feathers are pulled out. I'm not so proud now.

I remember one day in particular. It was a balmy Sunday afternoon in June—I say June, because all the balmy days are in June; and after that they (the days) become hot and sticky, till the cold weather comes, and then all the balm is frozen out of them most effectually—a balmy Sunday afternoon in June. I had not been to church that morning, because I had hugged my bed so late, dreaming drowsily of my love, that it was impossible to make my toilet in time, and so, after dinner, I spent a couple of hours in arranging my necktie and arraying my faultless form in my choicest suit, which consisted of well,—no matter about that—I am not a tailor, and if I should attempt a description of my wardrobe, I should only expose my ignorance of the draper's art, and so I will consent myself by saying that it was a bang-up suit, and cost me over forty dollars, without counting the coral buttons in my white vest.

With a smile of the most self-satisfied, complaisancy, my pearl castor jauntily poised on one side of my head and my cane under my arm, I ran up the steps and rang the bell. The servant admitted me with a broad grin, which I at first attributed to her delight at beholding such a splendid specimen of the *genus homo;* so I smiled responsively, and said:

"Good afternoon, Jane."

She tittered audibly as she returned my salutation, and that arousod my indignation. I said nothing, but striking an attitude of dignified *hauteur*, I strode into the parlour.

There she sat, sweet Rosa Myrtle, (such was her floral cognomen) loveliest of her sex, and looking more lovely than ever. I was just stepping forward to greet her with a lover's ardour, when, for the first time, I noticed a broad-chested, stalwart man sitting by her side and holding one of her hands in his.

They say love is blind, and I have no doubt that is true, or I should have discovered this giant on first entering the room. He was not so small as to be easily overlooked, and at length my ferocious eyes took him in from head to heels.

What was he here for, anyway? What business had he with that little hand in his great paw? I said "Good day" to Rosa, and tried to smile sweetly on her, while I glared furiously at him. The result was a very hideous smile, and an exceedingly sickly glare.

She said "Good day, Ephraim," and then rising up, her hand still clinging to his, however, introduced him to me. If he had let go her hand, I should probably have heard the name, but I had neither ears nor eyes for anything but that clasped and mute evidence of love between them, which sent a sickening chill to the very centre of my jealous heart, and rendered me blind and deaf to everything else.

Ordinarily my conversational powers are second to few or none, but on this occasion all my thoughts and ideas seemed to pour in a torrent through one jealous channel, while etiquette demanded that I should appear to ignore the possibility of there being a rival within a thousand miles, and that I should converse with the utmost hypocritical nonchalance imaginable. I was never equal to the requirements of a hypocrite, however, and so I turned away and sat down at the piano, and tried to drown my sorrow in the Black-key Mazurka.

There was a deal more black-key than mazurka in my attempt to drown sorrow in that lugubrious way, however, I am grieved to say.

I confess I did not like the aspect of things at all. This same giant of a fellow I had seen prowling about the streets the Saturday before, but I had not the remotest idea he knew Rosa Myrtle. "Well," I thought to myself, "I will sit here and drum on the piano a while, and if the fellow has any breeding he will soon take the hint and leave."

But my attempt to sit him out did not meet with the success that I had counted on. There they still sat, hand in hand, and talking in low, earnest tones, as if they were all the world to each other, and I—well, if the piano stool had been cushioned with pins and needles, points up, I couldn't have been more uncomfortable. I thought of a thousand expedients for getting rid of him, but none of them were practicable. He was such an overgrown and over-towering specimen of humanity that any physical effort to dislodge him did not seem feasible, to say the least, and any hints in the way of side glances and "a-hems" seemed entirely thrown away.

So, at last, I gave up in disgust, and took my departure, as full of wrath as I could possibly be, and not explode, and went away meditating some scheme of revenge.

This sort of thing was kept up for a week. Wherever she went, he went, and whenever I called at the house, he was there. In short, I learned that he stayed there night and day; and the jeers and insinuations of my friends didn't make matters any better. I was jealous—there isn't the slightest use in denying it. I felt jealousy creeping up and down my back like cold chills, boiling up in my veins like volcanic lava, and burning and freezing me by turns till I was almost, if not quite, mad.

It is barely possible that other young men have been in precisely similar situations at some time or other during their lives, and if so they will fully appreciate the condition of mental agony in which I existed during that long-to-be-remembered week. Sleep? Not a wink. Eat? Not a mackerel. Life was a dreary burden. I thought I would see her and have an explanation, but wherever I found *her*, I found *him*; so that plan failed. I consulted with a friend, a dare-devil sort of fellow, who advised a duel, by all means. He wouldn't waste words. He believed in prompt action.

I left the whole matter in his hands, and the result was that a mortal encounter was settled upon, as the best method of dealing out unlimited satisfaction to all parties concerned; and one cold and drizzly morning I found myself pacing up and down the banks of the river where we had appointed our meeting. My faithful second accompanied me in my lonely walk.

Presently my detested rival appeared. I grasped one of the pistols, and might have shot him dead on the spot—or shot at him, at least,—if my second had not said—

"Don't shoot! wait for the word!"

On came my rival, like a tornado, never pausing till he stood directly over me, when he seized me by the coat collar and plunged me into the river, pistol and all.

"I don't want to kill you, you little nincompoop," said he; "and as for *you*, you couldn't hit the side of a barn." All the while he was *sozzling* me up and down in the water. "I'm no rival of yours," said he, "I'm Miss Myrtle's *brother!*"

I was entirely satisfied.

Yours contentedly,

EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

Voice of Masonry, America.

ASSYRIAN DISCOVERIES.

(*Continued from page* 15.)

WHAT interests us most is the vast literature they produced and the religious forms they bequeathed to posterity. To illustrate this, I will only dwell upon the famous series of twelve tablets, of which the flood legend forms a part. Twelve adventures are related there, most probably in connection with the passage of the sun through the twelve signs of the Zodiac, of a hero, whose name is read in the Chaldean from Izdulbar, meaning "the fire-brand," another word for the sun. His deeds remind altogether of the twelve labours of Hercules and of Samson, the Jewish Hercules. He is represented as a mighty giant and a conqueror of many cities, killing lions and monsters. Having triumphed over all his enemies, he falls a victim to a woman, whose love turns, like that of Delilah or Deianira, into hatred and curse. But Firebrand's love is the goddess of love herself, named Ishtar, the Hebrew Astarte. Having offered to marry him but to meet his refusal, she heaps misfortune upon misfortune on him. His wise counsel and interpreter of dreams, Heabani, whom he had taken, like Joseph, from a dark, perilous cave to his court, was taken from his side, and at last a disease befell him, too, from which nobody could cure him, except the wise Hasisadra, who had escaped the flood, and lived on the isle of the blessed. To him he then journeyed along, passing a country enwrapped in dark clouds, where giants stood, like Atlas, guarding the rising sun, "their crown at the lattice of Heaven, their feet under hell." Traversing this, he arrived at a garden, like the Western Land of the Hercules legend, full of trees glittering with gold and jewels, there to meet Hasisadra, the man who had survived the flood. From him he learns the story of the flood, told much in the same way as in the Bible. Hasisadra, too, offered a sacrifice to the gods, who had made him build a ship to save his life therein. Having told the story of the flood, and how he was carried up into the company of the gods, Hasisadra reveals him the secret of the life-giving water, and made him bathe in the lake, when "his disease in the water to beauty turned." Having reached his home again, he laments the loss of his friend Heabani, who finds no rest in the grave, and is finally, like Henoch, of the Bible, transferred into Heaven by the aid of Hea, the god of the ocean and infernal regions, after having offered the following prayer:

Return me, he says to his own ghost, from hell the land of doom,
From the house of the departed, the seat of the god of Hell,
From the house within which there is no exit,
From the place wherein they long for light,
But light is never seen, in darkness they dwell,
The place where dust is their nourishment, and their food mud.
To the place of seers I will enter,
Where they are wearing crowns, who from days of old, ruled the earth,
To whom the gods Anu (of Heaven), and Bel (of earth) have given renowned names.
A place where water is abundant drawn from perennial springs.
To the place of seers I will enter,
To the place of bards and great men,
To the place of interpreters of the wisdom of the great gods.

Thus ends these remarkable legends.

But their value lies not in the direction of confirming, but of throwing new light on, the Biblical legends. Both "Firebrand's" and "Hasisadra's ark" are often mentioned on the inscriptions, and seem to point to the same arks, on which Osiris, the Egyptian god (Hesiri), rides while descending into the nether world, where hell and Heaven meet. But while the ark of Noah is still a mere chest, the ark of the Chaldean legend is a regular ship, launched into the sea and navigated by boatmen. The god who told Hasisadra to build a ship, is Hea, the god of the ocean, the same who calmed the anger of Bel, the prince of the gods, and prevailed upon him not to destroy men any more by a deluge, there having been during six days and seven nights rain which swept away all life from earth. The whole flood legend, however, is merely an episode, inserted into the grand epopee of "Firebrand." But Firebrand, the ruler of Babylon, with her four cities united into one, turns out

to be Nimrod, as this reading of the name Izdubar is made probable by Smith and others. Yet the same has been found on inscriptions to have been worshipped as a god and addressed in prayers. Indeed, he is described in our poem as coming along with the limbs of a god on his body; his shape is divine, "his work is human." Nor can we help suggesting the same to have been the original type of all the Samsons and the Hercules, when beholding the large figure of Nimrod on a statue, taken from the gate of the palace at Chorsabad, showing a gigantic shape of a man strangling a young lion with his one arm, while holding a club or boomerang in the other.

There is also mention made in the most interesting poem of the various amours of Ishtar, the Assyrian Venus, whose charms "Firebrand" despised. Of these, her marriage with the unfortunate Tammuz, "whose loss country after country is mourning," is of especial interest, as it is the same whom Ezekiel found the idolatrous woman weeping for (chap. viii., 5. 14), and whose loss was lamented in the same way by Ishtar, as was Adonis in Phenician mythology by Venus, and Osiris by the Egyptian goddess Isis, as seen in another remarkable piece, describing the descent of Ishtar into the land of the dead in the search of her lost beloved. From the description of the nether world, in this and the other piece I mentioned above, it appears that the notions concerning Heaven and hell belong to the remotest antiquity, and, I think, it is not too bold to assert that they were forwarded in an unknown time by Chaldean priests to Egypt and to India, where we find them in common with many other religious beliefs and rites peculiar to the Chaldeans. This may account also for the striking similarity observed by scholars between the Hindoo legend of the flood, and the Chaldean account. In the same way attention has been called to a large number of coincidences in the belief in spirits and their evil influences, in the tree of life and the water of life, in exorcisms by the use of signs and sacred numbers, found between the old Chaldean religion and more or less that of all the others. To mention another instance, we find the infant-life of almost all great heroes surrounded by one and the same beautiful legend, showing the protecting hand of Heaven held over their precious life. Egypt has her Osiris, Rome her Romulus, Greece her Hercules and Perseus, Persia her Cyrus, Judaism its Moses, Buddhism its Buddha, and Christianity its Jesus, all saved in some way from dangers threatening their infant life. To learn their original, or, at least, a story anterior to all of them, we must turn to Chaldea, to hear Sargon, the founder of the early City of Akkad, telling this story in a poem reading as follows:

I am Sargon, the mighty King of Akkad.
I was born of a mortal mother, yet not her husband, but a god, is my father.
When being delivered of me my mother placed me on the Euphrates,
Putting me in an ark of rushes, coated with bitumen.
Onward the river carried me to meet Akki, the gardener.
He made me his son, and, reaching my seventh year,
I from a gardener became a King.

Nevertheless, I am far from believing people to have merely copied from each other for 10,000 or 20,000 years. There is a fine story told of King Midas, who turned everything to gold while touching it. This is the nature of true genius. Though drawing all their knowledge, art and science from others, the Greeks stamped whatever they undertook to copy with the seal of their genius, and it turned into beauty. The prophets, the poets, and the wise men of Israel, too, derived a good deal of what they knew from heathen nations, even the form of Hebrew poetry having been proved to be of old Chaldean origin; but they threw all the wisdom gathered from others into the crucible of their mind, and it came forth all pervaded with the spirit of holiness, and shining with the awe-inspiring majesty of divine truth. There is one curious little discovery which I cannot refrain from mentioning lastly. Small images of clay with either a human head and a lion's body, or a lynx's head and a human body, were found in small cavities at the threshold of the entrances within the royal palaces of Nineveh, besides slabs of gypsum inscribed with prayers and magic formulas, ostensibly for the purpose of protecting the abodes of the King, while the principal doorways were guarded by cherubs, the genii, in the

shape of winged bulls and lions, as the Egyptian were by sphynxes. There, then, the same household gods or Teraphim are met with, which, as you will remember from the Bible, Rachel stole from her father for the purpore of transferring them to her new home; or the Penates which Æneas carried along from old Troy to Rome. By this peculiar old custom we cannot help being impressed with a grand and touching lesson.

Looking over the large ground man has trod on ever since the early Chaldeans pitched their tents in the centre of Asia, where they lived, together with the old Chinese, to settle, perhaps ten thousand years before our era, at the shore of the Caspian Gulf, up to this day, how many nations do we behold carrying along their sacred household reminiscences to keep up the connection between remote past and distant future! Yet they move onwards, each nation and each age improving upon the other. Can we fail to recognize in all this the guiding hand of a Supreme Power watching over the destinies of mankind, and never allowing one of their dear and sacred truths to be entirely lost? Ages bequeathing to each other the inheritances of the past, and nations transmitting, while dying, their productions and traditions to others rising in their stead, keep up that mighty, ever-growing stream we call progress. which, indeed, shows merely an everlasting reform.—*Voice of Masonry, America.*

AN ORIGINAL DISSERTATION ON PUBLIC SPEAKING.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES.

(*Continued from page* 11.)

Delivered in the Town Hall, Colchester, before the Members of the Y.M.C.A.

It is a German proverb, I think, that "speech is silvern, and silence golden." That mighty poet, the poet Tupper, thinks differently, for he says that "speech is the golden harvest that followeth the flowering of thought;" meaning, in homely Saxon, that we think first and speak afterwards. But do we, O men of the Town Council of Little Pedlington and Eatenswill? Some people object to wit and humour, abominate anecdotes, and think every punster a pickpocket, like poor Cowper the poet. To such persons the introduction of fun into a lecture must seem dreadfully out of place, in fact, quite improper. There are none such here I see. But remembering that the proper study of mankind is man, one cannot but wonder how little such people must have studied their fellows, not to have found out that in this "merrie England" of ours, where, by the way, it is said, and said untruly I think, that we take our pleasures sadly, we need plenty of laughter to chase away our tears; we want some little relaxation from the cares and anxieties of humdrum every day life,—we need some little joy to compensate for the sorrow which most of us have known something of before we have reached middle age.

It has been to some a matter of regret that humour cannot be introduced into the pulpit. It seems to us an odd place to look for fun, but some of our old divines did not disdain—and notably, Dr. South—the use of the ecclesiastical rostrum.

Mr. Spurgeon, I am told (not having had the pleasuue of hearing him, I cannot vouch for the truth of the assertion), makes great use of humour, and I daresay there are some of us who have heard of the Reverend Rowland Hill's preaching a charity sermon at Wapping (before the Claimant's time, of course), which he commenced by saying: "I come to preach to sinners, to great sinners, yea, to Wapping sinners!"

Talking of Dr. South reminds me that when he was Charles II.'s Chaplain, he was preaching one day before the Court, which was composed of the most profligate and dissolute men of the nation. He perceived in the middle of his discourse that sleep had taken possession of his hearers. The Doctor immediately stopped short and changing his tone of voice, called out to Lord Lauderdale three times. His Lordship standing up: "My Lord," said South, with grave composure, "I am sorry to interrupt your repose, but I must beg of you that you will not snore quite so loud, *lest you awaken his Majesty!*"

Bishop Kennet says of South, "that he laboured very much to compose his sermons, and in the pulpit worked up his body when he came to a piece of wit, or any notable saying." His wit was certainly

the least of his recommendations; he indulged in it to an excess which often violated the sanctity of the pulpit. When Sherlock accused him of employing wit in a controversy on the Trinity, South made but a sorry reply: "Had it pleased God to have made you a wit, what would you have done?"

What may be called an instance of clerical wit and wisdom is told of Fenelon, author of Telemaque, Almoner to Louis XIV., afterwards Archbishop of Cambray. On one occasion, the King was astonished to find only Fenelon and the priest at the Chapel, instead of a numerous congreation as usual. "What is the reason of all this," said the King? "Why," replied Fenelon, "I caused it to be given out, Sire, that your Majesty did not attend Chapel to-day—that you might know who came to worship God, and who to flatter the King."

When Louis appointed Fenelon chief of the Missionaries to convert the Protestants of Sausonge, his Majesty insisted that a regiment of Guards should accompany him.

"The ministers of religion," said Fenelon, "are the Evangelists of peace, and the military might frighten all, but would not persuade a single individual. It was by the force of their morals that the Apostles converted mankind; permit us then, Sire, to follow their example. If we would draw to us our diffident brethren, we must go to them like true Apostles. For my own part I would rather become their victim than see one of their ministers exposed to the vexations, the insult, and the almost necessary violence of the military men." That was the spirit of a true Christian.

Professor Aytoun in his "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers" says, that when Prince Charles Stuart and his Highland host had possession of Edinburgh, the Established Clergy were nearly to a man against him, and one minister had the courage to conclude his prayer nearly in the following terms: "Bless the King—thou knowest what King I mean. May his crown long sit easy on his head. And as to this young man who has come among us to seek an earthly crown, we beseech thee in mercy to take him to thyself and *give him a Crown of Glory.*"

I do not defend humour in a sermon—because we never have it—except by mistake sometimes, and I, of course, am one of those who think that "Dullness is sacred in a sound divine."

But to those who object to wit and humour out of the pulpit—what can one say, except to repeat the well known apothegm of honest Joe Miller (who, by the way, was born in the last year of the reign of the witty monarch, and I am afraid awful scapegrace, Charles II.)

"The gravest beast is an ass;
The gravest bird is an owl;
The gravest fish is an oyster;
And the gravest man is a fool!"

Wit may be allied with great eloquence, the lecturer continued, for was not Sheridan one of the wittiest, and at the same time, most eloquent speakers of the day. Who does not remember reading of the magnificent speech he made on the articles of impeachment of Warren Hastings in 1787, when he spoke for five hours and forty minutes. On the conclusion of this speech the whole assembly, members, peers and strangers, involuntarily joined in a tumult of applause, and loudly and repeatedly clapped their hands. A motion was immediately made and carried for an adjournment, that the members who were in a state of delirious insensibility from the magical influence of such powerful eloquence, might have time to collect their scattered senses for the exercise of a sober judgment. This motion was made by Mr. Pitt, who declared that this speech surpassed all the eloquenee of ancient and modern times, and possessed everything that genius or art could furnish to agitate and control the human mind.

And then think of the effects of eloquence. Think of Demosthenes, Isocrates, Plato and Pericles amongst the Greeks, of Cicero and Seneca amongst the Romans.

You, many of you, no doubt have read Shakespeare's magnificent speech, which he puts into the mouth of Mark Antony.

Cicero said it was owing to Mark Antony that Rome could boast of being a rival to Greece in the art of eloquence. He was unfortunately killed during the commotions between Marius and Sylla. He was discovered in a secret hiding place to which he had fled, and soldiers were sent to dispatch him, but he supplicated their forbearance in so eloquent a manner that

the only man who had the cruelty to kill him was one who had not heard his prayer.

Think of Caractacus, the British King, who, after bravely fighting the Romans, was taken prisoner in chains to Rome, but from his eloquent appeal to Claudius obtained his freedom,

Think of Peter the Hermit, who brought about the Crusades through his eloquence. John Knox, whose oratory was the main cause of the downfall of the Papacy in Scotland. Then again was there not Luther, whose eloquence burst the bonds of the Church in Germany, and brought about what some call the Blessed Reformation.

Turning to modern times, think of such men as Lord Brougham, who advocated the cause of that ill-used lady Queen Caroline, against her husband George IV., and whose powers of oratory had a wonderful effect in securing on her behalf as a woman and a wife the loving sympathy, and turning upon him the indignant scorn and the vials of its wrath of the whole British people.

John Wesley, too, who might almost be called the founder of Dissent in England—for before his time the Nonconformists were (since the Restoration of the Stuarts at least) an inconsiderable and certainly an uninfluential body—very different to what they are now.

Wilberforce (the father of a greater orator—the late Bishop of Winchester) through whom slavery was abolished.

I might go on for long instancing men who had done great deeds through their eloquence, but I forbear.

The great statesmen of to-day of whom casual mention has already been made, are living instances of the powers of eloquence and of the great results produced thereby. The progressive advancement, the much needed reforms, or the conservative policy, which propounded and urged on this side, or supported or checked on that, still tend to keep the balance of power between the three great estates of the Realm intact—whilst they further the welfare of the nation by the progress and advancement of wise and beneficent measures to the advantage of the State and the good of the people.

The absolute recognition of freedom of speech both in and out of Parliament makes us the envy of every civilized nation in the world, and its tendency, in spite of the ill-judged attempts of one or two demagogues to whom allusion has been previously made, is manifestly to increase and extend the power and moral influence of this mighty empire of which we are proud to boast that each of us is a unit which makes up the great total of the British nation, and each man amongst us is still proud to say —like the Romans of old: *Civis Romanus sum!*

Think of the advantages of an orator, his power and influence, the heights to which he can climb in this free country—"as which of you shall not?"

Why should not Colchester produce a man, who, like the great Cardinal who was the glory of Ipswich (whose inhabitants are only now talking of raising a statue to his memory), or a more modern instance, John Bright,—shall by his own unaided genius rise from the ranks of the people to stand on the steps of the throne? And now I must close. I fear I have already tried your patience and good nature sorely in listening to my lucubrations.

There are many here present no doubt who could put in better form the scattered thoughts which I have jotted down, but if this brief lecture incites one or two of the young men in this audience to cultivate in themselves one of God's greatest gifts to men, the art of speech, I shall feel that my task, however ill performed, has not been done in vain.

I cannot, however, conclude, without giving in few words, Moile's admirable description of what an orator should be.

"Elate he stood, with frank and earnest mien,
No measured cadence heard or motion seen;
No art scholastic, no theatric grace,
Unmeaning gesture, passion out of place.
Mouthing, false emphasis, or laboured leer,
Nothing superfluous, nothing insincere:
But manlike moved and bore him in discourse,
Ardent and grave and tempering still his force;
With arms stretched forth, or folded, or at rest,
As willed the power by whom he seemed possessed,

While features augured all his tongue alleged
And tones winged home each barbed shaft they edged,
And with spontaneous sallies bright and bold,
Resistless streams of oratory rolled!"

And what a grand thing this oratory is. What a noble end, in dying, to be recognised as one of England's greatest speakers, to lie side by side in our great Valhalla, Westminster Abbey, with great soldiers, philosophers and poets, and have it said:—

"There lay the warrior, and the son of song,
And there in silence, till the Judgment Day,
The Orator, whose all persuading tongue
Had moved the nations with resistless sway."

LEAVING SCHOOL.

By Mrs. G. M. Tweddell, *Author of "Rhymes and Sketches to Illustrate the Cleveland Dialect."*

A noise of children's voices
Sounds along the street;
A noise of patter, pattering,
Of many children's feet,
All coming from the school-house,
With hearts as light and gay;
Their lessons all are over,—
Now is the time for play.

O, happy, happy children!
Enjoy life while you may:
No hours to come can equal those,
You spend in childish play:
Wealth may be yours in years to come,
Or fame may deck some brow,
But wealth nor fame can make you feel,
As you are feeling now.

The boys are setting wickets up,
The girls have form'd a ring,
And hand in hand around they go,
While merrily they sing.
Sing on, fair children! girls and boys,
Those are your happy days;
A few short years, and then for you,
Begin life's thorny ways.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

THE MINUTE BOOK OF THE LODGE OF INDUSTRY, GATESHEAD.

BY THE EDITOR.

The Minute Book of this old lodge has been placed in my hands for perusal and publication, in the general interests of Masonic Archæology; and I have the greatest pleasure in submitting the following "excerpta" to the notice of the readers of the Magazine, and to fellow Masonic students everywhere. In a small history of the lodge, published by authority in 1870, we find the following statement, and with it I think well to begin the paper:—

"The precise date when this lodge was founded cannot now be accurately ascertained, but there is good reason for believing that it existed as an operative lodge, and in proper working order, about the time when the Grand Lodge of England was resuscitated in 1717.

"The original home of the lodge was at the village of Swalwell, in the county of Durham, about four miles from Gateshead; and a tradition existed amongst the elder brethren of the lodge, that it was founded by the operative Masons brought from the South by Sir Ambrose Crowley, when he established his celebrated foundry at Winlaton about A. D. 1690. There is, however, no evidence in existence to support this theory.

"The oldest minutes of the lodge are written in sheets, bound up with a copy of the Constitutions of Freemasonry, published in 1723, edited by the celebrated Dr. J. T. Desaguliers, D.G.M., and dedicated to his Grace the Duke of Montague, Grand Master.

"This Minute Book, with the Warrant and other valuable documents and property of the lodge were lost before the year 1770; but the Minute Book was fortunately recovered by Bro. John Etridge Wilkinson, who found it exhibited for sale at a book stall, purchased it, and presented it to the lodge in 1845. The various minutes of lodge meetings, annual appointments of Worshipful Master and Officers, and indenture of Apprentices were duly recorded in the old book, furnishing to the Brethren of Lodge of Industry an interesting record of Masonic History.

"The original Warrant of the lodge was dated 24th June, 1735, the number of the lodge at that time being 132. After this Warrant was lost, a Charter of Confirmation was granted to the lodge in October, 1771, by the Duke of Beaufort Grand Master, which is now in possession of the brethren of the lodge, and constitutes their authority for all Masonic purposes.

"In 1867, the lodge resolved to apply to the Most Worshipful the Grand Master of England, the Earl of Zetland, for permission to wear a centenary medal, which was granted without hesitation, and Bro. W. Gray Clarke, the late Grand Secretary, in reference to the age of the lodge, stated that the Lodge of Industry first appeared in the books of Grand Lodge in 1735, and had continued on the rolls of Grand Lodge regularly since that time."

The following account of it has also appeared in the "Freemason," which, as it was written by myself, I deem it also well to give here, as it affords a fair account of the book as now before me.

"The Minute Book of the Lodge of Industry, Gateshead, has been lent me for perusal and description by the great kindness of the W.M. of the said good lodge, through the courteous intermediation of P.M. Bro. E. Robson, Treas., and a most interesting relic it is.

"This old record is a paper book bound up with Anderson's Constitutions of 1723.

"Some of the MS. entries begin at the reverse end. Some go through as usual from left to right.

"The earliest minute is of 1725—at the reverse end—to this effect, very noteworthy: September 29, 1725. 'Then Matthew Armstrong and Arthur Douglas, Masons, appeared in the Lodge of Freemasons, and agreed to have their names registered as "Enterprentices," to be accepted next quarterly meeting, paying one shilling each for that rank, and 7s. 6d. when they take their freedom.'

"Twenty-one minutes in all are consecutively entered at the reverse end, the last dated December 7th 1776, more or less all relating to the taking and acceptance of apprentices.

"When we turn back to the continuation of the printed Constitutions we find some very remarkable entries.

"The 'Orders of Antiquity,' almost identical with those of the Alnwick Constitution, but standing separately there, the Apprentices Orders, the General Orders, the Penal Orders, the Fund Laws, are all of rare archæological value.

"Unfortunately between the numbered pages, 36 and 37, a "hiatus valde deflendus" occurs, where some scrupulous, or unscrupulous, brother has deprived us of several pages of MS.

"I hope that the original 'Fund Laws,' are nevertheless to be put together from other pages of the book.

"It may interest some to know that in July, 1746, it was 'enacted at a Grand Lodge,' held that evening, that no brother Mason should be admitted unto the dignity of a 'Highrodiam,' under less than ye charge of 2s. 6d., or as the Damaskin or Forin, as John Thompson from Gateside, paid at the same night 5s. N.B.—The English Masters to pay for entering unto the said Mastership 2s. 6d. per majority. This is headed 'Memorandum of the Highrodiams,' and there is a list of seven who only paid 1s. 6d., and four thorough English names, equally who paid 2s. 6d. with this note, 'Engl. 8th, pd. 2sh. 6d.'

"There is a further list of twelve, who, I presume, paid the 2s. 6d., and over the leaf we have two lists of twelve and thirty respectively, the twelve are headed the names of the brothers in the High Order, &c. To pay for making in that Order, 1s. 6d. At the head of the other list is 'English Masters, to pay at entrance, 2s. 6d. each.' At the bottom of the list are the names of six others, or of the six receiving brethren.

"We have the names of five 'Raised Masters' on the same page in 1771 and 1772.

"I have said enough to show the interest of this most valuable Masonic book, and I conclude with the regulations of 1733, which are exceedingly valuable archæologically, as our Bro. W. J. Hughan will agree:—

"'June 14, 1733.

"'It is agreed by the Society, that any brother of the lodge that hath an apprentice that serves his time equally and lawfully as he ought to do, shall be made free for the sum of 8s. And for any working Mason, not of the lodge, the sum of 10s. And to any gentleman or other that is not a working Mason, according to the majority of the company.'"

The following are minutes which range from 1725 to 1776, and show how truly operative the lodge still remained, though it had received a Warrant from the Grand Lodge in 1735.

The following is the earliest minute in this valuable book :

"September 29, 1725. Then Matthew Armstrong and Arthur Douglas, Masons, appeared in ye lodge of Freemasons, and agreed to have their names registered as 'Enterprentices,' to be accepted next quarterly meeting, paying one shilling each for entrance and 7s. 6d. when they take their freedom."

"June 24 1728. Then John Robinson, notified to ye lodge his having taken Matt^{w} Bambrough apprentice for seven years, and promises to show or produce the indentures ye next quarterly meeting day."

"Dec^{r}. 27 1729. Then Matthew Bambrough appeared in ye Lodge of Freemasons, and [a word interlineated and erased] his master showed his indentures which were agreeable, he will have his freedom when out of his time paying 7s. 6d. to ye lodge box."

"September 29 1730. Then George Gillespy notified to the lodge his having taken Tho. Clough apprentice for seven years, and promisses to show his indentures next quarterly meeting."

"December 28 1730. Then Matthew Armstrong notified to ye lodge his having taken John Lawthers apprentice for seven years, and hath shown his indenture, for which he hath paid 6d."

"March 25 1731. Then Mich Dalton notified to ye lodge his having taken Robt Hunter apprentice for seven years, and promises to show his indentures next quarterly meeting for which he hath pd six pence."

"June 21. 1732. Mr. John Thomson entered in our Society of Freemasonry — He is clearly a speculative Mason.

"December 1st 1735. Then Abraham Shield notified to ye lodge his having taken Robt Elliott apprentice for seven years and promises to show his indentures ye next quarterly communication for which hes pd 6d."

"December the 7th 1737

"NB. This day W^{m} Burton of Whickham his indenture was read over in the presence of the Society then assembled bearing date the third of the instant as an apprentice to Matthew Armstrong of Swalwell.

"Pd for Redigistering the sd apprentice according to law 6d."

Now these two last minutes are after the grant of the original charter from Grand Lodge.

There are thirteen other entries, the last dated December 27th, 1776, all relating to the registration of apprentices. I give two more of them for a special reason.

"25th March 1754.

"That Bro. W^{m} Burton having taken John Cloy'd as an apprentice for 7 years made his apperance and had the apprentice charge read over, and pd for registering 6d."

"25th Do. That Robert Hope having a son call'd Rob^{t} Hope Jun^{r} made his appearance and had his order read over, and paid for registering 6d.

"NB. The above Robert Hope does not belong to the Lodge."

I think all Masonic students will see and say, that these are alike interesting and valuable minutes from an archæological point of view, as they serve to suggest many important considerations affecting the early history of Freemasonry in England, about the time of the revival, as it is called. The next earliest minute I find is that I have already transcribed above, the very important one of 1733.

This is followed by the minute I now give:

"It is enacted by the Master and Wardens and the rest of the Society ; that if any person shall presume to speak in the lodge after it is regularly opened by Master and Wardens without standing up and directing his discourse to the Master shall for the first offence pay 2d. for the second 4d. and so on as the majority o the Society shall think proper.

"May ye 6th 1734."

The next is an interesting minute for various reasons :

"Decr. 27 1734.

"It is agreed by the Master and Wardens and the rest of the Society that if any brother shall appear in the Assembly without gloves and aprons at any time when summoned by Master and Wardens shall for each offence pay one shilling on demand."

A later hand has interpolated "white" before "gloves" (both which words, moreover, are lined through), and has changed one shilling into sixpence.

As this minute is previous to the granting of the Warrant, it is remarkable as a witness to old Masonic customs.

The next minute is somewhat curious, as it is headed "Feby. 7th, 1734, and March 25th, 1735"—Feby. 7th, 1734, being probably an error of the scribe for 1735.

"Then agreed by the whole Society then assembled, that every first Monday in each month shall be the meeting day and the six weeks meeting laid aside. It is agreed by the same Assembly that any member which doth not appear being within two miles of the place, shall pay two pence."

We find the following amusing minute:

"June ye 24 1726.

"Then agreed by the whole Society then Assembled that all Vissiting Brothers shall pay the same Dividend towards the reckoning as those of the Society."

On June the 24th, 1738, appears this minute:

"Agreed by the whole Society then assembled that ye Clark shall have 10/6 per Annum for taking care of the Society's affairs as formaly, all tickets given gratis to the Members of the Lodge."

The following interesting minute is recorded December 27th, 1742, the lodge now being under the Grand Lodge of England:

"It is agreed by the whole Society then assembled that what work is to be done by a Bro or Brethren of this Society. NB. That what Bro or Brothers is capable of performing such work is to be Imployed before any Foriner in such work as is to be done; as mason work, toquer work, or any other employment, &c."

To show the disciplinary regulations of the old lodge, I transcribe the following minute of June 4th, 1744, though it has been crossed through, and the initials of the crosser, probably J. B., stand in the margin:

"Whereas it is Inacted by Provincell Master and Master and Wardens of this Constituted Lodge what Brother soever belonging to the Society shall abuse the Sabbath Day by Disguising himself in Liquor, so that this Lodge may not scandalized as formaly for each offence 1 shilling."

On the 30th September, 1745, it is "Enacted by Master and Wardens and the rest of the Society then assembled that no Vissiting Brother shall be accepted in our Lodge as such without they bear us company in the Procession Day. No admittance to such except they are in a Constituted Lodge."

"June 1st 1752. Enacted by the Master and Wardens and the rest of the Society then assembled that no cash shall be lent to any member in the Society." No doubt a very prudential resolution.

This is the last actual minute in the book, all the rest being merely lists of officers for the year, and one financial minute.

I have already alluded to the entry in 1746 about the "Highrodiam," and give the whole page verbatim et literatim where it occurs:

"Brought forward 1746. (25).

"Bros. Hawdon, P.G.M.; J. Hawdon, S.G.W.; J. Lawther, J.G.W.; J. Foy, Dep. G.W.M. 1746; Michael Hawdon, Perticuler Lodge, Master; Sen. Thomas Eccles and Jun. Thomas Liddle, Wardens; Wm. Gibson, Chris. Dod, Stewards.

"Memorandum. Highrodiams to pay for making in that Order only 1s. 6d.:—

"1. Hendk. Jones.
2. Thos. Dalton.
3. John Emmerson.
4. Wm. Hawdon.
5. Robert Hawdon.
6. James Foy.
7. John Lawther.
8. John Payne.

Paid 2s. 6d., English, William Gibson.
John Hawdon.
Thos. Liddle."

Side by side with this entry occurs the following entry, "Name of the Highrodiams." July 1st, 1746, Enacted at a Grand Lodge, held that evening, that no brother Mason should be admitted into the dignity of a Highrodiam under less than a charge of 2s. 6d., or at the Domaskin or Forin, as John Thompson from Gateside, paid at the same night 5s.

Underneath these two entries we read—N.B. The English Masters to pay for entering into the said Masterships 2s. 6d. per majority. High order continued:—Bro. Dodd, 1; Wm. Gibson, 2; M. Eccles, 3; John Howdon, 4; Michael Howdon, 5; John Lee, 6; Thos. Liddle, 7; Wm. Hall, 8; W. Burton, 9; John Gibson, 10; Stephen Chambers, 11; Thos. Hunter, 12; Thos. Wake, 13. Amount carried forward.

Over the leaf follows a list of names, one paying 2s. 6d., one paying 1s. 6d., a list of "raised members," 5 in number, in 1771 and 1772, and 7 names, June 24th, 1762, either of members of the Order, of new members, or of those present on that date. The "Highrodiams" seem to us to be a corruption of "Harodim," what Domaskin or Form may be, deponent cannot even guess,

Between pages 36 and 37, so numbered, several leaves have been cut or torn away, a subject of deep regret, as there must at least be twenty so missing.

All that remains are seven rules, which I transcribe, because signed by a large number of brethren. "June ye 24th 1732.

"18th. If any member dyeth after he become a real member 40s. shall be allowed for defraying his funeral charges, and 5s. for his widow, executors, administrators or assigns, to which charge each subscribing member shall 1s, next meeting after the Interment or be excluded from the Society."

Curiously enough this is the actual system still of some modern "Dead Briefs," as they are called in the north of England.

"19. That any member being within 2 miles of the place of the deceased shall in a solemn manner attend the corps to the grave where they shall deliver the tickets to the stewards then attending or forfeit 1 shilling.

"20. In order to attend the funeral each member shall meet at the house where the Society is kept, from whence they shall be conducted to the place where the deceased is. Each member shall bear his own expenses.

"21. If any one happens to die before he hath been a year in the Society the money that he hath desposed in the box shall be returned towards his funeral charges." [Two lines are here erased.]

"22. For the more deacent attending a funeral each member shall at his own expence purchase a black cape, hat band, and black gloves or forfeit 2/6 to ye box.

"28. If any member neglecteth coming when invited to a burial or summoned upon any urgent occasion, except as above mentioned shall forfeit 1sh. and this Society to continue to be such as long as any three members agree to hold the same."

The following is the subscription :—

"We whose names are hereunder subscribed are agreeable to the foresaid articles as witness our hands June ye 24th 1732.

"Matt Armstrong, Geo Gillespy, Jos Gillespy George Stokes, Arthur Dowglass, W^m^ Hawdon, Thomas Dalton, John Rohmford, John Thompson, Michael Dalton, W^m^ Blacklock." A name erased.

Other signatures in 1732. "Hendrick Jones, Peter Brown, George Pesco, William Brown, Joseph Clark, William Tods, John Dover."

It seems as if these rules were signed on entrance, as four columns of original signatures continue until August, 1773. I might linger longer over this interesting record of an old lodge, and our older Brethren, but I will keep for another Article several very interesting transcripts to which I have already alluded.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

It has been said that Sir Walter Scott's Life of Bonaparte was the greatest romance he ever wrote; whilst others have urged in extenuation that he took his "facts" too much from newspaper reports, which at that time were not to be so much depended upon as in the present day. A correspondent of the "Newcastle Weekly Chronicle" noticing "a rather remarkable effort of descriptive reporting" in the present day, says :—"In the Beecher-Tilton case, I noted Victoria Woodhull was summoned as a witness. The pressmen present seem to have sharpened their pencils when the apostle of free love 'took the stand,' as they say. In varying words, they describe her appearance; and from five of the efforts of leading papers, kindly sent me, I cull the words relating to the dress of Victoria. Says the 'Sun' dogmatically, 'her dress was *black* silk;' the 'Evening News' has it that 'she was dressed in a dark *blue* promenade suit;' the 'Tribune' will have it that she had on a 'dark *purple* dress;' the 'Telegram' emphasises the fact that she wore—if not a wreath of roses—

at any rate she was dressed in a 'dark *drab* suit;' whilst the 'Herald' as usual distinguishes itself from its competitors by saying that the dress was a 'suit of *gray*.' There's variety for you; and if these five witnesses could not decide the colour of a dress, who shall wonder if one opinion becomes five from five standpoints?" To which I will only add, that if five eye-witnesses cannot agree one with another on the colour of a lady's dress, at the very time of seeing it, but each publish different accounts to be immediately read by numerous people who have also seen the said dress, how can we poor historians help falling into numerous errors, however anxious we may search for the truth, when we are compelled to take most of our facts from others? Who after this can wonder that Sir Walter Raleigh, writing his "History of the World," when a prisoner in the Tower, should be unable to unravel the cause of the quarrel which had just taken place under the window of his cell? Should a painter ever wish to portray the female advocate of free love in any of his pictures, he will have the advantage of being able to represent her in a kirtle of black, dark blue, dark purple, dark drab, or gray, as may best suit his fancy, and to appeal to the press for a proof of his strict historical correctness.

"An Account of the Old Streets and Homesteads of England," illustrated by numerous examples, selected and drawn on wood, by Mr. Alfred Rimmer, of Chester, and with an introduction from the pen of Dean Howson, is about to be published.

We hear much in England of every village of any importance in the United States of America having one or more newspapers, but little as to how many of them are losses either to those who commence them, or those who unfortunately give them credit. We learn from "Rowell's American Newspaper Directory for 1875," that upwards of a thousand of of them failed during last year. Our Transatlantic cousins evidently need to study one of the rudimentary lessons of political economy, that of supply and demand. It might help to save them from some other errors which it is not necessary here to enter on.

Sir Michael Costa, Sir J. Benedict, Sir R. Elvey, Professor Ella, Professor Hullah, and Herr Halle, have been nominated as examiners for the new National Training School for Music.

"Under Heaven there never was such a smith," is the boast of the Japanese when speaking of their celebrated countryman of the sixteenth century, Myochin Muneharu. The visitors to that real educator of the people, South Kensington Museum, can now judge for themselves, by examining his large bronze sculpture of the Sea-Eagle, which has been added to the South Court. The "Athenæum" describes "this statue of the bird of prey in the act of departing on the wing, as it seems to us, from the verge of a rock; the neck is thrust outwards, the beak slightly opened, as if to emit a scream before descent is begun. The neck feathers are bristling, and, this we do not understand, they appear to have become concave, the tips being elevated; the crest is raised; the expanded wings seem to vibrate in every quill; the tail is spread like a fan. The execution is elaborate and careful, but not merely minute—it is marked by something like largeness of style, and a fine feeling for the differing textures and forms of the various kinds of feathers is distinct."

One would scarcely pick a rural policeman at a venture as the likeliest man in the parish to be a poet; yet the occupation, humble though it may be, when honestly performed is as honourable as any other. Now, as in the days of the ancient Roman, the head of the body politic would be useless without the too-often despised humbler members. And Freemasons, of every clime and creed, gladly accept that sublime conservative-democracy of PAUL, in his first Epistle to the Corinthians, where he says:—"The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee: nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you. Nay, much more those members of the body which seem to be more feeble, are necessary." And why should not the poor rural policeman, going his lonely beat at untimely hours, through villages and past farmsteads where nothing is to be heard save "the watchdog's honest bark," and along highways and byeways where nothing crosses his path except the hungry fox prowling for his poultry prey, unless a human thief should unhappily be on the same unholy errand,—why should not this man, with the silver moon and myriads of beauteous stars spangling the bright blue immensity of sky above him; with the most gorgeous sunrises, or most brilliant sunsets constantly exposed to his view, as he may happen to be upon

day or night duty; and with all the songs of birds, and beauty of wild flowers and trees, and perfumes of new hay and blossoming beanfields, as no mean addition to his scanty pay; why should not sweet Poesy sometimes come to him, as she has come, a benignant goddess, to many others in humble life, and as she will come, like many other of God's best gifts to man, to all who will humbly receive her. WORDSWORTH has told us truly that "there are many poets who ne'er penn'd their inspirations." But for many years past, Mr. James Conway (who for fifteen years has been a rural policeman, and once or more has been nearly killed in doing his duty manfully, when having to deal with human beings sunk beneath savagery), has not only burst frequently into song, but has found the local newspapers, both in Scotland and in England, glad to insert his poetical contributions in their Poets' Corners. These have been collected into two little volumes, each complete in itself; the first, "Saint Godric and other Poems," published some three years ago, immediately reached a second edition; the second book, entitled "Home Lyrics," has just been issued. I hope, in a future number of the "Masonic Magazine," to notice the somewhat eventful life of this humble but worthy man, and to give the reader a few fair specimens of his poetry; in the meantime, I am happy to bear my testimony to the worth and ability both of the man and his books, at a time when ill health, which has attacked both himself and his family, is compelling him to resign his humble post as a policeman.

Those who remember reading Bro. George Augustus Sala's description of the vagaries of the Spiritualists in "How I tamed Mrs. Cruiser," will not think the picture overdrawn when they peruse the French police reports of the trial and conviction of the hypocritical charlatans who have been reaping a golden harvest from their credulous dupes in Paris, under the pretence of photographing the spirits of their departed friends; a game that was first played in America, and has since been used in England, and which seems fair to call for a considerable amount of reformatory prison discipline for the plunderers, and for careful lunatic treatment for the poor deluded dupes, who will not believe that they have been duped, even when their dupers make a clean breast of it after conviction, and show up the duplicity they *have practised in open court.* At least the latter is the case in France. Buguet, the professed photographer of spirits; Leymarie, the editor of the Spirit Review; and Firman, a medium from America, have been unfortunate enough to have amongst their numerous customers a few clever detectives, who soon saw sufficient to arrest them on a charge of swindling; and the Paris Correctional Tribunal has sentenced Firman, the "medium," to six months' imprisonment, and Leymarie and Buguet to be kept "in durance vile" for a year. But as they pretend, like Owen Glendower, to be able to "call spirits from the vasty deep," time cannot hang heavy on their hands, with or without oakum picking, or other prison employment. The mere laying of three rogues by the heels in hold, and that too in a foreign country, and none of them of greater interest to us than the numerous army of scoundrels in general, would scarcely of itself constitute matter for a paragraph on Literature, Science or Art. But the richest part of the whole affair is, Buguet, the spirit-photographer, produced in open court his swindling apparatus, and showed plainly how the whole thing was done. Photographic appliances, such as are necessary for taking the likeness of one still in the flesh, a musical box, (surely the spirits cannot be much used to hear the golden harps of the angels, considering how delighted they seem always to be with the commonest earthly musical toy,) a big doll, jointed and dressed in gauze, but without a head, just as the dupes it was for were without brains; and some hundreds of photographic portraits of men, women, and children, these were the whole and sole requisites for producing as many photographs of spirits as there were dupes able and willing to pay twenty francs a piece for. If the lady-cashier of the studio could worm out of the waiting dupe the important information of the age at the time of death, the sex, and any other particulars of personal appearance, a spirit-photograph was at once secured, which the pleased dupe declared to be able to recognize at once; but if, as in the case of M. Cassonade, a grocer, who wanted a spirit-photograph of his son, a lad of ten years at the time of death, and got the portrait of an old man of sixty instead, as our wily spiritualists did

not guarantee a resemblance even, let alone strict correctness, there must be other twenty francs stumped down before another attempt could be made. And the dupes were impiously told to pray, and to procure the prayers of others, to help to secure a good spirit-portrait, while the knavish photographer was choosing out one of his many hundreds of photographs from the box, affixing it to the headless doll, and copying it along with the spiritual drapery shadowed by the gauze, the musical box in the meantime discoursing most heavenly music for the amusement of the spirit. However weak Buguet may be in honesty, he must be possessed of very strong nerves to be able to go through his exposure, to explain all so fully to the judge in open court. But his impudence was not so great after all as the credulity of his dupes, most of whom were rich enough in everything but common sense. Count de Bullet (an appropriate title enough, seeing that he had been an officer in the army), the first witness, had been tricked out of four thousand francs and the musical box to boot; but, although he was shown the photograph, numbered 305, from the box, and the judge got Buguet to show him how he had deceived him by copying it with the gauze-dressed, headless doll for his ancestor, "a man convinced against his will," as BUTLER tells us, "is of the same opinion still," and so was Count Bullet. "You see that you have been duped?" remarked the judge, after this thorough exposure. "That," rejoined the Count, "is *your* opinion; it is not mine" !!! One, who had been trained in the Polytechnic School, and is said still to be a colonel of artillery, like the others, could not be convinced of the imposition practised upon him by all the exposing of the dodge both by judge and photographer. "Permit me not to believe in the process you describe!" was his rejoinder to Buguet's explanation of how he had deceived him. In vain the judge showed him that it was really the portrait of a townsman at Dreux, and that it had also been copied, aided with the useful gauze garments of the doll, for the spectre-portrait of a merchant of Bordeaux, as well as for his uncle. In vain Buguet acknowledged all this, and explained the whole trickery practised upon him; in spite of all, the poor deluded colonel of artillery exclaimed with fervour, "I am sure that it was a spirit. I know that M. Buguet is a medium; I know it; I am sure of it!" On reading such nonsense from the mouths of men who ought to be the leaders of the people in Literature, Science, and Art, as well as in morality and religion, one is almost provoked to call out for "a whip and a dark room."

It is said that an attempt will shortly be made to navigate balloons in the air with steam instead of gas. The invention is approved by Bro. Glaisher, F.R.S., the Duke of Argyll, the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Dufferin, and other friends and members of the Aeronautical Society; has been named by F. W. Brearey, the secretary, "the aerial steamer," and is the invention of Messrs. Moy and Shill.

Some fine old China has just been obtained, in perfect condition, by means of diving operations, from the wreck of an East Indiaman, which foundered near Elfsboy, on the Swedish coast, a hundred and sixty-three years ago,—when Queen Anne was on the English throne, though really ruled by her quarrelsome ministers; Marlborough was just dismissed from all his appointments, and the treaty of Utrecht was unsigned. What a history has been that of our country, since the ill-fated vessel sank! and what mighty movements have marched on, for good or for evil, since the cargo of this East Indiaman has laid unmoved beneath the billows of that best of all images of eternity, the broad, deep sea! How different is the state of English society from those for whom the china was first intended, to those into whose hands it is now likely to fall. One will feel anxious to learn more about this remarkable cargo, and the diving operations to secure it.

The "British Architect" says:—"We understand Mr. William Andrews, Cor. M.R. Hist. Soc. 1, Caughey-street, Hull, is engaged on a work which will appear annually, under the title of the 'Archæology of the Humber District and Hull Notabilia.' A description of the various objects of antiquarian and historical interest in the neighbourhood will be given, as well as notices of works relating to the archæology of the locality." Knowing Mr. Andrews as an intelligent ardent, collector, I feel confident that he will work that fine field for an antiquary, and will amuse whilst he instructs us.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

A CLOSE, HARD MAN.

A hard, close man was Solomon Ray,
Nothing of value he gave away;
He hoarded and saved;
He pinched and shaved;
And the more he had the more he craved.

The hard-earned money he toiled to gain,
Brought him little but care and pain;
For little he spent,
And all he lent,
He made it bring him twenty per cent.

Such was the life of Solomon Ray.
The years went by, and his hair grew gray,
His cheeks grew thin,
And his soul within,
Grew hard as the money he worked to win.

But he died one day, as all men must,
For life is fleeting, and man but dust.
The heirs were gay,
That laid him away,
And that was the end of Solomon Ray.

They quarrelled now, who had little cared
For Solomon Ray while his life was spared.
His lands were sold,
And his hard-earned gold,
All went to the lawyers, I am told.

Yet men will cheat and pinch and save,
Nor carry their treasures beyond the grave.
All their gold some day,
Will melt away,
Like the selfish savings of Solomon Ray.

Freemason, St. Louis.

Chippings.

"WAITING."

BY AVE NIK.

"They also serve, who only stand and wait." Yes, that's Scripture, and a very comforting passage it is sometimes. But don't you think there is more than one kind of waiting?

Now, there is 'Zekiel Hull, just round he corner, who has been waiting this twenty years for something to turn up." He is a *very* patient man. I have seen him stand for an hour and not answer back while his hard working wife teased him to saw a little wood. He never mends his gates, or rakes up his yard, or brings in a pail of water for his wife, but he'll sit for hours and talk about the Lord's doings. If a rich man fails, he always talks about the mercy of the Lord, but if a poor man gets rich suddenly, or even slowly and by his own perseverance, then 'Zekiel straightway wonders whether he has been given over to—well, the other person you know. He sighs a great deal over the hard times, but he is always patient. In fact, he is pre-emminently a waiting man.

There's Theodosia Alison. She has been waiting—well I won't try to tell how long—but a great while for a husband. She always keeps her hands very soft and white for his future admiration, and dresses her hair in the very latest style.

Very sweet and patient she looks, sitting in the cool parlour, while her mother drudges away in the back kitchen. But I wonder if the Lord wouldn't be about as glad as I would to see her mother do part of the waiting. I don't believe in monopoly, even of the waiting business.

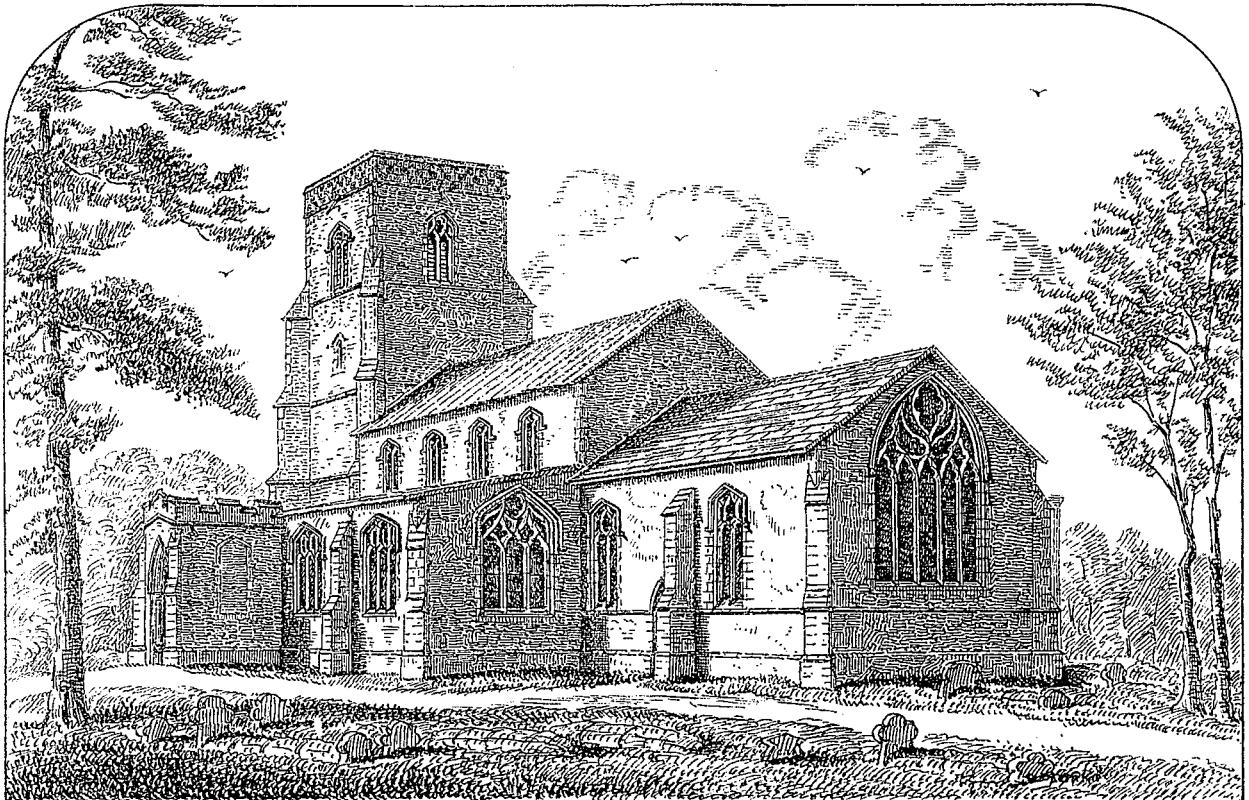
In the little brown cottage over the way lies the Widow Stoddard, waiting for the angel of death. For six years she has been a widow, toiling along for her little ones.

Now that fell destroyer, consumption, has laid her low, and she can do nothing more but *wait.*

I went to see her the other day. Deacon Skinner's wife was there before me, baking, scrubbing, sweeping and dusting. I passed her into the little bed-room where the sick woman lay, her face as white as the pillow on which it rested, her large, dark eyes looking away out of the window, and up into the blue, blue sky.

How sweet her smile of welcome!

How cheerful her words! We talked of the Spring-time, the flowers, the birds, the sunshine, and most of all, of the Father's love that shone in and through them all. The sweeping and the dusting in the outer room continued, but as I gazed on the white, patient face before me, I could not but think that there *is* a waiting which is also *serving.—New York Dispatch.*



COWELL'S ANASTATIC PRESS.
IPSWICH.

See Page 95.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 27.—Vol. III. SEPTEMBER, 1875. Price 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

There is not a great deal to report this month. Our Order appears to be rapidly extending in Great Britain, and such also seems to be the case in Canada and the United States. Curiously enough the attacks on Freemasonry instead of decreasing seem to be increasing in virulence and violence; and we hear of sermons against Freemasons, and even an anti-Masonic Convention in the United States. Well, much good may it do them all! As Paddy says, "more power to their arms." For our part, we are like the eels—we have got accustomed to it all, and on the whole it is rather amusing than otherwise. Romanists and Ritualists, Baptists and Reformed Presbyterians, fanatics of differing denominations are just now like a pack of hounds in full cry. Mr. Heckethorn, among his other amenities, amused himself by saying that Freemasonry had no literature. This may be true or not, but for specimens of the most dreadful bathos, vulgar impertinence, and illogical twaddle, commend us to the recent attacks on our Order, all marked by the peculiar colouring of the Jesuit or Ultramontane school. That the Ritualists should follow suit we do not wonder, as, with the exception of Baring Gould and perhaps Orby Shipley, the distinguishing characteristic of their writers is hopeless weakness, to which may be added a profound contempt for the facts of history and the veracity of assertion. We say nothing of their folly, or perversity, or reckless contempt of their superiors, their *αγομια*, in short; but we do feel what a pity it is that before they write on Freemasonry they do not study the subject originally, and not depend on the rowdy utterances of insane Ultramontanes—insane, that is, on this topic. We are not astonished at the Ritualists repeating this senseless cry of the Roman Catholics as regards us irreligious and revolutionary Freemasons, "ad Leones;" but we are surprised, we confess, to observe that so called Protestant sects, who profess to believe in liberty of conscience, &c., are actually pulling in the same boat with Romanist and Ritualist. Shades of John Knox and the Father of Pedo-Baptists! &c., &c. It only convinces us how true theory often is—how hard practice. How easy it is to preach, how difficult to perform, and what an intense difference there is between the acceptance of a truth and its personal realization. Indeed, this persecuting tendency is, in our opinion, a great disgrace to the religion of the hour, and may be, ere long, a stumbling-block to many reverent and thoughtful minds. Let them rail on, Freemasonry can afford to laugh at childish incrimination, just as it contemns malignant falsehoods.

There has been a controversy going on in the "Freemason" about Bro. Major Burgess. He has been excluded from the Priory of the Temple, and, in consequence of a concordat with that order and the A. and A. Rite, and the Mark Grand Lodge, a judicial committee of the three orders has been formed, which has ordered his expulsion from the Mark degree. As he has committed no offence against Mark-Masonic law, it seems "hard lines" for our gallant Bro., and a queer manifestation of Masonic justice.

Bro. Caubet, the well-known G.S. of the Grand Orient of France, has answered the Bishop of Orleans' "Etude," ably as is his wont. But not, in our opinion, as fully as we could wish, as he apparently cannot get over the many foolish speeches and un-Masonic acts of individuals, to which the Bishop rightly takes exception, and calls attention to. Bro. Caubet has proved, we think, the un-Masonic speeches, &c., complained of to be those of individual brethren, not of the Grand Lodges.

There are two excellent coloured prints of our Royal Grand Master, which may be seen at Bro. Kenning's, either of which would effectively adorn our lodge rooms. Brethren in town had better pay Bro. Kenning's show room a visit, as we fancy the demand for these coloured prints will be very great.

THE MINUTE BOOK OF THE LODGE OF INDUSTRY, GATESHEAD.

BY THE EDITOR.

(*Continued from page 76.*)

I PROPOSE now to give a series of documents which have for the first time been publicly made use of since they were written in the old Minute Book by the same clear hand about 150 years ago. Most interesting they all are, and most important towards a true history of Freemasonry in England.

Orders of Antiquity.

"1st. That every Mason be a True Lodgeman to God and the holy Church. That he use neither errour nor heresy, nor desert discreet and wise men's teaching.

"2nd. That you be true to each other, and do to every man as you would they should do unto you.

"3rd. That you keep truly all Council of the Lodge Chamber, and Council that ought to be kept concerning Masonry.

"4th. That you shall call all Masons ffellowes or Brethren and no foul names.

"5th. That you shall pay truly for your meat and drink, &c., where you lodge or board.

"6th. That you shall do no villany where you board, whereby the Craft may be slandered.

"7th. That no mason take upon him any Lord's or Masters work, nor any other Mason's unless he know himself to be Master of the said work: so that the Craft may have no slander, nor evil report by him in so doing.

"8th. That no master or ffellow deprive other Masters of their work which they have taken, Unless he can render him or them in-capable of the work.

"9th. That no Master or Fellow shall take an Apprentice for less time than Seaven years, and one that is able of Birth, free born, whole of Limbs, and as a man ought to be.

"10th. That no master or ffellow take any allowance or ffee of any for their being made a Mason without ye knowledge and Consent of Seaven of the Society at least. [Verte is here written at the foot of the page.]

"11th. That no Master or ffellow put any Lord's work to Tax, that was to be done pr journey.

"12th. That every Master or ffellow give pay unto his Fellow according as he deserves, so that he be not deceived by ffalse workmen.

"13th. That no Mason shall Slander another behind his back, to make him loose his good name.

"14. That no Mason be any Common player at dice, or any other unlawful games, whereby the Craft may be Slandered, or Evil Spoken of.

"15th. That no ffellow go into the Town at night except he hath ffellows with him, that may bear witness he was in good Company.

"16th. That every Master or ffellow upon due warning shall not fail to attend the Assembly upon the General meeting day, if he be within fifty miles of it.

"17th. That if any have Trespased against the Craft he shall stand to and abide the Award of the Master and ffellows.

"18. That every Master and ffellow shall cherish strange ffellows when they come out of strange Countreys, and set them on work if they have any, and they willing to work. If not to supply them with money to the next Lodge if need so require.

"19th. That every Mason shall truly make an end of his work, be it Tax or Journey.

"That the Master or Steward keep the Book of Constitutions, Institutions, Orders, Acco^{ts} and Register, and from Time to Time Informe or Instruct any of the Assembly in such requests as they shall want to be informed in.

"21st. That all ffines are to be pd upon first proof on demand and such ffines and money as is or may be in Stock, in ffund Box, be disposed of as the majority of the Assembly shall determine."

I now transcribe the Apprentices' Orders, which so far, to the best of my knowledge, in their present form are unique.

Apprentices Orders.

"1. Forasmuch as you are contracted and Bound to one of our Brethren: We are here assembled together with one Accord, to declare unto you the Laudable Dutys appertaining unto those yt are

apprentices, to those who are of the Lodge of Masonry, which if you take good heed unto and keep, will find the same worthy your regard for a Worthy Science: ffor at the building of the Tower of Babylon and Citys of the East, King Nimrod the Son of Cush, the son of Ham, the son of Noah, &c., gave Charges and Orders to Masons, as also did Abraham in Egypt. King David and his Son King SOLOMAN at the building of the Temple of Jerusalem, and many more Kings and Princes of worthy memory from time to time, and did not only promote the ffame of the 7 Liberal Sciences but fformed Lodges, and gave and granted their Commissions and Charters to those of or belonging to the Science of Masonry to keep and hold their Assemblys, for correcting of ffaults, or making Masons within their Dominions, when and where they pleased.

"2. That you be true to the King and use neither error nor heresy to your understanding, nor despise discreet and wise men's teaching, but in all things behave yourself towards your Master Reverently, in Lowliness of heart and mind, without grudging or repining serving him ffaithfully, dutifully, and diligently.

"3. That you reverence your elders according to their degree, and especially those of the Mason's Craft, and in no respect misreport a Mason behind his back, to hurt his good Name, or slander the Occupation.

"4. That you be no thief, nor commit adultery or ffornication, nor ffrequent Taverns or Alehouses, nor contract matrimony with any woman during your Apprenticeship, (except with your master's knowledge and consent,) nor neglect to pay honestly for your meat and drink &ca, allowed in your Master's absence; nor Cause or Suffer any Loss or damage to your host if you can hinder or prevent the same.

"5. That you willingly do your Duty to the Lord or owner of the work; and if you peeive or discern any damage or harm done or to be done to him, You are forthwith to discover and give intelligence thereof to him, or some Superiour of the work: whereby the same may be remedied or prevented.

"6. That you be true one to another, when you stand in peril or danger, by height, Lift, or otherwise, whereby a man may be much hurt, or his life endangered; taking good heed thereunto, as well for your fellow as yourself.

"7. That you call not one Another by any foul name, but if any manner of fault, cause or difference happen, you are to Communicate the same to the Master and ffellows, or any of them, and volunteerily abide the Correction, &ca., they award.

"8. That you well and truly keep your Master's Councils, your ffellows and your own, and behave one to another gentlely ffriendlily, Lovingly and Brotherly; not Churlishly, presumptuously and forwardly; but so that all your Works and Actions may redound to the Glory of God, the good report of the ffellowship & Company, So help you God. AMEN."

I now bring before my readers some *General Orders, which are also deeply* interesting to all Masonic students.

General Orders.

"1st. That there shall on St John Baptists day June 24th yearly by the Majority of Votes in the assembly be chosen, a Master and Warden for the year ensuing, and a Deputy to act in Masters absence as Master.

"2ndly. That the Chief Meeting Day be June 24th each year, the 29th of September, the 27th of December, and the 25th of March, Quarterly meeting days.

"3rdly. That no apprentice when having served 7 years, be admitted or accepted into the ffellowship, but either on the chief meeting day, or on a Quarterly meeting day: and that on his admission he pay 10/6 to the ffund Box, and further pform all other dutys as the master and ffellows shall think proper.

"4thly. The Master and Warden shall on any Emergency have power to summons and call together an assembly of the Members nearest at hand, to consult and determine any dispute or Cause that may Occur; Seaven or more to be psent, and such act or determination shall be as valid as if done by the whole Assembly.

"5thly. If any member of the Society have work to pforme in masonry or otherwise, shall employ some one or more of the Assembly to do it, if there be psons capable to do it, and such psons shall pform the work fairly and effectually for the Credit of the Craft and Society. [Verte again at foot of page.]

"6thly. No woman if comes to Speak to her husband, or any other person, shall be admitted into the Room, but speak at the door, nor any woman be admitted to serve w^th^ drink, &ca.

7thly. There shall be 2 Locks and 2 Keys to the ffund Box differing in make or sort one to the other, The one Key kept by the Warden, and the other py the Deputy.

"8thly. All such matters or disputes as may arise and not provided for by a written order; such cases to be determined by a majority of Votes in the assembly."

I now give "verbatim et literatim" also, as those carefully copied above, some very curious Penal Orders, of which I do not remember, so far, to have seen any other copy.

Penal Orders.

"1st. Whatever Mason when warned by a Summons from Master & Warden, [these two last words erased,] shall not thereon attend at the place and time apointed, or within an hour after, without a reaonable Cause hindering, Satisfactory to the ffellowship; he shall pay for his Disobedience the sum of 00—00—06., whether on a Quarterly Meeting or any other occasion.

"2ndly. That no Mason shall huff his ffellow, giue him the lie, swear or take God's name in vain within the accustomed place of meeting, on pain of 00—01,—00, on the yearly or Quarterly meeting days.

3rdly. That the MASTER shall receive all ffines Penaltys, and moneys collected amongst the ffellowship; And keep the moneys in the public fund-Box of the Company. AND from time to time render a just account of the State thereof to the fellowship, or a majority thereof when required on penalty of £01—00—00.

"4thly. When any Mason shall take an APPRENTICE he shall enter him in the Company's Records within 40 days, and pay 6d. for Registering on Penalty of 00—03—04.

"5thly. That the Apprentices shall have their Charge given at the time of Registering or within 30 days after, or penalty of 00—03—04, to be paid by his master: Who shall also see the said apprentice pform the same on pain of 00—02—06.

"6thly. If the Master and Apprentice do not Shew the Indentures to be recorded in the Register Book—within 3 months after date, shall pay each 00—02—06.

"7th. That the Master and Wardens [and Wardens erased,] do give out to each member of the Society a Summons, or Advise when and where to meet, signed by himself and wardens [run through with a pen,] to be delivered at least Two full days before the day of Meeting on Penalty of Master 00—01—00. Warden 00—00—06 [latter clause run through with a pen].

"8thly. If any be found not faithfully to keep and maintain the 3 ffraternal signs, and all points of ffellowship, and principal matters relating the secret Craft, each offence penalty 10—10—00.

"9thly. If the Master or Deputy at any Meeting except the yearly meeting do not collect the Reckoning before or as soon as 4d each is come in, viz^t^ of the persons assembled shall fforfeit 00—00—06.

"10thly. If the Master or Deputy be absent at the apointed time and place of meeting on Chief meeting day, penalty ea. 00—02—06, or any other meeting day penalty 00—01—00.

"11thly. If the Warden be absent at the apointed Time and place of meeting penalty 00—01—00.

"12thly. If any member of the assembly during any private meeting shall curse, swear or speak any indecent language, each offence penalty 00—00—04.

"13thly. If any oppose the Master or Warden or use any disobedience towards either of them in the assembly penalty 00—00—06.

"14thly. If any member have behaved indecently in Time of meeting, shall for each offence pay 00—00—03."

"15th. If any member fail to attend when ordered pr Ticket from Master and Warden, within an hour of the apointed time, penalty 00—00—06. [The words 'within an' here are erased.] See Order 19.

"16. Whatever member of the Assembly shall neglect to attend 4 meeting days successively, when Lawfully summoned, shall be mulcted 00—02—00, and if Guilty of any further breach of non attendance, shall for such Contempt be further mulcted according as the majority of votes in the Assembly shall determine. [This has been crossed through.]

"17. Whoever shall psume to call for or order any licquor, &c. &c. except by direction of Master or Deputy Master, ye time of assembly, shall forfeit 00—00—02.

"18. If any stay out after 10 oclock the meeting night without the Masters leave, penalty 00—00—06.

"19. Whatever member having due warning shall fail or neglect to attend at the apointed time and place of meeting, on the Chief meeting day, viz. June 24th yearly, shall pay to fund Box 00—02—00.

"20. No mason shall take any work or employ others so to do, that he has heard any of his Brother Masons been meeting about unless he first aquaint his Brother that was Bargaining for ye said work, or can prove him incapable of performing the same penalty 20s.—00."

This last rule is written in another hand. I close here to-day, and propose to give in the next Magazine what may be called the "Fund Laws," but which are too long for the present number. I feel more and more what a debt we owe to the W.M. Bro. R. Gregory, to Bro. E. R. Robson, and the members of the Lodge of Industry, No. 48, Gateshead, for so kindly allowing these ancient and valuable documents to be communicated to the Craft. I feel sure that their courtesy and kindness will be deeply appreciated by all Masonic Students.

MASONIC ODDS AND ENDS.

COLLECTED BY WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

The "Sloane MS."

In the "Freemasons' Magazine" for May, 1861 (p. 348), occurs a notice of the Sloane MS. It is by "M. C." in "Notes and Queries." The writer styles it "a very curious paper, evidently written about the middle of the seventeenth century." The O. B. is inserted, which agrees with the Sloane MS. We take the above to be a transcript, and the *earliest* we have met with of the MS. in question in any Masonic paper.

Early Symbolical Freemasonry.

In Sebastian Munster's Cosmography, printed in 1554, the Square and Compasses, with the letter "G." within, occur as a margin ornament. The "Square and Compasses" may be *operative*, but the letter G, being so depicted is certainly speculative.

T.R.H. Duke of Kent and Duke of Sussex.

In the "Congregationalist" for January, 1875, is an article by the Rev. Robert Halley, LL.D., entitled "Recollections of the Old Dissent." After alluding to several able Nonconformist ministers "who have passed away," Dr. Halley presents a most racy sketch of the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Collyer, of London. "His great attraction was his imaginative power, never unduly indulged, but simply and pleasantly illustrating his subject. . . . . His preaching attracted the attention of some persons belonging to a class seldom seen in a dissenting place of worship. Among others were two royal dukes, the Duke of Kent, father to our present Queen, and her uncle, the Duke of Sussex. On the occasion of opening his new chapel at Peckham, at that time thought a very grand affair, the two royal dukes attended to show their regard to him."

A good story is told of this Dr. Collyer. He once invited their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Kent and Sussex to dine with him, and to his consternation they graciously accepted his invitation. His humble residence at Blackheath he knew was too small for the purpose, and his servants were unused to the entertainment of such exalted guests.

As a last resource Dr. Collyer ordered a sumptuous dinner at the "Green Man Hotel," Blackheath, at that time frequented by the nobility, and there dispensed the honours of the table in a manner worthy of royalty.

Dr. Halley tells us "the most extravagant estimates were prevalent as to the cost for the luxuries, wine, and the waiting, but the worthy doctor kept the secret to himself, and never appeared to have gratified the curiosity of his friends on the subject."

The Mason's Company.

We find from our notes that for some time before and after the year 1686, the clerk to the "Master, Wardens, Assistants and Commonalty of the Art and Mistery of Masons of the Citty of London," was called *Thomas Stampe.*

This name differs (as already noted), from the clerk to the Society, which owned the Antiquity MS., and to us it

seems far from improbable that the Company or lodge which Elias Ashmole visited was the same which owned the Antiquity MS., and which is still represented by the Lodge of Antiquity of to-day.

There is a Book of Accounts preserved by the regular Mason's Company extending from about 1630, to past 1686, and on the first page thereof occurs the term *Freemason*. The following is the reference to the Company in Stow's Survey of London, enlarged by A. M (unday). London, 1633:

"The Company of Masons being otherwise termed Free-Masons of ancient standing and good reckoning, by means of affable and kinde meetings, divers times, and as a loving Brotherhood should use to doe, did frequent this mutuall assembly in the time of King Henry the fourth, in the twelfth yeere of his most gracious Reigne."

There is a woodcut of the Company's arms corresponding with that at the head of the Antiquity MS. "Sable, a chevron between three castles, &c."

Sir Christopher Wren.

Sir William Chambers in his "Civil Architecture" (Lockwood & Co. London, 1862, p. 263), thus speaks of the above:

"To the eternal disgrace of the reign of George the First, Sir Christopher Wren was, at the advanced age of eighty-six, after fifty years of useful, active and laborious self devotion to the services of the public, dismissed from the office of surveyor-general. His death took place on the 25th February, 1723, in the ninety-first year of his age."

Sir Christopher Wren was born, we believe, on the 20th October, 1632.

FROM THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

A Legend of Dover.

"So that after a grill, or short turn on the mill,
And with no worse a singeing, to purge her iniquity,
Than a Freemason gets in the Lodge of Antiquity,
She'd have rubb'd off old scores, Popp'd out of doors,
And sheer'd off at once for a happier port,
Like a white-wash'd Insolvent that's gone through the court."

John Murdo, the Master Mason.

Bro. James Millar, in "The Architects and Builders of the Middle Ages"* (page 131), observes, "From the following inscription on a tablet upon the wall of the south transept of the famous Melrose Abbey, we are led to infer that John Murdo was inspector of several of our Scottish ecclesiastical structures. The inscription is in rude rhyme, packed in by the sculptor without regard to the metrical line, and quoted by Mr. Archibald M'Lellan, in his essay on the Glasgow Cathedral, from the Monastic Annals of Teviotdale, by the Rev. John Morton."

We have placed them according to general usage as the sense of this very ancient inscription is otherwise sacrificed.

Iohn : Murdo : sum : tym : callit : was : I :
And : born : in : parysse : certainly :
And : had : in : keping : all : Mason : werk :
Of : Sant : Androys : ye : hye : kirk :
Of : Glasgu : Melros : and : Paslay :
Of : Ryddysdall : and : of : Galway :
Pray : to : God : and : Mary : baith :
And : sweet : Sanct : John : to . keep :
This : haly : kirk : frae : skaith :

There is also another inscription in this old abbey on a shield, charged with the compass and fleurs-de-lis, respectively indicating the Masonic rank, and native country of the above John Murdo.

"Sa gangs ye compas eyn about
Sa truth and laute do,
But doubte behaulde to ye heade
Quoth John Murdo."

Or, as we should say, "As goeth the compass even about, without deviating from the true circle, so, without doubt, do truth and loyalty—look well to the end, quoth John Murdo."

In 1830, under the foundation stone of the very ancient Bridge "Baal's," Limerick, Ireland (Bro. Michael Furnell reported in the Freemason's Quarterly Review, 1842, p. 288), was found a brass square with the inscription,

"I will strive to live with love and ease."

1517.

On the reverse was the following:

"Upon the Level, by the Square."

* Glasgow: Maurice Ogle & Son, 1851.

DRAGONI'S DAUGHTER.

BY MARVIN HYDE.

(*Continued from page* 50.)

CHAPTER III.

A MERRY carnival was that of 1560. Sounds of merriment and boisterous gaiety saluted the ear at every turn. Sleep seemed to have flown to regions unknown; maskers were abroad early and late; every inn and hostelry in all Venice was crowded with gay cavaliers, who divided their nights between the card-table and the wine-cup. Almost every palazzo was ablaze with lights for the festival, and strains of merry music stole through thick shrubberies and floated out on the Adriatic.

It was near midnight when Dragoni's daughter sat mid gloom and tears in her father's palace. This alone was unlighted, for a brilliant festa, given by one of Venice's proudest nobles, claimed among the guests the count and countess, and Elena, on plea of fatigue, remained at home. Now she sat alone; not a breath of air stirred either trees or flowers, and even the very silence seemed audible, as she sat musing upon her fate. The farewell kisses of her parents yet lingered on her lips, and her grief broke forth at the thought that perhaps that night she had seen them for the last time.

"It is thus that I repay their never-ceasing love!" she exclaimed, in an agony of grief; "thus, by taking my fate in my own hands, and new vows upon my lips. I have seen them for the last time—will they not curse my memory? Will they not cast me utterly from their hearts? Alas, alas!—never again can I breathe proudly within these old palace walls. Dragoni's daughter will become an outcast, an alien from her native Venice."

But a gush of woman's tenderness swept over her. Woman-like, she accused herself of selfishness.

"But why these tears?" she murmured. "Back, weak tones of a selfish love! Be still, vacillating will—faltering heart! What has he not dared for me? The daggers of a hundred nobles—aye, even the horrors of the Inquisition, from which all good saints preserve him! And now Elena Dragoni sits selfishly weeping at the hour when his reward should be bestowed!"

"Nay, dearest," said a low, sweet voice by her side. "Mutual is the danger; and can my poor love ever recompense such a sacrifice?"

Elena lifted her eyes to the beautifully eloquent face of her lover, and laid her hand in his. Its pressure was tenderly returned. No further word was spoken. Drawing near the toilette, Pietro noted the jewels lying in their caskets, not one of which, her father's gifts, the daughter could take with her on her flight; and silently, almost tearfully, yet with the light of a firm purpose burning in his dark eyes, he placed a folded slip of parchment among the gems, then turned toward the weeper, and led her, amid her blinding tears, to a seat in the waiting gondola. Pushing rapidly from the marble steps leading down to the water, the barge bounded on its way; but after passing rapidly through a narrow inlet and out into the Grand Canal, Pietro suddenly laid down his oars and looked back.

Venice, the first city of Italian liberty, the mistress of the sea, the queen of the Adriatic, lay bathed in moonlight. Her hundred palaces threw back the white moonlight from their marble walls; light shone resplendently from the casements; the air was one hum of blended music, voices, and laughter; a rising breeze swept outward upon the Adriatic's bosom the fragrance of orange-blossoms blooming at the water's side; and the silver moonlight enveloped the spires of San Marc pointing heavenward. The motion of the gondola ceased, and Pietro broke the silence.

"Elena Dragoni!" he exclaimed, sadly, lifting from his bossom the beautiful head which had rested thereon, and withdrawing to a little distance—"Elena Dragoni, ere my gondola takes us another oar's length from Venice, my lips must unfold a story which I intended not to tell you till many and many a league away. Listen to its recital!

"Two years ago the fame of Dragoni's daughter's wondrous beauty came to me in my far-off mountain home. I said to my own heart, 'Take courage; let us gaze on this noble lady; let us journey to distant Venice, and gaze for ourself on her passing beauteous face.' Thither came I, the mountain youth, to your proud city

enthroned on her hundred isles, and standing where you daily stepped from the marble stairs into your noble sire's velvet-lined gondola, I gazed my fill upon your face. The half had not been told me. From that hour a wild, mad love took possession of my soul; I vowed to win you and your love, or die. I doffed my mountain garb; I, who had always hitherto been free, ay, a king among his own people, clad myself in the attire of an humble artizan, and apprenticed myself to the jeweller who fashioned trinkets and baubles for beauty's fingers; I, whose mountain home was richer far in its hoarded gold, its massive drinking cups, its sumptuous gems, than any palace in yonder city. But enough. The rest is soon told. I was bidden by my master to take a casket of jewels to the Palazzo Dragoni. They were the birthday gift from a noble count to his only daughter; that noble count himself bade me carry them into her presence. Elena, you know the rest: First, my wild, mad pasion, that glance that first shot from my eyes to yours, and fired our souls; our midnight meetings—our mutual love. But alas! Elena, *bell' idol moi?* you do not know all. I have deceived you. I am not Pietro Baptiste, the citizen; I am Carlo Trevorra, the bandit captain!"

In silence had Dragoni's daughter listened; her very breath seemed suspended; no word of reproach, no scream of surprise smote the air. That very silence itself was more eloquent than any uttered reproaches could have been.

"Elena," said Carlo Trevorra, and the lover came nearer and took her hand, "Elena, for the Virgin's sake, speak to me! At least, say you forgive me. For the past I have no excuse save my mad love; but I am not the villainous man I seem. At this hour, if you but wave your white hand toward yonder city, the prow of my gondola shall be turned thither. Much as I worship, Elena, I would not force you away. Now, Elena, shall I turn again toward Venice?"

Dragoni's daughter paused; but it was only for a moment. Perhaps it was undutiful; but it was like a weak, yielding, loving woman, who must live in him she loves, or have no life. The grief of her parents, her pride of birth, the scorn of all Venice, were as naught at that moment; for, though her cheek was deadly pale, her lips wavered not as she said, in a low, firm voice:

"I risked all for the citizen, and I can do no more for the bandit; row on?"

And silently they sailed down the Adriatic.

It was a wild and gloomy cove, belted by a hedge of olives, where they landed. Drawing a small silver whistle from his belt, Carlo applied it to his lips, and at its shrill peal ten of his bravest followers sprang from the shelter of the olive grove and stood about their chief. Ere two hours had fled, Dragoni's daughter, borne thither on a litter of velvet cushions by the sturdy men, gained the mountain cavern, and an aged priest, whom the bandit chief had gained over to his purpose, performed the rites that cast her fate and fortune with her outlaw lover's.

Chapter IV.

Three years had passed away in Venice, but still no tidings from Dragoni's daughter.

Terrible was the woe that fell like a thunderbolt upon the old count, when late on the next morning after the carnival he sent a page to his daughter's apartment, summoning her to his presence. She was not there; and presently, pale with affright, the waiting-maid came with the slip of folded parchment which she had found lying upon the toilet among her mistress's jewels.

"Some trick of my child's, this high carnival time, methinks," muttered the old count, receiving the missive from the hands of the trembling girl, who, wakened late by the page, knew not how to account for her unwonted sleepiness (for Elena, fearing pursuit, had mixed a slight sleeping potion in her waiting-maid's drink.) "Go hence, Cattina," said the count, "and seek thy mistress in the garden of the plaza."

But when the old man's eyes glanced over that slip of parchment, for a moment all the fire of his patrician blood was up in his veins; then staggering feebly to the countess' room, with a low moan he sank down.

"What is it?" exclaimed the contessa, taking the paper from his trembling fingers, and reading like one in a dream:

"Pursuit is useless. Ere this shall reach the Count Dragoni's eyes, his daughter will be many leagues away, the bride of Carlo Trevorra, the bandit."

"The pride of our noble house, the hope of our old age a bandit's wife! O, the Virgin and all the saints forbid! Hasten, recover her, ere she be lost forever?" shrieked the patrician mother, grasping at her husband's arm.

Her touch roused him; the old count rose to his feet; the fire of pride and anger ran riot through his veins and flashed in his eyes. He paced the floor with great strides.

"Ho, there! See that the gondola be doubly manned!" he shouted to his page, who bore the summons to his serving-men. Large tears filled his eyes, but he quickly dashed them away, exclaiming, "Away!—tears are for the weak, but I am strong, and will have revenge! Yes, revenge! Base-born, menial dog! Undutiful, deceitful daughter!"

"Spare, O spare Elena! remember that she was kind and dutiful until now. It may be that he forced her away against her will!" pleaded the stricken mother, with a gush of returning tenderness, as the page entered to inform the count that his gondola was in waiting.

An angry, proud patrician went forth; but a feeble, grief-stricken, crushed father returned from his interview with the Doge of Venice. Next morning the whole city rang with the elopement of Dragoni's daughter; groups of men assembled at corners, conversed in low tones of the bandit's temerity; the gaiety of the carnival seemed hushed; immense rewards were offered by the doge, and stamped with the seal of San Marc; the Council of Ten sent out spies, and parties scoured forests and mountain fastnesses for leagues and leagues around; but all of no avail, and of but small harm to the youthful pair, safe in their far-away, inaccessible mountain retreat.

So days went by, and "the Ten" remitted not in their endeavours; but love and caution possessed eyes more Argus-like than even the dreaded Inquisition; and so the days glided into weeks and months and years, and the name of Elena Dragoni was rarely heard in the city that gave her birth.

Chapter V.

An old man lay dying in Venice. He lay upon a low pallet in a miserable hovel. A light breeze stole through the broken casement, and now and then, like wandering angel fingers, lifted the few scattering gray hairs from his sunken temples. The restless eye gleamed strangely bright, not with a holy beam, but with that wild, unsatisfied, reckless gaze that tells of a hardened, desperate soul within.

Suddenly setting his glances upon a young boy who in fright cowered down by the bedside, he said sharply, in the feeble accents of one already on the threshold of the grave:

"Hasten, Manual, to the palace of the Count Dragoni—tell him a dying man would speak with him. Speed thee!"

The lad's excited manner and strange story obtained but little credence of the porter who guarded the entrance of the Dragoni mansion, and it is probable that he would have returned alone had not the old count, who had returned in the twilight from a visit to the doge's palace, encountered him in the vestibule pleading for admittance.

"A boy who insists upon carrying a dying, dirty lazzaroni's message to the most noble Count Dragoni," said the man, bowing respectfully to his master.

"Nay, it is my grandsire, and he is dying. Come, noble sir, he must see you," pleaded the lad, so strongly that the count, whose curiosity was excited, joined him, closely followed by the faithful Sylvestro, who only saw in this some scheme to entice the old count into the hands of assassins and murderers.

But neither robber nor murderer waylaid the trio, who soon entered the miserable hut where the old man lay battling with the grim death angel. In choking accents and hurried gasps, while the count stood close at his bedside, the dying man breathed out a few sentences, and yet a strange, joyful revelation was this that sent the Count Dragoni to his palace home a happier man than he had been for three long years.

"Count Dragoni"—so spake the dying man—"you, the proud patrician, have lost an only child. Years ago, I, the humblest artisan that walked the streets of Venice—I, the plebeian, had a brave, a beautiful boy. Time passed on; he grew into man-

hood; he was my pride, my idol. One day, a young noble basely insulted him—an insult so base was it that a dog could not have brooked it, and my brave Bernardo dealt him a fatal blow. The patrician could spit in the plebeian's face, and men only laughed, but all Venice rang with shouts against the murderer, who only wiped out the insult with his blood, and before sunset the spies of 'the ten' had traced my boy to his retreat, and condemned him to death by torture. Ay, Count Dragoni, my brave, my darling boy perished by the accursed Inquisition; they murdered my gallant Bernardo! I swore revenge; revenge on one and all of the accursed Council, and foremost, against Count Valzive, the chief among the senators who pronounced his death-sentence. And that hour came. Even as I had suffered, so should he; he should know how distressing it was to have an only son torn from his arms.

"One night, when Count Valzive and his lady were from their palace at a masked ball, with three brave accomplices to do my bidding, we entered his plazzo, gagged the nurse, and seized his only son and heir, the little Ernesto, then a boy of but two years, and fled with our prize. But I could not kill the child; his bright eyes smiled into my heart, and his baby laugh seemed a call for mercy. I carried him afar, gave him into the hands of a rude outlaw, who bore him to his far-off mountain home, where the boy grew up brave, strong, noble, and in after years became their leader. Count Dragoni, when I gave up the child I swore that I never would reveal the home to which he was taken; this I will not do; but in my dying moments something whispered that forgiveness is better than revenge. Old Valzive died long ago of grief; your daughter's flight almost broke your heart; I am dying, and why should I fear to tell you that Carlo Trevorra, the bandit, and husband of your child is no other than Ernesto Valzive, heir to his father's title and estates? There, I have told you all; be kind, be merciful to my son here; be—but ah, send for the priest! I feel a cold hand—in my throat—upon my breast—it chokes, it stifles me—it is death!"

Yes, it was death, the conquerer, stilling the pulse-beats of a heart, lifeless for evermore to the calls of revenge or forgiveness. The plebeian lay cold and stark; and the count sought his palace home with a new joy born within his heart.

It is almost needless to add that a proclamation of full pardon to the bandit was immediately issued, with a recall to his father's estates; and that after a brief season, this was literally accomplished, and the still blooming, beautiful Elena, was received amid tears of forgiveness into her parents' embrace.

In Venice to this day, there still lingers an old tradition of the outlaw's bride, Dragoni's Daughter.—*New York Dispatch.*

SAINT HILDA'S BELLS.

An old Whitby Legend, literally rendered. By Mrs. G. M. Tweddell (Florence Cleveland), *Author of "Rhymes and Sketches to Illustrate the Cleveland Dialect."*

The sea was calm, the clouds hung low,
And on his good ship's deck
The pirate walk'd in sullen mood,
A man no laws could check.

His crew look'd on all silently,
For none durst question him;
They knew he plann'd some daring deed,
To do when night grew dim.

At length he stopp'd. "My men," quoth he,
"See you old Whitby town?
I' the abbey tower some bells are hung,
This night we'll have them down.

"Cast anchor there below the cliff,
A stout heart never quells;
Be brave, my lads! and we to-night,
Will steal St. Hilda's bells."

The task is heavy. "Ha, ha, ha!"
The pirate laugh'd with glee:
"Our ship will bear a weighty load,
When we put out to sea.

"Our stoutest ropes will lower them down,
And when our prize we win,
We'll pledge St. Hilda's memory,
In a keg of Holland's gin."

'Tis bootless here to tell the toil
Of the pirate's hardy crew,
Or with what oaths he urged them on,
For quick the night hours flew.

Before the dawn a wind arose,
But all were safe on board;
Their work was done, the prize was won,
The ship had got its load.

They laid them down to rest awhile,
But the winds blew louder then:
"The storm has come," the captain cried,
"Put out to sea, my men!"

Louder and louder grew the blast,
The sea ran mountains high;
But not a yard the ship will move,
Howe'er so hard they try.

"Our ship is doom'd!" the pirate said,
A curse is on its load;
Oh, evil night that ere we took,
Such fearsome goods on board!

"Unload the ship!" he bellow'd forth,
But all unheeded then,
His mandate fell upon the ears,
Of his terror-stricken men.

The lightning flash'd, the thunder roll'd,
More fierce the storm raged on;
No help for them; when morning dawn'd,
Both ship and crew were gone.

Beneath the cliff the vessel sank,
With no one there to save:
The bells went with the lawless crew,
Down to their watery grave.

And old folks say, that to this day,
When storm the ocean swells,
Above the raging of the wind,
Are heard St. Hilda's bells.

Old grand-dames shiver at the sound,
They hear them, loud and clear,
Ring, ring, ring, ring; but younger folks,
The bells can never hear.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

HUMAN NATURE.

Our amiable Captain was pacing the quarter deck, the apparent picture of ease and contentment, and the envied of all observers. His luxurious dinner was over, and he seemed to contemplate with pleasurable serenity his splendid vessel, and the beautiful purple sea she was ploughing through so swiftly. Finally, selecting a cozy spot in the shade, he ordered his Chinese servant to bring him a commodious easy chair, his well-browned meerschaum, and a late package of illustrated papers. Improving the opportunity, I approached the ocean monarch.

"Going to sea is a fine thing, Captain," I said, 'when a man has reached the command of a craft like this."

"Yes, you would naturally think so," he replied, "but it's the greatest mistake in the world."

I was surprised, and continued: "But isn't it immense satisfaction for a man to find himself at the top round of the ladder of promotion, after so many years of hard toil, from which he can command so many others who are yet eagerly climbing?"

"Tut! I wouldn't give a fig for all the pride I feel in the matter," he answered. "The duce of it is, that Captains nowadays are paid only about half what they ought to get. More or less stealing is always going on at headquarters, and of course it has to be made up out of the salaries of the captains They are always cutting our salaries down. Things used to be different. In old times, sea captains were independent of everybody, as by right they should be. Now we are tormented to death by managers, agents, sub-agents, and the Lord knows what else. I fared much better when I was only first officer."

"Yes, but isn't there quite a difference between the salaries of the two positions?" I asked.

"Not what there ought to be. The first officer is under no social obligations whatever, but the captain, in every port he stops at, is expected to spend his money freely, entertain visitors, be liberal with the friends of the company, make presents, and so forth. He must keep the wheels greased, or they will break some day or other before he knows it. I am disgusted with the whole business. I can't give my family half the money they want, and I haven't got a dollar to put in stocks or real estate. In fact, I'm really the poorest man on the ship."

I thought it time to change the subject, and accordingly, made a few casual remarks about the weather.

Shortly after I encountered the first officer coming from his watch, and went down into the cabin with him, where a good dinner, composed of all manner of delicacies and substantials, awaited his arrival. The opportunity was too good to be lost.

"You are quite young," I remarked, "and yet you are first officer of a magnificent steam ship—a position to coveted."

"To be coveted, sir? To be coveted, did you say? I should like to know where that word comes in when you talk about my job," he answered. "A sailor before the mast sees a better time than I do. If I was captain everything would be different, but the way things are I've got all the work to do, and all the responsibility on my shoulders, and the captain gets all the credit."

"But you get a good salary, don't you?" I asked.

"Not by any means. Any land-shark makes more money with his hands in his pockets than I do by being knocked about here eighteen hours out of twenty-four. My girl has been after me for months to end our long engagement and get married, but how can I save any money out of the miserable salary the company pays me?"

"Everybody on the ship seems to be in a bad fix," I said with a laugh.

"Well, I think I've got good reason to complain," he replied; "but they're not all so badly off. There's the chief engineer over there—he coins money by merely doing nothing. Every time we reach port he travels with a heavy bank-book from the steamship office to a savings bank. His salary's more than double mine, and yet while he's snoring away in his blankets I have to face the winds, rains fogs, and night air, as well as a scorching sun by day. Yes, sir, those engineers are overpaid for the little they know, while us poor sailors have to suffer for it."

I concluded to interview the chief engineer. When I found him he was enjoying a bottle of ale and a fine cigar, and appeared perfectly contented with himself and all mankind.

"I am glad to see you so comfortable, chief," I said. "Your engines are as bright as a dollar, the boat's making big time, and we'll soon be rounding to at San Francisco."

"Well, sir, I'm doing all I can to get you there," was the response. "I always try to do my duty conscientiously, but it's precious little credit engineers ever get for the hard work they have to do. The captain and the other officers win all the glory and the benefits, and the engineer has to toil and sweat for the most miserable of pay."

"That's downright injustice," I replied. "A man in your important position ought to get liberally paid for his services. Why, some of them were saying, a while ago, that your salary was almost as large as the captain's."

"Yes, that's quite true, but you mustn't forget that all the other officers of the ship have little perquisites that we engineers don't get. I support my family only by the severest economy. Take the purser, for instance. Just compare his position with mine. He gets a good salary for scribbling down a few letters and figures, and loafs around the balance of the time. Why, a purser is a downright fool who don't get rich in five years. I only wish I had his chance."

This conversation possessed me with a desire to talk with the purser. He opened the conversation himself.

"My friend, never be a purser," he remarked, languidly, laying down his pen with an air of disgust. "It's a dog's life. We'll soon be in port, and if I don't have my vouchers and accounts in perfect shape by the time we strike the wharf they'll want to hang me at headquarters."

"Are they so particular as that?" I asked.

"Particular! If you only knew all my annoyances, you'd pity me. I've been working for the company for years, and the longer I work for it the sicker I get of it. I often think of quitting the sea and taking to herding cattle."

"Oh, pshaw!" I laughed; "you'd soon wish yourself back. Your office is most luxurious, and your pay is undoubtedly in proportion."

"Don't mention it. It's all humbug. I've got nothing before me but hard work and miserable pay, and no prospects of advancement. The glorious days for pursers are over. In the good old times such an office as mine was equal to a gold mine. Now it is worthless. My books have to be miracles of exactness. I have

to pay for every lost or missing article, from an orange to an ox. Agents and spies surround me continually. Then the Custom-House officers are leagued against me. They won't let me take the least thing ashore. Why, I'd rather be a fireman in the engine-room than be watched and badgered the way I am. The chief steward, I'll venture to say, makes more in one voyage, by his little trading, than I do in a whole year. Nobody noses around his operations, and he makes a good thing out of it; but there's nothing but drudgery and impecuniosity ahead for me."

My friend was growing a little excited, and I thought it prudent to leave him.

The next day the chief steward happened to be in my room, and I couldn't resist the temptation to tackle. To my astonishment, his complaints were fully as bitter as those of his predecessors.

"No, sir!" he exclaimed. "I'm the last man on the ship that's making a dollar. Why, bless you, twenty years ago, when I was a common waiter—then was the time for the chief stewards. Then they bought all the meat, fruits, vegetables, provisions, linen and bedding for the steamers, and they could charge double prices without being questioned. I recollect a case where a chief steward, in one voyage charged seventeen quarters of beef to the ship that were never delivered. Just think of that. But the thing was overdone, and now the broth is spoiled entirely. I've been on this ship many years, but I think I'll give it up before long, and settle down in a shanty at 'Frisco."

I confess that I was by this time somewhat bewildered. Everybody looked round, fat and contented; everybody seemed to be in high clover; everybody thought everybody else but himself was making money; and yet each one vigorously protested that he was being rapidly reduced to beggary. I determined to grapple with the problem before me with redoubled energy. I assailed the surgeon, the freight clerk, the second and third officers, the assistant engineers, the quartermasters, the butcher, the cooks, and even Jack Tar himself.

The result was the same in every instance. I evoked nothing but doleful and despairing responses. In a fit of desperation I cornered a Chinaman.

"Here," I thought, "is an unlettered heathen. He will teach to his more civilized brethren the virtues of patience and contentment.

I demanded his opinion on the subject of my investigations.

"Heap licee," he sighed, "but Chinaman no can catch heap dollar. Company no good. No hab heap dollar for poor Chinaman. White man catchee all."

When that same steamer was ready to put to sea again, my curiosity prompted me to step aboard a moment to see how many of its late crew had abandoned seafaring ways in quest of pleasanter fortunes on shore. To my surprise I found every one of them (the Chinaman included) at their old posts again, and actually impatient to be out of port and once more ploughing the bounding waters. Such is human nature.

OYSTERS.

Let no Oyster-loving brother infer from the above title that I shall tell him how to get his Oyster lunches cheaper next season, or that I am about to give statistics of Oyster breeding, with long tables to show that they ought to be more easily produced, and consequently, cheaper. I have heard from very good authority that *Natives* will be dearer than ever this season; therefore, let those who can afford, eat them, and pay—and those who cannot afford—well—let them grumble.

The brotherhood is not, I think, altogether insensible to the charms of an Oyster when properly displayed; therefore, I have ventured to give a short account of how they are dredged, which may possibly interest those individuals, should such exist, who do not know whether they are caught with a hook, or dug out of a potato field.

While staying in a small town on the Kentish coast, where one of the largest Oyster companies reigns supreme, and having some interest in the company, I was allowed to go dredging with them, a favour not permitted to strangers. One morning nearly at the end of March I was called up about sunrise, and after a careful toilet (for an Oyster dredgerman has to bestow a great deal of care on his dress for a rough day, if he expects to keep a dry skin), I find myself enveloped in Sou-

wester, Oilskin and Sea Boots, and feel myself "a man," and able, to a great extent, to set the elements at defiance. Our worthy skipper, rejoicing in the name of Pooner, escorts me to the beach, which was yesterday occupied by groups of amphibious individuals, each with his hands in the lowest depths of his pockets —for it appears to be a great breach of etiquette for a long-shoreman to show the least particle of his hands, except to attend to his pipe. The shore is now a scene of life and animation, there being about three hundred men, all going on the same errand as ourselves, in parties of three to six. Launching or rowing off in skiffs to their respective yawls, each man appears to be working against time for a wager. It is a fine fresh morning with a cool wind, which makes one, as Mr. Pooner says, glad they are alive. Our skiff is lying about half afloat on the beach, with the sea dashing against her. I feel a pleasurable sensation in being able to walk into the sea without getting wet, owing to my sea boots. With a cheerful "Jump in, Sir," from the skipper, who at once follows me, I am in the skiff. Our two hands, Jack and Bill, "shove her off" into deep water, and then jump in themselves. We are now fairly away for the yawl which is lying off some little distance in deeper water. I find already the use of my oilskin, as we get rather more than a shower of spray over us occasionally. After a five minutes pull in company with the other skiffs, making it appear like a monster whaling expedition, we come alongside our yawl, a smart little craft about thirty feet long, which our skipper is justly proud of, and were it not for the fishing number painted on the side, might be taken for a yacht. There are about ninety of these yawls, which really do credit to their owners for the way in which they are kept. Many of them are almost unequalled for sea going and sailing qualities, proved by the prizes taken at some of the local regattas. We are now on board, and all is bustle and hurry, hoisting the sails, and letting go the slip, to which the yawl is made fast, during which time nearly every halyard, rope and spar seems to get under my feet, and every one, apparently, wants to come just where I am standing; but we are now under weigh, and sail along at a spanking rate under two reefs and small jib, with the sea flying over us, and the bulwarks often a good deal under water. Our craft being a fast one, we pass lots of the other yawls and seem like winners in a regatta; the skipper tells me how in the years 1856-7-8 they had spats of many thousands of pounds worth of brood or young Oysters. Such years they would like to see again. Each dredgerman is an equal shareholder in the ground, and each boat takes the same share as a man, but owing to having so small a quantity of brood for so many years, their incomes, of course, have greatly diminished.

The dredging mornings are, usually, two or three times a week in the season, so that the dredgerman leads a tolerably easy kind of life. He may work occasionally at tide-work, which is really attending to, and cleaning the ground, if he feels disposed, and for which he gets extra pay. The company is managed by a jury elected by a court or general meeting held annually.

As we are sailing along I notice the dredges. These are iron triangles with one side shorter than the other two. The short side is flat, and about two inches wide, which acts as a scraper when dragging along the ground under water, thus scooping up everything loose, indiscriminately into a kind of bag, which is fastened on behind the dredge, made of leather and string, and when full holding about two ordinary size house pails. As we are now on the ground, the three dredges are each made fast to a long rope or wharp, the other end of which is fastened to the gunwale. They are then heaved or thrown clear of each other, and we soon notice the difference in our speed. As the dredges touch the ground they act as three skids to the vessel.

Our skipper, Mr. Pooner, who is steering, looks the picture of health, with his nut-brown skin, and bright, cheerful, sailor-like face, has a slight difference of opinion with Jack and Bill as to where is the best part of the ground for us to dredge, but as the skipper has the helm his arguments are unanswerable, and he slyly winks at me, while Jack and Bill, each of whom appear to differ from each other, express their opinions with rather more force than would be permitted under Naval discipline; in fact it appears each one in the boat knows better than the other two upon all

matters relating to wind, tide, sailing, &c. But now our business begins, and we haul away at the dredges. I take a haul as a stranger, and find it quite difficult enough to lift a full dredge over the side of the boat, as every roll makes me think I am going over the very low bulwarks. The conglomeration of Oysters, stones, shells, sea weed, &c., is emptied out of each dredge on to the deck, and the dredge is then thrown in again, all hands are busy culling out Natives, the proper size for London market, which about occupies them until it is time to haul the dredge again. We continue tacking up and down over the grounds for about an hour and a half, when we have caught the requisite quantity for our boat. These are placed in what, ashore, would be called bushel baskets, but afloat are called prickles. Our skiff, which has been at our stern all the time, is now brought into requisition again, and the prickles of Oysters are placed in it, and Jack and Bill then row off with them to the market boat which is lying on the ground to take them in; and when the other boats have all discharged their Oysters into her, she immediately sails for Billingsgate with her very expensive load. Each Oyster being worth nearly twopence it is very much like carrying a cargo of the old copper coinage. Jack and Bill come on board again, and we make for our slip, where we leave the yawl, and come ashore in the skiff, all of us (if I may judge by myself) with good appetites: I hope the reader will have one as good the next time he sits down to an Oyster lunch or supper.

R.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN OLD CHURCH WINDOW.

I HAVE heard of old people being put into a mill and ground young. I can't say that I ever saw any one on whom the operation had been performed, and I used to think it was only idle talk. I begin, however, to think it may be true. At all events the operation has been performed on me. And, if on an old window, why not on an old man or an old woman?

But I am to write my autobiography; and I must begin at the beginning. Here I have been, in the east wall of Westhorpe Church for more than 500 years! What changes I have seen, to say nothing of those I have undergone.

Westhorpe *was* a place when I first knew it. The hall *was* a hall then, and inhabited by hall people too. Such doings; knights in armour, and ladies dressed in a fashion the ladies of the present day vainly try to imitate. And then the retainers, and the hawks, and the hounds, and the horses!

Every now and then there was a tournament at the hall; and then it was a sight to see the armed knights ride by on their richly caparisoned steeds, and the ladies richly dressed and mounted, hastening to the sight. It was also worth while to see the bold yeomen with their bows and arrows contending for the smiles of the village-born maidens, just as the knights contended for the favour of the high-born damsels, with sword and spear.

And then, the church was a sight to see! On Sundays, and festival days, there were the gorgeously attired priests, with their music, and their lights, and their incense, and their processions, and their crosses, and their banners. Things are changed now. People say it is for the better, and no doubt it is; for surely people are more likely to benefit by joining in a quiet, intelligible service, and hearing the word preached faithfully, than by a theatrical spectacle. But then, I, as a window, am all eyes; and as a show, and a scene of wonder, the old rites certainly had many charms.

I don't remember all the inhabitants that have seen the light of heaven through me. But I do remember one fair creature, who for some years used to worship here. Hers was a face to gaze upon, one seldom surpassed. This was Mary Tudor. She was the daughter of a king of England, and had been married to a king of France; but her husband had died, and the young widowed queen had been married to one of England's nobles, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, to whose home at Westhorpe she had been brought, and with whom she lived for some years. Here she died: but here she was not buried: and I remember seeing the solemn gorgeous procession pass by on its way to her interment at Bury St. Edmund. And then the Priests here sang masses for the repose of her soul till my bones ached with the vibration.

About her time there began to be changes. Now and then, some friar would come and preach against the corruptions of the church and clergy: and I, as a disinterested spectator, could see that there was room enough for their indignant remonstrances. The priests, on the other hand, angrily denounced them as impostors, and threatened all sorts of spiritual and temporal penalties. But the new opinions grew. Bye and bye the gorgeous rites, the theatrical shows, were banished, an open Bible was placed in the church where it could be read by all, and the preaching of the gospel took the place of the mass, with all its superstitious observances. It was an edifying sight to see the people come to hear and read the word. Many of them could not read themselves, so they would get one who could to read to them, while they with eager ears drunk in the words of life.

Soon after these changes, there was a great commotion in Westhorpe. It was rumoured that England's maiden queen was about to pay a visit to the hall. And the sensation increased when she came. I remember her well. A handsome commanding woman, whose beauty was, however, of a somewhat masculine cast. She rode into the village in great pomp, on her stately palfrey, surrounded by a numerous band of nobles and retainers. This was the last visit of royalty to Westhorpe: but it was still the abode of nobility. I well remember the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham. The duke was in some trouble and was hiding here. The duchess was out riding, when she fell in with royal messengers, coming to arrest her husband. But her steed being swift and sure, she rode hard, and was in time to see her lord put in hiding before they came. After remaining thus for a few days he escaped. I think I see him now, coming across the long meadow dressed like a ploughman, but unable to walk like one. He could not deceive *my* eyes; but he did those of the men who were watching for him, and got safely off.

Time wore on; the hall was destroyed; the glory of Westhorpe was departed. The church began rapidly to fall into decay, the progress of which there was none to arrest. I was mutilated, the beautiful tracery work in my heading was broken up, my two side lights were built up, leaving only three. Persons came and looked and admired my remains, the beautiful jambs and mullions, and said, "What a lovely window it must have been." But nobody did anything for me. At last the wall in which I had stood so long began to crumble, and I thought my end was drawing near. The wall was pulled down. But I found my dislocated members were being handled gently, and placed, not *under* but *on* the turf in the churchyard: and I understood that I was to be built up again just as I had been taken down. Then there was a consultation, and I heard that I was to be restored to something like my former beauty. This has now been done: and here I am, not perhaps, so well proportioned as formerly, for the roof over my head dwarfs me, but comely and beautiful. I sometimes think, when I look round at the other parts of the church, too beautiful. But I believe an effort is to be made to restore the rest, so that the whole building may again be not only decent but beautiful. The roof of the chancel is to be raised, and then perhaps I may raise my head as heretofore.

May those who have done so much for me, do so likewise to the other parts of the building; and may it long stand a monument of antiquity, the House of God, where his glory may be promoted, and souls edified and strengthened with the bread of life.

The parish church of Westhorpe is in an obscure part of Suffolk. Lying away from all great thoroughfares, it is but little known, and yet, in years long past, it was a place of considerable importance. The manor was very ancient, and seems to have been held in the time of Edward the Confessor by one Rebric Pagana, and in that of William the Conqueror by Endo, the son of Spirvil.

This is not the place to trace the owners of the manor through all the changes that took place; suffice it to say that it was held in 1312 by Bartholomew de Elmham, who is supposed by some to have built the nave and chancel of the now-existing church. They have certainly been built about that time. In 1330 he was succeeded by his son Henry, who is supposed to have added the south aisle as a chantry chapel. That this aisle was a chantry

chapel there can be no doubt, as there is a piscina in the south wall, and a part of it is enclosed by a very handsome carved oak screen of fourteenth century work In a canopied niche in the wall is a coffin-shaped tomb, supposed to be that of Henry de Elmham, on which is a simple but elegant cross in relief.

Passing by many of the lords of the manor, we find that it was held in the reigns of Henry V. and VI. by William-de-la-Pole, fourth earl, subsequently created marquis, and then Duke of Suffolk. After his death he was succeeded by John-de-la-Pole, who married the sister of Edward IV., and after whom came Edward-de-la-Pole, who was beheaded by Henry VIII. in 1513.

In 1514, Charles Brandon, Viscount L'Isle, the comely and courageous friend and companion of Henry VIII., was made Duke of Suffolk, with a grant of the estates of the deceased duke.

Mary Tudor, the beautiful sister of Henry, was married to the aged and decrepid Louis XII. of France. After an unhappy two months of wedded life, she was left a widow, and was very soon afterwards married to Charles Brandon, when they took up their abode at the manor house of Westhorpe, then no doubt a house of princely dimensions, with its chapel and its tilt-yard, and the other usual adjuncts to the house of a great noble, including a beautiful garden which Mary had laid out under her own superintendence in the style which she had seen in France, and in tending which she is said to have spent much of her time. Here she lived in quiet seclusion for eighteen years, and here, in 1533, she died. Her remains were first interred in the monastery at Bury St. Edmund's, and on the dissolution of the abbey they were removed to St. Mary's Church, were they now repose.

The last occupant of the hall seems to have been Maurice Barrow, who died at the age of 69, in 1666, and whose monument, a reclining figure in marble, is in a mausoleum, which seems to have been erected for its reception, on the north side of the chancel. To the memory of his father there is a beautiful monument on the north wall of the chancel, with kneeling figures of himself and his two wives, in the quaint costumes of the period.

It is said that the manor house was pulled down with cart-ropes, and without any regard to the preservation of the ornaments. On the site now stands a farm house, which the present owner has converted into tenements for labourers. All now left to indicate its former greatness is part of the moat, with the remains of a very ancient bridge.

Since the demolition of the hall, Westhorpe has, as was natural, declined, and it is now a village of about 200 inhabitants, almost exclusively engaged in agriculture. All that remains of its former glory is its beautiful, but dreadfully dilapidated church.

This church was mainly erected in the decorated period, *i.e.*, in the first half of the fourteenth century, the chancel, the nave arcade, and the south aisle belong to this period. The clerestory and roof are later, added perhaps a hundred years after, also the north aisle, and the tower, which is 70 feet in height beautifully proportioned, and contains five sweetly toned bells. The arch opening from the nave into the tower is peculiarly beautiful. From remains it was evident that there was once in the chancel a very beautiful five-light window; but some years ago, when it was the fashion to mutilate churches the roof of the chancel was destroyed, a barn-like one being substituted at a considerably lower pitch, and, I suppose, at the same time, the two side lights of the window were built up, and the Gothic heading destroyed, a square top being put in its place. Through the liberality of friends I have been able to restore this window, under the able and careful superintendence of our architect, Mr. Barnes, to something like its original state, in a style corresponding with the other very handsome windows in the chancel.

For the above historical and descriptive sketch I have been mainly indebted to a very able paper, read in the church last summer, by E. M. Dewing, Esq., Secretary to the Suffolk Archæological Society, before a meeting of that society, from whom I now quote the following eloquent passage.

"And now, what shall I say about the sacred structure in which we are assembled? As lovers of our ancient churches, and jealous critics of all who tamper with their beauties, vainly calling that a restoration which is but too often a destruction, it

would seem we ought to rejoice in the untouched condition in which we now find it. But earnestness is stronger than sentiment. We may admire this beautiful production of the best period of Gothic art, and rejoice that its lines and mouldings have not been made smooth and neat and straight by the matter of fact care of a modern mason. Yet we cannot but grieve to see this house, dedicated to the service of God, so dilapidated that its very existence seems endangered. Surely, it cannot be that an ancient monument, where for centuries our ancestors have worshipped, where queens and barons, knights and men of low degree have met together with one consent to offer prayers and praises to their common Maker, it cannot be that such a monument be allowed to crumble to the ground for the want of an earnest effort to save, a determined will to mend."

To this appeal, I answer that I am determined to make the needful effort; and such faith have I in the generosity of English churchmen, and of all lovers of ancient monuments, that I feel assured it will be no vain effort.

The church is in a very dilapidated condition. The lead on the roof is in such a state that the rain comes through freely, making pools of water on the floor. In consequence of this the timber of the roof are fast decaying. The floor, in some places, is in holes; the pews are of all sizes and shapes; and the whole church is in a deplorable condition.

I purpose to take off the lead from the roof to put the timbers in good substantial repair, and then to recover it with lead; to do away with the present barn-like roof of the chancel, and to provide one of oak in its stead, raising it to the original pitch, and covering it, as now, with slate; to scrape the stone-work, and put the walls in substantial repair; to provide benches for about 200 persons; to tile the floor where not occupied with seats; to provide a carved oak pulpit, and an approved warming apparatus; to repair screens, font, south door, and sundry other matters, and, if sufficient sums are forthcoming, to provide a small organ.

The plans and specifications have been submitted to the parish vestry, the archdeacon and the bishop of the diocese, and have received their approval, on condition that funds be raised to execute any portion of the work, before such portion be taken in hand.

To do this, and to make the church decent, comfortable, and fit for its purpose, a sum of from about £1,500 to £2,000 will be required; and towards this your help is hereby solicited.

Subscriptions may be sent to me by cheque or post-office order payable at Stowmarket; or they may be paid to Messrs. Oakes & Co.'s Bank, Stowmarket, to the "Westhorpe Church Restoration Fund."

It is proposed to hold a bazaar in September, in behalf of the fund, towards which contributions of drawings, photographs, illuminated texts, and other fancy articles are solicited from ladies and others.

Collecting books will also be supplied to any persons who may volunteer to collect small sums among their friends.

Receipts will be sent for all contributions in money or kind, besides which they will be acknowledged in the "Ipswich Journal," the "Suffolk Chronicle," the "Bury Post," the "Bury Free Press," and the "Stowmarket Courier."

Trusting that this may meet with the most favourable consideration of the public, and that I may succeed in restoring this ancient church to the glory of God and the delight and use of his people, I leave it in the hands of those to whom I appeal.

J. J. FARNHAM,
Curate-in-Charge of Westhorpe.

Westhorpe Rectory.
April, 1875.

FREEMASONRY: ITS ORIGIN, ITS HISTORY, AND ITS DESIGN.

BRO. DR. A. G. MACKEY.

THE public ceremonies which were inaugurated a few weeks ago by the Grand Lodge of the Free and Accepted Masons of New York will very naturally attract the attention of what Freemasons call, in a technical and not offensive sense, "the profane world," to the history, the character, and the objects of the Masonic institution. But there needs no occasional event, how-

ever interesting may be the circumstances connected with it, to secure to the Masonic order a valid claim to public consideration. To say nothing of its antiquity—for it is by far the oldest secret organization in existence—nor of the humanitarian objects which it professedly seeks to accomplish, its universality alone clothes it with a peculiar interest that does not appertain to associations more circumscribed in their relations. Computing, as it does at this day in the United States alone, a population of half a million of active members, Freemasonry boasts, as did the Emperor Charles of the extent of his Empire, that there is not a civilized country of the world, whether Christian or not, in which its lodges are not to be found. The question of the origin of Freemasonry as a mystical association has for more than a century and a half attracted the attention of many scholars of Britain, Germany, France and America, also a body of treatises and essays on the subject have been published, the extent of which would surprise any one not familiar with Masonic literature. At the present day the historians of Freemasonry who are engaged in the discussion of this question may be divided into two schools, which may be appropriately distinguished as the mythical and authentic. The former of these is the older, for the latter has become prominent only within the last three or four decades. Masonic opinion is, however, very steadily, and, indeed, rapidly moving in the direction of thought that has been adopted by this latter school. The mystical school of Masonic history was inaugurated about the beginning of the last century by James Anderson and Theophilus Desaguliers, both doctors of divinity, and who had been mainly instrumental in elaborating what has been called the revival of Masonry by the establishment in 1717 of the Grand Lodge of England. Dr. Anderson was a man of acknowledged learning, the minister of a Scotch congregation in London, and a writer of some reputation. Dr. Desaguliers was recognized as a distinguished lecturer on experimental philosophy. But it is Anderson who is really to be considered as the founder of the school, since he first promulgated its theories in the "Book of Constitutions" which he published in 1723 by order of the Grand Lodge.

Unfortunately for the interests of truth Anderson was of a very imaginative turn of mind, and, instead of writing an authentic history of Freemasonry, he accepted and incorporated into his narrative all the myths and legends which he found in the manuscript records of the operative Masons.

The Masonic writers of England who immediately succeeded Anderson more fully developed his theory of the establishment of the Order at the Temple of Jerusalem, the division of the craft into lodges, with degrees and officers, and in short an organization precisely such as now exists. This scheme was accepted and continued to be acknowledged as the orthodox historical creed by the fraternity during the whole of the last and the greater part of the present century. It was incorporated into the ritual, much of which is founded on the assumption that Freemasonry is to be traced, for its primitive source, to the Temple of Jerusalem. The investigations of the more recent or authentic school have very nearly demolished this theory. All of this is now explained, not historically, but symbolically. And so important, and, indeed, essential to speculative Masonry is the Temple of Solomon as a symbol, that to eradicate it from Masonic symbolism would be equivalent to destroying the identity of the institution.

The theory of the origin of Freemasonry now most generally accepted is that of the authentic school of Masonic history. The leaders of the authentic school in England are Hughan and Woodford; in Scotland, Lyon; and in Germany, Findel. If a prodigality of credulity has been the weakness of the mythical school, their rivals may be charged with having sometimes exercised an excess of incredulity. They decline to accept any statement whose authenticity is not supported by some written or printed record, and a few of them have gone so far as to circumscribe the history of Freemasonry within the narrow limits of that period which commences with the revival, or as they prefer to call it, the foundation of the Grand Lodge of England, in the beginning of the eighteenth century. Others, however, have been more liberal, and now, as a general rule, their theory of the origin of Masonry has been accepted by the more intelligent members of the fraternity, while the

fanciful and legendary speculations of the old writers are gradually giving place to the well-supported statements, and the logical deductions of the authentic school. By most of the leaders of this school the complex question of the origin of Freemasonry is being solved in the following way:—

There existed in Rome from the first days of the kingdom, and all through the times of the republic and of the empire, until its final decay, certain guilds or corporations of workmen, which are well known in history as the Roman colleges of artificers. Numa, who is said to have founded these guilds, established only nine, but their number subsequently greatly increased. From the Roman writers who have treated of the form and organization of these colleges, we learn enough to show us that there was a great analogy in their government to that of the modern Masonic lodges, and this, especially in their character as a great society, and in their initiations and esoteric instructions to which candidates for admission and the younger members were subjected. Of these guilds the one to which Masons particularly refer, is that which consisted of architects or builders. The authentic school of Masonry does not claim, as this mythical most probably would have done, that the Roman colleges of architects were lodges of Freemasons. They simply contend that the facts of history exhibit a regular and uninterrupted derivation of the Freemasonry of this day from these Roman guilds, although the course of the succession was affected by various important changes. But these changes have not been sufficient to altogether obliterate the evidence of the relationship. This relationship is thus indicated. From a very early period the Roman people were distinguished by an active spirit of colonization. No sooner had their victorious legions subdued the semi-barbarous tribes of Spain, of Gaul, of Germany, and of Britain, than they began to establish colonies and to build cities. To every legion that went forth to conquer and to colonize, was attached a guild or college of architects, whose numbers, taken from the great body at Rome, marched and encamped with the legion, and when a colony was founded, remain there to cultivate the seeds of Roman civilization, to inculcate the principles of Roman art, and to erect temples of worship and houses for the accommodation of the inhabitants. In the course of time the proud mistress of the world became extinct as a power of the earth, and the colonies which she had scattered over the Continent became independent kingdoms and principalities. The descendants of the Roman colleges of artificers established schools of architecture, and taught and practised the art of building among the newly enfranchised people. A principal seat of this body of architects was at Omo, a city of Lombardy, where a school was founded which acquired so much reputation that the masons and bricklayers of that city received the appellation of masters of Como, and architects of all nations flocked to the place to acquire the correct principles of their profession. From this school of Lombard builders proceeded that society of architects who were known at that time by the appellation of Freemasons, and who from the tenth to the sixteenth century traversed the Continent of Europe engaged almost exclusively in the construction of religious edifices, such as cathedrals, churches and monasteries. The monastic orders formed an alliance with them, so that the convents frequently became their domiciles, and they instructed the monks in the secret principles of their art. The Popes took them under their protection, and granted them charters of monopoly as ecclesiastical architects, and invested them with many important and exclusive privileges. Dissevering the ties which bound them to the monks, these Freemasons (so called to distinguish them from the rough masons, who were of an inferior grade and not members of the corporation) subsequently established the guilds of stonemasons, which existed until the end of the seventeenth century in Germany, France, England and Scotland.

These stonemasons, or, as they continue to call themselves, Freemasons, had one peculiarity in their organization which is necesssary to be considered if we should comprehend the relation that exists between them and the Freemasons of the present day. The society was necessarily an operative one, whose members were actually engaged in the manual labour of building, as well as in the more intellectual occupation of architectural designing. This with the fact of their previous connec-

tion with the monks, who probably projected the plans which the Masons carried into execution, led to the admission among them of persons who were not operative masons. These were high ecclesiastics, wealthy nobles, and men of science who were encouragers and patrons of the art. These, not competent to engage in the labour of building, were supposed to confine themselves to philosophic speculations on the principles of the art, and to symbolizing or spiritualizing its labours and its implements. Hence there resulted a division of the membership of the brotherhood into two classes, the practical and theoretic, or, as they are more commonly called, the operative and speculative. The operative Masons always held the ascendancy in numbers, but the speculative Masons exerted a greater influence by their higher culture, their wealth, and their social position.

In time there came a total and permanent disseverance of the two elements. At the beginning of the eighteenth century there were several lodges in England, but for a long time there had been no meeting of a great assembly. In the year 1717 Freemasonry was revived, and the Grand Lodge of England established by the four lodges which then existed in London. This revival took place through the influence and by the exertions of non-operative or speculative Masons, and the institution has ever since preserved that character. Lodges were speedily established all over the world—in Europe, America and Asia—by the Mother Grand Lodge at London, who, for that purpose, issued provincial deputations or patents of authority to introduce the Order into foreign countries. No important change has taken place in the organization since that period. Now in every kingdom of Europe, with two exceptions, in every State of the American Union, in the Dominion of Canada and other British Provinces, and in each of the South American Republics, there is a grand lodge exercising sovereign Masonic power, while in some colonies which have not attained political independence provincial grand lodges have been invested with slightly inferior prerogatives.

Freemasonry of the present day is a philosophic or speculative science, derived from and issuing out of an operative art. It is a science of symbolism. One of the authoritative definitions of Freemasonry is that it is "a science of morality, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols." But a more correct definition would be that it is "a system of morality developed and inculcated by the science of symbolism."

Its original descent from an association of builders has given to its symbolism a peculiar character. All the labours of operative or stone masonry, its implements and its technical language have been seized by the speculative Freemasonry, and appropriated by them as symbols, each of which teaches some important moral or religious truth. The cathedrals which their predecessors erected, some of which still remain as proud monuments of their surpassing skill in architecture, have been replaced for esoteric reasons by the Temple of Solomon, which has become, with one exception, the most important and significant of the symbols of the Order.

As all these symbols are applied to religious purposes, and received a religious interpretation, we must conclude that Freemasonry is a religious institution. It is not a religion. It makes no such claim. It does not profess to offer the renovating efficacy or the spiritual consolation which make religion so necessary an element in the healthful life of man. But it does inculcate some religious truths, without any attempt to define theological dogmas. It demands of its initiates a trusting belief in God and in the immortality of the soul, and its ceremonies and its symbols impress these truths with all the moral consequences that a belief in them implies. It recognizes all religious truth, and tolerates, but does not accept, sectarian dogmas. It repudiates nothing but atheism. Around its altar, consecrated to the Grand Architect of the universe, men of all creeds may kneel in one common worship, each holding in his heart with all tenacity his own peculiar faith, the brotherhood around neither making or condemning by word or look. Incidental to its organization as an association of men engaged in the same pursuit we had other characteristics common to it, with all similar human associations, but which it possesses and practises with greater perfection because of its universality and its numerical extension.

Such is its social character. In the lodge all artificial distinctions of rank, and wealth,

and power are at the time suspended, and Masons meet together on the great level of equality. The prince and the peasant, the bishop and the layman, sit together, and join hand in hand in the same symbolic labour. It is but the other day that the heir apparent of the British Crown was seen kneeling at the feet of one of his subjects and giving to him his oath of Masonic allegiance and fealty.

So, too, it is eminently a benevolent institution. There is no other institution that has built and endowed more asylums for the aged and decayed, or hospitals for the sick, or houses for orphans, or done more to clothe the naked, to feed the hungry or relieve the poor, and in granting eleemosynary aid to the distressed brother or his destitute widow. It hallows and sanctifies the gift by the silence and secresy with which it is bestowed. Such is Freemasonry—venerable in its age and beneficent in its design.

New York Herald.

ASSYRIAN HISTORY.

Mr. George Smith, the learned Assyriologist, has delivered a course of three exceedingly interesting and valuable lectures on "Assyrian History," at the Royal Institution, Albemarle-street, which have been listened to with marked attention and intelligent appreciation by large and cultivated audiences of members and visitors. Mr. Smith introduced his subject by a reference to Assyria's striking adaptation by nature to be the seat of a great empire, and drew a parallel between its advantages and those of Egypt in this respect. He next alluded to the complete contradiction given by the cuneiform inscriptions to the traditions handed down by Ktesias and other Greek writers respecting Ninus, the alleged founder of the Assyrian monarchy and of its capital Nineveh, and of his warlike Queen Semiramis, the pretended founder of Babylon. Of this Royal pair the engraved clay tablets and cylinders knew no more than they did of the world-wide realm they are said to have carved out for themselves with their swords. The cuneiform records equally ignored the long line of *fainéant* kings, unbroken by the appearance of a single hero, whom classical authority makes out to have been the successors of this redoubtable couple. According to the epigraphic sources, which, although fragmentary, are pretty copious, the earliest known settlers of Assyria must have been a race speaking the Turanian tongue, akin to the Tartar and Finnish, and variously known as Akkadians or Proto-Chaldeans. At a very remote but as yet unascertainable date they and their civilisation, which was a of high type, were submerged by hordes of conquering Semites, speaking languages allied to the Hebrew, Syriac and Arabic. Arabia is plausibly thought to have been the hive whence these barbarian conquerors swarmed. In time these Semite Assyrians learned to write, borrowing for this purpose the arrow-headed script of their Turanian predecessors, along with the other arts and sciences, and even the religion and mythology of that subjugated people. The age of no Assyrian monument is known to reach higher than B.C. 2300. But the advanced state of the arts of engraving and architecture, and the high development of the mythology which are found, even at this early period, necessarily presuppose a long antecedent stage of infancy and many ages of gradual growth. Just as the naturalist, looking at some newly-found but highly-developed animal or vegetable form, can confidently assert the existence of earlier transitional types, so we, looking at the evidence of culture in Babylonia 4000 years ago, can feel sure that this state of civilisation was only reached after many centuries of progress. The learned lecturer then sketched briefly the most ancient geography and mythology of Western Asia, and next, amidst the breathless silence of his deeply interested audience, began to speak of a new document on which he had lately lighted in the British Museum, giving accounts of the Creation, the Fall, and the building of the Tower of Babel. The Babylonians and Assyrians in pre-historic times, he said, appear to have distinguished four eras. These were the epoch of the Creation, of the Flood, of the Tower of Babel, and lastly of Izdubar or Nimrod. There was a very general and early tradition in the Euphrates Valley as to the Creation, one version of which is known to us from the fragments of Berosus. Mr. Smith had recently found an Assyrian copy of another

much fuller and differing in several points from this account of Berosus, and apparently approaching closely the account in the Book of Genesis. The account of the Creation commences with a description of chaos, before the formation of the universe. In order to show the style of this composition he quoted the opening lines of the first tablet of the history of the Creation :— 1, When on high the heavens were not raised; 2, and beneath on the earth a plant had not grown; 3, and the deeps had not yet produced their seeds; 4, the chaos Tiamat (or the ocean) was the begetter of the whole of them; 5, their waters first were established; but 6, a tree had not grown up, a flower had not unfolded; 7, then the gods had not founded anything; 8, a plant had not sprung up and order did not exist; 9, there were made the gods only; 10, and the demigods they caused to exist; 11, and to grow * *; 12, and the upper expanse and the lower expanse existed; 13, and a course of days and long time passed. The account of the Creation goes on to describe in great detail the subsequent formation of the heavens and the earth, winding up with the creation of man. The philosophy of the Babylonians and Assyrians in this respect was evidently similar to that of the writer of Genesis, for they describe man as a perfect being at his creation and as falling from that high estate. According to the Book of Genesis, man was planted in the Garden of Eden; and Sir Henry Rawlinson, to whom we owe so much in Assyrian decipherment, had long ago identified Eden with the Kar-Dunias or Gan-Dunias of the inscriptions. Kar-Dunias is one of the names of Babylonia, perhaps belonging properly to some particular part of the country, and it is said to be watered by four rivers, like Eden in Genesis. To Sir Henry Rawlinson we are also indebted for the discovery of another point in the belief of the Babylonians—viz., the opinion that there were two distinct races of mankind, the dark race and the fair race. The grounds of this division of the human family are unknown, but the dark race appears to correspond to the Adamites or sons of Adam in Genesis, while the fair race agrees with "sons of God" in the same book. At the era of the earliest contemporary monuments, long subsequent to the Semitic Conquest, the Euphrates and Tigris Valleys, the lecturer said, are found broken up into some seven or eight kingdoms, viz., Sumir, near the Persian Gulf; Akkad, the region round Babylon; Elam, east of Akkad; Goïm, north of Elam; Assur, on the Tigris, north of Akkad; and two or three other states whose positions are obscure. A mighty monarch now arose at Ur (Mugheir), probably the birthplace of Abram. His name is read with some hesitation Urukh. His conquests stretched from the modern Mugheir, then called Ur, to Babylon, and some of his successors subdued and colonised Assyria. Scientifically constructed buildings, gem carving, metal work in gold, silver, bronze, and iron, bas-reliefs and sculptures in the round, embroidered dresses and personal ornaments, as well as elegant furniture, the the art of writing, mathematical science, including the knowledge of square, and cube roots, an elaborate system of weights and measures, works on astronomy, geography, mythology, and history, regular laws, rights of property, judges, and other legal officers, a state religion and orders of priesthood, extensive commerce and shipbuilding, artificial irrigation and scientific tillage of the ground—all these were telling evidence of civilisation of those early times. After this a period of decay and ossification set in, which lasted down to the reign of Sargon I., King of Akkad, about B.C. 1600. The curious history of his preservation as an infant, in an ark of rushes, coated with bitumen, and set afloat on the Euphrates by his mother, was a striking parallel to the similar account concerning Moses, in Exodus. Sargon's victories over Elam, and as far as the Mediterranean, no less than his mighty buildings, shed a lustre over the falling Babylonian Empire, which soon after his death succumbed to Hammurabi, a Syrian or Arab conqueror. Up to this point the text of the lecture had been Babylonia, of which Assyria was originally a colony; its relation to the mother country seemed to Mr. George Smith something like that of Prussia to Germany. Its colonisation took place about B.C. 2000, and its governors were at first call *patesis*, or viceroys of the god Assur. After the overthrow of the early Babylonian power by Ammurabi, the Assyrian rulers moved more freely, and gradually enlarged their dominion until, from being a strip of

territory of some hundred miles square about the Upper Tigris, it reached the Mediterranean on one side and the Persian Gulf on the other. Passing rapidly over a score of Kings, whose names and deeds are more or less known, and who reigned in a known order B.C. 1850—1300, the lecturer came to Shalmaneser I., who built or rebuilt the great city Calah (now Nimroud), mentioned in Genesis. Seven more reigns brought him to Tiglath-Pileres I. (B.C. 1120—1100), whose splendid achievements in war and peace were discussed in much detail. At his death he left Assyria the foremost monarchy in the world.

In his second lecture Mr. George Smith came to the heart of the matter, the relations of Assyria to the Hebrew monarchy. Soon after the death of Tiglath-Pileser I. (B.C. 1100) his empire began to wane. One of his successors, Assur-nabu-ipdir, was badly beaten by a Syrian king, who snatched from the grasp of the Assyrians all the country about the Upper Euphrates, and they were soon forced back to their original territory on the Tigris. Zobah now became the foremost Assyrian power, until David humbled it, and won the hegemony in those regions for himself and his son Solomon. But already before Solomon's death Rezon deprived him of Damascus, which he made the seat of a powerful Syrian kingdom, and after the revolt of the ten tribes from Rehoboam all chance of the recovery of a Hebrew domination in Western Asia vanished. About the middle of the tenth century B.C. Assur-Dan II. ascended the Assyrian throne, and at his death B.C. 913, his son, Vulnirari II., found the empire reorganised and the way again open for an aggressive policy. With this reign begin the continuous lists of annual officers, called *limmu*, who were analogous to the name giving archons of Athens, and to our own Lord Mayors. Casts of the original clay lists, now in the British Museum, were pointed out on the table, on which lay other interesting antiques, including the noble Taylor cylinder, which gives an account of Sennacherib's campaign against Hezekiah, and that unique Assyrian scimitar, probably the oldest dated sword in the world, of which an account was given in the report of the April meeting of the Society of Biblicial Archæology in the "Standard" of the 8th inst. After a sketch of several intermediate reigns, the learned lecturer came to that of Shalmaneser II., who, at the decisive battle of Karkar, B.C 854, defeated a formidable league of Syrian kings, third amongst whom figures "Ahabu King of Sirlai," whom most Assyrian scholars identify with Ahab, King of Israel. Mr. George Smith was formerly of the same opinion, but reflection has led him seriously to doubt this identifiation, not only on chronological grounds, but also because the Assyrian inscriptions nowhere else speak of the Israelite kingdom under that name. In later wars of Shalmaneser II. King Jehu of Israel and Hazael of Syria were mentioned. Tiglath-Pileser IV. (B.C. 745—727), who headed a new dynasty, was spoken of in the Bible both under that name and probably, as shown by Professor Schrader, of Jena, under his Babylonian name of Pul. His annals in the arrow-headed writing showed that Menahem of Israel was his tributary as well as Pekah and Hoshea, and established synchronisms between him and Azariah and Ahaz of Judah and Rezin of Damascus. Next came Shalmaneser IV. (B.C. 727—722). who began, and Sargon (B.C. 722—705), who finished the famous siege of Samaria, and thus put an end to the kingdom of the Ten Tribes. The second lecture concluded with a copious discussion of Sennacherib's invasion of Palestine and the siege of Jerusalem (B.C. 701), in which he boasts that he shut up Hezekiah "like a bird in a cage," but of course says nothing of the crushing disaster which soon afterwards overwhelmed his army, of which, however, Herodotos has left us an account substantially in accordance with the Bible.

In his third and last lecture Mr. George Smith furnished an interesting sketch of the reigns of Esarhaddon (B.C. 681—668), Assurbanipal (B.C. 668—626), and his obscure successors down to the fall of the Assyrian Empire, a score of years after Assurbanipal's death. In exact accordance with the Scripture history of the murder of Sennacherib by his two sons, Adrammelech and Sharazer, the annals of Esarhaddon speak of his war of vengeance against his two brothers, on whose defeat he ascended the throne. The lecturer recapitulated also his campaigns against Phœnicia and Arabia, into whose deserts he penetrated 1,000 miles as well as against

Palestine, in the course of which Manesseh, son of Hezekiah, became his captive. In speaking of the king's better known conflicts with Egypt, Mr. George Smith furnished a valuable summary of the relations of Assyria with that country from the time of Tiglath-Pileser II. At the close of his reign Esarhaddon associated with himself in the empire his son Assurbanipal, with a view to the more vigorous prosecution of the Egyptian war against the redoubtable Ethiopian Pharoah Tirhakah. During the last years of the father's reign, and the beginning of the sole reign of the son, the Nile valley was several times overrun by the Assyrians, but as often as they set up a foreign government so often was it pulled down by the Egyptians, generally with the help of Tirhakah, and after his death with that of his nephew and successor Undamane. At length Psammetichus, aided by Gyges, King of Lydia, shook off both Assyrians and Ethiopians, and founded a native Egyptian dynasty, which was none the less a thorn in the sides of the Ninevite Kings. The rise of the Median power was next sketched, of which till the ninth century B.C. the arrow-headed inscriptions contained no trace, the first notice of the Medes occurring in the records of Shalmaneser II. who made them feel his power and spoiled many of their cities. Some account was also given of the Armenians, a whole series of whose kings was known from the same glorious reign downwards, and of the kingdom of Minni, which was cognate to the Medes. Tiglath-Pileser II. broke the power of the Medes in a great battle, B.C. 743, and after his reign nothing more is heard of them till the reign of Sargon (B.C. 722—705), who defeated them B.C. 719. The king whom he placed on the Median throne revolted against his suzerain, allying himself with Ursa, King of Armenia, an irreconcileable foe to the Assyrians. But Sargon trampled out the rebellion, which cost Ursa his life.

In B.C. 702 Sennacherib, Sargon's son, chastised some Median tribes, but during his reign the nation seems to have slipped from beneath the Assyrian yoke, and the powerful kingdom of Dejoces gradually consolidated itself too firmly to be easily shaken, even by the defeat and death in battle against the Assyrians of his son Phraeortes. The growth of the Median power was immensely helped by the deadly feud, lasting more than a century, between Elam, and the great empire on the Tigris. Both these neighbours of Media were too busy in rending each other to watch and check in time the aggrandisement of the new rival, and although Assurbanipal broke the might of the Elamites for ever in a great battle on the banks of the river Ulai, internal corruption and the altered times had already doomed Nineveh to destruction. The Cimmerians and Scythians had emerged above the horizon, and the learned lecturer sketched the part they played in helping forward the catastrophe. Unfortunately the arrow-head historical inscriptions, for the twenty years which elapsed between the death of Assurbanipal, B.C. 626, and the fall of Nineveh and of the Assyrian Empire, B.C. 607, were scanty in the extreme. Even the name of the last king was uncertain, and was variously given by the classical authorities, but the best said it was Saracus. This name, it had been suggested by M. Lenarmant, might be a contracted form of Assur-akh-iddin, or Esarhaddon, and the lecturer said he had found last year at Nineveh some inscriptions of late age belonging to the reign of an Assur-akh-iddin, who could hardly be the same with the son of Sennacherib. These records seemed to refer to Assyria's last agony. One tablet said that Kastariti, the Assyrian name of the Median King, whom Herodotos calls Cyaxares, and whose alliance with Nabopolassar, the revolted vassal-king of Babylon, brought about Nineveh's downfall, sent to a Median magnate, Mamitarsu, urging him to join some other country, the name of which is lost, in war against Assyria. Mamitarsu complied, and there followed Kastariti's banner the Medes, the Minnians, the Cimmerians, and the people of Saparda on the shores of the Black Sea. The Assyrians were unable to cope with the hostile league, and another tablet says:—"Kastariti and his warriors, the men of the Cimmerians, the men of the Medes, and the men of the Minnians, the enemies all of them . . . made war, battle and fighting with engines, scaling ladders, and mining . . . and cunningly captured the cities all of them; the cities Harutu and Kisassa for themselves they took." The loss of other cities, amongst them Zazam and Uripty, is owned, and at

Nineveh a supplication of a hundred days and nights to the gods was ordered by the king. There the fragrament stops, but it was clearly the beginning of the end. The Babylonians and Medes closed round Nineveh, and on the breaking down of the wall by an extraordinary inundation of the Tigris, the spoilers entered, and the last king of Assyria fired his palace and burned himself in his lair.

THE DUVENGER CURSE.

ELLA F. CLYDE.

SUCH a sleepy little town; not a vehicle in the streets, but our own; the very trees seemed slumbering, so still were their branches, and at all the windows were curious faces watching us.

"All this must seem very strange to you," said Josie.

"But it is a pleasant strange," rejoined Isabel.

"Do you think so?" asked Josie; "I was afraid it would be stupid for you; though of course, as I have been used to it all my life, I like it. It is an old French town, you know, so it is different from anything else in the United States. John says he feels as though he had crossed water when he comes here."

"So you are married after all," said I. "I can't realize it; you are just the same as when you belonged to our quartette at school."

"Why shouldn't I be the same?" she asked. "I don't intend to be banished from the quartette because I play a duet now."

"Just like you, Josie," said Nip. "Tell us about your marriage; wasn't it romantic?"

"Oh, there isn't much to tell," answered Josie. "John had heard, as all visitors here do, of the strange legend about our house. Not many people come to this place, but those who do always want to see the house and Marie Duvenger's room; and so John came, and then he prolonged his visit and came again; and the result is I am married satisfactorily to myself and my parents, which is somewhat rare I find."

"Josie Fairfax is not half as pretty a name as Josie Duvenger," said Nip.

"What's in a name?" exclaimed Josie. "John is splendid, and so is his brother James. He is here with us, and I intend one of you shall learn to like the name of Fairfax as well as I do."

"What a match-maker!" said I; but I repented my words the moment after, for a shadow crossed her face.

"Louis and his wife are coming in a day or two," she said, looking at Nip.

Nip turned upon her a pair of wide open blue eyes.

"You don't care now," said Josie, "that's all over."

"Of course it is," laughed Nip. "Don't blame yourself any more, our hearts were only slightly affected—they are healed by this time."

"There is another gentleman coming," Josie went on, "Mr. Maurice Hathaway."

Isabel's cheeks grew red. Nip looked at her saucily, and I exclaimed, "Good!"

"Why?" asked Josie, surprised.

"Oh, because Isabel knows him," said Nip, "and we want the same privilege. Is this the house?"

"Yes, here we are!" answered Josie. And we looked with wonder at the queer, massive building, as we passed up the drive. The doors were thrown open, and in the hall stood Mons. and Mme. Duvenger; also their widowed daughter, Mme. LeFevre, and Josie's husband, John Fairfax. The introductions over, we were shown to our apartments, three rooms opening into one another, and Josie left us with the words:

"Now, girls, lie down and rest yourselves before you do anything else; there will be time enough afterwards for one of our long school girl talks."

My room was the middle one. The furniture was heavy and richly carved; on the wall hung paintings, and the great canopied bedstead had real thread lace curtains, yellow with time. I threw myself on the bed and looked around when Nip came in.

"Do let me look at your room; it is just as queer as mine—only mine is more gorgeous; my walls are pink and blue panels, and yours, buff and black; everything is faded and old and elegant."

Here Isabel came in, brushing her long back hair.

"Do tell me whether or not I am dreaming," she said; "I don't feel as though I were Isabel Duvenger."

"I should think you would feel you had all the more right to the name now," said Nip. "How does it happen that you, a distant relative of the family, have never been here before?"

"Because this branch of the family has been quiet and exclusive," answered Isabel. "They have never intermarried with Americans until the present generation, while our branch has become so thoroughly Americanized that there is very little of the French left."

"Except in your hair and eyes," said Nip. "What is the legend of the house?"

"Oh, I'll tell you that to-night," replied Isabel. "It is ghostly, and will have all the better effect when there is darkness around."

"Aren't you afraid it is going to be pokey here?" said Nip, whirling around on tip-toe.

"No, there is such a fund of romance in the place," said I. "Mons. and Mme. Duvenger are my ideals of stately old French people; how beautiful white hair is with black eyes! I wish it would be generally the fashion to powder one's hair."

"I suppose Mme. LeFevre is the sister Josie calls Adrienne," said Nip. "I don't like her—she is artificial. It was a treat to see Mr. Fairfax, he is so American."

All this time she was pirouetting around, or climbing upon chairs and tables, peering into closets and hunting up new oddities. Such a little airy creature. "A mixture of fire and dew," one of her lovers had said. Well, it was no wonder Louis Duvenger had fallen in love with the sapphire blue of her eyes, and the shimmering gold of her hair. We girls had fallen in love with her at school for all she was the worst mischief there, and it was among us that the name "Narcissa" had been contradicted into "Nip," a name so suited to her that even out of school and in society she remained "Nip" Crawford. As for Isabel Duvenger, no one would have thought of giving her a nickname. She was simply magnificent,—a tall, perfectly rounded figure, with slow sumptuous motions, a complexion dazzlingly white, great almond shaped black eyes, and a wealth of dead black hair. There are some women whom Nature seems to select for her most lavish gifts. Somehow, lying there, I began to think what if Nip were to affect Isabel's slow stately air, or Isabel should take to pirouetting or climbing with Nip's firefly motions, until the idea grew so ridiculous that I laughed outright.

"What is the matter with you?" asked Nip, who was standing on the window sill looking out; "how can you lie there. I want to see everything. That building I suppose is the Convent; the whole town is Catholic." She sprang down to the floor. "I am going to dress," she said. "Girls, what will you wear? Put on some colour, Isabel."

"I can't," said Isabel. "I shouldn't feel like myself in anything but black or white, unless it might be some wonderful mixture of gorgeous colours that would astonish every one."

"Just like you! But here I go; I haven't unpacked my trunk yet." And Nip danced into her own room, Isabel glided into hers, while I arose and prepared to dress. I had just finished my toilette, and was turning round and round before the cheval-glass, when Josie knocked and the girls came back; and we four sat and talked as we used to do in the old school days when we were always spoken of as the "Intimate Quartette." It was not until evening that we met the rest of the family; Mr. James Fairfax, very like his brother, tall, with fine grey eyes, otherwise not handsome, and Mme. Dupont, the eldest sister. I was a little startled at the face turned toward me, such a haggard one, with great black circles around the eyes. She acknowledged the introduction with a slight nod and left the room.

"Don't mind Artemise," whispered Josie; "she is peculiar."

The evening passed pleasantly. Mme. Duvenger's wit must have been as fresh and keen as it was years ago, in the gay Parisian circles she was so fond of mentioning. Mons. Duvenger was courtly and elegant. Our spirits were all so light that first evening that what with music and conversation the hour for retiring came before we were aware of it.

"Girls, I'm afraid," said Nip, when we were safely in our rooms.

"Nonsense," said I. "I wonder what portion of the building that is—the wing jutting out beyond the rest."

"That is the part which contains Marie Duvenger's room," was Isabel's reply.

"Oh, now, for the story," exclaimed Nip, and drawing our chairs together, Isabel commenced:

"You know, after the French Revolution was over, and Louis XVI. was beheaded, many aristocrats came over to this country. Among these were the grandparents of Mons. Duvenger. They were fortunate in escaping with some of their worldly goods, and here they built this house, and the town of St. Philippe sprang up. There were two sons; one the father of Mons. Duvenger, and one my grandfather; besides there was a daughter, the Marie Duvenger I am telling you about. They say she was very handsome; at all events she was the pride of the family. Now there was a curse upon the house of Duvenger, pronounced years ago by some one whose brother had been shot in a duel by a Duvenger. The curse was sudden death, and upon one or more of each generation it had always fallen. So they guarded Marie with more than usual care, and the night of her eighteenth birthday, gave a grand ball for her. I have heard a full account of it—who was there, and all. But no matter about that now. After it was over, Marie retired to her room, and dismissed her maid, saying she would undress herself. Some time elapsed and the house had grown quiet, when suddenly they were startled by fearful shrieks. Rushing to Marie's room they found her still in her ball dress, lying on the floor, and the white moonlight, which streamed over her from the latticed window, showed her throat cut. Who was the murderer no one knew. She was not quite dead and tried to speak, tried even to write but had not the strength; so she died, and the story was untold. But it is said that on moonlight nights her spirit haunts her old room, and will do so until the mystery of her death is revealed."

As Isabel finished, Nip hid her face with a little shudder of horror, and at the same time, a clock somewhere in the house struck twelve."

"Oh, girls," I exclaimed, "how late it is—let us go to bed."

"Hark!" said Nip, starting to her feet. There was a sound of sweet music, sad singing, not in the house, nor in the street, but in the air, as it were, floating past our window. Our nerves were drawn to such a tension, with the excitement and the story, that we looked into each other's face, white with fear. At least that was the case with Nip and myself, for Isabel stood listening, entranced with the music.

"Oh, I'm not going to stay here," said Nip; "let us go out into the hall, and see if any one is stirring."

She seized the lamp and hastened to the door, while we followed; but as she opened it, a strong draught extinguished the light. She shrieked in real terror, and I echoed her. The door of our room blew shut, and we found ourselves alone in the hall in utter darkness. We tried to grope for the door, but were unable to find it; so there we stood, in helpless despair, until a door was opened down the hall, a ray of light shot out, and a voice called:

"What is it, young ladies?"

It was Mr. James Fairfax, and our mercurial Nip began to laugh.

"We were frightened, Mr. Fairfax," exclaimed Isabel, "by some unearthly music; we came out here, and our lamp blew out, so we don't know the way back."

He laughed as he came down the hall, struck a match on his boot, and re-lighted our lamp.

"Music ought not to frighten you," said he.

"Oh, Isabel has been telling such a horrible ghost story, we were ready to scream at anything," exclaimed Nip.

"Supposing, then, you quiet your nerves by a practical game of billiards," said he; and, rather than go back to our rooms, feeling as we did, we assented. He took the lamp from Nip, led us down a few stairs, across a small landing, up some marble steps, into the billiard room. Here he lighted all the lamps, talking all the while to dispel our fears, while he brought out the balls and chalked the cues. Nip was a capital player, and her saucy mischievous ways seemed to afford Mr. Fairfax a vast fund of amusement; and so we played game after game, until our fright was forgotten. At last, Nip, impatient at being beaten, struck a ball with such force that it bounded from the table on to the floor, and before Mr. Fairfax could secure

it, had rolled off the marble steps and down, down, somewhere; we thought it never was going to stop—it woke the echoes all through the house.

"What a noise for the dead of night!" said I.

"Morning, rather," rejoined Mr. Fairfax, consulting his watch; "it is four o'clock."

"Oh, girls, come!" exclaimed Isabel; "Mme. Duvenger would be scandalized."

"I suppose it is bed time," said Nip, gravely. "Do you think the noise awoke the whole house?"

"Oh, no, they are used to all sorts of noises here," said Mr. Fairfax. "Do you think you can find your room? I'll go with you to the door, and then come back and put out these lights. They don't have breakfast until ten o'clock, so you can sleep in the morning."

When we were back in our own apartments, Nip said Mr. Fairfax was splendid; she had a mind to set her cap for him. A little time afterwards she appeared at the door:

"Don't forget to say your prayers, you've been wicked, sitting up all night," and she vanished.

So ended our first night at St. Philippe. We found, in the morning, no one knew how it had been spent, and we kept the secret. Nip asked Mr. Fairfax, in a whisper, if he found the billiard ball; he nodded a laughing assent, and the subject was dropped. We drove around that day, admiring and wondering at the quaint old town. In the afternoon there was an accession to our party—Louis, with his wife and baby, and Mr. Maurice Hathaway. There was a blue flash from Nip's eyes as she held out her hand to Louis; then she dropped them, demurely, when presented to his wife. As for Mr. Hathaway, he had something appropriate to say to each one—a few low words in French for Mme. LeFevre's ear; a sudden lighting up of his dark handsome face as he saw Isabel, and all with a careless grace which seemed unstudied. Nip took my arm and we passed down the long *salon*.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PAST.

Dreams of time departed,
Memories of old ways,
Make me tender-hearted,
As I muse on other days;
Those scent-laden hours,
Gay relics of the past,
Tell me of graceful flowers,
All too fair to last!

Pleasant, pleasant faces,
Arise before me now,
Glad smiles and glowing graces,
Light up this careworn brow;
In that distant far away,
All is brave and bright,
In fond memories by day,
In the visions of the night.

Naught has tinged with sorrow,
The welcome joys of youth,
No dark waking on the morrow
To vanished right and truth!
But loyal heart and trust,
Shed gracefulness around,
No wither'd hopes, no blinding dust,
No ruins strew the ground!

Happy, happy season,
Which even now can fling,
Upon our colder reason,
The fragrancy of spring;
Which now can lengthen out,
Life's fast waning hours,
And take us back to the jest and shout,
To the songs of festive bow'rs.

Life is fresh and stately,
All is soft and fair;
We hope and long so greatly,
We boldly do and dare
We reck not of the storm,
Nor e'en of cross or care,
No gloomy phantoms can deform,
For innocence is there.

Poor heart, alas! too fast,
'Midst many blinding tears,
Will come a shatter'd past,
Of long and weary years.
Recollection grieving,
Recalls with piteous sigh,
As well this world's deceiving,
As a past long gone bye!

All is chang'd and changing,
Hope and trust depart,
And memory backward ranging,
Sings the requiem of the heart.

For all is dead and buried,
We long'd so much to save,
And friends and forms so serried
Have marched unto the grave?

O past! what darkling message
Hast thou in store for man?
O past! what gloomy presage,
Amid this fleeting span,
Thou givest ever to our race,
As hours and hours flit on,
As vanish'd every gift and grace,
The world can smile upon?

Hopeless in thy mystery,
Like Isis in her shroud;
Mournful in thy history,
What solemn fancies crowd,
Around thy wither'd posies,
Around thy alter'd mien,
Around thy scatter'd roses,
Around thy faded sheen.

O past! hast thou no voice?
Hast thou no tale to tell,
Which, bidding us rejoice,
With those we love full well,
Can drown the din of care,
Can still the hearts oppress,
In hopes all fond and fair
Of harbourage and rest?

Hast thou no voice of blessing?
No whisperings of love?
No songs or words caressing,
Which lift us all above
These fleeting hours and pleasures,
Each vanishing delight,
These disappointing treasures,
These sights of wrong and right?

Hast thou no other being,
To tell of far away?
Beyond the doing and the seeing,
Of our poor little day?
Is there no glad to-morrow,
To dawn upon the scene,
No end of care and sorrow,
Oblivion of what has been?

O past! I think I hear,
From out thy buried years,
Amid each doubt and fear,
Amid the wistful tears,
A voice all gently telling,
In accents full of bliss,
Of an eternal dwelling,
Of a better home than this.

A. F. A. W.

WHAT FREEMASONRY HAS DONE.

An honest enquirer has asked us, "What has Freemasonry done to establish its claim to the distinguished honour and position which Masons assign to it in the world?" We answer, it has, to a very creditable extent, promoted the work of civilization. The pages of history supply but scanty records of its usefulness. What Freemasonry has done, in this direction, has not been proclaimed to the world. She works not as an organized body, displaying its machinery to the world; but works through its members themselves and through their means. But this is more or less withdrawn from the gaze of the enquirer, as also from the world in general; for "the actual deeds of a Freemason are his secrets."

Freemasonry has been the conservator of pure and sound religious morals in times of almost universal degeneracy. We do not claim too much for it when we say that, in the Fourteenth Century, more especially in Germany, and in Northern Europe generally, when corruption and licentiousness had invaded the Church of God; when vice in its grossest form, and immorality in its most revolting aspects, were sanctioned by those who ministered at its sacred altars of religious worship, Freemasonry entered its solemn and oft-repeated protests against the corruptions and profligacy of the times. The sturdy operative Masons, moved by these strong and vigorous words, engraved with their own honest hands upon the solid rock which they wrought for building purposes, figures, words, and sentences, that stood out in mute rebuke of the unbridled licentiousness of the very priests themselves, who were the moral and religious instructors of the people! And many of those silent but stern rebukes remain till the present time, in attestation of the high and healthful tone maintained by the Craft in mediæval times. In the meantime, the *lives* and *examples* of the fraternity were in exemplification of a higher and purer morality than was found, at the time referred to in the Church itself.

How far the sterner and more elevated morals of the association of Operative Masons, in these days, went to countervail

the corruptions of the Church, and to prepare the way for the great Reformation, then dawning, we are not called on to say; but nothing is hazarded in asserting or affirming, in the light of Masonic history, that Freemasonry, or that which was substantially the same, under a different name, preserved a radius and centre of moral influences, that, but for the fraternity, had not existed in any other organization in Europe. It was a great moral power at work upon that class and portion of society most likely, under ordinary circumstances, to sink deepest in corruption, in times of prevalent licentiousness and irreligion in high places. It was a light shining in a dark place. The value of Freemasonry cannot be over-estimated at that dark period, as a great conservator of good morals. But, at all times, and in all places, if Freemasonry be true to its avowed principles, it must prove a powerful agency in the conservation of sound morals. It is derelict, on the score of duty, if it fails to answer this end and to render this service to the cause of morals in this world. Thousands upon thousands of men at the present day, and all around us, in every-day walks of life, are made better by their Masonic vows than they could be in absence of those restraints. They are better husbands, better fathers, better brothers, better in all the social relations of life, than they would be if they were not Masons.

A Masonic lodge, in any community, if the fraternity be true to its code of morals, and perform with fidelity the moral duties, as enjoined in the lodge, cannot fail to prove a blessing to that community.

The best of institutions are liable to abuse. The Church itself, which stands upon a higher platform than Masonry, whose members are bound by their profession and solemn vows to "walk worthy of their vocation," often has to mourn over the defections and delinquencies of its members. Many of them bring reproach upon the cause. It cannot be expected that Freemasonry should escape the reproach from which the Church is not exempt.

Freemasonry has administered an untold and incalculable amount of relief and comfort to widowed and orphanage, and to distressed Masonic brothers. These deeds have been done in secret. Darkened homes, where the shadow of death has been left brooding, have been visited by Masonic charity. Tears have been dried up, bleeding hearts have been soothed, bread has been dispensed by the noiseless hand; guardian angels have been scarcely less silent and unostentatious in their visits to the homes of poverty and want, and scarcely less lavish and unselfish in their offices of love and mercy, than the Masonic fraternity, in dispensing charity and scattering its rich benedictions upon the destitute and suffering poor. As the wilted flowers spring up under the refreshing influences of the dew, gently distilled in the silence of the night, so many a withered and broken heart, pining in poverty, and want, has been refreshed and invigorated by the noiseless visitation of Masonic benevolence.

The Masonic fraternity, like the Great Author of every good and perfect gift, becomes the husband of the widow and the father of the orphan; and the days of eternity alone will disclose the amount of benevolent work performed in time by this Universal Brotherhood.

The Temple is not yet finished. Masonry has not yet accomplished its mission in the world. Let us work on. Work, work! This is the law. The time is short. It is past high noon with many of us. The sun goes down. Soon we shall lay by the implements of our Masonic work; and soon our offices of friendship and brotherly love and relief will cease.—*The Scotsman.*

DR. DASSIGNY'S ENQUIRY.

(*Continued from page* 65.)

THIS doctrine of our great Apostle is perfectly consentaneous with the principles of the Craft, which commands to shew the utmost abhorrence to all evil, irregular, or unjust actions, to all rude or disorderly methods of behaviour; for as it is observable that a pestilential air may endanger the health of the best constitution, so likewise may the examples of dissolute men stagger and disappoint the designs of the virtuous, yet notwithstanding that we ought to withdraw ourselves from the converse of those engaged in iniquitous practices, we are not entirely to give them up, but to pity them as unhappy and fallen

men, who have strayed from the ways of truth and virtue, and who have not followed the tradition which they received from us, nor pursued the equitable dictates of our excellent and antient common-wealth, whose laws are not only easy in their performance, but agreeable to the interest of each individual, and even essential to future happiness.

Regularity, virtue and concord, are the only ornaments of human nature (which is often too prone to act in different capacities) so that the happiness of life depends in a great measure on our own election, and a prudent choice of those steps, for human society cannot subsist without concord and the maintenance of mutual good offices; for like the working of an arch of stone, it would fall to the ground, provided one piece did not properly support another.

Therefore to afford succour to the distressed, to divide our bread with the industrious poor, and to put the misguided traveller into his way, are qualifications inherent in the Craft, and suitable to its dignity, and such as the worthy members of that great body have at all times strove with indefatigable pains to accomplish.

Now as the landmarks of the constitution of Free Masonry are universally the same throughout all kingdoms, and are so well fixt that they will not admit of removal, how comes it to pass that some have been led away with ridiculous innovations, an example, of which, I shall prove by a certain propagator of a false system some few years ago in this city, who imposed upon several very worthy men under a pretence of being Master of the Royal Arch, which he asserted he had brought with him from the city of *York;* and that the beauties of the Craft did principally consist in the knowledge of this valuable piece of Masonry. However he carried on his scheme for several months, and many of the learned and wise were his followers, till at length his fallacious art was discovered by a Brother of probity and wisdom, who had some small space before attained that excellent part of Masonry in *London* and plainly proved that his doctrine was false, whereupon the Brethren justly despised him and ordered him to be excluded from all benefits of the Craft, and altho' some of the fraternity have expressed an uneasiness at this matter being kept a secret from them (since they had already passed thro' the usual degrees of probation) I cannot help being of opinion that they have no right to any such benefit until they make a proper application, and are received with due formality, and as it is an organis'd body of men who have passed the chair, and given undeniable proofs of their skill in Architecture, it cannot be treated with too much reverence, and more especially since the character of the present members of that particular Lodge are untainted, and their behaviour judicious and unexceptionable; so that there cannot be the least hinge to hang a doubt on, but that they are most excellent Masons.

I cannot help informing the Brethren that there is lately arrived in this city a certain itinerant Mason, whose judgment (as he declares) is so far illumin'd, and whose optics are so strong that they can bear the view of the most lucid rays of the sun at noon day, and altho' we have contented ourselves with three material steps to approach our *Summum Bonum*, the immortal GOD, yet he presumes to acquaint us that he can add three more, which when properly plac'd may advance us to the highest heavens.

It is universally allowed that the *Italians* are excellent Masons, and have produced to the world the most masterly designs, but I cannot be of opinion that their private usages or customs are different from the general method exhibited throughout all other nations, and I never yet could hear that there was any order in Masonry, under that particular denomination of the *Italic* order, until this mighty Architect, or, I may rather say, extravagant climber, came to impart to his countrymen so valuable a production.

For my part I shall always profess a very great esteem for any one who shall add to the beauty of our glorious art, or by any means improve or enhance the value thereof, and were I assured that this adept had skill sufficient to demonstrate the truth of his assertion, I should pay him the utmost veneration; but until then he must excuse me from being one of his devotees, and I hope that no innocent and worthy Brother may at any time be misled by false insinuations, or foreign schemes.

In Ancient times Lodges were only schools of Architecture, and the presiding Masters were generally learned geometricans, who took care to instruct their Brethren and fellows in the study of the

liberal arts and sciences, and for their better government they formed such laws and general regulations as were thought necessary to maintain the harmony and well being of each particular organiz'd body, and upon the neglect of attendance of either Master or fellow (when duly summoned) a severe censure was incurred, until he could prove unto the whole lodge that pure necessity was the motive of his absence.

REMARKS.

It is heartily to be wished that the knowledge of Geometry and Architecture, together with the rest of the sciences were the only entertainment of our modern lodges; if so what is often unhappily substituted in their places would not prevail as it does, neither ought a man to attain to any dignity in Masonry, without first having a competent knowledge in the liberal arts, and I am sorry to say that so few of that stamp are to be met with in the lodges of this great metropolis, which defect is certainly owing (as heretofore observed) to the imprudent choice and introduction of their members, for every man formerly (tho' perhaps of a good and moral reputation) was not admitted into the Craft, nor allowed to share the benefits of our noble institution, unless he was endued with such skill in Masonry as he might thereby be able to improve the art either by plan or workmanship, or had such an affluence of fortune as should enable him to employ, honour, and protect the Craftsmen. I would not be understood by this to mean that no citizen or reputable tradesmen should receive any of our benefits, but on the contrary, am of opinion that they are valuable members of the common wealth and in consequence would prove real ornaments to lodges; but how ridiculous is it to see daily so many persons of low-life introduced amongst us (some of whom can neither read nor write), and when they are admitted into the company of their betters by the assistance of Masonry, they too often act beyond their capacities, and (if the expression may be allowed) soon turn Mason mad, and under the pretence of knowledge, they fall into scenes of gluttonny or drunkenness, and thereby neglect their necessary occupations, and injure their families, which is not consistent with the known laws, constitutions, and principles of all true Brethren.

The bye-laws and general regulations of the lodges in this city are exceedingly well calculated for the good management of the craft, but what avails the best contrived and most salutary laws if they are not put into form and properly executed? To pass over indiscretions is in some measure granting a sanction or approbation of them, wherefore it highly concerns our worthy masters to let no crime remain unremarked, but duly to admonish the offender, and if he repeats his transgression, to inflict such punishments as they and the Brethren shall judge necessary.

As my intention in taking notice of these transactions, is rather to reform than offend, I hope the guilty will answer my expectation, in laying aside these evil and too much frequented practices and instead of affording blame for my advice, will attribute it to the real cause, *viz.* the overflowings of my respect, love and sincere friendship for the Craft. Tis an indisputable maxim that authority and power ever produces awe and reverence, and consequently order and regularity amongst dependants.

REMARKS.

Altho' I am well ascertain'd that our principle commanders have always been noble, learned and wise, yet of late years we have cause to mourn at our unhappy state, in sharing so little of their converse at our solemn meetings; nor can they blame us for our concern, since experience tells us that when we often had the happiness of their presence, the Craft was enlivened, and nothing but joy and alacricy ran through the whole; and had it not been for the vigilence, care, and constant attendance of a most worthy grand officer (whose name I need not mention, since it is imprinted in indeliable characters on the breast of every true Brother in this city) the Grand Lodge would have felt almost an irreparable shock; but he, like a prudent governor, gained the hearts of his Brethren by cherishing their languid spirits, and every one rejoyced in him.

If our noble Grand Master and his deputy would make a general visitation throughout the lodges of this city (as hath been a custom according to the constitutions at least once in the year) the Brethren would be more careful in preserving that due harmony, and just decorum which ought to shine amongst them, for as they would not be sensible of the hour of their

Lord's coming, they would always be upon the watch, and keep so strict a guard that irregularity or indiscretion would take no place amongst them, but on the contrary, the Craft would then appear in its pristine state, adorned with true and lasting glory, and its virtues conspicuously appear to all mankind. Having now described the cause of the present decay of Free-Masonry together with some remarks, which I hope will be found useful to the Brethren shall give themthe following friendly admonition, and then conclude.

As the Craft hath subsisted from times immemorial, and contains the most glorious precepts, of morality and virtue, let not the malicious world have cause to blame us for any base or degenerate actions, but let us industriously pursue the unerring rules which the Almighty Architect hath given us, let us all be united in one sacred bond of love and friendship, and if there is contention amongst us, let it be in striving who can do each other in acts of religion, mercy, charity, and all other good offices.

Let us all endeavour to deserve the following true character.

If all the social virtues of the mind,
If an extensive love to all mankind,
If hospitable welcome to a guest,
And speedy charity to the distressed,
If due regard to liberty and laws,
Zeal for our king and for our country's cause,
If these are principles deserving fame,
Let Masons then enjoy the praise they claim;
For
Happy the innocent whose harmless thoughts,
Are free from anguish as they are from faults.

FINIS.

JUDGE MASONS BY THEIR ACTS

WE have no better rule to judge men than by their acts. So in Masonry. As we require no assertions from a profane but those he voluntarily makes, those assertions we are bound to believe are honestly given. Did we believe otherwise, no degree would be conferred. A candidate for initiation into Masonry asserts that no mercenary motive influences him to seek admission in the Masonic order; that it is a desire for knowledge, and a sincere wish to be serviceable to his fellow-creatures that prompts the effort for admission. We repeat again, that no intelligent Mason, did he believe that the candidate was not honest in his statements, would permit him to join the order. This being true, no person after initiation could fail to become social, humane, and charitable, nor fail to converse with well-informed Masons, and read, study, and attend lodge meetings, to make himself better acquainted with the order and his duty. To be consistent with his statements, a Mason cannot, as soon as he enters the order, commence to plead poverty and inability to pay lodge dues, or the necessary sum required to keep up the charities of the order, and to gather common Masonic intelligence and information. He has wilfully misrepresented his feelings and condition if, within a few months after his admission, he claims to be too poor to help the distressed, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and give aid and comfort to the afflicted. That is what Masonry is for, and he knew it when he entered; and it is not too harsh a word to use, to say that he is a deceiver, if he does not do it; and it too plainly says that the man joined Masonry to become a tax upon the fraternity, rather than a help. Every man that joins Masonry is expected to give it moral and financial strength. Masonry is a temple for good, true, industrious and well-to-do men to live in. The rich, as a general thing, are too cold and penurious to add to its strength; and the impoverished are but a dead weight taken upon the order to weaken the strength of the building. Give to the poor, support your almshouses, create industries and enterprises to help the indigent, but take no man into your family (the Masonic order) who is not sober, industrious, moral, good, and able, to all appearances, to support himself and his family well for life.

Masonry is a great charitable institution, but every man must commence fair at the start. He must be on a level and equality with his brethren; he must have some certain and sufficient means of livelihood; he must pay his dues or tax pro rata, and be able to do his share toward supporting the unfortunate, those that are sick and in decay among us—those who by real and

unavoidable misfortune have become truly poor and needy, and are by all the bonds of honour and Masonry entitled to our protection and support.

We have no use for a Mason who is constantly telling how much Masonry has cost him; how much he has expended; how long he has paid dues and never received any benefit for it; how much and how often he has given, and never asked nor received anything in return; how that he has been paying dues for one, two, three, five or twenty years, and had, or was going to dimit, as it was a great tax, and had done him no good. And yet for all this he asserted of his own accord that he went into Masonry for that very purpose—to do good, to gain knowledge, and be serviceable to his fellow-men. If he has not done so it is his own fault. If he has not done good, relieved his poor, distressed brother or family, it was his own mistake, and he is not entitled to any pleasure or reward. Out upon the Mason who condemns a whole fraternity because one, two, three, or a *dozen* of the order have defrauded or taken advantage of him, perhaps involved him in ruin. God is true, though men are false; Masonry is pure, though some Masons are corrupt. The majority of the Masonic order desire to do good and benefit their fellow-men; many go into it simply to benefit themselves. The fountain is pure, though some of the streams may become muddy, dirty, filthy, corrupt and putrid.

Ignorance of what Masonry is, causes all the trouble. Masons will not read or learn their duty. Masons have become too lax. Charity has come in at the wrong place, and lodges have been turned into temperance societies, social gatherings, moral reform schools, or church organizations. A man of intemperate habits applies for admission into a Masonic lodge; good old, and enthusiastic young brothers say, Let us take him in, we can reform him. A profane, illiterate, gross, sensual, but good-hearted man applies, and the same appeal is made again. Masonry, they think, must receive and polish, improve and correct these bad habits. A reckless and immoral man has become converted, joined the church, and determined to reform; the clergy and Masons who are members of the church plead for him to be taken in; they want all the good influences that they can bring to bear on the man to be exerted. All this is wrong. The church, reform schools and temperance societies all have a great and good work to do. So does Masonry; but Masonry must commence with the man that has known and decided principles, whose habits for sobriety, morality and charity are formed, who is not ready to stumble unless constantly supported and watched. Our field is to take the good and true and make them better—to "unite them in one band of brothers," whose only contention will be "as to who best could work and best agree."

No man is a Mason at heart who will take advantage of it in his business transactions. All things being equal, one Mason may prefer dealing with another, but it authorizes no favours except in a business way. A Mason has no right to claim financial aid, endorsement or security in business on Masonic grounds. In all things pertaining to business, act the business man. A deviation from this Masonic rule has injured many a Mason. A Mason has no right to place his business troubles upon another. If he speculates, if he invests his money, if he wins or loses or goes to ruin, he has no right to come to Masons because they are Masons, to bolster him up or save his credit. Such a rule, if recognized in Masonry, would ruin every Mason in the fraternity. If you want help in business and go to a Mason, go to him in a business way; otherwise he he is justified in not listening to your appeal.

Some men are so weak and ignorant that after they have been Masons for a few years they imagine that the order is obliged to assist, proteet and answer all their demands.

Business and Masonry may work together, but one must never infringe upon the rights of the other. Masonry demands justice, charity and good conduct; but it does not ask you to materially injure yourself, jeopardize your credit, or sacrifice your independence or character.

The Masonic Jewel.

A DOUBT.

If I could find a rose without a thorn,
A fragrant blossom with no bitter taste,
A day of sunshine with no spot of cloud,
A world without a dreary desert waste,

Or one bright hope unshadowed and serene,
One perfect trust with every fear cast out,
My heart could rest upon the promise sweet,
Laying aside the ever present doubt.

The shadow dim that falls upon the ring,
When wedded palms are clasped in fond embrace;
The spectre at the banquet, and the guest,
That silently usurps the highest place;
The presence all unseen, yet ever near;
The minor note to every joyous strain;
The echoing thrill that answers rapture sweet,
With something very near akin to pain.

It dim's the lustre of the conqueror's sword,
And falls upon the radiance of the cross;
No alchemy can purify the gold,
Beyond the clinging of its ashen dross;
It falleth like a mildew on the page,
Where weary fingers toil for empty fame,
And on the shining 'scutcheon of the great,
Beside the greatest there it writes its name.

THE FREEMASONS AND ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND.

BY BRO EMRA HOLMES.
Past Provincial Grand Registrar of Suffolk, Past Grand Inspector of Works (Mark), &c., &c.

SOME years ago I read the accompanying paper before an audience of young thinking men in a certain town in the north of England, many of whom have since become Masons in something more than in name. It was principally compiled from Preston's Illustrations of Masonry, as the Masonic student will at once see. I vouch for none of its facts, and simply refer the reader to Preston and Anderson for what is contained therein. It amused and instructed me in its compilation; and in the hope that it may amuse and instruct some more of our brethren, I forward it for publication in our little Magazine. Much might be altered and amended, no doubt; but I prefer sending it with all its imperfections, and they are many, on its head, merely adding a few lines which, I hope sincerely, may stir some more able brother to be up and doing for the sake of the craft we love so well.

According to the "British Empire" and other generally recognized non-Masonic authorities, Freemasonry was introduced into England about the year 676 A.D., about the time when Ethelred succeeded Wulfere, King of Mercia, and over-ran Kent with his armies.*

We will not here assert, what has been asserted by some eminent Masonic writers, that Masonry was coeval with the Roman Empire in Britain; that St. Alban, the proto-martyr of this kingdom, was appointed by the Emperor Carausius Grand Master of the Freemasons, and that Masonry continued to flourish in England till the time of St. Augustine, who was a great supporter of the craft, and under whose patronage the Masons built Canterbury Cathedral, A.D. 600, the Cathedral of Rochester, A.D. 602, St. Paul's (London) A.D. 604, and St. Peter's (Westminster) A.D. 605. Nor will I assert, what has been asserted, that King Alfred the Great employed the Freemasons in building the University of Oxford, which my readers of course know he founded; but, without venturing to affirm this, there can be no doubt that the Freemasons grew more powerful during the next reign, for Masonic history tells us that King Athelstane, who succeeded to the throne A.D. 924, granted a charter to the Masons, empowering them to meet annually in communication at York, where the first General Assembly, or Grand Lodge of England, was formed in 926, at which Edwin, brother of the King, is said to have presided as Grand Master.†

This is the period, then, from which we should date the real history of the Freemasons in England.

When Athelstane died the Masons dispersed, and the lodges continued in a very unsettled state till the reign of Edgar in

* In all probability the Romans brought Freemasonry to England, though some writers still adhere to the Culdee theory.—Ed.

† Edwin the brother of Athelstan is clearly a myth. Edwin of Deira, or Northumberland, is the person meant.—Ed.

960, when the fraternity were again collected by St. Dunstan, under whose auspices they were employed on some pious structures.

Under the patronage of Edward the Confessor, Masonry, which had fallen into desuetude, revived. He rebuilt Westminster Abbey, assisted by Leofric Earl of Coventry, whom he appointed to superintend the Masons. The Abbey of Coventry and many other structures were finished by this accomplished architect, who was the husband of the celebrated Lady Godiva, the legend concerning which Tennyson has weaved into a charming poem, no doubt well known to the readers of the "Masonic Magazine." When William the Conqueror acquired the crown of England, he appointed Randulph Bishop of Rochester, and Roger de Montgomery, Earl of Shrewsbury, joint patrons of the Masons, who at this time excelled both in civil and military architecture. Under their auspices the fraternity were employed in building the Tower of London.*

King Stephen employed the fraternity in building the Chapel at Westminster (the old House of Commons) and several other works. These were finished under the direction of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Pembroke, who at this time presided over the lodges.

On the accession of Edward I., A.D. 1272, the care of the Masons was entrusted to Walter Giffard, Archbishop of York, when Westminster Abbey was finished.

In the reign of Edward II. the fraternity were employed in building Exeter and Oriel Colleges, Oxford, and Clare Hall, Cambridge, under the auspices of Walter Stapleton, Bishop of Exeter, who had been appointed Grand Master in 1307.

Masonry flourished under Edward III. He patronized the lodges, and appointed four deputies under him to inspect the proceedings of the fraternity, viz., John de Sponlee, who rebuilt St. George's Chapel at Windsor, where the Order of the Garter was first instituted;† William a Wykeham, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, who rebuilt the Castle of Windsor at the head of 400 Freemasons, A.D. 1357 (1364?); Robert a Barnham, who finished St. George's Hall, at the head of 250 Freemasons; Henry Yeule, called in the old records the King's Freemason, who built the Charterhouse, in London; King's Hall, Cambridge; Queensborough Castle; and rebuilt St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster; and Simon Langham, Abbot of Westminster, who rebuilt the body of that Cathedral as it now stands.

When Richard II. ascended the throne, William a Wykeham was continued Grand Master. He rebuilt Westminster Hall as it now stands, and employed the fraternity in building New College, Oxford, and Winchester College, both of which he founded at his own expense.

Henry IV. appointed Thomas Fitzallen, Earl of Surrey, Grand Master. In this reign the Guildhall of London was built (1416?).

In the reign of Henry V. Henry Chicheley, Archbishop of Canterbury, obtained the direction of the fraternity.

Henry IV. presided in person over the lodges, and nominated William Wanefleet, Bishop of Winchester, Grand Master.

During the reign of Henry II. the Grand Master of the Knights Templar superintended the Masons, and employed them in building the Temple in Fleet Street, A.D. 1155. Masonry continued under the patronage of this order until 1199, and no doubt during this period many Templars would join the Freemasons. When John succeeded his brother Richard on the throne of England, Peter de Colechurch was then appointed Grand Master. He began to rebuild London Bridge with stone, which was afterwards finished by William Alemain in 1209. Peter de Rupibus succeeded Peter de Colechurch in the office of Grand Master. Geoffrey Fitz Peter, chief surveyor of the King's work, acted as his deputy. Under the auspices of these two artists, Masonry flourished in England during the remainder of this and the following reign.

William Wanefleet built Magdalen College, Oxford, at his own expense.

Eton College, and King's College, Cambridge, were founded in this reign, and finished under the direction of this Grand Master.

* All these statements of our historians simply amount to this, that these great men patronized the operative guilds.

† Bro. Jennings in his learned and interesting work, "The Rosicrucians," gives some curious notices concerning this Order and its origin.

During the wars of the Roses Masonry fell into almost total neglect till 1471, when it again revived under the auspices of Richard Beauchamp, Bishop of Sarum, who had been appointed Grand Master by Edward IV., and honoured with the title of Chancellor of the Garter.

During the short reigns of Edward V. and Richard III. Masonry was on the decline, but on the accession of Henry VII. it rose again into esteem under the patronage of the Master and Fellows of the Order of St. John at Rhodes, near Malta, who assembled their Grand Lodge in 1500, and chose Henry their protector, and it is probable that at this period the Knights joined our fraternity. So late as 1743 we find some of them expelled at Malta because they were Masons. Previous to this, however, when Henry VI., then a minor, succeeded to the crown in 1422, the Parliament endeavoured to disturb the Masons, by passing the following Act to prohibit their chapters and conventions:

"3 Henry VI., cap. 1, A.D. 1425.

"Masons shall not confederate in chapters or congregations. Whereas, by the yearly congregation and confederacies made by the Masons in their general assemblies, the good course and effect of the statutes of labourers be openly violated and broken, in subversion of the law and to the great damage of all the commons, our Sovereign Lord the King, willing in this case to provide a remedy, by the advice and consent aforesaid, and at the special request of the commons, hath ordained and established that such chapters and congregations shall not be hereafter holden; and if any such be made, they that cause such chapters and congregations to be assembled and holden, if they thereof be convict, shall be judged for felons, and that the other Masons that come to such chapters or congregations be punished by imprisonment of their bodies, and make fine and ransom at the King's will." Judge Coke is of opinion that this Act, though never expressly repealed, can have no force at present.

This Act was, however, never put in force, and notwithstanding this rigorous edict, lodges were formed in different parts of the kingdom, and tranquillity reigned among the fraternity.

The Duke of Bedford was at this time Regent, but, being in France, the regal power was invested in his brother Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, who was styled protector. He was particularly attached to the Masons, having been admitted into their order, and assisted at the initiation of King Henry in 1442. Henry Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, and afterwards Cardinal, the Duke's uncle, had the care of the young King's person and education, and as he aspired to the sole government of affairs, there arose continual disputes between the Bishop and his nephew the Protector. Hence this Act.

Dr. Anderson, a great authority on such matters, says: This Act was made in ignorant times, when true learning was a crime, and geometry condemned for conjuration.

By tradition it is believed that the parliament was then too much influenced by the illiterate clergy, who were not accepted Masons, nor understood architecture as the clergy of some former ages, and consequently thought unworthy of this brotherhood. Thinking they had a right to know all secrets by virtue of auricular confession, and the Masons never confessing anything thereof, the said clergy were highly offended, and at first suspecting them of wickedness represented them as dangerous to the State during that minority, and soon influenced the parliament to lay hold of such arguments of the working Masons for making an Act that might seem to reflect dishonour upon even the whole fraternity, in whose favour several Acts had before and after that period been made.

It was fortunate for the Masons that Duke Humphrey was Protector, for, knowing them to be innocent, he took them under his care, and transferred the charge of rebellion, sedition, and treason from them to the Bishops, who, however, procured a pardon from the King under the Great Seal, "for all crimes whatever, from the creation of the world to the 26th July, 1473." Cardinal Beaufort, however, afterwards succeeded in procuring the murder of the good Duke of Gloucester, but survived him only two months.*

A record in the reign of Edward IV.

* This is really taken from Stow's Survey of London, published in the seventeenth century. Howell's Londinopolis, also contains a somewhat similar paragraph, also of the same century—Ed.

runs thus:—"The company of Masons, being otherwise termed Freemasons, of auntient standing and good reckoninge, by means of affable and kind meetyngs dyverse tymes, and as a lovinge brotherhode use to doe, did frequent this mutual assembly in the time of Henry VI., in the 12th year of his most gracious reign, A D. 1434." The same record says further—"That the charges and laws of the Freemasons have been seen and perused by our late sovereign King Henry VI.,* and by the Lords of his most honourable Council, who have allowed them and declared that they be right good and reasonable to be holden, as they have been drawn out and collected from the records of auntient times, &c."

Poole, in his "History of Ecclesiastical Architecture in England," after ridiculing the claims to a great antiquity on the part of the Masons made by Preston and some other authors, adds (page 115)—"This, however, seems to be admitted on all hands, that in the tenth century a body of men calling themselves Freemasons, and claiming the right, under a Papal privilege, of exercising their craft all through Christendom, and perhaps sometimes rudely enforcing their sole right to be employed in sacred edifices, were known over Europe, and though the unsettled state of this kingdom, while the Danes were yet formidable, would leave them little to desire here, yet probably before the Conquest, and certainly soon after, they were established in England under a local superior, with communication with a head of the whole order; and so well did this system work, so far as the perfection of the art which it fostered was concerned, that the sovereigns of different countries rather gave force to the Papal letters than withstood the monopoly which they created. Indeed, practically, the Masons would remain sufficiently fixed to their own country, the intercourse being chiefly that which would equally benefit all parties, the mutual communication of improvements in the art which all professed."

Hope gives a very picturesque description of the lodge which the Masons established for the time when they were engaged in any great work:—"Wherever they came in the suite of missionaries, or were called by the natives, or arrived of their own accord to seek employment, they appeared headed by a chief surveyor, who governed the whole troop, and named one man out of every ten, under the name of Warden, to overlook the nine others; set themselves to building temporary huts for their habitation around the spot where the work was to be carried on: regularly organized their different departments; fell to work; sent for fresh supplies of their brethren as the object demanded them; often made the wealthy inhabitants of the neighbourhood, out of devotion or commutation of penance, furnish the requisite materials and carriages, and the others assist in the manual labour; shortened or prolonged the completion of the edifice as they liked, or were averse to the place, or were more or less wanted in others; and when all was finished again raised their encampment and went elsewhere to undertake other jobs. Even in England, as late as the reign of Henry VI., in an indenture of covenants made between the churchwardens of a parish in Suffolk* and a company of Freemasons, the latter stipulate that every man should be provided with a pair of white leather gloves, a white apron, and that a lodge properly tiled should be erected at the expense of the parish, in which to hold their meetings.† Poole is my authority for this statement.

(To be continued.)

* There is no evidence, so far, of such a contemporary record. It is clearly of a later age.—Ed.

MASONRY TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

THERE was a party of gentlemen travelling to the far West, not without gold in their pockets at any time, in sufficient supply in an inhabited country, but worthless where they then were to buy food. One morning eighteen pilgrims, all told, might have been seen to arise from their blankets on the ground, on the banks of Humboldt

*This quotation is, so far, not verified, but probably exists somewhere.—Ed.

† We agree that the operative guilds endured all the time, and probably under the condition asserted, but belief is one thing, proof is another. Our good brother follows in the wake of our historians, and while the fact of the existence of the guilds is undoubted and correct, we must not confound the guild system with our speculative order, though the latter be the continuation of the former. —Ed.

river, where it water was so impregnated with alkali, that it had the colour of lye. The night previous they had eaten the last morsel of food in their possession. Four or five days' journey was ahead of them before they could reach the supplies sent out by the liberal-hearted Californians to meet the incoming immigration, which was very large. This party had been living on short rations of "jerked beef" for thirty days, without tasting bread in that time. Each one of them that morning, with stick in hand, went frog-hunting, to obtain a breakfast before starting out. They succeeded in getting a pair of legs for each (one poor fellow could not eat them). They were cooked without grease or salt, and eaten with delight; the only fault found with them was, that there were not enough. One of the party brought his frog to the camp before amputating his legs, where he performed the operation so nicely that it was uninjured in its vitals, and while eating the legs of which the frog had been bereft, it sat there, propped up upon its fore legs, looking as natural and unconcerned as if it had not lost its jumpers.

Ours was a "pack train"—no waggons. With this extra short allowance, we started, hopeful that as there were hundreds of waggons on the route, certainly we could buy enough to keep soul and body together four or five days. Each person was appointed a committee of one, with gold in his pocket, and instructed to pay any exorbitant price they chose to ask. Some one hundred waggons, more or less were overhauled by noon, without obtaining a mouthful. One party, sitting around a large tray of biscuits, were offered a dollar each for eighteen of them, but humanity nor gold could not move them at any price.

We stopped, as usual, at noon to graze our wearied animals. Although feeling hunger sharply, we were undaunted, and laid ourselves down to rest in the sun, which we were accustomed to, there being no shade. The writer was sick, and had been for several days. The doctor had just made a shade over me with a blanket, when up came the bright smiling face of one of the party, and he said he had gotten three pounds of flour, without money and without price, to feed eighteen hungry men! The doctor quickly with his own hands, made up some "flap-jacks," and brought a portion to me, which I ate with more delight than any morsel ever eaten by me before or since. Remember, it was the first bread in thirty days. They acted like a charm. From that moment I speedily recovered.

The sequel to the three pounds of flour was Freemasonry, and that unasked in that name; and therein lies the greatest beauty of it. The brother accosted a waggon to buy food, and was refused. The owner of the waggon was from Illinois, and was a minister. The brother who belonged to my party, finding he could not get anything of him (he saying he was nearly out), passed on. A thought occurred to the man from Illinois, and he hailed our companion to stop and return. On his going back, the owner of the waggon asked him if he was a Freemason, and an affirmative reply being given, he stopped his team, stepped behind the waggon, and cautiously *proved* him to be such. He then said: "You can have half of what I have left, and when you have used that, I will divide as long as I have any," refusing the proferred gold—five dollars per pound. The narration of this to me filled my heart with the deepest gratitude to the silent power of the mystic tie, over-riding human nature and Christian sympathy.

This is one of the many instances of true Masonic principle I have witnessed. The favour was not asked as Masonic, and refused. This *true* Mason, fearing that he might perchance, be turning away a brother, called him back and asked the question, "Are you a Mason?"

May I not say to my brothers, Go thou and do likewise. Do not wait to be asked when you know that a brother or his family need assistance. Many need your assistance who never ask for it; they and their families are frequently in want because they have not employment, and very often they have to suffer great privation before obtaining it. Yet many of our brethren—good brethren, I can say—go along, never thinking or looking about to see where they can carry out the principles of the institution.

May all Masons thus act, and only such be admitted; for ten *true* Masons in a lodge are more desirable than a thousand that are indifferent.—*Cor. Masonic Jewel.*

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

GEORGE PRINCE OF WALES

[*From the Sentimental Magazine*, 1792.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 28.—Vol. III. OCTOBER, 1875. Price 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

Masonically we have but little to note or to record. English Masonry is, more or less, in "recess," and though the provinces still give proof of life and work, —witness the recent Prov. Grand Lodge meetings in Somersetshire and Dorsetshire,—as a general rule, English Freemasonry is in a dormant condition. Nearly all the London Lodges are closed until October or November, and a good many provincial ones. In Spain in old days at the witching hour of noon was the inevitable "siesta," and then, as if by general consent, everybody went into a state of repose. On one occasion during the old Carlist war of all, while skirmishing was going on vigorously, the hour of "siesta" came, and then, as if by some mysterious yet potent charm, the combatants on both sides sank into a tranquilizing slumber, only at the trumpet's call and the drum's rattle to resume their arms, to spring like the classic legend from the earth, and continue their unquiet employment. Freemasonry, now in recess or "en retraite," will soon revive in tenfold vigour for the fray, whether in lodge or out, whether at labour or refreshment.

Bro. Caubet's report of a year's work of "Les Loges de l'Heliopolis," at Bucharest, is most gratifying, as showing how practically useful Freemasonry can be. The report appeared in the "Freemason" of the 15th September, and is well worth reading. We are inclined to think that some of our good brethren at home will open their eyes a little at perusing such a remarkable evidence of Masonic zeal and activity. Of course in Great Britain such a condition of affairs could hardly take place, neither would such a system practically work probably with us; but in a new country, so far a virgin soil for Freemasonry, one likes to see the genuine "Good Samaritanism" of the Craft so genuine and so living. All honour to the Roumanian Freemasons.

The material prosperity of Freemasonry is beginning to tell its own tale. For sometime past the rapid increase of lodge members has been a subject of no little anxiety to all reflecting Freemasons. It is quite clear that a great many are entering into Freemasonry for what they can eventually get, and a large number ought not to be admitted at all who annually are received without a question into our order. By the course which we are pursuing in this respect we are giving a premium to pauperism and improvidence. These are hard words, but they are true. Hence come those frequent appeals for enlarged accommodation in our educational institutions, and increased grants from our Board of Benevolence. The Girls' School is now too limited for the candidates who claim admittance, and some increase in the accommodation will have to be provided. Whether the present school can possibly be enlarged seems more than doubtful, and if so, if its site can be sold for building land at a large price, the amount so obtained may provide for rebuilding the school elsewhere. This most valuable institution deserves the warm and active support of our great and benevolent order.

The Ultramontane controversy goes on in full "furore." "The Secret Warfare of Freemasonry against the Church and State," recently published by Burns & Co., the Roman Catholic booksellers, and very smartly got up, is a translation of a German work which appeared a few years back. It is at best but a weak performance, though the writer of it has contrived to string together a certain number of salient extracts and telling passages, from its own "point de mire." Freemasons do not seem much to mind all this abuse; and Freemasonry seems to be extending rapidly, and moving on solidly and in "good form." As a Wykehamist would say, let us give with heartfelt wishes "Omnibus Latomis!"

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

CHAPTER I.

"————————Thammuz came next behind,
Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Assyrian damsels to lament his fate,
In amorous ditties all a summer's day;
While smooth Adonis from his native rock,
Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz, yearly wounded. The love tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat,
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel saw, when by the vision led,
His eye survey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah."——MILTON.

The result of all our researches into the antiquities of Masonry will, I am persuaded, substantiate the fact, that although the true and the spurious Freemasonry are parallel institutions, they cannot by any process of reasoning, be identified with each other, or prove that the former is an emanation from those splendid and imposing institutions, which, at a remote period, pervaded the whole world, and still, it is to be feared, are regarded with reverence by some of those Eastern nations where they were formerly practised in all their solemn magnificence, as an appendage to a system of worship which, unfortunately, has never been rescinded.

It may be considered a fruitless attempt to endeavour to point out the origin of these remarkable institutions, or the circumstances under which they became blinded with the religion of every nation upon earth; as the existence of any authentic records referring to those early times may be justly questioned, and the only remaining evidence for our guide in this difficult enquiry is, reason combined with analogy.

It is presumed that they originated in the world before the flood; for we find it related in the sacred writings, that mankind were divided in two distinct races; the one proceeding from Seth, called "the Sons of God;" and consequently pious, religious, and obedient to the divine commands; the other—the progeny of Cain, were termed "Giants," being full of wickedness, violence, and every evil work; and, like their progenitor, destitute of faith in the promised Mediator.

Now, from Jewish tradition we learn that the pious race, who were also denominated the "Sons of Light," separated themselves from the profligate descendants of Cain, and took up their residence on the summit of Mount Moriah, a happy region, to which the rival race were never suffered to penetrate. From this exalted position, according to the tradition before us they were favoured with visions and revelations of the holy angels of God. They lived for many centuries in great privity and holiness; observing the utmost regularity in offering up their devotions to the Most High; or, as we are explicitly told by Moses* to "the NAME of Jehovah." And "while the Cainites totally disbelieved the revelation touching the Name, or Voice, or Word of Jehovah, about (to become the Seed of the Woman); the Sethites, as God's hereditary witnesses in the place of Abel, were openly to profess their belief in it through the standing use of a regular form of prayer, characterised by a direct invocation of the *personal Name* of Jehovah."† They preserved the utmost kindness and brotherly love towards each other; and the only asservation or oath which they ever made, was "*by the Blood of Abel.*"

The question then is, what mysterious rites were practised by the race of Seth upon this holy mountain? To solve this enquiry correctly, it will be necessary to consider whether any great natural event distinguished the antediluvian world, which the inhabitants might think worthy of being perpetuated and transmitted to posterity as a means of stimulating the faith and holiness of their descendants and preserving them from the contamination of impurities which might be presented to their notice during occasional intercourse with the rival race of men who occupied the vallies, and had already made some progress in the refinements of social life.

The *most prominent circumstance* which distinguishes the history of the antediluvian world, is the marked division of the inhabitants into two separate castes. And this separation was so rigidly enforced as to prevent all communication with each other, either by marriage or other permanent association, during the continuance of many centuries.

* Gen. iv. 26

† Faber. Eight Diss. Vol. ii. p. 333.

The origin of this difference being the murder of Abel, and the expatriation of his brother, would doubtless form an historical event of sufficient importance to be perpetuated by significant rites and symbols, which would ensure its transmission to a far distant posterity, without undergoing any material alteration in the facts, amongst a people whose ignorance of letters would leave them no alternative but to have recourse to oral communication. This, therefore, would be the ritual or legend of the secret which was to be kept inviolable with respect to the apostate race of the murderer. The word or token would be the Sacred Name of God, and the password, the "Blood of Abel," which was a type of the Redeemer's promise to Adam as an atonement for the sins of men.

But unhappily, this distinction did not continue unimpaired. In process of time the sons of Light became contaminated by the seductive allurements of the Cainites, whose superior civilization, and excellence in the refinements of social life, were a snare too tempting to be resisted. The consequences proved fatal; for instead of the pure system triumphing over the degraded worship of the inhabitants of the vallies, it became amalgamated with the spurious practices which had been instituted in imitation of, and as a substitute for, the legitimate mysteries of their pious contemporaries, and in the end swallowed up and extinguished them. *According to Masonic tradition* they were in danger of being entirely lost; and were preserved only by the zeal of a few solitary individuals who had sufficient virtue to resist the progress of contamination. The secrets were at length deposited for safety in the bowels of the earth.

This appears to receive confirmation from the surname given to Tubal, the artificer in brass and iron—the great Giblite (Heb. Gibal, *Freemason*) of the ancient world; else, why should the degrading appellation of fratricide be affixed to him in particular who conferred more benefits on mankind by his ingenuity and scientific acquirements than any individnal of his race? He was thus distinguished, as it appears reasonable to believe, because he was the principal agent in the amalgamation ef the two great divisions of mankind, and the first of his family who received, or was initated into, a knowledge of the mysteries of the pious race, which preserved the correct legend of the defection of Cain from primitive holiness, and the incidents which accompanied the murder of his brother.

The Almighty strove by a series of natural means to prevent this universal defection; for when he said "my Spirit shall not always strive with man,"* it is evident that he had already used all the means which he considered right to wean the Sethites from their absurd and superstitious apostacy; probably "by signs and wonders, and mighty deeds," such as he used at a subsequent period to preserve the Israelites from contamination in the wilderness; and these being ineffectual, he at length determined not only to shorten the life of man, but to destroy the sinners from the face of the earth, and purge the world of its corruptions by an universal deluge.

If these conjectures have any foundation in truth, they will satisfactorily account for the union of the true and spurious Freemasonry, and the means by which the first idolaters became acquainted with the pure and intellectual system of primitive Light. And it was a knowledge which they considered of too much value to be forgotten. Hence we find that Ham, who had been instructed in these truths before the flood, by Lamech, as some think,† or more probably by Tubal Cain, communicated them to his descendants; and they formed the groundwork on which these designing innovators afterwards instituted and improved the diluvian mysteries; where the death of Abel was figured by that of Osiris or Bacchus.

It will be unnecessary to show that Christanity was intended by the Almighty to be symbolized and transmitted in the Jewish religion. It is well known, and cannot be controverted. All its ceremonies and requisitions were but types and shadows of a better dispensation. The law was merely a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ.‡ It may, however, be a useful and beneficial employment to prove that Christainity was embodied in every system of false religion; and that *the secrets preserved with such care and circumspection in the spurious Freemasonry of these various systems, were no*

* Gen. vi. 4.
† Nimrod, vol. iii. c. 2.
‡ Gal. iii. 24.

other than the prominent doctrines which were finally revealed in the Gospel. The truths indeed were so isolated that the hierophant himself very imperfectly understood their ultimate reference. But his blindness and ignorance does not annul the facts. These lordly pontiffs were instruments in the hands of a superior Being, to prevent such important references from being lost, and the mysteries were the only vehicles by which they could be transmitted to posterity unimpaired.

The hierophant regarded the ineffable secrets as bearing a reference to the Deity of which he was the priest, and consequently the living representative, and fancied his own dignity was magnified in proportion to the honours which were awarded to the god. And his identification with the Deity was so stringent, that the very same garments in which the gods were clothed, his priests were strictly enjoined to use. If the hierophant could have been persuaded that the religious dogmas of which he was so sensitively tenacious, were simply types of a dispensation still in the womb of time, but whose development was intended to destroy the system which he considered as the very essence of his order to uphold, there would have been an universal combination to change the landmark, and alter the tendency of every symbolical appendage, that a reference so much at variance with the interests of the hierarchy might no longer exist. The aphanism and emesis of the Deity would have been expunged. Osiris or Adonis would have died no more, to cheer the hearts of the Mystæ by his revival, the symbols and doctrines would have been diverted from the one design for which they had been instituted, and the whole fabric of the mysterious drama would have been dissolved.

But this calamity was not suffered to occur. The hierophant was not permitted by an over-ruling Providence to see anything beyond the explanation of the mysteries as vehicles for cementing his own power. All the symbolical representation had in his darkened mind, this sole reference. He applied them to the god, and he knew that the people would apply them to himself. And so the mysteries went on from age to age, embodying the most sublime truths, but grievously misapplied; till the period actually came when the types were realised, and the secret doctrines fulfilled by Jesus Christ bringing life and immortality to light.

The hierophants of all nations knew, for the fact was embodied in their mysteries, that *at some future period a Great Deliverer should come to teach mankind the way of truth, and that his advent should be proclaimed and attested by some remarkable configuration of the heavens.* The Jews also knew it; but both mistook the character of this divine personage. They equally looked for a temporal deliverance and the enjoyment of worldly prosperity; and therefore they appeared to have no interest either in swamping the traditions, or changing the interpretation of them. But they embodied the chief truths in a series of significant symbols, whose true meaning was entrusted to the custody of the hierophants, and preserved with such care, that the secret was known to few besides themselves.

Of this nature is the Anaglyph before us. It was composed by some ingenious priest—perhaps by Hermes himself—to embody in one significant emblem, all the mysterious references of the institution, the interpretation of which may appear difficult to accomplish, even according to the second canon of Bryant. "If any means can be found out," says this learned writer, "to obtain the latent purpose of the Egyptian hieroglyphics, they must arise from considering *these emblems singly*, and observing their particular scope and destination. When we have ascertained the meaning of some individuals, we may possibly discover their drift when taken collectively. These, I think, are the principles upon which we must proceed, but after all, it will be a dark research."*

But we of the present day possess more certain lights to guide an enquiry of this intricate nature than were enjoyed even by the erudite writers I have just cited, and by the assistance of modern discoveries in the interpretation of Egyptian hieroglyphics we may hope to throw some light upon it. For this purpose, I have thought it necessary to divide the dissertation into distinct chapters, because, under such an arrangement, I shall be able to proceed more systematically, and with a better hope of making the enquiry clearer and more intelligible.

(To be continued.)

* Bryant Anal. Vol. iii. 263, 800—Ed.

THE MINUTE BOOK OF THE LODGE OF INDUSTRY, GATESHEAD.

BY THE EDITOR.

(*Continued from page* 76.)

I PROPOSE now to give the "Fund Laws," which are of various dates, though forming one continuous collection, the earliest being of 1732, which I have printed previously, the latest of 1778. I call them "Fund Laws" because the three concluding regulations are so headed, of date 1778, which are clearly a continuation of them, though written on another and even earlier page. The earlier of these date apparently from 1754. The title in the minute book is as follows: "Laws and Orders to be Observ'd By Masons in a Club," referring, as evident, to the monthly meetings.

"1st. Imprimis. That this Society meet every Quarter Day, (viz) June the 24, and Michaelmass Day the 29th of September, St. John's day in Christmass, and Lady Day the 25th March at the Hours apointed, and every first Munday in the Month, excepting the first Munday after each Quarter day, And not to exceed the hour of Ten at Night. See the Penal Orders. Verse 18, and 25.

2nd That not one shall be Admitted A Member of this Society, under the age of 21 years, or above the age of 40, Without the Majority of the Society. See Penal Order Verse 21, 22-23.

"3rd. That if any Member having any Continued Alement; on him, when or before he entered into this Society, He shall have no benefit from the Box for the same Distemper, alement or Infirmity.

"4. That the Landlord keep a Room and a good fire to be kept every Club Night from Michaelmas to Lady day dureing Club hours or Fin'd 6d.

"5 That each Member shall Clear the Book evry Quarter day by paying in 2s. 2d. for the Quarter, and what fines may stand against them: and to spend 3d.—— or excluded.

"6 That there be one Feast a Year at Midsummer and that ye Stewards shall see that the Reckoning be made up as soon as there shall be 2sh spent by each Member Penalty 1s. 6d each.

"7 That there shall be chosen a Provincial Master and Wardens once a Year; Also a Master and Wardens for the Peticular Lodge.

"And whosoever shall refuse to stand, Fin'd 1sh each.

"8th. The Master and Wardens have power to Demand Silence, when any Noise or Disturbance is made, by knocking on the Table with a Trunchon. And upon Obstinate Refusall shall be fined 2d. See Penal Order 12th 13th and 14th.

"9th. If the Societys Recknoing shall exceed the allotted Dividens, the Stewards shall pay the overplus. Therefore if any Member calls for Drink or Tobacco without the Master's leave shall pay for it themselves.

"10th. If the Master or Wardens neglecteth coming on a Quarterly Day or Club night at ye hour apointed shall forfeit 6d. to the Master, and 4d to the Wardens and for the Stewards 4d. each. Forfeit. [The words 7 oclock, Mtr., Mn., are run through with a pen].

"11. The Master and Wardens shall receive all the money, Relating to the Fund Box, and att their Resining up of their Cash shall give a just Account of the same to Society And if there be any Deficiency, they shall be obliged to make it good.

"12th. The Clark shall keep and deliver a Just Account of the Society's Affairs, and for his care and truble His Allowance shall be 2lsh to be paid on the 24th of June yearly. All tickets to be gratis. If He neglects coming on a Meeting night [Quarterly is interlineated, and Meeting run through,] Penalty 1sh. If sickness or something Extrordany does not Prevent, or a bad night or Buisness. Agreed by the Majaroty the 24 of June, 1754.

"13. No Member shall Receive any benefit from the box, untill the Revolution of whole Kallendur year, after His Enterance, after which if he falls Sick, Lame, Blind, so that he is Rendered incapable of Working he shall receive 5 shillings pr Week dureing the time He labours under such Misfortune. N B If He lyeth above one whole year, He shall Receive but half pay 2/6 per week for Life." [The words "for life" are a subsequent addition, in a different hand.]

Rules 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, and 23, are similar to the rules at present in use in benefit clubs, and need not be reprinted.

"24. That no Member shall presume to speak in the Lodge after it is Regularly opened by Master and Wardens without standing up, and directing their Discourse to the Master.

"25. That no Brother, upon a Quarter Day, or Summon'd upon any Emergency, shall appear without Apron or Fined 6d. [The words "white gloves" have originally preceded "apron," but have been struck through with a pen.]

"26. [This rule has also been crossed through.] That all Visiting Brethren shall Pay towards the Reconing the same as the Members of the Lodge, nor in admittance to such except they belong to a Constituted Lodge.

"27. That if any Brother of Lodge hath any work to be done, shall Imploy some of the Brethren that are capable of performing it and not Foreingers that do not belong to the Lodge, or fined.

"28. That what Brother soever belonging unto the Lodge shall abuse the Sabbath by being Disguised in Drink or Absents himself from Church or some other place of Divine Worship so that they bring Scandle to ye Lodge, shall be Fin'd for the first offence 1sh And 2nd offence according to Majority of the Lodge.

"29th That no Cash shall be lent to any Member out of the Fund, having found it predeshall-tial to the Lodge.

"30. If any Brother when Invited by Tickett shall fail to attend at the hour appointed shall forfeit 2d NB that all finds to be paid wons a quarter. [A much later hand.]

"31. That whatever Member belonging to this Lodge shall Fail coming on Midsummer Day, the 24th June at ye hour appointed shall forfeit 6d Extraordinary. against 10 oclock, Except Sickness or some Lawfull Reason satisfactory to the Brethren shall be given.

"32. Agre'd by Master and Wardens and the Majority of the Brethren then present that Whoever of the Brethren hath a Wife dieth after the date hereof March the 25th, 1753, shall be allowed towards her Funerall Charges 40shillings.

"33. Agreed by Master and Wardens and the Majority of Brethren then Presint that whenever the two Stewards or any Two of the Brethern shall draw money out of the Fund, (or from Mrs Jones on the said Accot. for any Brother Indisposed, that then in such a case, they are to be allowed Fourpence to bear their Expences, and it any more Expended it shall be placed to their own particular account. Decr. 26, 1761. NB The following Article is to Commence from this day June 24, 1771.

"34. It is further this day, as above written viz December 26 1761, that from this day forward, all New Members to be admitted into the sd Societys Box shall at his first Entrance be subject to Pay at his first Entrance the sum of 15 shillings. [The rest of the rule has been crossed through and partially erased, but it thus stood. The original rule was]: Seven shillings, and Six Pence, that is Five shillings to be paid into the Box and Two Shillings and Sixpence to be spent by the Members then present. And further it is agreed that that all gentlemen Maisons admitted that does not Chuse to a Member of the Box, from this day forward shall be subject to pay Down at Making the sum of 21. shillings that is to say 14 shillings to go into the Box, and 7 shillings to be spent by the Members then present. N B No Maison to be Made but on a Monthly or Quarterly Day, and Lawful Warning to be given to the Members of the Society."

As I said before, all this latter and interesting part is crossed through, and between 1761 and 1771 these fees had practically been twice altered. They stood in 1761 at 7s. 6d ; in 1771 they were altered to 15s., and 12s. and 3s. were the proportion to the box and to be spent. The gentlemen were originally made for 15s., with the proportion, as before, of 10s. and 5s. See, too, the next law :

"35 It is agreed on this Day 29th Septr 1772, that no Member be admitted into this Lodge without paying £1. 1s. on Entrance except any of the subscribing Members sons and they pay 10/6 each 2sh of which is to be spent, and 3sh for One Guinea.

"36 It is agreed this 6 of June 1774 that any Brother proposing a Candidate shall pay thereon 5sh to be forfeited if he appears not to be made on the first Meeting after being offered, unless some satis-

factory reasons be assigned to the Brethren for such omission.

"37 Resolved that each Member by Rotation stand Tyler for one night, or find a substitute for the same—or fin'd 6d.

"38 Any of the Brethren presuming to sit or stand in the presence of the Master with his hat on his head, or in open Lodge shall be fined 2d."

Fund laws continued on an antecedent page :

"39. At a Lodge held Septr 29th 1778. Resolved that any Member having a Child dead, shall be paid 20 shillings out of the Fund to enable him to bury such Child decently: This Legacy is only allowed those Children that are between one month and Fifteen Years of age. It is further agreed that each Member belonging to the Fund, shall pay Two Pence into the said Fund in consideration of such Child's Legacy.

"40. At a Lodge held Septr 29th 1778. Resolved that after the aforesaid date, every Brother visiting the Lodge, and not a Member of the Fund, shall contribute six pence towards the expences incurred at each Monthly or Quarterly Meeting which he shall be present at, and the two general Meetings viz at Christmas and Midsummer to contribute his equal share of the Expenses attending such meeting in proportion to the number present.

"41 At a Lodge held Septr 29th 1778. Resolved that Seven Pounds be paid out of the fund to each deceased Member's Heir, Executor Administrator or Assign, at the first Meeting after the Funeral of the deceased, and at the same time each Member belonging to the Fund, shall contribute one shilling in consideration of the said Legacy being paid out of the Fund."

I stop here to-day, and leave for next Magazine my remarks on the most interesting minutes of this most valuable record of olden Freemasonry, warmly thanking the Lodge of Industry for the great privilege they kindly accorded to me.

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

Amid desponding hours now
Along the path of life,
The grieving heart, the broken vow,
All through this weary strife ;

When dreams have past and faded,
When hope no more sustains,
All travel-toss'd and jaded,
Thronging our joys and pains,

How calmly falls upon us here,
Beneath our darkening sky,
A peace, amid contending fear,
Calmness, mid many a sigh,
For fair Philosophy's control
Can even now dispel
The gloom of many a troubled soul,
The doubts it knows too well.

For in this life of ours,
And in this passing scene,
How many weary hours,
How many trials keen,
Will ever trouble and subdue
The fainting heart of man,
As one by one they greet our view
In this our little span.

There come the griefs of youth,
The crossed maturer page,
The vanishing of trust and truth,
The morbid fear of age ;
There come in phantom guise
Before the open door,
The shrouded forms and tearful eyes
Which haunt us evermore !

Come youth ! come strength ! come trust !
As hours on hours depart
All wither into dust
In the treacheries of the heart ;
And hope has lost its beaming gaze,
And faith its living joy,
As time and weakness, sin and age,
Tinge all with dark alloy.

Faces we loved so dearly
Have faded out of sight,
The heaven we saw so clearly
Has darkened into night ;
The fragrant dawn of morning
Has passed before the day,
When, without word or warning,
Our shadows melt away.

What, then, is left to you or me,
Of all we loved so well ?
Of all our eyes could gladly see,
Of all our tongues could tell ?
Some dry and withered flowers,
A shining lock of hair,
A memory of soft hours,
A vision bright and fair.

And yet though time is cruel
In all it takes away,
Though it robs us of each jewel
We fain would hoard to-day,
Yet it brings with it its healing,
As its circling seasons flow,
It ever is revealing
Glad hopes for man below!

Beyond this vale of tears and care,
Beyond this land of dreams,
Are pastures ever fresh and fair
Refreshing crystal streams;
And in those peaceful borders,
And in that land so dear,
Forgotten life's disorders,
Unknown its wants or fear.

Stay, then, thy sinking heart.
Tired pilgrim of to-day,
Strive on and do thy part,
To reach that "far away;"
For beyond the Vale of Doom,
Straight from the Living Tree,
There comes to thee a soft perfume
Of the Land by the Crystal Sea.

A. F. A. W.

THE DUVENGER CURSE.

ELLA F. CLYDE.

(*Continued from page* 109.)

"Poor Louis!" she whispered; "what a wife; she must be ten years the elder, and so sharp and unhealthy looking."

"What was the reason you two didn't marry," I asked.

She put both hands up over her head, a motion peculiarly her own. "Oh, the parents; Louis' wife had already been picked out for him, French fashion, and my father objected on account of his being a Catholic. But, pshaw! Louis himself has no more religion than I have."

"Don't, Nip," I said; "you make me cringe. How came the Duvengers to educate Louis and Josie at Protestant schools?"

"I never knew exactly," she answered, "some request of Isabel's father, I believe. He wanted Louis Americanized. Louis's isn't a very strong nature and being with the boys there, shook his faith. You wouldn't think it, knowing how strong Josie's is. I believe it was her earnestness which made John Fairfax a convert. Don't they make a pretty picture there?"

"Yes, what an unusually handsome man Mr. Hathaway is. See him bending to talk with Isabel."

"They are a well matched couple; only their hair and eyes are alike and I believe in contrasts. Isabel is slow in her motions; she has a way of turning languidly toward one, with a little half smile, and looking through her eyelashes; for all that, she is warm hearted, and I guess Mr. Hathaway knows it. And I've found out something else," with an elfin expression of her face: "Mme. LeFevre would give up her hopes of the hereafter if something would happen to mar Isabel's beauty. Let us go back to them."

We joined the group again, Nip seating herself by Louis's wife. A slight contraction of eyebrows showed how he noticed the difference between the women. It was impossible for the girl to remain still long, and she was soon on the sofa chatting with James Fairfax.

"Oh, Josie," she called, "we haven't seen the wonderful room, can't we go there to-night?"

"Of course," answered Josie; "we'll all go together as soon as the moon is up."

"I'll watch for the moon, then," said Nip, and she darted to the window every ten minutes.

"Firefly," said Mr. Hathaway.

"That's what we call her," said Isabel.

"One feels inclined to ask how long since she came from elfin land," said the gentleman.

"Careful, sir," Nip flung the words back over her shoulder; "elves punish mortals who laugh at them."

"Ah, but the punishment were sweet," said Mr. Hathaway.

"Yes," said Louis, in a tone meant only for Nip; "from such hands sweeter than the caresses of others."

His wife heard the words. "Really, Louis," she said, "did that speech cost you much effort?"

"The moon is up," exclaimed Nip, quickly; "can't we go now?"

"Oh, yes," answered Josie, rising; "and let no one speak or it will destroy the charm of the room."

We followed her through halls and up stairs, and around winding passages silently; as the great door swung open, we entered the haunted chamber. The moonlight fell through the latticed casement in checkered squares upon the floor, and in the oak was a dark spot, it might have been a vein in the wood, but they said it was the stain of blood which would never wash out. There was something so weird in the sumptuous old chamber that no one felt inclined to speak loud. Louis and Nip stood off in the shadow softly whispering, and his wife watched them for a time, uneasily, and then proposed a return. We never went there for pleasure again.

The days flew dreamily by; the whole atmosphere seemed saturated with romance, and its influence was strongly felt by all of us. One person alone never joined us; but often, if we happened suddenly to enter the *salon*, always dark and cool in the hottest weather, the white figure of Artemise would rise from some sofa, and glide silently from the room.

"What is the matter with her," I asked once of Isabel.

"An unhappy marriage, I believe," was the reply. "I don't think she is quite in her right mind."

"Do you believe in the Duvenger curse?" I asked.

"I have some trace of the old family superstition," she answered; "you know my only brother was drowned. Louis is the last of his name, and if he never has a son the curse perishes with him."

The old town was full of curiosities, and we had something to keep us busy constantly. Once I found a *rara avis*. It was one warm afternoon when Louis and Nip had gone out for a drive, and his wife was in a frenzy of rage. I put on my hat and left the house, but finding the streets unbearable from the heat that came up from the flag pavements, I stepped into a shoe-store. While I stood there a crash of music sounded from over head, and a wonderful voice began to sing. It was the shoemaker's daughter, and he told me I might go up. I did so, and found a young girl of fifteen, one who had been educated at the convent, and hardly knew of another world than that which lay in St. Philippe. She knows of it now though, for she has since become the protege of a Prima Donna and will make her debut in Europe next year. I must have stayed an hour, and when I went out I met James Fairfax sauntering gloomily along. He joined me and we turned homewards.

"What were they all doing when you left?" I asked.

"I don't know," he answered, "only that Hathaway was reading poetry to Miss Duvenger down by the fountain."

Nip or Isabel, which? I said to myself; then aloud, "We can easily see how that will end."

"The man is playing an unworthy part," was the reply, and further than that Mr. Fairfax refused to say.

We found them still by the fountain when we returned home. Isabel all in white, with a black lace scarf thrown around her, sitting in the grass, leaning over the marble basin, with her hand in the water. Mr. Hathaway at her feet, stretched out at full length, resting on his elbow, his hat off and his wavy black hair lifted from his forehead by the wind. The book he had been reading lay closed beside him, and his eyes were resting on her face. Just behind the fountain, a dark shadow in the picture, stood Adrienne LeFevre. What had she to do with the destiny of those two? Louis and Nip just then drove up, and had to take a round scolding, which he bore in silence, and she with laughing indifference.

One day we started off for a picnic on a hill six miles distant. Two gentlemen who were often at our house, were invited to join us, to make the party even, and when we came to start we found four vehicles at the door, two barouches, a phæton and a buggy. "How shall we arrange it?" said Josie. "Louis and Henriette, and John and I can go in one barouche. Isabel I know has a fancy for the phæton—"

"And I prefer the buggy," spoke up Adrienne; "and you are the only one who can drive the horse," smiling at Maurice Hathaway.

"That just does it," said Josie; "James will, of course, go in the phæton with Isabel."

So Mr. Fourier and Nip, Mr. LeGrand and I stepped into the other barouche and drove away in the merriest of spirits. That day on the hill is one to remember. The sunlight was so golden, the trees and grass so green, and we all seemed to reflect

back Nature's joy. Nip flirted indefatigably with Mr. Fourier, and completely turned his head. Louis tried to speak to her once or twice, but she avoided him. She had been very distant toward him since the day of the ride. She whispered to me once:

"See Mme. Adrienne cling to Mr. Hathaway; she hasn't given him a chance to talk with Isabel, once."

"I'm going to manage so that he does have a chance," said I, "now that Isabel and Mr. Fairfax are at the top of the hill."

Mme. LeFevre was seated on the grass under a tree, and Maurice Hathaway stood beside her, when Mr. LeGrand and I carelessly went up and talked with them. I said, mouchalantly, after a time:

"Mr. Hathaway, will you walk up to the top of the hill with me? Mr. LeGrand will stay with Mme. LeFevre, and we can return in a few minutes."

He complied with my request, of course; I even thought he looked grateful. As we reached the top, Isabel turned toward him, the languid fire burning in her dark eyes. I was just turning over in my mind how to take Mr. Fairfax away, when the silky tones of Adrienne LeFevre were heard:

"You see we have followed you. Mr. LeGrand was very uneasy, I could see. He wished to have his own lady back."

My manœuvering was for nothing; but Mr. Hathaway bore it with his own graceful politeness. The rest were ascending. As Nip and Mr. Fourier reached the top, she turned and waved her handkerchief to those below. It fluttered from her hand, and caught on the rugged branch of a dead tree. She was about to speak, but Louis had seen it; with a quick agility, he secured and retained it, with a meaning look at Nip. Apparently she took no notice, for she was chatting busily with Mr. Fourier.

As we returned home that afternoon, we four alighted, and entered the cathedral. It was dark and dim; only the still flame of the perpetually burning lamp shone out, a little point of light, before the rich altar. The organist was there. A fine thread of music was vibrating through the church, and losing itself high up among the dark arches. Strangely sweet and solemn it seemed, until Nip spoiled all with the words:

"What a handsome priest!"

If Father Antoine heard the words his face gave no sign. He advanced and spoke to the gentlemen and received the introduction to us with a bright cordiality. He *was* rather handsome, young, and with clearly cut features, and a certain masterful manner. Nip was enthusiastic over him for a time, until she received a check.

One afternoon we were looking out of the window, when Mr. Hathaway and Isabel came home from a ride.

"Handsome couple," said Nip; "I believe they'll make a match. I hope so, for Mme. LeFevre's benefit. See Mr. Fairfax going out to hold her bridle. Small thanks he gets for it, for it is Mr. Hathaway who helps her to dismount. Heigh ho! they are both in love with her, and Louis is married—there is nothing left for me. I'm going to flirt with that priest."

And the little minx actually did put on her hat and march off. Isabel came up stairs, bright and flushed, to her room, while I went down to the dark *salon*. The white figure of Artemise glided out as I entered. I threw myself in an easy chair in a dark corner, pondering on all the mysteries and concealments of this house; for I had heard as I came down, two voices, one in angry remonstrance, and one soothing and deprecating. What had Adrienne LeFevre and Maurice Hathaway to say to each other? While I sat there Isabel came in, and thinking herself alone went to the piano. While she played, Maurice Hathaway entered, and went and stood beside her, looking down with a smile. And so she played from her heart to him, until the music seemed to take form and colour, and float and circle in and out among the dark shadows of the room.

Mr. Hathaway touched her hair lightly; "*my beautiful* Isabel!" he said.

I slipped softly out, and went to my room, but scarcely had I entered it when Nip came bounding in, and threw herself on the floor in a paroxysm of laughter.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I went into the church and met Father Antoine, and behaved just so sweet to him as I could, but the man has no more feeling than a marble statue; he just looked down and began talking about my soul. So I told him I hadn't any soul, I was merely a fairy creature sent here to learn the arts of mortals, I should dissolve into moonshine

sometime, and that was the last folks would see of me. Do you know he looked at me in perfect contempt, and turned on his heel and left me. Guess I won't try it again."

The girl was in the wildest spirits the rest of the evening. Isabel too was strangely exhilarated! Mme. LeFevre brought down a quantity of bright fabrics, and threw them in a heap on the floor.

"These will do for impromptu tableaux," said she, throwing a long silky scarf of blue, overshot with silver stars, around Isabel. It was unbecoming, and Nip snatched it off.

"How can you? it makes her look horrid; it is more suited to me."

She began to dance—graceful, airy thing! winding the scarf around her head like a turban, with the ends streaming back. We all watched her with amusement, until she threw herself on one knee before Louis.

"Herodias' daughter before King Herod," said she.

"A very pretty piece of acting," said his wife; "only let us have a little common sense now."

"Oh, but wouldn't it make a good tableau?" said Nip, standing up, "with you as Herod's wife?"

Before a reply could be made, she had sprung from the window and flashed down the terrace to the fountain. There she stood, with her hands over her head, looking really like a sprite in the moonlight. When she came back, there were traces of tears in her eyes—the first time I ever thought Nip had any deeper feeling than enjoyment for the moment. But she gravely took out from the heap a piece of gauze, and before we were aware of her intention, had taken Isabel's hair down, and over the long, curly black mass, had fastened the gauze.

"There," she said, "now stand up. You are the Queen of Sheba, and I your serf."

"Theatre," said Mme. LeFevre.

"Well, what isn't," said Nip; "what we do every day is theatre; all the arts you use to conceal your age are theatre; we couldn't get along without theatre."

"And we all like theatre pretty well," said Louis.

"It would be better for some if they liked it less," rejoined his sister curtly.

"Is that meant for Hathaway or me?" asked Louis coolly.

There was a dead silence.

(*To be continued.*)

OLD UNDATED MASONIC MSS.

BY BRO. JACOB NORTON.

My communication, viz., "Difficulty of Ascertaining the Age of Undated Old Masonic MSS.," in the September number of the "Masonic Magazine," elicited several articles from the editor, directly and indirectly bearing upon the subject. In some of these I was sharply rapped for presuming to form opinions about MSS., the originals of which I never saw. I confess, however, that the arguments of my worthy opponent never for a moment changed my opinion, and as I have since then made further investigation, I shall venture to offer a few additional hints.

First: Upon re-reading the Old Charges by Bro. Hughan I noticed that while the legendary portions abound more or less with archaisms, the language of the laws and charges is most decidedly of the 17th century.

And, second: While the presence of the sheriff in a lodge is mentioned in the poem and in Bro. Cooke's MS., Bro. Hughan's Old Charges, including Dowland's, make no mention of the sheriff, hence these MSS. must have been used in lodges when the sheriffs ceased to interfere with Mason's squabbles, and that was in the 17th century. But I have even gone a little further, I have examined the Old Statutes of England, and I think that I can shew the connection between those statutes and our earliest Masonic laws.

The earliest statute enacted regarding labourers, wages, etc., was in the 23rd year of Edward III., 1349, as follows:

"Edward, by grace of God, &c. To the Rev. Father in Christ, William, by the same grace, Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England, greeting: Because a great part of the people, especially workmen and servants late died of the pesti-

lence,* many seeing the necessity of masters, and great scarcity of servants, will not serve unless they receive excessive wages, and some rather willing to beg in idleness, than by labor to get their living. We, considering the grievious discomodity which of the lack, especially of ploughmen and such laborers may hereafter come, have upon deliberation and treaty with the Prelates and the Nobles, and learned men assisting Us, of their mutual counsel ordained."

The gist of the statutes were, old wages and no more shall be given, and offenders shall be punished by imprisonment. In 1350, the following preamble ushers in a new badge of laws:

"Whereas, late against the malice of servants which were idle, and not willing to serve after the pestilence without taking excessive wages. It was ordained by our Lord the King, and by the assent of the Prelates, Earls, Barons, and other of his council, that such manner of servants, as well as men as women, should be bound to serve, receiving salary and wages accustomed in the places where they ought to serve, in the 20th year of the reign of the King that now is, or five or six years before, and that the same servants refusing to serve in such manner should be punished by imprisonment of their bodies as in the said statute is more plainly contained; whereupon commissions were made to divers people to every county to enquire and punish all them which offend against the same, And now, forasmuch as it is given the King to understand in this present parliament, by the petition of the commonalty, that the said servants having no regard for the said Ordinance, but to their ease and singular covetise, do withdraw themselves to serve great men and other, unless they have livery and wages to the double or treble of that they were wont to take the said 20th year before, to the great damage of the great men, and impoverishment of all the said commonalty, whereof the said commonalty prayeth remedy. Wherefore in the same Parliament, by the assent of the said Prelates, Earls, Barons, and other great men of the same commonalty there assembled to restrain the malice of the said servants, be ordained and established the things underwritten."

Cap. I. The year and day's wages of servants and labourers in husbandry.

Cap. II. How much shall be given for threshing all sorts of corn by the quarter. None shall depart from the town in summer where they dwell in winter.

Cap. III. The wages of the several sorts of artizens and labourers.

Cap. IV. Shoes, etc., shall be sold as in the 20th year of King Edward III. Artificers sworn to use their crafts as they did in the 20th year of the said king.

Cap. V. The several punishments of persons offending against this statute.

Cap. VI. Sheriffs, constables, bailiffs, jailors, etc., shall exact nothing from the said servants, but the forfeitures of servants shall be employed to the aid of the dismes and quinzaine granted to the king by the Commons.

Cap. VII. The justices shall hold their sessions four times a year, and at all times needful. Servants which flee from one county to another shall be committed to prison.

As Cap. III. concerns our ancient brethren, I shall give it in full.

"Item. That carpenters, masons, tilers, and other workmen of houses shall not take by the day for their work, but in manner as they were wont, that is to say, a master carpenter 3d. and another 2d., a master Freemason* 4d., and other masons 3d., and their servants 1d., tilers, 3d., and their knaves 1d., and other coverers of fern and straw, 3d., and their knaves 1d., plasterers and other workers in mud-walls and their knaves, by the same manner without meat or drink 1s., from Easter to St. Michael, and from that time less, according to the rate and discretion of the justices which should be there assigned."

In 1360 the following law was enacted:

"Punishment of refractory laborers should be by imprisonment only. And that they as well as carpenters and masons be

* A plague raged throughout Europe, causing extensive mortality. Britain and Ireland suffered grievously. In London alone 200 persons were buried daily in Charterhouse-yard.—1348. (*Hayden's Dictionary of Dates.*)

* The words "Mason de franche peer," in the original Norman French statute, means simply, *a mason of freestone*, and this may have been shortened in English into *Freemason*. Any how, the translator himself of that statute must have had some doubt about it, as he put the word *Freemason* between brackets.

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comprised in the ordinance, as all other servants and artificers, and that carpenters and masons take from henceforth wages by the day, and not by the week nor in other manner, and that the chief masters carpenters and masons take four pence a day, and the other three pence, or two pence according as they are worth, and that all alliances and cavins of masons and carpenters, and congregations, chapters, ordinances, and oaths betwixed them made, or to be made, shall be from henceforth void and wholly annulled, so that every mason and carpenter, of what condition he be, shall be compelled by his master to whom he serveth to do every work that to him appertain to do, or of free stone, or of rough stone, and also every carpenter of his degree; but it shall be lawful to every lord, or other, to make bargain or covenant of their work in gross, with such laborers and artificers when it please them, so that they perform such work well and lawfully according to the bargain or covenant with them thereof made."

In 1362 and 1363 more tinkering of the laws of wages took place. In 1378 the statutes of Edward III. were confirmed by a Parliament of Richard II., when it was ordained to have the laws openly proclaimed in all notable places. In 1385 the following law was enacted:

"Item. Whereas, divers villains and neiss, as well of great lords as of other people, as well Spiritual as Temporal, do [fly within] cities, towns, and places enfranchised, as the city of London, and other like, and feign divers suits against their lords, to the intent to make them free by answer of their lords, it is accorded and assented, that the Lords nor other, shall be forebarred of their villains, because of their answer in law."

In 1388 Parliament again whined about the naughty labourers. The ordinance says, that servants and labourers would not work "without outrageous and excessive hire, and much more than has been given to such servants and laborers in any time past." And because the wages had not sufficiently been defined, it was ordained that bailiffs of husbandry shall have 13s. 4d. and one suit of clothes a year, carters and shepherds 10s. per annum, cow and ox herds 6s. 8d., dairy maids 6s. etc.

In 1389 Parliament found out that there was something wrong in its previous legislation on wages. The great Lords were indeed willing to fix the price of labour as it was in the 20th year of Edward III., but they were not inclined to fix the price of corn as it was on the above date; the result was, in years of scarcity, "the great men," did not scruple to double or treble the price of corn, and the poor labourer had consequently to keep himself and family on short allowance, and this no doubt tended to breed more pestilence among the poor, and caused further diminution of the labouring classes. The riots of the Kentish men, Wat Tylers, etc., though unsuccessful, must have forced some reason into the heads of the then legislators, consequently the law was thus modified.

"Item. It is ordained and assented, that the statutes and ordinances made in the last Parliament holden at *Canterbury*, as well of servants, laborers, artificers, and victualers, as well as of all other things, saving the exception of the next article before touching Justices of Peace, and also all other statutes and ordinances made before this time, and not repealed, shall be firmly kept, and duly executed. But forasmuch as man cannot put the price of corn and other victuals in certain, it is accorded and assented, that Justices of the Peace in every county, in two of their sessions to be holden betwixed Easter and St. Michael, shall make proclamation by their discretion according to the dearth of victuals, how much every mason, carpenter, tyler, and other craftsmen, workmen, and other labourers by the day, as well as in harvest as in other times of the year, after their degree shall take by the day with meat and drink, or without meat and drink, between the two sessions beforesaid, notwithstanding the statutes thereof heretofore made, and that every man obey such proclamation from time to time as a thing done by statute."

In the 7th Henry IV. it was ordained that "once a year laborers and artizens shall be sworn to serve and take for their service after the said statute."

It would be too tedious to enumerate all the statutes passed from the time of Edward III. to the Reformation, and the numerous alterations in the punishments, thus, at first the offender could commute his punishment with a fine, afterwards nothing but imprisonment, stocks, etc.,

were inflicted. Again, subsequent statutes ordained punishment to the giver of higher wages as well as to the receiver. And, still again, at first masons, carpenters, etc, were to receive wages by the week, but as they claimed pay for holidays, then the law compelled them to receive pay by the day, with punishment to those who received or who paid the mason for his holiday. At last the laws became so numerous and conflicting as to have puzzled a Philadelphia lawyer to make head or tail of them, consequently they were repealed in the 5th of Elizabeth, as the following shows:

"A great number of Acts and Statutes concerning the retaining, departing, wages, and orders of apprentices, servants, and laborers, as well in husbandry as in divers other arts, mysteries, and occupations; yet partly for the imperfection and contrariety that is found . . . . . and for the variety and number of them, and chiefly for that the wages and allowances limited and rated in many of the said statutes, and are in divers places too small, and not answerable to this time, respecting the advancement of prices of all things belonging to the said servants and laborers, the said law cannot conveniently, without the great grief and burden of the poor laborer and hired men be put in good and due execution," etc.

The Parliament, therefore, repealed all previous statutes, but justices of the peace were still empowered to fix annually the price of labor, and continued to punish both giver and receiver of higher wages than they stipulated, but my present purpose is not to criticize the laws of Elizabeth, but to demonstrate from the statutes of Edward III., Richard II., and Henry IV., the origin of some of the early Masonic laws, and deduce these from the age of the Halliwell poem.

But I must premise a theory of my own, though I cannot support it with quotations from learned authors, viz., that whoever, or whenever, or by whomsoever, the law against stealing, with penalties attached thereto, was first enacted, that the said law was not made before somebody indulged in pilfering; and the same theory may be applied to the origin of all other laws. Well, then, a law was made in 1385 to enable a lord to recover his villain when he found him in a city. On the continent, and in Scotland, if a bondman remained in a town twelve months and a day, he became free. Whether the same usage existed in England I know not. The law of 1385, however, reveals that bondmen fled into cities, and their owners used to be baffled by lawyers with quibbles and questions, and used to entangle them so as to extort some unfavourable answer, and procured the liberty of the bondman. The same method we witnessed in Boston ere the abolition of slavery, when a slaveholder came here to reclaim his slave, and the United States government therefore passed a fugitive slave law. For the same reason the 1385 law was made, viz., to enable the lord to recover his bondman, notwithstanding an unguarded answer that may have been extorted from him in court.

We find a Mason's law was also made to prevent taking a bondman as an apprentice. It is evident, therefore, before the adoption of that law that Masons used to apprentice bondmen, that is as long as they could do so with impunity. Be it remembered that in 1385 English working people did not believe in the right of the rich to enslave the poor, and they used to taunt the pretensions of the ruling classes with

When Adam delved and Eve span,
Where was then the gentleman?

Our oldest Masonic MSS. clearly evince that the *free born* law was forced upon the Masons by outside pressure. Both MSS. give substantially the same reason for the adoption of the free born law, but as the Matthew Cook MS. is less vague, I quote the reason from it, which is as follows:

"For, because of his lord to whom he is bond, will take him as he well may from his art and lead him with him out of the lodge, or out the place he worketh in, for his fellows per adventure would help him, and debate for him, and thereof manslaughter might arise, it is forbidden."

Or, in plain English, if the owner of the bondman should attempt to capture his slave in the midst of the Masons' quarters, the brethren would first assail him with remonstrances, and end with breaking the slave hunter's skull; such a catastrophe would have brought the fraternity into a snarl with the government, it was therefore forbidden to teach a bondman, all which shows that the brethren were opposed to slavery, and had no prejudice against a bondman, but on the contrary they would have freed him if they could. True, both

MSS. give another reason also, viz, on account of Euclid's pupils who were of gentle blood. That Euclid legend, however, was a discovery of a later date; the Masons who were first forced to adopt the free-born law, knew nothing about Euclid's Masonry, and that law must have been forced on the Mason by the 1385 statute, when the lord was empowered to take his bondman "as he well may;" the poem, therefore, could not have been written before 1385; but that is not all, for the same further says:—

"The twelfth point is of great royalty,
There as the assembly holden shall be,
There shall be Masons and fellows also,
And other great lords many more.
There shall be the sheriff of that county,
And also the mayor of that city;
Knights and squires there shall be,
And other aldermen as you shall see.
Such ordinances as they make there,
They shall maintain it whole together."

The laws of labourers, artizans, etc., enacted during the reign of Edward III., and his successors, must satisfy any man that neither kings, nobles, or other "great men," temporal or spiritual, would have patronised in those days the Masonic brotherhood by mixing and taking part with them in their deliberations in Masonic assemblies, but on the contrary, the whole tenour and spirit of those laws demonstrate that the then great men abhored the working men's associations as not better than nests of rebellion. The assembly above referred to could not therefore have consisted of titled dignitaries, who have learned *how to ride the goat, or to squat upon a gridiron;* but it simply refers to the annual assembly of the town or county officers, in accordance with the law enacted in 1389. They met for the purpose of fixing the price of labour for the ensuing year, consequently our poem could not have been written before 1389. And that is not all, for our MS. further says:

The fourteenth point is full of good law
To him that would be under awe,
A good and true oath he must there swear.
* * * *
And all these points here before
To them thou must need be sworn,
And all shall swear the same oath
Of Masons, be they willing, be they loth.
The fifteenth point is full of good lore,
For them that shall be sworn there,
Such ordinance at th' assembly was layd,
Of great lords and masters before said.

Having already demonstrated that the poem does not allude to a Masonic assembly; the oath it administered could, therefore, not have been for Masonic purposes, and it must refer to the statute of the 6th year of Henry IV. requiring labourers and artizans to swear annually to keep the ordinance, and to charge and receive no more wages that the assembly ordained. The oath they took there was not of their own free will and accord, but, "be they willing, or be they loth." As the said statute was not ordained before 1405, the poem could not have been written before that year.

But even that is not all, for the fifteen articles and fifteen points must have been copied (except the allusions to the Euclid and Athelstan legends) by the poet from an old prose constitution, the age and history of which was already forgotten and unknown. We know now that the said constitution was written after 1405, but constant handling for a number of years probably made it look older than it was. The time intervening between the compilation of the original constitution, and the composition of the poem must have been sufficiently long to have obliterated all knowledge of the origin of the former, and to have enabled a then Masonic luminary to palm off on the brotherhood its Athelstan origin. That such was the belief of the author of the poem is evident from the following lines:

Fifteen articles there they sought,
And fifteen points there they wrought.

Now, assuming that the said constitution, with fifteen articles, etc., was compiled in 1405, and that thirty or forty years was sufficient to obliterate all knowledge of its origin, so that the Athelstan legend could become crystalized among the brethren; the poem then could not have been written before 1435 or 1445.

Bro. Closs dated the poem between 1427 and 1445, by what method of reasoning he arrived at that conclusion I know not. If Bro. Findel is in possession of Bro. Closs' reason for the same, he would confer a great favour, by submitting those reasons through the pages of the "Masonic Magazine."

APPENDIX.

Since I mailed the article on the Old MS., I dived further into the *Statutes*, and found the following in the 33rd Henry VI., or 1445:

"And also that the salaries and wages of servants and artificers that shall not exceed the assessing that follows."

After stating the wages of servants, shepherds, etc., the ordinance continues thus:

"The same form shall be observed of wages of servants being with hostlers, victualers, and artificers in city, borough, and elsewhere; and such as deserve less, shall receive less; and also the places where less is used to be given, less shall be given from henceforth. And from the Feast of Easter to the Feast of St. Michael, the wages of any Freemason or master carpenter shall not exceed 4d. a day with meat and drink, and without meat and drink 5d.; from St. Michael to Easter a Freemason and carpenter 3d. with meat and drink, without meat and drink 4d."

The above shows that the statute of 1385 which ordained for the authorities of towns and counties to regulate annually the price of labour, in accordance with the price of corn or victuals, though not repealed, was put into abeyance by the above statute. Wages, thenceforth, were made stationary, and "Knights, Squires, many more," must have ceased to hold their annual assemblies after 1445, when the above statute was passed. The Halliwell poem, must, therefore, have been composed before the passage of the above statute, or before 1445.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

Fellow of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, Copenhagen; Corresponding Member of the Royal Historical Society, London; Honorary Member of the Manchester Literary Club, and of the Whitby Literary and Philosophical Society, &c., &c.

THE following sensible sonnet, by EMMA RHODES, appears in the *Argosy*, and contains more rhyme and reason than much of the namby-pamby stuff published for poetry in magazines generally. The sentiments may be said to be Masonic:—

"Who is the greatest? Is it he whose sword
Cuts straight a road to glory? He whose feet
Are swiftest in the race for fame: whose seat
Is aye above his fellows at the board?
He who has heap'd up countless golden hoard?
Or even he whose life is most replete
With richer stores than oil, and wine, and wheat—
With love, best good that this world can afford?
No: he who follows where his Master led,
Through lowly ways; who strives but to fulfil,
By humblest service, all that Master's will.
He is the greatest; so our Lord hath said;
He falls who strains up high to reach renown;
Who stoops shall find the kingdom and the crown."

Mr. Martin Simpson, a careful laborious author, whose geological and other publications are highly and deservedly esteemed, has now finished the Histories of the Lives and Times of King William the Third and Queen Anne, on which he has been for many years engaged. The two works would, I believe, fill a volume of about 700 pages. As Mr. Simpson is no mere bookmaker, it is to be hoped that the labour of so many years will not be allowed to lie idle on the shelf. I have not perused the manuscripts, but judging from the author's other writings, and knowing, from personal observation, his conscientious carefulness to ascertain and express the truth in his books, I feel confident that this, his largest work of all, will be well worthy of publication, and I hope it will soon be sent to the press.

I am sorry to record the death of Bro. Samuel Gordon, F.S.A. Scot., of Stockton-on-Tees, which took place unexpectedly on Monday, July 25th, at his residence in Sydney-street, of that borough. He was born at Longton, in Staffordshire, November 25th, 1832; and consequently at the the time of his death was in his forty-third

year. He was the son of a poor clockmaker, a man of unusual intelligence for his position in life, who was said to be a distant relative of the aristocratical family of the same name. The rudiments of learning he picked up at the Sunday School, and afterwards at the Mechanics' Institute; for his parents were too poor to pay for his schooling, and he had, at an early age, to win his own bread in the Potteries, many of the workshops in which, as he tells us in his prize essay on *Public and Popular Amusements*, were "of the worst possible description, being badly lighted, and without even an attempt at ventilation." And he adds, writing in 1858, "Little regard is paid to the health or comfort of the inmates; year after year they are deprived of air and light, and compelled to breathe a poisoned atmosphere, whose fearful ravages are seen in the weak, attenuated forms of its victims." I never looked upon "the attenuated form" of Bro. Gordon, without thinking that he himself was a living proof of this sentence; and I have no hesitation in saying, that to his slavery in childhood, more than to the hard literary labours of his manhood, do we owe his premature death. In 1859, he entered on his professional career as a reporter, on the *Staffordshire Sentinel*, at Hanley. In November, 1861, he became sub-editor and reporter of the *Stockton Gazette and Middlesborough Times*, which two papers had then become amalgamated. The duties of this position he discharged for nearly five years, with great industry and fidelity. I became personally acquainted with him on his first going to Middlesborough, and had unusual opportunities of witnessing his unceasing industry during his residence there. He was afterwards connected with various other local papers, up to the time of his death. Bro. Gordon had published several small books, the most interesting of which was, *Rambles along the Cliffs—Saltburn to Whitby*, giving an account of a pedestrian tour along the Cleveland coast, made in August, 1864, in company with the writer of these Notes. In 1869, he published his *Watering Places of Cleveland*, on a new edition of which he was engaged at the time of his death. Though by no means a man of great genius, Bro. Gordon was one of those useful and praise-worthy men, who, remembering the fable of the hare and the tortoise, make up by patient perseverance in cultivating the talents God has given them, for the want of greater gifts. At the time of his death he was D.G.M. of the Free Gardeners, as well as a Brother of the Craft. He has left a widow and five children, I fear, inadequately provided for. Bro. Gordon was a credit to the working classes from whom he sprung, only to change hard bodily labour for that which is equally a strain on the brain; for as FLORENCE CLEVELAND sings:—

"A vast o' fooaks can't understand
That sum's hard at work wiv ther heeads,
Whahle udders is working wi' t' hand."

It was but proper that the biographer of James Montgomery, Chantrey and others, should have his own life fully and lovingly written, and this has been ably done by the Rev. William Hudson, in his *Life of John Holland*, a neatly printed, well-bound octavo volume of 576 pages, which deserves, and indeed must have, a fuller notice at my hands than present space permits. His thirty-six years of friendship with Montgomery, his long connection with the Sheffield papers, his many books and fugitive pieces on almost every conceivable subject, in both prose and poetry, his fine sympathies with humanity, and his strong love of nature, joined to the purest practice of piety, made John Holland really a great man, though never over-burdened with wealth, rank, or title; and for those who like myself, only knew him through a comparatively small portion of his writings, this Life by Mr. Hudson is of great value; whilst those who, like my dear literary friend, Eta Mawr, had the pleasure of his personal acquaintance, will value Mr. Hudsons's graphic representation of the man, body and mind, as almost reproducing him again livingly before them. Many of the short poems quoted by Mr. Hudson are new to me, and give me a higher conception of Mr. Holland than I had before, for several of them are gems in their way, and are likely to be often quoted by me, in the "Masonic Magazine" and elsewhere. Not the least interesting part of the book to me, is the poet's correspondence with our mutual friend Miss E. Colling, whose hospitality I, too, have repeatedly enjoyed at Hurworth; whose literary correspondence I, too, have benefited by; and whose beautiful poems, like those of her

old friend, John Holland, are not a tithe so well-known as they deserve to be. Though just such a man as ought to be initiated into the mysteries of Masonry—being already prepared in his heart for initiation, and without that preparation no ceremonies, however beautiful, can ever make any man a Mason—Mr. Holland does not appear ever to have joined the Craft; at least I find no mention of it in Mr. Hudson's exhaustive Life of him, and I think he is too careful a biographer to have omitted stating the fact had it been so. To my brother Freemasons, who prize honour and virtue above all the external advantages of rank and fortune, and who respect every one who endeavours to study the liberal arts, that valuable branch of education which tends so effectually to polish and adorn the mind, I hope in a future number to give some further account of good John Holland, aided by Mr. Hudson's valuable Life of that indomitable man of letters, from which I believe both pleasure and profit may ensue; in the meantime I cordially commend Mr. Hudson's well-written and evidently carefully correct volume to all who care to study the life of a good man and an able author, whose name is a honour to his native Sheffield, worthy to rank with that of his friend, James Montgomery, and of my friend, Ebenezer Elliott, and our mutual friend, Eta Mawr.

Bro. Kenning has done well in reproducing from the "Masonic Magazine," in a neatly-printed, and well bound, though thin volume (but then, the price is only sixpence), Mentor's stirring poem, *The New Morality*. The sentiments are so truly Masonic, that the brethren should not only "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" its friendly satire and undoubted verities, but should circulate it well among their neighbours. The worship of the golden calf, which it so nervously denounces, is really a much vulgarer thing with us in England than was the idolatry of the ancient Babylonians; for their golden calf was meant to personify the Great Architect of the Universe, however much it might fail to accomplish its object; but our golden calf is neither more nor less than "the almighty dollar." The man whose heart is corrupted by the love of gold, as heartily denounced by Bro. Mentor, can never become a true Mason, and whether rich or poor, and whatever his social position may be, should be black-balled in every lodge where he may seek for membership. I once heard of a commercial traveller calling upon a customer whom he knew to be a brother of the Craft, to inquire which of the lodges in the town was the gentlemen's lodge? He very properly reminded him of the ceremony of his initiation. The man evidently was a snob, probably sprung from the dunghill, who had sought and succeeded in creeping like some loathsome reptile where his presence ought never for a moment to have been tolerated. I would have liked to have given that "incompetent brother" a few days solitary confinement in the ante-room of a lodge, with our Bro. Mentor's truthful poem to peruse until he learnt it all by heart; then to have turned him adrift, warning him (by all the p.'s of his ob.s') never again to seek admission into any lodge until he had first reduced its excellent precepts to practice.

Mr. J. Tom Burgess, of Leamington, I am glad to see, has published, in a sixpenny pamphlet, his very able lecture on the Fortifications of Warwick, which was read to the members of the Warwickshire Naturalists' and Archæologists' Field Club on the 2nd of March in the present year, and which throws considerable new light on the history and remains of that fine old city. "If Warwick was ever a Roman garrison," says he, "their Campus Martius would be probably placed on the slope of the Priory, and not on the edge of the precipitous rock on which the present Castle is built." And having given reasons for this conjecture, he adds:—"Let us try to realise the condition of Warwickshire in the early part of the tenth century. It had formed, nominally, part of the Mercian kingdom for some three or four centuries. The broad trackways of the Watling-street and the Fosse were the highways of contending and savage foemen. Warwickshire was the very centre of England, and became one battle field. Between Warwick and the Watling Street Road, a distance varying from seventeen to twenty-one miles, I can point to four, if not more, battle fields on which Saxon weapons of war have been found, or the signs of ravaged villages. There are mounds which may point to other scenes of slaughter, but whose true character is as yet unascertained." To the antiquary, Mr. Burgess's able little pamphlet is a choice morsel.

That cruel disgrace to medical science' vivisection—which, according to the highest testimony, is totally unnecessary for the healing art—is about to be systematically practised in the University of Edinburgh, unless a healthy public opinion at once crushes the unholy proposal. "I have placed physiology at the south-west corner," says the architect, "because it is desirable to place this department in such a position that it cannot be overlooked," and "that there is good space for keeping animals, and plenty of south light to keep them in health. Good accommodation can also be had for keeping animals belonging to the pathological department." We trust British surgeons will never be allowed to degenerate into such monsters as Majendie. Vivisection ought at once to be made felony, and the law carried out with Rhadamanthus-like vigour, until higher morality renders it unnecessary.

I am glad to see that Mr. George Cameron has completed the publication of his *Charlie Lufton*, an autobiographical novel, which has been issued, like most of Dickens' works, in monthly parts. I have not had time to read the printed copy yet, but having perused the manuscript and advised its publication, I am glad to see it favourably reviewed in the "Athenæum" and other papers. Some day we may glance at it more fully.

By the death of Bishop Thirwall (though at what some would call the ripe old age of seventy-five), England has lost one of her greatest men. As Freemasons, we cannot discuss his theological or political opinions; but we are equally called upon to reverence his useful labours as a man of letters, and to "put him to worship" for the great amount of knowledge he had accumulated, and his holy life. Born at Stepney, February 11th, 1797, and educated first at the Charterhouse, and then at Cambridge, where he became a fellow of Trinity College, he was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn, in 1825, and all are agreed would have made an excellent judge had he continued in the profession. He was ordained in 1828, and became Bishop of St. David's in 1840, and allowed to remain there, both by Liberals and Conservatives, until his resignation, about a year before his death, although the "Times" regards him as "the greatest of those who have adorned the English episcopate of this century," and the "Athenæum" declares him to be "the greatest Bishop whom the English Church has seen since Warburton." I regret to state, that for many months before his decease he was almost, if not entirely, blind. His *History of Greece* alone was sufficient to give him a high place in the literary pantheon.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

MASONIC SONG,

For the Constitution of a New Chapter.

Companions, we meet on this altar of thine,
Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee,
Sweet with the odours of myrtle and pine,
Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea,
Meadow and mountain and forest and sea;
Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine,
Sweeter the incense we offer to thee,
Companions once more round this altar of thine.

Angel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long!
Spread thy white wings to the sunshine of love!
Come while our voices are blended in song—
Fly to our ark like the storm-beaten dove!
Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove,
Speed o'er the far-sounding billows of song,
Crowned with thine olive-leaf garland of love,
Angel of Peace, thou hast waited too long!

Angels of heaven quick answer the strain!
Hark! a new birth-song is filling the sky!
Loud as the storm wind that tumbles the main,
Bid the full breath of the organ reply.
Let the loud tempest of voices reply,
Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking main;
Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky;
Angels of heaven all echo the strain.

—*Phila. Keystone.*

AN OLD MAID'S MISTAKE.

Miss Sophia Prim was one who had advanced far enough in years to be entitled to that dreadful appellation, an old maid. Her age was about thirty-five, as near as any one could judge, for she was no excep-

tion to her class in telling her age. She owned a neat little cottage and several acres of land, situated in the thriving village of B. It was a great mystery to her how it happened that she, with quite a large fortune tempting the opposite sex, should remain single so long, but to others it was no intricate case to solve; for whoever caught a glimpse of that sharp-pointed nose and little grey eyes peering out from under their white eyebrows, would be rather inclined to keep at a respectable distance.

The owner and occupier of the lot adjoining Miss Prim's, was a Mr. Pray, a very quiet and diffident person, who kept bachelor's hall.

His visits to Miss Prim's were like angels' visits, few and far between. He had lived a neighbour to Miss Prim nearly a year, all of which time she had spent in vain endeavours to draw him into an intimate acquaintance. He was bullet-proof to all her great personal and real attractions, and she declared he would die an old bachelor, and she would not pity him if he did.

One day, when she was sitting in her parlour engaged in sewing, to her great delight she saw Mr. Pray emerge from his dwelling and make his way toward her own. She flew to the door to let him in, took his hat, and gave him a seat; then there was an irksome silence. Soon, however, our hero mustered up courage to say:

"Miss Prim, I hope you won't be offended at what I am going to ask you—"

"Oh, no," interrupted Miss Prim, "you can say what you please and not offend me."

"Well," continued Mr. Pray, "trusting to our friendship—"

"Yes, we were always great friends, Mr. Pray, and I hope," continued she, "we shall ever remain so."

"I came to see if you would do me the favour—"

"Yes, yes," replied Mis Prim, "anything that is in my power I will gladly do."

"It came rather hard for me to ask you."

"It needn't, Mr. Pray, for you know I have always entertained a great regard for you."

"If it would not be too much trouble—"

"Oh, no trouble at all, Pray; I'll be ready any time."

"You would not have to leave the house, for I could bring them over here—"

"Yes, you can come right in here; or if you had rather, I will go over into your house."

"I thought it would be just as well as to wait longer."

"Yes, just as well," said Miss Prim, encouragingly.

"But I thought if you would help me a little—"

"Yes, Mr. Pray—I would work all the time, and we would get along so nicely."

"You do not understand me," said he, as the perspiration began to pour down his face.

"Yes I do," replied she; "you want me to be—"

"No, no, I don't," replied he. "All I want of you is to help me make my plums into preserves."

The disappointment and rage of Miss Prim can better be imagined than described. All the sweet visions of married life which flitted through her mind for the half-hour past, vanished. The air-castles which she had so fondly cherished, with hopes of their being realized, were ruthlessly assailed by that cruel declaration—"All I want of you is to help me make my plums into preserves."

She stopped a moment to let the storm thicken, and then it burst forth with all the fury that she was master of.

"You insult me, Mr. Pray, I expected better things than this of you. I took you to be a gentleman, but you are nothing more than a low, good-for-nothing brute. Mercy knows I wouldn't have married you if you had asked me. When I stoop so low as to marry an old bachelor forty years old, whom no decent woman would have anything to say to, you may tell me of it. Me make your preserves!" continued she, as she shook her long bony fingers disdainfully, in close connection with his face. "When I degrade myself so much as to become your servant, my name will not be Miss Sophia Prim. Me make your preserves! There is no enduring your impudence. So leave my house this instant, and don't let your hateful trunk darken my door again, you—"

He waited not for a second bidding, but seized his hat and rushed out amid the anathemas breathed out upon him from anything but loving lips. * *

"Why, aunt, what is the matter?" cried out Anne Bell, as she came into the room and saw her aunt's angry looks and flushed countenance a few minutes after our friend's sudden exit.

Annie was niece of Miss Prim, and was then on a visit to her aunt.

"That gawkey clown of a Pray," replied Miss Prim, "had the effrontery to ask me to help him make his preserves."

"Didn't you tell him you would!" asked Annie.

"No, indeed, I didn't," replied Miss Prim, tartly.

"I will then," said Annie, as she withdrew to find Mr. Pray.

Annie fulfilled her promise. But there must have been other business going on, for in a few weeks the village minister received a handsome fee for his services in making Mr. Pray and Annie husband and wife.

GENERAL GRAND CHAPTER OF ROYAL ARCH MASONS, U.S.A., 1874.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

THE twenty-second Triennial Convocation of the "General Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons for the United States of America," was held in the Freemasons' Hall, Nashville, Tennessee, on Tuesday the 24th November, 1874, and two following days. The G.G.H.P., Josiah H. Drummond, presided throughout the meetings, and was supported by several well-known brethren including our good friends Parvin and Bower of Iowa, Brown of Kansas, Fellows of New Hampshire, Caldwell of Ohio, R. B. Porter of Minnesota, Larner of District of Columbia, and many other worthies, whom though we have not seen in the flesh we love as Craftsmen and Companions. Twenty-four Grand Chapters were represented out of thirty-four connected with the society. Including those Grand Chapters which declined joining the G.G. Chapter, there are now some 2,000 subordinate chapters in the United States, with a membership of more than 120,000 Companions, and in which some 10,000 were exalted during the past year. The figures afford us an insight into the character and extent of Royal Arch Masonry in the United States, and what interest is taken in the degree for so many Brethren to muster in Nashville from such distances. The north, the south, the east and the west, all contributed their quota to swell the sum total.

A General Grand Lodge for such a vast country has often been advocated, but has as often fallen through; but a similar body for the Royal Arch Grand Chapter has so far been fairly successful, and from its establishment on the 9th of January, 1806, has done much to introduce the degree on virgin soil. Its origin may be said to date from 1797, but only in a partial sense, as Dr. Mackay states in his excellent "Masonic Encyclopedia." In 1826 its septennial meetings were abolished for the triennial assemblies, which have since been continued. A few Grand Chapters—notably that of Pennsylvania—have refused to recognise this authority, but into the reasons *pro* or *con* we do not intend to delve at present. The latter meeting appear to have been most successful, and the recent resolution to constitute all Past Grand High Priests (Past First Grand Principals) of Grand Chapters *life members* of the G.G.C., will doubtless add much to to its prosperity in the future.

The supreme head is M. E. Comp. Josiah H. Drummond of Maine, who is without doubt one of the uncrowned kings of the Masonic World, and who is known, respected and beloved throughout the United States; his chief officers also are most enthusiastic and able Masons who have earned a right to participate in the honours of Freemasonry by long and continuous service in their respective States, and deep sympathies with the welfare of the Craft universal.

M. E. Comp. Drummond delivered a vigorous address, alluding to the progress and vicissitudes of Royal Arch Masonry in the United States, describing the condition of several chapters, and Grand Chapters, explaining the action of some of the latter in forming new Grand Chapters, and generally presenting to his hearers a masterly sketch of the present state of the degree, not forgetting to glance at the origin, con-

stitution and history of the G.G. Chapter itself. It appears from the facts therein narrated that "*all* the Grand Chapters in the United States *except* Florida, Pennsylvania and Virginia, were either created by the G.G. Chapter or formed by Chapters chartered by it, and authorised to form a Grand Chapter solely upon the condition of obedience to the constitution and laws of G.G. Chapter." On the foregoing being admitted, we cannot see but that Bro. Drummond is justified in stating that a constituent of G.G. Chapter "has no more right, legal or moral, to throw off its allegiance, than any subordinate Chapter has to throw off its allegiance to its Grand Chapter." The G.G.H.P. alluded to the "Grand Mark Lodge of England" as follows:—

"You are aware that the degree of Mark Master Mason is not under the authority of the Grand Chapter of England, and is not required by it to be conferred before the Royal Arch; and indeed is not recognised by it as a Masonic degree. This difference in the number and order of the degrees has caused serious difficulty in relation to the admission of English Royal Arch Masons into our Chapters. * * * The Mark Grand Lodge has now 186 lodges on its roll, and 7,645 members on its register. I understand that the Grand Chapter of Ireland and Canada have recognised this Grand Lodge as the supreme authority in England, for the Mark degree."*

"Formal application has been made by a communication herewith submitted for recognition by this General Grand Chapter, so that Royal Arch Masons of England, who have received the Mark degree under the authority of this Grand Lodge, may be allowed to be received in Chapters in this country without receiving that degree here. I have very fully investigated the matter, and have no doubt that this Grand Lodge was formed in accordance with Masonic precedents and Masonic law as established by long usage, and I earnestly recommend that the General Grand Chapter recognise the 'Grand Lodge of Mark Master Masons of England and Wales and the Colonies and Dependencies of the British Crown,' as the supreme Masonic authority over the degree of Mark Master Masons in that jurisdiction, and all Mark Master Masons made under its authority as regular, and entitled to all the rights and privileges of the degree."

The letter referred to was from Grand Mark Secretary, Bro. Frederick Binckes, the constant champion of the degree, but it is not necessary to insert it after the accurate sketch of its character by Bro. Drummond. We quite agree with Bro. Binckes that though the "Mark degree in this country is ignored altogether by our Grand Lodge and Grand Chapter, between these bodies and this Grand Lodge there is no feeling of antagonism" *neither will there ever be*, so long as each other mind their own business. It is well that all interested in the subject should know that the Craft Grand Lodge and Grand Chapter are prohibited—even if ever so inclined—from recognising Mark Masonry, or indeed any *degrees* save their own, in accordance with the "Articles of Union" signed and agreed to, A.D. 1813, and it is idle to attempt to alter such a necessary condition.

The "Committee on Foreign Correspondence" reported to the G.G. Chapter as follows:—

"In the matter of the application of the Grand Lodge of Mark Master Masons of England and Wales, and the Colonies and Dependencies of the British Crown, for recognition by this G.G. Chapter, your Committee, while disapproving in general the multiplication of Grand Masonic bodies, titles and dignitaries, beyond the accepted system of organization, are of opinion that the peculiar circumstances of the case, and especially the status of English Mark Master Masons, emigrating to and applying for advancement in this country, warrants exceptional legislation, and therefore recommend the adoption of the following:

"*Resolved.*—That the General Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons for the United States of America, hereby recognises the Grand Lodge of Mark Master Masons of England and Wales, &c., as the rightful and supreme authority over the degree of Mark Master Masons in England and those Colonies and Dependencies of the British Crown in which no existing Grand Body claims jurisdiction over the degree."

* So also have the Grand Chapters of Pennsylvania and Iowa, and what is still more important the several supreme authorities in England over the degrees of Knights Templar, Red Cross of Rome and Constantine, and the "Ancient and Accepted Rite," likewise recognise the Mark Grand Lodge.

The report was duly received and resolutions adopted! but alas the action of G.G. Chapter was immediately after reconsidered, and the "further consideration of the matter was postponed until the next triennial convocation."

Companions in the United States! the Mark Grand Lodge asks your fraternal support, it does not trouble about representation, but it does seek to have its certificates recognised wherever a Grand Chapter is situated which works the degree. Will you not respond to the call? Help it to promote unity in deed as well as in word, and you will never regret the action.

The proposition that the next assembly of the General Grand Chapter be held at Buffalo (New York), in 1877, was met by an amendment that it should be held "at the time and place of the Conclave of the Grand Encampment of Knights Templar in 1877," but the original proposition was carried, and it was agreed that the convocation should commence its duties on the first *Tuesday in August.*

The action of the G.C.C. as to the ritual of the R. A. in 1871, was rescinded according to the recommendation of the special committee appointed to consider the subject; and we think advisedly.

The election of officers was as follows:—Elbert H. English (Little Rock, Arkansas), G.G.H.P.; John Frizzell, Nashville, Tennessee), D.G.G.H.P.; Robert Farmer Bower (Keokuk, Iowa), G.G.K.; Alfred F. Chapman (Boston, Massachusetts), G.G.S.; John McClellan (Boston, Massachusetts), G.G.T.; Christopher G. Fox (Buffalo, New York), G.G.S.; Noble D. Larner (Washington, D.C.), G.G.C. of the H.; Henry Bostwick (Covington, Kentucky), G.G.R.A.C.

On motion duly made it was resolved:

"That inasmuch as the 26th day of November has been set apart by the President of the United States as a day of Thanksgiving and Prayer, this G.G. Chapter will attend Divine Service in a body, at the time appointed for such service."

It was likewise resolved on the proceedings being concluded "unanimously, and by a rising vote:"

"That the thanks of this G.G. Chapter be and the same are hereby tendered to Bro. M. E. Josiah H. Drummond, for the very able and faithful discharge of the duties devolving upon him as G.G.H.P. during his official term, and for the impartial and fraternal manner in which he has presided over its deliberations at this Triennial Convocation."

In conclusion, we have pleasure in stating that a capital portrait of this distinguished Brother adorns the published proceedings of the G.G. Chapter for 1874, and doubtless the value of the interesting volume will thus be considerably enhanced in the estimation of all Royal Arch Masons who are privileged to possess copies thereof.

M. E. Comp. Frizzell on behalf of the Companions of Nashville tendered the G.G. Chapter a formal reception, and accordingly that body was escorted to the State Capital by the Nashville Commandery of Knights Templars, accompanied by the 16th United States Infantry Band. The hall in which the reception took place was filled with ladies and gentlemen, residents of Nashville and vicinity invited to be present, and the Hon. Morton B. Howell, Mayor of the City presided, so that the period for *refreshment* in brilliancy surpassed that for *labour*, and certainly in attraction the concluding ceremonies were far in advance of the quiet meetings of G.G. Chapter; for the presence of so many ladies and gentlemen, headed by the Mayor, could not fail to lend additional enchantment to the scene, and in splendid style complete another Triennial Convocation of the G.G. Chapter of the United States of America. So mote it be.

THE FREEMASONS AND ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND.

BY BRO EMRA HOLMES.
Past Provincial Grand Registrar of Suffolk, Past Grand Inspector of Works (Mark), &c., &c.

UNDER the auspices of Henry VII. the fraternity once more revived their assemblies, and Masonry resumed its pristine splendour.

On the 24th June, 1502, a Lodge* of Master Masons was formed in the Palace, at which the King presided as Grand

* Of this meeting there is a little doubt, as it is only a tradition.—Ed.

Master, who, having appointed John Islip Abbot of Westminster, and Sir Reginald Bray, K.G., his Senior and Junior Wardens for the occasion, proceeded in ample form to the east end of Westminster Abbey, where he laid the foundation-stone of that master-piece of Gothic architecture known by the name of Henry VIII.'s Chapel.*

* * * * * * *

The great fire of London afforded a singular and awful occasion for the exertion of Masonic abilities. It burnt down 1300 houses, 89 parish churches, besides chapels, leaving only 11 parishes standing. The damage was computed at £10,000,000. The King and the Grand Master appointed Deputy Wren to draw up a plan for a new city. Dr. Wren's model and plan were laid before the king and House of Commons, and would have been adopted, but the greater part of the citizens chose to have their old city again with all its disadvantages rather than a new one, and thus an opportunity was lost of making the new city the most magnificent in Europe. The architect, cramped in the execution of his plan, was obliged to abridge his scheme, and to order the city in the manner in which it has since appeared.

In 1673 the foundation stone of St. Paul's, designed by D.G.M. Wren, was laid in solemn form by the king, attended by Grand Master Rivers, his architects and craftsmen. The mallet with which the king† levelled this foundation stone was delivered by Sir C. Wren to the old Lodge of St. Paul's, now the Lodge of Antiquity, where it is still preserved as a great curiosity.

The Freemasons were now fully employed, and during this reign rebuilt or repaired no less than 54 churches in London alone. Whilst all these were going forward under the direction of Sir C. Wren, King Charles commanded Sir Wm. Bruce, Bart., Grand Master of Scotland, to rebuild the palace of Holyrood, which was done.

In 1674, Geo. Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, succeeded to the Grand Master's chair. In 1679 the Duke resigned in favour of Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington, one of the members of the celebrated Cabal. Sir C. Wren was elected in 1685, on the death of the Earl of Arlington. The Fraternity was now much neglected at the Revolution; only seven lodges now met in London and of these two only were of any account—the old Lodge of St. Paul's over which Sir C. Wren had presided during the building of the cathedral, and a lodge at St. Thomas' Hospital, Southwark.

King William* having been privately initiated into Masonry in 1695, I think at Kensington Palace, approved the choice of Sir C. Wren as Grand Master, honoured the lodges with his royal sanction, and it is said presided over one at Hampton Court and Kensington Palace. Chelsea and Greenwich Hospitals were finished in this reign under Sir C. Wren. In 1698 Charles Duke of Richmond and Lennox was elected Grand Master, and was succeeded by Sir C. Wren, who continued at the head of the Fraternity till 1702.

He was now getting old and could not pay attention to the Craft, which was now at a very low ebb. The old Lodge of St. Paul's and a few others continued to meet regularly, but consisted of but a few members. To increase their numbers a proposition was made and afterwards agreed to "that the privileges of Masonry should no longer be restricted to Operative Masons, but extend to men of various professions provided they were regularly approved and initiated into the Order." In consequence of this resolution the society once more rose into notice and esteem. In 1717, the only four lodges that remained in being in the south of England, and a few old masons met in London and constituted themselves a Grand Lodge "pro tempore" in due form. Previous to this time a sufficient number of masons met together within a certain district, with the consent of the sheriff or chief magistrate of the place, were empowered to make masons and practise the rites of Masonry without warrant of constitution. The privilege was inherent in themselves as individuals, and this privilege is still enjoyed by the two old lodges now extant which act by immemorial constitution.

It was now required that hereafter every lodge convened should be legally authorised to act by a warrant from the Grand Master with the consent of Grand Lodge.

* At Islip's funeral we find no trace of the Masonic guilds.

† We fear that we must give up the Royal presence. Sir C. Wren laid the first stone himself

* Of this no evidence is forthcoming of any kind.

The four old lodges required of the new Grand Lodge a conditional clause to be inserted in the code of laws which were then formed for the future government of the society, admitting that every Grand Lodge had an inherent power and authority to make new regulations for the real benefit of the ancient Fraternity, provided always that the old landmarks be carefully preserved.

This clause with 31 regulations preceding it, was confirmed and approved by 150 brethren at an annual assembly held on St. John the Baptist's Day, 1721, and in their presence subscribed by the Master and Wardens of the four old lodges on the first part and by Philip Duke of Wharton, G.M., Theo. Desaguliers, M.D., F.R.S., D.G.M., the Grand Wardens and Masters and Wardens of 16 lodges constituted between 1717 and 1721 on the other part.

To commemorate this circumstance it has been customary since that time for the master of the oldest lodge to attend every grand installation, and taking precedence of all present, the G.M. only excepted, to deliver the book of the original constitutions to the newly installed Grand Master on his engaging to support the ancient charges and general regulations.

Geo. Payne was G.M. in 1718. He earnestly desired that the brethren would bring to the Grand Lodge any old records or writings concerning the Fraternity, showing the usages of ancient times. In consequence of this general intimation several old copies of the Gothic constitutions were produced, arranged and digested. This year at some of the private lodges to the irreparable loss of the Fraternity several valuable MSS., concerning the lodges, regulations, charges, secrets, usages of masons, particularly one written by Mr. Nicholas Stone, the Warden under Inigo Jones, were too hastily burnt by some scrupulous brethren who were alarmed at the intended publication of the Masonic Constitutions. In 1721 John Duke of Montague was made Grand Master.

During this period the General Assembly or Grand Lodge of York continued regularly to meet as heretofore.

In 1705, Sir Geo. Tempest, Bart., was Grand Master; being succeeded by the Rt. Hon. Robert Benson, Lord Mayor of York; Sir Wm. Robinson, Bart., succeeded to him. Sir Walter Hawkesworth, Bart., next succeeded to the Grand Mastership. Masonry appeared to flourish in the north, and the utmost harmony existed between the two Grand Lodges. The only distinction between them was that the grand lodge in the south was styled the Grand Lodge of England, that in the north the Grand Lodge of all England, a distinction with a difference similar to that of the titles of the two archbishops. Every Mason always held the Grand Lodge of all England in the highest veneration; its authority was never challenged. To be ranked as descendants of the original York Masons was the glory and boast of the brethren in almost every country where Masonry has been regularly established, and from the prevalence and universality of the idea that in the city of York Masonry was first authorised by charter, the masons of England have received tribute from the first states in Europe. The Knights Templar were recognised about 1770 by this Grand Lodge.* Grand Master Payne was succeeded by the Duke of Montague, on the 24th June, 1721, on which occasion Philip Lord Stanhope, afterwards Earl of Chesterfield, was initiated into Masonry. At this time Dr. Desaguliers and James Anderson, M.A., men of genius and education, were appointed to revise and digest the other constitutions, old charges, and regulations. A committee of 14 learned brothers was appointed to examine the MSS., and at Grand Lodge 1722 reported their approval of the same, and in 1723 the book of constitutions was published. The eccentric Duke of Wharton succeeded as Grand Master, and after him followed the Duke of Buccleugh, who was succeeded by the Duke of Richmond. The Lord Paisley, afterwards Earl of Abercorn, next filled the office of Grand Master, and it was at this period that the brethren of Wales first united under the banner of the Grand Lodge of England. The office of P.G.M. was now instituted.

Among the noble edifices which were finished during the presidency of Lord Inchiquin who followed, was the church of St. Martin in the Fields. In 1727 Lord Coleraine was elected Grand Master, and in 1728 Lord Kingston followed, and the Duke of Norfolk was saluted as Grand Master, installed in 1730.

* We do not quite know what recognition is alluded to.

The Duke amongst other rich gifts presented to the Grand Lodge a sword of state for the Grand Master, being the old trusty sword of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, afterwards worn by Bernard Duke of Saxe-Weimer.

His grace appointed a P.G.M. over the lodges in the circle of Lower Saxony, and established a P.G. Lodge at New Jersey in America, and another for Bengal. Lord Lovel, afterwards Earl of Leicester, was next installed. During his administration, Francis, Duke of Tuscany, afterwards Emperor of Germany, was initiated at a lodge held at the Hague. At this lodge Philip Earl of Chesterfield presided. He was advanced to the 3rd degree at Houghton Hall in Norfolk, the seat of Sir Robert Walpole, as was also Thomas Pelham, Duke of Newcastle.

Lodges were now established in Russia and Spain.

Lord Visct. Montague was installed Grand Master in 1732, where the Dukes of Montague and Richmond, the Earl of Strathmore, the Lords Coleraine, Teynham, and Carpenter, Sir Francis Drake and Sir Wm. Keith, Barts., and about 400 brethren were present. At this time a warrant was granted by Lord Montague appointing the R.W. Henry Price, Grand Master in North America.

Freemasons' lodges date their origin in America from this period. Lord Teynham next held the reins of government; he constituted a lodge at Valenciennes in French Flanders, and another at the Hotel de Bussy in Paris, (1733 ?).

The Earl of Strathmore succeeded 1734. His officers were the Earl of Crawford and Sir Robert Mansel. A new lodge was opened at Hamburg, and several other lodges were constituted in Holland under the English banner.

The Earl of Crawford was next installed, and during his presidency the Dukes of Richmond and Buccleugh, Earl of Balcarres, Lord Weymouth and other eminent persons attended Grand Lodge. Lord Weymouth next filled the chair of K.S., the Dukes of Richmond, Athol, Earls Crawford, Loudon, Winchelsea, Balcarres, Wemys, the Marquis of Beaumont, Lord Cathcart, and Vere Bertie, Sir Cecil Wray, and Sir Edwd. Marcel, Barts., attended lodge. A lodge was opened at Aubigny in France, and warrants were issued to open lodges in Lisbon and Savannah in Georgia, and provincial patents were made out for South America, and Gantay in West Africa. Lord Dudley and Ward was then D.G.M. The Earl of Loudon succeeded Lord Weymouth, and was installed Grand Master in 1736, the Earl of Albemarle, Lords Harcourt, Erskine, and Southwell, Carter King at Arms, Lion King at Arms, and great numbers of other brethren were present. Lodges were granted for New England, South Carolina, and Cape Coast Castle in Africa. The Earl of Darnley followed; Lord Gray was present amongst other noblemen at his installation. Frederick Prince of Wales was initiated, and at this time deputations were granted for Montserrat, Geneva, the circle of Upper Saxony, the Coast of Africa, New York, and the Islands of America. The Pope issued a Bull against Freemasonry in 1738. The Duke of Chandos was then Grand Master. P G. Masters were appointed for North Riding of Yorkshire, and Caribbee Islands. The Grand Lodge of York took umbrage at the first appointment, and from thenceforward all correspondence ceased between the two Grand Lodges. On the 15th August, 1738 Frederick the Great was initiated at Brunswick under the Scots constitution, and it is said subsequently became the head of the 33° Antient and Accepted Rite. Many of the German Princes were initiated, and Masonry was established in Prussia. The Earl of Kintore was G.M. in 1741; he appointed P.G.M.'s for Russia (where Masonry has since been suppressed), Barbadoes, &c. Then came the Earl of Morton, 1741; then Lord Ward, 1742; then Lord Cranstoun, 1743, P.G.M. was constituted for Cape Breton and Louisbourg. Lord Byron next came, 1744; Lord Carysfort, 1745 followed, and during his presidency, Provincial Patents were issued for Gibraltar, the Bahamas, New York, Guernsey, Alderney, Sark and Mand, Jersey, also Cornwall, Worcester, Glo'ster, Salop, Monmouth and Hereford. The Marquis of Carnarvon was the next G.M.; he appointed a P.G.M. for Durham in 1755, and a lodge at Sunderland was soon opened. Patents were made out for Antigua, South Wales, Cuba, Chester, Germany, &c.

The Duke of Beaufort was G.M. in 1761; provincial deputations were granted in Jamacia, Barbadoes, Naples and Sicily, the Austrian Netherlands, Empire of Russia.

Masonry continued to flourish till 1782, when H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland was elected G.M. At this time the Duke of Kent was initiated in Geneva, and the Duke of Sussex in Berlin. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales next became G.M., the Marquis of Hastings A.G.M. In 1793, the Durham Lodges laid the foundation stone of a bridge over the Wear at Sunderland, in the presence of Prince William of Glo'ster. Covent Garden Theatre foundation stone was laid by the Prince of Wales, G.M. in 1813. The two Grand Lodges of England were united in 1813, the most momentous year in modern Masonry. The history of Masonry is now the history of to-day. Little has happened to the Craft since the union of its two Grand Lodges, except such evidences of prosperity as the initiation of the Prince of Wales, and his subsequent installation this year as G.M.—a never to be forgotten sight by those who were fortunate enough to witness it, and listen to the admirable address of Lord Carnarvon, P.G.M.—and quite recently the initiation of Prince Arthur and Prince Leopold. Nothing but tranquility has reigned, and that tranquility has meant prosperity and peace. There are now 1,550 lodges under the banner of the Grand Lodge of England, and between 7,000 and 8,000 are initiated annually. Some 75,000 are subscribing members, though strange to say, only 17,000 are Royal Arch Masons. Notwithstanding Papal bulls and edicts, notwithstanding the lukewarmness of its friends, and the opposition of its enemies, Freemasonry has continued to progress, and is now perhaps the widest spread and most powerful institution in the world. It is said that there are 3,000,000* Freemasons on the continent; something like 2,000,000 in France,† and in this country its numbers cannot be less than 150,000, including brethren under the Irish and Scotch Grand Lodges. There are half a million subscribing members in the United States. It is a universal brotherhood, extending its ramifications over the whole known world. England was the centre from which all other Grand Lodges have diverged. To England the Freemasons of the old continent and the new owe their origin, their very existence. It is founded on the practice of every social and moral virtue. Its character is charity in the most extended sense, and brotherly love, relief and truth, are inculcated in it. Like every other society of any magnitude it has been the subject of hyperbolical encomium by its friends, and obloquy from its enemies. Like every other society founded on general principles, and at the same time well organised, it has at particular times been subservient to the production of much good, and at others of much evil, according to the different purposes for which it has been employed, and like every other society which ever flourished not of divine orgin it must sink with the lapse of years, and the changes of society. Freemasonry is a grand, a noble science, but there are such things as *exoteric* and *esoteric* mysteries, and I cannot but say to my brethren of the mystic tie—search deeper—look not to outward signs alone; and to the uninitiated I say, if any such there be who read this paper, you want to know who and what we are, join our antient Craft, and we will instruct you in the Royal Art of Masonry.

I have but written of the Craft or Blue Masonry, of the Antient and Accepted Rite of 33 *degrees*, I have said but little. I have said nothing of the Sovereign Princes of the Rose Croix, descendants as some assert of the Rosicrucians of the 16th century. Of the Knights Templar and their connection with Masonry I have written but little in this paper. Perhaps on some future occasion I may write some scraps of their history, for the benefit of the younger readers of the "Masonic Magazine," but time will not now permit me even to enter upon it.

The subject of higher degrees and chivalric orders and their connection with the Craft is full of interest, and will well repay the attention of the Masonic student.

For the present, however, I will only say in concluding this paper that I am thankful to see the increased interest taken by Masons in restoration of Churches, and such truly Masonic works. The Masons of Worcester, Gloucester, Bristol and Bath, have honoured themselves and their grand old Craft by the way in which they have helped to restore their noble Cathedrals—

* More likely one million in the world.

† The number of lodges in France is 260, and 35 chapters, 11 councils. 2,000,000 is much in excess; we should say about 100,00.—Ed.

but what are our brethren in London, and in the North of England (where they are so rich and numerous) doing?

Nothing, absolutely nothing.

The Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's are asking for money to complete that noble edifice, built by our Grand Master—yet no brother dares to stand up in Grand Lodge and propose that £500 be granted to assist so Masonic an object—the like sum was granted and generously granted for the Indian Famine Relief Fund—but not one penny can be spared for St. Paul's Cathedral, the glory of London.

Masonry has prospered, greatly prospered under the beneficent reign of Lord Zetland, who sat in the chair of Solomon for a quarter of a century—and of his successor the Marquis of Ripon, whose secession we must all lament, for he was an admirable Grand Master.

Yet no one seems to think that a Grand Memorial Window in the Great Minster at York would be a fitting tribute to the glory of the Great Architect of the Universe, and to the memory of the venerated Grand Master who ruled so long, so wisely and so well.

What is the Lodge of Antiquity doing in London, and what are our wealthy brethren doing in the North? *

Again I ask the question, and like Brutus, I pause for a reply.

GOOD NIGHT.

(To be sung at closing of Lodge.)

Good-night! the spirits of the blest and good,
From Masons walls go with you and abide
In hours of sorrow, hours of solitude;
Or, when the hosts of melancholy brood
And cloud your mind, may angel-spirits glide
From the White Throne, and give you great delight,—
Dear Friends, Good Night!

Good-night! good night! and joy be with you all!
May sickness never blight, nor poverty;
May slanderous breath your spirits ne'er appal;
May no untoward accident befall—
But all things prosperous and happy be;
May morning's sun rise on you fresh and bright,—
Dear Friends, Good Night!

Good-night! and when the shadows of the grave
Close in around you; when the labouring breath
Draws heavily; and unto Him who gave,
You yield the spirit; be He strong to save,
Who is our Guide and Master unto death!
Then may dear friends and heavenly hopes unite
To say Good-night.

Canadian Masonic News.

* The Lodge of Antiquity not long ago voted £50 to the repairs of St. Paul's.—Ed.

WAS IT A WARNING?

BY ROSS BROWNELL.

It happened a matter of fifteen years ago, in 185—. I was an engineer on the V. C. railroad, and running the "Amoskeag," on the night line from N. to St. A. It was a good ten hours' trip, leaving N. at seven p.m., and getting into St. A. at five a.m. or just about daybreak. Brooks Vane was fireman. A young fellow, only about two years married to as sweet a little woman as you'll very often see. They had one child—a baby, three months old. Mrs. Vane had been delicate and feeble ever since its birth, and just at this time was confined to her bed, with a sort of slow fever. Brooks, as was natural, fretted a good deal about her, and laid off a day or two as often as he could find a substitute.

The 25th day of September—I can never forget that date—between three and four o'clock in the morning, we were running on a down grade about forty miles from St. A., when I noticed, some fifty rod in front of us, what looked like a fire, built exactly on the tract, straight ahead. Brooks saw it as plainly as I did. We were not running at full speed, so to reverse the engine and stop the train was

not an affair of many minutes. Brooks and I jumped out together, and went round in front of the engine, where we found *nothing*.

The fire, which I saw as plainly as ever I saw anything in my life, and which Brooks saw too, had disappeared utterly and entirely. We went up the track half a mile or more, but found no vestige of anything to denote that any fire had been built upon the tract, or anywhere near.

Brooks turned to me with a white face.

"My God, sir, what was it?"

"I wish I knew," I said. "Fifteen minutes ago I would have taken my oath there was a fire, built by some stupid idiot or designing villain, on the track. Now—I can't understand it."

"Nor I—nor I," said Brooks, slowly; "you don't suppose, sir—"

He stopped, confusedly.

"Suppose what?" I said, as we stepped on board the "Amoskeag" again.

"That it's a warning, or omen of danger, sir—"

This more firmly spoken.

"Pshaw!"

But for all my affectation of contempt, I was puzzled and confounded. Yet I tried to convince myself that it was merely an optical delusion and nothing more. But my success was doubtful.

The next morning I could see that Brooks was growing nervous and anxious. I, too, was not without a little flutter of excitement at my heart, though I should hardly have cared to own it. It is, perhaps, needless to state that this night's experience corresponded in every particular to that of the one preceding. The same seeming fire had blazed and glittered on the track in front of us. The train was stopped again. Again we searched around and upon the track for a long way ahead; again we found simply nothing!

I don't deny that the repetition of this mysterious occurrence impressed me with a strange feeling of commingled dread and terror. And Brooks—the man's set face fairly frightened me. There was little conversation passed between us that night. I think we both felt too deeply for speech.

The third night, Brooks Vane and I stepped on board the "Amoskeag" with much the same feelings, I think, as men who go knowingly to their own death. As we passed out of the station at B., within a mile or two of the fatal place, Brooks turned to me.

"Mr. Deane—" he stopped.

"Go on."

"It may seem foolish to you, but I think something will happen to the train to-night. If I should be killed—"

"Pshaw! Brooks, don't get such ideas into you head. I—"

"I know all you would say, Mr. Deane, but I'd rather you heard what I've got to say."

"Well, I am listening."

"I want, if you survive me, that you should promise to lend my wife a helping hand if she should need one. Her folks are well off, and will be good to her, I think; but they are out in Kansas, and it will be pretty hard lines for her at first, before she can hear from them, and she'll need friends, poor girl." He stopped, brushing his hand across his eyes.

"If she ever needs help," I said, impressed, in spite of myself, by his earnestness, and sharing besides, much of his apprehension, "my wife and I will stand by her. She shan't want for a friend while we live. But don't get 'blue,' Brooks. All this may amount to nothing," trying to speak cheerfully, but with partial success only.

He shook his head moodily, but did not speak. We neared the mysterious place. I turned my eyes for one moment from the road in front to attend to some slight duty. I looked back just in time to catch one glimpse of a light—not the seeming fire for which we watched—but the headlight of a coming train! The next instant a terrible shock—a deafening crash—and I knew no more.

I recovered my senses to find myself lying on a bed, in a low-ceiled room of a farmhouse, standing not far from the scene of disaster. Stunned and bruised I was, but had sustained no serious injury. In answer to my eager inquiries, I learned that the train colliding with mine was a heavy express, which I should have passed at M——, the next station beyond.

Liquor did it all. Tom Jones, the engineer, who, though known to be a "regular" drinker, was still considered trustworthy, had taken the train out of St. A. all right as far as anybody knew, but whether he had drank an extra glass, or got crazy

drunk, or whether he had a touch of delirium tremens that night, nobody could ever tell. He and his fireman were both dead, poor fellows. It was only known that he had rushed the train through at full speed, disregarding all signals from the conductor, and stopping at no station. But as for the thirty odd miles, from St. A. to M., there were none but small stations where the express stopped only when signaled, I think no one suspected any harm until they reached M., where they should have stopped, and from there to destruction had only been a brief ten minutes' ride.

There were half a dozen killed and wounded on the express; on mine, one of the brakemen was badly hurt, and Brooks Vane *could not be found.*

"Can't be found, man," I said to my informant—"what do you mean?"

"That's what I mean, sir. The men on your train have searched everywhere, and they can't find a trace of him, even."

It was odd, to say the least. It was now broad daylight, and I could not conceive how any search should have failed to find him. I got up, lame and sore, but still able to move about, and went out.

The house was only a little way from the scene of the accident. The dead and wounded had been moved away, and men were busy moving the debris and clearing the track. The express train was a very heavy one, and mine, though freight, comparatively light, since I had but few cars. My engine had been thrown completely from the track, over the low bank, into a wet marshy meadow lying alongside the road. The smokestack was half buried in the mud. I walked around it, searching carefully, but there was no sign of my unfortunate fireman. I looked for him as long as I was able, and then dragged myself back to the house, from whence I dispatched the farmer's son to B., with a telegraphic message, to be sent to my wife, apprising her of my safety, and begging her to see that all knowledge of the accident was kept from poor Vane's wife, and directed him to wait for a reply.

He returned in the afternoon with a message from my wife:

"Viola says Brooks' body is buried in the marsh, under the smokestack of the Amoskeag. Search for it there.

"EMMA DEANE."

Viola was Brooks' wife. I was confounded. I had not intimated to my wife that the body was missing, though, of course, she knew from the wording of my dispatch that he must be dead or badly hurt. I knew that an account of the accident had been telegraphed to N., but I doubted if this fact had been mentioned. However, it was evident they knew it, but how Mrs. Vane should know more than that I could not understand.

I walked out again to the place where the engine lay. Men were already at work with a derrick trying to raise it. It was many hours before their efforts were successful. When at last they accomplished their task, *under the smokestack was found the body of Brooks Vane!*

There is little more to tell. You were at his funeral, and you know how hard his poor wife took his loss, and how she faded and pined, and ere long followed him with her babe to the "farther shore."

The little I have to tell you is the reason my wife sent that mysterious telegram. All that night on which the accident happened, Mrs. Vane lay in a half stupor—my wife was sitting up with her—rousing but once between three and four in the morning—*just about the time her husband must have been killed,* when she started up with a shriek that rang through the house crying:

"O Brooks! Brooks! *don't go;*" and then she fell back moaning "dead, dead," and seemed to realize nothing more.

No one then knew anything of the accident; but when the news came, not long after, every precaution was used to keep it from her. It was not until just before my telegram had been received, that she seemed to evince any consciousness of what was passing around her. At that time she opened her eyes calmly, looking steadily into the face of my wife, who sat beside her, and speaking in low even tones:

"They can't find my husband, Mrs. Deane. Telegraph to Mr. Deane to have them look in the marsh, under the smokestack of the 'Amoskeag;' they will find him there."

She didn't speak again all day. How she knew her husband was dead or where he was, I cannot tell.

"There are stranger things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

CONTEMPORARY LETTERS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE following letters, which I propose to publish "de mense in mensem," giving a lucid account of a very remarkable epoch, were written by an English officer then in the public service, and on leave in Paris. He was an eye-witness day by day of the events he so well describes, and the letters were sent as they were written to a relative in England. I take them from the originals, just as they were transmitted home. For some family reasons of sufficient weight, the name of the writer is suppressed, but the letters are perfectly "bona fide," and if any of our readers would like to see the originals, they will, by writing to the Editor of the Magazine, 198, Fleet Street, be put in the way of doing so. I do not print the letters because they afford us any new view of stirring times, of great events, and of lamentable crimes, because such they do not. They are the production of an English officer and gentleman, and one, too, of the old school, whose principles would not be in accord either with the professions or passions of the hour. Still, as a contemporary witness of events of much importance, alike in the history of mankind and of France, they are not without some interest to every historical as well as every Masonic student. They are made more interesting, I think, by several original documents now in themselves scarce, what the French term "pieces justificatives," and which are carefully printed as they were sent with the letters. Many of them are somewhat rare, one or two almost unknown. Ed.

LETTER I.

ASSEMBLEE NATIONALE PERMANENTE.

Séance Royale du 4 février.

LA séance ouverte, M. Despilly a fait lecture du procès-verbal de la veille. Les décrets sur la division des départemens ont essuyé quelques réclamations. Cette grande opération ne peut se faire sans léser les intérêts particuliers de quelques villes, & les députés respectifs croient qu'il est de leur devoir de réclamer jusqu au dernier instant; mais malgré cela, l assemblée avance à grands pas au terme de la division du royaume.

M. le président a annoncé qu'il avoit présenté à la sanction les deux décrets d'hier; l'un relatif à Chinon, l'autre au remplacement de la chambre des vacations du parlement de Rennes.

M. Gossin a continué ses rapports sur la division du royaume; mais la séance d'aujourd 'hui ne nous permet pas de donner les décrets qui ont passé.

M. le président a fait part à l'assemblée d'une lettre qu'il venoit de recevoir de sa majesté; elle étoit conçue en ces termes: "Je préviens M. le président que je compte me rendre à midi à l'assemblée nationale. Je souhaite y être sans cérémonie."

Ici a commencé la scene la plus attendrissante; l'œil humain ne peut voir qu'une fois un spectacle aussi frappant.* Heureux, mille fois heureux l'homme qui en e été témoin, qui a pu voir ce délire, ca transport de joie éclater de toutes parts, rayonner sur tous les fronts! Vous eussiez vu ces sentimens d'un peuple idolâtre de la personne de ses rois, se manifester dans tout son jour. Vous eussiez vu cet amour gravé dans tous les cœurs François, mais trop long-tems concentré par la crainte, mais avili par l'adulation, mais gémissant dans les fers, rompre tout-à-coup ses entraves, briser le char du despotisme, paroître lumineux & brillant à l'approche d'un roi citoyen, causer cette explosion de joie, de délire, d'allégresse, dont les François, seuls sont capables, faire résonner les voûtes du temple de la liberté, d'acclamations, d'applaudissemens, de mille & mille cris de *vive le roi!*

Les instans s'écouloient trop lentement au gré de l'impatience françoise; on eût voulu hâter le moment où le premier citoyen du monde alloit entrer dans le sanctuaire auguste de la liberté, où cette déesse l'attendoit, pour affermir sur son front le diadême, & pour le parer du plus riche de tous les diamans, *l'amour immortel de ses peuples.*

Que dirois-tu, ô Frédéric, si tu vivois encore? Enivré de ta grandeur suprême, environné de ton despotisme philosophique, jaloux de l'éclat & de la puissance du trône, françois, tu t'écrios autrefois: *le plus beau rêve que puisse faire un roi, c'est de rêver qu'il est roi de France.* Que dirois-tu à la

* (Writer).—I could only perceive on one side the insolence of success, and on the other, regret and anger to be sacrificed by a king they would die to support.

vue d'un si beau spectacle? tu prendrois donc Louis XVI pour un dieu! Secoues tes cendres & tu le verras ce dieu. Il n'est qu'un homme aux yeux des François, mais c'est le premier de tous les citoyens fait pour commander aux maîtres du monde. Qu'ils viennent apprendre à son école, ces tyrans environnés de la pourpre & du diadême, qu'ils sont nés pour le bonheur des peuples; & toi, Fréderic, toi qui, par ton génie, étois fait pour donner le ton à ton siecle, regrette de n'avoir employé tes facultés qu'à bâtir l'édifice de ta frêle grandeur, sans penser à la félicité de tes sujets. Viens, si tu peux, l'entendre encore, & tu verras que tu as laissé échapper la réalité pour courir après l'ombre de l'immortalité; viens, & tu verras que l'on ne reconnoît plus en Europe que deux rois, Louis XVI & Georges II; tous deux rois d'un peuple libre, & les seuls dignes de l'être.*

Il fallu long-tems pour ramener le silence dans l'assemblée; mais, plein des fonctions sacrées qu'il remplissoit, M. Bureau d'Epusy a su rapeller momentanément l'assemblée à la gravité d'une assemblée délibérante. Il a proposé de discontinuer de délibérer. Cette proposition, conforme aux principes d'un peuple libre, a été adoptée, & de suite on a décrété que nul, excepté le président, ne prendroit la parole quand le roi seroit dans l'assemblée.

On s'est mis à faire les apprêts pour recevoir *le roi*: un fauteuil, couvert d'un velours cramoisi, parséme de fleurs de lis, a été mis à la place du fauteuil ordinaire du président; un tapis de pied, jetté sur les gradins, étoit tout ce qu'il y avoit d'extraordinaire; le fauteuil du président de l'assemblée nationale étoit placé à la droite de celui du roi.

On a proposé d'envoyer une députation; il s'est élevé quelques oppositions, mais qui n'avoient d'autre source que la volenté de se conformer aux intentions de sa majeste, qui vouloit être reçue sans cérémonie: cependant la députation a été nommée, & l'on a vu partir sur la méme ligne le cardinal de la Rochefoucault, & dom Gerbe, chartreux, MM. de Liancourt, de Montesquiou, ornés de leur cordon-bleu, marcher à côté du pere Gerard, député de Bretagne, couvert de l'habit rayonnant, tissu de la main de sa femme, pour figurer aux *états-généraux*, image frappante de l'égalité qui doit régner entre tous les François qui ne reconnoîtront désormais d'autre distinction que le mérite & la vertu.

Cependant on a continué l'ordre du jour. M. Gossin a proposé un décret concernant le Berri, qui a été adopté. Mais je laisse en arriere les décrets sur les départemens, pour arriver plus promptement au plus bel instant de cette révolution.

On a annoncé le roi. Une douce émotion s'est emparée de tous les spectateurs. Un tressaillement d'allegresse, plus facile à sentir qu'à dépeindre, un saisissement agréable, ont enfanté un silence respectueux, mais que des cris de *vive le roi* ont rompu brusquement à son arrivée. Le roi, arrivé à la place qui lui étoit destinée, le garde des sceaux a lu, au nom de sa majesté, le discours suivant, dont nous donnerons les morceaux qui nous ont paru les plus frappans:*

"Vous savez, Messieurs, qu'il y a plus de dix ans, & dans un temps où le vœu de la nation ne s'étoit pas encore expliqué sur

* (Writer).—Mistake. George III. Cotemp. Several motions were here made by the President, which are suppressed, as they are not much to the Honor of the Democrates, to which party the President belongs. The most remarkable was the following: That as some contestations relative to Precedence might arise *entre le Roi et le President:* That the President should be on the right of the King; and least anything done that day might be construed into a precedent against the dignity of the Assembly: That a protest should be entered that nothing done that day should be looked upon as a Rule for the future. The Table at which the Secretaries set, which is immediately under the Seat of the President was taken away, two steps were placed, the center part of which was covered with velvet passémé de fleurs de Lys, a covering of the same was put over the Chair, on the right of which another was put for the President on the same steps. The President then asked if he should receive the King sitting or standing, to which no Answer was given.

I was so placed as to look thro' a large window directly over the Terrace in the Gardens of the Thuilleries by which the King arrived. He was laughing and talking, and looked very gay. The Commandant of the District of national Militia affected to do the Duties of Captain of the Guard; but I observed that the King looked on the Captain des cent Suisse in that light. When he entered the national Assembly every one got up; he was followed by all his ministers. It was necessary to order the Deputies to take off their Hats.

* He read himself His speech, and I thought very well; but you will be astonished to hear it was often necessary to command silence as His M. was frequently interrupted by applause. I have marked with an * those passages which did not succeed.

For the speech (as given here it is full of falsehoods) I refer you to a correct copy I send with this.

9. (Writer.)—The Presidents speech is also falsified.

les assemblées provinciales, j'avois commencé á substituer ce genre d'administration à celui qu'une ancienne & longue habitude avoit consacré. L'expérience m'ayant fait fait connoître que je ne m'étois point trompé dans l'opinion que j'avois conçue de l'utilité de ces établissemens, j'ai cherché à faire jouir du même bienfait toutes les provinces de mon royaume; &, pour assurer aux nouvelles administrations la confiance générale, j'ai voulu que les membres dont elles doivent être composées, fussent nommés librement par tous les citoyens. Vous avez amélioré ces vues de plusieurs manieres, & la plus essentielle, sans doute, est cette subdivision égale & sagement motivée, qui, en affoiblissant les anciennes séparations de province á province, & en établissant un système général & complet d'équilibre, réunit davantage à un même esprit & à un même intérêt toutes les parties du royaume. Cette grande idée, ce salutaire dessein vous sont entiérement dûs; il ne falloit pas moins qu'une réunion de volontés de la part des représentans de la nation, il ne falloit pas moins que leur juste ascendant sur l'opinion générale, pour entreprendre avec confiance un changement d'une si grande importance, & pour vaincre, au nom de la raison, les résistances de l'habitude & des intérêts particuliers.

"Il faut que tout cede au nouvel ordre des choses; il faut que tous les intérêts se confondent en un seul. Nous ne devons avoir, vous & moi, d'autre but que le bonheur & la félicité de la France. Toute entreprise qui tendroit à ébranler la nouvelle constitution, à remettre les choses sur l'ancien pied, ne pourroit qu'enfanter des malheurs. L'entreprise même d'une contre-révolution, quand elle seroit couronnée du succés, ne produiroit jamais l'effet qu'on en auroit attendu. . . . . Livrons-nous donc à cette unité de sentimens qui doit assurer le bonheur de tous; que l'on sache par-tout que le monarque & les représentans sont d'accord; qu'ils n'ont d'autre but que d'amener le bonheur & la félicité publique Nous ne devons pas nous dissimuler qu'il nous reste encore beaucoup à faire: travaillons avec constance pour arriver au terme de nos travaux. Vous, Messieurs, dont l'influence est si puissante auprès des peuples, faites leur connoître que la liberté publique sera fixée invariablement; mais employez sur-tout votre ascendant pour faire cesser les défiances, sources intarissables de maux. Un jour, j'aime à le croire, tous les françois reconnoîtront le bonheur qui doit naître de l'égalité. Ils naîtront ces temps heureux où chacun n'aura d'autre ambition que de participer au bonheur de tous, que de sacrifier au bonheur & à la tranquillité de la patrie, qui intéressera également tous les citoyens, où un chacun verra sans peine que, pour être appelé dorénavant à servir l'état de quelque maniere, il suffira de s'être rendu remarquable par ses talens ou par ses vertus.

"En même-tems néanmoins, tout ce qui rappelle à une nation l'ancienneté & la continuité des services d'une race honorée, est une distinction que rien ne peut détruire; & comme elle s'unit aux devoirs de la reconnoissance, ceux qui, dans toutes les classes de la société, aspirent à servir efficacement leur patrie, & ceux qui ont eu déja le bonheur d'y réussit, ont un intérêt à respecter cette transmission de titres ou de souvenirs, le plus beau de tous les héritages qu'on puisse faire passer à ses enfans.

Le respect dû aux ministres de la religion ne pourra non plus s'effacer; & lorsque leur considération sera principalement unie aux saintes vérités qui sont la sauve-garde de l'ordre & de la morale, tous les citoyens honnêtes & éclairés auront un égal intérêt à la maintenir & à la défendre.

"Sans doute ceux qui ont abandonné de grands privileges pécuniaires, ceux qui ne formeront plus, comme autrefois, un ordre politique dans l'état, se trouvent soumis à des sacrifices dont je connois toute l'importance; mais j'en ai la persuasion, ils auront assez de générosité pour chercher un dédommagement dans tous les avantages publics dont l'établissement des assemblées nationalés présente l'espérance.

"J'aurois bien aussi des pertes à compter, si, au milieu des plus grands intérêts de l'etat, je m'arrêtois à des calculs personnels; mais je trouve une compensation qui me suffit, une compensation pleine & entiere dans l'accroissement du bonheur de la nation, & c'est du fond de mon cœur que j'exprime ici ce sentiment.

"Je defendrai donc, je maintiendrai la liberté constitutionnelle, dont le vœu général d'accord avec le mien' a consacré les principes. Je ferai davantage, &, de concert avec la reine qui partage tous mes sentimens, je préparerai de bonne heure l'esprit & le cœur de mon fils au nouvel

ordre de choses que les circonstances ont amene. Je l'habituerai, dès ses premiers ans, à être heureux du bonheur des François, & à reconnoître toujours, malgré le langage des flatteurs, qu'une sage constitution le préservera des dangers de l'inexpérience, & qu'une juste liberté ajoute un nouveau prix aux sentimens d'amour & de fidélité dont la nation, depuis tant de siecles, donne à ses rois des preuves si touchantes.

"Je ne dois point le mettre en doute; en achevant votre ouvrage, vous vous occuperez sûrement avec sagesse & avec candeur de l'affermissement du pouvoir executif, cette condition, sans laquelle il ne sauroit exister aucun ordre durable au-dedans, ni aucune considération audehors. Nulle défiance ne peut raissonnablement vous rester; ainsi il est de votre devoir, comme citoyens & comme fideles représentans de la nation, d'assurer au bien de l'état & à la liberté publique, cette stabilité qui ne peut dériver que d'une autorité active & tutélaire. Vous aurez sûrement présent à l'espirit que sans une telle autorité, toutes les parties de votre système de constitution resteroient à la fois sans lien & sans stabilité. Ce n'est pas pour moi que je la sollicite, cette autorité, mais pour le bonheur de la patrie. Il faut que je puisse protéger la liberté publique, faire respecter les propriétés.

"Par quelle fatalité se livre-t-on aujourd'hui à de nouveaux excès? . . . Hélas! que rien ne souille désormais la constitution, que la source du bonheur public ne soit pont ensanglantée. Vous qui pouvez tant sur l'opinion publique, éclairez les peuples sur leurs vrais intérêts; eclairez le bon peuple qu'on égare, ce bon peuple qui m'aime & que j'aime sincérement. C'est l'expression pure de mon cœur. . . . . Travaillez à rétablir les finances, mettez la derniere main à la constitution; mettez un nouvel ordre dans le pouvoir judiciaire. Vous aurez assez fait pour la patrie pour mériter une reconnoissance éternelle et dans la continuation successive des assemblées nationales, continuation fondee dorénavant sur cette constitution même, il n'y aura plus qu'à ajouter, d'année en année, de nouveaux moyens de prospérité à tous ceux que vous avez déja préparés. Puisse cette journée où votre monarque vient s'unir à vous, de la maniere la plus franche & la plus intime, être une époque mémorable dans l'histoire de cet empire! Elle la sera, je l'espere, si mes vœux ardens, si mes instantes exhortations peuvent être un signal de paix and de rapprochement entre vous. Que ceux qui s'éloigneroient encore d'un esprit de concorde, devenu si nécessaire, me fassent le sacrifice de tous les souvenirs qui les affligent, je les paierai par me reconnoissance and mon affection. Ne professons tons, à compter de ce jour, ne professons tous, je vous en donne l'exemple, qu'une seule opinion, qu'un seul intérêt, qu'une seule volonté, l'attachement à la constitution nouvelle, & le desir ardent de la paix, du bonheur & de la prospérité de la France."

Résponse du Président.

L'assemblée nationale voi, avec la plus vive reconnoissance, mais sans étonnement, la conconduite confiante & paternalle de votre majesté.

Dédaignant l'appareil & le faste du trône, vous avez senti, Sire, que pour convaincre tous les esprits, pour entraîner tous les cœurs, il suffisoit de vous montrer dans la simplicité de vos vertus; & lorsque votre majesté vient au milieu des représentans de la nation contracter avec eux l'engagement d'aimer, de maintenir & de défendre la constitution, je ne risquerai pas, Sire, d'affoiblir, en voulant les peindre, ces témoignages de gratitude, de respect & d'amour que la France doit au patriotisme de son roi; mais j'en abandonne l'expression au sentiment pur, qui, dans cette circonstance, saura bien lui seul inspirer les François.

Le roi s'est retiré au bruit des acclamations.

M. le baron de Menou a fait une motion tendante à faire voter une adresse de remercimens au roi M. de Clermont-Tonnerre étoit à la tribune pour proposer la méme motion. Chacun sembloit s'en disputer l'honneur. M. le président, pour finir ces débats, a proposé qu'elle fût faite au nom de l'assemblée, & dictée par acclamation générale. Ce parti a satisfait tout le monde. Cependant M. de Clermont-Tonnerre s'est représénté à la tribune pour progoser que M. le président se retirât par-devers le Roi, pour l'assurer a t'il dit que nous sommes réellement réunis de cœur, de sentimens & d'affection. Ce sentiment de fraternité a plu à toute l'assemblée, dont tous les membres se sont levés pour témoigner leur satisfaction.*

*. (Writer.)—It was, however, not executed.

. . . . M. l'abbé Goutes, aprés avoir fait un tableau pittoresque de la misere qui regne dans Paris, proposoit de rappeller dans la capitale ces hommes puissans qui faisoient circuler l'abondance, & que les circonstances en ont éloignés. Cette proposition n'a pas fait la même sensation dans l'assemblée.*

M. de Foucault a proposé de nommer sur le champ un comité pour faire une adresse aux provinces où seroient renfermés les détails de cette journée, qui seroit signée de chaque membre de l'assemblée, & ennoyée aux provinces pour ramener la paix & la tranquillité parmi les peuples. Cette proposition étoit faite pour plaire à tout le monde, assi l'a-t-on agréé généralement. Toutes les motions, plus agréables les unes que les autres, se succédoient rapidement pendant qu'on rédigeoit la formule du serment, dont chacun de ces honorables membres vouloit se lier. M. Bureau de Pusy a prié l'assemblée de permettre à celui qui avoit l'honneur de présider ses travaux, d'être le premier à prononcer le serment sacré. Il a quitté son fauteuil, est monté à la tribune, & a a dit: *je jure en mon nom d'être fidele à la nation, à la loi & au roi, & de maintenir de tout mon pouvoir la constitution décrétée par l'assemblée nationale, & acceptée par le roi.*

M. de la Borde de Merville a fait l'appel nominal, & chacun à son tour est monté à la tribune, & a dit: *Je jure,* &c.

Cette cérémonie intéressante a été interrompue agréablement par le compte que M. Target a rendu de la députation qui avoit reconduit le roi. La famille royale & la reine est venue au-devant de sa majesté, & nous a adresse les paroles suivantes, que j'ai recueillies :

Discours de la Reine.

Je partage tous les sentimens du roi, & je m'unis de cœur & d'esprit à la démarche que son amour, pour son peuple, vient de lui dicter. Voici mon fils, je l'entretiendrai, sans cesse, des vertus du meilleur des peres, & je lui apprendrai de bonne heure à respecter la liberté publique, & à maintenir le loix dont j'espere qu'il sera le plus ferme soutien.

Après le discours de la reine, on a voté aussi pour une adresse de remercîmens. On a continué l'appel.†

Faisant l'appel des représentans de la nation, MM. les secrétaires (chose qui n'a pas paru indifférente), ont employé des dénominations aristocratiques & inconstitutionnelles, comme de duc, baron, comte, marquis, &c. titres que la journée d'aujourd 'hui devoit avoir anéantis, & qui ne présentent que l'idée de l'ancienne servitude. M. le president a fait la même faute, en nommant les membres chargés de la députation vers le roi. M. Lanjuinais a cre que c'étoit le moment d'avertir l'assemblée de l'inconséquence d'une pareille erreur ; il a demandé que, pour être fidele à la constitution, & au sermant qu'on venoit de prêter, les noms de baron, comte, marquis & autres, ne soient jamais employés dans l'assemblée.

Les applaudissemens ont fait connoître que l'opinant n'avoit pas perdu du vue l'idée d'un si beau jour. Quelques legers murmures cependant se sont élvés à la droite de M. le president.

Sans doute, & nous avons tout lieu de le croire, qu'une motion aussi courageuse, & même aussi sage dans la circonstance présente, ne manquera pas d'avoir son effet, & nous sommes persuades qu'il ne sera pas nécessaire de la rappeller.

Depuis six mois le régime féodal est détruit, l'égalité des droits est prononcée, & l'on pourroit même dire aujourd'hui q'uelle est confirmée. Il s'en suit donc qu'il n'y a pas de dignité féodale en France. Les seigneurs eux-mêmes sont devenus simples propriétaires de domaine des droits purement fonciers, &c.

LE HODEY DE SAULTCHEVREUIL.

* (Writer.)—Very much the reverse for he was hooted

† (Writer.)—It was proposed, but scarcely listened to.

* (Writer.)—When the Oath was first proposed, the consternation amongst the Aristocrates is not to be conceived, especially as the Words King, Laws and nation were omitted; and the Motion made in the following terms: That every Member should swear to abide by the present form of Constitution without distinction of orders, and that those who would not take the oath should be excluded the Assembly. I expected to see all the Aristocrats retire at once they were alarmed, uncertain when the Amendment was made and carried as opposite. The Condition of exclusion was, however, annexed. In vain did some of the Aristocrates urge that they could not swear to observe what they were not acquainted with. All they could obtain was that the oath should be considered only as binding to each member personally, and not to affect those they represented.

I also saw the King on his return to the Palace. His countenance was not quite so gay as when he went, I believe. The President's Chair had had some effect.

LIGHT.

The night has a thousand eyes,
The day has one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When day is done.

Masonic Jewel.

Our Archæological Corner.

We give the following curious letter of a Knight Templar, from the Paston Letters, as there seems to be running through it, as we read it to-day, occult allusions to some common bond of union and special fellowship. It may allude only to the known custom of Templars of admitting friendly and wealthy associates, but we have deemed it well to call attention to it, as it is certainly very striking alike in tone and in expression. We take it from Knight's portable edition of 1840, edited by A. Ramsay, and have not had time to collate it with Fenn's original edition of 1787. The letter cannot be later, though it has no date, than the middle of the 17th century. Probably before 1460.

Ed.

LETTER CLVI.—(CV. vol. iii. p. 427.)

We have here a most curious letter from a brother of the Order of the Temple of Syon to J. Paston, earnestly persuading him to a temporary residence amongst them, according to the rules of the order, and dissuading him from improper alms giving to the hurt of his private affairs. The choosing of a place to do his penance in during Advent, reminds us of the establishment for the secret house of the Earl of Northumberland, in the reign of Henry the VIIIth, who at certain seasons of the year retired from his principal mansion to some small retreat, where he lived privately, and most probably performed offices of devotion and charity, as atonements for his sins of omission and commission. See the "Northumberland Book," p. 361, and notes at p. 442. We may from this letter suppose that persons of inferior rank at certain times likewise left their houses, and retired for the same purposes of praying and alms-doing, and that the season of Advent was the time set apart by J. Paston for those religious duties. [From all other parts of the correspondence, however, not withstanding the writers p'fite knowlich of yo^r *freell* and nat'all disposiseon," J. Paston would seem to have been among the last of men who ruin themselves through their liberality. The threat of a sharp and hasty process in case of disobedience, seems to confirm the subsequent passage, where he is invited to come and be jocund, "as ze sholde be yn the place of yo^r p'fession amounggis yo^r holy bryy'yn," that Paston was himself professed of the order, which we think however is hardly probable.]

To my right Worshipful master and brother, John Paston, this letter be taken.

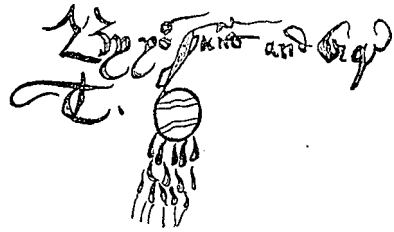
Right Worshipful and reverent master and brother, with all my service I recommend me unto you. Please it unto your great wisdom to have in your discreet remembrance the strait order on which we be professed, and on which ye are bounden to keep your residence, and especially on this time of Christmas amongst your confreres of this holy order, the Temple of Syon; for unless that ye keep duly the points of your holy religion, our Master Thomas Babyngton master and sovereign of our order, by the assent of his brethren, be advised to award against you right sharp and hasty process to do call you to do your observance, and to obey the points of your religion, which were unto me great heaviness. Wherefore I, as he that hath most greatest cause, and is most bounden unto your great gentleness, and also whom nature and kin most specially before every of all our brethren binden me to owe and will you good will and true heart, considering the great time of penance that ye have been in from soon upon Michaelmas hitherto, that is to say in relieving and sustenance of your even Cristen,* and also in this charitable and meritory (*meritorious*) deed of alms-doing, that is to say, in plenteous and liberal gifts, which is more preciouser than gold or silver, which hath not been at all times to your great ease, neither heart's pleasaunce (*pleasure*),

* Even Cristen. I wish for an explanation of this. (*Even* is *equal* or *fellow*. Fellow Christians.)

but rather to your great disease and intolerable pain, and where * God's law and man's law accord that it shall not be lawful to none earthly man to be so liberal and plenteous of that that God sendeth him, that he should so dispose it so that he should nought have to live by; and forasmuch as I have perfect knowledge of your freell (*free will*) and natural disposition so set unto them that be needy and hungry, that of yourself ye have no might, neither power to abstain and rule yourself, but all so long as God sendeth and giveth you whereof to dispose and help your even Cristen, ye must needs dispose it forth amongst your even Cristen, I counsel you that in all so hasty and goodly time as ye can, to come unto your holy brethren that be of this devout and close coversation,† to the intent that ye might be advertised and and learned by them the good rule and measure that ye ought and should have in the disposition and dealing of your alms.

And also sithen (*since*) ye have chosen you a place in this season of Advent, in which ye have had a reasonable lesiure and space to do your penance, which draweth fast to an end, which hath been a convenient place as for the season of the year, and now it draweth fast unto Christmas, on which time every true Christian man should be merry, jocund, and glad; and sithen there is no place which by likelihood of reason ye shall find in your heart to be so glad and jocund in, as ye should be in the place of your profession amongst your holy brethren, in which place in this season of the year it is accustomed to be (*have*) all manner of disport,‡ like as it is not unknown to your wise discretion; wherefore as my simple reason leadeth me, your great discretion should rule you, that ye should approach nigh the place of your holy religion in all so hasty time as ye could or might, of whose coming all your said brethren would be glad and fain (*pleased*), and in special I your servant and brother, like as I am most singular bounden to the increase of your prosperity and welfare, which I shall ever desire with God's mercy, which have you under his blessed and favourable protection. Written in the Temple of Syon, the 3d day of December, in great haste.

By your servant and brother, T.*



Temple of Syon, 3rd December,
Date uncertain.

MASONIC PROGRESS.

Working onward, climbing upward,
Such the Mason's mystic art;
Proudly feeling, as advancing,
Those great promptings of the heart.

How he learns with satisfaction,
As he mounts each higher round;
That "fraternal" love and Justice
Through our Order must be found.

That humanity, in all her forms,
Has nothing more to give,
If in an "ever-faithful breast"
Masonic teachings live.

That deeds of human kindness
Are the ends toward which we strive,
Hence that pride and grand devotion
Which will all time survive.

"New light," too, greets his vision
At each succeeding grade,
That from a true Masonic heart,
Is destined ne'er to fade.

With hope and faith inspired,
He gains the "inner door,"
Where "armed with good instruction,"
He'll "pass on" as before.

Until within the "sanctum,"
The crowning labour done;
He knows his work of mercy
Is only now begun.

J. C. D. Holt, *in Masonic Herald.*

* [Whereas.]

† [Original, "coversation," Fenn translates "counsel."]

‡ The jovial manner of living at Christmas in these societies is here likewise pointed out, and makes us wish we could have taken a look at their pastimes, feasts, &c.

* The writer of this singular letter was from his own account a relation of J. Paston, and his signature is like what in heraldry often represents a fountain; it is therefore possible that his name might be Thomas Fountaine, as a family of that name resided at Salle in the county of Norfolk, about the time that this letter was written.

JERUSALEM, HER RUINS.

W. S. HOOPER.

In all the antiquities of Masonry, there are none more closely allied to the interest of masonic hearts than those of the city and temple of Jerusalem.

This is not peculiarly true in the fact of her antiquity, but because of the sacred position and relation she occupied toward God; because of the relation she sustained towards other nations, and because of the moral influence she exerted at that time, and continues to exert at the present.

If there be any moral virtue in a nation or individual it will not cease to exist at the death of the one, or the destruction of the other. It was this principle in the city of Jerusalem that tended to her perpetuity in the memory of man as much as the relation she sustained to God. It may be, and, perhaps is, true that this fact grows out of that relation; but certain it is that there was a great influence that clings to her memory as much in this age, as in that of her existence.

It really matters very little in Masonry whether the history of what is called legendary, is real or not, enough is true that the location of all the prominent interests of Masonry is centred in that city. This fact adds to the interest in every article or address upon that history.

Jerusalem and her temple being the centre of masonic interest, her influence is very great; indeed, there is not any mention of her name without calling to mind pleasant memories and thoughts concerning her.

Though hundreds of years have passed since the sad tale of her woes were first repeated and her destruction complete, yet many call to mind the history of those woes with a feeling of very deep interest. These memories of historic interest have generally had a tendency to make men better, and should lead men into a higher plane of action and usefulness.

The teachings of those historic incidents, whether brought to masonic early history or by masonic tradition, are full of the real elements of human life. Indeed, in some of the formulas of Masonry, there could be no better or more thorough instruction in human life. We have neither disposition nor desire to advance the Order above the Church, but there is one query that it might be well for us to examine, to wit: Why does the one give so much more prominence to this than the other? Masonry, while she does not extol, yet teaches the grand principles there taught, while the Church many times pays her but little attention. It may be argued that in the latter there are higher and grander principles than much of Masonry inculcates, but the very one who taught these to the grandest effect, emanated from that city, and by a master stroke cleansed the entire temple, and it certainly would not be out of place that the place where the very foundation principles were inaugurated should be held up to the attention and honour of the world.

In ancient times this city was one of great commercial power, much as the metropolis of any country, having within her borders representatives from all nations of the world. In her ruins there are many evidences of her having a commerce with nations from every adjacent country and some far distant lands.

It may be a matter of interest that we trace some of the points connected with both the ancient and modern Jerusalem. There is a very great contrast between them; the present city being of a low, dingy and uninviting aspect, having few objects of interest except in the one fact of the hallowed incidents and history of ancient times. The old city, which without doubt, lies buried far beneath the present surface, was, doubtless, a city of much magnificence, especially if we are allowed to judge any of her character from the temple or palace. It will not be presumed that there were any other such edifices, but there must have been some certain characteristics of correspondence, as in all cities and of all ages. In the ancient city there must have been a great profusion of wealth, if the spoil taken by her various conquerors in any way approximated to an estimate of her financial power.

In her architecture was a grand display of perhaps the finest skill in that direction. Her private homes were many times of a

royal splendour hardly realized by moderns. Her palace and temple, in all their arrangements, were beyond the pen of description.

The city commanded a prominent position, and had, from her walls, a grand view of the entire land, and was the centre of a group of small mountains, which have become woven in the history of that age.

This grand and beautiful city was seventeen times destroyed during a period of fifteen centuries.

At one time her people were put to the edge of the sword, and the city consigned to the flames.

Twice she was completely razed to the ground. Twice her walls were battered to the earth. Her people became the captives of the adjoining nations.

Feuds, quarrels, dissensions and civil wars were her lot, and revolutions became an important part of her lamentable history.

By some strange fact or phenomenon, *the ruins became covered as an heap, and* a new people built their homes above them, and the places of interest became the home of the reptiles of the field.

Her first siege was fourteen hundred years B.C., a very memorable event in her history. She was a long time in the possession of the Jebusites, and though the powers of Benjamin and Judah were exerted for their overthrow, it was without effect. At one time David advanced against her with two hundred and eighty thousand warriors, but it was only after a long and tedious fight that he made a conquest of it.

During all of fifteen centuries she was continually engaged in war, a series of conflicts and struggles, and it would seem that after so many disasters and conflicts that she would have succumbed, and her overthrow been complete; but each time she repletes her army, rebuilds her destroyed walls, and rising from the ruins of her former glory, starts again upon her march of progress; again her busy mart of commerce is all astir with life and activity. Her people were the captives of Babylonian tyrants, but though two generations nearly passed before they enjoyed a restored liberty, yet again they made the city to rejoice, and again restored the temple and all the vessels for the worship of God.

These many vicissitudes of that devoted city furnish to the mind of the lover of Masonry the great thoughts and valuable lessons of human life. We have in her national and individual history the conflicts and triumphs of life thoroughly exemplified.

Now when the sacred and national history of that great people, with so many other items of interest are brought before our mind in their solemn and impressive form, is there any wonder that we form an attachment for these objects of interest.

The court and cloisters of the last temple were finished about nine years B.C., the city at that time being under the power of the Roman government.

After the destruction of this temple the city was doomed never to re-invest herself with the splendour of the past. Her glory had faded. It mattered not how many future conquests she might have, she was never to have her former glory again. What fearful disaster came upon her after that and covered her in heaps of ruins, history does not tell. But when we assert that this city now lies numbered among the buried cities, we enter upon the threshold of dispute. Nevertheless, discoveries of late date give conclusive evidence of the fact that the ancient city lies to a considerable depth beneath the present city; and many queer inquiries are made as to the manner of that accumulation that has so enveloped her, but no authoritative answer can be given, some supposing that other homes were builded upon her ruins, while it is not an unreasonable assertion that the winds have carried the sands of the desert, and these combined have made the earth that is now above the city. Suffice it only to say that the present city lies above the ruins of the past.

At what time this accumulation began no one can tell. At what time the present city began its existence may also be very hard to determine; but enough has been developed to bring to light indubitable evidence of the former city.

The conquests of the Crusades, and the ruins, as discovered, furnish a theme of themselves.

Voice of Masonry, America.

LITERARY CURIOSITY.

To the Editor of the "Masonic Magazine."

Dear Sir and Brother,—On looking over some old numbers of "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal" I found the following "Literary Curiosity," in canine Latin, with an English translation. The number was dated September 23rd, 1840. I venture to suggest that you re-produce it in your columns, for it may interest others as much as—

Yours, &c.

"YAMA."

TONIS AD RESTO MARE.

O Mare, œva si forme,
Forme ure tonitru,
Jambecum as amandum,
Olet Hymen promptu!
Mihi his vetas au ne se,
As humano erebi;
Olet mecum marito te,
Or Eta, Beta, Pi.

Alas! plano more meretrix,
Mi ardor vel uno;
Inferiam ure arte is base;
Tolerat me urebo.
Ah me! ve ara scilicet,
To landu vimen tuus;
Hiatu as arandum sex,
Illuc Jonicus.

Heu! sed heu! vexen imago,
Mi mises, mare sta;
O cantu redit in mihi!
Hibernus arida.
A veri vafer heri si,
Mihi resolves indu
Totius olet Hymen cum,
Accepta tonitru.

TONY'S ADDRESS TO MARY.

Oh, Mary, heave a sigh for me,
For me, your Tony true;
I am become as a man dumb,
O let Hymen prompt you!
My eye is vet as any sea,
As you may know hereby;
O let me come, Mary, to tea,
Or eat a bit o' pie.

Alas! play no more merry tricks,
My ardour vell you know;
In fear I am your heart is base;
Tolerate me your beau.
Ah me! ve are a silly set,
To laud you viemen thus;
I hate you as a ramdon sex,
Ill luck I only curse.

You said, you vixen, I may go,
My missus Mary, stay;
O, can't you read it in my eye?
I burn as arid hay.
A very vafer, here I sigh,
My eye resolves in dew,
To tie us, oh let Hymen come!
Accept a Tony true.

PAT MURPHY'S DILEMMA.

One day, in attending to the applications for situations on the police force, the mayor of a certain town, it was supposed, was about to invest Patrick Murphy with a star, when some of his Irish competitors outside the railings cried out:

"Are you goin' to 'p'int Pat, yer honour? He can't write his name, yer honour!"

"I am only receiving applications to-day; in a fortnight we make appointments," said the mayor.

And Pat was told to call that day two weeks.

"Can you write?" said that excellent functionary.

"Troth, an' it's meself that jest kin,' snswered Pat.

"Take that pen," said the mayor, "and let us see you write. Write your name."

"Howly Paul! D'ye mind that, Mike? Pat's a-writin'—he's got a quill in his fist!"

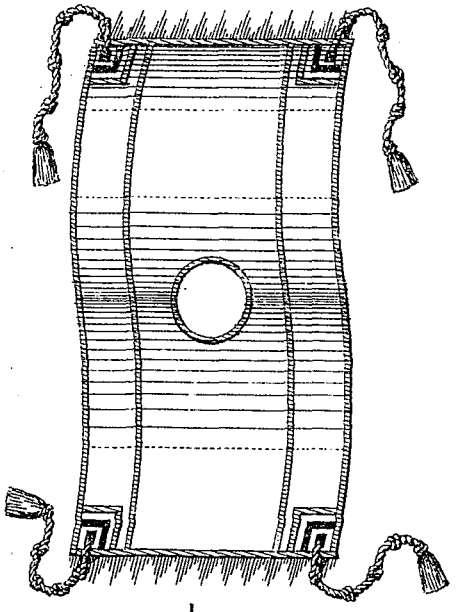
But Pat did write; he had recorded his name in a bold round hand.

That'll do," said the mayor.

"Ask him to write somebody else's name, yer honour," said two of them in a breath.

"That's well thought of," remarked the mayor. "Pat, write my name."

"Me write yer honour's name!" exclaimed he, with well-dissembled horror. "Me commit forgery, and a goin' on the pelisse! I can't do it, yer honour."



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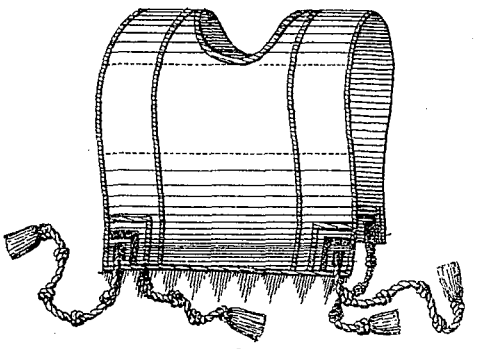

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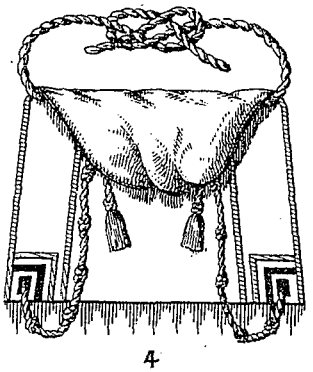

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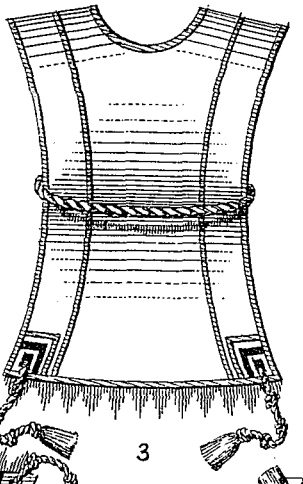

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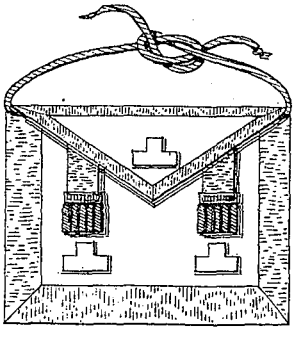

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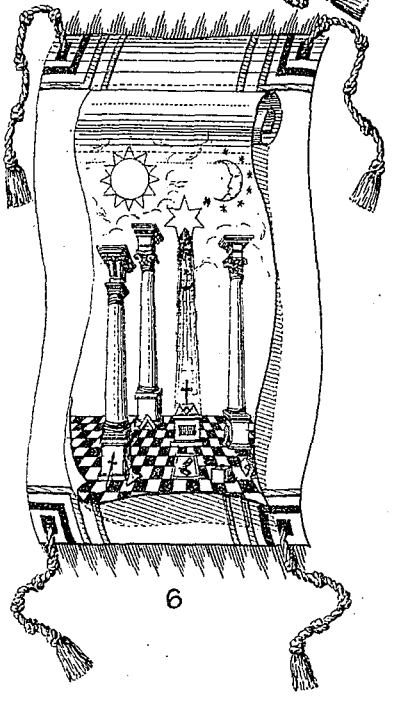

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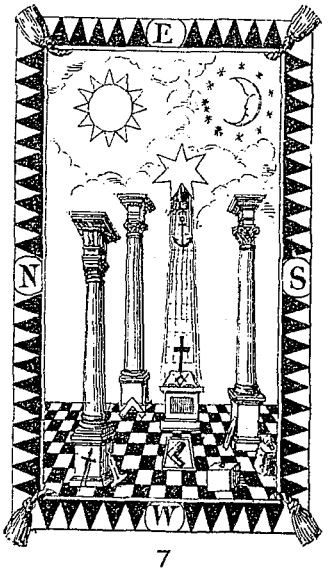

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THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 29.—Vol. III. NOVEMBER, 1875. Price 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

The principal event to record has been the departure of our Royal Grand Master for India. The sympathies of the entire Brotherhood accompany the august traveller, and we wish him "ex imo corde" a prosperous voyage, and a safe return. We doubt not but that his visit to India will be productive of great good in a variety of ways, and we understand that our Brethren in India are preparing for a loyal reception of their Grand Master by a special fête and assemblage of all Indian Freemasons. Our hearty good wishes attend them.

Beyond this, there does not seem much to note Masonically, except that the Roman Catholic "mot d'ordre" is just now, "persecution, persecution, persecution," of our innocent and benevolent Fraternity. The advocate Figari, a good man, and much respected, dies a Roman Catholic and a Freemason. The Roman Catholic authorities refuse him interment, whereupon the Patriarch Sephronios of the Greek Church at Cairo, buries him with a proper religious ceremony. All honour to the true liberality and kindly toleration of the good Greek Patriarch. May his name be honoured among Freemasons everywhere.

The "Monde Maconnique" tells us that fourteen Freemasons at Porto Rico have been sent to prison for several years, in varying sentences, simply because they were Freemasons. Can nothing be done to check and put an end to this "savagery" of intolerance, which is now actually invoking, when it can, the secular arm to harass, to punish and to burn? Indeed, if things go on as they are going, we may expect to hear of a Masonic "auto da fé" before long again. The only other blessing to humanity, civilization, and true religion which the hot-headed fanatics of the Ultramontane School could offer just now, would be to revive the legal proceedings and tender mercies of the Inquisition, for which many an ardent Romanist seems now to be fondly sighing, repeating as old Ovid once sang, "Adveniant utinam sic mihi sœ pe dies," both of religious liberty, and ecclesiastical charity. Freemasonry, despite everything, is progressing at home and abroad, and our readers will see in the "Freemason" constant accounts of the Consecration of new Lodges; the planting of new saplings of our great Order. The only fear is, lest, as Freemasons, we should depart in any measure from our own true laws of care and caution, and hastily admit any who, for obvious reasons, will neither do credit to our Lodges, nor advance the cause of Freemasons, but rather retard its progress, and tarnish its high character.

We are glad to be able to announce that, as will be seen by a notice of ours elsewhere, the "Masonic Magazine" will be increased to 48 pages for the December issue, to be considered as a Christmas number.

We are also pleased to notice the increased interest which is now evidenced in England, and in the United States in the "Freemason" and "Masonic Magazine;" and we thank our good brethren in America for their fraternal sympathy and support. We are inclined to believe that the tide is turning, and that after much of apathy and neglect, the persevering efforts of our publisher, so far carried on, in hopes of better times, will be rewarded by a large accession of patronage and readers. 1875 has witnessed a considerable increase in the list of our correspondents and subscribers; and we trust that increased literary matter will lead to an increase also of intelligent approval and support.

We are glad to be permitted to call attention to the able papers from Bros. J. C. Parkinson, D. Lamb, W. Tebbs, G. M. Tweddell, and others which adorn our pages this month, and we trust we are not saying too much, or expecting too much, when we ask many of our most educated and cultivated Brethren to assist us by their literary contributions. There are many good Brethren of ours who can, if only they will, advance alike the cause of Masonic culture, and raise the intellectual character of our Freemasonry in England to-day.

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

BY BRO. J. C. PARKINSON, J.P.

P.G.D. and P.D.P.G.M. Middlesex, 31° *Ancient and Accepted Rite; Past Grand Warden, Mark Degree; Great Prior's Banner Bearer, Order of the Temple; Grand Examiner, Red Cross of Constantine, etc., etc.*

A FEW days ago I was gratified by the receipt of a letter I am about to quote, a letter which revived pleasant memories bearing on the universality of the Craft. My correspondent, a Bombay Parsee, acted as my private secretary on board the "Great Eastern" steam ship in the early part of the year 1870, when I was engaged in observing and recording the incidents connected with the laying of the Submarine Telegraph Cable between India and Europe. Only yesterday morning, the 6th of this present October, 1875, I passed a window in Leadenhall Street, a little after 2 p.m., and saw recorded the hours at which the most recent messages had been received from Calcutta and Bombay, and noted that they were dated only some twenty minutes before. The sight stimulated my belief that a Masonic introduction to my friend Sorabjee would not be unacceptable to the readers of this Magazine, and reminded me, alas! that in spite of the faithful promise I made its Editor a month ago, not one word of the article he is properly counting on has so far been committed to paper by me.

Permit me then without further circumlocution, to state the circumstances which led to my knowing my friend Sorabjee. In October 1869, I was honoured by an invitation from the Khedive to visit Egypt as the guest of his Highness, and to participate in the festivities connected with the opening of the Suez Canal. My autograph book contains the documents signed "Nubar," and sealed by the Egyptian Government, which were my passports, over railway and through palaces, during the memorable eight weeks I enjoyed in Egypt. Who that bore part in it can ever forget the scene on the yellow sands of Port Said, where there were three temples or altars erected, from which the professors of three forms of religion offered up publicly their praise and thanksgiving to the Most High? The queen of the hour was the Empress Eugenie. Beneath a gorgeous canopy in a state pavilion facing the bright blue Mediterranean, she sat with the Emperor of Austria, the Crown Prince of Prussia (who, not being an actually crowned head, was thought to be kept rather in the background throughout the celebration, and to have displayed annoyance thereat); Sir Henry Elliot, as the representative of Great Britain, the Queen of Holland (I think), and other illustrious personages of greater or less note. Facing these were three temples also erected specially for the occasion on the Mediterranean sands, and between the temples and pavilion stood a brilliant throng of naval and military officers of all nations, in full uniform, together with civil engineers of the Staff Corps, gay in scarlet and cocks' feathers, deputy-lieutenants looking like field-marshals at the very least, foremost among whom was Lord Houghton, the "Dicky Milnes" of London society forty years ago, the "Cool of the Evening" of Sydney Smith, but here in full cosmopolitan glory as the author of the exquisite poems on Eastern Life, "Palm Leaves," in which is the very best description of a Mohammedan mosque which has ever appeared in print. The only other English peer present was the Earl of Dudley and Ward, who was conspicuous by the absence of uniform, and for the conventional black "stove pipe" hat, and ordinary blue cloth frock coat he wore throughout the proceedings. Listen! there is the tinkling of tiny bells, and a smell of incense mingles with the sea air. There is a stir, too, in the Greek Church pavilion, and the georgeously dressed ecclesiastics are in motion. Little boys in surplices and gaudy millinery pass up and down the altar steps, the priests make their obeisances before the altar, and all present join in spirit with the service carried on. This over, and the Mohammedan Mollahs rise, their turbans of sacred green bespeaking their rank as patriarchs who have made the Mecca pilgrimage, and with a simplicity which is very impressive after the genuflexions of the Greek priests, proceed with their worship. This consists of reading or reciting passages from the Koran, and bowing reverentially in the direction of Mecca—thanks and praise being thus rendered to the Great God who had permitted the mighty enterprise which

brought two hemispheres together, to proceed to a successful issue. The Roman Catholic service followed, and then Monseigneur Bauer, the Empress's private almoner, delivered a florid harangue, not a sermon, but a speech, with powerful declamation and with many a skilful and even graceful *pose*. I don't recollect much about it. We all thought it very clever, and that it had been most carefully prepared and studied; and I remember quite well that his corpulent Highness the Khedive went fast asleep during its delivery, and that his red fez was nodding so palpably that it seemed even betting whether or not the heir to the Pachas would roll over into the Empress's lap. There had been a good deal of anxiety as to whether the Canal would be ready for the triumphal opening next day, when a long line of steamers were to go through as far as Ismalia, headed by the Empress's steam yacht L'Aigle, and his Highness had been at work early and late, and as it turned out had to devote the best part of the next night to superintending personally the shifting of one of his own steamers which had stuck in mid-channel, and which he vowed he would have blown into the air by gunpowder rather than delay the opening of the Canal an hour—so with all this fatigue—past, present, and to come—the poor Khedive slept peacefully through Monseigneur's eloquence, while we humble people listened and looked on. But the feature of the day was, it seemed to me, Masonic. For the first time in the history of Christianity and Mohammedanism, professors and disciples of the two faiths stood side by side offering up praise and worship in their own forms to the same living God. Think of the religion of fire and sword, the fierce fanatical faith which makes the destruction of the Gaiour the passport to Paradise, submitting to pray with him publicly and to acknowledge, in dark old Egypt of all countries in the world, the principle of religious equality, and that each man is entitled to worship the Maker of all in the mode and form his conscience dictates. Think again of this crowd of European Christians in the East, not on a fierce crusade for the extermination of the Infidel, but to acquiesce in a religion which, according to its founder's lights, recognises the sacred principles of morality, and the glorious Architect of Heaven and Earth, and is, therefore, a potent influence for good.

Nor was the harmonious co-operation of the Greek and Latin Churches a less remarkable testimony to what I may be permitted to term the Masonic influences of the celebration. The hatred borne and displayed by these two branches of the Christian faith give rise to the most painful and revolting exhibitions. A few weeks later when I was in the Holy Land I saw the Moselm sentries, who guard the sacred spot at Bethlehem where the Great Teacher was cradled, despising both sets of pilgrims alike, and spurn with contempt the crowds of Russians and Armenians, while sneering at the anxiety each set showed to rush in before that of the rival Church. It is, alas! the stern and brutal hand of the Turkish soldier which alone keeps Christians in Palestine from flying at each other's throats and fighting to the death. The poor people who realise the dream of their life, and expend the savings of long years in a pilgrimage to the holy places, are in a large measure of the most debased and degraded class—as ignorant as hounds, and as abjectly obedient to the voice and whip of their spiritual ruler. You see them in troops of a hundred or two strong, headed by their priest, plodding their weary way on foot on the road from Jaffa by Ramleh to Jersualem, there to be housed for a time in convents which are in fact large walled-in towns. The priests inculcate loving the Church and hating your brother over the way, as the true reading of the sublime precept; and it is not to be wondered at if the smouldering passions thus sedulously fanned should from time to time break out into a flame scorching, and as in some cases destroying all within its range.

I was at Jerusalem on the day the Œcumenical Council commenced its sittings at Rome, and mounting the flat roof of the house I occupied at night, I was struck by seeing the Latin convent illuminated with the little oil lamps formerly known as the "thousand additional" ones at Vauxhall. The effect of this incongruous association of ideas was just that which the traveller is constantly experiencing at Jerusalem. High-strung expectation, exalted feelings, reverent interest—and then, presto! indignant disappointment, humiliating indignation, and a desire to punish the hooded impostors who foist their lies upon their dupes. When a red composition set on faded brown leaves is shown as the original spots of blood on the Crown of Thorns, when the precise place is

pointed out upon which the cock was perched when his crow carried sorrow and self-reproach to the heart of Peter, and when a hole in the wall is vouched for as where the Saviour stopped to rest the Cross on his weary way to Calvary—what can the sober minded visitor feel, but indignation and disgust? The cause of the illumination of the Latin convent was explained to me next morning by one of the priests there. The text "Thou art Peter," would, it was thought, mortify the priests of the Greek Church if put forward prominently over the entrance to the convent as the prerogative of the Latins, on the day of the opening of their great Council at Rome—and this was the form in which the feeling of the hour found vent. Well might Swift write bitterly, "we have enough Christianity to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another."

It was after a sojourn of three months in Egypt and Palestine that I left Suez for Bombay, and proceeded up country in India, as far north as Delhi, returning to Bombay some weeks later, having visited and stayed at Delhi, Agra, Allahabad, Futteypore-Sikri (the Windsor of Akbar the Great, a day's journey from his capital Agra, and deserted but kept up in the same condition as when he died a couple of centuries or so ago), Benares, Jubblepore, Nagpore, Calcutta, Lucknow, Cawnpore, and places of minor note. I saw plenty of Masonic symbols on the tombs, temples and palaces of the Great Moguls, and had abundant evidence that the true spirit of Masonry had been wanting in their day. The Pathans who, as Bishop Heber said, "designed like Titans, and finished like jewellers," have left many curious Masonic marks to be discovered by the investigator, and the same marks may be discerned on the walls of Jerusalem, and even on the old structure known as Absalom's Tomb. But leaving the precise significance and teaching of these marks to the care of the Masonic archæologist, and taking the broad view of a Mason who places his trust for the future of his race in the recognition of the great doctrine of natural equality before God, and the mutual dependency of man, there is abundant food for reflection in the records and relics of the past in India. You shudder at the fierce intolerance of religions, and the bitter hostility of race, which has devastated the country at intervals for centuries; and you endeavour to recognise in the spread of civilization, and the gradual breaking down of exclusive social barriers—harbingers of a better and more Masonic spirit having sway. Railway travelling in India is a wonderful smoother of rugosities. At Allahabad station I observed (besides the English waiting rooms for ladies and gentlemen, and the admirable refreshment rooms with which the line is kept purveyed by Kellner of Calcutta, who, as a public benefactor is to India what the admirable Spiers and Pond are to us in England), "Waiting Room for Mahommedan Gentlemen," "Waiting Room for Mahommedan Ladies," "Waiting Room for Hindoo Gentlemen," "Waiting Room for Hindoo Ladies;" but I learnt on all sides that the necessity for these formal divisions is gradually dying out. When a great saving in railway fare can be effected by a slight sacrifice of the prejudices of caste, the prudent Hindoo thinks twice before he enters upon an expenditure for which there is no positive or tangible result, and so here again we see the gradual spread of toleration and some faint hints of that brotherhood of man and federation of the world, which one would fain hope is not merely a poet's dream.

I had met many English and Scotch Masons during my trip up the country, and at Calcutta and Bombay, and had derived most charming impressions from the zeal and kindliness they exhibited. I had also been invited to the Parsee Lodge, or rather an English Lodge, which had many Parsee members, but this last invitation I had not been able to accept. Still I sailed from India with pleasant Masonic recollections. I had been much impressed by a conversation I had held in the train with a Parsee gentleman employed by the Government to collect rare manuscripts for the State library, and who told me with some pride he was about to become a Mason from the great, good and pure precepts which, as he had learnt from some eminent co-religionists, pertained to the Craft. Several days on the way to Aden, Sorabjee and myself were seated in my noble state room on the "Great Eastern," when we commenced a conversation on our respective religious beliefs. He explained to me, when I asked him to hand me a box of matches for the cigar I was about to smoke, that his religion would not allow him to strike a match, although it permitted him to hand the box

to me to obtain a light for myself. "My religion does not allow me to waste fire" was his simple formula, and from this brief text followed a long and to me most interesting discussion on the creed of the modern followers of Zoroaster. I had seen the Towers of Silence in the outskirts of Bombay, with the noisome vultures hovering round them, sometimes with obscene flutterings, at others gorged and torpid, but always repulsive and loathsome. I knew that within these dismal receptacles the bodies of departed Parsees are laid on a wide barred grating to be picked clean by the birds of prey, and for the bare skeletons to drop blackened by the sun into their last receptacle below. I knew that these strange resting places for the dead are guarded jealously from all but duly authorized eyes, and that it would have been profanation for a European to attempt to peer within. I had enjoyed the hospitality, too, of wealthy Parsee gentlemen, and had no more dreamt of questioning them as to their tenets than I should an Englishman of my own station. But the familiarity engendered by a long sea voyage, the intimate relations which gradually spring up between a private secretary and his principal when there are mutual confidence and respect, and the long hours which Sorabjee and myself necessarily spent alone together, while I was dictating and he writing the stout volume which was placed in the printers' hands, and published by Messrs. Blackwood within a week or two of my landing in England, all helped to inspire the feelings under the influence of which men are not unwilling to unburden themselves of the thoughts which, in the ordinary wear and tear of this work-a-day life, they keep jealously sealed. Then it was that Sorabjee and myself pledged each other as Freemasons; and agreed that there was good in all religions; and that difference in forms ought never to divide good men and true. Sorabjee was and (as his letter will show) is, a steadfast believer in the principles inculcated by the craft, and without quoting his talk at length, I have pleasure in affirming that his views on many of the essentials to a pure God-fearing, law-abiding life, were such as most thinking men would be able to endorse. Patient, willing, conscientious and painstaking under circumstances which were occasionally trying, from abnormal pressure and increasing exactions, he inspired myself and our shipmates with respect, and parted from me at Suez, when his special work was over, with hearty good will on both sides.

A few years pass, and in the course of a speech I deliver at a Masonic meeting, I allude to the various nationalities and and faiths in which I have known Freemasonry to flourish, and in doing so quoted my Parsee secretary Sorabjee. He, in his imperfect knowledge of the English tongue, imagines I "condemned" our late Grand Master for exercising those rights of conscience which the Mason claims for Jew, Mahommedan and Parsee; but I do not regret his error, as it has given me the opportunity of writing him a friendly letter, and of introducing him to the readers of the Masonic Magazine. His letter runs thus:—

"Bombay, 26th June, 1875.

"J. C. Parkinson, Esq., London.

"My dear Sir,—I have much pleasure to drop these few lines in hope that they will find self, Madam, and children in the enjoyment of excellent health. As I have not heard from you, since last three years, I am anxious to hear of your welfare. It is some months since I read an Indian Masonic record, in which you are reported to have expressed your condemnation for the change of his religion by our late Grand Master of England, and with it his retirement from our sacred institution.

"You have kindly referred to my humble self, for which I am deeply indebted to you in remembering me, after so long an interval. I am indeed very proud for so high an honour be done to me. Since I tell you, Sir, I was employed here in a merchant's firm (Messrs. Forbes & Co.), and afterwards in H.M.'s Mint, as assistant to the bullion keeper. I must say that I got the place solely from the good certificate which you gave me, and for which I must thank you, and shall never forget you as a good master.

"I am sorry you have not honoured me with your and Mrs. P.'s photo you so kindly promised on board ship. I yet hope you will not forget to send me. I send by this opportunity mine for your kind acceptance.

"I remain, your faithful servant,

"H. SORABJEE POONAGUR."

There is not much in the foregoing, but it has reminded me agreeably of a pleasant useful time, and it recalls how strongly the Masonic tie was felt between two men of widely different beliefs. The immediate cause of Sorabjee and myself resuming acquaintance, and shaking hands as it were over the vast span which separates East and West, has been Freemasonry. It seems appropriate, therefore, that I should tell the circumstances with which our friendship began in the pages of a Mason's magazine. If they teach anything it is toleration. If the Masonic events of the last year, great and pregnant as they appear, enforce their true Masonic moral, they will make us all more tolerant, and truly charitable; and lessen what Gibbon held to be the counter-balancing vice of the early Christians—spiritual pride. It is in this sense that I regard the peaceful establishment of a Masonic Lodge in the heart of Rome as the most encouraging and gratifying incident of all. Revilings, backbitings, and slander are met thus at their head-quarters charitably and kindly by the bestowal of Masonic Light, and by the genial approval and willing hand of the English brotherhood. Thus may we hope that the principles of Masonry will flourish and extend until the Random Recollections of a not far distant future may include pleasant Masonic experiences among the mistaken people who now think it right to vilify an institution based on those grand principles of morality, which it is their professed duty to uphold.

TO LOIS.

Ah! Lois, years and years have sped
  Since first I saw your pleasant face,
And love is cold, and hope is dead,
  With vanished years and faded grace;
For you are old, though "debonnaire,"
  And I am far on life's descent,
Yet in those seasons bright and fair,
  Ours were joy, trust, and content.

We took the present in its fling,
  We let the glittering hours pass,
What cheery songs you used to sing?
  You were a very pretty lass!
And memory takes a random flight,
  To welcome days and blissful hours,
To scenes of tenderness and light,
  To fairy meads and perfumed bow'rs.

I see you now, so full of fun,
  So quaint, so winning in your ways;
I watch the race you fleetly run,
  I catch you in the winding maze;
And merry hearts and laughing eyes
  Around me gladly seem to gather.
Alas! fair Lois, how time flies,
  How tann'd we are by wind and weather.

Our lives in different scenes have past,
  We've met but seldom, hardly ever,
We knew the dream it could not last,
  We knew our lots must sadly sever;
And yet the dear, delusive dream,
  Like shadows, melted fast away;
How different such visions seem,
  Which rise before our eyes to-day.

Yes, you and I have seldom met,
  To talk of ancient days and feeling;
For us our sun has long been set,
  We have no secret worth revealing;
We've played the farce which others played,
  Which youth has often played before,
We now are both most stern and staid,
  Our past is o'er for evermore.

Yet Lois, in those eyes of thine,
  I sometimes think I yet can trace
A liquid brilliancy divine,
  A memory of witching grace,
When you and I were young and true,
  When all we saw and all we sought
Was brilliant in affection's hue,
  When hearts were brave and love unbought.

W.

THE DUVENGER CURSE

ELLA E. CLYDE.

(*Continued from page* 131.)

"It will do no harm to have the truth known," he went on; "it may save trouble. Remember, Cousin Isabel, 'not I, but Fate has dealt this blow.'"

"What is it?" she asked, startled.

"Why, here is Hathaway playing the devoted cavalier to you, when six months ago it was arranged that he was to become my brother."

"Is that true?" asked Nip.

"It is," answered Mr. Hathaway, concisely.

Isabel stood, white and still, with her long, black lashes drooped on her cheek.

"Are congratulations in vogue?" she asked in a cold, clear tone; "if so, accept mine, both Mme. LeFevre and Mr. Hathaway."

"Thank you," answered Mme. LeFevre; "but it was unfortunate Louis was so abrupt."

"Better so," he said; "it does away with some intrigue and deceit. Isabel —— come, here some of you, she has fainted."

We all crowded around her, Maurice Hathaway and James Fairfax stooping to lift her.

"You have no right to her now," said the latter, and Maurice stepped back, while James Fairfax bore the unconscious burden to her room. His face was white and set.

"I knew that all the time," he said.

We brought her to herself, and she stayed in my room that night. I had slept some time, when I awoke with a start, and found Isabel sitting up in bed. There was a sound of music, that same weird singing we had heard before. Nip stole in, thoroughly scared.

"Girls," said I, "that comes from Marie Duvenger's room."

"Let us go and see," said Isabel.

"Very well," I replied; "only don't scream, either of you."

Silently we groped our way down the long hall, and around the turnings, until we reached the haunted chamber. Yes, the singing was there; we opened the door, and saw a white figure standing in the moonlight; Artemise Dupont.

"Three of you," she said, on seeing us; "are the wrongs of this house to come thronging up for ever?"

For the second time terror mastered us, and we fled precipitately, never stopping until we had reached our rooms.

"Girls, she is mad," said Nip; "oh, the house is full of wrongs."

Isabel had betrayed her secret, but she bore it with her own calm pride, avoiding Mr. Hathaway, and never referring to the discovery. James Fairfax, without intruding himself upon her, was so quietly friendly that it helped her. One day Nip came to me with wide open eyes:

"What do you suppose I heard? I was in the parlour talking with some one, when I heard footsteps, and slipped into the little ante-room. After I thought it was safe, I opened the door to go out, and who should be there but Mr. Hathaway and Isabel. He was pleading with her for one kind word, telling her she was the only woman he ever loved; and do you know, she listened to him in the laziest way, and swept from the room without a word."

Since I had found the shoemaker's daughter, the child was often at the house. One evening she had been singing in her rarest manner, when suddenly she dashed of a wonderful waltz. Louis crossed over to Nip, and held out his hands. She rose, and the two whirled down the long *salon*. No one else followed their example, but there seemed some magic in the child's playing that threw a witchery over us all. James Fairfax stood looking out of the window, apparently unconscious of two pairs of eyes that were meeting in a long, intense look; but Mme. LeFevre saw it and bit her lips. There was another face growing darker and darker; far away down the *salon* was that couple waltzing; burying the past, forgetting the future, living only in the bitter pleasure of the moment; they were conversing, too, in low tones. Starting up, his wife crossed down the room, and seized Louis' arm roughly.

"Let us have an end of this," she said; "I will not be insulted."

Louis shrugged his shoulders with a little laugh, and walked back with her, and Nachette's father coming for her at that moment broke up the restraint.

Few of us felt any regret when the last day of our stay came, matters were growing so unpleasant. In the afternoon Isabel and I were standing by the fountain, when Mr. Hathaway joined us.

"Perhaps you will hear me in the presence of your friend," said he. "God only knows how I love you, Isabel; if you knew you would not cast me off. Say one word more and this hateful marriage shall not be. Adrienne LeFevre's wealth tempted me before I knew you."

"No," she answered; "your choice is made, and nothing is left for me but to wish you every happiness, and I do wish it from my heart. But you and I are

placed so wide apart that nothing can ever bridge the gulf." And her decision was final.

Going up stairs that afternoon, I saw Louis bending over the cradle of his baby. Perhaps, I thought, the man's better nature is coming to him at last. Then, looking up, I saw down the hall Artemise, threading her fingers through her long black hair. Some impulse prompted me to go to her.

"Good bye," I said; "I am going to-morrow."

She caught my arm. "Look!" she said, "down in the darkness, there! what do you see?"

"Nothing," I answered,

"But I do," she went on, "ghosts and shadows of what should be, and is not; wrongs! wrongs! which must be burnt out with fire." And she vanished before I knew it.

The last evening a feeling of constraint was upon us. Our packing was all done, and we had nothing to do but start the next morning. Messrs. LeGrand and Fourier were there for a little while, and we did our best to keep up the conversation. Nip sat on a low stool at my feet, with her head on my lap, all the evening, silent for once. Even when we retired to our rooms she stood looking out of the window, while Isabel and I talked in a commonplace way about the arrangements for the morrow. She spoke at last:

"Girls, come here."

We saw, as we looked out toward the wing, a lurid glare in the haunted room; flickering, dying, springing up again, ever growing redder and stronger. The truth flashed upon us, even before a tongue of flame licked its way across the window. We gave the alarm, and the whole house was aroused. The stifling smoke crept up through the halls; the wildest consternation prevailed among the servants. A strong voice rang out:

"Silence! and listen to me."

It restored order, and James Fairfax rapidly assigned to each one an especial duty. The town was by this time awakened, and people came surging into the grounds, tramping down the flower beds, and even entering the house. Isabel and I went outside and looked up at the window, watched it as the flames died out, yielding before the power of man.

At last it was over; the crowd dispersed, and quiet gradually settled down again. No damage was done except in the wing.

We saw as we went in, a dim light in the parlour, and something lay there, covered with a white cloth. Josie stole softly out to us, crying bitterly.

"They found her in the room," she said; "you know her mind was completely shattered; we think she must have kindled the fire."

"Poor Artemise," said Isabel, "perhaps she has revealed the mystery. If insanity is in the family Marie Duvenger may have killed herself."

As we went upstairs I asked where Nip was.

"In her room I think," was the reply; "I saw her go there some time ago."

The door between was closed; it implied a wish for privacy, which we did not disturb. We passed a restless night, rising early in the morning, but long after Isabel and I were dressed there was no sign of Nip. I rapped on the door, and receiving no answer opened it, and called:

"Come, child, get up, it's late."

My voice sounded strange and hollow in the deserted room. The bed had not been slept in, and a note lay on the table for me:

"Don't waste your time in tears for me, you know I've no soul. You must think of me as having vanished away to fairy land, and taken Louis with me where he will find perpetual happiness. There goes a tear splash on the paper! Well, girls, if I haven't any soul I have some heart, and it hurts at being torn away from you all, but I have to choose between a blank life and Louis, and he is everything. Do you understand me? This is all I'm going to say, only don't think hard thoughts of

NIP."

Gone! our little Nip! We saw when we went down stairs the worst was known. Louis had left a note for the family. There was no need of pursuit, they would have sailed for France before they could be reached. We had come to St. Philippe light hearted and joyful; we left it sadly and tearfully.

* * * * * * *

A year had passed away. We had settled down into our old life. Isabel, after a short withdrawal from society, came out again, calm and superb as ever. She

smiled a little when she heard of Maurice Hathaway's marriage, but gave no sign of regret. We missed the bright girl who had always been our companion, and yet, we could shed no tears when we heard that the steamer had gone down with all on board, and knew that Nip's golden head was lying far below the restless waters, and the curse of the Duvengers was fulfilled for the last time.

But the romance begun in the old town was not yet ended. The next summer found Isabel and myself at Newport, and strangely enough it found James Fairfax there also. Of course, he was at Isabel's side constantly, until one day Mr. Hathaway and his wife arrived. It was not like Mr. Fairfax to make his uneasiness apparent, but he was far from comfortable. The bride and groom were as happy as could be expected.

"He seems in a state of chronic boredom," I remarked once to Mr. Fairfax.

"That's the result of having nothing to do," was the reply.

Mr. Hathaway's eyes would follow Isabel constantly, and I grew very nervous. I broached the subject at last. She and I were standing down on the sea beach, looking out over the opaline waters.

"Mr. Hathaway isn't as handsome as he used to be."

"No," said she, "he is degenerating; the dark intensity which made him so fascinating is fading out. Do you know he dared say words of love to me last night!"

The sands were all dotted over with gay groups; some one was coming down behind us. It was James Fairfax.

"Excuse me," said he, "I only came to say good-bye; I am going away to-day."

Her face paled. "Going away!"

"Yes," he answered, smiling a little bitterly; "I am not as strong as I thought myself. I find I cannot see you here under the influence of the old love, when I would lay down my life for one quarter of which you gave him, so I am going away."

A moisture came into her eyes. "You shall not go," she said. "I ask you to stay. It is not as you think, at all."

The light of a great, glad surprise broke over his face, and I left them, thankful that it had come out all right at last.

Voice of Masonry, America.

THE "BADGE OF INNOCENCE."

An Historical Sketch, and Explanation with Illustrative Plates, of the Origin of the Masonic Apron, and also of the Indented Border and the Tassels of the [illegible] Board, by Bro. the [illegible] M.A [illegible]

We [illegible] ing [illegible] the [illegible] men[illegible] by w[illegible] for [illegible] when [illegible] the in[illegible] togethe[illegible] him, he [illegible] came the[illegible] seem to l[illegible] [illegible]s to attemp[illegible]ay as may be, these two [illegible], that have perplexed so many, that these few pages have been written and committed to the consideration of the Craft at large.

"More ancient than the Golden Fleece or Roman Eagle, more honourable than the Star and Garter, or any other order in existence." Such is the assertion made, and as it meets his ear, he asks "Can this be so?" Why! the Prussian orders of the Red and Black Eagle were founded respectively in 5795 and 5705 (A.L.), whilst the Roman insignia, from which they were doubtless taken, were used not only by the ancient Romans, but also by nations preceding them in history.—the Persians used them even in the time of Cyrus the younger, about 3600 (A.L.) The Austrian and Spanish orders of the Golden Fleece were founded 5433 (A.L.), whilst the voyage of the Argonauts, who are reputed to have captured from Æetes the Golden Fleece of Phryxus, must be dated as far back as 2741 (A.L.)—Our badge more ancient than these?"

"Again, our own noble order of the Garter, instituted by Edward III,* on St.

* King Edward III. revised the Constitutions of Masonry in 5362 (A.L.)

George's Day, 5348 (A.L.),* in imitation of the order of Knights of King Arthur's Round Table, founded in the 406th century (A.L.), is stated by Selden, to "exceed in majesty, honour and fame, all chivalrous orders in the world."—Can our Badge be yet more honourable than this?" Questions easily answered in the affirmative, when we recognize in the time of the institution of our Badge the earliest age of the Jewish Church, and, in its founder, the Great Architect of the Universe Himself.

After the Children of Israel, then, had been formed into a Church and Nation, amongst other instructions given to Moses by God, we find, on turning to the volume of the Sacred Law, that one direction ran as follows :—

"Speak unto the Children of Israel and bid them that they make them *fringes*† in the borders of their garments throughout their generations, and that they put upon the fringe of the borders a *ribband of blue.*"

"And it shall be unto‡ you for a fringe, that ye may look upon it, and remember all the Commandments of the Lord, and do them ; and that ye seek not after your own hearts and your own eyes * * *"

"That ye may remember, and do all my Commandments, and be holy unto your God."§

This injunction was laid upon them about 2514 (A.L.), some 200 years before the date fixed upon as that of the supposed Argonautic voyage before referred to.

This command we find thus repeated some 40 years later, but still more than 150 years prior to the expedition of the Golden Fleece :—

"Thou shalt make thee *fringes* upon the four quarters¶ of thy vesture wherewith thou coverest thyself."** *

This appointment of a distinguishing Badge, like most of the Mosaic injunctions, was very brief and concise, and the carrying out of the details was left, as was usually the case, to the spiritual rulers. Those learned Doctors of the Law, having regard to the spirit as well as the letter of the direction, decided to mark it with a high degree of symbolism ; or, more properly speaking, found the matter, as it was worked out, become invested with a deep symbolical significance.

Now the Tassels were to continually remind the Jews of God and His Law, consequently the doctors determined that they should be formed in such a manner as to bring both before the worshipper's eye at a single glance, and they accordingly designed, and worked out, the details of them, so that by their numerical significance, they should typify at one and the same time the Unity of the Deity, and the precepts of the Sacred Law, the number of which precepts had been fixed, by the authorised expounders of them, at 613.

This was, to them, easy of accomplishment, as, inasmuch as each letter of the Hebrew alphabet had a numerical,* value, every word in the language could be represented by the aggregate number made up of the several numbers which were represented by the individual letters composing it.†

The learned doctors, therefore, determined that the combination of numbers formed by the convolutions of the threads, and by the knots which secured them, should represent, according to the system just mentioned, and known as the *Literary*

* This is the date fixed by Froissart. Stow makes it six years later, but Sir Harris Nicholas ("*Orders of Knighthood*") is of opinion that the former is the date of foundation, and the latter of its final organisation and choice of companions.

† More correctly *Tassels*, according to the Hebrew *tzitzith*, a derivation from *tzitz*, a flower.

‡ More correctly translated according to the Hebrew "be *upon the* fringe."

§ Volume of the Sacred Law; Book of Numbers, c. xv., v. 38-40.

¶ More correctly *wings* (Hebr.)

** Vol. Sacr. Law—Bk. of Deut., c. xxii., v. 12.

* Just as in the Roman alphabet the letters stood also for numerals.

† Thus the last letter *Tau*, being also the last numeral, represented completion, and was used by Ezekiel in his prophesy of the last days of Jerusalem to designate the seal affixed by the recording Angel to those who were to be saved from the general destruction. See l. Ezek. c. ix., v. 4, where our word "mark" stands for the Hebrew ת *Tau*——meaning as Gesenius states in his Lexicon, *signum cruciforme* (a cruciform mark); and he adds, that on the old Hebrew coins, the *Tau* was always made as a cross, which in its original shape, was thus T; in the vulgate the passage is thus translated: "Et signa Thau super frontes virorum gementium." This prophesy and its fulfilment are made use of as a type in l. Rev., c. vii.

Inverted, thus :—⊥, the *Tau* forms the so-called "level" which, when affixed to the apron as in figure 5, is the distinguishing Badge of the attainment of the highest degree in Craft Masonry.

*division of the Cabala,** a word or phrase signifying the Unity of the Deity. Such a phrase is the *Tetragrammaton*, or *Quadrilateral Name* of God.—*Jehovah* יהוה combined with *êchad* אחד "one," (or, together, "Jehovah is one").

Accordingly they took seven† threads of *white* wool,‡ white being the emblem of purity or holiness, and one thread of *blue*,§ the emblem of the heavens, wherein the Great Architect sits enthroned. One thread was made longer than the rest in order that it might be twisted round the others, and so form a cord which should end in the tassel required.

To carry out their symbolism, they then, starting from a double knot, wound the long thread round the rest *seven* times, securing it with a double knot; then *eight* times more, fastening it with a double knot as before. The number of convolutions was thus *fifteen*, or "יה," the first half of the *Tetragrammaton*." They next wound it round *eleven* times more, again securing it with a double knot, giving the number *eleven*, or "וה," the second half of the ineffable name. Finally, they wound it round *fifteen* times more, still fastening it with the double knot, thus giving the number *fifteen*, or "אחד,"—*i.e. êchad* or *one*.

Whilst the collective numerals thus formed by the number of twists of the long thread round the others, gave the sacred name, together with its Attribute of Unity, the *five* knots, in each tassel (or tassel-cord), symbolized "The Five Books of the Law."

And, yet again, the numerical value of the Hebrew word for *tassel*, ציצית (tzitzith) is *six hundred*, which, together with the *eight* threads and the *five* knots, gives *six hundred and thirteen*, the number of the precepts of the Law.*

The following was the prayer used when the "taph"† was invested with the tassels:—

"Blessed art Thou, O Lord, King of the Universe, Who hast sanctified us with Thy commandments, and enjoined us to array ourselves with tassels."

The cords and tassels thus formed were attached to a garment formed of an oblong piece of cloth, with a hole pierced through the centre for the head to pass through—the aperture, &c., were trimmed round in the same way that the High Priest's

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* It is not within the scope of this little treatise to give a detailed account of these terms; but, for a most interesting and exhaustive explanation of them, the reader is referred to the separate articles on them in Mackey's "Lexicon of Freemasonry."

† *Seven* and *one*: All numbers, according to ancient nations, had a mystical significance. According to the system of Pythagoras (supposed to have been learned by him in Egypt), *seven* was called "the *venerable* number," because it referred to the Creation of the Universe; whilst *one*—the *Monad*—referred to God, *the point within the circle*. Amongst the Hebrews, the etymology of the word *seven* at once shows its sacred import:—

From שבע ("Shebang"—seven) is derived שבע ("Shabang"—to swear), because oaths were confirmed by either seven witnesses, or seven victims offered in sacrifice, as in the covenant of Abraham and Abimelech (V.S.L., Gen. xxi. 28); whilst the radical meaning of שבע is "sufficiency" or "fulness"—and the number *seven* was thus designated, because on the *Seventh* Day God completed His great work of Creation—"hence *seven* was, both amongst believers and heathens, the number of sufficiency or completion."—(Parkhurst's Lexicon, N.T.—in voc: Ἑπτα.)

One, again, or *Aleph*, together with *Tau*, was the self-chosen name of the Deity. I am "Alpha" and "Omega," the beginning and the end, the first and the last.—(Lib. Rev., c. xxii. v. 13).

‡ White wool—"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as *white* as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as *wool*."—V.S.L.—l. Is. ci., v. 18.)

"They shall walk with me in *white*."—(l. Rev. c. iii., v. 4, 5, and other parts of the Sacred Volume.)

In the heathen mysteries, too, colour had its distinct signification, for Cicero, in speaking of those of Eleusis says, "that *white* was a colour most acceptable to the gods."

§ Blue—For the Vails: V.S.L., l. Exod. c. xxv., xxvi. and xxvii. and for the Ephod c. xxxviii., and xxxix. The former of which, according to Josephus (Antiq. vi. 4), represented the sky at the top of the Tabernacle, and (in vii. 7) the Heavens—hence the "canopy" surmounting our lodges.

(See also Cholin 89.)

This *Blue* was our Ultramarine; see Brannius De Vestitu Sacerd. Hebr., libr. i., c. 13, and Bochart: Hierozoic: P. ii., lib. v., c. 10 and 11.

Blue, in a Craft Lodge, teaches us that our Brotherly Love and Charity should be as widely extended as the canopy of heaven, by which only it is bounded.

The Essenian garment of investiture was *white* "*bordered with a fringe of blue riband*; "blue" being typical of "holiness."

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* Consult Brannius on the "Gemara of Gittim;" de Vest. Sacerd, Hebr. libr. 1, c. 3 and 16, also Buxtorf and Bishop Montagu in his "Apparatus," c. vii. n. 32.

† Literally "little trotter" (from a child "trotting" by its mother's side); generally used in the Sacred Volume to designate all ages between the sucking-child and the adult.

*meeir** was. The whole garment, thus formed, was called "talith," and was worn as a cloak.† It is shown open in fig. 1, and folded as worn, half showing in front, and half behind, in figure 2.

In after times when, to be recognised as Jews by the nations amongst whom they were scattered, meant being marked for scorn and persecution, and even, at times for death itself, the chosen people reduced the size of the robe, and wore it as an under-garment, secure from observation, and in this form it has been, and still is, worn by every orthodox Jew.‡

The tasseled robe, having been once put on, was always worn, whether in the synagogue or market-place,§ or on the journey,¶ or (which is more important) at *work*; for we read, in the *Talmud*,** that the father of R. Joseph b. Rabba, tore one of the threads whilst descending a ladder.

Now a garment like the *talith* with its pendant *tassels* would be terribly in the way of a man who was engaged in continuous work, and we could well imagine that he would confine it by a girdle;‡‡ it might then, especially by such workmen as might not be Jews, come to be worn simply as a badge, when the front half only might be retained; the top part would then fall over the girdle to which it was attached and thus form the flap of the apron, and at the same time, the suspensory cords would be shortened, and the tassels drawn up so as not to hang below the bottom of the apron and be out of the way.§§

Years rolled on, but still the apron was regarded (as it seems ever to have been, by all nations and in every age¶¶,) as not only a useful, but also a symbolical vesture; consequently the Mason, whether Jew or Gentile, would feel it right to add to the Craftsman's garb these soul-inspiring adornments of border and tassels; and thus whilst giving to it a new feature of beauty, invest that which was a working garment with a fresh symbolical meaning.

Here, then, is our Badge, complete with its border and tassels;* and whether the *talith* merged into the apron, or whether the adjuncts of the former were added to the latter, we can clearly see that the *operative* Mason's garb, had, or acquired, a distinctly *speculative* character.†

Next let us picture to ourselves a Lodge of Instruction working, as was wont, in the open air with plan outspread in the centre; what so natural as that the demonstrator, or lecturer, to preserve his scroll from danger of dirt or damp, should first spread upon the ground his *talith*, and then lay upon it the parchment plan? Look attentively at this as shown in figure 6. There lies the scroll, with all the important portions—borders, fringes, tassels, complete—of the *talith* showing beneath. Imagine it conventionalized somewhat, as in fig 7, and then say what we behold, if not a perfect representation of our first *Tracing-Board*, with its *indented* and *tesselated* (or, perhaps, more properly, *tasseled*)‡ border.

This view acquires no little strength from the similar teaching that we ascribe to the Tassels of our Tracing-Board to that of the Tassels of the Mosaic Injunction. When the Great Architect appointed the tassels, they were to remind His people to keep His Commandments. The teaching of our Grand Master the Royal Solomon, is, that this keeping God's Commandments, or "fearing Him," is true wisdom;§ that wisdom does a mighty *work* indeed, that "She is the *worker* of all things, and is *kind to man*;"¶ and, yet again, that "Her *labours* are *virtues*; for She teacheth *Temperance* and *Prudence*, *Justice* and

* Vol. Sac. Law, Exod. xxxiii, 29 (there called "robe of the ephod"), and Joseph "Antiq.," lib. iii., c. 7, § 4.

† The garment alluded to in Evangel. S. Matt. c. xxiii., v. 5.

‡ This fact has, recently, been kindly vouched for by a Brother who is of the Jewish faith.

§ Ev. S. Matt. c. xxiii., v. 5., et seq.

¶ Ev. S. Matt. c. ix. v. 20, and c. xiv., v. 36.

** "Sabbath," 118 b.

‡‡ See fig. 3.

§§ See fig. 4.

¶¶ Investiture with the apron (or some corresponding badge) formed a most important part of every ancient mystery; as, the *Essenians;* those of *Osiris* amongst the Egyptians; of *Eleusis* with the Greeks; of *Mithras* in Persia; and of *Brahma*, *Vishnu* and *Siva*, celebrated at Elephanta and Salsette in India. The ancient statutes of the gods, again, as well Asian and American as Grecian, are found decorated with magnificent aprons. Even at the present day the apron is still the distinguishing badge of the Ecclesiastical Dignitary.

* See fig. 5.

† For the various stages of this development, see figs 1, 3, 4 and 5.

‡ An opinion held by some authorities, see article "Tesselated"—Mackey's "Lexicon of Freemasonry."

§ Lib. Prov. Sol., c. viii., v. 20; c. ix., v. 10; c. xiv., v. 8; et al.

¶ Apocr. Lib. Wisd. of Solomon, c. vii., v. 22 & 23.

Fortitude,"* we learn from the "Wisdom of Solomon."

Surely, if the teaching of the Mosaic Tassels with our own be thus identical, *so must the Tassels themselves be.*

Truly, we have here, a *Badge of Innocence, more ancient and more honourable than any other in existence!*

One word in conclusion:—

The reverence that the Jew paid to his tasseled garment was immense. It is set forth in the *Talmud* that when R. Joseph b. Rabba was asked by R. Joseph "which commandment has your father admonished you to observe more than any other?" he received as a reply, "the law about the Tassels. Once, when my father, on coming down a ladder, stepped on one of the threads and tore it off; he would not move from the place until it was repaired."†

The Commandment of the Tassels is held by some Rabbins to be as important as all the rest of the laws put together. ‡

In the time of Christ these borders and tassels were held in the highest veneration, as witness the prominence accorded to them by the Pharisees, who even enlarged them to give an outward profession of extreme regard for God's commands;§ the conviction, again, of the Syro-Phœnician Woman that if she could but touch the hem (border) of His garment, she should be whole,¶ which actually came to pass; as did also the same thing in the case of the inhabitants of Gennesaret who brought their sick into His presence with the same intent.**

Such was the veneration of the Jew for the Badge bestowed upon him by the God of his fathers; such, again, on the one hand, the hypocritical purpose to which the Pharisee put it; such, on the other hand, the reward so earnestly sought, and as certainly found, through its means (as a channel of charity) to the faithful believer in the Divine power of the wearer. Surely there is here to us revealed a word of caution that our Tasseled Badge of Innocence be to us no empty mockery of profession without practice, no outward cleansing with a heart left foul and festering within; but that it rather prove to us the incentive to high and holy aims, and lofty motives, leading us—by the aid of the four cardinal virtues—bequests of our Almighty Creator—to such work as shall neither disgrace our Badge of Innocence here on earth, nor lead it, wrongly used, to brand us with everlasting disgrace, at the Opening of the Grand and Eternal Lodge above.

* Apocr. Lib. Wisd. of Solomon, c. viii., v. 7.
† "Sabbath"—118 b.
‡ See Rashi on V.S.L., l. Numb., c. xv., v. 38-40.
§ Ev. S. Matt., c. xxiii., v. 5.
¶ Ev. S. Matt., ix., v. 20.
** Ev. S. Matt., c. xiv., v. 36.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SCOTTISH FREEMASONRY.

Article First.

We remember having once heard a gentleman say of Scottish Freemasonry that it was a blot upon the escutcheon of the craft; that the good points it had, were, as against the bad ones, so comparatively few as to render it nearly worthless. To those who hold such an opinion we would say:—"If you only knew a little more about us in Scotland you would think a very great deal better of us." We know that we are not in that position to which our rank, looking at the matter from a chronological point of view, surely entitles us, and knowing this, those amongst us to whom the interests of the craft are precious are doing our very utmost to reach it.

Every system has its two sides, its bright side, and its dark one, its lights and its shadows, and to attempt to assert that the Freemasonry of Scotland forms any exception to the general rule were to attempt a fruitless task.

Still we can by no means agree with those who tell us that the shadows are so great as entirely to obscure the lights, believing as we do that the lights are in themselves so bright and pure, as by their very brilliancy to render the shadows the more easily discernible.

In the present series of papers it is not our intention to deal at length with any particular feature, but simply to take a kind of cursory glance at some of those more prominent ones, which we fancy would be the most apt to attract the attention of the stranger.

Taking the less agreeable portion of our subject first, we see the greatest of our shadows, standing out in the light gloomily and conspicuously in the fact of our having

no National Benevolent Fund. Oh! what a great want is this! what a great black shadow whose chill is ever being felt. A great deal has been said upon this subject, and yet it seems almost as far off being set at rest as ever. Some few years ago an effort was made in the greater eastern and western provinces to lay the foundation of a scheme for the institution of a National Benevolent Fund, but it fell through, and we suppose it is now a thing of the past. The efforts of two or three, however great, will never encompass this national want. It is not one or two of the great provinces that can successfully grapple with this mighty scheme; neither can it be done by every provincial Grand Lodge giving its countenance or its aid, no, nor by every lodge, as a body; it can only be done by every Freemason as an individual throwing in his helping hand and contributing annually his mite, not as a matter of charity but as a matter of duty.

Numerically we are very much weaker than our brethren in England or Ireland, and we do not believe we can cope with either of them in the matter of wealth, but still our numbers are such as to warrant us saying, that the comparatively trifling sum of 2s. 6d. per man contributed annually to one common fund would for a time be amply sufficient to meet the demands upon it. We are well enough aware that a few of our more wealthy provinces are able to bestow very considerable sums in charity, but how many provinces are there, whose poorer brethren and their dependants, were it not for the individual efforts of the few, would be wholly unprovided for. That we have had many notable examples of individual and lodge charity, we are well enough aware, but such instances are not any the less common in England or Ireland where they have, besides, a National Benevolent Fund.

As a general rule the Freemasons of Scotland are poorer than those of the sister countries; but it is this very fact, which, to our thinking, ought to be one of the chiefest arguments anent the foundation of a Scottish Fund. They who are affluent need not any assistance, it is only they who are indigent. We do not believe that there are any who would seek initiation into our fraternity with a view to become pensioners on such a fund, but if while able to afford it they each contributed their portion, when circumstances so conspired as to render them more likely to be recipients of, than capable of bestowing charity, would they not be receiving only that to which they were duly entitled?

To receive assistance from one common fund to which a man has himself contributed, savours far less of accepting a charity, than it does when one is the object of individual benevolence, and there are many who might thus be assisted when otherwise they would be left helpless.

It has been said that had we such a fund our lodge charity boxes would suffer, but we cannot afford to believe this, having a much higher opinion of our brethren than to fancy because they contributed 2s. 6d. a year to a national fund as a matter of duty, they would be the less willing to give another occasional trifle to the private boxes of their respective lodges as a matter of privilege. Nor can we conceive of any very great difficulty in floating the scheme if only every Freemason would interest himself in it, but so long as every man waits for his neighbour to take the initiative, the thing will never be managed. Let every master in Scotland set about forming a small committee to call upon the members of his lodge and ask their names to the movement, and we venture to predict that not a single name will be refused, but except every lodge take the matter up and work with a will, it will end as all similar movements have done, owing to lack of energy, in talk. Upon this we could say much more, but another feature claims our attention.

In roaming about through England and Ireland, we have often felt pleased at seeing in their large towns an Institution wholly devoted to the purposes of Freemasonry. That one of all others which excited our envy and our admiration most, is the noble edifice in the Corn Market in Belfast. There meet under one common roof all the lodges in the vicinity, there in their club room can the members enjoy each other's society, and discuss free from the presence and contact of the outer world the position and progress of the craft, and thither can the stranger bend his steps satisfied that he can gain that Masonic information which is most likely to be reliable. That such an institution in our large Scottish towns would be greatly advantageous to the cause of Freemasonry

we feel convinced, but, saving the Grand Lodge buildings in Edinburgh, there are none such.

Place a stranger, let us say in Glasgow. Where can he gain any information as to the movements of the craft? He finds the whereabouts of the lodge rooms duly set down in the Directory, and he proceeds to the place, but what does he find? A closed door. Nothing more, not even the resemblance of a Masonic character. Build such an institution as they have in Belfast, and we have our feet on the first rounds of the ladder of fortune. And surely if Belfast, with its Masonic proportion of a population of 170,000 inhabitants, can support such a noble edifice, Glasgow with its proportion of half a million ought to do it much more easily. Centralization, Centralization, that is what we want; and that of itself would greatly aid in removing those petty jealousies, not among us as individuals, but as the representatives of our respective lodges. We want common ground to meet each other upon, and it will be upon that common ground that the true nature of our fraternity will be the more apt to reveal itself. Where can the young Mason gain that information, which in many cases is most eagerly sought for? Not in the lodge room, because all the spare time is required for ordinary business matters; not from those two or three brethren who may have been appointed to instruct him, and whose knowledge in craft matters, is in very many cases limited indeed; nowhere so well as in the Masonic club room where the craftsman meet, not to transact any business, but to discuss the various matters pertaining to the craft.

There not one solitary opinion is heard, but the opinions and the experiences of the many, and depend upon it the weightiest and most profound will carry the day, and the Masonic character of the initiate will take altogether a superior mould. And ought we not to feel in duty bound to have some place wherein we could set down a visitor? Not every stranger cares about going to lodge meeting; there are many who would infinitely prefer to have a social chat, and the friendly exchange of opinions with those of our well informed brethren who would be the most likely to be met at such a place. And such a proceeding would be of great use to us; it would enlarge our ideas, which on many points are very narrow, and give us an insight into the social character and workings of the fraternity in other countries. As we are we have got to be "cribbed, cabined, and confined"; we have got to be too much among our own particular set and are necessarily constrained to think and act, as it were in sections, each separate and quite distinct from the other. Throughout England there are many neat little club rooms where the brethren are to be met with in a social capacity, and we, ourselves, have a most pleasing recollection of spending a most agreeable evening in one of them only a few months ago in the quiet little town of Bury St. Edmund's. In our next paper under the present heading, we will endeavour to take up other two points:—the Fees, and Masonic instruction as regards the ritual.

X. Y. Z.

ODE.

To His Royal Highness Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, &c. &c., Patron of Scottish Freemasonry; Grand Master Mason of England.

By Rt. Wor. Bro. J. Green, *Grand Bard, Grand Lodge of Scottish Freemasonry in India, P. M.* 351, 18°, *&c.*

All Hail, Illustrious Head of Masonry;
Grand Right-hand pillar of our Sovereign's throne,
Ten thousand welcomes to our Eastern shores!
Accept our homage, this auspicious day,
We, Loyal Brethren, true, who own thy sway,
Wish thee a happy sojourn in the East.
We would convey, through thee, our gratitude
To our loved Queen, for freedom we enjoy
'Neath her benignant sceptre and just rule.
And here we pray, that He who rules on high
May grant her yet full many happy years,
In peace, and health, and wealth, o'er us to reign;
For what people had more cause to pray
God save and bless our Queen, than we, the sons

Of free-born British fathers; for our homes
Are fill'd with peace. GOD give her peace again
And lengthen out her days, that she may know
What 'tis to hold a Nation's heart of love,
Whose very beasts, could they but speak, would cry
God save the Queen, belov'd Victoria,
The great and good; of all our noble lines,
Greatest, and best, and most beloved of all!
And, when her earthly days of rule are o'er
Grant her a brighter sceptre in the skies,
To reign for ever under Him whose rule
She and we own, Eternal King of Kings.
And thou, beloved son of such a Queen,
Heir to the sovereignty of this vast realm,
Which, like our Masonry, knows not a bound
Save Earth's deep centre and the firmament
Stretching from sky to sky, from pole to pole.
May the Most High make thee as Solomon,
Give thee a wise and understanding heart
Such as no other monarch had before,
And grant that thou thy wisdom may'st transmit
To the last heir of thy illustrious line,
To rule us till all earthly rule shall end.
That so, when God shall place thee on our throne
Thy lands in peace may rest; foes quake with fear,
Nor dare disturb the rest that Heaven sends.
Be all thy subjects still prepared as we,
"Ready, aye ready," or for work or war;
Each handle well the trowel and the sword,
To build in peace and to defend in need,
Spreading the strong cement of brother-love
And evermore maintaining what is done:
And may the Almighty Architect of worlds
Still rule the labour, laying stone on stone,
Pillar to Pillar add; in every arch
Fixing the keystone firm, and the cape-stone fair,—
"Grace, grace unto it," ever be the cry,
Till this vast empire shall appear but one
Vast temple to the praise of GOD Most High.
In which mayst thou, as His vicegerent here,
Sit throned, the wise Grand Master, years thy fill
And whatsoever blessing still attends
Adonai's word, be shower'd upon thee;—
The corn, abundant, for thy people's food,
That so gaunt hunger never may be found
Within thy realm, and, 'neath thy bounteous hand,
All may be fed, full and abundantly;—
The wine of gladness still in rivers flow
Throughout thy empire, cheering every heart,
Bidding each saddened bosom leap and sing.
The oil of joy, be pour'd on every head
Till every eye be bright, each cup o'erflow,
And all be fill'd, that so thy happy days
May find no parallel since Earth began.
May this thy visit to this favour'd land
Prove a rich blessing, both to it and thee.
May India's teeming millions learn to love
And honour him who now amongst them comes.
May loyalty grow fixed in every breast,
And every hand be ready to defend.
May millions bless thee, whereso'er thy foot
Finds ground to tread, and blessing still return
On India's millions, scatter'd round thy way,
Thick as they strew thy path with Orient bloom.
And when thou meetest India's subject-Kings,
Take thou their hearts by storm; false treachery
Avoid thine eye and flee thee evermore:
True loyal hearts go with thee, such as those
That now surround thee, ever lovingly.
May the Most High guide thee, from end to end
Of this vast land, and guard thee aye from ill
Till thou return safe to our own fair land
And anxious hearts, that follow still thy course
With fervent prayers for blessings on thy head;
That hang upon thy every step and word,
Flash'd, by bound lightnings, to their eager ken
And we, devotedly, will join our prayers
Still, day by day and every waking hour,
That health and peace and joy may tend on thee;
That Heaven may still its choices blessings shower
On those, thy nearest, dearest left behind.
And, though some here may never look again
On those lov'd features, still shall they be fixed
Indelibly, sun-painted on each heart;
And every pulse shall send to Heaven the prayer
We offer now—GOD BLESS THEE, PRINCE OF WALES!

Mas. Herald of W. India.

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

Chapter II.

And of such mystic fancies, in the range
Of these deep covered sepulchres are found
The wildest images, unheard of, strange,
Striking, uncouth, odd, picturesque, profound,
That ever puzzled antiquarian's brain;
Prisoners of different nations, bound and slain,
Genii with heads of birds, hawks, ibis, drakes,
Of lions, foxes, cats, fish, frogs and snakes,
Bulls, rams, and monkeys, hippopotami,
With knife in pan, suspended from the sky,
Gods germinating men, and men turn'd gods.
Seated in honour with gilt crooks and rods;
Vast scarabœi, globes by hands upheld,
From chaos springing, mid an endless field
Of forms grotesque—the sphynx, the crocodile,
And other reptiles from the slime of Nile.

EGYPT.

MUCH has been written both in ancient and modern times, on the hieroglyphical learning of Egypt; which is a convincing proof of the great interest that has been uniformly excited on this curious and intricate subject in all ages of the world, and amongst all people. The means adopted by the hierophant for the concealment of his mysteries from the penetration even of the most acute philosophers of the ancient world, were eminently calculated to effect that purpose.*

Origen says, "*the Egyptian philosophers have sublime notions with regard to the divine nature,* which they keep secret, and never discover to the people but under the veil of symbols and hieroglyphics. Celsus is like a man who has travelled into that country; and though he has conversed with none but the uninformed, yet is induced to believe that he understands their hieroglyphics, the knowledge of which is hidden from all but those who have been initiated. The rest of the world see indeed the symbol, but are unable to understand its meaning.†

Sir William Drummond thinks that the theory, "which supposes the universe to be governed by a being, who can only be defined by abstraction, as infinite, immaterial, invisible and immortal; and who guides nature in all her ways by the intervention of spiritual effluences and divine emanations, as difficult to be comprehended by human understanding, as the source whence they spring, was not easily intelligible to the people, and was not, perhaps, as it stood alone, entirely suited to the views of their rulers. Symbols were soon sought and found, which, it was thought, might help to explain to the vulgar and illiterate the abstruse language, and the metaphysical doctrines of the wise and the learned. The Sun, the most glorious object which the material world presents to our admiration, as the source of heat and light; and as the apparent cause of many of the blessings which this earth enjoys, was considered as the visible type of the invisible God. The Moon became the symbol of the passive principle; and represented material nature acted upon by the Divine Mind. Matter being considered as inert in itself, and in its original state as void of form and of motion, was supposed to have received its primary as well as its present impulses, with all its qualities, forms and organizations, from energies communicated to it by the spiritual Demigurgos. This doctrine was illustrated by a reference to the lunar orb, which shines only by the light that it receives from the sun. The five great planets were selected to represent the principal and most brilliant of the ethereal spirits that stand in the presence of the deity. The multitude of fixed stars was compared to a mighty host; and according to their different magnitudes, degrees of rank were assigned to these celestial bodies, which were considered as the types of the immaterial agents, who in countless myriads, perform the will and execute the mandates of the supreme Governor of the universe."*

Some think that the Israelites, when they were in Egypt, preserved in hieroglyphical characters, a history of the world from the Creation to their own time, and that it was from this document that Moses compiled the book of Genesis. Indeed, without some such method of preserving and transmitting the truth, it is incredible that this persecuted people should have continued to practice the patriarchal worship for four

* Plin. l. xxxvi. c. 8.
† Orig. con. Cels. l., p. 11.

* Origines, vol. ii., p. 82.

centuries amidst an idolatry of such a specious and attractive character as was that of Egypt. "If Moses," says Faber,* "had been the first who asserted a cosmogony, and a deluge, and had such events never been heard of until he, in the full sense of the word, revealed them, it is easy to perceive that he must have been immediately rejected as an impostor by the Israelites themselves."

The fact is, that the Egyptian priests, in order to preserve their learning, religion, and science, and to make it difficult for strangers to discover the occult meaning of their mysterious knowledge, made use of an hieroglyphic peculiar to themselves, and intermixing it with the common symbolical figures which were more generally understood, they inscribed their temples, catacombs, obelisks, and subterranean places thickly with them. And thus they became sacred to HERMES, who was esteemed by the Egyptians as the god of wisdom. Plutarch in his Erotica, speaks clearly of this difficulty. He says, "There are some slight and obscure traces of true history here and there to be found, as they lie scattered up and down in the ancient writings of Egypt. But it requires a person of uncommon address to find them out; one who can deduce great truths from scanty premises.

The project was successful; for the greatest scholars and the wisest philosophers amongst the Greeks and Romans were inadequate to the task of elucidating the great secret; and though Jamblichus, Diodorus, Horus Apollo, Clement of Alexandria, Plutarch, and many others, brought all their learning and talents to bear upon the subject, they signally failed; and the Hieroglyphics of Egypt remained a sealed book after the full exercise of their united erudition and ingenuity. Bryant thinks their failure arose partly from an ignorance of the Egyptian language; and questions whether any Grecian writer ever learned it. "Many negative proofs," he adds, "might be brought to show that neither Plato, nor Pythagoras, nor Strabo, were acquainted with that tongue. If any of them had attempted the acquisition of it, such was their finesse and delicacy, that the first harsh word would have shocked them, and they would immediately have given up the pursuit. If they could not bring themselves to introduce an uncouth word in their writings, how could they have endured to have uttered one, and to have adopted it for common use."* Their respective systems are plausible and specious, but modern discovery has proved them to be decidedly erroneous.

The great originator of the symbolical scheme, according to Egyptian tradition, was HERMES TRISMEGISTUS, who fabricated the figure before us. He is said to have been the first king of the ancient Egyptians; and it seems quite clear that the triple Hermes of Egypt, the triple Rama of India, and the Hermes Trismegistus of the Greeks, are one and the same person. And the ancients invested him with a three-fold glory, viz, the power of a king; the illumination of a priest; and the learning of a philosopher. The learned Faber seems to think that Hermes is nothing more than a corruption of Hermon or Ar-mon, the deity of the Lunari-arkite mountain. Bin Washih, or rather his translator, asserts that the oriental historians divide the Egyptian kings into three dynasties, viz., 1, the Hermesian; 2 the Pharaohs; and 3, the Coptic. To the first, and particularly to the triple Hermes himself, they ascribe the tombs, catacombs, temples, palaces, pyramids, obelisks, sphinxes, and all the royal, funeral, religious, and astronomical discoveries and monuments, which astonish the traveller in Upper Egypt. But incapable of distinguishing them, or of finding out their true appropriation, they believe all of them to have been constructed for the purpose of hiding treasures, of raising spirits, of telling fortunes and future events, of performing chemical operations, of attracting affection, of repelling evils, or of indicating approaching enemies. Impelled by the powers of the magician, the spirits had no option but to reply to all his questions. Thus Apollo exclaims when summoned by the sorcerer, "I am compelled to speak against my will." Various forms of invocation may be found in Jamblichus, Lucan, and other ancient writers; one of which was a threat that the magician would reveal the mysteries of Osiris, and deliver his members to Typhon.

The secrets which were contained in the Egyptian monuments, and the arts by

* Pag. Idol., vol. i., p. 203.

* Bryant, Anal., vol. iv., p. 406.

which they were erected, were expressed, as was generally believed by the hieroglyphics upon them; which being invented by Hermes, and kept secret by his followers, were called the Hermesian alphabet.*

The writers of more modern times were equally unsuccessful. The laborious Kercher, who says that the pyramids were covered with religious inscriptions in hieroglyphical† characters, as well as the Abbe Pluche, having formed their theories on the basis of the ancient hypotheses, had to contend with so many impediments as to prevent them from arriving at a satisfactory result; and though they devoted much learning, and laborious research to the task, and were indefatigable in the pursuit of truth, their systems have been rejected, and their interpretations thrown aside; it is owing to the recent discovery of the Rosetta Stone, now in the British Museum, that a new and surpassing light has been thrown on this dark and intricate subject. This discovery has called into existence the talents of Aekerblad, Sacy, our own countryman Dr. Young, Champollion, Spineto, Rossellini, Wilkinson, and other laborious writers on Egyptian antiquities; and it is on the result of their combined researches that I have founded my interpretation of the compound symbol before us.

I subjoin the figure, which I take to be a pure anaglyph; a peculiar sort of hieroglyphic which appears to have been an enlargement of the use and meaning of symbolical compositions. Some understand the anaglyph to be nothing more than a sculpture in low relief; others consider it to be a kind of hieroglyphical anagram; but in my opinion the definition of Spineto is the most satisfactory. He says, "these anaglyphs are emblematical signs, or fantastic figures, which represent not syllables nor words, nor even real objects, but ideas, and even these are exhibited allegorically. They do not offer to our view scenes and objects belonging to private life, or to religious rites and ceremonies, but they seem and are, an extraordinary mixture of imaginary, as well as real beings, which, without having the least similarity together, are nevertheless so united as to represent several ideas. These signs are not uncommon on Egyptian monuments, as you may easily ascertain by looking into the "Description de l'Egypte," but fortunately they are not in any; and they seem allegorically formed by the combination of several distinct qualifications or attributes belonging to different subjects."* Sir William Drummond considers the anaglyph to have been to sculptures, what the anagram was to *written* characters.†

The compound symbol before us was introduced into the Isiac or Bembine Table by its fabricators; but the copy exhibited above, and to which I shall more particularly refer, is extracted from the Arabian work of Ahmed Bin Abubekr Bin Washih on Ancient Alphabets; which varies from the other in some important points. As the translation of this work is not in many hands, I will quote the translator's observations on it in full, as they include a kind of initiation which may not be uninteresting to the fraternity, and at the same time contribute to illustrate the anaglyph under our consideration.

"The figure is expressive of the most sublime secret called Bahumed and Khamf, or the secret of the nature of the world,—the secret of secrets,—the beginning and return of everything. The Hermesians let nobody into this secret but their disciples, who had been regularly initiated into all the four degrees or classes. The first class comprehends the sect of the *Harámisah Alhawmiyah*, who were all descendants of Hermes the Great. They married daughters of their own race only, and were not allowed to have any kind of intercourse with

* Ancient Alphabets, Pref. ix.
† Œdep. Synt, p. 310.

* Spineto. fect. Hier., p. 411.
† Origines, vol. ii., p. 285 n.

strangers. No man in the world was acquainted with any of their secrets, they alone possessed them. They were the authors of the books commonly called the books of Edris (Enoch). They constructed temples dedicated to spirits, and buildings of magical wisdom. The few of those who are now acquainted with this knowledge live retired in some islands near the frontiers of China, and continue to tread in the steps of their forefathers.

"The second class of the Hermesians were called *Hurámisah Alpinawaluziyah*, the sons of the brother of Hermes, whose name was Asclibianos. They married within their own families only, and far from giving their countrymen any kind of trouble, they became necessary to them in all their business. The difference between them and the former consisted in the use of perfumes allowed to them, and in the liberty they enjoyed to see their relations at the entrance of the sun into the several signs of the zodiac, and at the commencement of each season. On the latter occasion they had a feast of seven days. The Alhawniyah, on the contrary, were continually occupied with reading the holy books, with acts of devotion, and with fasting. They had only one feast in the year, lasting 28 days, beginning at the entrance of the sun into the sign Aries. At that time they approached their relations, and enjoyed perfumes and other pleasures of life. They confessed the unity of God, the creator of all things. Blessed be His name! They never communicated their secrets, and Hermetic treasures to anybody, but they preserved them from generation to generation; and for this reason they were considered so extremely valuable as to preserve the initiated from all kinds of danger both by land and sea.

"When a child was born, the mother took it to the priest of the temple, and laid it down on the threshold without speaking a word. The priest then came with a golden cup of water in his hands, accompanied by six other priests. He said prayers, and sprinkled water over the child. If it moved and turned its face towards the threshold, the priest took it by the hand, and conducted it into the interior of the temple, *where there was a coffin prepared on purpose.* There they said prayers, and performed secret ceremonies for an hour. Then the priest covered the face of the child with a silk handkerchief; a green one for girls, and a red one for boys; put it into the coffin, shut it up, and took in his hand a stick with three heads made of silver, and set with jewels and precious stones. This was the magical rod or staff, by the use of which divinations were effected, as tradition told of the Rod of Moses; and it was considered to be possessed of powers equally miraculous.

"The father, mother and relations of the child entered at this moment, and performed prayers and hymns in humble devotion. The priest then struck the coffin with his staff thrice, and cried out;—In the name of the Lord thy God who created thee, and by whose wisdom thou existest, speak out the inmost secrets of the events of thy life. Amen; for ever and ever! The whole assembly then performed seven adorations, and standing up, the child said, "Health and heaven's blessing to thee!" The priest returned his greetings and asked the usual questions, ending with,—I conjure thee to answer and promise, that as long as thou shalt exist in this world, thou wilt never reveal our secrets to any stranger. The child promised it in the name of TRUTH, which is written in the Table of Fate, preserved in heaven from the beginning of things; and was told that he was received among the number of the wise and learned, the sons of science. Then opening the coffin, they purified it with fumigations, and performed a sacrifice consisting of a quadruped or a bird. They burnt the blood, purified the body, and wrapped it up in a piece of fine white linen 120 folds for a male, and 60 for a female. They put it into a pot of earth, and deposited it in the *pit of sacrifices. All this was performed* according to secret rites known to nobody but themselves.

"The coffin was in the shape of a little chest made of olive wood, and adorned with gold and precious stones. If the child happened afterwards to mention this mysterious reception, they rejected it saying, this child cannot be trusted with our secrets and mysteries, for it may betray them. If an initiated person wished to withdraw from their order, he was sure to die within three days. One of their greatest secrets was involved in the sacrifice of their great feast, and appears to have been a practical illustration of the sacred number seven.

All this proves sufficiently the great care with which they kept their great secrets hidden. They said they received them from father Adam, Seth and Hermes, or Edris (Enoch) the triple.

"The third class was called *Ashrákiyún*, or the children of the sister of Hermes, who is known amongst the Greeks by the name of TRISMEGISTOS THOOSDIOS. This class was intermixed with some strangers and profane, who found means to get hold of the expressions of their hearts. Their sciences and knowledge are come down to us.

"The fourth class, denominated *Mashá-wun*, walkers or peripatetic philosophers, was formed by the strangers, who found means to mingle with the children and family of Hermes. They were the first who introduced the worship of the stars and constellations, and who forsook the worship of the God of Gods. From hence came their divisions; and everything that has been handed down to us, proceeds originally from these two sects, *Ashrákiyún*, eastern, and *Mashá-wun*, peripatetic philosophers.

"Learn then, O reader, the secrets, mysteries and treasures of the Hieroglyphics, not to be found and not to be discovered anywhere else. Formerly a knowledge of them could not be acquired but by immense pains and expense, by a great number of years, and a long course of travels; and now, lo! these treasures are laid open for thy enjoyment. Take possession of them, keep and guard them with the utmost care and secresy. Profoundly learned philosophers, various students only have attained this knowledge."

In Philpot's Heraldry, published in 1672, we find the following exposition of this figure:—"In the Hieroglyphic Tables of Cardinal Bembus, so often mentioned by Athanasius, Kircherus in his Œdipus Copticus, there is set down the figure of Scarabæus, a beetle for the trunk, but with the head and face of a man, supporting a little table, with this inscription, Ουλο. About the neck a number of concentric circles to express the orbs and motions of the heavens; upon the top of the head, a face of the increasing moon, to intimate her monthly revolution; within that a cross mark for the four elements weaving together all things; above a winged globe wreathed about with two serpents. [This portion of the anaglyph is wanting in my copy; but it is, nevertheless, of such importance that I shall devote a chapter to its consideration.]

"The meaning is told you by Barachias Albenephi, in his book of the ancient Egyptian learning; and in that part of it where he treats of Pharaoh's obelisks. He affirms the winged sphere wreathed about with serpents to be the hieroglyphic of *the soul and spirit of the universe*. The human face is understood to be the Sun and his courses. For the holy beetle, which an old Egyptian durst not tread on, Horus Apollo asserts, it signifies the figure of the world."

Thus far Philpots. My own ideas respecting the true meaning of the compound figure; on comparing its several parts with the hieroglyphics on the monuments of Egypt, as explained by modern Egyptian antiquaries, will embrace a more extensive signification; and, it is hoped, be more in unison with the occult design of the Hermesian Freemasonry, of whose hidden doctrines it was so conspicuous a type. To simplify the elucidation as much as possible, I have considered the several members of the anaglyph separately; viz., the scarabæus, the concentric circles, the globe, serpent and wings, and the tablet or tracing board, which contains three series of symbols; and have devoted the Second Part to an explanation of their several references.

(*To be continued.*)

SHADOWS.

I GIVE fair warning to all who turn over these pages, that if under the above heading they expect to meet with anything in the sensation-line so common now-a-days, and so fashionable "pour le moment," that they had better at once spare themselves a dissatisfying perusal. The very name "Shadows" most fitly will describe the following lucubrations, possibly not even very novel in their treatment, and certainly not very striking in their "tout ensemble," so that those of my readers who are looking, as so many profess to do, for novelty or excitement, or sentimentalism, had better skip my "Shadows," and pass on to higher topics, and more enduring matter.

Nevertheless, as these "airy nothings" of mine have found a "local habitation and a name," in the Masonic Magazine, I venture in all humility and friendliness to commend them to the mercy of the critical, and the sympathy of the cultivated.

It has been my lot for many years of my life to spend my time altogether in the country, and in a secluded and quiet village, where it matters not, but far away from the great and bustling scene of London life, to "daff the world aside," and let it pass, somewhat, may be behind, I am not ashamed to confess it, this advanced and advancing age.

There, with no more crosses than my neighbours, though not altogether without some customary cares, in the same one unchanging tenor of existence, in the simple round of allotted duty, in moments of contemplative calmness, or in moods of prevailing thought, I have seemed but to watch the onward current and passage of time, to stand on the banks of the great river, and gaze on the rippling waters moving peacefully by, in all the uninterrupted tranquillity, on the whole, of a sedentary calling.

All states of life, and all conditions of being have, we may rest well assured, their relative blessings and respective privileges; and if to some severely occupied, and to many laboriously struggling to-day, such a retired state and such a tranquil condition appear, at first sight, but as the repose of the indolent, or the dream of the sybarite; yet let them not too heartily condemn what, though strange to themselves, has been of designed good and blessing to many a fellow-wayfarer here.

And as it was not always so with myself, perhaps, the very contrast of such a sequestered and contemplative life, with the more active and gregarious existence of "auld lang syne," may have caused me to be more susceptible than I should otherwise, probably, have been of those influences which have coloured my every-day imaginations, and have led me thus imperfectly to describe to others what I myself have both fancied and felt in solitary yet meditative hours.

Not far from the spot, where in modest garb my "lares and penates" in cherished attraction had taken up their peaceful abode, rose, in its stately while silent beauty, the old parish church, a clear-seen beacon far and wide. For full five hundred years it there has stood, as raised by the hands of cunning Craftsmen whose marks are on many a stone, on its own isolated plateau witnessing of God and speaking to man, surrounded by those lofty trees, which in the changing seasons lend their effective aid to the striking scene, sometimes whispering as it were in tones of gentlest cadence, sometimes murmuring as it were in voices of harshest displeasure.

That large square tower so massive and so compact, that well-adjusted and stately nave, that long and graceful chancel, those windows with their cunning tracery, these gargoyles in their fantastic cleverness, the old porch with its upreared cross, all bespeak an ever-living type of beauty and holy worship, which attracts alike the admiring homage of each passing traveller, and the reverent love of those who, from generation to generation, are content to live and die, and go to their long rest, under the slanting shadows of those old grey walls. Nor can that still and peaceful churchyard be left out of sight in the picture before us, with its turf ever green and fresh, suggesting calm repose after the sorrows and weariness of life; nor those crumbling tombstones lying in such familiar groups under the shady branches of those bending trees. And a churchyard always seems to me a very solemn and moving spot, deck it out as you will, bedizen it as you may. Still it is, and ever must be to human affection, full of tender, awful associations. Still it is, and ever must be, God's acre, in the simple yet earnest utterance of the Saxon vernacular.

Oh! yes, it is the long last home of all of mortal mould, of those whom we have buried out of sight, but never, never out of mind. They are lying there, kind readers, so still and silent now, whom we greeted daily in the market place, and listened to in the forum, and trafficked with, and communed with, and loved so hugely, and hated so intensely.

They are now sleeping there one and all, with their follies and their faults, their good and their evil, their strength and their weakness, their smiles and their tears, their grateful hearts and gracious memories, within the narrow limits of that little measured space.

All are, alas! but shadows of the past, fleeting, may be, across our lonely path to-

day, as without them we wend on our way, with hushed voices, and often faltering steps, to that far and shadowy land which lies beyond the "silent sea."

And if there are times in every life of ours when these shadows fall in startling vividness, or in solemn pathos over its stern reality, over the broadway of business, profit, toil, trouble, nay, even pleasure, surely, even though they be but "shadows" they should have, as they are meant to have, a living and quickening influence on us all. When the voice is mute, when the heart is heavy, when fading one by one, are the soft visions of the "silvery land," when experience has but its own bitter and soft humiliating tale to tell, how good it is, if how chastening for us all, to linger amid that shadow-clime once more.

How soothing and yet how refreshing is it, to re-people the busy scene of to-day with the dear familiar faces of the long-buried dead, to rekindle the smile of old affection, to bow before the domestic shrine once more, long since sadly shattered to its base, to live amid those loved and loving shadows of the past, in engrossing reverie by day, in tender visions of the night. It seems but as yesterday we were standing side by side, to start so joyously together in the rapid race of life, that we were what we are not now, in all the freshness of early trust, that we were clasping hands and interchanging vows, with those whose unwithered memory and unfaded grace alone can move our cold and callous sympathies to-day.

Ah! that was "amici et sodales," a joyous time for you and for me, ere we had bridged over the intervening distance between the aspirations of youth and the realizations of maturity, ere change and chance and separation and sorrow, like the Harpies at the feast, had spoiled our viands, and driven us both famished and lamenting away.

Hail then to thee, thou Shadow-land!

Welcome, most welcome, are those thy shadows which dim the full sunshine of later, of busier, of more prosperous years, which take us from the present to the past, which surround with the fascination of awakened memory, with the moving retrospect of things that once were, yet never here can be more, the outer and inner life of our daily sojourning.

Perhaps, thus far, with these my shadowy fancies, some of the friendly readers of the Masonic Magazine may have been inclined somewhat to sympathize, nay, may have kindly borne with so vagrant an imagination, and may have resolved to read on even to the end, if then to see these, like all other "shadows," assuredly fleet away.

W.

(To be continued.)

CONTEMPORARY LETTERS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Letter II.

THIS letter is believed to be of February, 15th, but as the date is missing, it is printed here, though whether quite correct in order is not clear. Ed.

Supposed date, Feb. 15, 1790.

No particular event has occurred since my last which has altered the situation of the capital, or that of the principal actors. *Altho'* I never heard on what ground 100 was supposed to be merely an intriguante, be assured that the aristocratic party have that opinion of her, and are firmly convinced jealousy of 16 and personal fears are one of the greatest obstacles they encounter.

Everything convinces me that the storm is approaching. 133 assured me it would not be long before it burst. I have every reason to be of his opinion. All the aristocrats are daily stealing off one by one, and the few that remain are preparing to follow their example, but to what quarter of the horizon to look for the black specs I know not. Your Hamburg friend says it must be from Germany; you will best know if there is power or inclination in that quarter.

The Assembly are certainly daily losing ground, but I doubt whether the people are not yet firm to them—firm to them, not from affection, but because they look upon the present state of affairs as assuring them that violent anarchy, which nothing but force or extreme misery will induce them to renounce; yet Normandy is universally aristocratic.

I know not who conducts at Turin, but I think there is some danger from the report of all the young noblemen who once were the companions of his sole

pleasures. The brother of M. Danton had been in this predicament, but had at the beginning of the revolution joined the Democratic party. It was intended to receive him ill, and shew the sense entertained of ingratitude and injuries received. I believe, after many representations, that conduct will have been charged. It was certainly impolitic, as many here who have since renounced their errors wait for that reception to decide their conduct, and it should be remembered that there is more joy in heaven, &c.; besides which, a smile, a gracious speech, an affectionate manner, cost nothing, and if his counsels are so loose that the eye of a looker on can penetrate them, he had better renounce his attempts,

Doubts yet remain on the fate of the assignats. The letter of M. Dupont certainly for the moment produced much effect on the lower classes, but I think it has since been destroyed, and that they are as violent as ever in their demands for a measure whose most serious consequences will fall upon themselves. My opinion is still the same, that they will pass, from the very circumstance of the violent opposition intended to be made against them by the aristocratic party, whose wish and interest it equally is, that they should *pass*. In that case a manifesto will be published from 16, declaring that they have beheld with profound grief the destruction of the kingdom in the ruin of the two superior orders, and in the proceedings of the Assembly, but that hitherto they had remained silent, because to personal interests might be attributed the part they took, but that now the national faith, to preserve which towards their creditors the nation had already undergone thus uselessly so much was entirely broken down and destroyed, it became him to enter his protest to that as well as to all other of their proceedings; to invite all good citizens to take up arms to drive away a set of ambitious democrats; to establish the royal proclamation of the 23rd of June, 1783; and to declare the present mode of liquidating the national debt fraudulent and nefarious; and promising, in the name of the clergy, the nobility and the parliaments, to mortgage the whole of their landed property; and to consent to whatever taxes or conditions might be found necessary to secure to the public creditors their principal and interest. In two long conversations I had with — and 39, they both agreed that it was their last great chance, and would undoubtedly succeed if they had sufficient military force to be efficacious. They will have it in their power at the same time to open the eyes of the people on the taxes to which, according to the new system, they will be liable. The committee have established that 500 millions will be sufficient for the annual expenses, but that 500 millions must be clear of all deductions. 200 millions is to be laid on the landed property of the kingdom, but the 200 millions thus raised for the *general* use, there yet remains to be paid the clergy, the expenses of public justice, the poor, the hospitals, the public buildings, the elections, and establishments of district municipalities and departments, the roads and bridges; and these expenses can by no means be levied on any but those possessed of landed property. The next 200 millions, which is supposed to be levied on the monied property, is to be levied by a stamp duty, part of whose expense must thus fall equally on the landed property. Govt. is obliged to purchase money at 5½ per cent. for its current expenses. The Caipe D'Escompte have already demanded near 5 millions as the indemnity for her expenses in procuring piastres, and remitted the whole of her remaining specie, about 3 millions. The expenses of receipt are also in the present system counted for nothing, although they will certainly exceed the former, which already eat up near a fifth of the annual income. The Assembly has refused to listen to the reclamations of the jailors at Brest on the new penal laws. This refusal will probably produce the most serious consequences, as M. Albert de Riony writes that all is quiet, because none dare give an order which may offend.

The dismission of M. de la Lureme is determined on. Not that it will pacify the Colonies, but to throw powder in the eyes of the people here, is a certain remedy to those troubles which threaten the annihilation of the commerce of France. There is a report here that Tippoo Sahib has been completely drubbed, but we have lost a regiment cut to pieces.

Letter III.

Paris, 2nd March, 1790.

I dined on Friday with the Comte de

Lusignan, one of those noblemen who have sacrificed themselves to the idol of democracy. I met there all the leaders of that party, who are called the Enragés. Unluckily the conversation turned on the abolition of certain feudal rights, of which I am not competent to judge. But after dinner Neckar became the subject of their conversation. I did not in my last make use of a term too strong when I said he was despised by the Democratic party, they treated him as a man without resource, without genius, and at best, deserving to be a premier lommis de Finances.

The Duke D'Aiguillon said that he had frequent opportunities of seeing him on public business, as president of the Committee of Finances, that he had always found him "que sarci de palliatives, et jamais un remede."

The conversation afterwards became warm on the subject of the Colonies. Lusignan at last said I have adopted your party because at first I thought you were in the right; I continued with you when I knew you were going wrong, because the mischief was done, and retrograding would only increase our misfortunes. But I tell you, I repeat to you, that if you do not find some expedient to calm the public inquietude, and preserve our Colonies, vous nous ferez tous egorger. Oui fe precois que nous seron tous egorger.

You may imagine that this speech did not meet with approvers, but the Comte de Castellane, to whom it was addressed, did not contradict it.

I send you the Address of the city of Bourdeaux; so little was it admired in the Assembly, that they would not allow it to be inserted in the Proces Verbal.

This day was to have decided between France and her Colonies. The situation of the Democrats was difficult. The Aristocratic party called loudly for a decision on the slave trade. To have declared it legal would have militated against les droits de l'homme, and the basis of their constitution; to decide against it was to arm all the commercial citys, the capital itself against them, to deprive five millions of inhabitants of the means of subsistence, and to annihilate a trade whose balance in favour of the mother country exceeds eighty millions of livres.

The Democrats determined to encounter one enemy at a time; they have, therefore, separated the other demands of the colonies from that which requires the legalization of the slave trade. But they have proposed in secret to leave that question for ever undecided, and to promise the Colonies that it shall never be agitated.

How they will steer between Scylla and Charibdis? how they will decide between Domingo and Bourdeaux, tomorrow, perhaps, may determine, but it is most probable the question will be adjourned, or the affair referred to a committee, whose report may be prorogued from time to time.

The demands of the Colonies, or rather which party in the Colonies is most powerful is as yet unknown. But those most affectioned to their mother country ask an assembly with the same powers as the French National Assembly, whose decrees are to be sanctioned by the Governor, and confirmed by the King; a declaration of the legality of the slave trade; and measures to be taken with France to facilitate the exportation of their produce, and the furnishing themselves with those articles of European manufacturing they may stand in need of.

The other party, and which it should seem is the weaker, declares for an absolute and unrestrained independence.

Bourdeaux, Nantes, and the commercial towns demand, as you may suppose, a continuation of those laws which confine the commerce of the islands to their mother country.

The fermentation and alarm at the first of those cities is very great, but however determined she may appear to oppose the National Assembly when they propose to wound her interest, yet are they equally jealous to maintain those principles which have led the merchant and mechanic to be the petty tyrants of their little republics, and decked the curile chair with the spoils of an oppressed nobility. Alennér arrived yesterday with a denunciation of the parliament of Bourdeaux from the municipality of that city to the National Assembly.

A gang of revolted peasants and armed banditti infested the neighbourhood of that city; some letters were stopped from members of the assembly, which seemed, if not to authorize, at least not to condemn the outrages committed. The parliament have issued an edict against those who are in

arms, in which they accuse the National Assembly, or rather its decrees, and more particularly the deputies whose letters they are possessed of as the authors of those troubles which lay waste the provinces. This the municipality have looked on as a crime de Léze Nation, and probably willing to show the steadiness of their adherence on every point but one, they have sent to express their abhorrence of the act, and to demand the punishment of its authors.

I wrote you some time ago that false addresses to the National Assembly were always produced when any town was named as showing its discontent, not only that manœuvre is tried with success to conceal murmurs, which too often pierce through the attempts that are made to conceal them. The committee appointed to receive addresses takes no notice of those which are not favourable to their house; the Vicomte de Mirabeau has a list of 160 that have been thus buried in silence and oblivion.

There are no less than three corps composed of the proprietors of the provinces where the troubles have most prevailed under arms. One of 1,500 in Brittany, under the command of a nobleman of that province marches against all the plunderers in the vicinity. He is, as you may suppose, denoncé to the Assembly. M. de la Fayette has received a rebuff from the Minister of the War Department. He asked the rank of Maj. General for a M. de Gouvion, and is now Maj. General of the Paris Militia, who had served with him in America. The Minister refused to propose it to the King. M. de la Fayette insisted that the King would not refuse. The Minister answered, I never will propose it to his Majesty, and when I receive his order for it, "ma demission est toute préte."

A M. de Lezieres, an old officer in the French Guards, has been taken up and imprisoned for a libel against M. de la Fayette, Baillie, Mirabeau, &c. I send you a book* which is exposed to sale daily, impunément; I leave you to draw your own inferences.

The districts begin to revolt against the common council of Paris. I wrote you what they were last post; you may imagine how they regulate the police, when I tell you that nothing but gambling tables are seen on the quays and boulevards, where the people are cheated out of the little money they possess.

The committee of the commons, who have the regulation of the theatre, mean to demand the box occupied by the lords of the bed chamber, who formerly had the superintendence of the playhouses.

A club is established here under the name of the Club de 29.

Their institution is intended to sow the principles of liberty in all parts of the world; they will not exist long, for they are already nick-named la Propaganda.

The Queen is not yet informed of the Emperor's death, although the courier arrived at one o'clock to-day.

* This book does not appear to have been received.

NARRATIVE OF AN UNRECORDED ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

(BY THE SOLE SURVIVOR.)

'Twas in the Arctic Ocean,
And the wind filled all our sails,
For it was our *role* to find the pole,
And not to hunt for whales.
But we had not gone a furlong
Into the land of snow,
When we lost our mast, and the ship stuck fast
In the midst of a thick ice-floe.

And such was our position
That we couldn't move an inch;
And, O dear me, it was sad for to see
The frost our noses pinch.
Then six of us were eaten
By a great big bear in the night,
And the ice broke through with other twenty-two,
And buried them from our sight!

Our hatchets and our crowbars
We worked with might and main;
But every slice that we cut from the ice
Was frozen up again.
So we all sat down in a body,
And swore that it was no go;
And we "piped our eye" to think that we should die
Forgotten on a cold ice-floe

We sat thus sad and sorrowful
For a month, and nought us cheered,
Till lo! one day, the ice gave way,
And a big whale's nose appeared!
"Hullo!" he said, "my hearties,"
(We started when we heard him speak)
"Have you seen the pole? my eye, how droll!—
But it serves you right for cheek!"

We thought his speech unfeeling,
And our captain told him so;
But he said, "Look here, my bold buccaneer,
If you *really* want to go—
I have a friendly sentiment
Toward every brother sailor,
And particularly toward you, d'ye see,
Because you ain't a whaler.

"So listen, and do as I tell you,
And don't be over nice;
Just shove your boat half down my throat,
And I'll paddle you there in a thrice!"
We held some consultation,
But Yankee pluck prevailed;
So we shoved our boat half down his throat,
And away to the pole we "whaled!"

We saw the pole at last, where it stands
(Perhaps not quite so thick
As the *Tribune* tower or the Column Vendome,
But a good stout piece of stick).
We thanked our big conductor,
And prayed to be taken back;
So he wheeled about, his fins struck out,
And we reached our ship in a crack.

But alas! my doleful story
Here reaches its dolefullest note,
For just as he got to the proper spot,
He suddenly swallowed the boat!
Now I am the sole survivor,
For I just escaped his jaws;
And not one man—since the world began,
Has yet been where I was!

Our Archæological Corner.

CURIOUS OLD APRON.

To the Editor of the "Masonic Magazine."

Castle Green House, Hereford,
September 7th, 1875.

My Dear Sir and Brother,—I have had put into my hands what I venture to think is rather a curiosity, viz., an Apron, and Certificate of a Brother holding under the Grand Lodge, "according to the Old Constitutions." The Apron, which is narrower at the top than at the bottom, is bound round with purple silk, and has long purple strings; on it are figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity: the latter on the flap, and the two former standing on each side; at the bottom on a platform of three steps with various Masonic emblems between, the Sacred Law opened at II Chron., chs. 2 and 3, with squares and compasses on, and behind, the sun, Jacob's ladder, Tuscan and Corinthian columns, rule, level, and plumb-rule; on each side, the moon, and seven stars; and above, the all-seeing Eye; underneath, the interlaced triangle with G in the centre, the three candlesticks with lighted candles, perfect ashlar, and lewis; rough ashlar, trowel and mallet: all these resting on the platform. Hope on the *right* hand, *as worn*, holds the traditional anchor, and Faith on the left, holds a cross in her right hand, and a bible under left arm with I H S on its cover. All these appear to be engraved on the skin. The Certificate has at top a female figure blowing a trumpet, from which depends a cloth on which is inscribed, "Grand Lodge of England," on each side of the Certificate, the three columns, the Ionic on the *left* as you *look at it*, with the Doric behind: on the right, the Corinthian: on the Ionic and Corinthian female figures, the first with a helmet, the second holding her hand to her mouth. At the foot of the columns is some wheat growing, and near a figure of Charity with children. At the foot, in front, resting against the Ionic columns, are the plumb-rule and trowel; and against the Corinthian, the level, compasses, and square. In the centre is the Certificate engraved in English and Latin, as at present. The English reads thus—"Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of England, according to the Old Constitution. To all whom it may concern. These are to certify that our Brother Jonathan Smith who hath signed his name in the margin hereof, is a regular Master Mason of Lodge, Number 258 on the registery of England, as appears to us by the Certificate of the said Lodge, and registered on the books of the Grand Lodge in London, the 4th day of December, in the year of Masonry 5800. In testimony

whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our names, and affixed the Seal of the Grand Lodge this 5th day of November, in the year of Our Lord 1801.

" Robt. Leslie, G. Sec.
" Edw. Harper, D. G. Sec.

The Seal bears the inscription " Grand Lodge in London of Free and Accepted Masons, according to the Old Institution," and is affixed under the signatures. The name " Jonathan Smith " is duly signed in the margin, and beneath in the other margin, " Lodge No. 258, Bear and Wheatsheaf, Thames Street, London." Such I think, is an accurate description of the above, though probably you may have seen similar ones before. The *name* of the Lodge is unfortunately not inserted, but in your most interesting " Memorials " the No. 258 of the " Ancients," at 1813, is described as " Hercules Tower, Threadneedle Street, London," corresponding to the present " Lion and Lamb, Cannon Street, London, No. 192." I fear I have been somewhat prolix in my description, but I fancied you might be interested in its perusal. Trusting you are in the enjoyment of good health; believe me,

Very truly and fraternally yours,
J. Hordern Jukes, P.M., 120, 892,
Past Prov. J. G. Warden, Herefordshire.

THE ATTACK OF THE CHURCH OF ROME ON FREEMASONS AND FREEMASONRY.

BY THE EDITOR.

The attack which the Romish Church is now making on Freemasonry is not a new one, but it seems to be even more bitter, and is certainly more vituperative than the older incriminations and condemnations. We think it well, therefore, to present to our readers all the attacks in their official form, which we have found ourselves, or take on the faith of others. The first, in point of time, is a general decree which was passed by the Council of Avignon in 1326. Bro. Findel alludes to it in his history in a footnote. We have ourselves seen extracts before of the decree, and Bro. Albert Mackey, in America, has given us the first transcription " in extenso " in English of it, in the " Voice of Masonry " for September, at page 653. He has taken it from Hardouin's well-known " Acta Conciliorum et Epistolæ Decretales ac Constitutiones Summorum Pontificum, Paris 1714."

The decree is a remarkable one, as it condemns all secret confraternities who " congregate in some place once a year under the name of a confraternity, sometimes all wearing a dress with certain curious signs and marks, they elect one of their number as chief majorem, to whom they swear obedience in all things."

Some have thought that this decree was directed against the " Vehmish Societies," but it appears to me that it was mainly directed against the " Sodalities of Operative Masons," in which opinion Bro. Albert Mackey concurs apparently. Of course one difficulty is plain, that at that time the operative lodges were under the active protection of the church, and their ceremonies and legends were purely in accordance with the dogmas and decrees of the Church. We cannot explain the seeming paradox, but proceed to give the decree from Bro. Albert Mackey's paper in the " Voice of Masonry " :—

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Concerning the societies, unions and confederacies called confraternities which are to be utterly extirpated.

Whereas, in certain parts of our provinces, noblemen for the most part and sometimes other persons, have established unions, societies and confederacies, which are interdicted by the canon as well as by the municipal laws, who congregate in some place once a year under the name of a confraternity, and there establish assemblies and unions, and enter into a compact confirmed by an oath that they will mutually aid each other against all persons whomsoever, their own lords excepted, and in every case that each one will give to another help, counsel and favour; and sometimes all wearing a similar dress with certain curious signs or marks, they elect one of their number as a chief (majorem) to whom they swear obedience in all things; whereby justice is offended, murders and robberies ensue; peace and security are banished, the innocent and the poor are oppressed, and the churches and ecclesiastics in a town infested by such societies, suffer various injuries and great damage to their persons, possessions, rights and jurisdictions. Wishing at once to check these

pestiferous designs and pernicious undertakings, and to provide an appropriate remedy and to restrain from sin those who are under us, as is the duty of the pastoral office, we do by the authority of the present council, invalidate, dissolve and make void all assemblies, unions, societies and confederacies which are called brotherhoods or confraternities hitherto instituted by clergymen or laymen of whatsoever degree, state, dignity or condition they may be, and also the compacts, agreements and regulations established among them, and we declare them to be null and void and of no effect, decreeing that all the oaths taken for the performance of the aforesaid acts are either illegal or worthless; and we ordain that no one shall be held to the observance of them, from which oaths we provisionally absolve them; so that, however, for their heedless and idle oaths they shall receive a salutary penance from their confessors. And by the aforesaid authority we prohibit them under penalty of excommunication to make use from this time forth as formerly, of the said unions, societies, conventions and oaths; they shall not institute confraternities of this kind; one shall not give obedience nor afford assistance or favour to another; nor shall they wear clothing which exhibits the signs or marks of the condemned thing, nor call themselves brethren, priors or abbots of the aforesaid society. And we ordain that this excommunication shall be "ipso facto," if they act to the contrary of the present statute after it shall have been published for two Sundays in the church of which they are parishioners. But indeed let each one within ten days from the time of the said publication seek a confessor to absolve him, so far as he can, from the aforesaid oaths, and let him publicly profess his unwillingness to be any longer a member of the aforesaid society. We also forbid their forming from this time forth such confederacies, conspiracies or assemblies under the name of a confraternity, otherwise we declare such attempts "de facto" invalid, void and of no effect, and we subject those forming and attempting them to the sentence of excommunication, from which they shall in no way be absolved, unless by a provincial council, except in the hour of death. But by this act we do not intend to disapprove of those fraternities formerly instituted for the relief of the poor in which there are no obligations nor oaths.

From the time of Pope John XXII., in the tenth year of whose Pontificate this statute at Avignon was passed, until the year 1738, the Romish Curia slumbered, and the Popes were silent in respect of the Freemasons, or, indeed, we believe of secret societies. Some German writers say that Papal Bulls were granted in the interim to the German Masons, though the text of such has not yet been published, as far as we are aware, and Sir W. Dugdale, (no slight authority, as some of our readers know), is said to have traced back Masonry to wandering Italian Freemasons, incorporated and protected by Papal Bulls. But such Bulls have not yet been discovered, though they may well exist in some form. In 1738, however, the Romish Church woke up from its sleep of centuries, and Clement XII. promulgated a Bull beginning "In eminente Apostolatus Specula," April 27, 1738. This was a direct attack on, and a condemnation of Freemasonry. We give it from the "Pocket Companion" for 1759, in extenso:—

Clement Bishop, Servant of the Servants of God, to all the Faithful of Christ, Health, and Apostolical Benediction.

Placed (unworthy as we are) by the Disposal of the Divine Clemency, in the eminent Watch-Tower of the Apostleship, we are ever solicitously intent, agreeable to the Trust of the Pastoral Providence reposed in us, by obstructing the Passages of Error and Vice, to preserve more especially the Integrity of Orthodox Religion, and to repel, in these difficult Times, all Dangers of Trouble from the whole Catholick World.

It has come to our Knowledge, even from publick Report, that certain Societies, Companies, Meetings, Assemblies, Clubs, or Conventicles, commonly called De Liberi Muratori, or Freemasons, or by whatsoever other name the same in different Languages are distinguished, spread far and wide, and are every day increasing; in which persons, of what ever Religion or Sect, contented with a kind of an affected shew of natural Honesty, confederate Bond, according to Laws and Orders agreed upon between them; which likewise, with private Ceremonies, they enjoin and bind themselves, as well by strict Oath taken

on the Bible, as by the Imprecation of heavy Punishments, to preserve with inviolable Secrecy.

We therefore revolving in our Mind the great Mischiefs which generally accrue from this Kind of Societies or Conventicles, not only to the temporal Tranquility of the State, but to the spiritual Health of Souls: And that therefore they are neither consistent with civil nor canonical Sanctions; since we are taught by the Divine Word to watch, like a faithful Servant, Night and Day; lest this Sort of Men break as Thieves into the House, and like Foxes endeavour to root up the vineyard; left lest they should prevert the Hearts of the simple, and privily shoot at the Innocent: That we might stop up the broad Way, which from thence would be laid open for the Perpetration of their Wickedness with impunity, and for other just and reasonable Causes to us known, have by the Advice of some of our venerable Brethren of the Roman Church, the Cardinals, and of our own mere Motion, and from our certain Knowledge and mature Deliberation, by the Plenitude of the Apostolical Power, appointed and decreed to be condemned, and prohibited, and by this our present ever-valid Constitution, we do condemn and prohibit the same Societies, Companies, Meetings, Assemblies, Clubs, or Conventicles, De Liberi Muratori, or Freemasons, or by whatever other Name they are distinguished.

Wherefore all and singular the Faithful in Christ, of whatever State, Degree, Condition, Order, Dignity, and Pre-eminence, whether Laity or Clergy, as well Seculars as Regulars, worthy all of express Mention and Enumeration we strictly, and in Virtue of holy Obedience, command that no one, under any Pretext or Colour, dare or presume the aforesaid Societies De Liberi Muratori, or Freemasons, or by whatever other Manner distinguished, to enter into, promote, favour, admit, or conceal in his or their Houses, or elsewhere, or be admitted Members of, or be present with the same, or be any wise aiding and assisting towards their meeting in any Place; or to administer any Thing to them, or in any Manner publickly or privately, directly or indirectly, by themselves or others, afford them Counsel, Help, or Favour; or advise, induce, provoke, or persuade others to be admitted into, joined, or be present with this Kind of Societies, or in any Manner aid and promote them: But they ought by all Means to abstain from the said Societies, Companies, Meetings, Assemblies, Clubs, or Conventicles, under the Penalty of all that act contrary thereto incurring Excommunication ipso Facto, without any other Declaration; from which no one can obtain the Benefit of Absolution from any other but us, or the Roman Pontiff for the Time being, except at the Point of Death.

We will moreover and command, That as well Bishops and superior Prelates, and other Ordinaries of particular Places, as the the Inquisitors of heretical Pravity universally deputed, of what State, Degree, Condition, Order, Dignity, or Pre-eminence soever, proceed and inquire, and restrain and coerce the same as vehemently suspected of Heresy, with condign Punishment: For to them and each of them, we hereby give and impart free Power of proceeding, inquiring against, and of coercing and restraining with condign Punishments the same Transgressors, and of calling in, if it shall be necessary, the Help of the Secular Arm: And we will that printed Copies of these Presents, signed by some Notary Publick, and confirmed by the Seal of some Person of Ecclesiastical Dignity, shall be of the same Authority as original Letters would be, if they were shewn and exhibited Let no one therefore infringe, or by rash Attempt contradict this Page of our Declaration, Damnation, Command, Prohibition, and Interdict: But if any one shall presume to attempt this, let him know that he will incur the Indignation of Almighty God, and of the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul.

Dated from Rome at St. Mary's the Greater, in the Year of the Incarnation of our Lord 1738, the 4th of the Calends of May, (28th of April, N.S.) in the 8th of our Pontificate.

A. Card, Vice-Datary.
C. Amatus, Vice-Secretary.
Visa de Curia N. Antonellus.
The Place † of the Leaden Seal.
I. B. EUGENIUS.

Registered in the Secretary of the Briefs Office, &c.

In the above-mentioned Day, Month, and Year, the said Condemnation was fixed up and published at the Gates of the Palace

of the Sacred Office of the Prince of the Apostles, and in other usual and accustomed Places of the City, by me Peter Romolatius, Cursitor of the most Holy Inquisition.

EDICT.

Joseph Cardinal Firrao, of the Title St. Thomas in Paroine, and of the Sacred Roman College Cardinal Priest

Whereas the Holiness of our Sovereign Lord Pope Clement XII. happily reigning, in his Bull of the 28th of April last, beginning In eminenti, condemned, under Pain of Excommunication reserved to himself, certain Companies, Societies, and Meetings, under the Title of Freemasons, more proper to be called Conventicles, which, under the Pretext of Civil Society, admit Men of any Sect and Religion, with a strict Tie of Secrecy, confirmed by Oath on the Sacred Bible, as to all that is transacted or done in the said Meetings, and Conventicles: And whereas such Societies, Meetings and Conventicles are not only suspected of occult Heresy, but even dangerous to publick Peace, and the Safety of the Ecclesiastical State; since if they did not contain Matters contrary to orthodox Faith, to the State, and to the Peace of the Commonwealth, so many and strict Ties of Secrecy would not be required as it is widely taken Notice of in the aforesaid Bull; and it being the Will of the Holiness of our said Lord that such Societies, Meetings, and Conventicles, totally cease and be dissolved, and that they who are not constrained by the Fear of Censures, be curbed at least by temporal Punishments.

Therefore, it is the express Order of his Holiness, by this Edict to prohibit all Persons, of any Sex, State, or Condition soever, whether Ecclesistical, Secular, or Regular, of whatever Institute, Degree, or Dignity, though ordinarily or extraordinarily privileged, even such as require special and express Mention to be made of them, comprehending the four Legations of Bologna, Ferrara, Romagna, Urbino, and the City and Dukedom of Benevento; and it is hereby forbidden that any do presume to meet, assemble, or associate in any Place under the said Societies, or Assemblies of Freemasons, or under any other Title or Cloak whatsover or even be present at such Meetings and Assemblies, under Pain of Death and Confiscation of their Effects, to be irremissibly incurred without Hopes of Grace.

It is likewise prohibited, as above, to any Person soever to seek or tempt any one to associate with any such Societies, Meetings, or Assemblies, or to advise, aid or abet to the like Purpose the said Meetings or Assemblies, under the Penalties abovesaid; and they who shall furnish or provide a House, or any other Place for such Meetings or Conventicles to be held, though under Pretext of Loan, Hire, any other Contract soever, are hereby condemned, over and above the aforesaid Penalties, to have the House, or Houses, or other Places where such Meetings and Conventicles shall be held, utterly erased and demolished; and it is his Holiness's Will, that to incur the abovesaid Penalty of Demolition, any human Conjectures, Hints, or Presumptions, may and shall suffice for a Presumption of Knowledge in the Landlords of such Houses and Places, without Admission of any Excuse soever.

And because it is the express Will of our said Lord, that such Meeting, Societies, and Conventicles do cease, as pernicious, and suspect of Heresy and Sedition, be utterly dissolved: his Holiness does hereby strictly order, that any Persons, as above, who shall have Notice for the Future of the holding of the said Meetings, Assemblies, and Conventicles, or who shall be solicited to associate with the same or are in any Manner Accomplices or Partakers with them, be obliged, under the Fine of a thousand Crowns in Gold, beside other grievous corporal Punishments, the Gallies not to be excepted, to be inflicted at Pleasure, to denounce them to his Eminence, or to the chief Magistrate of the ordinary Tribunal of the Cities, or other Places in which the Offence shall be committed, contrary to Edict; with Promise and Assurance to such Denouncers, or Informers, that they shall be kept inviolably secret and safe, and shall further obtain Grace and Immunity, notwithstanding any Penalty they themselves may or shall have incurred.

And that no one may excuse himself from the Obligation of informing under the borrowed Pretext of natural Secret, or the most sacred Oath, or other stricter Tye, by order of said Holiness, Notice is hereby given to all, that such Obligation of natural Secret or any Sort of Oath in criminal Matters, and already condemned under Pain of Excommunication, as above, neither holds nor binds in any Manner, being nul, made void, and of no Force, &c.

'Tis our Will that the present Edict, when affixed in the usual places in Rome and its District, and from the Term of twenty Days after, the whole Ecclesiastical State, comprehending even the Legations and Cities of Bologna, Ferrara, and Benevento, in the same Manner, as if they had been personally notified to each of them. Given in Rome this 14th Day of January, 1738.

JOSEPH CARDINAL FIRRAO,

Jerome de Bardi, Secretary, Rome, In the Printing-Office of the Reverend Apostolick Chamber. 1739.

DECREE

The 18th Day of Feb. 1739.

The Sacred Congregation of the most Eminent, and most Reverend Cardinals of the Holy Roman See, and Inquisitors-Generals in the Christian Republick against heretical Pravity, held in the Convent of St. Mary Supra Minervam, thoroughly weighing that a certain Book, written in French, small in its Size; but most wicked in Regard to its bad Subject, intitled, The History of, and an Apology for the Society of Free-masons, by J. G. D. M. F. M. printed at Dublin, for Patrick Odoroko, 1739, has been published to the great Scandal of all the Faithful in Christ, in which Book there is an Apology for the Society of Freemasons, already justly condemned by the Holy See: After a mature Examination thereof, a Censure, and that published by our most Holy Lord, Pope Clement XII. together with the suffrages of the most Eminent and most Reverend Lords, the Cardinals, by the Command of his Holiness, condemns and prohibits, by the present Decree, the said Book, as containing Propositions and wicked Principles.

Wherefore, that so hurtful and wicked a Work may be abolished, as much as possible it can, or at least that it may not continue without a perpetual Note of Infamy, the same sacred Congregation, by Command as above, has ordered that the said Work shall be burnt publickly by the Minister of Justice in the Street of St. Mary Supra Minervam, on the 25th of the current Month, at the same Time, the Congregation shall be held in the Convent of the same St. Mary.

Moreover, this same sacred Congregation, by the Command of his Holiness, positively forbids and prohibits all the Faithful in Christ, that no one dare by any Means, and under any Pretence whatsoever, copy, print, or cause to be copied or printed, or retain or presume to read the said Book, in any Language, and Version now published, or (which God forbid) may be published hereafter, and now condemned by this Decree, under the Pain of Excommunication to be incurred *ipso Facto* by those that shall offend therein; but that they presently and effectually deliver it up to the Ordinaries of such Places, or to the Inquisitors of heretical Pravity, who shall burn it, or cause it to be burnt, without Delay. Twenty-fifth of Februrary, 1739.

Paul Antimus Capellorius, Notary-Publick of the Holy Roman and Universal Inquisition.

The Place † of the Seal.

Upon the 25th of February, 1739, the above cited Decree was fixed and published at the Gates of the Church of the Prince of the Apostles, at the Palace of the Holy Office, and at the other accustomary Places within the City, by me Peter Romolatius, Officer of the Holy Inquisition. At Rome, from the Printing-Office of the Reverend Apostolick-Chamber, 1739.

We hope to continue the papers until we have published all the existent Papal edicts against our tolerant, forbearing, and always loyal and peaceable order.

THE MYSTIC TEMPLE.

North, South, East, West, the world around,
In every clime are Masons found,
On hill tops high, in valleys low,
In Torrid Zone, 'mid Greenland's snow,
Her altars rise, her workmen meet,
The Mystic Temple to complete.

To each true brother is assigned
The task to cultivate his mind,
To learn his passions to subdue,
To love the good, the pure and true,
And learn this lesson, meant for all:
The equal rights of great and small.

Then ply with skill your tools of trade;
To every stone let plumb be laid;
With square and compass, rule and line,
Make every block, a block divine,
A true, tried stone, with chiseled face,
And fitted for its proper place.

So let the Mystic Temple rise,
Its base on earth, its top in sky,
Faith, Hope and Love, the ladder bright,
That leads us up to realms of light,
Till Hiram's foe is met and passed,
And all, o'er Death triumph at last.

Keystone, Philadelphia.

Review.

THE WAY WE LIVE NOW. By Anthony Trollope.

The unerring hand of a great novelist of our generation has drawn for us a sad picture of the "Way we Live Now." The "Times," a good judge of such matters, says this portraiture of his heroes and heroines, *our men and women, old and young*, his descriptions, in fact, of the great seething Vanity Fair of contemporary English society, despite its obvious pleasant word-painting, is true in every particular. Alas! that it should be so. We do not for one moment mean to deny the vivid likeness of Melmotte and Fisker, of Paul Montague and Sir Felix Carbury, of Dolly Longstaffe and Lord Niddersdale, of the good Bishop, of Mr. Cohenlupe, of Roger Crumb and of Miles Grendall, of the fair Marie and of Ruby Ruggles, of Lady Carbury and Mrs. Hurtle, of la famille Longstaffe, and of the young cubs at the Bear Garden. We do not dispute, we repeat, the colouring or perspective of the limner's facile pencil; but yet folly and perversity, and meanness and baseness, and dirt and vulgarity have long existed in this world of ours, and many have been the satirists and frequent the satire. So that, not being "laudatores temporis acti," or, at any rate, not being so to too great an extent, we feel bound to observe that the "Way we Live Now" is, we fancy, after all, only pretty much the way in which other generations have lived, and other acute and satirical observers have as loudly and as eloquently condemned. And, as with all bitters, also come the sweets. If the "way we live now" be not as wise, or as moral, or as honest, even, as it well might be, and indeed ought to be: if the picture we have before us is, we fear, a true one to a great extent, its darkness is yet lighted up with some flashes not only of brighter aspirations, but even of the better side of human nature. So we to-day, amid the din of our daily strife and the noise of pretentious disputants, amid the echoes of that Babel of folly and evil which seems closer to our own homes than of yore, we yet can feel how true the satirist intends to be, and can admire the sparkle of his wit, the clearness of his illustration; the "dramatis personæ" he brings before us so happily and so well. We still can sympathize, for instance, despite much decadence of moral feeling, with honest Roger Crumb, and rejoice to think that Ruby Ruggles has got safe home at last from "Castle Dangerous," and that the bubble has burst, and the Bear Garden has shut up. As the French say, "pour les mœurs," we feel the satisfactory conclusion, in these respects, of Mr. Trollope's effective tale. Beyond this, to say the truth, we can have but little real sympathy for any other of the characters, or concern one way or other in their proceedings or their fate. We may feel, indeed, a certain amount of concern for Mrs. Hurtle, but yet we cannot approve of the proceedings of that courageous and strong-minded female, feeling persuaded in our own minds that they could only portend, what Mr. Justice Maule once called "the introduction of much irregularity into our parochial registers." For Melmotte himself what can we feel but aversion, in Sir Felix Carbury, what but contempt? And as for those parasites and glowworms who lived on the great Swindler in his prosperity, and cut him on his fall, what can we do but, as honest Englishmen, despise them? We do not even think much of Henrietta Carbury, she is too milk-and-water for us; while of Paul Montague our opinion is not high. The Squire, though somewhat sentimental, is as somebody said, "a sublimated gander." Despite her "sang froid" we wont say heartlessness, but like British Maidens she is cool and calm, we are inclined to laugh at Marie Melmotte's practical view of things and persons, and we wish her all happiness with her highly-intelligent husband, Mr. Fisker, at Frisco. Mrs. Melmotte and Herr Croll will do well on "diamonds and curacoa," and Herr Croll may even yet appreciate the value of a "strong order," more than he did on a certain memorable occasion. Still, say what we will, and look at it as you may, the story is a dispiriting one. To think that life, with its high aims, and youth, with its golden hours, is to be spent only in a sybarite's dream, or the slough of sensuality, is indeed a mournful look-out for us all. To realize the unpalatable fact, that duty is forgotten, and honour betrayed, that responsibility is a name, and decency a jest, is also an unpleasant vision. But to feel how surely and how sadly our whole social

life is sapped and marred by the dangerous pursuit after wealth at any price, by unhallowed lives, and unbelieving sneers, but above all is varnished over by the corroding veneer of plausible pretence, or sanctimonious hypocrisy, is indeed both alarming and depressing.

Such is our young England of 1875. Where is it all to end? If satirists exaggerate, if satire is, as it practically is, extravagant in some respects, still, as we know well, there is no smoke without fire, except in very extreme cases, and very scientifically constructed chimnies. The satirist himself could not be forthcoming, unlike the poet, "fit," "non nascitur," he would have no vocation, and no audience, unless he had to hear the bray of folly and of fools at our own very doors; the counterfeit of the smasher could not be surreptiously moulded without the existence of the real "circulating medium." And hence we must believe that the cause exists for satire, the need is here for satirists. We fear that the world at large, and society in particular, heed but little the friendly advice, or the warning tone, take less notice of the smile or the frown. Such as they are, such they will continue to be, until in the good Providence of God something will arouse our youth once again to the sterner claims of duty, to higher aims, and nobler lives.

Some irrational writers have lately been amusing themselves by charging women generally, especially our younger generation, with being the cause of all the folly, frivolity, extravagance, and giddiness of the hour. Most perverse of accusations, and most untrue. All honour to the women, we say. They, on the contrary, despite the attributes of fastness and the like so liberally awarded to them, are still the very salt of this great English society of ours; they give to it what sweetness, what life, what purity it still possesses. Never at any time was woman's kindly influence more needed to restore and reform than now. Never was the honest-heartedness of women more required to elevate the tone of our decaying and corrupt society than at the present hour. Never was it so needful to have woman's grace and trust and uprightness and clear perception to bear on the reckless strivings of a diseased generation, to raise it from its "slough of despond," to animate, to vivify, and to adorn, to "point to brighter worlds, and lead the way." And just as the patriot never despairs of his country, so we should never despair of humanity. It has passed through many epochs, and through many struggles, through fiery furnaces very heavy, and sad seductions not a few, and blighted and tainted, as it is, there still linger with it the traces of a glorious creation, there still belongs to it the likeness of its Divine original. It may be weak and wavering, perverted, betrayed and debased, but it still has before it ever the reality of its deathless mission, and the holy and blessed truth of its eternal destiny.

W.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

Fellow of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, Copenhagen; Corresponding Member of the Royal Historical Society, London; Honorary Member of the Manchester Literary Club, and of the Whitby Literary and Philosophical Society, &c., &c.

MR. HENRY WADE, Master of the Wolsingham Grammar School, and the author of an admirable prose volume, now out of print, entitled *Halcyon, or Rod Fishing in clear Waters*, as well as of *Country Lyrics, and other Poems*, has favoured me with the perusal of a lengthy local poem of his in MS., entitled *Richmond and Swaledale*, which he says "was written merely as a description of the beautiful scenery it professes to depict, interlarded with local legends, and not with any intention of correct chronological arrangement regarding the events themselves." My own opinion is, that it would have been almost as easy for a cultivated mind, like that of Mr. Wade's, to have preserved strict chronological arrangement, and thus have made his pleasant poem as truthful to history as it undoubtedly is to the sights and sounds of nature. Mr. Wade has the eye of a painter, and the ear and feelings of a poet; his summer leisure is spent in angling, and in sketching from nature, his winter leisure in painting and in literary composition; and with his intimate know-

ledge of the chronology and traditions of the district, he might make his poem the best, because the pleasantest, teacher of the history of Richmond and its picturesque and historical environs. Upwards of two thousand lines of verse, reminding one of the longest poems of "The Great Magician of the North," and some of the couplets not unworthy of him, might just as well teach correct history, especially as regards the founders of monasteries, as have to render notes necessary from the author, here and there, to say who were the real founders. I sincerely hope that Mr. Wade will remove this blemish from his otherwise valuable local poem, and then at once open a subscription list for its publication in a neat, but not too expensive, form. I take the liberty of publishing an extract from the poem, not chosen as the best, but taken almost at random, that my readers may have, what Hamlet would call, a taste of the poet's quality. It is a digression on night, forming the nineteenth canto, of which there are fifty-five in all; with many valuable prose notes, which will keep a stranger well posted up in the history of *Richmond and Swaledale*, a district well worthy of a visit.

"Like rippling waves the Summer past,
And Autumn golden waned at last.
The gloom of dusky night spread o'er
The woodlands wide and purpling moor,
And wrapt her sable mantle round.
Slow are her dark hours ever found.
From guilt is shut the light it dreads;
Fierce anguish thro' the soul far spreads;
Misery deep draws her aching sigh,
And oft she leaves no tearless eye;
But this the hour, peace rests her head,
In dreams her pleasing fancy's lead.
'Tis night, when felons darkly prowl,
And fiercer now the wild winds howl;
Tempests sough more hoarse at night,
And winds a drearier conflict fight;
The wild storm seems more cold and chill,
When driving sightless o'er the hill;
The shepherd lone longs for the light,
Strains through the storm his aching sight,
Nor hopes his flock has wander'd far,
But sought the shelter of some scar.
At night, a sharper pang is given,
To souls who dread nor hell nor heaven:
Such dread to think—by which they prove,
That men are ruled by powers above.
Sure conscience goads the inner man,
And lures him, rack'd, his deeds to scan;
Conscience, of justice the stronghold,
That maketh cowards of the bold,
How often unreclaim'd men go,
From deeper to still deeper woe,
Until at last, when past return,
They cease to grieve, or fret or mourn.
If hap repentance comes, they turn,
And all their evil days then spurn,
So love return'd with fiercer fire will burn.
The virtuous fears, but deems not he
Long here below can happy be;
Bright hope his fainting soul inspires,
And heavenly zeal his courage fires.
The storm-king, Conscience, bursts his chain,
Rejoiced his liberty to gain;
His onward path no pains annoy,
Eternal rest his certain joy.
Brighter at night the lightning's flash,
And mountain torrents wilder dash,
Sweeping along their madden'd course,
And louder Boreas bellows hoarse;
At night, rain-storms impel the rill,
Whose waterfalls white mists distil;
While wailing moans re-echo far,
O'er woody dell and rocky scar,
Like death-cries from the distant war.
The drifting snow, far o'er the plain,
Night revels in his white domain;
The wanderer seeks for shelter warm,
To hide him from the sweeping storm,
And shivering looks into the sky,
While tear-drops freeze upon his eye:
Athirst and hungry sinks him down,
Soft slumber comes his woes to drown;
But when the snow from earth is fled,
They find him stark, and stiff, and dead."

I have purposely avoided saying anything of the story, which binds together in one harmonious whole, what would otherwise be disjointed fragments. To me, however, the great charm of the poem is its truthful descriptions of nature, in which Mr. Wade is thoroughly at home, even to the barking of the fox in hunting its prey.

Those short-sighted persons who imagine that England will always be the workshop of the world, and that foreigners will always send their raw materials across the ocean to be manufactured here, and then taken back again, and sold cheaper than the natives could do the work for themselves, may some day be waking up to find that they have been in a dream. Perhaps they

are not aware that there are, for instance, sixteen cotton mills, seven of which are being made bigger, in Bombay and its immediate vicinage, and eleven new ones are in course of erection. These employ 2,206 women, and 2,533 children, 2,058 of whom, I regret to say, are under twelve years old. The hours of labour are sixteen a day, and Sunday is only kept as a holiday once a fortnight. This is not the place for "party politics," but surely humanity demands for those poor fellow-subjects of ours a shortening of the hours of labour. Some infants are said to be employed who are not more than five years of age! There are now 600,000 spindles in the Presidency of Bombay, and 500,000 more are fast approaching completion. Of 1,200,000 bales of cotton produced, 78,000 are now manufactured in India. With the raw material, cheap labour, moist, hot climate, coals, &c., even with a ten-hours' bill, and prohibition of infant labour Lancashire cannot long compete with India in its own market.

I am glad to see that *Cassell's Illustrated History of England*, which I regard as one of the best histories ever written, is about to be re-issued, in cheap monthly parts; the first of which is before me. A splendid portrait of our beloved Queen, 2 ft. 6 in. by 1 ft. 10 in., is given with the first part, and when neatly framed will form a handsome ornament to any house, be the occupant rich or poor. Here is an extract from the first part, explaining in a few lines who those "Danes" were who figure so conspicuously in the early history of Britain, and regarding whom there is still much ignorance, which the wide circulation of histories like the present will do much to remove:—

"Bound by a limited territory, in a climate where population rapidly increases, it is not to be wondered at that Denmark and Norway were overstocked with inhabitants, and, consequently forced to send away large colonies. Their natural inclination to a sea-life made these exiles readily abandon their country; and the great booty the first adventurers gained tempted the richest and most powerful of their countrymen to urge their fortune in the same manner; to which end they entered into associations, and fitted out large fleets to seek and ravage foreign countries. These associations were much of the same nature with those formed in modern times by the corsairs of Barbary; and they became so entirely devoted to this mode of life, that very considerable fleets were put to sea. They had the authority and example of their highest leaders, who occasionally commanded them in person, for what they did. These leaders were known by the name of Sea-kings. Their fleets made great devastation in several parts of Europe, particularly France, England, and the Low Countries. In France they were called Normans—that is, men of the north, but in England they were generally styled Danes. There is no doubt that the Swedes and Goths very often joined with the Danes in their piratical expeditions; and it appears that the Frieslanders also were concerned with them in ravaging the coasts of France and England. The Saxon historians call them indifferently Getes, Goths, Jutes, Norwegians, Dacians, Danes, Swedes, Vandals, and Frieslanders."

I have received, and carefully read the whole of the July-August number of the *International Review*, which is issued six times a year for five dollars; and which, though printed in New York, is sold in London by Trubner & Co. of Ludgate Hill. The number before me contains able articles on "Freeman's Norman Conquest, and other Historical Works," by Henry Coppee, president of the Lehigh University; on "India in some of its Social and Political Aspects," by A. Phillips, barrister, of Calcutta; on "Deaf-Mutism," by E. M. Gallaudet, of the National Deaf-Mute College at Washington; on "The Survey of Palestine," by Walter Besant, secretary to the Palestine Exploration Fund, London; on "French Literature under the First Empire," by the Princess D'Istria, of Florence; and on "John Stuart Mill as a Religious Philosopher," by Noah Porter, LL.D., president of Yale College; with some shorter but interesting papers. As far as I can judge from a single specimen, I should pronounce this an excellent review. Dr. Coppee well remarks, "Every great event in history is at once an effect and a cause. It is manifest that if we would study the Norman Conquest, we cannot begin with William and Harold, and the story of the Bayeux Tapestry; nor can we end with the establishment of William's power, the final subjugation of the Fen-land, or the death of William

himself. To understand the Conquest, we must understand the condition of Saxon-England; and to know these, we must go back to the coming of the Saxons into Britain; we must study their purpose and their growing polity; their efforts towards confederation; their conversion to Latin Christianity; the supremacy of Wessex, which led to consolidation; the growth of their constitution and laws; and the logical development, from free principles, of the Saxon monarchy and aristocracy—titles of simple government or command becoming infallibly titles of hereditary nobility." A "large field," as Dr. Coppee admits, but one, nevertheless, to be carefully examined by the real student of English history. The true Freemason needs no teaching as to the value of education in fitting us to become useful members of civilized society: it is one of the first lessons of the Craft. But we have all a great deal to learn as to how much farther education can be carried than we wot of. E. M. Gallaudet gives an instance, which fell under his own notice some years since, of "a girl who had been held as a household drudge or slave by her family, till in her sixteenth year she was brought, at the instance of her humane neighbours, to a school where she might be taught. On entering she presented evidences of idiocy that were thought to be unmistakable. Premature decrepitude of form, with crooked, claw-shaped fingers, and a face utterly expressionless, were taken as plain tokens of mental feebleness. A few months, however, of the ordinary treatment of a deaf-mute institution, wrought what seemed almost a miracle. Rest from exhausting labour allowed the fingers to relax, and the form to straighten; kindness lighted smiles in a face that had lost, if it had ever possessed, the power of changing its expression; patient instruction reached at length the awakened intellect, and at the end of a year, eager happy intelligence was in process of healthy development, where there seemed before to have been no germ of mental life." Mr. Besant's interesting paper, on "The Survey of Palestine," is alone worth double the price of the *Review*, and must be read entire to be properly appreciated. Jerusalem is too intimately connected with the teachings and legends of the Craft, ever to become an object of indifference to any true and faithful brother amongst us.

At the commencement of the year, Mr. James Clayton, of Bradford, began to issue a monthly literary periodical, under the title of the *Yorkshireman*, "with a view," he informs us, "of providing a succession of stories, essays, sketches, poems, humorous papers, dialect pieces, &c., which shall be especially interesting to Yorkshiremen." The publication is very neatly printed, and is supported by much local talent. When I have carefully read the nine numbers before me I may have more to say about it. In the meantime, I sincerely wish Mr. Clayton better success than was my own in attempting to establish a literary periodical for my native county. Certainly thirty years of improved education has not only very much increased the ability, but also the taste for reading. But, though encouraged by the free-will offerings of literary contributions from writers like Charles Swain, Bernard Barton, Grace Aguilar, Ebenezer Elliott, Spencer T. Hall, E. M. Heavisides, John Walker Ord, John Critchley Prince, John Bolton Rogerson, Mrs. F. B. Scott, January Searle, Camilla Toulmin, and others, and with the most favourable notices from the reviewers, after three years' hard labour of head and hands, not only were my efforts unrewarded, but I was a heavy sum out of pocket for a poor man. And yet—though it hung a millstone round my neck—*Tweddell's Yorkshire Miscellany* is a publication I can look back upon, after thirty years' experience, as a work not to be ashamed of, and one to which I have been indebted for the sympathy of many congenial souls.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

THE ETRUSCAN LANGUAGE.

On this interesting subject a very able paper, illustrated by diagrams, was on the 21st June, read by the Rev. Isaac Taylor, at a meeting of the Victoria Philosophical Institute, held at the house of the Society of Arts, John-st, Adelphi. The rev. lecturer began his paper by adverting to the difficulty of the interpretation of the Etruscan language, a problem which Niebuhr, who had rightly recognised its vast importance, deemed insoluble. It was the only great problem of the kind

remaining, the Egyptian and Assyrian having been long deciphered and translated. The phonetic powers of the letters of the Etruscan alphabet were all known, and it was not the trans'literation of the language which constituted the difficulty. Mr. Taylor then proceeded to give an account of the origin of the Etruscan alphabet. With the help of a diagram exhibiting that alphabet, with the Latin, Phœnician, and the corresponding Egyptian hieroglyphs, in four parallel columns, he showed the derivation of the Etruscan letters from the Egyptian through the Phœnician. The few bilingual inscriptions in Etruscan and Latin were referred to, and a copy of the principal one, that of Volumnius, consisting of little more than about half a dozen words, nearly all of them proper names, was exhibited and commented upon. It was with the aid of these inscriptions that the powers of the Etruscan characters had been ascertained as long as eighty years ago. But their paucity and brevity barred further progress for more than half a century. The discovery of a specimen of inscribed Etruscan dice, about thirty years since, opened up a prospect of penetrating deeper into the mystery, it being fairly presumable that the words on the six faces of the die are so many numerals. For it was admitted on all hands that the numerals of a language, especially its units, offer the very best means of ascertaining its affinities with kindred tongues, and so of revealing its translation and sense Unfortunately, the die, soon after it was found, was lost again for many years, and its very existence began to be called in question by sceptical persons. Recently it had been recovered, and was now at Paris. Copies of an engraving of this important die were distributed amongst the numerous audience, and an enlarged model of it was exhibited. The words on the six faces were read in the following order by Mr. Taylor, who attributes to them the numeral values enclosed in brackets:—Mach (1), Huth (6), Ci (2), Sa (4), Zal (3), Thu (5). He admitted, however, that there were fifteen possible ways of arranging them. In answer to those eminent philologists—Professor Corssen in particular—who denied their being numerals at all, he cited their occurence as numerals in several Etruscan sepulchral inscriptions, of which there were no fewer than 3,000 extant. At the same time the lecturer frankly owned that other scholars interpreted the expressions on the tombstones, which he regarded as statements of the age of the deceased, in a totally different manner. Professor Corssen read the inscription on the die as follows:—"Mach Thu-zal huth ci-sa. Deeming the Etruscan language an Aryan one, and akin to the various Italic branches of that family, the Umbrian, Oscan, and Latin, he had proposed the translation:—"Mach cut with a chisel this gift." Mr. Taylor, who perceives in the words on the die not only numerals, but numerals which can be identified with those of the Finno Ugrian group of the Turanian family of tongues ridiculed this rendering. He excited considerable laughter by remarking that, on Professor Corssen's system, an equally felicitous explanation of the inscription might be arrived at through the Gaelic. He developed his own argument from the die in a very ingenious way, produced numerous proofs in its favour, and commented on the comparative grammar of the Etruscan and the Altaic and other Turanian languages. A full-length portrait of an Etruscan, copied from one of the very numerous tomb frescoes, was exhibited, and excited much interest. Feature by feature Mr. Taylor compared the figure with the distinctive types of Laplanders and other Turanian tribes, remarking particularly on the obesity and high cheek-bones of all alike. With the same point in view, he referred the audience to the famous Castellani Etruscan sarcophagus in the British Museum, with the large recumbent figures of the Etruscan magnate and his wife. Copies of the beautiful Etruscan mirrors also, which often give subjects from the Greek mythology, but with the names of the gods in Etruscan, were pressed into the service of the learned gentleman's argument, *e.g.*, one representing the birth of Minerva from the Head of Jupiter. Here Vulcan, who with his axe splits open the god's head, is called Sethlans, which is well known to be the Etruscan name of the divine blacksmith. This name Mr. Taylor explains from the Turanian tongues as meaning "god of fire." Mr. Taylor was inclined to think, with Count Conestabile, that the Etruscans were a mixed people, consisting of two elements, both Turanian. There was an earlier aboriginal stock, closely allied to the

Finnish, which was overborne by a conquering Tartar immigration.

The paper was listened to throughout with intelligent attention, and, on its conclusion, gave rise to considerable discussion, in which Lord Talbot de Malahide and others took part.—*The Linguist and Educational Review.*

SONNET.

(*For the Masonic Magazine.*)
Written in a country ramble, with a copy of a favourite poet.

"A Born Craftsman."

Each tree's and green hill's shadow now grows long,
And twilight's hour to veil the world seems nigh.
Yet here I read and read, and linger—why?
This bard hath, certes, a born craftsman's tongue.
For, sure, each child of nature and of song,
True to his light, is born unconsciously
An unmade brother of the mystic tie.
And though, perchance, not visibly among
Light's sons enroll'd, and though as yet hath ne'er
His outward eye beheld the rites sublime,
Rites, which sound Wisdom's hidden laws enshrine,
Yet, doubtless, he no less doth largely share
That wisdom, by whose breath from earliest time
We, too, have been inspir'd with light divine.

M. Gordon.

September 29th, 1875.

THE FAMILY GHOST.

It was somewhere about Christmas, when a snug party of tired hunters were assembled about a roaring fire of logs, enjoying the generous hospitality of the master of the hounds. A hard day's hunting over the mountain slopes had somewhat wearied them all; conversation languished a little, for everybody was more disposed to listen than talk. The village doctor, however, was free from this lethargy, as he had only joined the party at the dinner table. He was a lively little Welshman, full of shrugs and gestures, with a fresh, shrewd face in which good humour contended with touchiness.

"Come, tell us a story, Evans," said the master, suddenly rousing from a gentle doze, and slapping the doctor vigorously on the knee, "we're all going to sleep."

The doctor required a little pressing. He professed himself at a loss for a subject. Like the celebrated knife-grinder, he had no story to tell. "Unless, gentlemen, you would like me to tell you about the difficulty I have in getting my bills in." At this there was a general murmur of dissent. "Shall I tell you, then, of the ghost that was seen by William Griffith Jones?"

The subject seemed a promising one, especially as the hero of the story was present, a young Welsh squire of shy and retiring habits, who was more devoted to the ancient customs of his race than to modern culture. "It is not right, indeed," he remonstrated. But he was unheeded, and the doctor began:

I don't think that we Welsh are superstitious. There was a good deal of it once, but not now. It is only here and there, among some of our good old-fashioned families, such as that of our friend Jones here of the Plas, that you meet with some old stories belonging to them. It is said, for instance, that the family of the Plas had a tradition that on certain occasions a white horse appears to some one of their members, foreboding death or heavy misfortune. Well, whatever reason may tell us, there is no doubt that these things have a great influence on the mind; and William here was never free from a certain amount of dread of some day seeing this appalling vision. Thus, when he visited our little town, and spent an evening with a friend, he objected very much to going home alone. He was brave enough by daylight; but when night came on, and he had the prospect of facing the dark way to the Plas, his courage failed him, and he earnestly begged for company. But one murky night last winter William found

himself overtaken by midnight at the house of Morris of the Bryn, at the breaking up of a little bachelor party. Everybody was moving off in different directions—for Morris was an early man—but no one was going the way of our friend William, and he was afraid to traverse it by himself.

You must know that William lives at home with his grandmother and his brother John, and that, curiously enough, whilst William is a very good-tempered man, John is not a little quarrelsome. For that reason the two brothers are not always on good terms; and where you see one of them, the other is pretty sure not to be found. Indeed, like our young gentry of days gone bye, John is in the habit of roaming about the country, stopping first at one house and then at another, taking free quarters with his brother's tenants; who are not always well pleased to see him. John was not at the party at Morris', and he and his brother had quarrelled violently that very morning. I have good reason to know that, for it so happened that John had spent the evening with me.

I left William standing at Morris' door looking this way and that, and feeling his heart growing weaker and weaker every second; everybody had gone except young Meyrick, who lodged in the town and he stood on the steps lighting his pipe.

"I wish you would walk home with me Meyrick," said Jones; "its so lonely."

Meyrick laughed a sarcastic laugh.

"And who will walk back home with me?" he asked.

"Well, you can sleep on the bench in the hall at our house," said William.

"I prefer my own good feather-bed," replied Meyrick.

"But, my good fellow, do," said William, entreatingly. "Look here, are you hungry?"

"Yes indeed," said Meyrick.

For Morris had not given them any supper, and Meyrick had dined early.

"Then if you will come home with me we will have a capital supper—corned beef and red salmon, and plenty of good ale, with some whiskey-punch afterward—and you shall sleep on the dining-room sofa."

Well, that tempted Meyrick.

The way to the Plas at night is not pleasant. First of all comes the bridge, with the water moaning and whispering down below, and there it is said that a maid who had been wronged threw herself into the river. After that you come to a dark hill-side, where the road winds through a thick wood, just the place for anybody to spring upon you and murder you; and when you come out of the woods you pass between two high rocks where they say that thieves and robbers were put to death a long time ago. And even then you are a good way from the Plas, that stands in the middle of a grove of trees, and looks wild and ghostly enough when you get there.

It was a tempestuous night; the wind howled savagely, making all kinds of strange noise among the trees, dark as pitch, for the moon would not rise for an hour or more. The two young men crept quietly along, starting and shivering at every noise. A sheep jumped before them out of a ditch and frightened them almost out of their senses. A screech-owl flew over the wood moaning and shrieking like a child, and then they gave themselves up for lost. But nothing happened after all till they came to the place between the two crags, when, in an interval of calm, they heard distinct sounds from the direction of the Plas. They stopped and listened intently. The sound was approaching; it came nearer and nearer. At last it proved to be the sound of horse's hoofs. Clop, clop, clop, clop.

"What can it be?" said Meyrick, seizing William by the arm. "There can be no horse coming from the Plas at this hour of the night."

William gazed and listened a moment longer, and then began to run as fast as he could in an opposite direction.

"Run!" he cried, in a hoarse whisper to his companion; "run for your life; if it catches us here we are lost!"

They just cleared the rocks as the horse's hoofs echoed behind them. William jumped into the hedge at one side and Meyrick on the other. The horse went past like the wind.

After a while they crawled out.

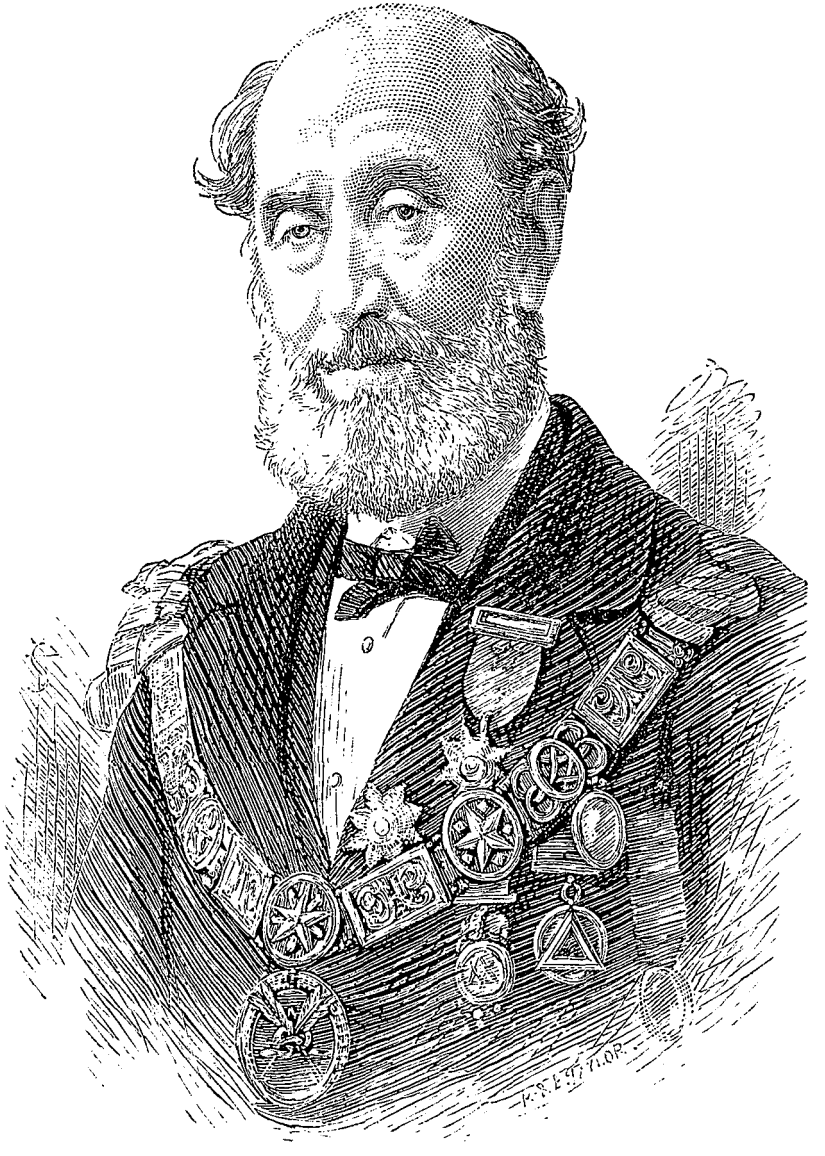
"Did you see it?"

"I saw something white."

"White, was it? Are you sure?"

"Yes; a white horse."

(To be continued.)



Bro. JOHN HERVEY,

Grand Secretary of England.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 30.—Vol. III. DECEMBER, 1875. Price 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

The progress of our Royal Grand Master in India continues to attract the attention and interest the sympathies of our English Craft. His visit to India seems to have been a very great success, and the effect upon the native populations can hardly be over-estimated. Wherever he goes he is received not only with the loyal enthusiasm of Englishmen, but with unmistakeable proofs of the devotion and attachment of the native population to the English "Raj." We sincerely trust that he may have all health given him by a favouring Providence to continue his long journey and each arduous day's work, in all of health and strength; and that after a very successful visit to our greatest of dependencies he may return to loving and expectant hearts at home in all of happiness and peace. The daily papers have been so full of telegraphic accounts that we cannot even give a summary, and our readers are referred to the "Freemason" for a weekly narrative of his travels and his reception.

The struggle with Roman Catholicism and Freemasonry goes on, but we think we see already that the fury is slackening, the tide returning. It is quite clear that the position of Rome is untenable in the matter, and will have to be abandoned by her authorities. The views of a large number of Roman Catholics are not in accord with their spiritual guides in the matter, and many of the "faithful laity" and even the Roman Catholic Clergy, as we know, take a much more tolerant view of the subject privately.

Indeed, it is and must be "a deductio ad absurdum" for them, to hear and read, or aid to promulgate these ecclesiastical "ballyraggings" which call Freemasons hard names, and consign them "ad inferos," whereas they know them all the while to be friendly neighbours, good citizens, upright characters, and loyal subjects.

But Freemasons must take care lest they fall into the same mistake on the other side. There is a tendency to make the present contest a struggle as between liberality and illiberality, truth and falsehood, light and darkness, loyalty and revolution. No doubt the Romish Church throws down the gauntlet, but there is no "force majeure" on Freemasons to take it up.

Freemasonry does not profess to be, or wish to be in a position of hostility to any religious body, or religion anywhere;—it does not seek or desire to be considered a Quixotic asserter of liberal ideas anywhere, whatever they may be.

On its own good teaching, and in its own peaceful sphere, it advocates unceasingly, and always will do, but in opposition to no one, and no religious body above all, the great and immutable truths of reason and common sense, the undying principles of toleration and liberty of conscience.

We have to note great activity in our Order, in the consecration of New Lodges and Masonic Halls. Our Grand Lodge calendar is rapidly approaching to the amount of 1,600 lodges on our roll call.

We are fully in favour, within certain well defined principles and distinct limits, of the increase of our lodges, as we know many places where another lodge is imperatively needed. We know one town of 70,000 inhabitants, where a fourth lodge could work, but cannot obtain a warrant. Its promoters are, unfortunately for themselves, only respectable tradesmen.

We have to deplore the loss of two very worthy brethren well-known in Metropolitan and Provincial Freemasonry, Bro. John Savage, of London, and Bro. James Franklin, of Halifax.

At the last Lodge of Benevolence a sum considerably exceeding £800 was voted for the relief of distressed brethren and their widows. This is a large sum. It is impossible not to feel a little anxious at the serious amounts voted monthly, the more so, as there seems just now to be a great strain on the funds of Benevolence. We hope that our good brethren are not over-doing it.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SCOTTISH FREEMASONRY.

ARTICLE SECOND.

NOT the least among the various causes which have tended towards the demoralization of the Freemasonry of Scotland has been the extreme lowness of the initation fees. That they are so very low is matter of great regret to all who have the interests of the Craft at heart, and the attention of the Grand Lodge has repeatedly been directed towards devising means wherewith to remedy the evil. As yet, however, nothing has been done; but there is a growing feeling in the country that something must be done, and that, too, very shortly, if we are to be able to raise our heads with any degree of pride at all.

During the past month we have made many inquiries of the most eminent craftsmen as to what kind of influence the raising of the fees would have upon the status of the Craft, and among these there seems to be but one undivided opinion, viz., that the influence exerted would be a most beneficial one.

Only a few weeks ago, the Provincial Grand Master of Glasgow paid an official visit to a lodge in the west end of the city, and the fees question cropping up, he gave it as his opinion that the initiation fees all over the country were disgracefully low, and expressed a hope that the time would soon be when five guineas would be, not the maximum, but the minimum fee of every province in Scotland. To this we say from the bottom of our hearts, Amen, Amen.

How many lodges in the country charge a fee of five guineas? We only know of two. How many charge three guineas? Say forty or fifty; while as for those which charge the very lowest possible, why their names are legion. Will it be believed by our English Brethren if we tell them that we are ourselves aware of the existence of lodges which not only charge the lowest allowable fee, but require that the candidate pay on the evening of his initiation only half the sum, resting quite contented at getting the remainder within the ensuing twelve months? What a lamentable state of affairs this is. Can any one believe aught else, but that this sort of thing has a very decided tendency to work mischief? Surely the Grand Lodge ought to interfere and prevent this occuring any more.

A friend of ours happened some little time ago to visit a lodge in Ayrshire to which a charter had been but recently granted. Upon asking the R.W.M. as to the amount of the fees, he found that they were the very lowest allowable, and was considerably astonished at the further information, that only fifteen shillings were required on the night of initiation. This suggested a question, "Do you always have the rest paid?" "Oh, dear no," said the master, "it sometimes occurs that the initiate leaves the town, and we hear no more about him or his money."

Just fancy this. A man being put through his three degrees, registered in the Grand Lodge, and receiving a certificate, and all for the sum of fifteen shillings. It is truly deplorable. It is little wonder that our English and Irish Brethren feel inclined to despise us of Scotland. Why, such proceedings would never be tolerated in their countries.

And now comes the question:—Is the Grand Lodge aware of this? If it be, and do not at once put a stop to it, then it is very much to be blamed; and if it be not, then it is still to blame, because it ought to be aware of it. What are our Provincial Grand Lodges about, if these matters can be concealed from them? Surely they are not doing the duty for which they were formed. What is their object in keeping the knowledge of these facts from the Grand Lodge, if they know them? Alas, we cannot tell unless it may be that the thing has become a matter of use and wont, and they are afraid of the consequences to themselves. If Lodges do not act up to the spirit of the Constitution they should not be allowed to exist. They are bringing a stain upon the banners of the Craft; withdraw the charter. If Provincial Grand Lodges are so negligent of their duties, what is the use of them? Remove their office-bearers. What do we want with men who will wink at such proceedings? Nothing. Give us men in our Provincial Grand Lodges who have not only the mind to have the matter thoroughly sifted and put to rights, but the courage to see the thing actually done. That it would not be a very agreeable task we feel ourselves bound to confess,

but unless it be done, the standing of our proud old Craft will soon be reduced to a very low level indeed.

Raise the fees and what will be the more immediate results? First, a diminution, it may be, to some considerable degree in the number of our initiates But this would only be for a time. As the Craft managed to better its position, better men would be induced to join its ranks, and this would bring about some of the ulterior results; a strengthening of its influence; a widening of its spheres of usefulness; a raising of its time-honoured name. Then, again, there would be a purging of the roll of lodges, and such as regulate the payment of their fees in the manner we have spoken of would be among the first to be struck off. Well! what would it matter? If we promise obedience and do not obey, surely we deserve to be punished. We do not want such lodges as they are. We would like to feel proud of our fraternity, and not to be shame-faced at hearing any of its lodges spoken of.

How are we to have the fees raised? If *lodge A decides to raise its fees, will lodge B* follow its example? It may be that it will, but we are rather afraid it will not. Something like this sort of feeling seems to prevail among the members of B. "Let us keep our fees a trifle lower than A, and we will catch the candidates first. Never mind about the quality, let us make sure about the quantity." Money! money! money! that seems to be the great aim of all from the Grand Lodge itself down to the youngest daughter. How are the fees to be raised? Let us institute a commission to inquire how many lodges will willingly raise them. Fifty per cent.! Nonsense. Possibly ten, but far more probably five. How are the fees to be raised? There is only one way. The Grand Lodge must raise the minimum fee by two or three pounds. There is no other way—we say this emphatically—there is no other way. But the Grand Lodge has not the courage to do it, and rather than face the storm which, successfully braved, would reveal to their view the great ocean of prosperity, they quietly allow the grandest old system in the world to sink into a comparative insignificance. What will their posterity think of them when they find handed down to them a rotten old ship which it needs all their efforts to keep afloat, far less to repair? Will they think with reverence of those who allowed the worm to eat into its planks and made no effort to remove it? Will they respect the memories of those who would seem to have so miserably mismanaged affairs? They may; but if we were they, we wouldn't. Are we very plain-spoken? It may be that we are, but we are not in the least any too much so.

Now, there is another phase of the matter which wants to be looked into. In Edinburgh and Glasgow, the two great centres of the Craft in Scotland, the average initiation fee is about three guineas. So far, so good. But we would like to ask a question: How many members of the various lodges of the two cities have paid even this average fee? Probably sixty per cent. Very well. But what about the other forty? We will endeavour to tell you. Go a mile or two out of the municipal boundary of either city into any of the numerous villages surrounding, and you will find a Masonic Lodge, the fees of which are in all likelihood £1 12s. 6d. (*a very common fee in the country*). Take a look at their roll books, and you will find that they initiate a very large number of candidates annually. Take a look at their sederunt books and you will find the meetings out of all proportion miserably poorly attended. These two facts strike you. For the size of the village the attendance seems good, nay, more than good, unexpectedly large, but for the number of initiates it is very bad indeed. How are you to account for this? Take another look at the roll book. See the addresses of the initiates. Forty per cent. at least are after this fashion:—A. B., B. C., C. D., Edinburgh or Glasgow, as the case may be. That accounts for the small meetings. Forty per cent. have not paid *the average fee of the city lodges; forty* per cent. do not belong to the village in which their mother lodge is. Is the inference sufficiently clear? No! Why, surely it must be. Well, if it be not, take a look at the roll books of the city lodges. What do you find there? Why, the names of these very people as affiliated members. Look at the dates; now compare them, and you will find in nine cases out of ten, that they are very shortly subsequent to the dates of their initiations. Here they are in the better lodges in the city participating

in every privilege appertaining to those who have paid their three guineas, and what has it cost them? Why, £1 12s. 6d., and an affiliation fee of perhaps half a sovereign. Ought this to be allowed? Certainly not. Are the men who pursue this course the men whom we want into our Order. Certainly not. How is the matter to be mended? It seems to us that the best method would be to institute a commission of inquiry, and allow a report to be laid before the Grand Lodge. Then there might be some arrangement come to which would tend to prevent its recurrence. For our own part we would be strongly inclined to recommend that those who come from lodges in the country whose fees are lower than those of the lodge into which they wish affiliation should pay, not only an affiliation fee, but the difference between the fees of the two lodges. To those who seek admission into our Order prompted only by curiosity, money may be an object of the first importance, and the cheaper that curiosity can be satiated the better for them, but to those who are actuated by the true spirit of Freemasonry—that spirit of brotherly love, and kindness and charity—money will become only a secondary consideration, and the desire to become members of a most ancient and honourable body, and to lend their influence towards augmenting its powers of doing good, the primary one. Give us such men as the latter, and soon there will be a very different state of affairs. But now comes the puzzling question: How are we to know such men as the former in order to exclude them? Alas, we cannot tell; but this we can tell, that there ought to be a great deal more discrimination exercised when considering an application for initiation, and we advise our Brethren to be sure they know their friends and acquaintances to be good men and true before they append their names to the application forms. An old writer says, "If it be the case that ten guilty men should be let off rather than one innocent one should suffer the penalty, it is no less the case as regards Freemasonry that ten good men should be turned from our doors rather than that one spurious Mason should be allowed inside of them." Apply this, which was written concerning the testing of strangers, to the applications for initiation, and though time alone would tell the result, yet we believe it would be found well worth waiting for.

We had intended making some remarks about the Ritual and Lodge Instruction, but we have occupied so much space with the Fees Question that we feel compelled to allow these two important matters to stand over for another paper.

X. Y. Z.

THE ORIGIN OF THE CORINTHIAN PILLAR.

An old Athenian woman, bent with years,
Collecting flowers near where Corinth stands,
Her furrow'd cheek bespoke her many cares,
A strange employment for such wither'd hands.

They were not flowers to strew the bridal train,
They were not flowr's to welcome heroes home,
But meant to scatter sweets where death had lain
A hapless victim in an early tomb.

She was a young Corinthian lady, cast,
All innocence, in beauty's moulding stone,
A fragile flow'r that could not bear the blast,
Which chilly winter had too roughly blown.

In vain the ancient Grecian matron strove
To fill the simple basket at her side;
The bloomless garden, and the leafless grove,
The boist'rous wind had scattered far and wide.

One lonely lily of the field remain'd,
Like to some fading image lingering still;
She snapt the stem; but ere the prize was gain'd,
The snowy honours of the flow'ret fell.

No flow'rs have I to strew, or crown to wear,
Take, then, the meed, an empty gift thy due,
May nature fill the basket that I leave,
And may she grant what art refuses you.

Returning to the little moss-grown mound,
Devoid of art and monumental pile,
She plac'd the empty basket on the ground
And fix'd it steady with an earthen tile.

Then shedding o'er the listless earth a tear,
The aged Roman rais'd her temple for aye.
'Twas all she had to give, but 'twas sincere,
More worth than all the wide world's treasures are.

O may the pow'r of Him, who see's from high,
Grant to her youth my true and ardent pray'r;
Who knows my truth with His all-seeing eye,
And take her to His mercy, and His care.

The care-worn matron left the mournful spot,
Not certain that her single pray'r was heard;
Bending her steps to Athens, heeded not
The blast that blew the lost and widdow'd bird.

Now jocund spring usurped the fallen crown,
For soon the bird had pip'd itself to rest.
The north-east monarch flung his sceptre down,
Yielding his pow'r to the milder west.

Each parterre, blossom'd bank, and painted mead,
Spread a fair carpet to the heavy feet;
The bursting bulbus, and the flowing seed,
Like long-lost friends spread forth their arms to meet.

The empty offing, soon too richly filled,
With odour's bloom luxuriant, stretching wide,
Reaching the tile, which steadily had held,
Twin'd from its course, fell curling down the side.

It happen'd that the basket had been placed
Where an acanthus root conceal'd had grown,
And in the shelt'ring turf lay warm conceal'd
Till wintry hurricanes were overthrown.

The greatest sculptor Grecian pride could boast,
In architect'ral thought was wand'ring near,
When all the visions art had formed were lost,
For that which nature simply pointed near.

For he beheld simplicity and grace,
And richness also blended all in all,
Like innocence and beauty in one face,
That sweet expression—lovelinesss we call.

The basket form'd the capital; and thus
The soft leaves falling by the volute scroll;
The friendly tile he made the abacus,
Thus did the pow'r of nature frame the whole.

Now we behold support the royal pile,
The portico, the Greek or Roman dome,
The Chapel's sacred porch or column'd aisle,
Taught by kind feeling from a virgin's tomb.

M. A. HARTLEY.

THE MISTLETOE.

"The Mistletoe hung in the Castle Hall."

BY BRO. REV. WILLIAM TEBBS.

"PEACE upon earth, good will 'mongst men."

——— Could it be that I was dreaming?

Once more, on that blessed day that for once, at least in every year, in the world's weary course, brings, or should bring, peace to every soul of man, we were all gathered in the old, old, home. None were missing, but instead many a fresh young face was added to us since first I sat in that chimney-corner at Christmastide.

Again, as in years gone by, rose Mary's sweet voice in the frequent refrain:—

"Goodwill 'mongst men."

Again rose the merry laugh at the forfeit pawn. Again were the cousins slily whispering beneath the pendant Mistletoe, on which my gaze was fixed. All happy here,

—the consummation of the heaven-sent message—all? "Yes!" I was nearly saying; but even as my eye wandered for a moment from the bough of Mirth, I began to detect a latent sorrow beneath every laughing mask. Grandsire and grandame, with their recollections of departed friends; father and mother, with their blighted hopes; young men and maidens, with their broken troths; the very children, with their tiny disappointments; all with some drop of sorrow in their cup of happiness; for to one and all had come already the rude dispelling of their fancied dream of happiness; to old and young "all things were not as they seemed."

Pondering, then, where true happiness could be found, if not here, once more my eye lighted on the Mistletoe, and as I gazed the scene changed:—

No longer from Mary's voice alone, but from a band of minstrels, came the refrain:—"Goodwill 'mongst men!" and men enough there were in all conscience, but in what strangely altered garb—no longer the sober black of our ordinary evening dress, but of every hue in the rainbow; no longer serious broad-cloth, but silks and satins, damasks and velvets; and of what fashions, too—doublets and trunkhose, ruffs, frills, and furbelows without end. Nor was the chamber any longer the same—vanished was the smoothly whitewashed ceiling with its centre flower, from which the bough depended, and instead beams and planks of chesnut and of dark old oak; vanished the modern papered walls, and instead the high, dark, wainscoat—dark with many a generation's seasoning; vanished even the dearly-loved chimney-corner, with its expanse of glass and gilding, its mantel of polished marble, and its grate, glowing with the bright coal fire, and instead the heavy wooden panelling, grim with its massive carving, and the fire-dogs with their logs of blazing wood, which sent many a crackling burst of sparks up the wide dark cavern of a chimney. But what was that pushing towards the hearth? and that boisterous rush of men, shouting:—

"Welcome be ye that are here,
Welcome all, and make good cheer,
Welcome all, another year,
Welcome Yule!"

Why, the bringing in of the yule-log, destined for many a long day past to grace with its grateful glow this well-kept festival!

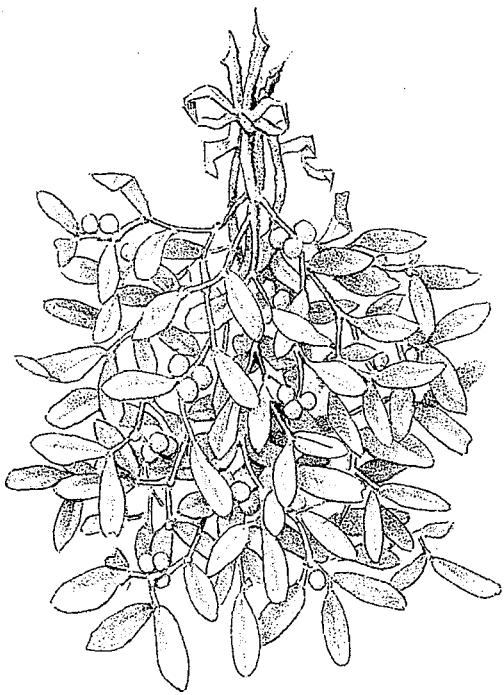
Soon there succeeded the mummers and the morris-dancers, hot-cockles, and shoe-the-wild-mare, and many another Christmas sport, until at last the Wassail-bowl came in, and its bearers sang, whilst round it went right lovingly:—

"It is a noble part
To bear a liberal mind;
God bless our master's heart!
For here we comfort find,
With our Wassail."

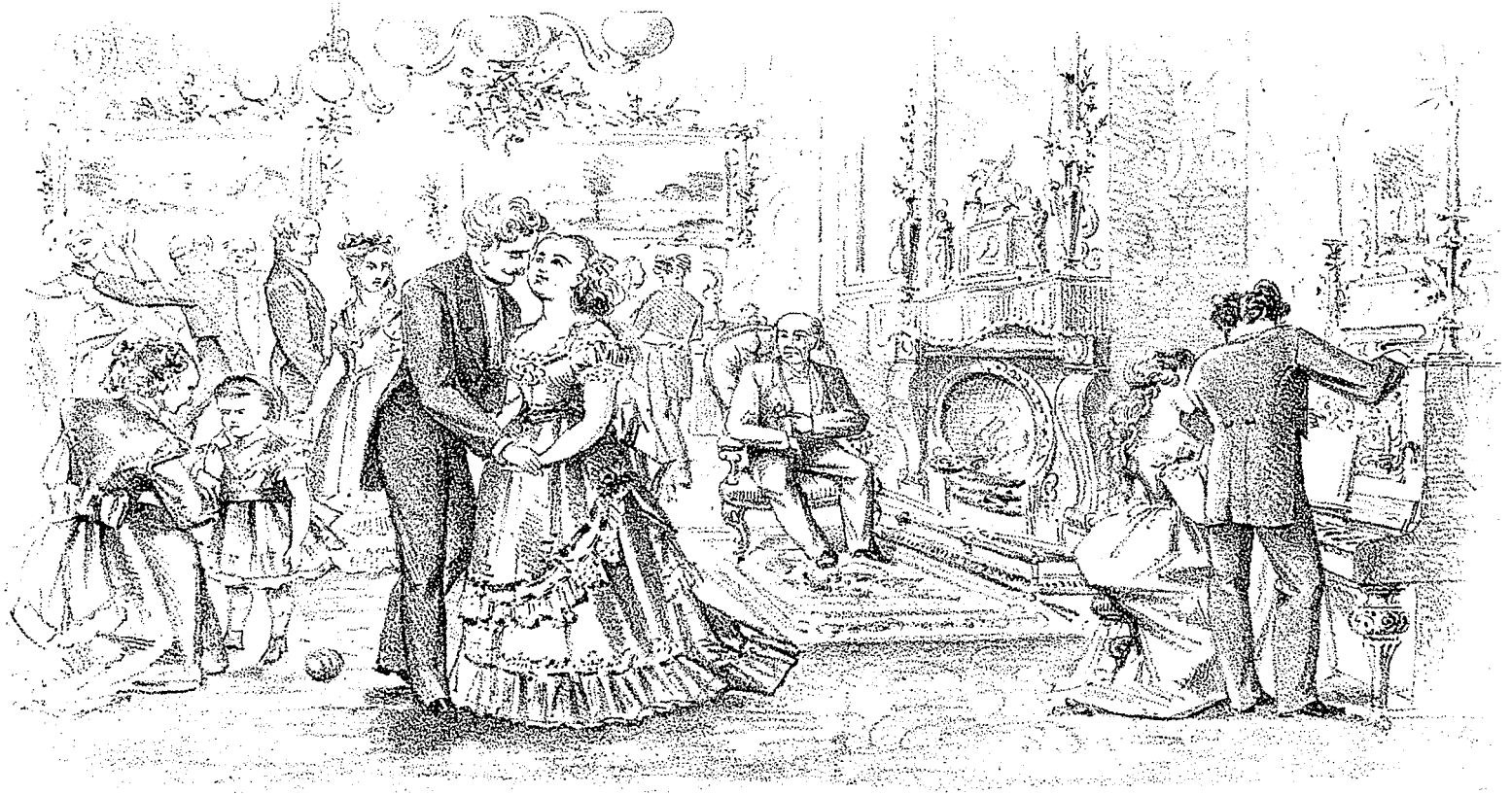
Much joy betide them all,
Our prayers shall be still,
We hope, and ever shall,
For this your great good-will
To our Wassail."

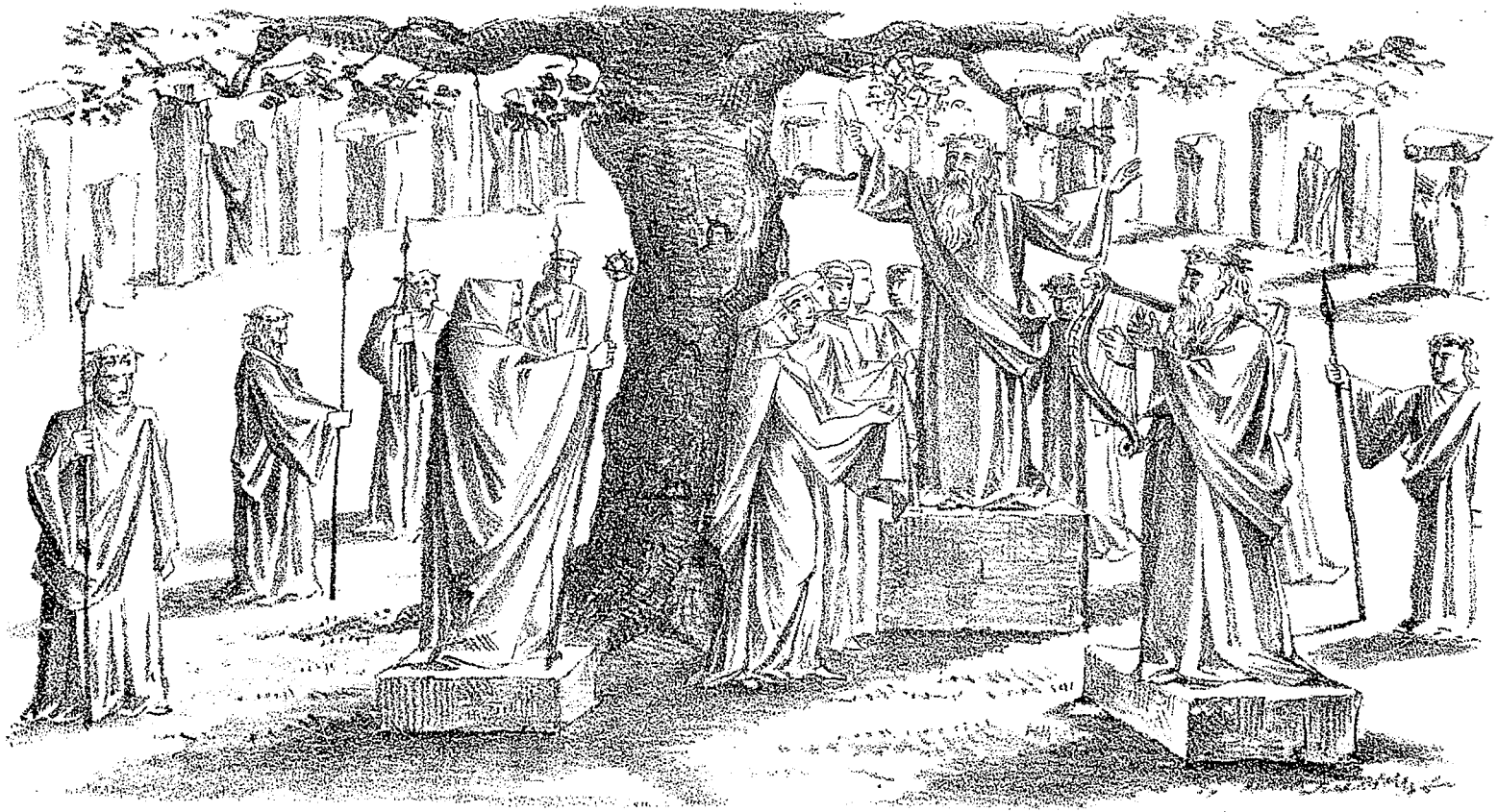
Surely, here is peace of heart, boisterous though be the outward seeming; here, in this manor-hall is true "goodwill 'mongst men" displayed and felt? Once more, as if to an oracle, to the Mistletoe my eager eye turned for an answer. What! No? Hardly a heart beats in the breasts of all those seemingly grateful servitors, but broods over some fancied wrong or act of tyranny. The privileged hour of license of those merry mummers is as fleeting as those crackling sparks; and, as the last drops of the wassail-bowl are drained, so soon will this transient feast-day reach its end, and but the dregs of another year of bitter toil remain behind. Nay, more, even that gentle lady's heart is wrung with the ingratitude of a rebellious daughter, and the miseries fresh wrought by her loved but scapegrace son. Whilst yet again, the bitter tooth of that serpent envy sorely galls the proud spirit of the baron slighted and passed over by his sovereign prince.

"Good will"—not yet, dear bough?—Again the scene changed:—the lights, the fire were gone, and I was picking my way by the light of the moon over a dreary plain. The oaken walls had vanished, and so, too, had the baronial hall, and I was passing beneath a rude archway into an immense circular space surrounded by twelve pairs of upright stones, bearing rude lintels of the same unhewn material; beneath each arch stood its allotted guardian, armed to repel the intrusion of



"Oh! brave is the Laurel! and brave is the Holly!
"But the Mistletoe banisheth melancholy!
"Ah! nobody knows, nor ever **SHALL** *know,*
"What is done under the Mistletoe!"





the profane. The ceiling, too, had disappeared, and given place to the canopy of heaven, whilst its fretwork of oaken beams seemed to have recovered their former shape as the spreading and weather-stained branches of the sacred oak which stood in the midst of the enclosure, and just above my head hung the mystic Mistletoe from one of the huge twin side-branches, which I perceived were trained and trimmed crosswise; here and there, too, on the gnarled and knotty trunk were carvings, which I recognized as the sacred "Tau." Almost to my feet reached the great shadow of the tree, and on the cross thus formed there seemed to depend a figure, which I soon found to be caused by that of the Archdruid, who, standing on a stone pedestal on the eastern side, with arm uplifted, brandished the golden knife with which he was about to sever the sacred stem. Close underneath stood the vestals in a row, their pure white robes upheld to catch the bough as it was detached from its foster-parent branch. The old refrain seemed still to linger in my ears, and it was not for some little time that I realized that this was not the effect of fancy, but that the words were being recited to the soft accompaniment of an antique harp by another venerable white-robed and white-bearded figure standing upon a smaller pedestal on the south of the sacred tree; whilst back to me, and between me and the tree, and on its western side, I perceived a third figure similar to the others, standing on a pedestal midway in size between the other two, and bearing in his hand some tool or badge of office.

A little space the Archdruid paused ere, as "Priest of the woman's promised seed," he cut the Misletoe's stem, and as the soft chant of his fellow died away, the deep tones of his voice fell upon my ear as he unravelled the symbolism of the mystic bough:—

"Long, long ago, my children, was it promised by our common Father, that the heavenborn in earthly shape should suffer and should die, and as His sacred blood outpoured ('without whose sacrificial shedding no sin could be remitted,') should crush the head and power of evil. To Him, 'the Messiah,' points this sacred mark, 'the Tau.' Of Him, 'the Man,' 'the Branch,' this mysterious plant is typical. Comes it not from above, from heaven? and does it not grow on a tree of earth? Truly by the engrafting of that heavenly branch upon this earthly tree, is shown, that heaven and earth, sin-severed, are at one once more, and beneath its shade is fitly given, in token of reconciliation, the kiss of pardon and of peace."

Thus spoke the Archdruid, and as he ceased, the uplifted knife did its work, and the severed bough fell from its lofty eminence.

Here then, at last, thought I, is the home of peace; but once more I was destined to be deceived, for as I followed the procession from within the circle, my ears were pierced with the shrieks of victims perishing in the roaring flames. Alas! what mockery, I thought, to talk of peace, whilst immolating fellow-mortals thus—how cruel, how desperately wicked! and in the name of religion, too! Once more, however, I caught sight of my mentor, the bough, and my mind wandered down the stream of time, and ever and again were my ears assailed with the cries of victims perishing in God's name. Now it was the blazing faggot of old Smithfield, when the hated Lollard died; then the fire of ancient Balliol, papist-lighted; next "the Dreamer's" soul sighing for liberty in his river-washed cell in Ouse's stream at Bedford; and yet, again, the strife of rival churches, nay, of conflicting sections of the same communion. Where, then, is "peace on earth"? where "goodwill 'mongst men"?

My soul sank within me at the apparent impossibility of getting an answer to my question, when my eye lighted once more on my beloved bough ere it passed for good and all from my sight. Once more the scene changed—gone were all the stones of the Druids, gone the mystic circle, gone the sacred oak—but, instead, in the dark still night, I found myself surrounded, on the bleak hillside, by a few solitary flocks guarded by their shepherds. Ere I could do more than take this in with a rapid glance, I perceived in the East a brilliant spreading light, which, as it increased seemed peopled with myriad seraph-forms hymning the well-known, old refrain:—

"Peace on earth, good will 'mongst men."

That done, they bid us seek the Prince of Peace, in lowly guise, yet Lord of Love.

No need of my mentor now, for the mission of the mystic branch was accom-

plished, the "all-heal's" type fulfilled, its shadows merged into substance, and I read that "Peace on earth, good will 'mongst men" was only to be attained by honest sacrifice of self, purest love, unswerving, never-ending charity.

Rapidly, now, my mind reviewed the past, and I saw—just as I had seen Love Divine embodied in human form,—precept becoming practice, and the false supplanted by the true; for I beheld that ancient temple — once Druid-adopted, — now changed into an abode of brotherly love; where, whilst the Most High was worshipped no strife could enter in, no discord mar the perfect harmony of its brethren.

Outside the baronial hall I saw the poor receive their dole, and go heart-lightened, gleefully away.

Whilst, even amidst the modest revelry of my own old home, I noticed the "portions to be sent to those for whom nothing had been prepared," to the joy of the orphan's and the widow's breast.

I was even beginning to see many a sour outside become softened within, and to perceive under a crabbed exterior a latent spark of that charitable mercy which—

"Droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is thrice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
It is an attribute to God Himself,"———

when the old familiar strain once more fell upon my ear, but this time it was Mary's voice again;—the room too?—why still the old, old, room in the dear old home.

Could I, then, have been dreaming? Yes, indeed, I had; and my visions had been suggested by the talisman placed within my hand by the mischievous Kate, the symbol of the kiss which had disturbed my slumber, the tiny spray slipped from the bough of "THE MISTLETOE."

DEATH.

Death to the virtuous no terror brings;
But in the tyrant's ear there ever rings
A knell imaginary, which casts a fear
Throughout his soul: he thinks the time is near
When shall pass from him all his ill-got power;
And, as he thinks on Death, he dreads the hour.

GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

CHAPTER III.

THE SCARABÆUS.

"The true original of Brute worship was the use of *symbolic writing*; and if so, *symbols* were extremely ancient; for Brute worship was national in the days of Moses. But symbols were invented for the repository of Egyptian Wisdom, divine and civil; therefore the Egyptians were a very learned people from the most early times." WARBURTON.

"The oblique course of the stars occasioned their representing them by the bodies of serpents; but the Sun they likened to a Scarabæus, because this insect makes a round ball of beast's dung, and rolls it circularly, with its face opposed to that luminary." PORPHYRY.

THE Isiac table contains a curious collection of hieroglyphics relating to the Mysteries of Isis, and amongst the rest, a copy of our anaglyph, accompanied by that universal symbol, the globe, serpent and wings. This monument, which was in the possession of Cardinal Bembo in the sixteenth century, whence it was sometimes called the Bembine Table, was a beautiful specimen of ancient art. It was composed of brass covered over with black enamel, and curiously inlaid with silver plates, on which the hieroglyphics were engraven. Several learned men have employed their ingenuity, at different periods, in its illustration; and Pignorius and Montfaucon have written two several essays on this valuable remnant of antiquity, which is said to be at this time in the Museum at Turin. Modern investigation, however, has pronounced it to be spurious. The Marquis Spineto says, "This table, which is five feet long and three feet wide, is divided into several partitions, filled with all sorts of hieroglyphics; and this strange mixture alone, independent of other reasons equally strong, seems to establish the fact that it is a monument of modern date, fabricated at Rome towards the latter end of hieroglyphical writing by some person who knew but little about the science, but who wished to exhibit some of *the strange doctrines, rites and ceremonies, which had been introduced into the mysteries of Isis*, when they were established in Rome, but very different from those once celebrated in Egypt."*

* Spineto. Hier. p. 51.

But whether it be spurious or not, its contents are genuine, so far as the forms of the various figures are concerned, although their arrangement may be faulty, and not in accordance with the original ceremonies which distinguished the mysteries of Isis in the country where they were first established. The Anaglyph before us, for instance, with its accompaniment of globe, serpent, and wings, is found on the most ancient monuments of Egypt. Bin Washih does not profess to have taken it from the Isiac table, but from ancient writings on pillars and monuments, where all the figures previously existed which were transferred to that table, and used in the Hermesian books by "the sons of wisdom."

The symbols of the two institutions which, for the sake of distinction, I have called the true and the spurious Freemasonry, although the name was altogether unknown at the period referred to, are, in many respects, the same, but their meaning differed materially; because the former were used to embody the sound morality of genuine religion, as it had been revealed to the patriarchs and prophets, and practised by the Noachidæ and their pious successors; and the latter, though professedly an imitation of the primeval system, was applied to the equivocal purpose of establishing and upholding the interests of a rival scheme, which opposed itself to the promulgation of religious truth; and while it held out a promise of superior enlightenment, involved its votaries in the mazes of superstition and idolatry, and substituted stocks and stones for the worship of the only and invisible Creator of heaven and earth.

An explanation of the symbols common to both these institutions would be an effectual means of showing that they are not—and cannot be—identified with each other; but such an attempt would be too diffusive for introduction here. In a few points the ceremonies appear to have been consentaneous; which also occurs in many other societies differing widely from each other in nature and design; but the doctrines are diametrically and irreconcilably opposed to each other, and the corresponding emblems have a widely different signification.

The Jewish symbols which have been adopted into blue Masonry, were exclusively descriptive of the sublime mysteries of their holy religion, and of the name and attributes of the Deity, as they had been enunciated by Moses and the prophets; while the symbols of heathenism, though alike in form, were used to typify the wildest fables of a perverted mythology; and even in their most perfect and unadulterated form, were uncertain in their application, and varied materially as they were expounded to the aspirant in the graduated stages of his progress through the seven gates of purification, which were reputed to complete his formal initiation into the mysteries of the spurious Freemasonry.

"How easily the tropical hieroglyphic fell into the tropical symbol, we may see by the following instances. Eternity was sometimes expressed by the Sun and Moon, and sometimes by the basilisk; Egypt, sometimes by the crocodile, and sometimes by a burning cense with a heart upon it. Where the simplicity of the first representation in each instance, and the abstruseness of the latter, show that the one was a tropical hieroglyphic for communication; and the other a tropical symbol invented for secresy. Enigmatic symbols were formed by a mysterious assemblage of different things, as in the Caduceus; or of the part of different animals, as in a serpent with a hawk's head; or of things and animals together, as in a serpent with a hawk's head in a circle. The change of the tropical into the enigmatic symbol, is seen in this instance; to signify the Sun they sometimes painted a hawk, which was tropical; and sometimes a scarabæus with a round ball in its claws, which was of the enigmatic kind."*

The principal figure in the Anaglyph before us is an enigmatic symbol, compounded of a hawk, a beetle, and a man. Champollion says, "les anaglyphes semblent être des pages de cette écriture secrète que les anciens auteurs Grecs et Romains nous disent avoir été connue seulement des prêtres, et de ceux qu'ils initioient à leur mystéres. Quant à lëcriture hieroglyphique, elle ne fut jamais secréte; et tous ceux qui, en Egypte, recevoient quelque éducation, en possedoient la Connoissance." Now it is well known that the scarabæus and hawk mutually symbolized Osiris, or the sun. The former, according to a very

* Warb. Div. Leg. B. iv. s. 4.

ancient interpretation, because it was imagined to be always of the male sex, and casting the seed of generation into round balls of earth, for the purpose of bringing it to maturity, rolled them backwards with its hind feet, while it looked directly forward; and from this practice it was considered a legitimate emblem of the sun, which, during the period of its retrogradation, appears to take a path through the heavens contrary to the order of the signs.

Ancient writers have assigned a variety of other references to the scarabæus besides the above. It was an emblem of *the world*, because it was said to roll its excrements into the form of a globe; of *an only son*, because they believed that the beetle was of both sexes; of *valour*, whence it was embroidered on their standards, and worn as an amulet; of *the moon*, because it was horned; surrounded by roses, it was the emblem of *a voluptuous man*. But its most interesting reference in the estimation of the free and accepted Mason, is to the *resurrection*. In its first stage of existence it is a worm or grub; and when arrived at maturity, it encloses itself in a shell or *coffin*, and becomes for a season, to all appearance, dead, and actually buries itself deeply in the bowels of the earth; after which it bursts its crust, and issues forth into a new life, a winged insect. This was too remarkable a picture of the death and revivification of Osiris to escape the notice of the intelligent hierophant.

In the earliest times it was used as an emblem of the deity; but was subsequently elevated into a deity itself; and was also considered to be a symbol of divine love and immortality; having, as I suppose, a reference somewhat similar to the fly-god worshipped at Ekron, called Baal Zebub, and mentioned 2 Kings i. 2. It appears to have had the name of Tor or Thror, and although found among the attributes of various divinities, was the emblem of the god Tore, a personification of the sun. It occurs with the heads of various animals, and is often represented in the act of thrusting forward the disc of the sun.

The editor of the Pictorial Bible says, "what precise place the beetle filled in the religious system of that remarkable people, has never, we believe, been exactly determined; but that it occupied a conspicuous situation among their sacred creatures seems to be evinced by the fact, that there is scarcely any figure which occurs more frequently in Egyptian sculpture and painting. Visitors to the British Museum may satisfy themselves of this fact; and they will also observe a remarkable collosal figure of a beetle in greenish coloured granite. Figures of beetles cut in green coloured stone occur very frequently in the ancient tombs of Egypt. They are generally plain; but some have hieroglyphic figures cut on their backs, and *others have been found with human heads.*"*

In the modern phonetic alphabet of Egyptian hieroglyphics, the Scarab stands for the letter D or T, or perhaps the Hebrew Tzi, which is supposed to have been formed from the hieroglyphic of an animal with two horns, and hence referred to the new moon.

The wings of this imaginary reptile are very different from the wings of a beetle; and there is no violation of probability in pronouncing them to be those of the hawk, because it was one of the sacred birds of Egypt. The wings of a bird represented the winds of heaven. "The two particular winds that most affected Egypt, were the northerly Etesian wind, and the southern; and these were represented by the two wings of the hawk. The latter springing up about the summer solstice, drove before it that vast body of aggregated vapours which, discharging themselves in torrents of rain upon the high mountains of Ethiopia, caused the waters of the Nile to rise. The hawk, therefore, observing at a particular season the same course, was considered as the most natural type of the Etesian wind."†

And this was probably the origin of the fiction which placed wings on the head and feet of Hermes in the character of Mercury, as the bearer of benefits to the people. The Egyptians painted him black and white, to portray his double office as a man and a god; and as the messenger of the celestial and infernal deities.

——— Ille patris magni parére parabat
Imperio, et primum, pedibus talaria nectit
Aurea, qua sublimem alis, sive æquora supra,
Seu terram rapido pariter cum flamine portant.
Tum virgam capit; hac animas ille evocat Orco
Pallentes; alias sub tristia Tartara mittit;
Dat somnos, adimitque et lumina morte resignat.
VIRGIL.

* Pict. Bibl. vol. i. p. 151.
† Maur. Ind. Ant. vol. iv. p. 615.

The hawk was anciently believed to be very prolific, and to attain to a great length of life; both of which were properties of that grand luminary the sun, of which it was a symbol. "It was the emblem of male deities, and called Beg; and chiefly connected with them and the deities of light; but Isis and Nephthys are found as hawks with their appropriate head attires. The deity to whom hawks were more especially sacred was Horus."* As the ox was considered a symbol of fire, and the piercing eyes of the lion the emblem of light, the soaring properties of the hawk occasioned it to be received as the symbol of air. These elements becoming objects of Pagan adoration, the supreme deity was frequently represented under the visible symbol of *fire, light and air*. The ancients also thought that the hawk possessed the power of looking steadily at the sun without sustaining any injury to its vision, and hence it was assimilated in its nature and attributes to the god of day.

Whether this symbol had any reference to the Hebrew cherubim, it would perhaps be useless to enquire. This divine appearance, consisting of *a man, an ox, a lion, and an eagle*, was vouchsafed to Ezekiel under the Jewish dispensation, and to St. John under that of Christ; in both of which cases it is pronounced to be "a living creature."† The same august personage appeared to Adam in Paradise; and not only the naked feet, but the actual form which the deity assumed was preserved and transmitted to him in the name applied to him in the very first verse of the Bible, according to the opinion of learned Hebraists, on a comparison of the Hebrew letters with the actual hieroglyphics of Egypt. Thus Dr. Lamb says that in "hieroglyphic characters א signifies a man, ל a lion, ר a bird (eagle), ה living creature (man), ים many eyes.‡ These hieroglpyhics give the phonetic word אלרהים ELOHIM;"§ which he thinks was the sole name of the deity till the time of Enos, after which he was known by the name of ודיה JEHOVAH, which contains the same ideas by substituting י for the man, and ה for the lion.

For these reasons the hawk and scarabæus were combined, in the Hermesian hieroglyhics, in one compound symbol.

(To be continued.)

* Gal. of Ant. Brit. Mus. p. 55.
† Ezek. x. 20; Rev. iv. 7.
‡ See Ezek. and Rev. ubi supra.
§ Lamb. Hier. p. 82.

THE EARLY HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF FREEMASONRY.*

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

THE history of Freemasonry bids fair to be well written this century! During the last few years the contributions towards an accurate account of our ancient Society have been many and exceedingly valuable. Another volume has lately been issued, this time from "across the big pond," and Brother George F. Fort is the author. His aim has been to bring the antiquities of the Craft down to an undisputed historical basis, in the pursuance of which object he has frequently felt compelled to abandon the usual track followed by writers on the subject, and has relied upon authorities whose testimony—found noted in the margin—will be accepted without suspicion of intemperate or uncritical zeal. Bro. Fort commences with a narrative of the state of the fine arts at the decline of the Roman Empire, and also of the propagation of architecture and its kindred sciences by bodies of builders, who developed into the Middle-Age Freemasons, whose history is carried down to the formal extinction of the society as an operative brotherhood in the year 1717. The first part of the work is "purely an historical thread and preface to the subsequent or archæological portion, upon which especial care and research have been bestowed. For the purpose of aiding in its preparation, many of the principal libraries of Europe were visited by the writer, and important material otherwise obtained while sojourning abroad."

* "The Early History and Antiquities of Freemasonry," 1875. By George F. Fort. (S. P. Putman, Philadelphia, U.S.A.) Sampson Low, Marston, Low and Searle, London, 8vo., pp. iv, 490.

The treatise is not written exclusively for the information of the Craft, and so Bro. Fort is anxious that it will find its way into the hands of many who are not members of the "mystic tie." Our Brother has done his work exceedingly well, and has evidently spared neither pains nor expense to thoroughly investigate the supposed facts of our Masonic history. If here and there he has taken some of these for granted on the presumed accuracy of the authorities quoted we must not wonder, for such a book as "The Early History and Antiquities of Freemasonry," can scarcely, in the nature of things, be found wholly perfect and correct when it is the work of one individual. "Many hands make light work," and each Masonic student is sure to develop some specialities in which he becomes proficient, but at the same time to the detriment of other departments. We have long contended that the "History of Freemasonry" cannot be written by one individual, but must be the joint production of the many; England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, France, the United States and other countries furnishing their quota of Masonic students, and repertory of facts. Anderson, Preston, Lessing, Kloss and others such in the past, and Dr. Oliver, Dr. Mackay, D. Murray Lyon, Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, Dr. Rebold, Albert Pike, J. G. Findel, and other celebrities of late years, are all necessary to the production of a complete and reliable history, and when they and others have all done their best to elucidate the truth, it will be for some future Masonic historian to collect the scattered fragments and present one comprehensive harmonious whole. Brother Fort takes his place in the front rank of Masonic students, and so the United States has furnished another competent and zealous explorer of Masonic antiquities. We regret exceedingly not having met with Brother Fort in his travels in England, and from the nature of the few errors which have crept into his work we should judge that he did not visit the study of our Bro. Woodford, nor the sanctum of our Bro. Lyon. We cite two of our reasons for so thinking. Brother Fort does not seem to be familiar with the "Fabric Rolls of York Minster," in which occurs an exact copy of "Ordinacio Cementariorum" (G. C., 100 p.), reprinted in our "Constitutions of the Freemasons" (1869), page xxiii, and in which provision is made by "y^e^ Chapitre of y^e^ Kirk of Saint Petyr of York yat all ye masouns yt sall wyrke * * * in ye loge * * * close bysyde y^e^ forsayde kirk, * * * yai sall be in y^e^ forsayde loge atte zaire werke." This was made A.D. 1370, (*circa.* not later than 1372). This provision for a lodge or shed being thus erected and used by the Masons is most important, as it contains one of the earliest allusions to a lodge known. Strange brethren were to be received after due trial and probation, at the "commune assente of y^e^ mayster and y^e^ kepers of y^e^ werk, aude of y^e^ maystyr masoun, and swere upon y^e^ boke," &c, &c.

Brother Fort declares that "The earliest authentic record* is to be found on the rolls of Saint Mary's Lodge, at Edinburgh, where it is registered that Thomas Boswell, Esquire of Auchinleck, was elected Warden of the Lodge in the year 1600, and that Robert Moray, a Quartermaster General of the Scottish Army was initiated into the mysteries of the Master Masons degree in the year 1641." In Bro. D. Murray Lyon's History of Mary Chapel Lodge (Edinburgh) we find that *John* Boswell was present at an assembly of the Lodge, 8th day of June, 1600; he was a gentleman, but the record *says nothing of his being a Warden.* In the minute of the admission of Quartermaster General Moray, dated 20th May, 1641 (at Newcastle, England, by members of the Lodge), no mention is made of any *degree,* but simply "doth admit Mr.," and it is even doubtful whether the *Mr.* is not intended as a *prefix* to the name, as the record is most indefinite in a Masonic sense. As to the Old English and Scottish guilds and corporations our good friends Woodford and Lyon would gladly have aided Brother Fort, and through their aid he would have seen documents several centuries old, of much importance archæologically and masonically.

We are glad to note our American Brother visited the York Lodge, and that he had the good fortune to secure the services of our Brother Cowling (the esteemed Treasurer), in the examination of the records of the extinct Grand Lodge. It is pleasant also to witness the readiness with which Brother Fort acknowledges

* *i.e.*, of the admission of non-professional men into the Lodge of Freemasons.

his indebtedness to fellow labourers, and his careful discrimination between fact and fiction must secure for him the respect of all Masonic students. We are decidedly of the opinion that the work is indispensable to the library of all thoughtful Craftsmen, and especially to those who make the history of the Fraternity their special study. The voluminous extracts, registers, records and other documents are most artistically woven into a homogeneous substratum, which support the arguments of the treatise and unite to make it, without doubt, one of the most attractive, reliable and exhaustive works on Freemasonry which have appeared during this century, and constitute it one of the most masterly productions on the subject which it has ever been our pleasure to peruse. We thank Brother Fort most warmly for the information and pleasure thus obtained, and we hope that a similar experience will fall to the lot of many in this country (and also in the United States), for the volume should be circulated by thousands. We should much like to present several extracts from the work, but can scarcely now spare the time to do more than cull the following extracts, which abundantly support Bro. Woodford and ourselves in upholding the *Guild theory*, and which in a most scholarlike manner place the origin of Freemasonry on a firm basis. "These guilds in their organized forms, so far at least as was essential to their cohesion, introduced naturally such elements, eliminated from civil society, of that age, as tended to direct their establishment to practical purposes. For instance, Freemasonry borrowed, as before suggested, the outlines of its constitution from the three amalgamated principles which were fundamental in the early Middle Ages: the autocratic, personal independence, and ecclesiastical. It was necessarily tinctured with the mythological superstitions, which still retained at this period a vigorous hold on the people of Northern Europe. As the guilds traced their origin back into the twilight of time, and were coeval with the first forms of Germanic society, consequently many fragments of heathen rites and observances passed with them into succeeding mediæval fraternities. It may therefore be safely alleged that Teutonic mythology, from its earliest contact with the Eastern builders in the fifth century, and through the line of centuries following, has contributed very largely to Masonic symbolism."

In terminating the first portion of the History the author thus remarks :—"If we cast our eyes backward over the several pathways travelled, we find, amid the varied circumstances of local and national life, much that points to an association held in check and regulated by secret rules, which vitalized the most distant and distinct branches. These points, which scattered bodies of mediæval masons present in common, are not the result of accident or the work of chance. Everywhere we have seen, or shall hereafter see, a strange conformity, spreading regularly and with an unalterable consistency, through the ancient Masonic corporations of Europe. This unity could not have preserved uninterrupted existence, had it depended upon the transient requirements of any age or nation. Other guilds and associations, established for purposes of temporary and local interest, have long since passed away. Unnumbered corporations, nurtured into into vitality by the troubled times of the Middle Ages, whose duration was the result of fleeting necessity, have vanished, while the mediæval guilds of Masons still survive in speculative Freemasonry. With a consistent harmony, the formularies of internal government, and a rigid adherence to prescriptive usage, such as guided ancient lodges in hewing out of polished stone the elegant designs of the master builder are preserved with zealous vigilance by their successors. Speculative Masonry has perpetuated intact for centuries that which has come down from the very twilight of time. In passing through the various nationalities which have successively fallen to decay, this brotherhood has survived, and, through the long line of ages, continued to guard the relics of a remote antiquity."

We have only to state that Sherman & Co. were the printers, and T. Fagan & Son the electrotypers, to assure our readers that the typographical merits of the volume will not disgrace the eminent American and English publishers.

We hope soon to again allude to Brother Fort's Masonic History, and meantime wish it the success it so thoroughly merits.

THE ART OF PROPOSING.

THE art of proposing, like the art of dining, is a matter of some importance to us all terrestrial atoms. Some of us may call to mind how Mr. Pickwick sagely counselled Mr. Magnus as regards the former, and how Mr. Hayward has eloquently dilated in respect of the latter. Without, then, following in the track of that "immortal man," who in his advice at Ipswich showed himself as shrewd as clairvoyant in all that relates to so grave a question, I think it well to give the readers of the "Masonic Magazine" to-day, and to some young friends of us all alike, a few hints, gathered from the experience of years, which may stand them in good stead in that alarming, nay, awful hour, of their mundane strivings, of their ephemeral existence. And as I think that illustrations are of all things the most effective and convincing, alike to the feelings and mind of man, I shall seek to "point the moral and adorn the tale," by the personal history of an intimate friend of my own, during, as the poet says, "those sublimated hours of a gander's existence." My youthful crony, Walter Rumbold, who, notwithstanding some disparity of years, and difference of tastes, is a great chum and mate of mine, came to me the other day with a long yarn, and a longer face. Rumbold, or as his friends all call him, "Rummy," is a very good fellow indeed in his way; who, if he is not very bright, is very true-hearted; and if he is not very sentimental is very straightforward. By the way, "en passant," how oddly nicknames arise and are handed on. W. M. Praed, many years ago in the "Etonian" gave us an amusing essay on nicknames; and his pleasant words may be read as well, and are as true to-day as when first written amid the busy crowd of Etonians. For it is very remarkable, as I said just now, how some one little incident or other will give a man an "alias," for life; not an "alias" by which he is known by the gentlemen in Scotland Yard, like "blinking Jemmy," but nevertheless an "alias" by which he is familiarly hailed, recognized and welcomed, alike in drawing room and dining room, alike in billiard and in smoking room, alike at the cover and at the meet, amid a cheery circle of male associates, amid a laughing collection of female connexions. Once upon a time Rumbold's maiden aunt, who had a great affection for her nephew, and from whom he had greater expectations, made a very memorable speech.

Rumbold was going out very early duck shooting, whereupon this cordial and devoted relative earnestly enjoined him to take a glass of rum and milk before he started, "to keep," as that excellent and virtuous woman eloquently expressed it, "to keep the cold from your stomach, and the wet from your feet." From that hour, and that burst of aunt-like affection, my friend has answered to the name of "Rummy;" and I have no doubt that that name will cling to him until, as somebody says somewhere, he "shall shuffle off his mortal coil," at least that, I believe, is the correct quotation. Not that my young friend, whose real name is Walter, as I said before, is at all given to imbibe Mr. Stiggins's favourite "vanity"; but his nickname merely arises from the affecting little incident in his early years to which I have just adverted.

Rummy came then to see me, as I just now observed, looking very much distressed and bothered.

"Hallo," I said, "what's up?"

"What's up?" he answered, "I'm very down."

"What has happened?" I repeated to him anxiously and energetically. "Have you, 'more juventutis', been dropping your tin on the Leger? Are you keeping racehorses, and have got a large bill for keep, &c., to pay? Have you been losing at Vint John? Or are you in love? In the name of the 11,000, are you thinking really of matrimony? Well, Rummy, I had a higher opinion of you?"

"Old fellow," he said sadly, "I thought 'the last's the ticket!' Its all made up in the family bureau; and I've got to propose to the young woman. And what I now want to know of you, for you know a heap of things, is, what I'm to say, what I'm to do? I saw Jemmy Hope this morning, and I spoke to him about it. 'Well,' was his reply, 'Old fellow, I never did it but once, and that is to Mrs. Hope; and all I said to her was, "I think you and I had better set up shop together;" and like a sensible girl, as she was and is, she calmly replied, "I think so, too." And so we squared up everything then and there; proposing, kissing, and all that sort

of thing, you know."' "Now," continued Rummy, "I think young Hope's plan may have done for him, but it does not follow that it will do for me; and so I've come to ask your advice, old boy."

"Well, Rummy," I said, "though the soft impeachment has never been mine, I see the difficulty of your situation, and I think I can put you in the way of saying the proper, and doing the needful."

"Oh!" said he joyfully, "let's hear all about it."

Now, I must observe before I proceed, that Rummy is a man of few words, and of brief letters. The longest letter he ever wrote in his life was about a spavined mare; the shortest he ever penned was an epistle, as he said, to his "governor," when he was very hard up. I think well, in these days of publishing private correspondence, to give my readers a transcript of a letter which, under similar circumstances, might be taken as a model for brevity and point:

"Dear Father,—I'm in Short Street. Send me some ready.

"Your dutiful son,
"Rummy."

I did not, therefore, expect any very great amount of what the young ladies call "sentiment" from him, but still before I could offer him my oracular advice, I required to understand the psychological diagnosis of the case. So I requested him to inform me of all the particulars, and I give them to you as he gave them to me, in his own terse and striking language.

"Well, old fellow, here goes! First of all she's a regular brick. She's very good looking; she's lots of ochre. Her father and mother and my father and mother are all serene. There are lots of pleasant relations, sisters and cousins; and the course is clear, and the thing has to be done. Both the governors have come down handsome."

"Yes," I replied, "but what about the young lady herself; what's she like; what are her tastes and proclivities."

"Oh!" he said, "she's got black hair and blue eyes, and she's very even tempered; and she's a first-rate stepper. She's very sentimental; she reads a lot of poetry, and has a great deal to say for herself. By the way, he went on, old fellow I wish the gals would not be so down upon us as they sometimes are. We were in Rotten Row the other day, and we met a sister of mine, for she and I were riding. 'What a pretty mare,' she said, 'what's its name?' 'Arachne,' said my sister. And I'm blessed if that young woman didn't turn to me, looking very funny, and said 'what a nice name; you remember all about Arachne.' Of course I said I did; but who the blazes was Arachne?" I told him with a grateful remembrance of old Lempriere, and the "Scobs," and the "Præfect of School," and "manners makyth man," and "aut disce, aut discede, manet sors tertia cœdi." He then continued innocently:

"I hardly know how to begin with her."

"Well," I replied, "there is one rule good in proposing as in everything else; take it easily, don't get flurried, don't get nervous, but be calm and composed, and you will soon find, if she means business, she will be as the Germans say 'zukommend,' and meet you half way, if she really cares anything about you, or means to have you. Begin a conversation with her carelessly, a question on some subject, lead it on to yourself, and without being too spooney, or too sentimental, manage to intimate to her clearly that you and she had better set your horses' heads together."

"Ah," said Rummy, brightening up, "that's the style of things, my boy."

"But," I added, "don't be in a hurry, and don't slur it over, but be distinct, emphatic and decided. Let there be no mistake about the matter, no 'double entendre,' no parlevouing. A great many marriages never come off because the young men won't speak plainly and honestly to the girls."

"Ah!" said Rummy, "you are the best of friends;" and he took his leave more radiant and cheerful than he entered, to which happier state, I am inclined to think, his "wiring into a bottle of phiz," as the young men say, had not a little contributed. I was sitting in my bachelor sanctum, with Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy in my hand, having forgotten Rummy altogether, his purposes and his proposal, his dulcinea and his dilemma, when all of a sudden in he bolted, like a rabbit, in the highest glee.

"Gone and done it, old fellow," were his first words, almost out of breath, "in first-rate style, won in a canter, though it was a buster while it lasted."

"Indeed," I said, "tell me all about it."

"Well," he said, "I called and lunched, and then the mamma, a very discreet old party, left us, and the other sisters left us, and Ethel and I were all alone. I began to feel very queer, when, as luck would have it, she began to talk to me about her 'Bully.' 'Charming bird,' I said. 'Oh, yes!' was her answer, 'and he does sing so beautifully, and I am so fond of him.' 'Oh!' said I, seizing the opportunity, 'he is a very fine bird, but he wants a mate.' 'A mate!' she said. 'Yes,' I answered, 'two is company, one is none.' And as I saw it was no use dallying or dawdling any longer—the thing had to be done—I went on to say, 'Don't you think it's much better to be two than one?' 'That depends,' she said, looking at me, 'who the other party is.' 'But don't you think,' I asked her again, 'that it is nice for two people to go together, and to get on together, than to be all single-handed in the world.' 'I'm never alone,' she carelessly answered, 'I've lots of sisters, brothers and cousins.' 'Bother the cousins,' I said 'sotto voce,' meaning of course the male ones. But, drawing a little nearer to her I said very slowly, and my words would not come, 'I'll get Bully a mate if—if—if—.' 'If what, Mr. Rumbold,' she said, and she looked so knowing, 'If—if, you won't object to be Mrs. Rumbold.' She burst out laughing, and then she said: 'Well, I suppose it must be so; though, Rummy, yours is the rummiest proposal I ever heard of, all proceeding from a Bully.' So the ice was broken, and all was arranged between us à la mode; and here I am an engaged man, and we are to be married in six weeks."

"Well, now you see, Rummy," I at last replied, after having congratulated him, "you see what comes of taking my advice, and 'running straight.' Half you men treat women as if they had neither feeling nor sense, neither heart nor understanding, and no voice in the matter."

"Oh!" said Rummy, "to tell you the truth, I've been very bad for the last three months, and I believe that she always has liked me."

I need hardly say that the marriage of Walter Rumbold and Ethel Harrington took place under the most auspicious circumstances. I never saw a more joyous gathering, or a prettier breakfast. Everything with them has gone as merry as the marriage bell, and they are a very contented, good-looking, happy couple.

Mrs. Rumbold often says to me, "Thank you, Mr. Tomlinson, for your kind and appropriate advice to Rummy. Who knows if he had not taken it, and followed it to a T, whether he and I should ever have got together." "Verbum," then, "sat sapienti," now as of old. I leave so affecting an illustration, and such sage counsels, to the appreciation of all my readers, whether old or young, male or female; and as I think my theory is unimpeachable, I dedicate respectfully my "Art of Proposing" to everyone who knows and feels that his Kismet is sealed at last, and that the awkwardest hour of human life has dawned upon an embarrassed biped.

T. T.

A WITHERED FLOWER.

O flower dim and withered,
O flower of faded hue,
Thou takest me back to other hours,
To friends and hearts most true;
Thou tellest yet a tender tale
Of a dear old past to me,
Thou whisperest soft words of light,
And love's own minstrelsy.

We are standing side by side,
She and I together,
We are talking of coming days,
Of good and evil weather,
When we shall both be breasting
The surging waves of strife,
And find some gentle sunshine
To bless the "weird" of life.

We are looking on a May Day,
Reckless of care and pain,
We are making up sweet posies
Of wild flowers in the lane;
Or in the fairy garden
Are gazing with delight,
On parterres of grateful odour,
On borders trim and bright.

And the hour at last has come,
At last the word is spoken,
And then and there that flower,
Of earnest love the token,

Is given in the "pleasaunce"
Or on our homeward way,
Yes! still how very fragrant
Is the memory of that day!

And time has come and gone,
And years have flitted fast,
And all those gracious moments,
Are shadows of the past;
Poor ghosts of care-worn faces,
They tap at our closéd door.
For the loving light and the living hope
Can be ours never more.

On that flower dim and faded,
The world has thrown its spell,
Like on all we prize so dearly,
Like on all we lov'd so well;
For that faded flower tells us,
In language void of art,
How that it is an emblem
Of our own withered heart.

Alas! for us, how sad to think,
That all for us is gone
Of what we loved so hugely,—vanish'd
Our dear fancies one by one.
Yes! that withered flower minds us,
How perish love and trust,
And how like all of human mould,
'Tis but a pinch of dust.

W.

AN ORATION

Delivered by Bro. Pinchinat, in the Session of the G. Orient of France, commencing September 13, 1875.

TRANSLATED FROM THE MONDE MACONNIQUE FOR SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER.

My Brethren,—Each time that I have been permitted to take part in a General Assembly of the Grand Orient, I have been penetrated by this conviction, that it would be difficult to demand of the members who compose it a better spirit. In the discussion of questions placed on the "order of the day" more or less animated, but always serious, each one has brought, so to say, the mark of his own character and temperament. But, notwithstanding difference of views, which, of necessity, must arise in everything, triumphant majorities as well as defeated minorities, the feeling of brotherhood, of conciliation, of reciprocal affection, could not and would not disappear in our Masonic relations. Whatever was the result of our voting, our hands continued to seek and to grasp each others' mutually, and without distinction. What, then, is the cause? what is the "raison d'être" of this mutual toleration for which we all pride ourselves, of this touching harmony which nothing can trouble? It is, that we all in this hall have but one object in view, that we all pursue without intermission the same ideal, the most noble that can be proposed to our human activity; it is that, though we may differ as to the means of arriving at the result, we have, and can have, but one and the same end to reach. You know as well as I do, this end, this ideal, this object in view. It is the greatness of our dear order. With respect to it no struggles, no possible quarrels; we are in agreement; our hearts beat in unison; and the personal egotism which we meet at every step in the profane world is powerless here to show itself on the face of our robust faith, of our professed conviction, of our inextinguishable ardour for this great work of justice and of truth. Our union on this basis is indissoluble, so that our disputes leave no trace in the memory of the bitter word, of the offensive remark, of the wounded personality, of the chafed "amour propre;" and when the hour of separation has sounded, we leave behind us neither anger nor revenge, for we all know that each has done his duty, in conscientiously accomplishing that which he believed to be the good, the useful, the welfare of all. At the end of this long and laborious session, you have named Bro. de St. Jean to preside over your labours. This is a just homage rendered to him, whose Masonic life has been one of perpetual devotion to our cause. It is a mark of gratitude for the numerous services he has rendered, and for those which he is ready to render still. May he permit me, in the name of all, to express to him our gratitude. We count on him, and we have the firm hope that he will know in all circumstances how to defend the sacred interests of that Freemasonry which is so dear to our hearts. I will not enter into the detail of all the questions resolved by you. Your votes, only inspired by the anxiety to see our order prosper, to amend our regulations, to place our constitution in agreement

with social progress, have brought about, I hope it, happy modifications. It is in use that we recognize the value; it is practice which will show to us whether we are deceived, or if our work is good. I ardently hope that our labour has been profitable, and that our conditions of life, as well as our lodges, will become daily better. Perfection is not of this world; but human institutions are to be made perfect, and it is this perfectibility with which we are preoccupied everytime that we are re-united in this hall.

But there is one of your decisions upon which I shall permit myself to linger. The Council of the order, which generally leaves to the lodges of our constitution the initiative in projects of law tending to amend the constitution, has presented you this year with a project to which it seemed to attach extreme importance, and by the terms of which it claimed for itself the right of punishing the masters and lodges culpable of having violated the constitution. Under the general terms of the proposition, (and not one of you misunderstood them), it was easy to see that among all the offences that a master or orator is susceptible of rendering themselves culpable, the project visited especially the case where they had tolerated in their lodge political or religious discussions, and in order to render efficacious the power of the council, which has always in such circumstances the right of stopping them in this deplorable path, by suspending them, it asked to remove them from the common right and their natural judges, in order to bring them before a higher jurisdiction. You know the solution, and I do not wish to revert to it; but concerning the causes which have led to this grave question, it is my duty to tell you all my opinions. For two or three years, especially for some months, Freemasonry has been attacked with an excessive violence. It has been denounced, calumniated, turned into ridicule, or represented as an element of disorder and revolution. One might truly say that a "mot d'ordre" had been given, for there is not one of our adversaries who has not thought himself obliged to mingle his voice in this grand concert of imprecations and anathemas. Have we done anything which can justify in any measure a campaign so violently commenced? I may well seek, I see nothing. I know nothing, as well as in that which concerns the lodges as in that which concerns the Grand Orient of France, of a nature to lead to this deluge of invectives, and of these denunciations to the civil power. Freemasonry has never deviated from its "route;" it has always affirmed that it was unworthy of itself to mix itself in the strife of parties; and, placing its actions in accord with its principles, it has always kept itself within the high and serene spheres of a generous philosophy, the last word of which was, love of humanity. That Freemasons as citizens have such and such convictions, that they enrol themselves under this or that banner, that they manifest their opinions in private reunions, or by their writings, what matters it to Freemasonry? They are citizens; they are free—it is their right.

But when they are re-united Masonically in their lodges, then it is necessary that the Masonic constitution should be scrupulously observed, that the Masonic principles should be vigorously applied; in a word, that Masonic questions alone should be discussed and resolved. It is on the faith of this equivocation, hurled by design among the public by the means of the press, and which consists in confounding the moral existence of the lodge with the political or private conduct of some of its members, that we are represented as conspirators, ceaselessly sapping the basis of society, dreaming of the fall of all authority civil or religious, and seeking in our lodges, hidden from indiscreet observation, the means of perpetuating the most horrible crimes. Nothing is less exact. Falsehood and insult are the weapons of war, of those who support a bad cause. Silence ought to be our only answer if there did not exist a danger for us, namely, that these false assertions may find at the end credit with some; that they are propogated; and that we may become victims of this fearful conspiracy directed against the most honest, the most noble of institutions, the most worthy of consideration, of esteem and of respect. We have protested with all our energy against these calumnies, after the manner of Don Basilio. We shall alway protest. But, my brethren, by the side of these protestations, which issue against our will from indignant minds, we have a conduct to pursue in order to

pass with chance of safety the crisis through which we are moving, and permit me to point out to you in a few words, as citizens moderation, prudence, respect for established laws, confidence in the future as Masons, passive obedience to the constitution sworn to, scrupulous observance of our statutes and general regulations. It is for the purpose of repressing a possible violation of the Masonic law, a violation which would be so dangerous in the actual circumstances, not only for the lodge which should commit it, but possibly also for the whole order, that the council asked of you to be armed with sufficient powers. Well, while entirely thanking the council for its solicitude, let us take here a solemn engagement to show by our acts that its fears were needless; that not one of us—not one—will be tempted to compromise the interests of our dear Freemasonry, and never, whatever the circumstances may be, to give grounds for the accusations of our adversaries in severing ourselves from our duties and our obligations. What, my brethren, have we not a field sufficiently large for our studies, our researches, and our labours? Do you forget that the care of humanity ought to be our constant preoccupation, that as long as the cannon shall thunder masterfully in the world, as long as war shall mow down human beings by thousands, as long as there are sufferings to solace, ignorant to instruct, vices to root out, as long as the moral and intellectual level is not at the height which we desiderate, we have to work without ceasing. Is not this immense task sufficient for you, to which generations of men have devoted themselves, which will absorb your life without arriving at its end, and which our descendants will continue in future generations? Let us not go out of our own spheres, I entreat you, and if we chance to fight for our flag, for our principles of liberty, for the freedom of human reason, may it be equally without passion and without weakness, may it be the fulfilment of a duty imposed on our consciences, nothing less, but nothing more.

I am speaking of a combat. Is it not strange that we are reduced to pronounce this word of hatred, we who profess for humanity the most ardent love? Yes, certainly! we have not sought the combat; we have not provoked our unceasing adversaries. They are they, the opponents of liberty and of reason; they are they, the partizans of subjection as the end, and of ignorance as the means, who have engaged in this strife with an unheard-of violence. Called by our principles to defend the liberty of conscience, which our ancestors conquered from clerical despotism, can we, I ask you, steal away and desert the battle-field? Our line of conduct, is it not entirely traced out? Have we not, besides, been directly challenged? Do you not know of that burning philippic which has emanated from a leading member of the party which evidently desires our overthrow? Defence is lawful, and we shall defend ourselves by all possible means; resting, nevertheless, within the limits which the civil laws and the Masonic laws impose upon us. We shall join in no religious controversy—Article II of the Constitution forbids us; but we shall explain the principles of our philosophy, of our morality, and the country—what do I say? the entire world—shall decide who they are, whether of them or of us, who are most in sympathy with the ideas, in perfect harmony with Him who once on the shore of Lake Tiberias or Gennesareth substituted for the law of hate which ruled the old world His law of love and forgiveness. These provocatives to strife have afflicted but not surprised me. Our adversaries find in their pathway, in the accomplishment of their ill-omened mission, an invincible obstacle, and before which they will fatally miscarry if they do not succeed in breaking it down. It is human reason; which the philosophical school of the last age has emancipated, in instructing it, in elevating it, in making it understand its rights, and the part it has to play. They proscribe it; they insult it; they wish to annihilate it. But we, who profess that without which everything is error, falsehood, or fanaticism; we, who think that the day on which it is annihilated there will be an end of our dignity as men; we defend it—the accursed thing—and we will defend it as long as we have a breath of life. Behold, my brethren, the true cause of the accusations of which we are the object. To give to their accusation a semblance of justice, they pretend that Freemasonry means Atheism; they represent us as sworn destroyers of all religious ideas. In vain have we proved to them that if it were so, we should be like them,

devoted to intolerance; that, on the contrary, we respect the opinions, the faith, the religious convictions of all our brethren, in the name of that liberty inscribed on our motto; that to avoid mutual chafing, and never to trouble the harmony which ought to exist among us, all discussions to this effect are rigorously interdicted in our lodges, and scrupulously respected; that if Freemasonry had any religion, it would have to make it prevail, and that thus it would violate our great principle of liberty; that it must be secular, but not Atheistical; and that the confusion between these two terms, though so different the one from the other, is a want of logic and of good faith. Vainly have we answered all these things; they do not wish to understand, and, it is to be feared, they will never understand, because they don't wish to do so, this language of good sense and of reason. Our conscience, that only critic of all our actions, imposes on us the obligation of showing ourselves under these grave circumstances up to the height of our mission. In fact, I am not indisposed to believe that these polemics, this persecution, perhaps, may even be profitable to us. Danger has, for a consequence, the awakening from indifference, the exciting of devotion, the giving to our spirits a greater activity, a greater enthusiasm to our minds. We are no longer living in a time, thank God, when thousands and thousands of men paid with their life for the crime of heresy, that is to say, the revolt of their reason against the despotism of a religious sect. Resistance is to-day less dangerous, and were it otherwise, could we hesitate? Already I see men, honourable by their character, their talents, their services rendered to science and their country, coming and asking for entrance into our temples. It is a characteristic sign which ought certainly to strike you, and make you conceive a firm hope of our approaching triumph.

When allies of this worth come to ask spontaneously to fight under the Masonic banner, as well as by an emotion of the heart, of which they may be proud, we have the right to say boldly and with an elevated front that our course is that of right, of truth, of eternal justice, because it is embraced by those who have made justice and truth the constant end of their efforts and their labours. A modern philosopher, Herbert Spencer, in the course of his remarkable work, "Introduction to Social Science," makes use of a comparison, the justice of which has struck me, and which I will tell to you, because it bears with it its own instruction, and is applicable to our situation. When a man undertakes the ascent of a high mountain, before he gives to his artist-sight the noble and majestic spectacle of the beauties of nature, he begins his journey alert and joyous, sack on back and stick in hand. But the hours speed away, his march slackens, the ascent becomes more rough by degrees, his strength is exhausted, his enthusiasm is quenched, and he sits down, weary, on a stone, ready to abandon his project, discouraged by the unceasing difficulties, and the numberless obstacles which at every instant appear in his way. All of a sudden he straightens himself, he regards the road already traversed, he sees that he has achieved more than the half of the distance, that the top is less far off than he just now judged, hope is re-born in him, he discovers new strength to resume his march, and thinking of the ideal joys which await him, he makes the last effort which conducts him to his goal. We also, my brethren, we have our mountain to climb, on the summit of which we shall find the realization of our wishes, and the end of our labours. It is a long time since we began this trying voyage, and according to all appearance it will yet last for a long time. But is it the fitting time to allow ourselves to be beaten back, when the dangers are most formidable, and most pressing, when we require more coolness, audacity and energy, when we ought to bring into play all our living powers? Is that the moment to allow ourselves to give way to a dangerous prostration? Certainly not; let us cast our regards behind; let us look at the road already traversed, the difficulties already surmounted, and let us say, that by every step we approach nearer to the goal towards which we are moving. Then, with hearts high, and braced-up energies, Forward!

Very dear Masters and Delegates, you are about to return to your respective lodges. Do not dissimulate to our brethren the gravity of present circumstances; quicken their zeal, combat indifference, appeal to their Masonic sentiment, if they are really such in fact and in heart. We

must rally and close up our ranks to face the enemy who menaces modern civilization, and, in consequence, our French Freemasonry, on whose standard are emblazoned the words of humanity and progress. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—sacred triad, magical formula, which freed our forefathers from oppression and despotism, be always present to our minds, direct our actions and our thoughts, illumine our souls, give us the necessary strength, and by thee, in a future near at hand, we shall be victorious, less for our own glory, than for the welfare of humanity.

[Note by the Translator and Editor.]

I have thought it well, and, to say the truth, but fair, to our eloquent Bro. Pinchinat, to give his words "in extenso," but I need hardly say to Anglo-Saxon Freemasons that in so doing I do not associate myself with all his sentiments. It is impossible for an English Freemason to do so, and I much regret that the French and other continental Freemasons weaken themselves, as it appears to me, by their use of a political motto as the watchword of their Freemasonry. Brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth, are, in my humble opinion, a far better rallying cry for universal Freemasonry, than Liberty, Equality and Fraternity, which have a lugubrious sound for many, and which recent events have shown may still serve as a pretext for heartless wrong and fearful iniquity. Bro. Pinchinat's address is, however, in itself a very able production, and I think just now may be read, with due allowance for continental views and language, not without some profit by us all.

THE THREE R.'S.

Time was when even good persons used to say, "You can over-educate the people." Indeed, here and there some very respectable representatives of ancient wisdom still shake their heads mournfully when they read the daily papers, and say that all our present criminality is owing to over-education, and lifting people out of their proper places. Now, we always are curious when we hear excellent people making use of this lugubrious complaint, this morbid comment, with respect to the things which be, to know what they mean by "proper places." We fear that such a remark implies that a certain number of human beings, gifted with intellect and reason, blessed with energy of will and force of character, are to remain "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for successive generations. We do not believe in such theories or such expectations. They are altogether unsound and unjust. All nature, for instance, is a system of growth, development, expansion, ripening, and you may add even elevation. The entire character of social life is of advance, industry, intellect, energy, probity, honesty, and steadiness, moving on and moving up. Why, then, should we doubt that such is the proper law of our human probation and struggles? Why should we expect that any class of the body politic is to remain stationary, and neither to advance or improve? It is in truth a chimera and a grievous blunder. While, then, we properly teach all people, old and young, "to do their duty in that state of life where it shall please God to place them," (a very wide description, let us note), we ought always, it appears to us, to hold out the hand of undoubting friendliness and unquestioning sympathy to all efforts to instruct, to improve, to educate our fellow-creatures; we ought sedulously to support every proper effort to spread on all sides of us the all but unspeakable blessings of a sound and useful education. Some persons are fond of repeating the old fallacy, "a little learning is a dangerous thing." The possession of learning may result in dangerous consequences to the perverse, shallow-pated, and unstable; but as a general proposition, the familiar saying involves a fallacy. A little learning is not and cannot be as dangerous as no learning at all, and few there are except in a vein of poetry who would endorse the poetic axiom, "where ignorance is bliss, 'twere folly to be wise." Let us believe that our "modern instances" of the mistaken policy of such views, and of such words or truisms "per se," have long outweighed those "ancient saws." It was even said, as we know, by some of old, that "ignorance is the mother of devotion," and so perhaps in one sense it may be, that is, of unlettered devotion. But it is far more true to say that ignorance is, and must be, humanly speaking, the mother of superstition. As Freemasons, without

entering into controversial points, we shall always be glad to aid in our humble measure all wise efforts to extend educational agencies. For much remains to be done, and the most genuine alarmist need not yet apprehend a too rapid advance even in elementary knowledge.

All education requires is to be left alone. It will progress in its own way and utility and blessing, if only judiciously encouraged, and scientifically supported. The only fear is, lest it should be too much doctored. Professor Cockroach is at present very much to the fore, and we do not believe in Professor Cockroach. Education, like a good many other things just now, is in great danger of falling into the hands of quacks and charlatans; and too many "cooks" may even yet "spoil the broth."

We have thought it well to show the present position and work of education amongst us, by appending a precis of some of the recent reports of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, which appeared in the "Times" a short time ago, as they deserve alike careful perusal and serious thought. We have also given a few educational statistics, and though it is said you can prove anything by statistics, as Prince Albert once said so well, they form the only safe basis either of scientific study or political knowledge:

"In the year ending with August, 1874, there were 1,013,068 children in elementary day schools in England aided by Government grants, who were qualified by age and attendances to bring such grants to the schools on passing a satisfactory examination in reading, writing, and arithmetic. There were 857,611 children actually presented for such examination, and 508,232 passed the prescribed test without failure in any one of the three subjects. The inspectors' reports supply valuable accounts of these schools and their work. The Rev. E. P. Arnold, reporting on schools in Devonshire, observes that he is not one of those who think that the results of our elementary school system have been up to this time unsatisfactory. He is not sure that grown-up and educated people do not form an exaggerated estimate of the intelligence which can fairly be expected in a child of 10 or 11 years old. Mr. Arnold says:—'A boy the other day was reading to me these words from a book of English history—"They raised the standard and marched against the enemy;" and upon my asking him what a standard was, he said it was a "daily paper." But the boy understood the pith of the passage, that the two sides were just going to fight. A supply of reading books of continuous narrative, like the "Vicar of Wakefield," &c., 'would do much,' says Mr. Arnold, 'to give children an interest in their reading, and so to improve it; but to expect an ordinary child in an elementary school to understand all the words in a leader of the "Times," or a page of modern literature will be always to expect a prodigy.' Mr. Arnold notes that under the head of 'writing,' good spelling is required, and to write from dictation correctly requires intelligence; when we hear that nearly 77 per cent. pass in it successfully, it would be very unfair to regard this result merely as a test of mechanical handwriting. In regard to arithmetic, he observes that under the fourth standard are included 'compound rules,' treated as requiring not merely the correct working of straightforward sums, but the power to resolve easy problems in these rules. The following is one put in his district:—'A watch is 37 min. 27 sec. too fast; what is the correct time when it is a quarter past 12 by the watch?' In that district only two-thirds of all the children examined in arithmetic passed successfully, but all the boys in the fourth standard were educated with a view to working such sums as this. The Rev. W. F. Tregarthen, reporting on Dorset and Hants, says that in schools where there is the greatest variety of reading books, the children always read best. Still, he observes, good reading, distinct, intelligent and expressive, is not often met with; fair reading, with correct and distinct pronunciation, and some attempt to give expression to meaning, is not so hard to find. The reading would be better if more time were given to the explanation of words. This inspector notices that good writing becomes the habit of a school where the teacher is a good penman, attaches due importance to the exercise, and insists upon the letters being well and neatly formed. He adds that arithmetic involves thought from the first, and he observes the most amusing efforts on the part of the juvenile mind not to think. Children would rather make

81 strokes on a slate, count them one by one, and then divide them into groups of nine, than learn and apply the fact to all future calculations, that nine times nine are 81. The Rev. J. Rice Byrne, writing of Surrey schools, reports that the reading still falls far short of what it might be if taught thoroughly and on system. He is not aware of there being in any school he inspects a manual of elocution habitually in use, with a view to teach reading as an art. Writing is taught, in general, successfully; where not so, the fault lies too often with the infant's teacher, who neglects to impart to the scholars that ease in forming letters and figures which is rarely acquired if not in infancy. Mental arithmetic appears less frequently than it should do in the routine of lessons. The Rev. C. F. Routledge gives a summary of inspected schools in East Kent; reading passable, but not intelligent; handwriting generally satisfactory; spelling tolerable; arithmetic very fair. The weakest point is spelling, partly because sufficient time is not given to it by teachers, and partly owing to home pronunciation. The Rev. Nevill Gream, reporting on Essex schools, notices that in some where the reading is best done, the children are made, when in the infant class, to read with a loud clear voice, which they hardly ever afterwards lose, and thus the proper pronunciation of every word is secured. He says that large writing is now taught in almost all schools in his district; the delusion of the perfection of small writing has nearly disappeared, and the consequence is that in most schools the writing is executed in a clear bold hand, with considerable attention to the proper formation of the letters, and with a neatness that will last a lifetime. Schools, also, are now rare in his district in which spelling is thoroughly bad, and most teachers recognize that correct spelling should be impressed upon a child's mind by its appearance on his paper or slate, a child's eye being much more easily taught than his memory. Mr. Gream also finds arithmetic generally improved. But where notation is still not taught well, large percentages of failure are sure to follow. In Worcestershire the Rev. J. W. D. Hernaman notices, what is observed elsewhere, also, the depressing and disturbing effect of the recent sudden influx of a rude and ignorant set of pupils, who, at eight or nine years of age, have to be taught the first elements of reading, writing, and arithmetic. The Rev. J. J. Blandford notices, in several Midland counties, a decided improvement in reading in a fair proportion of schools, and he attributes it in some measure to the introduction, not only of a better class of reading books but also a greater variety. An assistant inspector in a Midland district observes that more attention has been paid to writing since it became the rule that the dictation exercise in all the standards above the first should be written on paper at the annual inspections; writing is now very fairly taught throughout the district, and three-fourths of the failures under that head are due to incorrect spelling. The Rev. J. Lomax, reporting on the Stockport district, notices a gradual but solid progress in arithmetic, perhaps stimulated by prospects of clerkships; but the reading is unsatisfactory, and too often shows an utter want of intelligence and expression. He thinks the lesson should be made more attractive. The writing in the schools is generally good, sometimes of great excellence. The failures arise chiefly from incorrect spelling and improper syllabification of words, often very gross and glaring. Mr. Sharpe, an assistant inspector in East Lancashire, notices that reading has become less mechanical and more intelligent, but still there is want of expression. Girls, he says, enter more into the spirit of a narrative than boys, and generally read better; boys appear to be somewhat ashamed of reading with animation in the hearing of their schoolfellows, but will sometimes cast off their shyness when reading with the inspector as sole auditor. In one school the boys have been induced to act little plays among themselves, and the result is a much better style of reading. Yorkshire inspectors' reports show that reading is too often regarded as saying so many words, instead of as the art of receiving and conveying to others the ideas contained in the words, but that teachers are now taking more pains to make the children understand the meaning of what they read. The Rev. R. Wilde, speaking of the Huddersfield district, says:—'A great deal depends upon the manner in which the "infants" are taught to read Children of six or seven can be taught to read with intelligence and expression, even

from a book seen for the first time.' He goes on to say that writing is decidedly improving, and the spelling would be better if the children were to look over the piece about to be given for dictation, so as to have the correct spelling first presented to their eye. In regard to arithmetic, another Yorkshire inspector recommends that more attention be given to mental calculation. Mr. Wilde says it is the custom in his district to set three 'straightforward sums,' and one which requires a little thought, and generally goes by the name of 'the problem,' and a child is passed if any two sums are correctly worked. He would like to set three easy problems, and only one straightforward sum, and still require two worked correctly for a pass. This would insure the children understanding the application of the rules of arithmetic, and cause them to think when at their work. But he says that, at present, if he were to introduce this change, he should be torn in pieces by managers and teachers. So he is willing to wait and hope."

And so are we. The future is yet, to some extent, a "terra incognita" to us all, that is, we can hardly estimate correctly or distinctly as yet the effect of the more general spread of education, with its correlative forces and influences. Still the view we take is a hopeful one. Education has done much for the class highest in the social scale. Why should it not do as much for those who form the lowest tier in the great pyramid of social life? In the mean time, leaving the future to the things and minds of the future, we should seek to improve carefully the conditions of all primary instruction, and make all our elementary and normal and technical schools as good and as efficient and as practical as they well may be. Like Longfellow we too may well say,

"Let the dead past bury its dead;
Act, act, in the living present,
Heart within, and God o'erhead."

W.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A YOUNG POETESS.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

Pure as the paper I now write upon,
(And it might serve the Mason in his need,
Wanting his lambskin apron, spotless white,
As emblem of that innocence the Craft
Imposes on her children, teaching them
Rather to die than soil their souls with sin,)
Spotless as the white page I now must soil,
At thy request, with my unrhyming verse,
May'st thou preserve thy head and heart through life,
Young Poetess; and when thy glass of life
Has run its sands, may'st thou look back upon
The past with pleasure, conscious that thy rhymes
Will help to elevate the thoughts of men
And women, who may read them when the hand
That wrote them is but dust. Let not thy muse
E'er stoop to pander to the grov'ling throng,
But ever strive to wake within the souls
Of all who listen to thy minstrelsy,
Thoughts pure and noble, feelings all divine.
Think for thyself; and be not thou afraid
To worship Nature with a poet's warmth;
For well has Wordsworth sung, that "Nature ne'er
Betray'd the heart that loved her." She will lead
Thy soul, through flowery and through starry paths,
On, to the throne of God Himself. Fear not
To trust her guidance. Let no worldly thoughts,
Nor worldly feelings, e'er put out the flame
Of poesy within thee: for that fire
Is so ethereal, that its heavenly warmth
Can comfort thee in all the storms of life,
Whatever fate be thine. Grasp then thy lyre,
And be thou true to it, and it to thee
Will be a treasure worldlings wot not of.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

NOTES ON THE OLD MINUTE BOOKS OF THE BRITISH UNION LODGE, NO. 114, IPSWICH. A.D. 1762.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES, 31°.

P.M., M.E.Z., St. Luke's Chapter, P.M.M., P.E.C., P.E.P., M.W.S., Victoria Chap., Rose Croix., Past Provincial Grand Registrar of Suffolk, Past Grand Inspector of Works (Mark) Past Grand Provost, Order of the Temple, &c., &c.

A VERY interesting book is the first Minute Book of this old Lodge—though it has seen much service and fared ill in the hands it has passed through. It seems to have got into the possession of some cowan, and to have been given over to the tender mercies of some child or children, for almost every leaf has a piece snipped out of it, and youthful scrawls and attempts at caligraphy disfigure almost every page.

The first page in the book, apparently one is lost, which is dated 5th April, 1762, contains a part of the 3rd rule, or by-law, which has reference to the ballot, white and black beans being used as at present in determining the important question as to whether a candidate should or should not be received into the time-honoured fraternity.

"Fourthly," runs the rule, "That after every brother has put in a bean as directed the box be then delivered to the master by the secretary for his inspection. Fifthly and lastly—that if the master find a black bean in the box no further mention shall be made to the intended member."

A very considerate rule this last, and one which might be more generally adopted than it is. The secrecy of the ballot we have known to be more honoured in the breach than the observance—though not in the lodge of which we are writing.

And touching this said system of ballot it would be well if there were some fixed rule as to how it should be exercised. In England an entered apprentice can exercise his right of voting on any question before the lodge, from the election of W.M. to the admission of a candidate to the mysteries and privileges of Freemasonry. In America, we believe, it is different; no brother can vote until he is a Master Mason.

In England the ceremony of voting differed in different lodges. In some the deacon carried round the ballot box to each member, and a most objectionable practice, since the officer could hardly fail to see how the brother voted, and the secrecy of the ballot became a farce. In other lodges the brethren went indiscriminately and all in a heap up to the treasurer's desk, and thus confusion was made, and the importance of the ballot was not impressed on the neophyte by a ceremony which should always be done "decently and in order."

But to return to the British Union and its first record of minutes. This volume appears to have served the double purpose of a minute and presence book, and underneath the by-laws quoted we have the signatures of the brethren present.

Jno. Clarke, Master; John Hunter, Senior Warden; W. Clarke, Junior Warden; John Prentice, Stephen Buston, Thos. R. Scott, John Concour, Joseph Clarke, Wm. Prentice. There is no date to this meeting, but the next one is dated 5th April, 1762, when, in addition to the names mentioned above, there appear to have been two visitors present, Jonas Phillips and Marchal Calksen, the latter probably a foreigner. A note is put at the bottom of the entry to the effect that a certain brother, whose name has been cut out, being absent forfeits sixpence. The next meeting appears to have been held 19th April, 1762. At this lodge Bros. Thos. Nichol-Scott, Jon^{n} Clarke and John Concour were raised Masters; and there is a N.B. that certain of the brethren, all but the visitors and candidates in fact, each paid 6d., we will suppose for refreshment. At the meeting dated 17th May, 1762, only four brethren appear to have been present, and the lodge seems to have been under the rule of the J.W., neither the W.M. nor S.W. being there. At a lodge held on the 21st June, Wm. Paxman was proposed for ballot on St. John's day, together with Robert Fenn, and accordingly on the 24th June it appears they were regularly made, agreeable to the by-laws heretofore entered in this book. At the same time John Hunter was, with the unanimous consent of this lodge, elected Master for the ensuing half-year, Wm. Clarke, S.W., and J. Prentice, J.W., of the lodge. This is a very interesting minute, since it would appear that a century ago

the Master was occasionally at least elected half-yearly, and the Wardens instead of being the nominees of the Master were, like himself, elected by the brethren.

At the next lodge meeting John Hunter's name appears as Master, and John Clarke's as P.M., but there is nothing to show that there was any special ceremony in inducting the new W.M. into the chair of K.S., though we should be sorry to assert, as some of the exact writers on Masonic subjects would, that the mere absence of mention of the admitting to the installed Master's degree, was proof positive that no such degree existed at this time.

On the 2nd Aug., 1762, the Master appears to have been amongst the absentees, and John Clarke signs as D. Master, both on this and the following lodge night. Depute Master is quite a Scotch "style," and we never remember to have seen it in an English minute book before. A Captain John Softley, of Sunderland, no doubt in the mercantile service, was regularly made on this occasion. Robert Fenn appears to have served the office of Tyler at this time. A Mr. Wm. Enefer, of Harwich, was duly admitted a brother on the 15th November, 1762, and raised a fellowcraft the same night. This seems to have been a common practice to give the two degrees in one night, for on the very next lodge night Mr. John Bailey, of Harwich, was duly admitted a brother, and raised fellowcraft. At this time the Master is described as Right Worshipful, a term now only applied to Provincial Grand Masters in this country, though in Scotland the holder of the gavel is still described as R.W.M. Right Worshipful, by the way, is, if we mistake not, the style of a Knight whilst Worshipful is that of an Esquire. The former is still used, we believe, by some of the Mayors of our older corporations in the great cities, by the Vicar General of the Province of Canterbury, and the Judge of the Bishop of London's Consistory Court, though the latter is the more usual title assumed by Mayors and Aldermen, and, we believe, the Masters of the City Livery Companies, the relics of the trade guilds of the middle ages. According to Burke Mayors of boroughs and Justices of the Peace are Esquires by virtue of their office; so are servants of the Crown, holding responsible and independent positions, and it is on this ground that magistrates are always addressed as "Your Worship." The modern fashion of dubbing everybody Esquire who does not actually keep a shop, is as ridiculous as the *servant-galism* of the day whose representatives have their letters addressed *Miss*, and speak of each other as "me and another young lady." But we are sadly digressing—from the title Worshipful. Does it not suggest itself to our brethren that the mere title accorded to a Master shows that his position as such was considered a century ago, and should be now, as one of very high importance in the craft; and, as in choosing the Mayor of a town, it is generally the most distinguished citizen who can be prevailed upon to take the office who is selected to fill the post, and the one whose means, social position, or great talent justify the selection; so in Masonry, we should always be careful to put into office brethren to whom the title Worshipful might properly be applied, without raising a sneer from the outside world at its application to a brother who fails to dignify the office, either by his capacity, his character, or his position in society. But this is a digression which, in later years, at all events, could have no possible application so far as the British Union Lodge is concerned, a lodge which at the present time occupies the first position in the province of Suffolk, and compares favourably in the social status of its members with almost any lodge in England. Recurring to our notes of the British Union, we find that Bro. Wm. Clarke was unanimously chosen Master at the St. John's Festival, 27th Dec. 1762, at which time the Wardens were also elected. The names of brethren absent appear to be regularly recorded, and against their names at the January meeting, in 1763, we find that the forfeits are to be paid the first night when present.

Whether a recurrence to this good, old practice would secure a more regular attendance at lodge meetings, we do not know, and, perhaps, so far as the members generally are concerned, it would be unwise to revive the rule; but with regard to office-bearers it is a matter for consideration for the craft generally whether a fine (*which should invariably be enforced*) inflicted upon all officers absent at regular lodge meetings would not be a sure way

of securing really good officers, and good working. Of course sickness, the pressing emergencies of public or private avocations would be always fairly considered; but these apart, brethren who willingly accept office should be made to fulfil the duties appertaining thereto.

At the lodge meeting held on the 5th February, 1763, Mr. George Ward and Mr. John Watson, of Harwich, were proposed to be admitted brethren, and the latter appears to have been initiated and admitted to the second degree of Masonry the following lodge night.

At this time it was "ordered by the lodge that no person be ever proposed for being made a brother unless the proposing brother will promise to pay the usual admittance fee of a guinea," [the full amount charged for initiation at that time] "in case the person so proposed should fail attending at the time then fixed for his making, unless a satisfactory reason be given for his non-attendance." It would be well if this rule were enforced now generally. No candidate should ever be allowed to be proposed until the proposition fee, *obtained from him*, and *not* advanced by the proposer, be paid. A great deal of unnecessary trouble and annoyance would be spared if this admirable by-law were at all times strictly enforced.

On the 3rd October, 1763, Bros. Wm. Prentice, William Paxman and Robert Fenn were raised Masters. The last two of these brethren had been made August, 1762, and it would be worth knowing whether a year was required to elapse between the passing and raising, as at present practised in some countries, and notably, we believe, in Prussia. There is a regular record of visitors' names at this period, but nothing to show from what lodges they hailed. At the St. John's Festival, 27th December, 1763, Bros. Wm. Enefer, John Watson and Richard Bennett were raised Masters. Watson had been initiated and admitted to the second degree of Masonry, February, 1763; Enefer had been "admitted a brother and raised a fellow-craft," November 1762, by which we may conclude that a much longer interval elapsed between the passing and raising, than is now deemed necessary, in the one case ten months, and in the other more than twelve months being the period allowed to pass before the brethren were deemed eligible for the Master's degree. It does not appear, however, that there was any fixed rule upon the subject. Bro. James Clements, a visitor who had previously attended the lodge in October, 1763, was "raised a Master" at the lodge meeting, 20th February, 1764. At the previous lodge Wm. Swain, schoolmaster, of Woodbridge, was ballotted for, and unanimously approved of, for initiation; and at the following one Gardiner Whiteside, of Yarmouth Ship (probably a publican, let us hope not a sinner), was duly ballotted for, and was made the next meeting. In June, 1764, Thos. Buck was ballotted for, accepted, and "immediately *raised* a fellow craft," the term *passed* apparently not being used at this period. Several foreigners appear to have visited the British Union from time to time, as we may gather from the mention of such visiting brethren as Peter Mitaux, who subsequently joined the lodge, Benjamin Didior, Jasper Fatry (in another place spelt Fætus), Arnold Grownwald, &c.

Gardiner Whiteside, made in June, was raised to the third degree of Masonry in September, 1764, which seems conclusively to show that there was no settled rule as to the limit of time between conferring the degrees longer than that allowed by the Book of Constitutions.

On the 17th December, 1764, there were four visitors present, hailing respectively from St. John's (we presume New Brunswick), Sunderland, Norwich and Harwich. This is the first notice of the locality from whence the visiting brethren came.

A regular record appears throughout of the absentees as well as of those present.

At the meeting held December, 1765, we find the record of the names of the Master, Wardens and Tyler, who were all elected by the lodge.

At the meeting held 7th December, 1767, William Kolly, a vizitant (sic) brother, and Thos. Woodwards, Peter Wootton, William Clarke, Joseph William and John Spooner, were all raised Masters. Wm. Clarke, an inn-holder, one of the brethren named, it appears was ballotted for in June, 1766, and probably was made the next lodge night, but there is, unfortunately, a hiatus between June, 1766, and December, 1767, through the destructiveness of the juveniles

who have had access to, and done their best to maltreat this old record of the British Union.

In December, 1767, there is the usual record of the election of the Master and Wardens, with the addition of that of Secretary, Bro. John Spooner being appointed to that responsible office. At this lodge Wm. Kerridge was made a Mason in due form "agrecable to ye order of last lodge night, having paid one guinea in ye hands of Mr. John Prentice for his admission." A similar memorandum is made against several names of brethren made, and we are, therefore, left to the conclusion, as before suggested, that a guinea was the fee charged for initiation, and that it included admission to the fellow craft degree, but whether it also carried the candidate through the third degree is not made manifest. Certain it is that the fee charged was very much less than at present. Mr. Robert Easter, of Walton-on-the-Naze, was ballotted for, and duly elected, made an entered apprentice, and "past" fellow-craft, July 21st, 1768. This is the first record of the word *passed* as applied to the F. C. degree. At the regular meeting on the 20th February, 1769, we find that Bro. William Kerridge *was proposed to be raised Master* next lodge night (he was subsequently made MM. in April), from which it would appear that brethren did not as a matter of right go forward to the third degree, but were, in some measure, dependent upon the goodwill of the lodge, and we will suppose their own merits for advancement in the order. Kerridge had been made in May, 1768. From an entry made in the minute book it would appear that the meeting on the 20th March, 1769, was held at the Green Man, a hostelry which probably at that time held a much better position than it does now, as it is a very humble tavern. At the next meeting, held on the third April, in the same year, the following important note occurs:

"At this lodge it was agreed that the incorporating the Society of Free and Accepted Masons would be of general benefit, and past this lodge *nemine contradicente*, and the instrument for that purpose was signed accordingly."

As our readers know, however, the Freemasons as a society have never been incorporated yet, except, we understand, the Supreme Council of the 33°, A. & A. Rite, which, we believe, was registered a year or two since. Touching this excerpt we are reminded that in 1771, a bill was brought into Parliament by the Honourable Charles Dillon, the Deputy Grand Master, for incorporating the Society by Act of Parliament; but on the second reading of the Bill, it having been opposed by Mr. Onslow, at the desire of several brethren who had petitioned the House against it, Mr. Dillon moved to postpone the consideration of it "sine die," thus the design of an incorporation fell to the ground. There are some who still think, however, ourselves amongst the number, that the resolution of the members of the British Union was a good one. and the incorporation of the craft a consummation devoutly to be wished.

(To be continued.)

CONTEMPORARY LETTERS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Letter IV.

Paris, 5th March, 1790.

The affair of the Colonies is referred to Monday. The fermentation it had occasioned begins to subside, and such is the versatility of the people of this country, that the first moment of inquietude past, they seem to forget in some new occupation the ruin that threatened them an instant before. I can compare them only to a nest of emmets which the foot of the traveller disturbs. But the comparison will only hold good as far as the agitation and ferment of the little multitude who crowd to behold the destruction of their habitation; the calm patience, and attentive labour with which they repair their mined edifice makes no part of the national character of Frenchmen.*

Mirabeau read at the Club des Jacobins a most violent and elegant harangue on the immutable right of all the negroes to freedom. He was conjured not to deliver it on

* Recent events have shown that the writer of this letter did not correctly appreciate the real force and stability of the French national character. Of it you may surely say "magnus in purposer, in adverse major."

Ed.

the present occasion, and for once he sacrificed his vanity to the views of his party. Monday is the day fixed for the final discussion; but I cannot conceive that on Monday it will not be referred till another Monday, and so on from day to day.

There is one extraordinary fact which I am not wise enough to resolve. The majorities of the Democrats when a question is decided by collecting the number of votes is always small, perhaps twenty; on the last division relative to the slave trade the numbers were 315 to 338, and on no division does it appear that the number of deputies who vote exceed 700; and yet all maintain that the Assembly consists at present of 1000; therefore, there are 300 whom when their opinion is likely to be publicly known, absent themselves.

The Parliament of Bordeaux are ordered to the Bar of the Assembly. The Parliament of Tholouse have issued an Arrêt of the same tendency, but they are not yet denoncé. The Club des Jacobins is at this moment divided in two factions, that of Mirabeau and La Fayette; the latter with all his insidious moderation, I take to be *un plus grand scelerat* than he is supposed to be. The night of the 6th of October will always exist as a proof of his incapacity or his guilt; that Mirabeau should be obnoxious to him I can easily conceive, but why Monsieur should be inculpated I cannot tell. It is true that in his heart he is strongly attached to the Aristocrats, but too timid to act, he remains quiet in his own palace. He is clever, but his brother despises his abilities, and formerly the Queen and himself were open enemies. I have entered into a discussion before I have given the argument on which it is founded. A report is whispered about from ear to ear that Mirabeau has received from Monsieur 300,000 ecus, but as the folly of the assertion would be too barefaced if any reason was assigned, none is even whispered. Is it to conceal the past Monsieur had in the pretended plot of M. de Favras. For my own part I guess the report is spread by La Fayette with a view to cast suspicions on Mirabeau, and to intimidate Monsieur to such a degree as to make him fly, and then to reallume the sinking fanaticism of the people with new plots, new treasons and new murders.

Paris again begins to swarm with those numerous banditti, who first began the revolution, and who had for some time past absented themselves. The return of the Duke of Orleans is mentioned. Even the neighbourhood of the capital is infested by large troops of armed smugglers who enter their goods by force, not by cunning. Scarce a day passes without some skirmish; they are often repulsed, but never vanquished.

Mirabeau declared the night before last at the Club des Jacobins, that he had *un motion effrayant a faire. Un motion* which made his blood run cold. This man only wants the courage of Cromwell. As he neither mentioned the time, or purport of this dreadful menace, he certainly has hopes that it will produce some effect which may justify his pretended regret.

I certainly frequent the houses more of those inclined to Aristocratic than Democratic principles, yet even in the latter I always find a greater number of the former, though they, Democrats, are violent and intolerant. The tradesmen openly avow their discontent; none think themselves obliged to any degree of moderation in their abuse of the Assembly. I can affirm that I have never been in any house where the majority of the company were not Aristocrats; and many of those who professed moderate or Democratic principles have since joined the Aristocratic standard. The petition of the City of Paris relative to the Caisse D'Escompte is referred to a distant day. The politicians of the Palais Royal begin to dissent against it.

The tumults of the provinces seem to diminish.

BYE-LAWS OF THE YORK LODGE, No. 236.

BY THE EDITOR.

First Notice.

We have perused with much pleasure this valuable little Lodge History, and which reflects great credit on its two able compilers, Bro. John Todd, P.M., and Bro. William Cowling, P.M.

Bro. John Todd gives us a very interesting "resumé" of the History of the Lodge "per se;" while Bro. William Cowling supplies us with a very lucid narration of the Annals of the Grand Lodge of York. We will take them "seriatim."

With regard to the Grand Lodge Bro. John Todd says:—"Previous to 1761, no attempt was made to establish a lodge in the City of York under any other jurisdiction than that of the ancient Grand Lodge. In that year a warrant was issued by the Grand Lodge (modern) of London, to hold a lodge at the Punch Bowl Inn, Stonegate, which had a very brief existence. Another lodge, called the "Rockingham," was also constituted by the same authority with a like result; and a third, under the title of the "Apollo" Lodge (which met at the George Inn, Coney Street), was likewise constituted by the same Grand Lodge in 1773, and continued until about the year 1813, when it became extinct.

"It may seem somewhat surprising that, with a Grand Lodge in existence in York, application should have been made to the authorities in London for the constitution of the lodges above referred to. In all probability, the adoption of such a course arose from the fact that whilst Masonry in the south of England during the latter half of the eighteenth century was making rapid progress, in the north it had for some time past been gradually declining, and the Grand Lodge of all England was, in consequence, in a decaying condition.

"Notwithstanding the encroachment upon its jurisdiction by the Grand Lodge of London, a fraternal feeling existed between the old Grand Lodge and the lodges so constituted, as appears from the circumstance, that on the decease of Bro. Martin Croft, a member of the Grand Lodge of York, in February, 1780, a notice was sent by that body inviting all free and accepted Masons in York to attend his funeral, and two of the lodges, under the constitution of the Grand Lodge of London, took part with the old Grand Lodge in the funeral procession, the expenses of the interment being borne jointly.

"The meetings of the Provincial Grand Lodge for the whole of Yorkshire were held in York from 1738 (the date when the first Provincial Grand Master was appointed by the Grand Lodge of London), until the year 1821, when the county was divided into two provinces, and from that period for the Province of the North and East Ridings of Yorkshire until 1835, since which time the meetings of the latter province (which includes York in its Masonic jurisdiction), have been held in the various lodges of the province, and at York in the years 1836, 1838, 1841, 1843, 1848, 1851, 1856, 1864, and 1874.

"On the 30th April, 1777, a petition was presented to the Provincial Grand Lodge of Yorkshire, signed by Joseph Jones, John Preston, John Stephenson, Thomas Denton, William Walker, William Thompson and John Storr, desiring a Constitution for a lodge to be held at Lockwood's Coffee House, York, to meet on the first Monday in every month during the summer half-year, and the first and third Mondays in the winter. In consequence of this application a Dispensation was, in the first instance granted to the petitioners, viz., on the 20th of June following, to hold regular lodges until a Constitution was obtained. Under this Dispensation the first lodge (being a lodge of emergency), was held on the date of the Dispensation, there being present Joseph Jones, Master; Thomas Denton, S.W.; John Stephenson, J.W.; William Thompson, Secretary; John Preston, and William Walker.

"The Warrant of Constitution was issued in July, 1777, by Sir Thomas Tancred, Bart., Provincial Grand Master for the County and City of York, under the authority of the Grand Lodge of England (London), of which the Most Noble Prince George Montagu, Duke and Earl of Manchester, was then Grand Master, and bears the seal of the Grand Lodge, constituting the brethren named in the petition into a regular Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, under the title or denomination of the "Union Lodge," to be held at Lockwood's Coffee House, in Micklegate, in the city of York, and appointing Joseph Jones, Master; Thomas Denton, S.W.; and John Stephenson, J.W., for opening the lodge, the number thereof on the roll of the Grand Lodge being 504.

"The officers of the Provincial Grand Lodge attended on the 7th of July, 1777, to constitute the lodge, when the before-mentioned Joseph Jones, Thomas Denton, and John Stephenson were duly installed as Master and Wardens, along with William Thompson, as Secretary. Up to December, 1787, the Master and other officers of the lodge were elected half-yearly, but at that date it was resolved that the appointments should be held for one year."

Such are the main features of the annals of a very distinguished body of Freemasons, and which is in fact one of the most historic of our English Lodges. It has undergone since that date the usual vicissitudes of lodge life; it has had its days of sunshine and of cloud; its seasons of prosperity and adversity; its hours of decadence, and its "times of refreshing." We are happy to know that it now numbers 140 members, and we echo the truly Masonic aspiration of Bro. Todd, that "this representative of Masonry in the ancient city of York may long continue to flourish, and may be the instrument of disseminating the great and glorious principles of our noble institution to future generations."

We said before that the lodge was an historic lodge, for as Bro. Todd remarks: "All the Minute Books (dating from its establishment), and other documents of the lodge, have been preserved with scrupulous care, and are now in its custody. Having been for many years the only Masonic body in the city of York, the York Lodge is generally considered the lineal representative of the Ancient Grand Lodge of all England, and in consequence, many important and invaluable documents, Minute Books, jewels, furniture, paintings, and other property of that ancient lodge, have been transferred thereto, and are now in its possession."

Its history is, therefore, very valuable and interesting to all who, like ourselves, are glad to witness reasonable and authentic narratives of lodge life and work, and origin, take the place of our looser statements of the past, and furnishing the Masonic student of to-day with facts instead of fiction, with truth instead of myth.

We heartily thank Bro. Todd for his able sketch, and we shall recur to Bro. Cowling's interesting history of the "Grand Lodge of England" next month, quite concurring in the well-merited tribute of respect which Bro. Todd pays to that very worthy brother, when he says: "To Bro. Cowling, P.M., one of the oldest members of the lodge, and for many years its treasurer, the brethren are greatly indebted for his valuable services. His active exertions have been mainly instrumental in securing for the York Masons the commodious and elegant structure in which to exercise the mysteries and privileges of the Craft."

Having ourselves experienced his courtesy more than once, and availed ourselves of his Masonic lore, we are pleased to conclude the first part of our review with these appropriate words.

HOPE.

Bright star of human life,
What pleasant gifts are thine,
In every scene of strife,
Those earthly joys which twine,
Around each faltering heart,
And man's own restless will,
Through the hours which depart,
And all of good or ill.

Thou canst soothe and cheer and bless,
And soften and beguile,
And lighten up distress,
With thy own endearing smile.
Thou canst throw a gleam of glory,
And brightness on our way;
And illume life's faded story,
With an unearthly ray.

To thee we lingering turn,
As hours and friendship fail,
Through glowing thoughts which burn,
Sad disappointment's tale!
To thee we look in trust,
From our cradle to our grave;
As we find that all is dust,
And Time can nothing save.

O Hope! divinely given,
By the great Architect of all
To man from heaven riven,
By the sad hour of Fall,
To cheer us on our road,
Which leads o'er vale and hill;
Till in a bright abode,
Our weary feet are still.

Then, Hope, thou shalt give place,
To never-ending love;
That all undying grace,
Which gilds thy heaven above;
And then thy labours o'er,
Thy blessed mission done,
Man stands upon that shore,
Where God and he are one.

A. F. A. W.

MR. BOGGS A MASON.

BY BOAZ.

Mr. and Mrs. Boggs were living a quiet life in one of our retired streets. He had recently joined the Masons, and as a matter of course attended the lodge with enthusiasm. Like all beginners he goes to lodge every night. If there were double the nights every week he would have an engagement for every night; in fact, there are not evenings for Boggs to get around, and Mrs. Boggs doesn't like it. He tells her when he gets home, that at nine o'clock at lodge they had the first degree; at ten, the second; eleven, the third; at twelve, the fourth. As there are only three degrees, he tells her the fourth is a supplementary one, and sometimes it takes until one o'clock, on special occasions to confer it; that it is a beautiful degree, and, oh, how he wishes she could see it. She naturally wishes she could, curiosity is immense with certain people. Whether this is a leading characteristic of the ladies it is not the purpose of the writer to determine, but as Boggs is a man of undoubted veracity it is supposed she believed every word he said; however, time will tell.

By observing the manner Mrs. B. addresses her lord and master, you always tell what kind of humour she is in, when it's "Boggsy," how sweet—sugar is a mild comparison; when it's "Mr. Boggs," look out—there may be trouble brewing; the coast is not clear; but when it's "*Boggs*," it's a never failing indication that a storm is imminent, a regular old-fashioned typhoon. Boggs knows the condition of a Chinese port after one of those terrible battles of the elements, and he takes the necessary precaution that his household shall not meet a similar fate.

The other evening our brother got home quite early, and gave as a reason that at lodge they had the first degree, initiation, only. She said with a sweetness that would rend the most obdurate heart, "Boggsy tell me all about it, what you did there—I would really like to know. Of course I am not inquisitive, do not want to know what is not my own affairs, but, Boggsy, I know you are dying to tell me, now ain't you?"

Boggs (aside).—"Hang it! no I ain't, I wish that word had choked her. What shall I do? Suppose I must keep peace in the family."

"My dear, I will at some future time tell you all about it, but you must excuse me just now, as I must go to my study and there write an important letter which I had quite forgotten."

He retired from the room, and in solitude gave himself to meditation. He concluded he would invent some sort of a story which would answer the purpose. It is easy enough to plan, but to put the same into practice is quite a different thing. He knew if he told her that they did nothing but sit around, and tell funny stories, that she would have good reasons for telling him that he had better stay at home. Then again if he depicted the scenes of Satans, horned animals, and gridiron eccentricities that are generally attributed to this particular institution, she would tell him that was conclusive evidence that he should stay in nights, and not be making such a fool of himself. Whenever he would speak of being passed to the second degree she would wonder if that meant to be suddenly passed out through a hole in the wall, as she had often seen the same done at the theatre in the pantomines. When he spoke of being raised to the third degree she would invariably ask how many feet. He would tell her it was simply a figurative expression, and meant that he was elevated, fit to associate with a king, that he was above the common level of humanity, high toned, aristocratic, that he might look down on mankind with silent contempt, a sort of mingled disgust. This was the significant meaning which he placed on the word *raised*, and which he delivered with such emphatic enunciation that she had misgivings whether or no she was a fit companion for him.

One evening Boggs came in very late. He thought he would be smart and deceive his wife, thus making her think he had not been out late, so he crept in cautiously so as not to disturb her, and moved the hands of the clock back, as he supposed, three hours, then while looking for a match and getting a light, he asked her why she retired so early. She looked at the clock and addressed him in a manner that was touching, in accents that spoke volumes.

"Boggs, do you think I'm a fool? This is early, isn't it?" He looked at the clock,

and sure enough it was early—in the morning; he had turned the hands the wrong way, and they marked the hour, three o'clock.

When we get into trouble the next thing is to get out of it, and it too often happens that we jump out of the pan into the fire.

"Boggs, this is a pretty way to treat me."

"But, my dear, we had the fifth degree, an extra occasion. After the fourth degree all the brethren went down to Killduff's bil——"

Gracious Jupiter! what had he done? Exposed himself! he tried to make the story run smooth, but the more he said the more he got tangled.

"Boggs," she said, "stop just where you are! That's a failure; you can't blind my eyes with any such nonsense. I've found you out; you can't come your fifth degree dodge over me." Quite a little time elapsed and not a word was spoken, when she continued:

"Boggs, if you will come home at a reasonable hour in future, I will forgive you;" and he was only too glad to promise that he would.

Canadian Masonic News.

FREEMASONS' HALL GRAND LODGE LIBRARY LONDON, W.C.

MEAL-TIMES.

(COMMUNICATED BY THE EDITOR OF THE SANITARY RECORD.)

"To everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under the heaven," says the preacher.

"What are the most seasonable times for meals?" is a question oftener answered than asked. Almost everybody has got a set of proverbs, dogmas, or traditional rules, derived apparently from his great-grandmother, on the subject to which he contends the assent is due, not only of himself, but of all who have to discuss the matter with him. And very seldom does he ever seek to test these rules by the experience of others or physiological science. As is the case with all proverbial philosophy, no distinction of individual circumstances is made, and the particular instance is made applicable to the universal.

It is worth while to examine into some of these current notions about a necessity which occupies us and affects our comfort at least three times a day, and often has a serious influence on our future health also. And at the outset let it be stated that any universal rule about meal-times which takes no count of the occupations and bodily peculiarities of different persons must necessarily be wrong. It is absurd to require that the duties and pleasures of existence should give way to the task of supplying nutriment; that would indeed be "*propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.*" And it is equally absurd to ignore the idiosyncrasies of individuals induced by original constitution or acquired habit. Everybody who is led to think about a subject at all, in its bearing either on himself or his dependents, should honestly and fairly try during sound health experiments on the prevalent ideas concerning the arrangement of meals, and test how far the self-knowledge thus acquired is capable of application to social and professional requirements.

As an aid to his investigations it may be stated that the physiology of digestion confirms the truth of the following general observations bearing on the times of taking solid food and the intervals between them; it being assumed that the said food is of average digestible quality, and in quantity proportioned to the reasonable appetite, not in excess:—

1. Food for the supply of the daily wants of the system is most rapidly and thoroughly digested when taken early in the day, ere the nervous and secretive forces are exhausted by toil.

2. Rapid digestion in the early part of the day contributes to the immediate demands of motion and innervation.

3. Food for the repair of the continuous wear and tear of the tissues is in less immediate request; the completeness of its solution is of more importance than the rapidity, and it is best taken towards the evening, when an opportunity is afforded for its leisurely absorption during sleep.

4. The duration of digestion bears a proportion to the quantity of food eaten.

5. In youth the digestion is quicker, and the stomach sooner emptied than in grown-up persons.

6. Rest before meals makes the digestion more complete. Exertion immediately

before meals retards digestion, and exertion immediately afterwards deranges it.

7. Sleep retards digestion, but makes it more complete.

8. Alcohol retards digestion, and renders it also incomplete.

9. Earnest pre-occupation of mind retards digestion, and may even quite annul it.

10. Water quickens digestion, and encourages the absorption of fatty and saccharine matters; but its effect on the complete solution of albumen is doubtful.

There can hardly be two opinions among physiologists as to these facts. Few as they are, they may still clear up a considerable number of the misconceptions and contradictions begotten by the traditional empirical ideas regarding meals and meal-times. As an example, try what they have to say respecting—

Breakfast.

Let a healthy man really "break" his "fast" with a substantial meal, and not break his breakfast with irritating little nips or slops beforehand. After the stomach has at its leisure emptied itself during sleep of its contents, and sent them to repair the worn tissues and exhausted nerve force, and the blood has been ventilated and purified by washing and dressing with the window open, then is the time when the most perfect of all nutritive articles, farinaceous food, can be consumed in largest quantities with advantage. Butter also, and fat and sugar, troublesome customers to weak digestions, are then easily coped with, and contribute their invaluable aid to performing the duties of the day. For example, many persons can drink milk to a fair and useful amount at breakfast, with whom it disagrees at other hours. And the widely-advertised "breakfast bacon" by its name warns the consumer against indulgence later on in the day. *Cafe au lait* and sweet creamy tea are to many men poisonous in the afternoon, though in the prime of the morning they are a wholesome beverage to the same individuals.

Let the vigour, good humour and refreshment then felt by a healthy man be utilized without delay in eating a hearty meal immediately after he is dressed, and not frittered away in the frivolities of other occupations. Let not reading, writing, or business—muscular, political, or economical—exhaust the nervous system. The newspaper and letters should not be opened, preferably not delivered, till the appetite is thoroughly appeased. A Christmas-box to the postman will probably set you in such a part of his beat as will keep these unexploded shells out of sight till the proper moment. Or, let the master of the house have a bag, and sufficient self-command to retain it locked till his household's stomachs are ready to receive the contents without spoiling a meal. Commercial men should insist upon being written to at their offices, and "*O Lectores benevoli*," pray don't bother the doctors too early.

As to the hour of the clock at which breakfast should be ready, that must depend on the avocations of the breakfaster, on his dinner-time, bed-time, and time for rising. Practical and scientific members of agricultural societies say that the most important part of a prosperous farmer's work, be he great or small, is over by eight in the morning. The more acres he farms, the earlier must it begin. And this is not a light occupation, mind and body being earnestly active at the same moment, moving about quickly over a considerable space of ground, and foreseeing the successful carriage of the day's labour. Many robust agriculturists fall into severe forms of dyspepsia, heart-burn, water-brash, intestinal neuralgia, emaciation, consumption, hypochondriasis, or, still worse, into dram-drinking and its baneful consequences, solely from attempting this task before they have fortified themselves by a breakfast. Purveyors of all perishable produce, butchers, fishmongers, green-grocers, market-women, etc., have laid upon them the same necessity of getting their most serious work over, and beginning the mechanical occupation of selling, by the hour when their customers are abroad. And medical men know how frequently these classes suffer from neglecting the precaution here enforced.

At the hour when these people are, or ought to be, taking their breakfast, or even later, there is a continuously recruited army of workers, purveyors of intellectual food, food as perishable and as eagerly hungered for as the last named, who are just sitting down to supper. They prepare themselves for rest, if prudent, by a moderate meal principally of animal food and fermented liquor, which they have then leisure to

digest slowly and completely, so as to repair the wear of the bodily machine by the past toil.

There should be no morning meal for them till afternoon, otherwise it proves a break-*rest* as well as a break-*fast*. There are in England many thousand persons employed nightly for the periodical press, and though the greater number, especially of the brain workers, are "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," yet in their digestive functions, and the nutrition of their tissues, they do not seem to suffer more than other sections of the industrial population. When they do suffer it is usually in consequence of being roused up too early in an attempt to join the established breakfast at the established family hour. The up-all-nighters, who cannot attempt this, complain less frequently than the mere late workers.

Those who are born to consume the fruits of the earth rather than to sow and reap them, will also do well to follow the same rule that we have recommended for their more industrious brethren. It is true they do not suffer so much from a neglect of it, but they will enjoy life much more by obedience. The adoption of what may be called the French use, namely, a cup of coffee or milk on rising, and nothing else till a heavy *déjeuné* about noon, is associated with a mode of life which fails to develop to their utmost the inborn capacities for exertion, and is being gradually discredited as the upper classes in Europe come more and more to find their pleasure in work.

Commercial men occupy an intermediate place between the classes already named; there is little temptation to them to work fasting, and the current hour of the family breakfast usually suits them very well. The most frequent error they commit is that of swallowing the meal over-hurriedly, and bolting their food. They are in too great haste to get to business. Sometimes they eat too much, in the vain hope of doing *without* luncheon harmlessly.

The balmy freshness of the morning air, further sweetened by contrast with that of a stuffy bedroom, the cheery scene of life and movement succeeding the sepulchral night, and a prevalent sensation of cleanliness and righteousness combine to make the brushing of the rising dew seem a specially wholesome occupation. But any unprejudiced person may easily convince himself that this is a fallacy. Let him go in for a quick walk before his first meal, and compare his capacity for exertion after it with what it is if he breakfasts first and then goes through the exercise. If the weight of the meal is felt at the pit of the stomach we may be sure there is some error in the mode of taking it. Valuable as muscular exertion is to the health, especially of sedentary workers, they would be better employed in lying on the bed with the window open than in taking walks before breakfast, in cases where the meal cannot be got ready by the time they are dressed.

The drinks at breakfast should be scrupulously aqueous. Alcohol in any form, or at any time, connected with breakfast, before, after, or in the middle, is injurious in direct proportion to its quantity. It induces a congested state of stomach and œsophagus after each dose, which prevents the immediate secretion of salivary and gastric juices, hardens the membrane, and causes atrophy of the secretory glands. And this effect more surely follows when the viscera are unprotected by the presence of unirritating food that might act as a diluent. There is no surer poison than the spirituous "nip," or vinous "pick-me-up" before breakfast. In men it brings on hardening and puckering of the liver and kidneys, palpitations and dilatations of the heart, loss of elasticity in the muscles and arteries, followed by atrophy of the same, early old age and that pottering vagueness of mind which makes them in their latter years the terror of society. In women it causes hysteria, hypochondriasis, and chronic invalidism, as well as sometimes the same tissue degenerations found so certainly in the male sex. It is easy to understand alcohol doing this, when we think of it as arresting the digestion of starchy food, at the very time when that alimentary matter is most wanted to supply force for coming work, at the very time when the viscera are most ready to digest starch, and are most unprepared to resist noxious influences.

An instinctive craving for stimulants in the early morning is almost always the result of indulgence overnight. But with these miseries we have no sympathy, and, instead of the "hair of the dog," would preferably administer the "tail of the cat."

ADDRESS OF THE V. H. AND E. SIR KT. COL. W. J. B. MACLEOD MOORE,

Grand Cross of the Temple; Grand Prior of the Dominion of Canada.

DELIVERED to the Sir Knights assembled in Grand Priory at the Masonic Temple, St. Catharine's, Ont., on the 11th August, A.D. 1875.

Officers and Members of the Grand Priory, Fratres of the Canadian Branch of the United Orders of the Temple and St. John of Jerusalem—Greeting,—The high confidence and respect of which I have been the proud recipient at the hands of the Templar Body in Canada from the period of my introduction of the order twenty years ago, and during my presidency ever since, would, I feel at this juncture, be ill repaid did I hesitate to reciprocate that confidence and respect by entering into a calm and dispassionate view of our position, and any further action it may be advisable to take in view of certain difficulties and anomalies that undoubtedly surround us, and especially as relating to our status as a grand body in relation to the other Templar organizations on this continent, they were most fairly set forth in our memorial to the Convent General of England and Ireland, in 1873. I purpose, therefore, at this meeting to lay before you unreservedly my own impressions, confidently trusting that from a wise and temperate course on your parts may result conclusions calculated to promote the advancement and stability of the "Militia" of the Temple in Canada. I cannot but be sensible that you have every reason to complain of the manner you have been treated by the neglect of the Chancellerie in England in bringing forward a plain, matter-of-fact memorial, the granting of which we plainly showed was in the best interests of the order, and was clearly provided for by the Statutes of Convent General (see pages 17 and 18); and that such complaint should be followed by impatience, and a desire that definite and conclusive action should at once be taken on the matter in England.

The resolution adopted at our last Grand Priory asking H.R.H. the Grand Master to assent to the prayer of the memorial, I duly forwarded to his Lordship the Great Prior of England, to be laid before his Royal Highness. In addition to an official acknowledgment, I have had the pleasure of receiving communications from the Great Prior, Lord Limerick, written with his characteristic courtesy and friendly expressions of interest in all that relates to this Grand Priory, naming that he had written to the Grand Arch-Chancellor, agreeing with what was sought for by us; and he explains with regard to the delay which had taken place, that the protracted absence of the Grand Master on the continent of Europe prevented his signature being obtained to the message relating to the petition; while the lamented death of the Duke of Leinster, the Great Prior of Ireland, immediately before the last Convent General met in Dublin, had caused considerable difficulties to arise in the way of the transaction of any important business, but he assures me that at the next Convent General, to be held this year in London, he would see that there was no further delay, and that he had no doubt that a satisfactory result would be arrived at. Under these circumstances I am sure that you will agree with me that no further steps can be taken until a reply is received from the Convent General. I may add, that I have myself written to the Vice-Chancellor, in London, requesting he would send us the earliest information of action being taken, availing himself, if necessary, of the Atlantic cable; and I have just received through this channel intimation of the meeting of Convent General being definitely fixed for the 29th of October.

I am aware that total separation from the order in England has been mooted by members of this Grand Priory, caused, no doubt, by irritation at the apparent contemptuous negligence in attending to our reasonable request, but I have always contended, and still maintain, that our proper position is to continue firm in our allegiance to the supreme head of the order in England. It is not only the most natural, but where else could we find so honourable a banner to serve under as that of the heir to the throne, who rules us with the sanction and approval of H.M. Gracious Majesty the Queen. Separation would place the Templars of Canada in a very secondary position, as a mere adjunct to the Masonic body, attached to and tolerated on sufferance only, whereas we are now an

integral part of an order, great "per se," desiring a continuance of our connection with the parent stock. At the same time I fully concur in the steps taken by this Grand Priory, and contend that we are entitled to hold the position of a national or great priory, co-equal with those of the nationalities of the empire, and under the direct rule of our royal Grand Master. We feel that it is not consistent with the dignity of this vast dominion, or the high position the order now holds in Canada, and the confidence and self-reliance of its members in their own ability to sustain its prestige, to be recognized merely as a subordinate body of the Great Priory of England; and I am fully prepared to assist in attaining this end by using every lawful means in our power, while discountenancing any hasty movement that would tend to rend asunder ties we have always been taught to consider sacred, nor can I, consistently, take part in any action for independence unless sanctioned by constitutional authority of the parent body, who may themselves desire this separation.

I regret to find that amongst some of the preceptories in England much discontent and dissatisfaction prevails at the recent changes in the Constitution: objections being made principally to the omission of the word *Masonic* in the title of the order, the abolition of past rank, and change in the officers' titles; and memorials have been forwarded from some of the provincial priories to the Great Priory, expressive of their disapprobation, and complaining that the changes had been adopted without time being allowed for a full discussion by the members of the order at large. It appears to me that, in great part, such complaints in England as to the working of the new statutes are founded on erroneous ideas, and want of proper information. The mere non-insertion of the word *Masonic* in the title of the order is in no way an alteration of the Constitution, and there has been no severance of the Masonic connection, but the reverse, as the recent rule extends the Masonic qualification, and no change was made in the old law. It is useful to remember that the word *Masonic* has not been dropped, it has simply not been inserted in the new title of the order, which was necessary, because the official titles in England, Scotland, and Ireland all differed; in the same way no new names of officers have been created, the commissioners appointed to revise the statutes have only made a choice, out of titles already used in England, Scotland, and Ireland, of those which seemed most in consonance with the spirit of the order, taking what seemed best from all, and desiring not to favour any one of the nationalities. Unfortunately, the union of the Grand Body of Scotland has been delayed; but the committee had no reason to suppose this would be the case, and took what was good from the Scottish branch of the order, as well as from the others. As regards past rank, the number of officers, who, in the course of years, carried such rank, rendered the order simply ridiculous, and which might be likened to an army of officers and no soldiers; the expressed wish in this case, has not, however, been ignored, and the proceedings of the Great Priory in May last, recently received, notify that a partial restoration of past rank has been recommended by the council, and the subject remains open for further discussion. My own opinion is, that some other way of rewarding national and provincial officers for their services during the terms of office might be devised, such as conferring a distinguishing badge for all past officers, and this, I believe, has already been under consideration.

Amongst other objections raised against the present titles, a prominent one is, "That the order, under the present designation, tacitly assumes an identity with the Templars of old, which deprives it of its legitimate claim to be treated as an integral portion of the entire system of Freemasonry." Should this claim to represent the ancient order be set aside, the craft, at the same time ignoring it as a degree of Masonry, what does it represent? It seems almost a sufficient and conclusive answer to such objection in England to refer to the last clause of the Articles of Union of the Grand Lodges of England in 1813, which provides for meetings of the degrees of Chivalry according to the constitutions of the said orders, clearly implying that the Templar degree was then considered one of the orders of knighthood, albeit in connection with Freemasonry. As this objection goes to the very foundation of the present organization of the Temple, it is of the greatest importance that you should have the fullest informa-

tion, and I will, therefore, briefly trespass upon your time and patience by giving you a short sketch of the order, which I trust will not be uninteresting, with my own impressions, gathered from my very varied readings and researches on the subject.

The order commonly known as "Knights Templar," in connection with the Masonic society, represents, and has always been admitted to represent the ancient order of knighthood of that name which had its rise in the Crusades, and was instituted in 1118; violently, but only outwardly suppressed by Philip Le Bel, King of France, and Pope Clement the 5th, by Bull of abolition, dated 3rd April, 1312, the order was not entirely abolished; its formal dissolution by the Pope, and the confiscation of its property could not and did not destroy all the brave and noble spirits who had been so long associated together; uniting themselves to other existing orders of knighthood, they perpetuated their own, and thus preserving the memory, as well of their greatness as of their misfortunes, continued their assemblies without attracting attention. The accusations by which the suppression of the order was sought to be achieved by the Papal power, united with nearly all the monarchs of Christendom, was but a cloak to conceal the actual motives which influenced their persecutors, and the pretences under cover of which they were arraigned were utterly false and without foundation. When the Holy Land was lost and abandoned after the capture of Acre, the Templars, returning to their numerous wealthy preceptories spread over Europe, seemed to have given up all further thoughts of fighting for the Holy Sepulchre. The order was no longer of use as a military body, and it was felt that their day was past. Between them and King Philip of France a bitter and undying hatred had been engendered by numerous acts of arrogance and insubordination against his authority. Their enormous wealth and great military power inflamed his avarice and roused his jealousy, as leading them to aspire to a jurisdiction independent of kings, considering themselves superior to monarchs and other potentates. On the other hand, they arrogated to themselves a higher degree of knowledge in all things, and taught in their secret conclaves, where none but the most trusted members were admitted, that the Papal power was a false and dangerous assumption of authority over the minds and consciences of men, and that very many of the dogmas of Rome were gross and childish superstitions; they also cultivated and assumed more liberal views of faith and religion than those current at the time, being well acquainted with the ancient mysteries, the learning, legends, and traditions of the people they had come in contact with in the East—hence the Order of the Temple was felt by both king and Pope to be highly dangerous to the perpetuation of their despotism over the souls as well as the bodies of mankind, and was followed by the most ruthless attempts utterly to destroy it.

Attempts have been made at different times to revive the chivalric Order of the Temple, and restore it to its former recognized position amongst the orders of knighthood, but without any satisfactory result; and various theories have been brought forward to account for the connection that exists between it and Freemasonry. The origin of this connection has always been, and I believe will continue, one of those enigmas which will never be satisfactorily cleared up, for there is no real connection between the order and Freemasonry as regards aim, object and ceremonial, still the order, as now known, requires that Freemasons, and Freemasons only, can be admitted to its chivalry, but it is an error to class it amongst the purely Masonic degrees, a classification for which there is no warrant. Its Christian and Trinitarian character is sufficient proof of this. It merely claims to have traditionally preserved the dogmas and rites of the Templars from oblivion, perpetuating in a symbolic form the idea on which the original order was founded. Amongst the many theories set forth as proofs of that legendary claim, some writers confidently assert that the order in its present form was preserved and handed down through what are called the *Hautes Grades*, a system of rites and degrees principally derived from the ancient mysteries and secret societies of the middle ages, to which attention was first directed on the continent of Europe at the beginning of the last century. Many of them had long previously existed, although, from their secret nature and the absence of written records of their proceedings, they were but little known. The Templar ritualistic ceremonies were

most probably introduced into the speculative system of this high grade of Masonry by some of the continental members of the chivalric Order of the Temple, now obsolete, which it is said had been revived and continued from the time of the martyrdom of De Molai, and that the order thus preserved was afterwards grafted on the English York rite of Freemasonry. There appears to be some foundation for this theory, as the Englith modern Templars conferred for many years, in the body of their encampments, the degrees known as the "Rose Croix," now the 18th degree of the A. & A. S. Rite, and the "Kadosh," the 30th degree of the same rite; and it was only a few years since, that these grades were surrendered by the greater number of the encampments in England to the A. & A. S. Rite, on its establishment there, while they are still retained by a few of the most ancient of the bodies of English Templars. The order called "Knight Templar Priest," or "Holy Wisdom," was also a grade conferred in the encampments, claiming to have been instituted in what was called the Year of Revival, 1686, and was the religious ceremony constituting chaplains of the order. The "Rose Croix" taught the Templar his faith—the greatest and most important truths of Christianity—that by Christ and by His name only can he be saved. The "Kadosh" was instituted to keep in perpetual remembrance the constancy, courage and sufferings of the Templar Knights, and the martyrdom of their Grand Master Jacques De Molai, at Paris, on 11th March, 1313. The reception of the Templars was always in secret, none but members of the order being present; and their formulas were hidden from the vulgar eye. We have, therefore, reason for supposing that many of the features of the esoteric communications at receptions have been preserved and handed down to us in the ritual of installation, by its association with Freemasonry as a secret society.

The Order of Malta, originally known as the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, was a distinct society from that of the Templars. This grade keeps in remembrance this once famous order, and its amalgamation of a portion of the Templars, and the union that took place in Scotland between these two orders. The old Order of St. John and Malta never had a secret system of initiation, or any connection whatever, legendary or otherwise, with Freemasonry until the degree called Knights of Malta appeared during the last century, connected with the Templars in the York rite, but quite distinct in its organization from the military and political Order of Malta then occupying that island, and has so continued to the present time. The combined orders are now known as the United, Religious and Military Orders of Knights Templar and Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, Palestine, Rhodes, and Malta. The assumption of the name "Palestine" is only to be accounted for as the Templars and Knights of St. John resided there for several years. "Rhodes" and "Malta" from the Hospitallers of St. John, not the Templars, having held possession of those islands—that of "Rhodes," for 200 years after they were forced out of the Holy Land; and, when driven from that island by "Soliman the Magnificent," the Emperor Charles V. of Spain, in 1530, gave them Malta, where they remained until it was surrendered to the French in 1796, and the political power of the order abolished.

The installation of H. R. Highness as Grand Master of the Templar Order, and the careful revision of the Statutes, in accordance with ancient usages, has materially tended to restore it to its proper position. Few can deny, excepting those determined to find fault, that a thorough revision was required. If the order is to be considered (and what else is it?) as representing the Templars of the Crusades, it was surely necessary to follow out the original organization as nearly as the usages of the present age would admit. My own conviction remains unshaken as to the legitimacy of considering ourselves as representing the ancient Order of the Temple; and in this I am certainly not singular, for at the installation of H. R. Highness as Grand Master, the Arch-Chancellor of the order, Judge Townsend, LL.D., of Dublin, in his beautiful address, speaks of the Prince having been admitted a Templar under the auspices of a Sovereign who claimed to be a lineal successor of the ancient Grand Masters of the order, alluding to Sweden. There, it is asserted, one of the original members of the "Order of Christ," in Portugal, the name assumed in that kingdom by the Templars after their

dispersion, had received authority to disseminate the order, and had introduced it into Sweden, where it was incorporated with Freemasonry.*

In concluding this subject, I cannot help commenting strongly upon what I consider a most uncalled for remark, made by some of the objectors to the new Statutes: "That there is neither foundation nor historical legends to support the numerous changes;" and, "That the newly-created honours of 'Grand Crosses' and 'Commander' being only attainable at the pleasure of the Grand Master, will only be an excuse for exclusiveness and favouritism." I am afraid the old adage holds good here: "That we are apt to despise in others what we do not possess ourselves." This was scarcely the return to be expected for the praiseworthy efforts of the framers of the new Statutes to raise the status and dignity of the order. H. R. Highness, being next to the crowned head, is the fountain of honour, and, did he wish to follow the example of the Swedish branch, could cause "the decoration" to become civil—recognized by the state. Hailing, as we do, from that grandly romantic period of English history, the time of the Crusades, the order cannot be questioned as to its objects and history. I will only add here, and that most impressively, that while thus endeavouring to give you some insight into its history and present position, it must not be supposed there is a desire on my part, or that of any true Templar, to ignore the obligations the order owes to Freemasonry, which has so long fostered it, or weaken a full allegiance to that most honourable and time-honoured institution.

It becomes my painful duty to announce to you, that during the short period that has elapsed since our last annual meeting, the hand of the fell destroyer has again weighed heavily upon us. I respectfully refer to three of our brethren who are now at rest, and have passed from our sight for ever. The Grand Master of Canada, Judge William Mercer Wilson, ended his earthly pilgrimage at Simcoe, Ont., on the 16th January of this year; and will be long mourned and remembered by the whole Masonic body in Canada; few have been more esteemed and looked up to as a ruler of the craft, or deserved the high reputation he enjoyed as an upright judge, a loyal subject, and a true Mason. He was born in Scotland, in 1813, and settled in Canada in 1832. He held the rank of colonel in the militia, and did good service, during the rebellion, in command of a troop of cavalry. In February, 1862, he was installed a Brother Templar in the Richard Cœur de Lion Preceptory of London, Ont., and was subsequently elected E. Commander of the Godfrey de Bouillon Preceptory, Hamilton; was appointed to the rank of Grand Marichal in the former Grand Conclave of England, and held the office of District Provincial Grand Prior of Western Ontario, at the time of his death, a very few weeks before which he wrote to me expressing his anxious wish to fill satisfactorily his office of Provincial Prior, and advance the prosperity of the order in Canada.

(To be continued.)

* When the Templar Order was dissolved, Pope John XXII. gave permission in 1319 to re-establish it in Portugal. This order was secularized in 1789, divided into Grand Crosses, Commanders, and Knights, and the Grand Mastership vested in the King of Portugal. The Cross of the order is a red cross patèe, elongated in the lower limb, charged with a plain white cross, both crosses fimbriated gold; this may have originated our united order cross, namely, the Templar cross charged with that of Malta.

SHADOWS.

(*Continued from page* 183.)

THAT old church, as I said before, has long supplied me with abundant food for fancy, and for thought, when in moralizing mood, or in lonely hours I have sought, and not sought in vain, at any rate to my own satisfaction, to extract a lesson from every stone, a presence from every shadow. And as there is no possible appearance, I believe, of its ever fresh yet changing beauty with which I am unfamiliar, having looked upon it under every aspect and at every hour, I have not, I am apt to flatter myself, been a scholar in that pleasant school altogether in vain. For, in truth, not only with the warmth of an enquiring archæologist, but with the affection of a devoted friend, have I at last accustomed myself, to regard that old familiar outline.

Just as Eothen, far away on the sacred soil of Galilee, heard, as he fondly fancied, the rejoicing peal of his own Somersetshire

church bells, so, wherever I wend my way or pitch my tent, while life itself shall last, there will ever rise on the tracing-board of memory, fresh and clear before me, the gracious and friendly vision of that dear old church.

Yes, it seems but a moment ago, that in admiring reverence I was contemplating its graceful proportions, even in the early dawn, before the busy world had come abroad, and was watching the cold, grey light creeping by slow degrees over wall and tower, bringing by little and little into clearness and distinctness, the whole stately fabric.

Or now, it is, that in the full brilliance of the midday sun, those searching rays fall with startling clearness on the long southern face, until every course, and every stone, rough ashlar and smooth ashlar, seem marked with minute distinctness in the indescribable blazon of that glaring light. And now, as the shadow on the dial faintly points to the passing hour, and the golden rays of gleaming brightness tinge church and trees with a rosy hue, a supernatural glow, as if of expiring strength, lightens up the view.

But ere long the sober mantle of twilight wraps, in its misty dimness, all of that fading brightness, and throws its pale grey haze over tower and pinnacle, wall and buttress alike.

While, once again, under the still and wondrous grace of the rippling moonlight, with flashes from every latticed pane, I have believed I saw, as Ruskin thought he saw in Giotto's handiwork in other years, the Lamp of Beauty, shining true at last. Well, just then, kind readers, as in that fresh and fragrant time before the full power of the midday heat has swept away the dew from the grass and the odour from the flower, I have watched the dull shadows flit away, and all things come out clearer and clearer to the sight, so I have, perhaps fancifully enough, loved to trace the progress of life's young morn, as one by one the early clouds disperse, and we move with buoyant steps and joyous hopes, to the fuller experience of assured wellbeing, and realized happiness.

Alas! just as the brilliancy of God's own great light has poured in golden radiance over those erect and unbending walls—and yet a passing cloud has ere very long dimmed that scene of brightness and of glory—so, too, the darker shadows of a mournful experience have fallen on every lot and every heart, sweeping away with their resistless eddies those hopes which never have been fulfilled, those aspirations which have been buried in an untimely grave.

So, too, sunset with its short-lived splendour has illumined the scene, throwing the spell of a parting glory on all around, and in the same way we may often have seen the last reflections of a transient brilliancy lighting up the memories of the past, or the last few hours of our fitful life. Or, while as the twilight moments make all things dimmer and darker, far and near, so do we often stand looking onwards with fear and doubt, to the coming morrow. All is hazy to our sight; all is wrapped up in fog and gloom.

Yet once again. Under the soft beams of that undimmed moonlight, falling in placid beauty on hill and dale, on all nature at last at rest, the old church and churchyard seem penetrated through and through with brightness, while over the far champaign, spires and houses amid waving foliage seem like fiery land-marks to the eye. And yet all that brightness is doomed to fade—and in a moment literally all is dark and drear. How often, when all seems brightest and happiest in existence; when affection is most tender, and sympathy most ripened: alas! a *shadow* of darkness passes across the scene.

Yesterday, all was full of mirth and glee; to-day all is full of mournfulness and lamentation.

Time may soften, but even time can never fully heal that sudden and cruel wound, and never will that shadow pass away from our homes, or our hearts, till we ourselves shall be where no shadows can fall upon the reality of our being any more. In this way it is that I have been long accustomed to create for myself, some may think foolishly enough, a world of shadows; to call up alike from living and from dead, those airy phantoms of the imagination, and to see, moreover, in every life and every condition of man, unceasing if abiding shadows.

Yes, most true it is, that the shadows of the great shadow-land rise and fall over all callings and responsibilities alike, over the deltas of youth, of promise, of hope, of love; over the wide desert of barren

longings, fruitless endeavours, and withered expectations. There are the shadows, for instance, which separation has cast so sternly over our whole moral being, and earthly lot! We once had hoped to breast the breakers of life together; but ours has been a severed and distant existence. We have hardly met in the long flow of years; the old, familiar face has past altogether out of sight, if not out of mind. Or there has fallen upon us the blight of a sorrowful visitation. We have lost from our sides, and from our homes, those who made life itself enjoyable to us. The pleasant voice is still, the bright smile is missing, the fairy presence is seen no more, the loving heart, the true affection, the tender friendship, all are gone; all but shadows now, which once shed such fragrance and such peace on our weary wanderings, on our allotted weird.

Then, too, there are all the shadows which an accusing memory will often fling over the most prosperous worldly life to-day, the shadows of the haunting mystery which poison our purest joys; the shadows, which those veiled figures which never leave us by day or by night, throw over our pathway to-day with their mocking fingers, and their haunting remembrances of "bassesse," of sinfulness, of falsehood, of chicanery, of profligacy, and of wrong.

Some of us often live as if we could banish them from us by a stern effort of the will, or forget them in the full tide of sensuous living, or escape from them in the circle of dissipation, or the gathering of gaiety. Hopeless delusion! They follow us wherever we go, they are with us at every feast, they are near us in crowds or in solitude, they take the vacant chair at the board, and regard us in their stillness and solemn masquerade, as if with weeping eyes, and tender hearts. Thus, then, there are shadows of various sorts which belong to every individual existence, some of one kind, some of another. Who, indeed, is exempt from them? What lot of life is there where they are not? They fall in darkening powers, they hover in shrouded solemnity over the palaces of the high, and the cottage of the humble; they are near us in business, and in pleasure; in company and in retirement; in the House of Prayer, and in the domestic circle.

Remember for us all alike they have their meaning and their message. Let them come to us all, then, and let us welcome them when they do come.

For they are messengers, after all, of another world, denizens of another land, harbingers of another state of being.

They would seem to recall to us the past with its many remembrances; to soften, to control, to bless the present with their loving, if saddened presence; to point to and tell us of that future, when all shall be plain and clear, when the fog has lifted, when the "shadows flee away."

And if to-day, for you and me, for all the toiling and troubled children of the dust, the shadows of our being still are with us ever, in season and out of season as we often think; if go where we will we cannot escape them, if do what we may we cannot forget them; depend upon it, One greater and wiser than we all are, has a good and gracious end in view, in such an abiding dispensation. As long as we live here, the shadows are with us, and float over us until the entrance of the dark valley. One day they will have left us; on that day and only on that day, in which when it at last dawns, no gloom or clouds, or haze, or fog, or shadows lower any more, but all is pure and perfect, and undimmed in knowledge, in affection, in truth, in love, in light.

W.

A THOUGHT ON A SUMMER SEA.

When the golden sun is sinking
Down beneath the western sea,
Oft there comes a solemn, silent,
Brooding calm of mystery.

And the night shades slowly creeping
Up and over all the main,
Cover up the old world softly,
So she goes to sleep again.

Then the stars shine out so sweetly,
Sadly oe'r the quiet scene,
'Till the glimmering, gleaming twilight,
Comes and drowns them in its sheen.

So they shut their bright eyes slowly,
Very slowly, one by one;
And the earth awaits the coming,
Of her sovereign lord the sun.

EMRA HOLMES.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

Fellow of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, Copenhagen; Corresponding Member of the Royal Historical Society, London; Honorary Member of the Manchester Literary Club, and of the Whitby Literary and Philosophical Society, &c., &c.

In 1850 the Romish Church had 788 priests, 587 churches and chapels, 10 colleges, 11 male convents, and 50 female convents, in England and Wales. From 1850 to 1875 they have increased to 1,728 priests, 1,041 churches and chapels, 18 colleges, 77 male convents, and 246 female convents.

According to M. Durin, the quality of beet-root is in inverse ratio to the bulk of the crop. This is no more than might have been expected; for nature is full of compensations. Thus cows that give the most milk, do not furnish so rich a fluid as the more moderate milkers; animals that bring forth young in greatest numbers, generally produce much poorer offspring than more moderate breeders; and fruits and vegetables are subject to the same law. The tree or seed which produces the largest crop, either fails in flavour, in size of produce, or in both. The cattle which are best for the butcher are not the best for the dairy. The strongest horse is not the swiftest. "Whatever is, is right."

Mr. W. H. Johnson has communicated to the Royal Society the results of his experiments on the action of hydrogen and acids on iron and steel; from which it appears that a piece of pliable iron wire, which would bear bending backwards and forwards several times without breaking, on being immersed for a few minutes in strong hydrochloric or dilute sulphuric acid, became so brittle as to break "after being bent once on itself;" and if the fractured part be wetted while still hot from the breaking, it froths, through bubbles of gas being thrown off for half a minute or more. Steel does not froth when placed under similar treatment; but the action of acids is quicker on steel than on ordinary iron. Ten minutes immersion in dilute sulphuric acid, will occasionally cause a coil of highly carbonised tempered steel to break into several pieces whilst in, and from the action alone of, the liquid. That hydrogen is the cause of these remarkable changes seems to be proven by the fact that only those acids which evoke hydrogen by their action on iron have any effect, nitric acid having none.

The works of our immortal Shakspere, which have never been so popular with the Latin as the Teutonic race, are now being translated into Italian, by Giulio Carcano, and published at Milan. The edition is to be completed in from seven to ten volumes. The former translation by Leoni is said to have been far too "free." Should Carcano succeed in making the countrymen of Dante and Boccacio acquainted with the real merits of the still greater Shakspere, he will become one of the greatest benefactors of his country; for, as Thomas Carlyle well puts it:—"In spite of the sad state hero-worship now lies in, consider what this Shakspere has actually become among us. Which Englishman we ever made, in this land of ours, which million of Englishmen, would we not give up rather than the Stratford peasant? There is no regiment of highest dignitaries that we would not sell for him. He is the grandest thing that we have yet done. For our honour among foreign nations, as an ornament to our English household, what item is there that we would not surrender rather than him? Consider now, if they asked us, Will you give up your Indian Empire or your Shakspere, you English; never have had any Indian Empire, or never have had any Shakspere? Really it were a grave question. Official persons would answer doubtless in official language; but we, for our part too, should not we be forced to answer: 'Indian Empire, or no Indian Empire; we cannot do without Shakspere! Indian Empire will go, at any rate, some day; but this Shakspere does not go, he lasts for ever with us; we cannot give up our Shakspere.'" And yet so little did the gifted and liberal-minded Voltaire comprehend this greatest of Englishmen, that he compared his most intellectual tragedy, that of "Hamlet," to "the work of a drunken savage"!!! May the people of united Italy understand him better through their countryman, Carcano, than ever the witty Frenchman did.

I am glad to see that the admirable little sixpenny "Guide to Ryedale," published by Mr. George Frank of Kirbymoorside,

in the spring of 1872, has reached a third edition. Though the notices are necessarily brief, yet we have faithful guidance to Gilling, with its Castle of the Fairfaxes and church containing "in the chancel the tomb of a knight, in the sculptured tracery of the fourteenth century, combining in a peculiar manner the monumental cross and the recumbent effigy;" Helmsley, with its ruined castle, (once during the stormy days of 1644, taken for the Parliament, but not without a stern struggle, by Fairfax) and its fine monument in the market place by George Gilbert Scott, of the late Earl Feversham; Duncombe Park, with its mansion in the Doric style, built from designs by Sir John Vanburgh, and containing some of the finest sculpture and paintings in the kingdom; Rievaulx Abbey, which was, as Dr. Young remarks, "the first Cistercian monastery in Yorkshire, being founded in 1131 by Walter Espec, a wealthy baron, who was also the founder of Kirkham Priory, and of Warden Abbey in Bedfordshire," and which I may add is one of the finest ruins in England, rich as she is in those relics of the past; Kirbymoorside, where the Stutevilles once had a castle on Vivers Hill, of which not a stone remains, and where the Nevilles had a castle on a less lofty site, of which very little remains, and in the best house then in the town, (and *not* "in the worst inn's worst room" as Pope has it,) died the profligate Buckingham; Kirkdale, with its Saxon church and inscriptions older than the Norman Conquest, and its far more ancient cave, where, besides the remains of 300 hyenas, Dean Buckland found the bones of elephants, tigers, bears, wolves, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, ox, deer, hares, rabbits, water rats, mice, ravens, pigeons, ducks, larks, snipes, &c.; Welburn Hall, with its fine cedar tree, noble row of oaks, and avenue of beeches; the bonny little vale of Douthwaite; Lastingham, where Cedd founded a monastery 1225 years ago, when the whole neighbourhood was a desert, and where the crypt of the church is well worth a day's march to see; and Pickering, with its ancient castle and fine gothic church; all these, with some few other places of less importance, are pointed out in an agreeable manner, and the pith of their history given, for the small sum of sixpence! Mr. Frank's excellent "Guide" is very neatly printed, not altogether without illustrations, and in a convenient form for the pocket, and ought to be (as it evidently is) very popular with tourists. Having visited the places named, I can all the better bear my testimony to the value of the little compilation; and Ryedale is a district well worthy of a visit.

If the reader examines a Map or a Gazetteer of Yorkshire he will find in the North Riding, about nine miles E.S.E. from Northallerton, and eight from Thirsk, pleasantly situated at the foot of the Hambleton Hills, the small village of Cowesby; and our Scandinavian ancestors did well to leave their plundering as rovers on the sea, and follow cow-keeping in so fine a pastoral country. When that wonderful Domesday survey was made, it appears to have had neither church nor priest, but the plough was doing its civilising work, and the others were to follow. Even yet, of the 1165 acres composing the township, 820 only are cultivated, the remainder being roads, woods, and moors. Lawton, in his valuable Collections relative to Churches and Chapels within the Diocese of York, tells us that "this church is an ancient rectory," and that "the glebe house is unfit for residence." I may add that it was a ruinous cottage, distinguished by a sun-dial from the others in the village, and has now been pulled down, T. W. Lloyd, Esq., J.P., the present patron, having made an exchange in 1868, considered to be for the benefit of the church, by taking the old rectory and giving in lieu thereof a good mill, at the western extremity of the parish. The miller's house has been converted into a manse, and the mill itself, gutted of its machinery, and the stream that worked its wheel diverted, forms an excellent storehouse for the parson's garden produce; not quite adapted, however, for the storage of the valuable treasures with which he has been forced to stow the upper chambers. For there, crammed in boxes, for want of room to place them carefully on shelves as he would wish to do—seeing that he values many of them above their weight in gold—are books of all sizes, from the smallest pocket volume to big folios, which form a classical library of rare works such as none of our universities or national libraries can boast of, and which the present proprietor authorises me

to offer "without money and without price," to any man, or to any two men, who can read them. They were the collection of a life time by the father of their present possessor, the energetic and indomitable scholar, the late Rev. John Oxlee, well styled in the "Jewish Chronicle" "a profound student not only of Hebrew, but rabbinical literature in its most remote and abstruse ramifications, well versed in the cognate languages, a great linguist in general, and an eminent divine in particular;" whom the "Clerical Journal" asserts "was a prodigy of Hebrew and rabbinical learning;" to whose unrivalled knowledge of what to most scholars is a totally unknown branch of learning, we have the repeated testimony of such publications as the Journal of Sacred Literature, the Churchman's Companion, the Ecclesiastic and Theologian, the Christian Guardian and Church of England Magazine, the American Church Review, and the Jewish Messenger, with that of numerous learned divines, amongst whom I may mention Bishop Heber, Bishop Middleton, Bishop Burgess, Bishop Horsley, Dr. Mill, Dr. Routh, Dr. Knox, Dr. Coit, and Dr. Rowland Williams, —the latter of whom unhesitatingly declared that "the late learned and reverend John Oxlee knew more Hebrew than all our generation of Bishops and Oxford Regius Professors collectively." He had mastered, by his own unflagging industry and natural ability for learning, no less than one hundred and twenty languages. Dr. Nicholl, the Regius Professor of Hebrew at Oxford before Dr. Pusey, wondered how Mr. Oxlee could have obtained the exceedingly rare books quoted in one of his works alone. Now, though I know my dear old friend, the genial rector of Cowesby, himself no mean scholar, would part with his father's library "like blood from his heart," as we say in Cleveland, yet it pains me to see it in its present situation, and I would strenuously recommend one of our wealthy universities to endeavour to purchase this invaluable treasure, which once dispersed might never be collected together again; and I would recommend my friend to stipulate in disposing of it that it should be kept for ever distinct, and known by the name of "The Oxlee Library," so that this unrivalled collection of rabbinical and linguistic lore may be preserved for the use of future students, and as an enduring monument of the gifted and learned divine who, unaided by wealth, gathered together in a well-spent life such a library as no other Briton possessed.

Mr. Edward Stanford, the well-known publisher of Charing Cross, has just issued a new practical Guide to Carlisle, Gilsland, Roman Wall, and neighbourhood, from the pen of Henry Irwin Jenkinson, Fellow of the Royal Geographical and Royal Historical Societies, already favourably known to the public by his Practical Guides to the Isle of Man and to the English Lake District,—a new edition of the latter being now in preparation. Some of the most stiring incidents in English History are so intimately connected with the district to which Mr. Jenkinson has become so trustworthy a guide, that his next pocket-volume of 300 pages, with its excellent map—for all Mr. Stanford's maps are good—ought to command an extensive sale. "The historical facts," the author tell us, "have been gleaned from various sources, and the guiding matter is the result of a personal visit to every place mentioned." The book is full of interesting and useful information, not only on the history and topography of the district, but there are good chapters added on Local Names, Geology, Mineralogy, and Botany.

One of the hopeful signs of the times is, the increasing demand for good books on Agriculture; for I may repeat what I have elsewhere* said, that "he that fosters or improves Agriculture benefits the human race; for without it, the world would become a sterile wilderness, unfit for the habitation of man. It is Agriculture—or the art of cultivating the soil so as to make it produce the greatest quantity and the best quality of vegetables fit for the food of man and of domestic animals, or proper for the manufacture of raiment, of furniture, and such like, at the least cost—which furnishes us with nearly all the necessaries, and most of the comforts, of life. It has turned many of our bleak moorlands into verdant pastures, and our waste marshes, by its power, have been changed, as by the wand of a magician, from ague-breeding poison-beds, into fields waving with the golden grain." Amongst the latest publications of Messrs. William Blackwood and

* The People's History of Cleveland and its Vicinage.

Sons, of London and Edinburgh, I am glad to see a second edition of Mr. Robert Oliphant Pringle's able book on "The Live Stock of the Farm," and a third edition of that amusing as well as instructive little work on "Cattle and Cattle-Breeders," by William M'Combie, M.P., whose Tillyfour breed has become famous throughout the civilised portion of the globe. In future "Notes," in the "Masonic Magazine," I hope from time to time to draw upon those two reliable sources, for the instruction and improvement of Craftsmen; for the true Mason is ever anxious to make *all* the liberal arts and sciences his study, if within the compass of his cable-tow. To those of my brethren, however, who are more immediately interested in the breeding and feeding of cattle, I would recommend the purchase of the two books now before me, if not already in their libraries, for no farmer's bookshelf should be without them. As upwards of eighteen millions of hundredweights of butchers' meat are now consumed every year in this kingdom, more than two-thirds of which is the produce of our own pastures, the subject is one of vital importance. The elaborate "Tables of the Measurement and Weight of Cattle, &c.," given at pages 417-426 of Mr. Pringle's sterling book must be worth many times the price of it to all sellers and buyers of live stock.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

THE FAMILY GHOST.

(*Continued from page* 200.)

"Then it is all over with one of us. There will be a death in the family within twenty-four hours."

"I wish I hadn't come with you," said Meyrick.

"Come on," said William, now in quite a fever of excitement. "Dear, I hope it will not be John, and we parted such bad friends."

"John fell out with me to-day, too," said Meyrick; "and I threatened to break his head."

"Well, let us hope it will be grandmother."

As they approached the Plas the storm increased. The trees were lashing each other fiercely with their leafless branches, and showers of twigs were hurled against their faces. The Plas was all in darkness, and looked so solemn and funereal that they were almost afraid to enter. William went first; then he stopped and waited for Meyrick.

"They say, too," he whispered, "that at such a time a corpse is seen lying stretched across a bier in the hall. Suppose we should see it?"

"Oh, go in," said Meyrick; "let us know the worst at once."

The hall was all in darkness; but William found the matches on the table, and was just going to strike a light, when Meyrick stumbled over something in the hall.

"Hang it—a dog!" he cried, and dealt a desperate kick at it. It was a heavy blow, and was followed by a sound of crashing and breaking, and a short, sharp cry. "What have I done?" cried Meyrick. "A light!—quick!"

The light revealed the body of a youth lying apparently lifeless on the floor. William gave a loud shriek—

"It is brother John!" he cried. "Meyrick, what have you done? You have killed him."

It was the white horse, you see; he would not be denied.

Well, after a moment's speechless horror, the two young men looked into each other's faces; the same thing had occurred to each. They were both on bad terms with John. They had killed him; they would be seized, condemned, hung. In the flurry of the moment, they did not see that the most sensible way would be to give the alarm at once, and explain things. They thought only of concealment. Listening intently, they found that no one was aroused. Then they took up the body by the head and feet, gently carried it to the woodhouse, and placing a log against the body, as if it had fallen down, they crept away guiltily towards the town, overpowered with grief and terror. They had not, however, got more than half way back before William stopped suddenly, and, clasping his hands to his temples, cried,

"Meyrick, my hat!"

His hat had blown off when they were carrying poor John, and in the excitement he had forgotten all about it. There was nothing for it but that they must go back; else they might both suffer.

They reached the house at last, and crept cautiously around to the yard. The tempest had abated now, and a wan yellow moon showed over the trees. William's hat lay full in the moonlight in the middle of the yard. He had just clutched it, when he heard a noise from the woodhouse, and looking up, saw a ghastly figure, having the features of his brother John, but clad all in white, in the very habiliments of the grave. His companion saw it at the same time, and they both darted away at their utmost speed. But the figure, whatever it was, followed them, without sound or apparent motion; each felt that the touch of the spectre was upon him. They reached the town at last. There was a light in my surgery, and for it they made like frightened deer.

I must tell you how it was that my surgery was lighted up at that time of night.

John, as I told you, had spent the evening with me, and I was heartily wishing that I could get rid of him, when as luck would have it, a message came from the quarry to which I am a surgeon, to call me to see a young man who had fallen and broken some bones. The messenger had come on horseback, and he went on to the Goat to order a car and horse to take me to the quarry, whilst I put up my instruments and so on. Among other things, I took a small bottle of chloric ether, as a stimulant, in case it was required. I couldn't leave John in the house, and so I took him with me. We reached the quarry, and I attended to the young man, leaving John in the car, and, as it happened, the bottle of ether, too. It was a cold night, and John, seeing the little case-bottle, thought it contained spirits, and, first testing it with his nose, applied his mouth to it, and took a good pull at it.

When I returned to the car, I found the bottle empty, and John lying at the bottom of the car fast asleep. Fortunately, as it seemed at the time, he had not drunk enough to do him serious harm, but the effect was as if he were intoxicated, and it would be best for him to sleep it off. But as we were driving homewards, it occurred to me that I would not like to have him at my house any longer, and, as it was not far out of my way to go round by the Plas, I determined to leave him there. When I reached the house every one was in bed, and not to be awakened. I made up a sort of nest for master John, with mats and rugs, upon the hall floor, and drove homewards through the avenue, the white horse in the car showing conspicuously against the dark background of the night, and frightened our friend William and his companion, as I have told you. And that was how the accident happened to poor John. When I reached home, I had some medicine to make up, and hence the light in the surgery.

Well, not to keep you any longer in suspense, I may tell you that John was not killed—not even seriously hurt—and what happened to him in the woodhouse he told me afterwards, and it pleased me so much that I will tell you all about it.

He had not been long in the woodhouse when the cold brought him to his senses.

He was under the impression at first that he was still in the car, and that some one was leaning heavily upon him. This was the log, you remember, that they had placed against him. Well, he gave a violent push, the log fell to the ground, and he rose to his feet quite bewildered as to where he was. Seeing, however, the moonlight shining through a chink in the door, he made towards it, and tried to pull the door open. But the log he had pushed off him had jammed itself against the door, and was immoveable. Then it struck him that he was in prison. This narrow confined place, out of which it was impossible to get, must be a cell of the police lock-up. He had been riotous in his cups, no doubt, and the police had taken him up. He was very indignant at first that he, a gentleman's son, should be treated so, and he hammered violently at the door for some time, and shook it; but finding that nobody took any notice of him, he made up his mind to go to bed.

Feeling about with his hands he discovered a kind of a ledge on a heap of roots, where they had been taken away for household consumption. It was more on the level than you might suppose, the twigs, and fragments, and chips from the chopping filled up the crevices. Still, it could not be very soft. But John thought it was the prison couch, and took off his things down to his shirt and drawers. Then he crept into bed, but found everything very uneasy.

"They don't shake their flocks out in prison, anyhow," was his first muttered thought, as he felt the sharp ends of the roots against his bones. "This is the worst bed that ever I was in: I'm hanged if they don't stuff their bolsters with chips! And they are sparing with their blankets, too," he said to himself, grouping here and there in vain for the bedclothes. "Hi! police, police!" he shouted, "come and make my bed properly." But nobody came; and then, in trying to make himself more comfortable, he seized a projecting root and pulling violently at it, he brought down a whole shower of lumps of spia wood upon him. He could endure it no more, but jumped up, and seizing the first thing that came to hand, which happened to be the log lying against the door, he began to lay about him violently, intending to break everything in the cell. The log having been removed, however, the door began to swing quietly open by its own weight, letting in a bright flood of moonlight. "Diaoul!" cried John, pleased, but frightened at the result of his exertions, "I've broken out of the lock-up; I must run for it now." It was then that William saw the ghost.

Away went John, and away went William and Meyrick, pell-mell: but John thought that the doctor's stuff he now remembered to have swallowed had turned his brain. For although he being quite well aware that he was running from the lock-up to his own home, and every step of the way was familiar to him, yet the evidence of his senses seemed to show just the contrary, and everything came to him back end foremost. There were the crags, and the avenue, and the bridge, but all in the wrong order; and the police, too, instead of their pursuing him, it seemed as if he were after them—two flying policemen dashing along at their utmost speed in front of him. How they did run, those nimble constables!

"*They're trying to cut off my retreat,*" said John to himself; "but I'll out-pace them." For liberty is sweet, and the faster they ran the faster ran John, till at last they all burst in at my surgery door, one on the top of the other, frightening me into fits, waking up the baby and Mrs. Evans, and setting all the dogs round about barking like mad. There, gentlemen.

"But," said one of the company, "how was it that he could run like that after the kick he'd had."

"The grandmother's best bonnet came in for that. A careless servant had left it in the bandbox upon the hall floor, and it was found with the occipital part of it frightfully fractured."

"How did your grandmother take it, William?" asked the doctor, turning to the hero of the tale, who followed its progress with rapt attention, making occasional gestures of dissent.

"Well, indeed," replied William, cheerfully, "she was thankful it was no worse." *The Keystone, Phila.*

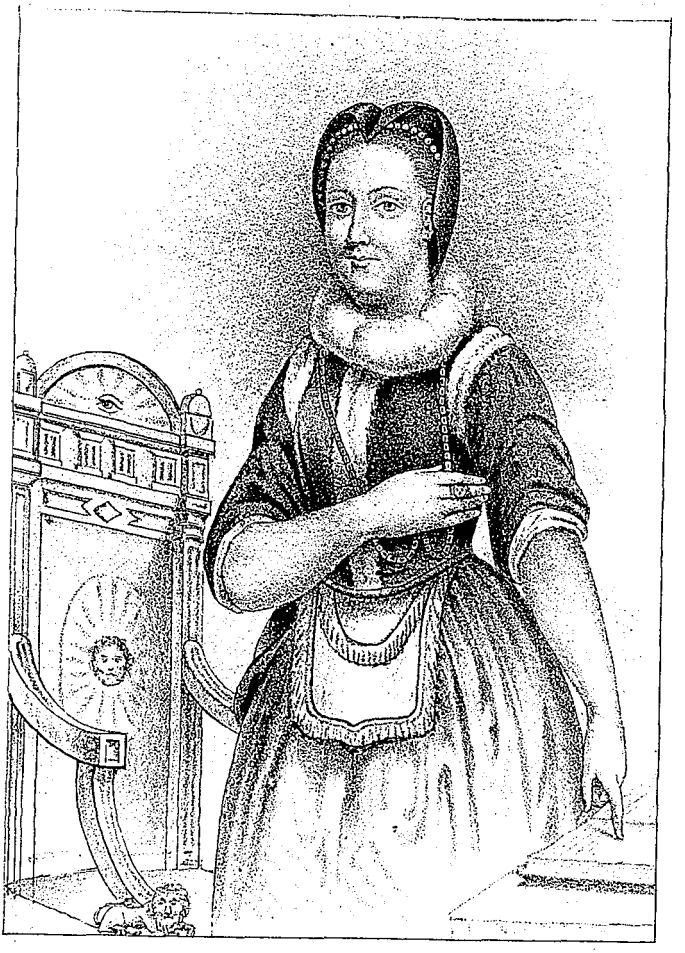
SONNET.

(For the Masonic Magazine.)

O, the wide scope of our fraternity;
Free as the winds, which o'er the mountains blow,
Free as the dark-blue ocean's boundless flow,
As the sun's universal gospel free
To bless mankind;—such our Freemasonry.
Is't a "religion," this our craft?—if so,
'Tis void of all rash pride,—not one, I trow,
Which ventures to ascend presumptuously
From earth to heav'n, but which descending thence
To earth—like to that chaste and modest Bride
Of Heav'n, which John saw in th' Apocalypse—
Brings down to earth, and doth to earth dispense
Heav'n's choicest gifts; benevolence, allied
With kindliest acts, and truth's fraternal grips.

Bro. Rev. M. Gordon.

The "Specialite" Sherry.—This Wine, which possesses really a genuine light and wholesome flavour, has attained great popularity, and is largely patronised by the medical profession. We find it free from that mineral acidity so invariably found in sherry of the present day. The wine has been submitted by Messrs Feltoe and Sons (of Albemarle Street), the importers, for analytical purposes, to many of our most able medical men, who unanimously, we may say, recommend it for its valuable dietetic qualities.—*The Freemason.*



THE KENILWORTH.

THE FEMALE FREEMASON.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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Monthly Masonic Summary.

When these lines meet our readers' eyes, the old year will have passed away, and a new year will have dawned upon the world and upon the Craft. 1875 has been a most eventful year in some respects to English Freemasonry, and, we may add, also as regards the Order at large everywhere. In England the Masonic body, always loyal, has been greatly gratified by the election and installation of the Prince of Wales as Grand Master of our great fraternity.

Those of us who were present in the Albert Hall, April 28th, 1875, will never forget the gathering or the scene. Never was a more enthusiastic or orderly assembly collected together; never did any arrangements reflect so much credit on those who planned and conducted them.

Over 7,000 Masons were ranged in the gay amphitheatre, and all took their places and left them without confusion and without a hitch.

The loyalty of the meeting may be said to have been most strikingly evinced alike in the reception accorded to the Grand Master, as in the deafening cheers which greeted his advent and his departure, and were continued, more or less, during the whole proceedings.

It was a spectacle worthy of the occasion, of the Order, and of the august Prince whose installation a distinguished and united brotherhood thus hailed with one glad welcome and one loyal acclaim!

For the Order itself the Grand Mastership of the Prince of Wales was more than a mere fact of devoted enthusiasm on the one side, of a courtly pageant on the other.

The Prince of Wales, the heir apparent to the throne, had openly avowed his recognition of our Craft, at a time, too, when the floodgate of ultramontane virulence, and even of Papal condemnation, had opened unpityingly upon our sodality. At the moment when H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, as it were, came to our rescue, the most odious imputations on our motives and aims were sedulously scattered abroad, in wholesale invective, with a proficiency of ecclesiastical and episcopal Billingsgate never before known, and which will hardly ever be subsequently surpassed.

For we were told—we the loyal, peaceable, law-abiding, charitable, and warm-hearted Freemasons of England—that we belonged to a secret, revolutionary, and infidel order, whose efforts were characterized everywhere by sedition and anarchy; whose one great aim was the overthrow of the home, the altar, and the throne; and in the midst of all this fervour of ultramontane incrimination, at the very time when on every side of us libellers were many and calumny was rampant, the son and successor of our gracious Queen—the daughter of a Mason, let us remember—proclaimed himself a Mason too, and two of his brothers openly joined our traduced fraternity.

What more, then, could mendacity do, or falsehood assert?

If the eventual monarch of this realm, thus, openly patronized us by presiding personally over these wicked Freemasons, it was quite clear, either, as Mr. Weller would say, that "things were going wrong," or the Romish accusation was a "mockery, a delusion, and a snare."

It was not very likely that the Prince of Wales would place himself at the head of a revolutionary or socialistic fraternity and hence the effect was wonderful, and the answer complete!

Strange indeed that even such a vindication was needed for our truly unrevolutionary and beneficent Order, but great is the extent of gullibility, and numerous are the "gobemouches" of society and the world still.

Indeed, it required all the audacity of which even ultramontane writers and Jesuit clique are capable, to venture to scatter wholesale such a "plethora" of abuse, such childish accusations, and such ridiculous allegations. Let us hope that they are answered, and that they may profit by what amounts to an indignant rebuke.

We wish we could add that there was any chance of a lull in this hurricane of

expletive, of abuse, of anathema, of cursing, of offensive jargon, of deliberate untruth.

But in their anger R. Catholic writers and the R. Catholic fanaticism spare neither the living nor the dead.

Freemasonry heeds it not, happily; but is strong in itself, trusting to its own inherent truth, and hoping yet to obtain the admiration of its foes, as well as to merit the devotion of its friends.

In England, in 1875, the great Charitable Institutions have been well supported by the Masonic body, let us hope that the same disinterested liberality will be exhibited in 1876.

Twenty-six thousand pounds were raised in round numbers for the three Metropolitan charities, and we have no reason to doubt but that we shall have to announce a continuance of the same praiseworthy zeal for the great end of Freemasonry in the year before us.

The Order is materially flourishing, Lodges are increasing, and new members are being constantly admitted—some think too rapidly; but we venture to hope that as 1875 has been but a constant record of Masonic loyalty, zeal, charity, and prosperity, so 1876 may also witness the general and peaceful progress of our world-wide confraternity as well as the welfare and development of our English Masonry.

THE HONBLE. MRS. ALDWORTH.

We publish as the frontispiece to our first number of the Magazine for 1876 a remarkably well-executed engraving of this excellent and amiable lady, from an Irish print of the early part of this century.

Most of our readers will know at once that we have here the "Lady Freemason." We will not say the only daughter of Eve who has gained, somehow or other, admittance to our secrets and order, for one or two candidates for the same fame and the same distinction have arisen since.

But this we may say, that we have in our pleasant-featured and warm-hearted sister, the original and genuine Irish lady Freemason! Mrs. Aldworth was a member of a very distinguished family herself. She was a St. Leger, descended from illustrious ancestors, and second daughter of Arthur St. Leger, first Viscount Doneraile and Baron Kilmeader.

Her mother was the daughter of John Hayes, of Winchelsea, in the county of Sussex. The date of her birth and the time of her death are both still somewhat uncertain; but she was probably born about the middle of the last century, and died about the beginning of this.

She married Richard Aldworth, Esq., of Newmarket, Cork, a member of an old and honourable family, and appears to have obtained, as she evidently merited, the love and attachment of all who knew her.

She is said to have been a most benevolent person, kind to the poor, and considerate to her dependants, and her countenance is certainly a striking representation of meekness of disposition and amiability of temperament.

When or how she became a Freemason is not quite clear. The old story of the clock for a long time was believed in, and still has many adherents; but the account, we believe, approved of by her family is that she obtained a glimpse of the Lodge proceedings, by a chink she made in an intervening wall.

Her brother was W.M. of the Lodge, which met at her father's mansion, Doneraile House, and on one occasion when this Lodge (No. 150) was assembled for work, the not unnatural curiosity of a young and high-spirited woman, led to the steps which resulted in her reception into the Masonic fraternity. This is all, we think, that can be said on the matter, one way or the other. Certain it is that Mrs. Aldworth always claimed to be a Freemason to the time of her death, and was always recognized as such, and many of her Masonic relics still exist in Ireland. She was an ornament to her sex and a credit to Freemasonry, and justly may our Irish brethren be proud of their graceful and benevolent sister, and it may be truly said of her, what is too often untruly said of others: "she lived beloved, and died lamented."

A short memoir of her was published at Cork in 1811, from which, thanks to a kindly Irish Brother, and of the friendly and ready permission of a venerable member of her own family, to whom we tender our respectful thanks, we have taken the main facts of this humble little biography. We wish, indeed, that some Irish Brother would give us a full and careful account of this interesting and amiable Sister.

The history of such a person—so eminent for goodness of heart and elevation of character, would fitly illustrate and adorn the annals of Irish Freemasonry.

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CONCENTRIC CIRCLES.

"As I beheld the living creatures, behold, one wheel upon the earth by the living creatures, with his four faces. The appearance of the wheels and their work was like unto the colour of a beryl; and they four had one likeness; and their appearance and their work was, as it were, a wheel in the middle of a wheel. As for their rings, they were so high they were dreadful; and their rings were full of eyes round about their faces. And when the living creatures went, the wheels went by them; and when the living creatures were lift up from the earth, the wheels were lift up; for the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels."—EZEKIEL.

IN the figure before us we have two tables of concentric circles or wheels; one on the breast of the animal and the other beneath its feet. The latter is a symbol of the world begirt with celestial systems; whence the circular processions or religious dances of the ancient Egyptians in honour of Osiris were derived; and also the circular shields of all primitive nations which had an emblematical reference. They were identified in our own country not only with the armed target of the warrior, but also with "Arthur's Round Table," and with the mysterious circle of Stonehenge. This shield was the Ark, as we may easily gather from a remarkable poem of Taliesin; the round table was the same: the eight fated mariners of the navicular shield became the knights of the round table; and Stonehenge, like the fabled stone ship of Bacchus, had still the same allusion; for, at the behest of Merlin, it was reported to have sailed over the ocean, a floating island, from Africa to Ireland, and thence to Britain, where the island at length became stationary on the plain of Sarius.*

The numerous circular temples of this country were alike dedicated to the sun, and constructed in the form of his symbol; and the names of many of our cities and towns convey the same idea. Solihull in Warwickshire, Solport in Cumberland, Salisbury (Solis-bury) plain, on which Stonehenge was erected, and many others, which might be adduced if necessary. They will tend to prove beyond a doubt that these extraordinary monuments were built by the descendants of the first Celtic idolaters, who adored that luminary.

It is a remarkable fact that most of the Egyptian hieroglyphics illustrative of the divine nature were adorned with circular emblems; and nearly all the temples in that country were sculptured with the same symbol. This, probably, is one reason why Osiris is so frequently depicted sitting on the lotus flower, of which both the fruit and the leaves are of a circular form, at once emblematical of the perfections of the deity, and allusive to the rapid circular motion by which everything in nature revolves. It is therefore impossible for any symbol to be more express upon the unity of God than the hieroglyphic circle.*

In the figure before us, a cross is delineated within the centre circle at right angles. This is an emblem equally of the World and of Time,† and refers to those certain concomitants of time, the four elements, seasons, and quarters of the compass. Hence several temples in various parts of the world, dedicated to the services of religion, were constructed in the form of a cross. In India, the great pagoda of Benares was cruciform, and at the extremity of each limb was a tower.‡ There is another of the same description at Mattra. And in the far west, at New Grange, County Meath, in Ireland, underneath an immense pyramid of earth, was constructed for religious purposes, a subterranean temple, with galleries in the same form.§ This extraordinary correspondence of custom in two such distant countries could have no uniform reference but to those natural phenomena which were common to every quarter of the globe, viz., the four seasons, elements, or cardinal points of the compass.

The space beyond the outermost circle was intended to represent Eternity, and was what the ancients called the SUMMOUR CÆLUM, a region of supramundane Light, denominated by the Hindoos *akas*, or purified ether, in which celestial beings were reputed to dwell; and hence the supreme deity is here represented by the compressed figure of *a Scarab, a Hawk, and a Man*;

* Faber's Eight Dissertations, vol. ii. p. 207.

* Maur. Ind. Aut. vol. iv. p. 690.
† Jablouski P. Eg. p. 86.
‡ Tavernier. Tom. iv. p. 149.
§ Ledwich. Aut. Ireland, p. 316.

and is crowned with a regal diadem, like the seven Sephiroth of the Jews, surmounted by the three hypostases of the divine essence.

In conformity with this interpretation, the philosophical Brahmins suppose that there are fourteen bohuns or spheres, viz., the earth, with seven spheres beneath and six above it. They called the earth bhoor, and mankind, who inhabit it, bhoorlogue. The six superior worlds, or heavens, are thus described in the preface to the Code of Gentoo Laws. The *Bobur* is the immediate vault of the visible heavens, in which the sun, moon and stars are placed. The *Sivergeh* is the first place and general receptacle for those who merit a removal from the earth. The *Mahurr-logue* are for the Fakeers and such persons as, by dint of prayer, have acquired an extraordinary degree of sanctity. The *Jumneh-logue* are for the souls of pious and moral men, and and beyond this sphere they are not supposed to pass without some uncommon merits and qualifications. The sphere of *Tuppeh* is the reward of those who have all their lives performed some wonderful act of penance and mortification, or who have died martyrs for their religion. The *Suttee*, or highest sphere, is the residence of Brahma and his especial favourites, particularly those men who have never uttered a falsehood during their whole lives, and for those women who have voluntarily burned themselves with their husbands.

It will be observed, however, that the spaces enclosed within the circles in our anaglyph are ten in number, like the Sephiroth of the Jews, and the figure of the deity is floating in the expanse above them, to indicate his immortality. He is represented in the language of Dr. Brown* to have "got out of Trismegistus, his circle, *i.e.*, to extend his wings above the universe and to pitch beyond ubiquity." Now in the solar system of Pythagoras were the celestial spheres, the fixed sphere, the seven planets, the earth, and the antichthon, which was invisible to mortals. The intervals between the central earth or time, called by him the harmony of the spheres, were divided into ten semitones. From Terra to Luna two semitones; from Luna to Mercury a semitone; from thence to Venus half a tone; to Sol two semitones; to Mars the same; and to Jupiter and Saturn each half a tone, or two semitones together.

From the neck, or rather on the breast of the figure, is suspended another table of concentric circles, with four spaces surrounding the centre. Now it is well known that the number four, or tetrad, was attributed to the deity, or Demiurgus, as the tetrad is called by Hierocles, and therefore occupies the place of the heart, which is the vital part of men and animals, as God is the vital essence or sustainer of the universe. It was also an emblem of truth, and hence the ancient Egyptians suspended from the neck of every chief magistrate a symbol which was denominated Truth. Diodorus tells us that by a royal ordinance "the Chief Justice shall have about his neck an image of precious stones, suspended from a golden chain, a circular amulet called Truth; and no cause shall be tried until this image be hung about his neck."

"In what manner God is a tetrad," says Hierocles,* "you will clearly find in the sacred discourse ascribed to Pythogoras, wherein God is pronounced to be the Number of Numbers. For if all beings subsist by his eternal council, it is manifest that number in every species of beings depends upon their causes. The first number is there, from thence derived hither; the determinate end of number is the decad, or ten; for he who had reckoned further must return to unity and numbers a second decad; and so on to the second decad, which makes 100. Again, he reckons from 100 in the same manner, and so may proceed to affinity, by the revolution of the decad." †

From this cause we find in other systems the sacred Name composed of four letters, called by the Gentibs Tetractys, referring to eternity; and hence the Hebrew character *Jod* at the beginning of the name of JEHOVAH, means the future; *Vau* in the middle, the present; and *He* at the end, with the Kametz, the past. ‡ And Christians apply it to the Trinity; *Jod* being the first person or Father; *He* the second, or Son? and *Vau* the third, or Holy Ghost. To show the universal application of this Name, the Almighty, speaking of the

* Pseudox, p. 5.

* In ans. carm.

† See more of this in Stanley's Hist. Phil. vol. iii. P 1, p. 60.

‡ Buxtor J. Dissert. de nom. p. 241.

Shekinah which accompanied the Israelites in their wanderings, uses these remarkable words, "My NAME is in him." *

I cannot agree with the interpretation of Montfaucon, that the four circles had no other reference than to the four elements; because they had already been plainly pointed out in the cross placed centrically amongst the larger collection of circles. He professedly founds his opinion on the colours of these circles, saying, "the first circle is white, to represent the colourless *air* which surrounds the earth; the second circle is blue, to symbolize the *water* of the ocean; the third circle is of a dark ash colour, to signify the *earth;* and the fourth is of a bright red, typical of *fire.* This is placed in the centre because fire gives light and heat to all things." I have considerable doubts about the existence of these colours, because I do not find them mentioned elsewhere.

THE MASONIC SIGN.

"YES, sir," said Jones to his friend Smith, "the advantages to be derived from our ancient and honourable institution are incalculable."

By the way, we should have said, "Brother Jones," for Brother Jones was "high" in Masonry, and was Past Grand Deputy Junior Door Opener for the Courts of Cockayneshire.

"For instance," continued Brother Jones, P.G.D.J.D.O., "look at the position you take when travelling—think of the consideration paid to you. Why, when I landed on the Island of Bambaroo, the king, hearing I was a Mason, sent down a detachment of his Horse Guards Black to escort me to his palace."

"But," said Smith, surprised, "are all Masons thus honoured?"

"Well—no," answered Brother Jones, hesitatingly; "only those who belong to the very highest degrees—and I belong to the very highest, the double superior and superlative degree of the combined Rose, Thistle, and Palm Tree, or the three hundred and sixty-fifth degree. There are but seven members of it in the known world, and they are all crowned heads, except myself."

"And you," exclaimed Smith, "how on earth were you admitted?"

"I don't wonder at your surprise," continued Jones, "others have wondered at it, and envied me. You see, such is the universality of Masonry, that even crowned heads are compelled to admit one outsider into their fraternity, else what would become of the principle of equality?"

"I see," said Smith savagely, for he began to suspect that Brother Jones was chaffing him; "and you were a very outsider."

But Brother Jones was in earnest. If he was not a member of this superlative degree, he had dreamed he was, and believed it—so it came to the same thing.

"Now, about these signs," said Smith. "I don't ask you to tell me your secrets; but I object to take a leap in the dark, and if I am to join your lodge"—for this was the contingency that led up to the conversation—"if I am to join your lodge, I should like to know just some little about it beforehand."

Brother Jones seemed to hesitate for a few moments, then he appeared buried in profound reflection. At length he rose, and taking Smith by the hand, said:

"Smith, you are my oldest friend—can I trust you?"

Said Smith:

"You can, upon my honour."

"If it were known," said Jones, "that I had divulged the least part of a secret, my life wouldn't be safe for half an hour."

"What!" exclaimed Smith, "do you Masons go about like the bandits in melodramas, with daggers concealed in your boots?"

"Well, no—not exactly in our boots, because the majority of us wear shoes; but it is so. However, I'll chance it."

Here Jones went cautiously round the room, locked the door, and hung his hat on the knob, so as to cover the keyhole.

"Why do you put your hat there?" asked Smith.

"To keep off"—said Jones; "in short, to *tile* the room."

The upshot of Brother Jones's reflections was this: he had thought of a plan to impart to his friend Smith a Masonic sign without compromising his fealty to the craft.

"When do you propose going to Bristol?" he asked him.

"This day week."

"Good—now if I put you in possession of one of our secret signs, and you are satis-

* Exod. xxiii. 21.

fied with the result, I shall expect to propose you as a Mason; it is the only way you can make atonement to my conscience."

"I agree," said Smith, "and here's my hand on it."

"Very well. Now, you are going to Bristol this day week—well, you shall see the wonderful results of the Masonic signs. Double your fist thus—please to copy me—extend the fore-finger of your right hand, and apply it three times to the right side of your nose—gently tapping it thus."

"But why three times?"

"Ah! true—I have made a mistake and given you an advanced sign; once would have done, but it can't be helped now. When you go to the booking-office ask for a first-class ticket to Bristol; give the sign as I have shown you, and the booking-clerk will give you one for nothing."

Smith opened his eyes in surprise.

"Yes" continued Brown, "a first-class ticket for nothing. It is in this way: if you had only tapped your nose once they would have given you a third-class ticket, what we call an 'E.A.P. ticket;' twice, you would receive a second, or 'F.C. ticket;' but, as I have told you three times, you may as well have the advantage of an M.M. ticket,' and ride first."

Accordingly, in due course Smith presented himself at the little window, gave the sign by tapping his nose three times as instructed, and at once received his ticket.

"All right, brother, said the clerk. "Pass on,"

And it *was* all right. Smith obtained his first-class ticket, and went down to Bristol.

Great was his amazement, and little did he suspect Brother Jones had arranged the the joke thus: He had a friend who was a booking-clerk at the G.W.R., and a member of his own lodge, and not grudging a trifle for the fun of the thing, he had given him the cost of a first-class ticket to Bristol, and instructed him to hand it over to the person who should act in the manner he had instructed Smith to act.

Smith's business transacted, the next day it was imperative on him to return, and presenting himself at the booking-office, he again made the mystic sign.

"One pound twelve," responded the clerk.

"Yes I know: but"——Tap, tap, tap, and he repeated the sign.

"One pound twelve," repeated the clerk "and don't stand there making grimaces at me all day."

"But, my good sir"—(Tap, tap, tap.)

Then he tried the single and the double tap, but no result followed; so he paid for a third-class ticket, and went on his way with the brotherly resolve of joining the order, if it was only to obtain the satisfaction of reporting the conduct of this unworthy clerk. Arriving in town, his first business was to call on Brother Jones, and explain how he had been served, and how the man refused to give him a ticket without the money.

"Of course he did," explained Jones. "You made a mistake; you forgot you were returning, and that the signal ought to have been reversed, You should have tapped the left side of your nose with the with the finger of the left hand, thus."

Poor Smith more than suspected he had been made the victim of a joke—the hero of a tale with which Jones would regale many a Masonic brother with infinite relish. Certainly he never seeks to discover the sign by becoming a Mason. As to Brother Jones, he has risen higher and higher in the craft, and is not only P.G.D.J.D.O., but P.M.M., P.F.C., P.E.A.P., and X.Y.Z., also L.L.D., A.S.S.

We take this Masonic tale, from the "Commercial Travellers' Gazette," of October 16, 1875.

AN INDIAN MASONIC WELCOME TO OUR GRAND MASTER.

Ye brethren af the mystic rite,
To greet your Royal Prince prepare,
The word is passed, the sign is right,
Behold! he fills the ancient chair!
The chair the wisest king of old,
Great Solomon, once designed to fill,
Our grand construction to unfold,
Called by the universal will.

Again, as in the days of yore,
The WIDOW'S SON our work designs,
His skill the Temple raised before,
We follow, working on his lines.
True to our old Masonic fame,
Long may our lofty columns stand,
Graced by our ALBERT EDWARD'S name,
Made firmer by his ruling hand.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SCOTTISH FREEMASONRY.

ARTICLE THIRD.

"I believe Sir I can say what few of those present can: I received my three degrees in one evening." Such were the words spoken by a friend of ours when replying to "Visiting Brethren" at a banquet in the Masonic Club Room in Belfast.

We felt the blush deepening on our cheeks, and we pulled his coat tail and whispered: "Don't say any more about that," but he went on expatiating upon the matter as if it were something to be proud of instead of something a knowledge of which ought to have been very carefully concealed. A smile played upon the lips of our Irish brethren, and we could easily see that there was one feature at all events in our Scottish system which was held in very little esteem.

The giving of three degrees in one evening is a subject which has been pretty freely discussed, more particularly in private, and there are many, who, when the Grand Lodge sees fit to move in the matter, are fully prepared to support the party working for the abolition of this most unnecessary proceeding. The present backwardness of the Craft in Scotland is attributable to a variety of causes, and this "three degrees" practice is, in our opinion not by any means the least of them. If we want to make good Masons there must be no more than one degree given in one evening. It is imperative that the initiate's first impressions of our Craft's usages should be good, and this, we maintain, cannot be the case if he be hurried through from the Entered Apprentice to the Master Mason in little more than a couple of hours.

In the pursuit of our Masonic studies we have often felt pained at seeing our beautiful ritual, which is calculated to impress a candidate with ideas of the solemn and sublime, turned into a something which very closely bordered upon the comic and ridiculous. We have a very distinct recollection of having been one evening present at a meeting of a lodge in a flourishing seaport town on the west coast, and in our company a distinguished brother hailing from the Grand Lodge of England. The chair was taken at 8.20 by the Master, a magistrate of the town, and the lodge opened in due form. At 8.40 prepared candidates were announced, and the door having been opened there entered nine men ready for initiation. Our English brother was thunderstruck. It was his first experience of Scottish Freemasonry and he was unaware of the fact that we can initiate more than one at once. The ceremony was ludicrous in the extreme. Everybody in the place seemed to be talking and laughing to everybody else, yet still the degree went on, and at nine o'clock the men passed to the door supposed to be fulll-fledged Entered Apprentices. They were about to leave the room when we drew attention to the fact that a most vital part of the ceremony had been omitted, namely the penalty of the obligation, and thereupon they were marched back and the penalty explained to them. Within the next half hour they were Fellow Crafts and at 10.15 were ready to sign any roll book in the world as Master Masons. Can you fancy nine Fellow Crafts being made Master Masons at once? We are by no means exaggerating. Nay, so far from that we can say that we are putting it very mildly, for we have seen in the most fashionable lodge in the city of Glasgow no fewer than thirteen receiving their degree at once. When they are properly worked we do not know of anything which is more beautiful or impressive than the first and third degrees of St. John's Masonry, and we see no reason why they should not always be so. It is a well-known fact that such things in Scotland as Lodges of Instruction are very rare indeed, and knowing this we cannot feel surprised that so little is known about our rituals and the proper method of working them. Previous to his departure from Scotland one of our most distinguished and most esteemed brethren issued circulars inviting those concerned to three Lodges of Instruction to be held in the lodge over which he then presided. It was announced that the services of three able exponents of the ritual had been received and that there was a candidate in readiness. At the first meeting there was an excellent attendance, and from the commencement of the anthem to the singing of the Gloria it was evident that those present were deeply interested. At the next meeting there was even a better attendance, and there were many who left with a knowledge of the beauties

of the second degree hitherto unthought of. But the excitement and the interest seemed to centre in the third degree. The attendance was large, and the attention praiseworthy. All went well. The office-bearers, coached to perfection, did their work particularly well, the choir was in excellent voice, and the music was grand, the speaker was eloquent, and the lodge room, save for the sound of his voice, was still and quiet as the night, and better than all the initiate received impressions of the grandeur, the solemnity, and the sublimity of the great degree which under less favourable circumstances he would never have done. Afterwards, opinions were very freely expressed that a continuance of such meetings would be greatly beneficial to the Craft, and that could the ritual be gone through as it had been at them, an impulse would be given to Freemasonry, the like of which it had not received for many years. Sirs, we felt our hearts bounding; we believed that new life was instilled into the cause, and that a new era had dawned upon the history of Freemasonry in the west of Scotland. But 'Sic transit Gloria'; twelve months have come and gone since then, and Lodges of Instruction live only in our memorials of the past. Why cannot we have them occasionally? They have them regularly in England and Ireland. It is impossible that the initiate can remember everything he heard when being initiated, and there are many points which his private friends may not be aware of, and which would most probably crop up at such meetings, that would be of inestimable advantage to him. It is on our young men that the future hopes of the Craft depend, and it is at meetings for instruction that the talents and genius of our young men would be more apt to be revealed than at our regular meetings for the transaction of our usual business. A most pertinent remark was lately made in our hearing, by an initiate belonging to the legal profession. He said:—"That is a very beautiful and impressive ceremony, but I've been wondering what must it be, when it is performed by an illiterate man and without the proper material for working with?" We could have answered him then as we do now:—It is to all appearance a piece of ridiculous nonsense. Scotchmen, Brother Freemasons, why will you not exert yourselves to have your ritual properly gone through? Do you know that they laugh at us in the sister countries when this subject is mentioned? And is it any wonder? Visit one of their Lodges, and what do you find? Every one vieing with another who shall give the greatest attention or add most to the impressiveness of the scene. There are none speaking but those who ought to, and they are ever fully prepared. Come back to our own country and see the difference. There is passing out and in the Lodge and moving about; the office bearers are in many cases, incapable of doing anything like justice to the work required of them; still by mutually whispering and signing to each other like pantomimists, they manage to patch up a degree; and worse than all there is a constant buzz of voices, and now and then a very audible titter passes round the Lodge. We have seen this, not once, but often, and we have felt for the time almost ashamed of the old Craft with which we had cast in our fortunes. We ask you, is such conduct seemly? Ought there not to be a different state of affairs? Is it becoming in any body of men so to behave while an initiate swears the most inviolable secrecy in the greatest and most sacred of names? Bethink you well, and the answer will come back upon yourselves. In the course of our visitations, we have seen in twenty different Lodges the third degree worked in almost as many different ways. Now this is not as it ought to be. The Grand Lodge ought to see that there is a general assimilation of the ritual; but the Grand Lodge seems to act upon the principle of leaving well alone, and is quite unwilling to move in anything unpleasant except under the greatest pressure. We would like to know how many Masters there are in Scotland who know the ritual approved of by the Grand Lodge? We are afraid they are few. And we would further like to know how many who do know it, practise it? We are afraid they are fewer still. Now, why does not the Grand Lodge enforce the using of its proscribia formulæ? If it did, good results would follow. It is by no means fair to any of our brethren that they should be compelled to say:—"I cannot visit such-and-such a Lodge, I am not up to their ways of working." And yet we heard these very words used by one whom we had every reason to believe a worthy man and who must needs be a worthy Brother.

"There is something rotten in the state

of Denmark." Why do you sit idly staring on, and not move hand nor foot to save yourselves? Do you know that where a Scotch Mason is respected, it is more for *his own individual worth* than for any admiration of the system under which he was initiated, and yet our Scottish Rite as practised at home and abroad is very different indeed. And what is the greatest blot upon it at home? Why this persisting in giving three degrees in one evening. Better far give none. Ask a Candidate who has been thus initiated what he remembers. Ten to one, nothing. Devote the time given to all three, to one, and *what will be result?* We are willing to pledge our reputation that the candidate will be able to give a general summary of the whole degree. Brethren, it rests with ourselves to make our Craft once more respected as it ought to be. Let us go earnestly and heartily to work, to root out its imperfections, and let us, while working, often take counsel one with another. It may be, you will say, we have exaggerated the evil in this present paper, but we ask *you to go and look around you ere you* come to any such conclusion. Look inside your own Lodges. Is everything there carried on as it ought to be? Has your Master been placed in the chair on account of his worth, or his wealth? Are your Office-bearers conversant with their duties, and do they conscientiously endeavour to perform them? And do you yourselves by your behaviour, shew a good example to those on either side of you? Consider the matter well. Never be present at, nor countenance the giving of three degrees in one evening. Gain as much knowledge as you can about our various ceremonies, and do not keep your knowledge to yourself, but freely impart it to those who are entitled to it. Sound the brethren upon the advisibility of having a Lodge for mutual instruction, and when you have amongst you as a visitor any one who has made a name in the Craft, do not be at all afraid of asking for information. Above all, see that you get the best and most able men to rule over you, and rest assured that having done so, the interests of the Craft will be furthered. The Craft is our common property, and each and all of us are bound to look carefully after it. If it suffer, reader, do not let it be through your neglect of it. But do not be too ready to blame. Consider your neighbour's position well before you censure him. Ask yourself what you would have done had you been in his place, and having made every allowance, if you *think proper to chide, do it*, not only as a gentleman but as a Freemason. In fact, ever have before you, as if in letters of living light, the golden rule:—Whatsoever ye would that men would do unto you, do ye even so unto them.

X. Y. Z.

BYE-LAWS OF THE YORK LODGE, No. 236.

BY THE EDITOR.

SECOND NOTICE.

WE now come to Bro. Cowling's most interesting account of the York Grand Lodge, or rather the Grand Lodge of all England, and we think we had better let him give his own account in his own clear and expressive words.

There is no place in all England more *interesting to the antiquarian, or more instructing* to the Historian, than the venerable City of York. Once the Metropolis of the Romans in Britain, it abounds with antiquities illustrative of the life and manners of its first conquerors. Equally important to the Saxons and Danes, there is to be found in almost every street mementoes of those hardy Northmen; while the Norman Castle, the Abbey of St. Mary, the glorious Minster—the monument of *more than a thousand years of our history*, the City Walls and Bars of the Plantagenet era, the Elizabethan Manor House—once the seat of the Great Council of the north, the beautiful old Churches, the Guildhall, and innumerable remains of medieval structures, all combine to continue its historical interest and importance to the days in which we now live.

To the Freemasons of every country it is equally interesting, for the voice of universal tradition (supported by the testimony of the ancient Constitutions), declares it to be the birth-place—or at least the primitive seat—of Masonic government in England, and from England, in later times, Masonry has spread its benign influence to almost every part of the globe.

The tradition is, that Prince Edwin, son of King Athelstane, obtained from his

father a charter, A.D., 926, by virtue of which all the Masons of the realm were convened to a General Assembly at York, where they accordingly met and established a Grand Lodge, whose prerogative it was to issue the Laws and Charges by which Masons were to be thenceforth governed; and we find this corroborated by MSS. which are at least three hundred years old, and which bear the strongest internal evidence that they are copies of much older documents.

For a long period, the foregoing tradition was unquestioned, but modern research has thrown considerable doubt on the story. Mr. Turner, the learned author of a well-known work on Anglo-Saxon History, has raised a weighty objection to it. He states that a Grand Lodge could not have been convened in York in the year 926, under the circumstances related above, seeing that Athelstane never had a son. Edwyn was his brother, who, in that same year, conspired against him, and was put to death by his order.

That the Prince Edwin above referred to was a real and not a mythical person, is a fact that admits of little or no doubt. In the evidence of tradition there may be a confusion with regard to persons bearing the same name, even when they were not contemporaries; but, on the other hand, it will perhaps never be found that a well and widely-established belief in such has no real foundation, Doubtless a Prince Edwin flourished at an early period of our national history, who was intimately connected with the establishment of Freemasonry in the City of York, and was active in the promotion of its benevolent principles.

This difficulty, however, was disposed of by Bro. Francis Drake, the historian, of York, as early as 1726, in his celebrated speech delivered in the Merchants' Hall, in York, before the Grand Lodge of All England.—He says: "But we can boast that the first Grand Lodge of England was held in this City, when Edwin, the first Christian King of Northumbria, about the year 600 after Christ, laid the foundation of our Cathedral, and sat as its Grand Master." If this be correct, the antiquity of English Masonry must be fully three centuries earlier than the time of Athelstane; and it is remarkable that the buildings which, according to the MS. of 1480, were said to have been raised by the pseudo Edwin, were in fact erected by Edwin, King of Northumbria; and it is a well-established fact that Auldby was the seat of this same Edwin.

Thomas Gent, another local historian of celebrity, bears testimony in his "History of the famous City of York, 1730." "We are told," he writes, "that King Edwin's seat of residence was Derventio (Derwent River), now called Auldby, six miles from York: The Freemasons of which ancient city seem to dispute the superiority of their Lodge with that of London, to which, tho', for amity's sake, they allow the title of Grand Master of England, yet they claim Totius Angliæ as their own right."

King Athelstane, in due time, was unquestionably a patron of the Craft, for he granted charters not only to Masons, but to other operative Guilds; and it is much more than probable that in his reign a General Assembly of Masons was held in York.

Bro. the Rev. A. F. A. Woodford, M.A., the well-known Masonic writer, says: "The old Masonic tradition points, I believe, to Edwin or Ediven, King of Northumbria, whose rendezvous once was at Auldby, near York, and who in 627 aided in the building of a stone Church at York after his baptism there, with the Roman workmen." He also writes: "Tradition sometimes gets confused after the lapse of time, but I believe the tradition is in itself true, which links Masonry to the Church building at York by the operative brotherhood under Edwin in 627, and to a Guild Charter under Athelstane in 926."

There are known to be in existence about twenty ancient copies of the old Constitutions—these have been written at different times from 1390 to 1714— and they are evidently copies of older MS. With two exceptions they all mention the Assembly at York in Athelstane's reign; and the two that do not name York, speak of "the Assembly" and "the City," thus apparently agreeing with the tradition, as we may fairly assume they refer to York, and to that great Assembly said to have been holden there in or about 926.

The Fabric Rolls of York Minster incontestibly prove that a society of Freemasons was working under the Chapter in the year 1370. We find Rules laid down for the regulation of the various craftsmen, and

mention is made of the Lodge, the Master, Wardens, Master Wardens, Masons, Fellows and Apprentices: and we may fairly infer, from such independent evidence, that the Freemasons of those days were a recognised body, with an organization, habits and customs similar to those which now prevail amongst the Order throughout the world.

From time immemorial the great body of Freemasons were not only careful to instruct the members of their fraternity in the secrets and practices of the Craft as operatives, but further imposed on them the observance of a strict and peculiar system of morality in their dealings one with another. They were charged "to honour God and his Holy Church; to be true to their Sovereign Lord the King, his Heirs and lawful successors; to keep secret the obscure and intricate parts of the Science; to exercise the most scrupulous Chastity; to duly reverence their Fellows, that the bond of Charity and mutual love might continue steadfast and stable amongst them." The Master Mason will readily observe that this is in perfect harmony with the obligations of the Fraternity in the present day.

Some of the obligations are so quaint and peculiar to the condition of an earliet age, that it is thought desirable to give a few of them entire, as they are not only curious and interesting, but prove that Ancient Freemasonry contained the same spirit of Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth. as is enjoined and practised by the Fraternity in modern times, viz. :—

"You shall not slander any of your fellows behind their backs, to impair their temporal estate or good name."

"You shall not (except at Christmas time) use any lawless games, as dice, cards, or the like."

"You shall not go out to drink by night, or if occasion happen that you must go, you shall not stay past eight of the clock, having some of your fellows, or one at the least, to bear you witness of the honest place you were in, and your good behaviour, to avoid scandal."

"You shall set strangers at work, having employment for them at least a fortnight, and pay them their wages *truly*; and if you want work (*i.e.* if you have none) you shall relieve them with money to defray their reasonable charges to the next Lodge."

At York the wages were paid fortnightly, and the pledge book was observed once a year at least, when the workmen swore to obey the orders which the Chapter had ordained for their management.

Up to the beginning of the 18th century, the Lodge of York continued to hold its Annual Assembly, "*Totus Angliæ*," and was the conservator of the Primitive Constitutions and Charges.

We are inclined to think that from 1600 to 1700, there was a regular meeting of Freemasons at York, on an operative foundation, though whether as a private Lodge or Grand Lodge, we cannot now say.

There are evidences of a Lodge there in 1643, and there is a missing Book of 1705, which yet may turn up. Penton seem to have seen it and copied from it, and according to him it was a Minute Book of the Lodge, though not what we call a Grand Lodge, but simply a Private Lodge with that name. This is, however, at present not clear, and much may be said on both sides.

The advance of Masonry in the South of England did not interfere with the Fraternity in the North, nor did the institution of a Grand Lodge in London (1717) alienate any allegiance which was considered at that time and long after to be due to the Mother Lodge of the whole Kingdom. Brotherly communication continued between those Masons who were ranged under the banner of the Grand Lodge of All England and those who rendered allegiance to that of London, which was styled by the less honourable and distinctive title of the Grand Lodge of England.

From this time to the close of its career in 1792, with one interval, the Grand Lodge of All England continued its meetings, and a large number of subordinate Lodges were constituted: indeed the establishment of the Grand Lodge in London seemed for a long time to have no other effect than to stimulate that of York to increased activity: during this period large numbers of the leading gentlemen of the city and neighbourhood joined its banner. The minutes from 1712 to 1734 contain names belonging to the principal families in the North of England, such as:—Sir Walter Hawksworth, Geo. Bowes, Robert Fairfax, Chas. Fairfax, T. Jenkyns, M.P., Thos. Chaloner, Ralph Grayme, Ed. Bell, Charles Bathurst, Francis Drake, Thomas

Lowther, M. St. Quentin, Charles Howard, Thompson, Kaye, Wombwell, Kitchenman, Arthington, Milner, Bart., Lord Irwin, Bellingham Graham, and many others; during this time the Lodge had no fixed place of meeting, but met at various taverns in the city, most frequently at the Star Inn, in Stonegate; in 1713 it met at Bradford, when eighteen gentlemen of that neighbourhood were admitted.

For some years before 1761 the meetings almost to have discontinued, and no minutes are preserved after 1734, but some returns of names show meetings to have been held for some years after that date.

On March 17, 1761, a meeting was held at the house of Mr. Henry Howard, in, Lendal, and the Grand Lodge was revived by six surviving members, including the celebrated historian of York, Francis Drake, F.R.S., who was elected Grand Master in 1761 and 1762; and for several years it continued to work with great success.

From 1761 to 1790, about 200 members were initiated therein, and amongst them we again find names familiar to every Yorkshireman: Chaloner, Palmes, Morritt, Holroyd, Hunter, Champney, Gascoigne, Vavasour, Strickland, Witham, Stapilton, Wilmot, Turner, Fawkner, Smyth, and Woolley; the name of John Kemble, comedian, occurs in 1779.

Without entering into minute particulars of the schism which prevailed for a time amongst the brethren of the South, it is necessary that some notice should be taken of it, at least so far as the same is connected with the Grand Lodge of York.

In the year 1740, certain brethren in London, pretending to act under the sanction of the Ancient York Constitution, presumed to claim the right of constituting lodges: they assumed the appellation of Ancient Masons, proclaimed themselves enemies to all innovations, insisted that they preserved the ancient usages of the Order, and that the lodges under the Grand Lodge of England (London), to whom they gave the title of "Masons," had adopted new measures, illegal and unconstitutional. They founded a Grand Lodge in 1752, known as the "Ancients," and afterwards as the "Athol,"—so called from the Duke of Athol, who for many years was its Grand Master.

This Grand Lodge, which never received any authority from the Grand Lodge of York, constituted a large number of subordinate lodges, and continued in existence until 1813, when, uniting with the "Moderns," it formed the present "United Grand Lodge of England."

In the year 1778, the Lodge of Antiquity had a dispute with the Grand Lodge of England respecting the right to form public processions, and in consequence of the decision of the Grand Lodge, withdrew from its meetings and set up a jurisdiction of its own, seeking union with the Grand Lodges of Scotland, Ireland and York. A manifesto was issued by it, alleging, among other things, "that sundry innovations and encroachments have been made and are still making on the original plan and government of Masonry, by the present nominal Grand Lodge of London, highly injurious to the Institution itself, and tending to subvert and destroy the ancient rights and privileges of the Society;" and in the same year an application was made to the Grand Lodge of All England, at York, for a warrant, by which the Lodge of Antiquity should be empowered to act as a Grand Lodge, south of the River Trent. Considerable negociations took place, and eventually a warrant was granted, dated March 29, 1779, from which the following are extracts: "By virtue of the authority inherent in us as the Most Worshipful and only Legal Grand Lodge of All England, of free and accepted Masons, we do admit them (the Lodge of Antiquity) to a participation of our Government." . . "We do give and grant unto them, independent of the power they already possess as a private lodge of Masons, acting by an immemorial Constitution, full power and authority to assemble as a Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, for that part of England situated south of the Trent, so long as they do keep inviolate the ancient charges and regulations of our Order, and do acknowledge the allegiance and homage due to us, as the Most Ancient Patrons of Masonic Art."

There is a tradition in York that in ancient times the Freemasons held their meetings in the Crypt of the Minster, and (apparently in accordance with this tradition), it is recorded in the minute book of the Grand Chapter, that on Sunday, May 27th, 1778, "The Royal Arch brethren, whose names are under-mentioned, assembled in the Ancient Lodge, now a sacred

recess within the Cathedral Church of York, and then and there opened a Chapter of Free and Accepted Masons of the most sublime degree of Royal Arch." Sunday was, at that time, the regular day of meeting for the Chapter.

The first notice we have of the Knight Templar Degree is November 29, 1779, and it is said to be the earliest official document known in Great Britain and Ireland, relating to Knights Templar in connection with Freemasonry.

Soon after 1780, the Grand Lodge of York exhibited signs of decay which finally led to its dissolution. The superior influence of the Grand Lodge of London, its succession of Royal and Noble Grand Masters, and its branches spread over the whole kingdom and into foreign countries, rapidly attracted a large numbers of Masons to its standard: we find the lodges holding under York giving place to new ones under warrants from London, until even in the City of York itself, the great majority of Masons owed no allegiance to the ancient body that had for so long a period assembled within its walls.

The meetings of the Grand Lodge became irregular, and the last meeting of which we have a record was held August 23, 1792, for the election of officers, when Bro. Ed. Wolley was elected Grand Master; Bro. Geo. Kitson, Grand Treasurer: Bro. Thos. Richardson, S.G.W.; and Bro. Williams, J.G.W. Thus the end came; and an institution that had flourished in York from the time of the Heptarchy, and had run a useful and honourable course, ceased to exist; but we may say that in spirit it was removed to the Capital, for in principal it was identical with the present Grand Lodge of England, which is, in modern times, the true representative of Ancient York Masonry.

Such is a resumé of the interesting little book published for the York Lodge, and edited by Bros. P. M. Cowling and Todd, and we thank them in the name of the Craft and of Masonic students, for their valuable and interesting and well-written work.

[We trust that this creditable volume may be perused by all Masonic Students, as we have never seen a more concise, nor we will add, a more correct account of the earliest Masonic Grand Lodges. We are quite sure tnat Bro. W. J. Hughan will concur in this.—Ed.]

EARLY MEETINGS OF THE GRAND LODGE OF ENGLAND.

BY WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

Students of Masonic History will be aware that but little is known about the institution of the Grand Lodge of England in 1716-7, *and for that little* we are mainly indebted to the Rev. James Anderson, D.D. There are, however, other indications of the importance and position of Freemasonry in the early part of last century than those furnished in our Books of Constitutions—*Historical Introductions.*—from A.D. 1723. One important work especially, written in 1721, and printed in 1722, dedicated to the Grand Master of the Freemasons of Great Britain and Ireland (there being but one Grand Master at that period, viz., in England), and containing many curious allusions to the Fraternity, has not yet been fully considered as it deserves, and it is our intention to treat of it shortly.

Because, however, we obtain our knowledge of the Grand Lodge and its meetings from the source indicated—Book of Constitutions—some have thought fit to doubt almost its very existence until years later than 1717, and hence any other evidence of its condition becomes valuable, and should be carefully noted. Our good Brother Clarke, of Shepton-Mallet, having copies of the "Whitehall Evening Post," has kindly made several extracts therefrom, and which are now submitted for the information of the Craft:—

(W. E. Post, December 28th to 31st, 1728), "Friday last being St. John's Day there was a great appearance of Freemasons at Stationers' Hall, where a handsome entertainment was provided for them by 12 stewards chosen for that purpose, after which the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year, viz, the Rt. Honble. the Lord Coleraine, Nathaniel Blackesby, Esq., Deputy Grand Master, in the room of Alexander Chock, Esq., and Sir James Thornhill and Martin O'Connor, Grand Wardens in the room of the said Mr. Blackesby and Mr. Jos. Highmore."

"'Tis remarkable that there were present the Master of the Lodge at Madrid in Spain, and the Wardens belonging to the Lodge of Carmarthen in South Wales, and a Commission was signed by the Grand

Master to constitute a Lodge in the East Indies."

"And at the same time the Grand Master and Wardens, and most of the gentlemen present took tickets to appear in white gloves at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane as last night, where the Play of Henry IV., Part II., was acted for their Entertainment, and a Prologue and Epilogue was spoken suitable to the occasion, and in honour of that society."

This was a very long report for the "Post," the paragraphs generally only averaging four or five lines, and is an indirect proof, with others we might mention, of the wonderful prosperity of the Grand Lodge at that time, though only some eleven years from its constitution. The fact indeed points to the great probability that the Grand Lodge is an outgrowth of *numerous* Lodges, and many members scattered over the country, in addition to the four old Lodges, and the Brethren who directly instituted it—*Lodges* which were content to accept Warrants from the new Grand Lodge, *though previously working according to ancient usage.*

In the Constitutions of 1738 is the following account of the meeting, not quite in agreement with the foregoing, and a much shorter narrative of the business. The editions since simply perpetuate the same meagre extract.

"Assembly and *Feast* at *Mercer's Hall* on St. John's Day, *Friday*, 27 Dec., 1728. *D. Grand Master* Choke with his *Wardens*, several *noble* Brothers, former *Grand* Officers, and many Brethren, duly clothed, attended the *Grand Master Elect* in coaches from his Lordship's House in *Leicester-square* to the Hall *Eastward;* and all Things being regularly transacted as above, D. G. M. *Choke* proclaimed aloud our noble Brother.

VIII. James King, *Lord* Viscount *Kingston,* Grand Master of *Masons!* who appointed Nathaniel Blakerby, Esq., D. G., *Master.*

Sir James Thornhill, } *Grand*
Mr. Martin O'Conner, } *Wardens,*
and the Secretary was continued."

In the Post for November 21st-23rd, 1732, is the following :—

"Last night a Quarterly Com——was held at the Devil Tavern, in Fleet-street, &c., *present* Rt. Hon. Lord Inchiquin, Rt. Hon. Earl Sutherland, Pro. Grand Master, Ireland, &c., &c. Between £40 and £50 was brought in for charity from different Lodges."

The account in Constitutions 1738, and others read thus :—"Grand Lodge in *due* form at the *Devil* 'foresaid, on *Tuesday*, 21st November, 1732, with Lord *Coleraine*, Lord *Southwell*, and other former *G. Officers* and those of 49 *Lodges.*"

The amount contributed for charity was surely *large* for the period, and proves that our predecessors forget not to cherish that "distinguishing characteristic of a Freemason's heart."

From the 'Post,' Dec. 7th to the 9th 1732, Bro. Clarke has extracted the following :—

"There was a Grand Committee of the Free and accepted Masons from several Lodges met at the Horn Tavern, in Palace-yard, to consider of proper measures for raising by subscription, a sum of money for the relief of their poor Brethren throughout England and Ireland."

It is important to note that the historians of the Grand Lodge of England are silent as to this meeting, and doubtless at that time were not anxious for the poverty of many of their members being published to the world.

This paragraph preserves the account of the first meeting of the Grand Lodge of England to provide for a systematic benevolent scheme, and was in all probability the beginning, in a humble way, of our present Grand Lodge of Benevolence.

But let us also note the fact that the *revival,* as it is called of the Society, only occurred some 15 years before this meeting, and yet funds were being accumulated to relieve distressed Brethren, and the casual sums previously obtained—even as much as upwards of £40 at a meeting, were insufficient for the purpose.

Surely all this points to the fact that there were more Masons in existence than those initiated since 1717, and that in all probability it was the operative portion of the Fraternity who required assistance.

At the period in question, a great many *Noblemen belonged to the Order,* and it is not likely that a society of "yesterday" would have secured their patronage to the extent that Freemasonry did, neither is it probable that the class of their Members was such as to want pecuniary aid; so that we may relieve in distress as formerly,

because of the great accession of Gentlemen who did not want such sums, were feeling the need of their old system being restored, under *the Grand Lodge*, determined to make strenuous efforts to help them.

From St. James' Evening Post, 1733, is extracted as follows :—

"On Monday next, at eight in the morning, the Society of "*Honorary Freemasons*" will proceed from Whitehall in several barges to Richmond, with a grand concert of music, and return to Fulham, where an elegant entertainment will be provided for them."

At the Grand Lodge held March 30th, 1734, the same paper states, "They also appointed Rev. Mr. Crater Henley for their Chaplain for the ensuing year," and that John Ward, Esq., appointed Senior Grand Warden "was M.P. for Newcastle under Lyne."

We look in vain for any report of the appointment of Bro. Henley in any of the Books of Constitutions, but there is no reason to doubt the fact of such an office being then customary, though no word is said about such office (Grand Chaplain), until many years subsequently, when the unfortunate Rev. William Dodd, D.D. was appointed

The *Rev. Bro. Henley* signalized his appointment by the following advertisement in "St. James' Evening Post," June 23rd, 1733.

"By command of the Rt. Hon. and Rt. Worshipful the Grand Master of the Antient, and Honourable Society of free and accepted Masons of the last General Assembly, Mercer's Hall, and for the entertainment of the Brethren,

At the Oratory,

The corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields, near Clare Market, on Thursday nevt, the 25th of this instant, June, at 6 in the evening, will be delivered an

Eulogium

upon

Freemasonry,

The first oration on that subject.

"N.B.—At the Feast the Brethren were desired by the Grand Officers, to come clothed to this oration. It will be spoken in the proper habiliment.

"Price of the *seats to all* persons whatsoever, Masons or others—Two shillings." It was *not the first* Oration on Freemasonry, but we should much like to know what was said by our Bro. Orator Henley.

CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT.

I.

England's sun was slowly setting o'er the hills so far away,
Filled the land with misty beauty at the close of one sad day,
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair—
He with step so slow and weary, she with sunny-floating hair ;
He with bowed head sad and thoughtful, she with lips so cold and white,
Struggled to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring to night."

II.

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its walls so tall and gloomy, walls so dark and damp and cold,
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her face grew strangely white,
As she spoke in husky whisper, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

III.

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—every word pierced her young heart
Like a thousand gleaming arrows, like a deadly-poisoned dart—
"Long years I've rang the Curfew from that gloomy-shadowed tower,
Every evening just at sunset it as tolled the Twilight hour ;
I've done my duty ever, tried to do it just right,
Now I'm old and will not miss it, girl ; the Curfew rings to-night."

IV.

Wild her eyes, and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
And within her heart's deep centre, Bessie made a solemn vow,
She had listened while the judges read without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the Curfew, Basil Underwood *must* die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright,
One low murmur, scarcely spoken, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

V.

She, with light step, bounded forward, sprang within the old church-door,
Left the old man coming slowly, paths he'd trod so oft before,
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with cheek and brow aglow,
Staggered up the gloomy tower where the bell swung to and fro;
Then she climbed the slimy ladder, dark, without one ray of light,
Upwards, still her pale lips saying, "Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

VI.

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great dark bell,
And the awful gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to hell;
See, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of Curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath, and paled her brow,
Shall she let it ring? "No, never!" her eyes flash with sudden light,
As she springs and grasps it firmly, "Curfew shall not ring to-night,"

VII.

Out she swung, far out—the city seemed a tiny spec below,
There 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell swung to and fro,
And the half-deaf sexton ringing (years he had not heard the bell),
And he thought the twilight Curfew rang young Basil's funeral knell;
Still the maiden clinging firmly, cheek and brow so pale and white,
Still her frightened heart's wild beating, "Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

VIII.

It was o'er, the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the damp old ladder, where for hundred years before
Human foot had not been planted, and what this night she had done
Should be told long years after, as the rays of setting-sun
Light the sky with mellow beauty, and aged sires with heads of white,
Tell the children why the "Curfew did not ring that one sad night."

IX.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie saw him, and her brow,
Lately white with sickening horror, glows with sudden beauty now.
At his feet she told her story, showed her hands, all bruised and torn,
And her sweet young face so haggard, with a look so sad and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eyes with misty light;
"Go, your lover lives," cried Cromwell, "Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

Keystone.

THE FREEMASONS AND ARCHITECTURE IN ENGLAND.

BY BRO. JACOB NORTON.

AMONG some errors abounding in Bro. Holmes's article in the September and October "Masonic Magazine," I shall at present call attention to only a few of them. Bro. Holmes informs us, that—

"Under the auspices of Henry VII. the fraternity once more revived their assemblies, and Masonry resumed its pristine splendour. On the 24th of June, 1502, a Lodge of Master Masons was formed in the Palace, at which the King presided as Grand Master, who having appointed John Islip, etc., as Wardens, proceeded in ample form to the east end of Westminster Abbey, where he laid the foundation stone . . . [of what is] known by the name of Henry VII.'s Chapel."

The truth is, Henry VII. was never a Masonic Grand Master, nor did he preside over a Lodge of Master Masons in his palace on the 24th of June, 1502; nor did he march in Masonic procession, "in ample form," to lay the foundation-stone of his chapel on the 24th of June. Henry VII. did not lay the foundation-stone of his chapel "*at all, at all,*" as Paddy would say, and he was not even present when the foundation-stone was laid. And last, and not least, the foundation-stone of the said chapel was not laid on the 24th of June, 1502, but seven months later, viz. January 24th, 1502, *old style*, 1503 *new style*, as the following extract from Holinshed's Chronicle will show:

"In this eighteenth yeare [of the King's reign], the twentie-fourth daie of Januarie, a quarter of an houre afore three of the

clock at afternoon of the same day, the first stone of our ladie's chapel within the monastrie of Westminster, was laid by the hands of John Islip, abbate of the same monastrie. Sir Reginal Braie, Knight of the garter, doctor Barne, maister of the rolles, doctor Wall, chapleine to the King's maietie, maister Hugh Oldham, chapleine to the countesse of Darbie, and Richmond the King's mother, Sir Edmund Stanhope Knight, and diverse others. Upon the same stone was this scripture engrauen. 'Illusstrisimus Henricus septimus rex Angliæ and Franciæ, and dominus Hiberniæ posuit hame patrant in honore beatae virginis Mariæ, 24 die Januarij, anno domini 1502. Et anno dicti regis Henrici septini decerno octano.' The charge whereof amounted (as some report, upon credible information as they saie), to fourteen thousand pounds."

Holinshed, who published his Chronicle in 1577, seems to have derived the information contained in the above paragraph from authentic documents and from hearsay. The former, he scrupulously gave in full and at length, viz. "the twentie-fourth daie of Januarie"; also, the precise time of the day when the ceremony began, and the names of the most important personages who have been present. The latter, he gave with some hesitancy, viz. "as some report upon credible information, as they say." I have no doubt that in his younger days, the author was acquainted with many persons who remembered the event, and from whom he gathered all the particulars he could. The fact that he carefully named the titled dignitaries present at the ceremony—even the chaplains of the King and of his mother—without naming the presence of the King, shows, that he had no evidence of the King's presence on that occasion. Holinshed is the earliest authority upon the point at issue. Stow, in his Survey of London, gives the same date; Holinshed is therefore right, and Bro. Holmes is certainly wrong.

Bro. Holmes says, that some years ago, he read the accompanying paper before an audience in a certain town in the north of England; that it amused and instructed him in its compilation, "and in the hope that it may amuse and instruct some more of our Brethren," he sent it to the "Magazine" for publication. And most strangely admits at the same time, that "much might be altered and amended," and that *he does not vouch for its facts*. Now, that its absurdities will amuse some, may be all true; but how Bro. Holmes could seriously hope that his facts, which are *not facts*, and which he himself declines to vouch for, could possibly serve to instruct his Brethren, is more than I can tell. A few years ago, such a specimen of Masonic oratory doubtless raised the lecturer to the rank of a Masonic oracle. But times have changed; there is a great difference between *now* and *then*. *Then*, he was applauded for hi profound scholarship; but *now*, if any one attempted to deliver such a lecture, he would be laughed at by the best informed portion of his audience. And when Bro. Holmes suffered his zeal to outrun his discretion, by having at the present time all these assertions which are not historically correct, published in a Magazine, he should not feel surprised that his remarks are objected to. What we now need *are facts*, not fiction; and I trust that this warning, will, in future, serve to restrain Brethren from rushing into print with Anderson's and Preston's statements, and treating them as Masonic history.

We publish this article at Bro. Norton's request but in doing so, we think that he has been unnecessarily severe on Bro. Emra Holmes, who merely put together the statements of accredited historians. We have taken out several passages which seemed to us both somewhat personal and far too dogmatic. Bro. Norton sometimes forgets that the sifting process of Masonic History and Archæology is necessarily of very slow growth, and he should be a little more tolerant of those who still cling to the annals of the past, even though contemporary Masonic criticism pronounces them more or less unreliable.—ED.

WOMAN'S CHOICE—THE STORY OF A HERO.

CHAPTER I.

BRIGHTLY on the old thick woods of Brittany the Summer sun was shining, tinging their green leaves with the hue of the golden beetle's wing, and cheering the voice of the glad birds and the blythe forester, in whose bosom it awoke the hidden springs of joy, as it was fabled to have done in the marble breast of Memnon. Its bright light gilded also the hut of the serfs, causing the patient mother, who watched beside her slumbering infant, to forget in its cheering radiance the bitterness of bondage—for was not the glorious

sunlight a common gift to the feudal lord and his bond-slave?—and only to the lordly chateau which those ancient woods surrounded, and to which the peasant looked as a sort of earthly paradise, that glorious sunlight brought no joy. The beams that pierced the narrow, arched casements of a small private oratory, in which were assemblod four of the principal personages of the Du Guesclin family, fell on the pale and tearful countenance of a lady advanced in life, who sat immediately beneath the window, and who, in spite of time and grief, still bore traces of having once been beautiful. Beside her stood a tall and powerful man, whose dress and rank proclaimed him to be knightly. He also appeared much disturbed; his bright blue eyes flashed with anger, and his large features were flushed, as he rated, in no measured terms, a youth who stood before him.

A glance at the latter was sufficient to identify them as father and son, so strong was the resemblance between them; the same noble features, bright blue eyes, and chestnut curls; though the pressure of his helmet had partly worn off those of the sire, and age had slightly silvered the remainder. That there was a similarity of character also was manifested from the impatient and haughty expression of countenance with which the youth endured the paternal rebuke. A spectator might have inferred, judging by expression only, that the culprit was a taller, slighter, and far handsomer youth, who leaned on the back of the lady's chair, and listened to the outpourings of the old knight's wrath with downcast, tearful looks, and most submissive deference.

"I tell thee, Bertrand," said the knight, "thou art a very scourge to thy parents, and wilt make them curse the hour that gave thee birth, an' thou mendest not thy ways. Who, thinkest thou, may endure thy disobedience, thy companionship with Cotereaux and Boutiers, thy constant brawls, thy averseness to all knightly exercises?—and now thou must fix a quarrel on thine own brother!"

"He speaks falsely if he says so," interrupted the youth, with angry vehemence. "It is as false as many of the other slanders he hath uttered against me. He knows my mood, that I am soon roused to anger, of which I heartily repent me when the fit is over, and he taunted me past endurance! I struck him, and it was no more than he deserved!"

The younger brother here raised his eyes and hands toward heaven with a look of patient and injured innocence, and the mother leaned her head against her husband's shoulder and sobbed audibly. The sound appeared to touch and soften the rebellious son; he stepped hastily forward, and bending, would have taken her hand, but she repulsed him silently, and he drew back.

"Do you also abandon me, my mother?" he said, bitterly. "The hypocrite has done his work well."

"Silence, sirrah!" cried the old knight, furiously. "I should do well if I sent thee forth a vagabond—a second Cain, as I fear thou art in spirit, and such shall be thy fate if thou mendest not thy ways. Ask forthwith thy brother's pardon for thy violence, in earnest of thy repentance, and try for the future to direct your life and actions by his example."

"No; heaven forfend!" was the instant reply. "I will ask him to forgive my sudden rage, although he knows well that he was the cause of it; and I will pardon him his treacherous slanders; but all the saints forbid that I should ever follow his example."

The lady turned suddenly and fixed her eyes upon her youngest son.

"Is he a liar, Guy?" she said. "What sayest thou in thine own defence? How didst thou rouse his anger?"

"Beloved mother," answered Guy, in a soft tone, "I waited your bidding, or my father's, to speak. If I offended Bertrand, it was unwittingly and without design. I knew that father had refused him permission to accompany us to the tournament at Ploermel, because he refused to practise with us, and my father feared he might disgrace his birth and breeding in public. I urged upon him in all brotherly kindness the evil of his ways, entreating him to redeem his lost time and character, and a blow, which Sir Oliver witnessed, was my reward."

"In brotherly kindness!" interupted the impatient Bertrand: "the Virgin keep me from such brotherly kindness, say I! Didst thou not speak in the strongest terms of

the disgrace which our father had cast on me, paint it with thy smooth tongue in its worst colours, and preach and prate till a saint's patience would have failed him? 'Tis true, brother Guy, that the words, though often smooth, carry with them the sting of a scorpion, and will never bear repetition; but this time thou wert less prudent than thou art wont to be; for me thinks thou did betray a secret when thou toldest me that with mine honour I had also lost my betrothed bride."

The colour came to the pale brow of Guy, and he glanced nervously toward his father; but he had no reason at that moment to dread the anger of Sir Oliver du Guesclin, who was too much enraged with his eldest son to give a thought or a hasty word to another.

"And wherefore should it be a secret?" he asked in a voice of thunder. "Dost thou think I shall ask *thy* consent to dispose of my ward? Both my lands and my pretty Claire are designed for my *obedient* son; for him who will sustain the unblemished honour of my name. Ay, and thou, profligate as thou art! must mind thy manners, lest I refuse thee even a younger son's portion, and drive thee to seek a shelter with thy ruffianly comrades of yore—the free companions of the forest."

"Nay then," answered Bertrand, proudly but bitterly, "since I am to be disenherited of my right, and robbed of mine early affianced bride, I will go hence and seek a new destiny with my sword; it may be a brighter one—for there is a feeling at my heart tells me I shall one day cast off these stigmas, so rudely heaped upon me! Father, you are deceived and blinded by the arts of a villain, who knows too well how to avail himself of the weakness of your credulous nature, and makes the rash temperament I inherit from you an agent against me. Fare you well, Sir Oliver! may your favourite son never make you rue to-day's work.

The old knight listened to his words in a state of perfect frenzy. "*I* deceived! *I* blinded! the weakness of my nature, quotha! Thou rude, undutiful, discourteous villain, get thee from my sight!" he gasped; "I renounce thee; I cast thee forth for ever! By St. Gildas, an' thou goest not quickly I will have thee whipped hence."

The air with which the discarded son listened to these words was almost majestic. He again approached the lady, and bent one knee before her.

"Mother," he said, "forgive me! I have too often pained and grieved you; and every tear you shed falls on my heart like drops of fire. Forgive me, sweet mother, forgive the unhappy son who will no longer annoy you with his presence."

The lady neither moved nor spoke; Bertrand rose slowly, and with a deep sigh turned toward the door, paused on the threshold for an instant, and then went forth, rejected he believed even by his last friend. He did not know that his mother leaned on her husband in a state of insensibility—and had not heard his appeal.

With a heavy heart the disinherited son traversed the corrider that led to the castle hall. As he entered it, a noble wolf-hound, roused from his slumber by his step, sprung joyously to meet him, and fawned upon him. His young master patted him with a trembling hand. "*Thou* lovest me, good hound," he said, "and wilt follow me with unshaken fidelity. Thou wilt listen to no slanderers of thy foolish (it may be) but not guilty master. Thou shalt go with me, old companion! it is sweet to feel one has a friend, though it be but a dog."

The hound looked wistfully up at his master and licked his hand, as if he understood the words addressed to him; and while the youth buckled on his cuirass and steel cap, and took his sword and dagger, the faithful animal bounded joyfully toward the door with a cheerful bark, as if encouraging his young master to come forth into the world, which was now to provide for him a new home.

As Bertrand crossed the court and went through the barbacan he received the smiling and respectful salutations of several of the men-at-arms, for his very faults rendered him popular with the soldiery. At the distance of about a mile from the chateau the youth and his canine friend paused on the summit of a gentle eminence, and Bertrand took a parting look at the home of his fathers. The woods and turrets of the old building were (as we have said) clad in a gorgeous vail of sunlight, and the young exile thought he had never before seen his lost inheritance look so fair.

"Fare you well, old towers," said Bertrand, with a sad smile; "I will not look on you again until I have done some deed of daring, which shall redeem the clouded honour of my youth, as this glorious sunshine has succeeded the gloom of to-

day's morning. Fare you well! And now for the world that shall yet listen for the tramp of my steed, and quail at the flashing of my sword!"

With a half smile at his playful boast, struggling with the tears that filled his eyes, Bertrand du Guesclin went on his way.

Some ten or fourteen days after the abrupt departure of his first-born, Sir Oliver du Guesclin was busily engaged in the hall of the chateau, giving various directions to his principal esquire respecting the preparations to be made for their approaching tournament at Ploermel.

At the upper end of the apartment stood his favourite Guy, with a falcon on his wrist, bending his graceful head to whisper soft flatteries to a young lady. Even the frightful head-dress of the middle age, which resembled a huge extinguisher, or the paper fool's cap of a village dame, could not detract from the exceeding loveliness of her countenance. Every feature was small, delicate, and perfect in form; her eyes were large, and of the softest blue; her hair like pale gold. So perfect was the outline of both face and figure, that the want of charac ter in both was scarcely perceptible, or only became so on intimate acquaintance.

All good gifts are, however, rarely showered on the same person, let poets fable as they will; and bountiful as Nature had been to Claire du Val, it must be confessed that, fair, gentle, and gay of mood as she was, she lacked the higher gifts of intellect, and was vain to excess of her really beautiful person. The flattery of her handsome wooer was destined to be of far briefer duration than the lady desired, for a horn without announced the arrival of a guest, and in a few moments the entrance of a body of men-at-arms into the court declared the new comer to be a person of rank and distinction.

Sir Oliver advanced to meet the visitor as he entered the hall, and greeted him with warm cordiality.

"Welcome, my Lord of Ploermel," said Sir Oliver; "welcome to my poor house. This is, indeed, an unexpected pleasure."

"Business led me in the direction of your chateau, Sir Oliver," replied the stranger, who was a dignified and graceful man, in the prime of life, "and I would not pass your towers without a brief visit to ask after my ancient friend and my fair kinswoman.'

"Your niece is even now present," said Sir Oliver eagerly. "Claire, my child, come hither and greet your uncle. This gentleman, dear friend, who has perchance outgrown your knowledge, is my son Guy."

"Indeed," said the Lord de Ploermel dryly, "I should have judged him to have been my niece's affianced, by the brief glance I took at them on entering."

Guy looked embarassed, and Claire blushed deeply.

"We shall see you at the tournament, young sir, I suppose," added the visitor, "with your gallant father and brother. I hope my young favourite, Bertrand, is not absent from home. I long to see what the lapse of nine years—for even so long have I been absent from France—has wrought for him."

"Alas, my good lord, speak not of him I beseech you!" said Du Guesclin, mournfully: "he disgraces the noble name he bears by his vices. There is no mad riot into which his youth hath not run; his associates have been the rangers of the forests; and he hath consequently become a brawler and a lover of all low and unknightly pleasures."

"Indeed!" said De Ploermel, gravely. "You surprise and shock me, my good friend. I thought I discerned the germ of many noble qualities in his boyhood; let us hope that he may yet redeem that promise, and make the lustre of his manhood efface the folly of his youth. A word of advice may do much. Will you suffer me to speak with him, to endeavour to restore him to a sense of duty and honour?"

"He is no longer beneath my roof, fair sir; I have banished the reprobate from the home his violence disturbed, and mean to bestow his inheritance on my younger and worthier son, Guy."

"And my kinswoman, the Lady Claire?" asked De Ploermel, scarcely manifesting the surprise he might have been expected to feel at such an announcement.

"She is now the betrothed of my son Guy, his brother being unworthy of her," answered Du Guesclin.

"And can the maiden so readily transfer her affections; or were they never given to her betrothed?" said De Ploermel. "What

says my pretty niece?" and he looked earnestly at Claire.

The young lady blushed as she replied, "That it became her not to dispute the will of her guardian."

De Ploermel then enquired after the health of the Lady du Guesclin.

"She is confined to her chamber, my good lord," was the reply. "A mother's grief, fair sir—a mother's grief. She cannot forget her first-born's lack of duty."

"May I see the good lady?" asked the knight; "I am much bound to her for her skilful leechcraft when last I sojourned with you; I would fain try my powers of consolation in her behalf."

"You will see her at supper, my good lord," said Du Guesclin, "and it is near the hour now."

"Your pardon, my kind host; but I may not tarry to partake of it with you. My visit, as I said, must be brief—will you suffer this damsel to guide me to the lady's chamber and sue for a short interview with her?"

"Surely, if you desire it, good sir," replied Sir Oliver. "Hie thee, Claire, and guide thine uncle to the bower chamber, where my lady is even now busied with her maidens."

Claire extended her pretty white hand to her kinsman, and led him with a gay smile from the hall. He accompanied her in silence till they entered the corridor leading to the Lady du Guesclin's room. There he paused, and gently detained his niece.

"I would speak with you alone for a few moments, Claire," said De Ploermel. "Listen to me, dear child, and answer me sincerely, as you value your own future happiness. You are my sister's child, and when I refused to allow your dead father to make me your guardian, it was from no want of kindred affection, but because I deemed my solitary home not a meet dwelling for a motherless girl. The rights of a kinsman are, however, inalienable; therefore, if you love not this Guy du Guesclin, say but the word, and I will restore you to your first affianced Bertrand."

"I like Guy passing well," said Claire, timidly, "and am very happy; but I thank you, mine honoured uncle."

"You prefer him to Bertrand?" said De Ploermel.

"Oh yes" replied Claire.

"And wherefore, I pray you, my child?"

"Because he is better tempered and handsomer than Bertrand, and never chides me, as he did, for what he called my faults."

"No proof of the truth of his affections, dear maiden. Bertrand, I know, was ever fierce of mood, and easily roused to anger; but I could not have thought that he would have been such a kill-courtesy as to show his rash humour to a fair maiden like yourself, Claire."

"I did not say that," she replied, eagerly. "He always reproved me gently; but he loved me not as Guy does."

"I would say, he did not so well know how to flatter my sweet niece! But, believe me, thy judgment is altogether wrong; thou preferest a popinjay to an eagle—a false crystal to a true diamond."

"Good my uncle," said the maiden quickly; "a popinjay that pleases the eye is surely preferable to a wild bird that might peck them out in his mood; and if the diamond be unpolished, your crystal is the prettier wear."

"Nay, I will reason no longer with thee, Claire; thou dost but follow the perverse nature of thy sex from Eve downward, who lost her Eden by giving ear to a false tongue. Since thou lovest this smooth-mannered gallant, I will not thwart thy fancy, although I am too sure thou wilt one day repent thy choice. And now go, and ask Lady du Guesclin to admit me."

As she obeyed, he followed her slowly, muttering,

"A silly moppet! 'Tis pity that such a puppet should make or mar a brave man's happiness; I would the boy did not love her."

If the Lord of Ploermel could not boast of his success as a match-maker or marrer, he had much reason to be proud of his powers of consolation; for when he descended to the hall, he led with him Lady du Guesclin, from whose heart he had apparently removed a weight of grief, for she smiled gladly and gratefully upon him, and for the first time since the exile of her son from his home, looked as gently cheerful as she had been accustomed to do.

The Lord of Ploermel almost immediately after supper took his leave, telling Sir Oliver, as he advanced to tender him the stirrup cup, that he must come resolved to exert all his former prowess at the approaching tournament, as he (De Ploermel) expected a young knight, a friend of his own, to

be present, who would try the challenger's mettle; and with a gay and meaning glance at the lady, who stood at the hall door with Claire, he galloped off with his attendants.

N. Y. Dispatch.

UNDER CURRENTS.

THOSE of us who have ever loitered by the classic shores which, some eloquent writer tells us, "the blue Mediterranean laves," or have sailed complacently on its fair expanse, are well aware that there is in some parts of the Mediterranean, and especially in the Straits of Gibraltar,—though everywhere, in truth more or less,—an under current of great strength and greater rapidity. You may be apparently moving on slowly through the frowning Straits, and have left the pillars of Hercules behind you, as you think; you may be hoping soon to pass Tarifa, and catch a glimpse of the white walls and houses of Cadiz, to say nothing of the young ladies immortalised by Lord Byron; when, lo and behold! all the while, a hidden force is making you drift irresistibly upon African reefs.

It has often occurred to me how true this description still is of society; the very society in which we live and die, and spend our hurrying years, and in which we develope our normal and our moral being. How often, for instance, all is fair and calm on the surface, like the deceitful ocean, sometimes before a gale, where all is smooth as glass, still as a "duck-pond," only to be followed by the tempestuous hurricane. So in society, you may be at ease, and full of fun and security and yet all the while there is an under current of difficulty or danger of detraction or intrigue hard at work.

People often act very strangely, and to say the truth, very dirtily in society. They accept all your hospitality, they enjoy all your good things, they praise your children and your champagne, your dinner and your daughters, your house and your horses, your pictures and your pine-apples; they laud the wife of your bosom, and laugh at your own little jokes, and yet all the while they are burnishing up the barbed arrow of ill-natured gossip, or preparing the pointed shaft of agreeable detraction!

They leave your house smiling and ko-tooing to the last, "Never spent s delightful an evening," "How charming th party has been," such are their sweet ann friendly words of adieu. Nay, they eve add, as if by way of a Parthian compliment, "How charming dear Jemima is looking," "How much little Puggy has grown."

But if you could hear their conversation as they wend their homeward way, and when they have reached the Briton's castle, how your face would redden and your ears would tingle.

Round the fire in the drawing-room, the girls tear to pieces the dress of your wife, and the corsage of your daughters. Jones says to Buggins, over a glass of whiskey toddy, "By-the-way B, what deuced bad sherry Popkins gave us to-day, 24s. dinner sherry and no mistake; and as for the champagne, it was supper champagne at 26s. Give me a little more of that Glenlivat, old boy."

Mrs. Buggins, as she begins her curtain lecture, asks Buggins, who, poor fellow, wants to go to sleep, if he does not think that Mrs. Popkins is getting very coarse and fat, and dresses very badly, and that her daughters are very fast? To all of which Buggins only replies by a subdued snore. Thus all your labour has been in vain, all your expense and "agremens" have been thrown away, the under current of society has swept your little bark on to the hidden reefs of its dirty and treacherous lee-shore.

Or again, there is young Triptolemus Jones who thinks that he is getting on in society and the world; and so, in a fashion he is.

He is fairly off, well got up, not altogether ill-informed, and tries to make himself agreeable. He fancies that he pleases the ladies especially. He has certainly made one or two hits, and has raised a merry laugh from Matilda Trotter and a ringing echo from Emily Lane. Even Bolsover, who is always jealous of him, condescended to smile; and old Mrs. McIver (not the Flora of pleasant memory) took a pinch of snuff—she really did—the old gal, and remarked, "Varra weel for a young mon."

So Jones goes home radiant and happy. Poor fellow!

Emily Lane, in the mean while, he said

to Matilda Trotter, "My dear, Mr. Jones is a duffer." Bolsover told a friend in the smoking-room of the Ulysses that he considered Jones a "confoundedly conceited young prig!" While even old Mrs. McIver had imparted to her maid, who is arranging her for the night, that it was a "varra genteel party, but that one, Mr. Jones, who thought himself sae clever, was naught but a gowk."

The under current of society has carried you away, Triptolemus Jones, from the pleasant mid-channel to its breakers and its quicksands.

And then there is our young friend, Emily Hill, she "means to be," she says; and fast she talks, of drinking beer from the "pewter," and declares that she shall "wire in." She discourses about horses, and bets, and "fivers," and "ducks of officers," and she has her hour of triumph.

Tom and Dick, and Bob, and Harry—for it is fashionable to call young men by their abbreviations—all crowd round her, all praise her, all swear by her. She is a "jolly girl," she is a "stunning girl," "no nonsense about her," "just the girl to get on with a fellar," and much more "ad rem." But the fatal hour arrives when the ladies are alone in the drawing-room, those sacred moments of the "Bona Dea," when gentlemen dare not poke in their noses, and our poor Emily has a baddish time of it. The same little hour, has often proved fatal to similar gentle beings before, we may observe *en passant.*

Propriety asserts its sway, benign dulness is omnipotent; respectability avows itself, and the British Matron is magnificant.

Lady Ladbroke says, *sotto voce* to her neighbour, looking at Miss Hill, and speaking through her, "Very fast young woman indeed!" "I quite agree" says Mrs. Daudle; "very questionable views." "Dreadful!" says fat Mrs. Mullet; "I shall not bring up my Thisbe in the same way." "It is shocking to see how she makes up to the young men," says plain and unsought Miss Croker.

So ill-fated Emmy finds out as all will find; that the under currents of society are too strong for her, and she falls back before long into propriety and pensiveness, and becomes a model wife and an anxious mamma. It is curious to observe how these under currents affect us all alike, though in different ways, some for good and some for evil

There is a great deal of cowardly subservience afloat in society, as well as a want of moral courage, a petty expediency, and an indisposition to uphold moral right and truth.

No doubt we are all creatures of conventionality, and some one has called society the great sea of conventionality.

How few will take the trouble to think for themselves; they take opinions ready made, and so are often, as it were, led astray by the fashions and follies of the hour, governed by the quackery of the empiric, amused by the gyrations of the mountebank.

How few of us all say what we think, or think what we say, or do what we know to be right, or uphold what we feel convinced is the truth.

The resistless eddies of the under current of the custom, of the coterie, of the drawroom, of the denomination, sweep us away, and we find ourselves as it were cast up among the angry surf.

All these under currents prevent us showing our true colours, or averring our true sentiments, until it often happens that we pass through life and society itself, as it were, with masks on our faces, hardly knowing ourselves, certainly not known to others.

Some of us are like the gay butterflies which float so gaudily on a fine summer's day, destined to pass away and be forgotten in a few hours Others of us resemble those fleecy and drifting clouds which flit with intense rapidity in the heavens above us, warnings often, as the experienced mariner knows of a coming gale. What a wonderful change would come over society, if we would only seek to be real and true, and honest-hearted, and strait-running; if we would only endeavour to act on the square with our neighbours in the world.

Life and society would witness a marvellous metamorphosis. Despite its dangerous reefs, and deadly quicksands, despite its treacherous under currents and hazardous breakers, the great sea of this world's existence would not witness so many good ships go down; but we should keep a safe course, we should have marked out a proper deck load-line, and if we fear a coming gale, should be on the look-out for a friendly tug to haul up

off the perilous rock, or surfy headland. Depend upon it, when the *Great Creator and Architect* of us all sent us into this world, he did not intend us to act as the puppets of a Fantoccini show. We were not given reason and imagination and intellect, in order that we might belie our very nature, or silence our truer emotions of the mind and will. No, He meant us, in reverence be it said, to be honest and kindly men and women, tender-hearted, loyal, loving and sincere.

And, those of us who have not forgotton amidst life's temptations and toils, its doubts and its dilemmas, its catastrophes and its chicaneries, every higher principle of duty, faith and devotion, will honestly hope ever that the society in which our lot is cast, may yet be touched as if by a magic influence, and become safety instead of danger, a help instead of a snare, a blessing instead of a curse, to many poor tempest-tossed mariners, too often, alas! immersed in its surging billows, or swept to perdition by its treacherous under currents.

W.

THE LAST WISH.

This is all, is it much, my darling? You must follow your path in life,
Have a head for its complex windings, a hand for its sudden strife;
The sun will shine, the flowers will bloom, though my course 'mid them all is o'er,
I would not that those dear living eyes should light in their joy no more;
Only just for the sake of the happy past, and the golden days that have been,
By the love we have loved, and the hopes we have hoped, will you have my grave kept green.

Just a moment in the morning, in the eager flush of the day,
To pluck some creeping weed, perchance, or train the white rose spray;
Just a moment to shade my violets from the glare of the noontide heat,
Just a tear and a prayer in the gloaming, ere you leave me with lingering feet.
Ah! it is weak and foolish, but I think that in God's serene,
I shall know, and love to know, mine own, that you keep my grave so green.

I would fain, when the drops are plashing against your window-pane,
That you should be thinking wistfully of my grasses out in the rain;
That when the winter veil is spread o'er the fair white world below,
Your tender hands twine the holly wreaths that mark my rest in the snow.
My clasp on life and life's rich gifts grows faint and cold I ween,
Yet oh! I would hold it to the last—the trust of my grave kept green.

Because it is by such little signs the heart and its faith are read;
Because the natural man must shrink ere he joins the forgotten dead;
The Heavenly hope is bright and pure, and calm is the Heavenly rest,
Yet the human love clings yearningly to all it has prized the best.
We have been so happy, darling, and the parting pang is keen,
Ah! soothe it by this last vow to me—you will watch that my grave keeps green?

All the Year Round.

NOTES ON THE OLD MINUTE BOOKS OF THE BRITISH UNION LODGE, NO. 114, IPSWICH. A.D. 1762.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES, 31°.

P.M., M.E.Z., St. Luke's Chapter, P.M.M., P.E.C., P.E.P., M.W.S., Victoria Chap., Rose Croix., Past Provincial Grand Registrar of Suffolk, Past Grand Inspector of Works (Mark) Past Grand Provost, Order of the Temple, &c., &c.

Continued from page 228.

Two Brethren, visitors from the Royal Alfred Lodge, attended the Lodge meeting in September, 1770. Perhaps Bro. Hughan will tell us where the Royal Alfred was held. Bro. Jos. Clarke was duly elected R.W.M., on the 27th December, 1770—the Wardens and Secretary were also elected, as appears to have been customary at this period.

William Barnes was made a Mason March 29, 1771, and raised to the degree of F.C., and in August of that year Mark Lione was made.

At this date, we note that Bro. Wootton has received £2 7s. to be accounted for:—

For Bro. Woollaston	£1	1	0
For Bro. Marks Lione	1	6	0
	£2	7	0

Bro. Woollaston is entered before as Woolverston and Woollaston indifferently, and appears to have been made in Aug. 1770. Let us hope that Bro. Lione was not a *foreigner*, and charged higher than a native would have been, for the honours of Masonry. Such things have been, and at the present time there is a wide distinction between a foreigner, or one born without the pale of Ipswich and Suffolk, and a man "native, and to the manner born," though it is fair to add that this exclusiveness does not extend to Masons and Masonry so far as our experience goes. *

In Sep. 1771, one Thos. Milner was proposed and "legally admitted": appended is a note to the effect that the above Thos. Milner was afterwards rejected, being a Minor.

Marks Lione was *raised* Fellow Craft 16th Sept. 1771, which appears to be the first instance on record of a Brother being passed at an interval of time after his being admitted.

Dec. 28th, 1771, St. John's. At a Lodge then held Bro. John Prentice was elected Right Worshipful Master. So runs the minute of that day. The Wardens, Secretary, and Tyler, were all elected at the same time. On the 4th January, 1773, we find it ordered that no person be in future made a Brother of this Lodge for a less consideration than the sum of £1 11s. 6d.

Touching this said term, Right Worshipful, I have already said, it is the style of a Knight, though the old heralds say that Esquire is also a title of Worship. By the way, if we mistake not, the Members of the Royal Order of Scotland (who are said to have descended from the Knights, whom Robert the Bruce erected into a new order of Masonic chivalry after the Battle of Bannockburn in 1314), address each other formally as Right Worshipful Sir, and claim to be Knights Companions of the R.S.Y.C.S.

Old Izaak Walton, who is just now denounced by some of the Faculty as the most thorough-going vivisector in his following the "gentle craft," dedicates his world-known book "The Complete Angler." To the Right Worshipful John Offley, Esq., of Madeley Manor, in the County of Stafford; "My most honoured Friend"—the date of the work is 1653. Perhaps honest Izaak was no herald, and did not know the little distinctions of rank like many of our modern newspaper writers, who will speak of a Marquis as most *noble*, instead of most honourable, and think no Bishop is entitled to be called My Lord unless he has a seat in the House of Peers, as we said, some would-be herald cooly asserts in *Notes and Queries* a short time since.

Can any one tell us if Walton was a Freemason? He speaks of my friend Elias Ashmole, Esq., who all the world knows, was a member of the Craft and a Rosicrucian, and it would be interesting to know whether he himself was one of the little band of Speculative Masons who kept the Craft alive at that time.

To return to the British Union and its Records, between Dec. 1771 and Jan. 1773, only one meeting appears to have been held, and no record seems to have been regularly made from this time, of the absent as well as present members as heretofore, and consequently no clue given as to the prosperity and numbers of the Lodge. In July, 1762, there appear to have been eleven Members in the Lodge, three of whom were absent. In Feb. 1769, there must have been fourteen Members, eight of whom are written off as absent, two being at sea, and another excused. At the Nov. meeting in 1769, held at the Green Man, six were present besides two visitors, and eight were absent. Old Ipswich and Suffolk names constantly appear—Clarke, Prentice, Fenn, Dodd, Oliver, Harris, Bailey, Woolaston or Wollaston, Whiteside, Woodward, Kerridge, Tovell, and others being amongst the number.

Under date 17th Nov. 1773, we find the following:—"At this Lodge a letter from Rowland Holt, Esq., Prov. Grand Master for the County of Suffolk was read, and it was agreed, and ordered that the Master of this Lodge, do answer the same by the next general post, and that he wait on the Grand Secretary, and subscribes one guinea towards the general charity, to be paid out

* See Bro. Eilwart's "A Woman's Wrong," "St. Bedes," &c., for the opinion of a *literateur* on the exercise of hospitality, and the kindness to strangers shown by the East Anglians, *or the reverse.*

of this Lodge." In Jan. 1774 we find that Thomas Milner, who had been previously rejected as a Minor, was now "made in due form and raised Fellow Craft."

It was ageeed and ordered that the sum of three shillings be paid into the hands of the Treasurer by every Brother belonging to the Lodge; no more than the sum of 1s. being spent on every lodge-night for each member then present, the remainder to be applied as a Fund for such purposes as the Lodge should think fit. Eleven Brethren were present on this occasion, and four noted as absent. On the 27th Dec. 1774, we find the following note :—

"At the above Lodge held this day, John Spooner was chose (sic) S.W. in the room of Bro. R. Tovell, and after was chose R.W.M.; W. Paxman, S.W.; John Prentice J.W.; W. Usher, Tyler; Robert Manning, Secretary; Peter Wotton, Treasurer.

It would seem from this note, that the Brethren thought it necessary that a Brother should fill the office of S.W. previous to his election to the chair of K.S., but as our readers find this is not so, the Book of Constitutions merely directing that a Master shall have filled the office of Warden (either Senior or Junior is sufficient to render a candidate eligible) for twelve calendar months. A very salutary regulation. In Jan. 1775, Jas. Woollard and Robert Mannning were raised to the degree of Master, and paid to Peter Wootton, Treasurer, 5s. each.

It would appear from this, that an extra and special charge was made for this degree a century ago. What would our Brethren say if such were the practice now? Woollward had been made Aug. 1771, and Manning Jan. 1774; so it is clear that at this time it was customary for a much longer period to elapse between the conferring of the second and third degrees than is at present practised. On the other hand a much shorter interval occurred between the 1st and 2nd degrees, which were in fact, mostly given the same night. Our present system, which keeps the mean between the two extremes (as the Preface to our good old Prayer-book says) seems, after all, the best, a month's interval between each degree being, to our thinking, much better than the Scotch rule, which allows all the degrees to be given at one Lodge on one night; or the Prussian, which requires an interval of a year between each degree. On the 1st Feb. 1775, we find it resolved that the Lodge do remit to the Grand Fund of Charity £1 1s., *also the sum of four shillings towards the building of the Hall!*

At this time Lord Petre, a Roman Catholic, was Grand Master, and under his auspices Freemasons' Hall was commenced and completed. The Committee formed for that purpose purchased the ground in Gt. Queen-street, and the conveyance of the premises was made out in the names of Lord Petre, the Dukes of Beaufort and Chandos, Earl Ferrers and Viscount Dudley and Ward, who were appointed Trustees. In 1792, £20,000 had been expended on the building, and if other Lodges contributed as liberally as the British Union, we can understand readily the statement made by Preston, that a considerable debt remained on the building. On the 1st Feb. 1775, we find a note which, we will answer for it, will not be found in the Minutes of this year of grace, 1875.

"Received of the Visiting Brethren, 5s."

Whatever was the case a century ago, the Members of the British Union of to-day pride themselves on the exercise of a courteous reception to all and sundry, and evidence in their conduct their full belief in the sacred rites of hospitality. May the day be long distant when visitors are otherwise received, and when the stranger is expected to pay for all he gets.

At a Special Lodge held at the Green Man, 28th April, 1775, it was agreed and ordered that "from this night forward, every Brother belonging to this Lodge, shall meet on the first Tuesday of every month and spend one shilling, or being absent forfeit as undermentioned, and the forfeits to be expended once a quarter of a year, and whatever Brother shall not pay off his arrears once a quarter to be excluded—viz.,

R.W.M. ... ... 2s. 0d.
S. & J. Wardens 1s. 6d.

Any other of the Brethren 1s., on not showing sufficient cause of such absence.

Nine Brethren were present at this meeting and four are recorded as absent.

Would it not be a good thing to revive these fines in some of our Lodges where there is too often a lax attendance on the part of the Officers.

The Lodge seems flourishing at this time, for at the May meeting in 1776, held on the 7th, we find 12 members present, 9

absent, and 2 candidates were admitted to the 1st and 2nd degrees.

A Lodge appears to have been held on the following night, a most unusual course, and if an adjourned meeting, we believe unconstitutional,

At this Lodge, Benjn. Woollward and Edward Wiles were raised Masters, and paid 5s. each.

Miles was Tyler, and had been initiated and passed Feb. 1775. We find another most interesting note at this meeting, as follows :—

"*By order of the Lodge the Treasurer paid Bro. Parryman and Bro. Prentice four shillings each, as Operative Masons.*"

The Nov. Lodge in this year was well attended : 18 Members were present, 11 visitors, and 4 are recorded as absent.

Wm. Woollaston, John Bloomfield, John Humphreys, and Robert Bowles (all Ipswich names), were *raised* to the degree of Fellow Craft on this occasion, two of these brethren having been made in September.

They must have been a genial lot, these brethren of a century since—for at the next Lodge held on the 15th Nov. we find a note to the effect that, "This night the above Members went in procession to the play, called 'Bold Stroke for a Wife with the Padlock.' Had a full house."

One fancies that as with the outside world, sometimes all is not so serene as it should be in Masonry, for at the Lodge held on St. John's Day, 27th Dec. 1776, at the Green Man, we find the following :—

"Bro. James Woollward, S.W. by seniority, was to have taken the chair, but as Wm. Clarke, R.W.M., was absent, all business (particularly that on St. John's Day) was omitted ; also Bro. Manning, J.W., insisted on resigning the jewel, on account of the Lodge not being regularly kept up."

Bro. Woollward either was not competent, or he was not popular, for we find that at the March meeting in 1777, Robert Manning was elected R.W.M.; John Prentice, S.W.; Benj. Foxwell, J.W.; J. Bloomfield, Treasurer and Secretary; and Bro. Paxman, Tyler, for the remainder of the year.

"Resolved this night that every brother who intends to belong to this Lodge, shall sign his hand and pay into the hands of the Treasurer, the sum of 3s. as quarterage, and so on for every quarter. Upon default thereof, his name is to be erased from the Lodge.

Here follows the list of members, and for the benefit of the Ipswich and Suffolk readers of the "Masonic Magazine," some of whose ancestors may be amongst them, we give the names :—

Joseph Clarke; W. Clarke; Robert Manning, R.W.M.; John Prentice, S.W.; Edward Wiles; Wm. Prentice; Benj. Woollard; Wm. Howes; Lawrence Rainbird; John Humphries; Charles Lord; Edmund Prentice; Jonn Philby; Cornelius Hill; Samuel Ribbans; Benj. Huggins; R. Page, Junr.; Jno. Blomfield, Treasurer and Secretary; Benj. Foxwell, J.W.; Wm. Usher; Wm. Kerridge; Robert King; John Spooner; James Woollward; Caleb Howard. On the 10th March 1777, Bros. Huggins, Blomfield, Humphreys, Usher, E. Prentice, C. Hill, and another Brother whose name is indeciciperable, were raised to the degree of Master, and for the cash account for that evening, we find the entry; seven brothers, raised Masters, £2 odd. The shillings and pence are torn off, which is perhaps as well, since the next entry is also wanting the amount "*received from two visiting brethren*"—pointing to a very objectionable and most unhospitable practice noticed before, of making the visitors pay for whatever they got.

Under date May 6th 1777, we find the following entry :—"By order of the Grand Lodge no person shall be made a Mason for less than £2 2s., and made a resolve of this Lodge accordingly."

The Green Man seems to have become unpopular to the Brethren of the Lodge, probably as the Grand Lodge had raised the fee for initiation, candidates of a higher class were seeking admission, and the humble hostelry which had been deemed good enough for the founders of the Lodge and their immediate successers, was now considered not sufficiently aristocratic for the Brethren introduced under the new *régime*. At any rate, on the 3rd June, 1777, a motion was made by the R.W.M., at the request of several Brethren, to have the Lodge removed, and it was ballotted for accordingly, when the members voted—

For its removal 10
Against... ... 3

It was therefore agreed "That this Lodge be removed to Bro. John Philbys at the

Coffee House in Ipswich, if the Deputy Grand Master thinks proper."

On the 8th July, the Lodge, still meeting at the Green Man, Godfrey Burdett was proposed, and he was made and passed a Fellow Craft at the August meeting. Up to this time the Lodge had no name; but on the 29th July, 1777, we find a very important and very interesting minute. It runs as follows :—"From this evening 'tis resolved this Lodge is called by the title of the British Union Lodge, Ipswich, and ordered to be inserted in the Grand List of Lodges accordingly."

On the 2nd Sep., we find the Lodge had removed to the Coffee House, and Bro. J. Philby proposed that night General Green as a candidate for Masonic honours, and at the following Lodge meeting in Oct., the gallant officer and Wm. Lane "were made Masons, and admitted to the degree of Fellows of the Craft."

On the 4th Nov. we come across another entry which will be of interest to the present members of the Lodge, since some of the old jewels are still in use :—

"To Bro. Jno Prentice for P.M. Jewel, 17s., paid by the Treasurer, also to Bro. Spooner for the Secretary's Jewel and the P.M. ribband 19s. paid also by the Treasurer; and that the said jewels are now the property of the said Lodge. Later on, we may have something to say anent one or two of the old jewels belonging to the Lodge; for the present, however, we pass on to further notes. On the 13th Nov. Bros. Lord, Philby, Burdett, Drake, Green, and Land, were raised to the degree of Master, and paid the sum of 5s. each, and 1s. each to the Tyler."

Either the ceremony must have been much shorter than it is now, or the brethren must have been taken all together, for it would be impossible to go through the ceremony with each separately, as is now generally the practice in working this sublime degree. In this night's cash account, we find "To Bro. Prentice for the book of the History of Masonry, 3s."

One would be anxious to know what history this was, who it was by, and where the copy now is. On the 21st Dec. the Brethren went to the Play to see the "Merry Wives of Windsor," by our *Brother* Shakespeare, as our excellent Bro. Parkinson would say. Twenty members and twelve visitors, including one clergyman, the Rev. Drake (as they say in Suffolk), appear to have been present, and eight are entered as absent. The Lodge appears to have flourished at this time. Removing to Bro. Philby's Coffee House had probably raised it in public estimation, hence the influx of new members. On the 2nd Dec. the thanks of the Lodge were given to Bro. Philby for a present of a set of jewels and working tools.

On the 27th Dec., 1777, fifteen members were present, and being the Festival of St. John, the Officers were elected. The minute is thus recorded :—

"The brotherhood elect Bro. Joseph Clarke Master of this Lodge for 1778; Bro. Benj. Foxwell, S.W., and Bro. J. Blomfield, J.W., for the said year. Also Bro. Wm. Drake, Secretary and Treasurer. Also that the Lodge do present to Bro. John Blomfield, late Secretary and Treasurer, a medal for his indefatigable services in his late office."

Under date Jan. 6th 1778, we find a long array of names of Brethren of the Lodge, though we can hardly imagine them all to have been present. No less than 42 are entered, amongst them we note many well-known Ipswich names : Churchman, Gooding, King, Canham, Popper, Catchpole, Crisp, Sparrow, Spalding, Garrett, Toosey, Elliston, Deward, and Mills being amongst the number. The Lodge this night bought a new Book of Constitutions, price 10s. 6d., rather a high figure for the work. On Feb. 24th, Thos. Asken and Wm. Christie were regularly made and admitted Fellow Crafts. Both are Ipswich names, and no doubt relatives of both are living, though we fancy they are not now Masons..

At the May meeting it was resolved that the yearly subscription should be 12s.

At the end of this first volume of the minutes, we find a Debtor and Creditor account of the Lodge, from which it appears that Bro. Joseph Clarke, who was made March 8th, 1762, paid £1 11s. 6d. for his initiation, and the subsequently made Masons paid £1 1s. One brother hailed from Sunderland, the majority were from Harwich, and one was a Yarmouth man.

At the June meeting in 1778 twenty-five were present, so the Lodge must have been flourishing then.

Under date Sep. 1st 1778, we find that by the unanimous consent of the Lodge, Bro. R. * * * H. * * * was rejected becom-

ing a member of this Lodge. One would like to know how Mr. H. had so raised the ire of this Lodge as to ensure his unanimous rejection. The first minute book of this old Lodge ends in 1779, with a list of the members of the British Union which would have been interesting if it were complete, but unfortunately half the sheet containing the names is torn out, and as a large number of the pages are maltreated in the same way, it is possible that many important minutes are irrecoverably lost.

(To be continued.)

AN ORIGINAL TOAST,

After taking degree M.M., Oct. 14th, 1875

Worshipful Master, Officers and Brethren, see—
This night I'm dubb'd a Mason, a Master Mason "free;"
And be my future lot progressive, to rise or fall?
I'll ne'er abuse your confidence—not e'en one Black Ball!
A worthy Mason may I live,
Prepared to do, to spend or give!
A Brother to all Brethren I,
A true and faithful Mason die!

I've learnt by slow degrees both privilege and duty!
Masonic signs abound (as stars they sky) in beauty.
Each word, securely lock'd within this ivory casket,
To none will I reveal, though Prince and Priest should ask it!
Brethren raise the standard higher!
Each soul kindled with living fire.
"Onward, upward, Heavenward," can
Be the motto of every man

Who says our Craft is pithless, its glory fading fast?
With Prince and Rulers at the Helm 'tis not 'th serf can blast!
Who number can the roll o' names that grace our ancient clan,
Or what stranger know how man can serve his brother man?
Men of science, men of power
Mingle in the Masonic bower!
Prince and subject brethren be
Of mature age, sound judgment, free!

Our glorious Prince and Brother, England's prospective King,
Will find on Indian sands the true Masonic ring!
Receiving the "grip" with glee from princely subjects there,
And as "Grand Master" pledge a Masonic brother's care!
In every country, every clime,
Masons abound with deeds sublime!
E'en now in "Arctic Regions" search,
On the North Pole to find a Perch!

THE TOAST.

With cup aloft I pledge you and each worthy brother!
Your goblets charge, and let us drink to one another,
This soundeth strange, yet still I deem 'tis an emblem true,
Of Masonic light and love, alive in each of you!
Then worthy Masons may we live,
Prepared to do, to spend, or give!
And "Lodge Bridgewater, twelve thirteen,"
To us e'er be of mothers Queen!

JOHN WILLIS.

SONNET.

(For the Masonic Magazine.)

O Nature, ever fair and ever deck'd
With mystic bands of love, in air, earth, sea;
Though oft I mourn for man, I joy in thee,
Nor dare my soul thy loving voice neglect.
As thou, by human coldness all uncheck'd,
Art harsh to none, but universally
Benign, and ever since God bade thee be,
Dost breathe the love of thy Great Architect;
So—for our Craft doth no dead faith profess,
It hath through paths of love pursued its way
In ev'ry clime, in ev'ry distant strand—
By works of love for ages numberless
Content its faith t'approve—and so, for aye,
Shall still show forth the same in ev'ry land.

Bro. Rev. M. GORDON.

A WORD TO THE WISE.

THE Masonic papers weekly teem with advice and instruction to the Brethren, wise and sage counsel is given to all. It might, therefore, be considered superfluous on my part offering any advice, when we read from day to day orations that contain all, and more than I could possibly transcribe with my feeble pen. Still I feel that while going over again such well-trodden ground, and calling your attention to advice and counsel so often given, that I may yet be doing an important duty to Masonry. Remember the lesson of the Chisel so often inculcated in our Lodges, "Perseverance is necessary to ensure Perfection."

It is to the rulers of the Craft especially that I now address myself—I mean to Worshipful Masters and Past Masters—those among you who rightly know and duly perform your duties require no reminding from me, and will kindly bear with me. The reason of my writing this article is the unparalleled progress and good fortune of Masonry in Great Britain; in fact, at such a headlong speed does our prosperity seem now to carry our charity of "Faith, Hope, and Charity," that *it is necessary* to apply the drag ere it may be too late. I would urge it on you W.M.'s and your worthy predecessors in the chair (for such is the glut of work that Past Masters with all and sundry will have to come to the front to assist you in your arduous duties). I would urge it on you, worthy Wardens, aspirants for the chair of your Lodge, to be careful who you admit as candidates. Examine well their personal characters, their daily lives. Make it difficult *in this respect* to gain admittance to your Lodge. If a candidate is proposed by a well-known and worthy brother, inform yourselves through him of his fitness for admission, that "So their light may shine before men and glorify their Father which is in Heaven."

Do you follow me, brethren, you who rule Lodges? Undoubtedly you do, and will duly perform your duties; but a word to the wise is never in vain, prosperity and good fortune might turn the head of the best amongst us. Be careful! Watch!

To you worthy Past Masters I would say, though you have now laid down the seals of office, yet even in your case you cannot yet enjoy that comfortable "otium cum dignitate" that you so hoped for, another sphere of usefulness is open to you. When the proposers and seconders, when the rulers of your Lodge have done *their* duty, *your* turn comes. You, the old and venerated rulers of the well-skilled (as you should be) in the various duties, various teachings and lectures; you, I say, have now your work—"the instruction of Initiates." You have not only to explain the ceremonial through which they have gone, you have not only to prepare their minds for what is to follow, *you have to inculcate in them the true spirit, the true aim of Masonry.* You have to form, Masonically speaking their infant minds, so that as they rise gradually on the ladder they may duly appreciate the beauties of our Order, and seek earnestly to penetrate the inner arena of our science.

Has this thought ever struck you, worthy P.M.'s? Doubtless many, very many, of you have felt it, and acted conscientiously upon it, but, as in the case of the initiate these aspirations, he becomes a lukewarm Mason, perhaps seldom again entering a Lodge. So also in your case, there may be many *even amongst you* who say, "I have done my duty, I may now rest from my labours." Absentees from Lodge, even in your exalted grade, sometimes exist. I write in all kindness, not doubting you as a whole, but does not the zeal flag sometimes? Does not the youthful zest that once animated you sometimes fail you? When you see your Lodge prosperous and the work light. Brethren, I say your work had need never be light; you can in your different spheres of usefulness assist your Province, your Provincial Grand Master; you can *labour for the charities*; you can instruct your less informed brethren. In fact, on "you depends the spirit, the feeling, the ardent wish for more light, that should ever be the actuating motives of your Lodge, especially among its junior members." Your W.M. is the heart that conceives, and the heart that devises, *and it will be in vain* if you, the hands, be not prompt to execute the design.

Though the chief part of what I had to say has now been said, I feel that my object will not have been fully accomplished, without a few words to the newly Initiated.

You, my younger brethren (if I may so call you), have lately entered a most ancient

and honourable society, and I trust in no unworthy spirit. If so, *I counsel you to proceed no further*. If, however, you are actuated by a feeling of increasing your personal knowledge, and your usefulness to your fellow creatures, work unceasingly. Seek instruction from those only qualified; if in doubt on any point go at once to them, they will ever be ready and willing to assist you and explain your difficulties; be not afraid to go to them, it is their duty—the duty that they love, being duly skilled they can give you all information, being actuated by the love and genuine feelings of our Order, they will delight in instructing you to the utmost of their ability; they will teach you the duty you owe to God, your neighbour, and yourself; they will strengthen your Faith, encourage your Hope, and lead you in the practice of Charity to develope the beauties of your inner man.

Remember you are not to be Masons in *name*; you *must* be Masons in deed. You must show to the world at large what are the principles that guide a Mason's life, that all may know that to you (as a Mason) the burdened heart may pour forth its sorrows! the distressed may prefer their plea for relief! that your heart is guided by justice! and your hand extended by Benevolence!

Our Order is not political or local, it is cosmopolitan; you *must pay due observance* to the laws of your native land, or the country where for the time you may be residing, and carefully avoid all plots and conspiracies against the established Governments, and good order. In fact, you must be a good man, a peaceful citizen, a good neighbour, a good friend to all Brethren wherever they may be, who may read my poor words. I would say be earnest for Light; seek to do your duty in your respective spheres, "and may He who for so many years, in so many climes, under so many persecutions, has watched over and protected us, continue to watch over and guard you in all His ways."

So long as you faithfully discharge your duties as true Masons, so long will your Creator protect you. If you fall away from your duties His hand will be averted. Should this occur from fault on our side we shall nobly deserve our punishment, the edifice raised long ago, that has been building for centuries, will crumble in the dust. But I hope for better things; rather, shall I say, "that our glorious building shall become still grander, more magnificent, and as ages and ages pass away it may become the prototype of that glorious Temple made without hands, unseen in the heavens."

CONTEMPORARY LETTERS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Letter V.

Paris, March 19th, 1790.

Wednesday, after much fluctuation in the public opinions, the proposition made by the City of Paris for the sale of the ecclesiastical property passed the Assembly.

But the general proposition only, and not the particular terms on which the lands are to be granted to the capital, is decided. The fifty millions proposed to be allowed as a premium for the patriotism of the city of Paris, and the *prime* on the assignments, will both be struck out of the articles.

If this plan can be carried into execution, and speedily, the new constitution is fixed, and however it may gall the shoulders of the bearers, must be supported for some time.

When I wrote to you last week the first impression, which was that of hope and admiration of the proposals, abated.

In a day or two all the consequences which I then drew began to make their way into the public opinion, and the dangerous ambition of the capital, which by this plan established its power on the general interests, by thus becoming the bank of the nation, alarmed all parties without the walls. Within the Assembly, the very stability and preponderance it gave the municipalities, which consolidated their empire over their fellow-citizens, and consequently the power of the Assembly was the very reason which made it pass.

The plan yet requires to be more particularly developed before all its operations and consequences can be foreseen. In order to appease the clamours and alarms of the other cities, they are to be allowed to purchase and give assignments for such portions of the ecclesiastical property as they think fit on the same terms as the capital. But will the assignments of Nancy have course in Paris, or will those of Arras be received at Marseilles?

Who will be able to judge between the true and false assignments of 40,000 different banks? and if their acceptation is confirmed to the municipalities to which they belong, they will either fall into discredit or make disappear the small quantity of specie which yet circulates in the provinces.

If one general bank or bureau for the issue of these assignments is established at Paris, will the provinces give their specie against paper, whose payment or value so many circumstances may affect?

It is possible the inhabitants of Paris may choose to change one paper money for another. The rich may choose to acquire property, however disadvantageous the acquisition. But what is to become of those who shall be possessed of these assignments to an amount that will not allow them to make purchases in land or *houses*? They must either be content to sell them below their real value, and in proportion as the arts of stock-jobbers may make them rise or fall; or, if their wants do not induce them to part with them, will they continue to keep them till they are reimbursed in the space of fifteen years?

But as the *prime* (if given) and interests of these assignments much exceed the revenues of the lands exposed to sale, a considerable sum must be deducted from this capital for the payment of them. Who is to assure the holders of small sums in assignments that the lands thus sold will produce the sums expected, and that these sums will, during a space of fifteen years, be invariably applied to the liquidation of their demands?

If the public confidence does not prefer the new paper to the old, will there not exist a double monopoly—that of "billets de la Caisse," as well as that of money? Supposing that they succeed in realizing paper for 400 millions, the deficit of the present year, even with this succour, will not be completed, and those funds which were to have paid part of the national debt are for ever alienated.

Excuse the impertinent observations, and still more impertinent calculations, of a young financier.

It appears ridiculous to alienate funds without knowing the demands to which those funds are liable. It is, however, determined that the following will be the appointments of the dignitaries of the Church:—

	Livres per Annum.
Cardinals ...	... 75,000
Archbishops	... 40,000
Bishops ...	... 30,000

The position of Neckar is every moment more critical. His enemies are busy with the people. Some of the districts have already resolved to *denounce* him to the Assembly, with his friend Mons. Lambert, and they talk loudly that his departure must not be suffered 'till he has given publicly an account of his conduct and of the finances of the country. Barnave has openly proposed the recall of Calonne, and you may be assured that he stands a fair chance of becoming the Minister of this kingdom. The hatred against him is diminished, his talents are universally acknowledged, and his want of integrity not so generally allowed.

As in England his abilities are not universally known, perhaps you will not be displeased with two accounts given of him by two violent Neckarians, and, of course, his enemies—the one, M. Plache, a chief administrator of the laisse; the other, one of the first merchants in France. The first went to read to him a memoire on the Caisse; the second a memoire against the Compagnie des Indes, and both of their memoires filled with intricate calculations. They found him writing some paper of importance. He desired M. Plache to read his memoire. He still continued his business. He called in a secretary: gave him orders. At last M. Plache said, "Monsigneur, it is impossible you should understand me." Calonne answered, "I will prove to you the contrary," and repeated verbatim the three last phrases of his memoire. He then returned to his writing; and when M. Plache had finished, he resumed his memoire from beginning to end, pointed out the faults, or apparent faults, of calculations, and the *pour* and *contre* of every proposition. The second is a repetition of the same story. If these accounts were vague, and the hearsays or assertions of his friends, I should have my doubts of their truth. But Valadier, whose veracity is well known, and whose enmity to the man is equally notorious, has declared to me upon his honour that both these gentlemen, with whom he is particularly intimate, have themselves given him these accounts of one whom they hate. I doubt no longer.

There is a sect in this country—not a religious, but a *financial* one. They are

called the Æconomistes. They are numerous and powerful in the Assembly, and are supported by the capitalists and the city of Paris. Their principles are that all taxes may be reduced to one—a territorial tax —the perception of which will be attended without difficulties, and its effects necessarily fall on the luxuries of life.

The provinces seem in this moment more free from effervescence than the capital, yet two facts speak loudly against the hopes of those who think les effets municipaux will save the country, and re-establish their finances. Bourdeaux has determined that no species shall on any pretext be exported from the provinces.

At Arras, a report having prevailed that M. Robespierre, their deputy, was arrived to make an evaluation of the property of the church, the people surrounded the house in which he was supposed to be, and insisted on his being delivered to them, that they might hang him. The same affection for their clergy prevails in the French as animates the Austrian Flanders.

Few of the chiefs of the democrates will receive those laurels on their return which they expected.

Monnier is absolute master of all Dauphiné. His talents and virtues are respected throughout all France, and his opinion of the National Assembly since the 7th of October, his memoire sufficiently declares.

But if the provinces enjoy a temporary calm, the storm is gathering over the capital. That you may be the better enabled to judge of the position, I think it necessary to give you a sketch of its present government. At the time of the Revolution, the capital was divided into 60 districts, each district elected for its own internal government, a President, a Vice-President, and twelve Commissaries. It also elected five Deputies, for the formation of general laws, and which were assembled under the name of la Commune de Paris; these amounting to 300, chose forty Administrateurs, who composed a council, to assist the Mayor in the executive power, and prepare matters for the deliberation of la Commune. La Commune soon began to look upon itself as a national assembly for Paris, whose decrees and orders were to be implictily obeyed, and which they had a right to execute without the knowledge or consent of the districts.

The districts soon became jealous of la Commune, insisted on their independence, on their right to make what laws they thought fit for their own internal police and government; that la Commune had no right to make general laws to which the district did not consent, and that even then the executive part of those laws belonged to them.

Thus Paris has seen 60 different republics actuated by different principles and different interests erected in her bosom. The President and a Commissioner attend daily *a district*, decide all law suits under 50 livres, all affairs of police, all disputes, and imprison, punish, and release as they think fit. Every Monday the district, that is, all the house-keepers who choose to attend assemble; they debate, and pass what laws they think fit; examine the conduct of their President and Commissioners, and decide on matters which are of importance, and above the competence of the latter, Every district has a battaillon of Milice bourgeoise, and a company de Milice soldeé, which it imagines to be absolutely at its orders.

But La Fayette has inculcated, and inculcated with success, that these hopes are entirely dependant on his orders; that he is bound to obey the orders of the Mayor and la Commune, but that the directions he gives are absolute, and that there is no intermediate power between him and the troops. Such is the doctrine that is held out, and such is the doctrine those troops have adopted; their confidence in their General is so great, their love for him so enthusiastic, that like regular troops, they make no scruple to declare, that they know no orders but his, and even should they be in contradiction to those of the districts, la Commune, les Administrateurs, and the Mayor, they would implicitly obey him.

Forty-four of the sixty districts, have voted themselves permanent, and declared that they will not relinquish their power. If they persist in their resolution, those very troops which they have armed, will be commanded to act against them; the districts will then no doubt raise the people against the troops of M. de la Fayette, as they did against those of the King. The Democratic leaders are not in this moment too well pleased with the Paris,

ians; they complain that the Aristocratic gains ground daily, and unless they find means to lessen the general distress, it will make a rapid progress, yet such is their determination to preserve their power, that they declare loudly, on the first movement of the Aristocratic party or the first appearance of a counter-revolution, they will give the signal for a general massacre.

The opinion of the higher ranks of Bourgeoisie, is certainly fast waning. They have represented, and with success, aux Italiens, a play called le District du Village, where the Seigneur still maintains his power and consideration, and the assembled villagers are collected to debate. The manners of the National Assembly are truly ridiculed.

The aristocrates at this moment exclaim violently against a sentence passed by the Chatelet, on a man found quietly of a design, which he manifested, declared, and attempted of assassinating the Queen, and dethroning the King, and thus destroying the constitution as by law established; all this they recite in their sentence, and add, that the man declared he was paid and commissioned by the Duke of Orleans. His punishment is the pillory and the galleys. They (les Aristocrates) compare the crimes of which Favras was accused and found guilty with those of this man, and naturally ask, why is the punishment different?

It is reported for certain that the Contesse D'Astors and her children returned immediately. I have never written you any account of the effects of the abolition of the feudal rights, because I have begun, and had hoped to have finished a little treatise in which the principles of the abolition were examined, and the different rights explained, but the difficulties I find of gaining information on the subject, have only allowed me to form a beginning, which I hope to send you next week, suffice it to say that numbers are totally ruined, that many who were till now possessed of 80, or 60,000 liv. per annum, are reduced to 10, or 15,000

A new commandant of the troops in Brittany is appointed; he makes a *joli debut* by declaring he will allow no troops to obey any orders of the municipalities which they do not receive through him.

The Vicomte de Caraman told me that a friend of his is just arrived from America, where he has been three years; that they are already tired of their new constitution, and demand a King with extensive authority. The number of *Mecontents* are increased by the reformation of the royal households. It is immense how many are reduced to poverty; Monsieur's family alone is reduced one half, and that of Madame entirely abolished.

THE NEW YEAR.

Another New Year's day-dawn, we've liv'd
so long to greet,
Another Old Year's parting we've seen; our weary feet
Are stumbling on the threshold, and
twilight's hour is here,
As we hail a new, and bid farewell to another
parted year.
How swiftly time has left us all in life's
allotted way;
How rapidly the years have flown, as we
look back to-day,
And see how prattling childhood and the
strong grace of youth
Have yielded to maturer forms of ripened
trust and truth,
How that old age with tottering strength
has seemed to linger still,
As with bent form and wavering step it
climbs the upward hill.
What shall the New Year bring us? What
shall its hours show
As yet all dim and misty, of happiness or
woe?
Amid our peaceful dwelling? Amid our
home abode?
Along the rougher pathway? Along the
crowded road?
Shall joy and gladness, jest and glee, hover
around the scene?
Or shall we list to the colder voice? Or
note the altered mien?
Shall ours be health and happiness, alike in
hut and hall?
Or heavy griefs afflict us; a darker fate
appal?
Is memory full of gracious hours, and loving
hopes and trust?
Or are the haunting shadows of our ever-
erring dust

Falling around us grimly, in form of wrath and fear,
As we move on darkly burdened for the toils of another year?
What will another twelve months tell us? What have they yet in store
For you and me, for loving friends, standing upon the shore
Where meet the surging billows of yon tumultuous seas
And we yet can hail the balmy odour of each refreshing breeze?
Is sorrow standing in our path? Or trial in our way?
As all unknown we now begin another year to-day?
Must sobs and separation bind down our hearts in pain,
As our little bark is floating on life's ever treacherous main?
Must change and chance and bitter loss fall on us all alike?
What is the blow that God may send? Or Providence may strike?
Let us ask ourselves all calmly, as on our life-long way
We greet with smiles or sighs of pain, another year to-day;
Let us ask ourselves the question, in humble truth and trust,
To help and cheer and strengthen us poor mortals of the dust,
Who knowing little, seeing less, must leave in loving fear
To God Most High, our hearts and cares as of old, in the New Year.

A. F. A. W.

THE WIDOW'S STRATAGEM.

Elder Boyd, though a very good man in the main, and looked up to with respect by all the inhabitants of the little village of Oldville, was rumoured to have, in Yankee parlance, a pretty sharp lookout for the main chance—a peculiarity from which Elders are not always exempt.

In worldly matters he was decidedly well-to-do, having inherited a fine farm from his father, which was growing yearly more and more valuable. It might be supposed that under these circumstances the Elder, who was fully able to do so, would have found a help-mate to share his house and name. But the Elder was wary, Matrimony was to him, in some measure a matter of money, and it was his firm resolve not to marry unless he could thereby enhance his worldly prosperity.

Unhappily the little village of Oldville and the towns in the immediate vicinity contained few who were qualified in the important particular, and of these there were probably none with whom the Elder's suit would have prospered. So it happened that year after year passed away, until Elder Boyd was in the prime of life—44 or thereabouts—and still unmarried, and, in all human probability, likely to remain so. But in all human calculation of this kind they reckon ill who leave widows out. Elder Boyd's nearest neighbour was a widow.

The widow Hayes, who had passed through matrimonial experience, was some years younger than Elder Boyd. She was still a buxom comely woman, as widows are apt to be.

Unfortunately the late Mr. Hayes had not been able to leave her sufficient to make her independent of the world. All that she possessed was a small, old-fashioned house in which she lived, and a small amount of money which was sufficient to support her and a little son of six, likewise to be enumerated in the schedule of her property, though hardly to be "productive" of anything but mischief.

The widow was therefore obliged to take care of three boarders to eke out her scanty income, which, of course, imposed upon her considerable labour and anxiety.

Is it surprising that under these circumstances she should now and then have bethought herself of a second marriage as a method of bettering her condition? Or again, need we esteem it a special wonder, if in her reflections upon this point, she should have cast her eyes upon her neighbour, Elder Boyd? The Elder, as we have already said, was in flourishing circumstances. He would be able to maintain a wife in great comfort, and being one of the personages in the village, could accord her a prominent social position. He was not especially handsome, or calculated to make a profound impression upon the female heart; this was true, but he was of a good disposition, kind-hearted; and would no doubt make a very good sort of a husband.

Widows are, I take it (if any shall do me the honour to read this story, and trust they will forgive the remark), less disposed to weigh sentiment in a second alliance than a first, and so, in the widow's point of view, Elder Boyd was a very desirable match.

Some sagacious person, however, has observed that it takes two to make a match, a fact to be seriously considered; for in the present case, it was evidently doubtful if the worthy Elder, even if he had known the favourable opinion of his next neighbour, would have been inclined to propose changing her name to Boyd, unless indeed a suitable motive was brought to bear upon him. Here was a chance for a little managing, wherein widows are said, as a general thing to be expert.

One evening, after a day of fatiguing labour, Widow Hayes sat at the fire in the sitting-room with her feet resting on the fender.

"If I ever am situated so as not to have to work so hard," she murmured, "I shall be happy. It's a hard life keeping boarders. If I was only as well off as Elder Boyd."

Still the widow kept up her thinking, and by-and-by her face brightened. She had an idea, which she was resolved to put into execution at the earliest possible moment. What it was the reader will discover in the sequel.

"Freddie," said she to her son the next morning, "I want you to stop at Elder Boyd's as you go to school and ask him if he will call on me in the course of the morning or afternoon, just as he finds it most convenient."

Elder Boyd was a little surprised at this summons. However, about eleven o'clock he called in. The widow had got on the dinner and had leisure to sit down. She appeared a little embarassed.

"Freddie told me that you would like to see me," he commenced.

"Yes, Elder, I should; but I am very much afraid you will think strange, at least, of what I have to say."

The elder very politely promised not to be surprised, though at the same time his curiosity was visibly excited.

"Suppose," said the widow, casting down her eyes—"mind, I am only supposing a case—suppose a person should find a pot of gold pieces in their cellar, would the law have a right to touch it, or would it belong to them?" The Elder picked up his ears.

"A pot of gold pieces, widow? Why unquestionably the law would have nothing to do with it."

"And the one who formerly held the house couldn't come forward and claim it, could he, Elder?"

"No, madam; unquestionably not. When the house was disposed of everything went with it, as a matter of course.

"I am glad to hear it, Elder. You won't think strange of the question, but it happened to occur in my mind, and I thought I would like to have it satisfied."

"Certainly, widow, certainly," said the Elder abstractedly.

"And Elder, as you're here, I hope you will stop to dinner with us. It will be ready punctually at 12."

"Well, no," said the Elder, rising, "I'm obliged to ye; but they'll be expecting me at home."

"At any rate, Elder," said the widow, taking a steaming piece of mince pie from the oven, "you won't object to taking a piece of mince pie. You must know that I rather pride myself on making mince pies."

The warm pie sent up such a delicious odour that the Elder was sorely tempted, and after saying, "Well, really," with the intention of refusing, he finished by saying, "On the whole, I guess I will, as it looks so nice."

The widow was really a good cook, and the Elder ate with much gusto the generous piece which the widow cut for him, and, after a little chatting upon unimportant subjects, withdrew in some mental perplexity.

"Was it possible," thought he, "that the widow could really have found a pot of gold in her cellar? She did not say so, to be sure, but why should she have shown so much anxiety to know as to the proprietorship of the treasure thus found if she had not happened upon some? To be sure as far as his knowledge extended, there was no one who would be likely to lay up such an amount of gold; but then the house was one hundred and fifty years old, at the very least, and had had many occupants of which he knew nothing. It might be, after all. The widow's earnest desire to have him

think it was only curiosity, likewise gave additional probability to the suggestion. I will wait and watch," said the Elder.

It so happened that Elder Boyd was one of the directors of a savings institution situated in the next town, and accordingly used to ride over there once or twice a month to attend meetings of the board.

On the next occasion of this kind the Widow Hayes sent over to know if he would carry her with him, as she had a little business to attend to there. The request was readily accorded. Arrived at the village, Mrs. Hayes desired to be set down at the bank.

"Ha, ha!" thought the Elder, "that means something."

He said nothing, however, but determined to come back and find out, as he could readily from the cashier, what business she had with the bank. The widow tripped into the office, pretending to look very nonchalant.

"Can you give small bills for a ten dollar gold piece?" she inquired,

"With pleasure," was the reply.

"By the way," said she, "the bank is in a very flourishing condition, is it not."

"None in the State on a better footing," was the prompt response.

"You receive deposits, do you not?"

"Yes, madam, we are receiving them every day."

"Do you receive as high as ten thousand dollars?"

"No," said the cashier, with some surprise; "or rather we do not allow interest on so large a sum. Do you know of any one who—"

"Its of no consequence," said the widow, hurriedly. "I only asked for curiosity. By the way, did you say how much interest you allowed on such deposits as come within your limits?"

"Five per cent., ma'am."

"Thank you. I only asked for curiosity. What a beautiful morning it is!' And the widow tripped lightly out.

Shortly after the Elder entered.

"How's business, Mr. Cashier?" he inquired.

"About as usual."

"Had many deposits lately?"

"None of any magnitude."

"I brought over a woman this morning who seemed to have some business with you."

"The widow Hayes?"

"Yes."

"Do you know," said the cashier, "whether she has had any money left her lately?"

"None that I know of," said the Elder, pricking up his ears. "Why, did she deposit any?"

"No, but she inquired whether w e ceived deposits as high as ten thousand dollars."

"Indeed!" ejaculated the Elder. "Is that all she came for?" he inquired, a moment afterwards.

"No, she exchanged a gold piece for bills."

"Ha!" pondered the Elder reflectively. "Did she give any reason for her inquiries?"

"No, she said she only asked out of curiosity."

The Elder left the bank in deep thought, He came to the conclusion that this curiosity only veiled a deeper motive. He no longer entertained a doubt that the widow had found a pot of gold in her cellar, and appearances seemed to indicate that its probable value was at least equal to ten thousand dollars. The gold piece which she had exchanged at the bank appeared to confirm this story.

"I rather think," said the Elder complacently, "that I can see into a millstone about as far as most people." A statement, the literal truth of which I defy any one to question, though as to the prime fact of people being able to see into a millstone at all, doubts have now and then forced themselves upon my mind.

The next Sunday the widow Hayes appeared at church in a new and stylish bonnet, which led to some such remarks as these:

"How much vanity some people have, to be sure."

"How a woman that has to keep boarders for a living can afford to dash out in such a bonnet is more than I can tell. I should think she was old enough to know better."

The last remark was made by a young lady just six months younger than the widow, whose attempting to catch a second husband had hitherto proved unavailing.

"I suppose" continued the same young lady, "she's trying to catch a second hus-

band with her finery. Before I'd condescend to such means, I'd—I'd drown myself."

In this last amiable speech the young lady had unwillingly hit upon the true motive. The widow was intent upon catching Elder Boyd, and she indulged in a costly bonnet, not because she supposed he would be caught with finery, but because this would strengthen in his mind the idea that she had stumbled upon hidden wealth. The widow calculated shrewdly, and the display had the effect she anticipated. Monday afternoon the Elder found an errand that called him to the widow's. It chanced to be just about tea-time. He was importuned to stay to tea, and somewhat to his own surprise actually did.

The polite widow, who knew the Elder's weak point, brought one of her best mince pies, a piece of which her guest partook with zeal.

"You'll take another piece, I know," said she, persuasively.

"Really, I am ashamed," said the Elder, but he passed his plate. "The fact is," he said, apologetically, "your pies are so nice, I don't know when to stop,"

"Do you call these nice?" said the widow, modestly. "I call them common. I can make good mince pies when I set out, too, but this time I didn't have as good luck as usual."

"I shouldn't want any better," said the Elder, emphatically.

"Then I hope, if you like them, you will drop into tea often. We ought to be more neighbourly, Elder Boyd."

Elder Boyd assented, and he meant what he said. The fact is, the Elder began to think that the widow was a charming woman. She was very comely, and then she was such an excellent cook. Besides, he had no doubt in his own mind that she was worth a considerable sum of money. What objection could there be to her becoming Mrs. Boyd? He brought this question before her one evening. The widow blushed and professed to be greatly surprised. In fact, she never thought of such a thing in her life, but on the whole she had a favourable thought a great deal of the Elder, and to make the matter short she accepted him. A month afterwards she was installed mistress of the Elder's large house, somewhat to the surprise of the village people, who could not conceive how she had brought him over. Some weeks after the ceremony, the Elder ventured to inquire about the pot of gold which she had found in the cellar.

"Pot of gold," she exclaimed in surprise; "I know of none."

"But," said the Elder, disconcerted, "You asked me about whether the law could claim it."

"Oh, lor'! Elder, I only asked from curiosity."

"And was that the reason you made inquiries at the bank?"

"Certainly, what else could it be?"

The Elder went out to the barn and for half an hour sat in silent meditation. At the end of that time he ejaculated as a closing consideration:

"After all, she makes good mince pies."

It gives me pleasure to state that the union between the Elder and the widow proved a very happy one, although to the end of his life he never could make up his mind about the "Pot of Gold."—*Keystone.*

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

Fellow of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, Copenhagen; Corresponding Member of the Royal Historical Society, London; Honorary Member of the Manchester Literary Club, and of the Whitby Literary and Philosophical Society, &c., &c.

FORTUNATE is the poor patient who is kindly and judiciously nursed. I never felt this so much as in the severe month of January, 1875, when I was totally prostrated, for three weeks, by a combination of bronchitis, influenza, and rheumatism, all through walking some four miles, after being house-kept, when the snow was knee-deep, to preside at a country benefit club anniversary, which was held in a new building, only plastered two or three days before, and then having to sit up—to *bivouac*, I call it—over a cottage-fire all night, because there was no room for me at the inn, and they to whom I was giving my services had not taken the precaution to provide me with a bed. Nothing but good nursing, under the blessing of God,

saved me for a time from that dark shadow of the valley of death, which every Master Mason has been taught to prepare for, but which most of us have no particular wish to enter while we can enjoy the lodges on earth. Nevertheless, "sweet are the uses of adversity," as Shakspere has it; and illness too (though I regard it always as the penalty which has to be paid for the breach of nature's laws, in order to compel us the better to obey them), like every other apparent evil, is a blessing in disguise, and makes us have all the more feeling for the calamities of others. Thankful for my own good nursing, I would like to see every other poor sufferer nursed as well as I was; and therefore I am glad to see the *Lancet* writing as follows:—"Nothing so much conduces to the successful treatment of patients in all stages of a malady as good nursing, and cooking plays a prominent part in the *régime*. Notwithstanding this circumstance, which must be universally recognised, it is the exception to find a cook who can serve up a basin of gruel or arrowroot, a cup of beef tea or broth, or any simple beverage suited to the sick chamber, in a fashion likely to tempt the failing, whimsical appetite, and humour the digestive powers of an invalid. So apparently simple a culinary process as beating up a new-laid egg in a cup of warm milk or tea without curdling is a feat which can rarely be accomplished. Every practitioner who has looked into these matters carefully must have felt the need of a system of special cookery for the sick. If some one would devote sufficient attention to the subject to produce a clear, explicit, and yet concise manual of cookery for invalids, with intelligible recipes and directions, the gain to patients and medical practitioners would be considerable, and the appearance of such a brochure would be hailed with pleasure and attended with success. Attempts have from time to time been made to supply the need, but they have failed from being treated as complementary to some general effort to improve the art of cookery, or adapted only to a class of society in which every want can be supplied without stint or trouble. The object to be obtained is more simple and yet not less difficult. It is to show persons of ordinary intelligence and with limited means how to compound and serve up the common necessaries of the sick diet with cleanliness, taste, and delicacy. For such a boon everybody concerned would be exceedingly thankful." Thanks to good Florence Nightingale, more than to any single person, our military and other hospitals are better managed than they were, though we have not yet arrived at perfection in that point by a long way.

Two books now on my table seem silently to upbraid me for passing them over unnoticed so long. One is the admirable "History of the Parochial Chapelry of Goosnargh, in the County of Lancaster, by Henry Fishwick, F.R.H.S.," and the other "Las Memorias, and other Poems." Both books are admirably got up, and fit for any library. Col. Fishwick is well known as a pains-taking antiquary, of whom Lancashire may well be proud. None but those who have toiled in similar fields of labour can properly appreciate the industry and ability required to produce so complete a History as this of Goosnargh; and I can only express a wish that the history of every parish in the kingdom was as fully and as ably treated. Collecting information from every individual likely to be able and willing to give it, examining title-deeds when one has access to them, searching unpublished records in public offices, copying monumental inscriptions in churches, and making extracts from parish registers and such like, is only one portion of the labour required. The whole has to be worked up into a readable and useful form; and this Col. Fishwick has done to the satisfaction of the most captious critics. For the information of those who wonder where this Goosnargh is, I cannot do better than quote our author's own words. He tell us that "the Chapelry of Goosnargh was formerly part of the parish of Kirkham in Amounderness, and included the townships of Goosnargh, Whittingham, and Newsham. The patronage of the church of Goosnargh was held by the vicar of Kirkham until 1846, but with this exception, the connection between the two places had for many hundred years been so slight that Goosnargh had long claimed to be an independent parochial district." The name, he agrees with his brother antiquaries, is a compound of the two words "argh" or "arf," the Swedish for a ploughed field, and "goosen," the old Saxon plural of goose. "The

original meaning of the word is therefore Goosefield, or perhaps, as Dr. Whitaker suggests, Goosegreen." I could do with a whole *Masonic Magazine* to properly notice this valuable addition to our local histories, but must necessarily be brief. How vividly the past rises up before me as I peruse its pages. Names, once perhaps a terror to the neighbourhood, now linger only in such books as the one before me; and quarrels which at one time seemed as if the destinies of poor humanity almost hung upon their settlement, are now only interesting as helping to show the manners and customs of a bygone age, and how the liberties of England have gradually grown since then. "In the reign of Edward I. the prior of the order of St. John of Jerusalem was cited before the king to show by what authority he claimed the judging of thieves, assize of bread and ale, chattels of fugitives, &c., &c., in Wolverhampton, Goosnargh, and other places; also to show upon what ground he for his order now claimed exemption from certain fines and amercements appertaining to the king. In 20 Edward I. (1291-92) the abbot of Cockersand was called upon in a similar manner to show what right he had to the judging of thieves, &c., within the lord's fee in Goosenargh," &c. Showing how the spiritual pastors and masters of that period, true to the instincts of the Romish Church in all ages, were grasping at all temporal as well as ecclesiastical power. I notice that the charter for a market and fair in Whittingham, which Baines, in his History of Lancashire, states to have been granted to Robert Hanley in 1360-61, is believed by Col. Fishwick to refer "to some other place of the same name, as there is not the slightest evidence that such a fair was ever held here." In which case it becomes an interesting inquiry to North of England antiquaries whether it may not refer to Whittingham in Northumberland. It is curious to mark the shifting of manufactures. Whilst that of cotton has developed with marvellous rapidity throughout Lancashire generally, since the introduction of steam-power, the "considerable amount of silk and cotton manufacture carried on here by water and hand power," during the latter part of last century, has entirely disappeared. But perhaps not for ever. As we educate our operatives, they will wisely refuse to be pent up in ill-ventilated streets, far from the sounds and sights of nature; and a true political economy will look upon a healthy, mental, moral, and physical people as the truest wealth of nations. How the experiment of America in sending manufactured cottons for sale to Manchester has succeeded, I have not seen; but certain I am that our mountain waterfalls will soon all have to be utilised, both for supplying a purer liquid to the people of all classes in towns, and also for "power" in British manufactures. What marvels might not a single stream like that of Stock Gill Force, at Ambleside, for instance, or the water Southey has made familiar to all readers, which "comes down at Lodore, with its rush and its roar,"—once conveyed in pipes (it may be of toughened glass) and applied to mill after mill at lower levels; what marvels of manufacturing might not those simple streams accomplish, and still remain unpolluted for the beverage of man. And our factories, I make bold to prophecy, will become true temples of industry, healthy for those who work in them, and really ornamenting instead of disfiguring the most picturesque landscapes. In that age—not so far removed as many think—even Goosnargh may again see more prosperous and happier manufacturers of silks and cottons than any of those of the last century; and they may refer to Col. Fishwick's book with gratitude for the full and correct record he has handed down to them of the Goosnargh of the past.

"Las Memorias and other Poems," whilst it bears no author's name on the title-page though I hope it will not be omitted in the second edition, which it ought to reach) has the initials of A. F. A. W. to a Latin dedication, from which one may pretty correctly guess the author. Besides, in this promising volume, as in all else the same writer sends to the press (presuming that I am correct in my conjecture), he makes the same mistake of giving foreign titles and quotations, without translating them! forgetting that most of his readers must own, like good Tom Miller, to knowing no other language than their own. Though there is sometimes an evident carelessness in the measure, the lines have all sufficient music and beauty to make one feel that the writer deserves his singing robes. The fine morality, the kind feelings, and the religion without cant, which

pervade the volume throughout, makes one regard the author as a worthy man and Mason, for such I am sure he is. Here is a simple extract from one of the sweet English poems with foreign titles :—

"How many a wither'd heart is stirr'd
By the memory of past years ;
How often does some casual word
Soothe present cares and fears ;
For no longer toiling all alone
We are companied again
With those we once could call our own—
Fair women, kindly men !
The trusty mate is laughing still,
The little child demure,
The bright dear face, the tender will,
The heart so brave and pure !
The silvery voice is speaking
In accents soft and low,
And love seems once more seeking
The bowers of 'Long Ago.'"

And again, in the same poem ("Tiemp Passati," as he calls it) :—

"Oh ! what would we now give once more
To greet some much-loved face ;
To treasure again that precious store
Of tenderness and grace ;
To grasp once more that clinging hand,
To listen to that voice,
Which, like as in a fairy land,
Could bid our hopes rejoice."

And again :—

"Then let us cherish that long array
Of years that are pass'd and gone ;
We seem to greet them again to day
As old friends one by one ;
For they take us back to a happier hour,
To forms and faces dear,
And we seem to be plucking the odorous flow'rs
In the springtime of the year.

We turn to our work and cares again
With a calm and radiant brow,
We are not alone in the midst of men,
Nor deserted even now ;
No, ours is the dream of a brighter past,
Of dear friends, fair days of yore,
And we hope to meet again at last,
And meet to part no more."

In "Ad Euphrosynen" we have :—

"How many changes have there been,
How many a sad and chequer'd scene,
Since I heard that song you so often sung,
In the days when you and I were young."

In "Sis Faustus Felix":—

"How joyous still is youth,
How rapid its advance,
How pleasant are its merry ways,
How true its guileless glance ;
And tho' young folks will often doubt this very certain truth,
How many would exchange their wealth for one glad hour of youth ?"

In the poem entitled "Masks" (quite refreshing to find an English title for one of his truely English pieces) he sings :—

"*We all wear masks* upon our faces,
And few of us can truly tell
What are really earthly feelings :
We all can act and feign so well.
Sometimes in that idle laughter
Which greets us with its echoing shout,
There's but the witness of a sorrow
The jester never lives without ;
Sometimes when we seem most merry,
And look the most devoid of care,
We could sit us down and weep,
For the heartache we must bear."

In "Vitæ Confessio" (another foreign title !) :—

"How sad these slaveries of life
Which deaden and debase,
And bind so close to earth and time
Our weak and wayward race !"

And again, in the same poem :—

"Oh, yes ! whate'er a worldly lore
May make us trust to-day,
There's not a joy this earth can give
Like those it takes away."

In "Aspiratio Poetæ" he sings :—

"Yes, we who now are often wondering
At things in which we bear a part,
Yet hardly fathom, let's remember
How wond'rous is the human heart.
Oh ! let us cling to those emotions
Which bind us closer to our Kin ;
Which serve to link our outward strivings
With true and loving souls within,
Thus heart to heart, and soul to soul,
Let's brave the wave of earthly strife
Thus in dear and loving union
Let's wage the battle-storm of life !

Tho' all else fade or vanish daily,
Let's live for others even here,
Not for ourselves—and then serenely,
We pass through every fading year.

For here—this Life is a foreshadowing
Of a great future yet to be;
Those wond'rous powers and bless'd affections
Shall then proclaim Eternity."

True Masonic sentiments these, and expressed with a beautiful simplicity, of which even Wordsworth need not have been ashamed. In "Au Revoir" he sings (what many of us have felt) :—

"Oh! mystery strange of human Life!
That nothing here will stay;
That all we love the dearest
Is sure to pass away.
Oh, wond'rous law of this our Earth,
Whose reason none can tell,
Which, day by day, removes in turn
Those things we love so well."

Again :—

"A vacant place is at the board,
We look on an empty chair,
We miss the brave, the noble,
We grieve for the fond, the fair;
But true affection still can keep,
In memory fresh and true,
The vision of those forms and faces
All faded from our view!"

And again :—

"Yes! even now a gentle whisper
Is falling on the ear,
And to our heart's emotions
Their presence still is near;
And from these nether scenes of earth,
And many a sad good-bye,
We look in ardent hope and trust
Beyond that radiant sky.

To where fond hearts again shall meet,
Where, in that brighter sphere,
We once again shall greet those friends
We loved so truly here."

These quotations are all taken from the first eighty pages of the book, which consists of 250. I have gone carefully, and not reluctantly, through the whole, and marked numerous other passages for extract, even to the last page, but must reserve them for a future notice, otherwise my communication will stand a fair chance of being put aside for want of space, to some indefinite period, if not consigned to the waste-paper basket. and helping to kindle the editor's fire,—the only way in which it will then help to scatter "more light" on the world. Mr. Joseph Shepherd, the intelligent Secretary of the North Yorkshire Miners' Association, has shown and explained to me a model of the excellent Patent Safety Detached Hook, invented by Mr. William Walker, mining engineer, of Saltburn-by-the-Sea, which is a preventitive of over-winding, completely securing the lives of human beings from that awful catastrophe, by a mode I hope to explain anon. The adoption of this Patent Safety Detaching Hook ought to be rendered compulsory on all owners or lessees of mines throughout the world.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

ADDRESS OF THE V. H. AND E. SIR KT. COL. W. J. B. MACLEOD MOORE,

Grand Cross of the Temple: Grand Prior of the Dominion of Canada.

(*Concluded from page* 240.)

The Rev. Canon Septimus Ramsay, M.A., of Newmarket, Ont., a scholar of high and varied attainments, a divine of powerful eloquence, and a deeply read Mason, who was admitted into the order in the Mount Calvary Encampment, Orillia, Ont., and held the past rank of District Provincial Commander of the former Grand Conclave; and Sir Knight Arthur M. Sowden, a member of the Richard Cœur de Lion of Montreal Preceptory, and a past grand officer of Grand Conclave, have also died within the last few months, both English by birth, who had made Canada their home. Sir Knight Sowden was a promising and most talented civil engineer, and held the office of city engineer of the city of Ottawa; on his death the municipal authorities of that city passed resolutions, paying a handsome and well-deserved compliment to his talents and indefatigable attention to the duties of his office,—

"That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon."

At the meeting of the last Great Priory of England, a very important addition to the Statutes was made, "That no candidate be received who is a non-resident of the jurisdiction of the preceptory to which he seeks admission, unless he sign a declaration whether or not he has been rejected from any other preceptory whatever, and present a recommendatory certificate from the chief officer of the jurisdiction in which he had resided." Attention was also directed to section four of the Great Priory Statutes, and ruled by the Great Prior, that all members of preceptories in arrears were disqualified from voting in Grand Priory.

I am happy to say that the Acting Grand Chancellor of Grand Priory, reports that all the preceptories of the Dominion are in good standing, and arrears paid up, with the exception of "Mount Calvary," of Orillia, and "Harington" of Trenton. The former, I am led to understand, is making every exertion to be again placed on the active roll, the latter is virtually extinct, inasmuch as it has never made returns since the warrant was granted; but in this case, also, advice has been just received of a meeting being held with a view to re-organization; both these preceptories must, however, remain under suspension until full returns and payments are made. The "Sussex" Preceptory, of Dunham, Que., I have removed to Montreal, in consequence of its being found impossible to assemble a quorum to open the preceptory for the last twelve months, owing to the retired situation of the village, and its distance from the residences of the members. It was understood at the time I consecrated this preceptory, that if unsuccessful, I should remove it to Montreal, where the present and past preceptors as well as the registrar reside, and where there are some six Royal Arch Chapters, and more than twenty craft lodges.

In conclusion, I again say how entirely I agree with this Grand Priory in the feeling of disappointment and regret at the delay, however unavoidable, which has taken place in obtaining the decision of the Convent General to our memorial; and the more so, as I am anxious to propose certain changes, which, I trust, will be acceptable, as soon as we are in a position to regulate our own affairs, and make our own statutes. I have long had it in contemplation to surrender into your own hands my prerogative of the election of officers, which I feel this Grand Priory is entitled to, and by doing so, I am satisfied the object of my ambition to see a greater interest taken in the order, will be accomplished; but we cannot do so under the present statutes; and I can only ask you, therefore, for the present to take the will for the deed. In full anticipation of our immediate change of organization, I do not purpose at this meeting, unless in compliance with an expressed wish of Grand Priory, altering the roll of the present grand officers, with the exception of filling up the vacant office of Provincial District Prior for Western Ontario, and that of Grand Chancellor. In the latter office, we have trespassed too long and too heavily on the kindness and time of our esteemed Grand Sub-Prior, V. E. Sir Knight S. B. Harman, who so promptly volunteered his valuable services on the death of our late Grand Chancellor, to act until a successor was appointed; and this at a time when he was suffering under great family affliction, and was fully occupied by his important and responsible public duties as treasurer of the city of Toronto. Nothing but his untiring zeal for the good and prosperity of the order, and his well known thorough business habits, could possibly have enabled him to carry on the duties, and give his attentions to the constant calls on his time, in the office of Grand Chancellor, which he has so ably performed; and I beg he will accept my warmest thanks for the kind and able manner in which he has assisted me, and conducted the affairs of the Grand Priory. I know you will all cordially join in my expression of thanks and wishes for his future happiness and prosperity.

Finally, fellow-soldiers of the Temple, may I hope the remarks in my last address, as to the purpose and practical use of these orders, so warmly concurred in by the committee on that address, will not be lost sight of. Bearing ever in mind the ancient Templar motto, taken from the 1st verse of the 115th Psalm: "Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but unto Thy name give the glory in all things."

[We commend this address to the notice of our Templar readers.—ED.]

THE SITE OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE DISCOVERED.

"So Joshua sent men to measure their country, and sent with them some geometricians, who could not easily fail of knowing the truth, on account of their skill in that art."—"Jew. Antiq." v., 1, 21.

We have much pleasure in reproducing from our admirable American Contemporary—*Scribner's Monthly*—the following account of the Temple, interesting to all Freemasons :—

THE PROBLEM STATED,—RIVAL SITES OF THE TEMPLE.

THE Temple site is now known as the Haram ash Shá'rif. It is at once the most sacred and the most ancient, and within its walls are concentrated the most important legends of Jew, Moslem, and Christian. To the Jews, the Holy Hill, with its Inclosure, was more than Rome's citadel was to the Romans. It was the stronghold of their religion and sacred history, somewhat as Rome has been to the Catholic Church. This Noble Sanctuary is the site of everything most dear to the Jew. Here were chanted in the First Temple the songs of Zion, and all that the prophets foretold of glory and dishonour, of victory and defeat, of promise and penalty, were drawn to a focus on the hill of the Temple, comprising an area confined within the limits of the Haram. It is at present the most beautiful spot in the whole city without exception. It has all the outward appearance of a private park. The great Dome of the Rock rises in its midst, surrounded with cypresses and olive trees, marble fountains, arches, domes, cupolas, and graven pulpits, while the great Dome itself rests upon a broad platform of Jerusalem limestone.

The Sakhra is the rocky pinnacle or apex of the rocky spur forming the surface and foundation of the Haram, and the difficulty has been to place it in the Temple Area so that this crown of the mountain shall not stand in the way of the pavements and courts. In fact theorists have not known where to place this uprising rock ; it stands in the way of every theory yet proposed. It has ever been a mystery why it was permitted to exist at all where the rock was cut to suit a platform level and foundation, and its existence is the standing problem of to-day among Temple theorists—much more so, in fact, than the site of the Temple itself, for its existence unsettles every other problem, and makes any theory of the site of the Temple an impossibility, which does not first settle the problem of its own existence and site. It would seem at first sight as if Solomon's plan would have necessitated its removal in order to level down the rock for the foundations of the pavements and courts. Why, then, was it left? Why not cut down to the foundation or platform level? It stands so much in the way that there is barely level space enough on which to place the Temple pavements without an immense filling in of earthy material, or else of vaults and substructures, no matter where you place the Temple Area. It could not be placed anywhere without being upon a slope of the mountain, or in a valley. The rock, in the north-east quarter of the Haram, is 162 feet below the crown of the rock ; the south-west quarter is 150 feet lower, and the south-east quarter is 163 feet below the Sacred Rock. This is a concise statement of the problem to be solved.

Our illustration of the rival theories which now occupy the field will give, better than any lengthened description, the different arrangement of the Haram Area proposed by Dr. Porter, (who agrees with Dr. Robinson), Messrs. Williams, Lewin, Fergusson, Warren and Beswick. The plans will also give a definiteness to the reader's conceptions which no mere words can convey. Mr. Beswick's plans and discoveries have never before been published, and what we now make known is but a mere outline of what he proposes to publish in a work on which he is now engaged.

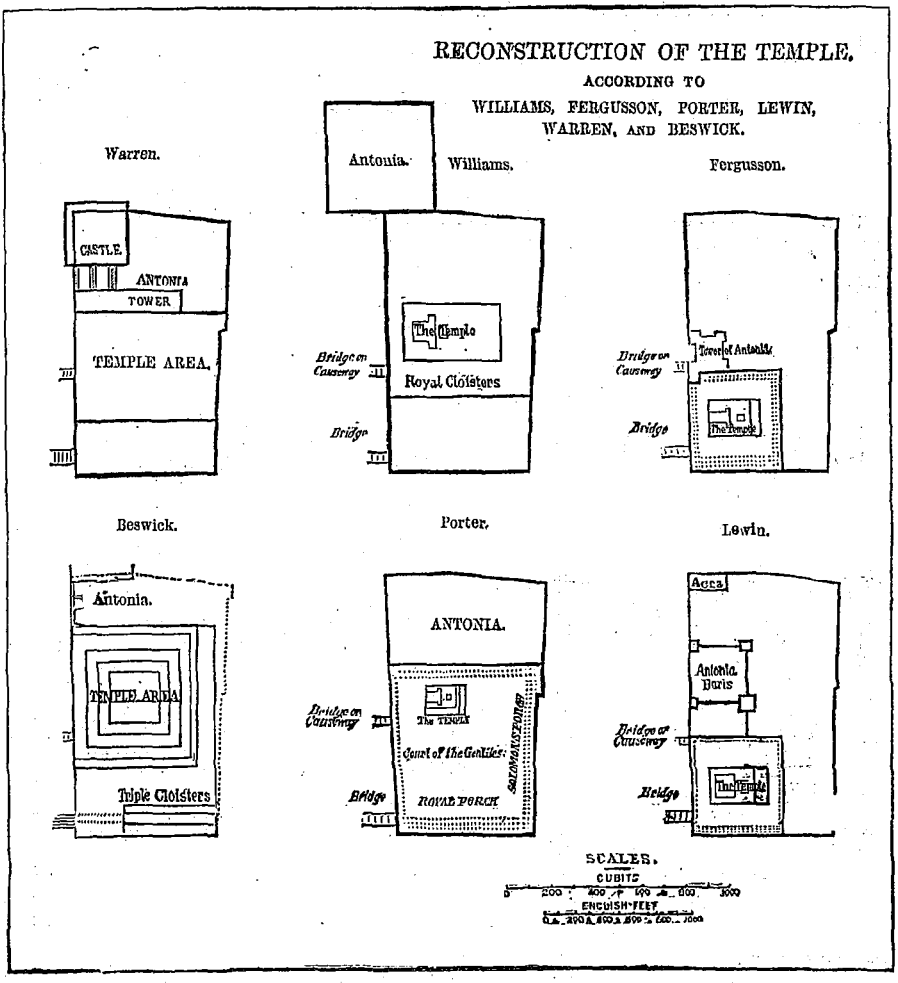
THE METHOD ADOPTED IN FIXING THE SITE.

The preceding statement will have prepared the reader for a clear understanding of the main difficulties in fixing upon the exact site of the Temple Area and its boundaries, and of the merits of the rival theories which have been proposed as solutions of this most interesting and hitherto most difficult problem in Jerusalem topography.

The discovery of this site was made by Mr. S. Beswick, C.E., of New York city, who, after making the subject of Jerusalem topography a specialty for several

years, at length formed a conception of the exact site of the Old Temple of Solomon and Herod. To verify that conception, he visited the Haram for the purpose of making a reconnaissance survey and fixing upon two sites: 1st. A base line of verification which everybody would admit, from which offsets or perpendicular distances could be made to the given stations. 2nd. A central station, from which a standard offset could be made, and conveniently joined to the base of verification, such central station to be a natural formation, and not a work of art; all other sites and distances to be determined by these.

The two standard sites were satisfactorily determined by that reconnaissance. The western wall of the Haram ash Shárif, or so much of it as was left standing by Titus when Jerusalem was destroyed, was selected as the base of verification; the Sakhra was taken as the central station, and the line which joined the two together was the



first standard offset by which all others were determined. The sides of the Court of Gentiles (Herod's Court), Court of Israel, and Court of the Priests, and even of the Holy House itself, were then taken and treated as a series of offsets and perpendiculars, and referred to the western walls as the base line for their verification as to length and breadth. The Sakhra was in fact a central station to the whole Temple Area.

These two things—the western wall,

which he selected for his base line of verification, and the Sakhra, from which the first standard offset was drawn—are all that is left by the vandals under Titus of the original foundations and superstructure resting thereon. The eminent success which has resulted from this judicious selection, and the practical foresight which led to their adoption, will directly influence Palestine exploration in the Holy City for many years to come.

Mr. Beswick quietly visited the Haram with a working plan of his own making, which showed what had been done, and what had been left undone; what to do, and where to go and do it; what to discover, and where to find it. He had reason, therefore, to hope for the very best results from his reconnaissance survey. The elaborate measurements which form the basis of his verifications, and upon which his identifications of so many sites are grounded, are so numerous, varied, and full of detail, and applied to so many places and sites, that no amount of reading, or investigation at a distance, could ever have afforded the opportunity to develop so completely as he has done, a discovery which has seemed hitherto involved in inexplicable mystery. He has, however, completed the proof which fixes the site of the Temple in the Haram, and makes the Sakhra the absolute *central spot* of the Old Temple Area And the proof is so simple that any one can verify it for himself. The standard offset, or fundamental measurement which fixes this site of the Temple, places the Sakhra at a distance of 250 cubits—369.26 ft.—from the western wall of the Inclosure, regarded as a base of verification. It will introduce a central fact to the attention of the civilised world; and there can be but one opinion as to its value and significance, and the revolution which its revelations will make in the field of Jerusalem topography.

THE SITE FIXED BY DIVINE COMMAND.

The distance of the apex of the Sakhra from the western wall as a base of verification is a fundamental measurement, and a leading test of the discovery claimed; and it is the most simple and satisfactory verification of the exact site of the Temple. If this distance or standard offset be admitted then the Sakhra, or Sacred Rock, was simply a Central Core to the whole Temple Area, around which all the pavements and courts were built up, and to which they were fastened and united as one solid mass. The whole platform of pavements taking hold of the Sakhra, as a Central Core, solid and immovable, according to the following Divine command that they should place the Temple Area around this rock as a centre:

"This is the law of the house. Upon the top [Hebrew *rosh*—head, summit, vortex, apex, or tip-top] of the mountain, the *whole limit thereof round about* shall be most holy. Behold, this is the law of the house."—Ezek. xliii., 12.

Now the whole limit of the Sakhra round about would be as follows: On the north the mountain was limited by the valley lying between the Bezetha hill and the Temple Area; on the east it was limited by the Kedron valley; on the south by the Hinnom and Kedron ravines; and on the west by the Tyropœon ravine. Thus the "whole limit thereof round about" was well defined by ravines; and on all these sides the extreme limit had to be built up to the required level of the platform of the outer court. Josephus gives a similar description:

"The hill was encompassed with a wall *around the top of it.* Joined together as a part of the hill itself to the very *top of it.* On the very *top of all* ran another wall. *In the midst of which* was the Temple itself."—"Jew. Antiq." xv, 11, 3.

This Law of the House is a Divine command which fixes definitely the exact size of the Temple Area to be "the whole limit round about the top of the mountain." And this is the only passage where the site is ever definitely named. And what is most remarkable, this notable passage has never been noticed by any one of the numerous explorers of Jerusalem. Yet, from this supreme stand-point, Mr. Beswick has studied the whole subject *de novo* He foresaw that the Old Rock of Moriah had a special place in the Temple; that it acted as a Central Core, and carried upon its shoulders all the Temple pavements and courts, and upon his head ("upon the top of the mountain") rested as a crown the Temple itself. His discovery solved a problem, which has resisted every other attempt at solution: that the special place of the Old Rock in the Temple Area has been the cause of its preservation, and which, when determined, would enable the discoverer to settle all other questions of a topographical and numerical nature in

relation to distance, area, and boundary. We will cite the Biblical evidence upon which his measurements of the Temple Area are based.

(*To be continued.*)

Review.

Guido and Lita: a Tale of the Riviera. By the Marquis of Lorne. (Macmillan.)

We have perused this new poem with much pleasure. As most of our readers may know from the name, the scene is laid in that "morgen land," and especially to a portion of it which commends itself to those who wish to avoid the rigours of our northern winter.

Hear, first of all, the description of that favoured clime :—

"Here every slope, and intervening dale,
Yields a sweet fragrance to the passing gale,
From the thick woods, were dark caroubas twine
Their massive verdure with the hardier pine,
And, 'mid the rocks; or hid in hollowed cave,
The fern and iris in profusion wave;
From countless terraces, where olives rise,
Unchilled by autumn's blast, or wintry skies,
And round the stems, within the dusky shade,
The red anemones their home have made;
From gardens, where its breath for ever blows
Through myrtle thickets, and their wreaths of rose."

Here it was that in those days Saracenic pirates used to make a fell swoop, like fierce birds of prey as they were, carrying Christian men to slavery, and Christian maids to infamy to which death had been preferable. A mountain pass of these Southern Alps is still termed "Monte Moro."

"Rude captains on the frontier held their own,
Their lawless deeds scarce to each other known;
But those of Sirad had been noted well,
As oft performed with all the art of Hell,
To spread the rule of Islam far and wide.
A grisly bigot he, who had denied
Himself no vices that his creed allowed,
At morn and eve his knee to Mecca bowed,
With prayer to Allah, that his servant's sword
Might purge the land for Mahomet and the Lord."

Guido, son of the Knight of Orles, has fallen in love with Lita, as young men sometimes do, the daughter of a fisherman, and she is described in all the promise of love's young dream, and her beauty is said to be, poetically of course, loveliness

"—not such as in the North
"Blushes like sunshine through the morning mist—
Was that of southern eve, quick-darkening, kissed
By crimson lightnings of her burning day."

El Sirad, the corsair, makes a descent upon the coast, and sweeps off many captives, among whom is Lita, "fairest of the fair." Her deliverer makes love to her, of course; but—like a prudent young woman who has a young "fellar" of her own to boot, in a dreadful state at home—she repels his advances with resolution and disdain, and no doubt gives the corsair a bit of her mind as regards improper behaviour to her, &c. &c.

She escapes by the intervention of a jealous woman, who had, no doubt, claims of some kind more or less interesting on "El Sirad" :—

"And left alone she gazed above, where frowned
The black rocks darkly o'er the sombre pines,
And over them the moon in rugged lines
Of peak and glacier shone with starlight cold,
And all was quiet, save the stream that told
Of restless haste, till home at last were found."

We are not told clearly how she gets back to Orles, where she is found by some peasants, but she does get home, and she

finds them all up in arms. Guido, who is in a great state of course about his "young woman," has been lured to sea by the crafty El Sirad, and the Saracens have eluded his galleys, and are actually engaged in attacking Orles, where Lita is acting like a Joan of Arc. While Guido is tossing in the wind-lashed waves (says a contemporary critic) the Saracens are pushing the storm of Orles, amid all the ruthless horrors of mediæval warfare. The defenders make the most of their ramparts; the "climbing swarms" are hurled from the broken scaling-ladders, but numbers so far prevail. Then flames break out among the houses the Arabs have won, and the assailants pay the penalty of carousing on drinks forbidden by the Prophet, being suprised by the horrors of the conflagration in their drunken slumber. The catastrophe is crowned, so far as they are concerned, by the sudden return of Guido, who falls on them in flank, while his father, sallying out of the citadel, falls mortally wounded in the final and triumphant sortie. With his dying breath he rewards his lovely aide-de-camp:—

"The ashen lips with feeble effort smile
As Lita kneels by Guido's side the while,
And looking on his son and on the maid,
'Let naught against thy love for her be said.'"

What a "kyind parient!" some of our fair readers will be ready to say. "What a pity it is such people only exist in poetry or romance. I wish my pater would withdraw his objection to Harry!" Here it is the old story, fair maidens, "sic vos, non vobis." In the meantime the preux chevalier, Count William of Provence, appears on the scene, declares his approval of the marriage of affection, gives the bride away, and actually says, in the Provengal dialect, "Bless, ye, my children!" and then

"They kneel before the altar, hand in hand,
While thronged around Provence's warriors stand.
Hush for the sacred rites, the solemn vow,
That crowns with faith young Love's impetuous brow.
The prayer is said; then as the Anthem swells,
A peal rings ont of happy marriage bells;
Grief pales and dies 'neath Joys ascending sun,
For knight and maid have blent their lives in one!"

We thank Lord Lorne for a very pretty story, told in very smooth and harmonious verse, marked by passages here and there of much beauty. We trust that this is not the last labour of his pen, but that we may welcome yet other graceful verses and true poetry from him.

The illustrations, drawn, if report be true, by a fair and illustrious hand, are very effective indeed.

In these sensational days, when every heroine is a fiend and every hero a swindler; when society is dereglé and discontented, we thank Lord Lorne for giving us the pleasing picture of faithful love, and the elevated aspirations of chivalrous devotion and constant affection. W. F. A.

SONNET.

The mountain woods ascending and ascending,
Sweep with their tall heads the high misty skies,
Which loftier in their lowest skirts arise
Than of this earth the highest heights, vain tending
Heav'nward, though with heaven's boundless glories blending
Their tops betimes, yet but a fond emprize,
For heav'n in humblest mien earth's pride defies
And scorns, though soaring cloud-capt and and heav'n-rending.
So man would be as God, so idly seek
The Infinite by wisdom to explore,
When he should but in prostrate love adore
That glorious name of names with rev'rence meek,
Nor hope in hopeless hope to the sublime
Of Deity presumtuously to climb.

M. GORDON.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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Monthly Masonic Summary.

Our Grand Master is still in India, and has visited in succession Lucknow, Delhi, and Cawnpore, and is now in the North Western provinces. His progress is not only a Royal one, but a very successful one, and he seems to have won golden opinions from all classes; to have conciliated the natives, and delighted Europeans, both by his kindness and geniality, his friendly interest, and his pleasant "abord." May his travels end as they have begun, in the halo of success, and may he soon have a safe and pleasant homeward journey to loving hearts at home!

There is not much news, Masonically, to communicate this month. London lodges are now at full work again, the Christmas holidays and New-Year gatherings being over, but there is not much to tell or record beyond the normal procedure of Masonic life.

The first charitable gathering of the year will take place on the 9th February, under that justly popular nobleman, Lord Skelmersdale, D. G. Master, and we augur for Bro. Terry, the zealous and meritorious secretary of the R. M. B. Institution, a golden harvest. We wish him and that admirable institution all prosperity and success; and sure we are that in no case can the charitable sympathies of our brethren be more fairly roused, or the zealous interests of the Stewards be more devotedly employed. We hope in our next number of the Magazine to announce a great success for the first Masonic charitable gathering of 1876.

The appointment of H.R.H. Prince Leopold to be Provincial Grand Warden of Oxfordshire has been warmly received by the Order, and enthusiastically greeted by that distinguished Province over which he is now wisely called to rule.

We are glad to remind our readers that that lamented and distinguished public servant, Mr. Birch, as well as gallant Captain Innes, R.E., were members of the Lodge at Penang, and thoroughly earnest and good Freemasons.

Monsignor Nardi has welcomed Lord Ripon to Rome and Romanism in a very flowery oration, but has thought well to bespatter the Freemasons with a little Ultramontane sarcasm, to "damn" them publicly with "faint praise" and covert taunt and insinuation. The point of his ecclesiastical wit is that we are fond of good dinners, a sort of harmless "goose club." When sober we are very decent fellows, and different from all other Freemasons, whom Monsignor Nardi fiercely denounces "en bloc;" but when "inebriated," we behave ourselves improperly, and one of our main points is hostility to the Roman Church. Poor Monsignor Nardi! If he had nothing better to say he had, we think, much better have said nothing at all than put forth gravely this melancholy specimen of courtly trimming and fulsome adulation. Lord Ripon had no sincerer friends than his now vilified and contemned Masonic brethren. He knows well that Monsignor Nardi's burlesque account of Anglo-Saxon Freemasonry is not true, and if he now allows his old friends and brethren thus to be lampooned without a word of protest or denial we shall be equally sorry for Lord Ripon. But our hope is that in his own honesty of purpose, and loyalty and courage of old, he will rise above the swaddling bands of Roman Catholic intolerance, and disregarding the impertinence of Ultramontanism, will dare to be just and honest, and, above all, to speak the truth.

It is amusing to note how error will still cling to our Masonic writers, and how apparently hopeless it is for Masonic students to pioneer the way for a true and reliable history of Freemasonry. After all our archæological researches and critical studies it is a little disheartening to find a professed Masonic teacher coolly asserting the reality of the so-called Locke MS.

Bro. Leo Fort, in his recent scholarly history, in our opinion has said too much in favour of the same "aiersis;" but we were quite astounded recently to note that an English Masonic teacher, professing, too, to write for the information of others, has fallen into so great a blunder, and even boldly asserts that the MS. copied by Leland actually exists in the Bodleian library.

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

Chapter V.

The Globe, Serpent, and Wings.

In the mysterious institutions of antiquity the hieroglyphics were not adopted without an adequate cause. Everything that was thought of sufficient importance to be introduced there, was invested with a hidden meaning that was frequently known to the priesthood only. And these kind of symbols, being considered inexplicable, were placed in the most public situations, without any fear that the abstruse interpretation should be discovered. This custom was common throughout the world; and the temples of the deity had usually placed over the principle entrance, either the name or the hieroglyphical symbol of the of the god to whom it was especially dedicated. Plutarch says that the word EI, was inscribed on the portal of the temple of Apollo; and this word being ineffable, was a mystery to the uninitiated which they attempted in vain to penetrate. Indeed it is highly probable that the priests pronounced it to be of so sacred a nature, that it would be impious to speculate upon it, or endeavour to discover its meaning. And this was one reason why the heathen temples were regarded with such a high degree of veneration, that the people approached them with awe, and in a bending posture, so low that the women swept the pavement with the hair of their heads.

It is recorded that an inscription to the following effect was engraved on the pronaos of the Egyptian temples:

QUOD FUIT-QUOD EST—QUOD QUE FUTURUM EST.

And that the Saitic temple in Lower Egypt had the following:

"I am all that hath been, and is, and will be; and my veil no mortal hath yet uncovered."

These inscriptions, however, were neither in the Greek, or Latin language, but in Egyptian hieroglyphics. In Greece the emblem was frequently substituted for the god, or, which is the same thing, for his NAME. Thus the figure of an eagle grasping a thunderbolt stood for Jupiter; a trident for Neptune; the ivy or vine for Bacchus; the harp for Apollo, &c. This practice was not confined to Greece and Rome, but was used by those ancient nations, from whence their learning and knowledge were derived—India and Egypt. I shall endeaver to show therefore in the present Chapter, that the hieroglyphics by which the Egyptians expressed the above truths, which so accurately describe the eternity of the deity, were the Globe, Serpent, and Wings.

This expressive symbol, as I have already observed, has been omitted by Ben Washih in the copy before us, but it is found in combination with our anaglyph on the Isiac table; it was carved conspicuously over the entrance of many of the Egyptian temples; and particularly on those which were held in the highest reverence; and probably placed there with solemn ceremonies, on the day of consecration, of which these hierograms was an acknowledged symbol.

One Hermes has the reputation of being the first heathen, if heathen he may be called, in descent from the patriarch Noah, who discovered or rather recorded, for the fact must have been known before the flood, the omnipotence of the deity; and described him as a being who occupies all space, and extends through all extent. His definition was, "God is a circle whose centre is everywhere, and the circumference nowhere." *Or in other words, that the whole universe—far as the eye, assisted by the most comprehensive instruments, can reach, for millions upon millions of miles in diameter—forms but the point or centre; while the circumference is boundless, and beyond the limits of a finite capacity to comprehend. Eternity is without end—space is without limit—and the deity fills them both. The circle then is the emblem of space as well as eternity, both being interminable.

"Selden remarks, that the figure represented in abbreviated writing among the Greeks, signified *Daimon*, the deity. The same figure, according to Kircher, was in use among the Brahmins of Hindoostan as the *character Mundi intelligibilis*,—that is, of the deity; for the

* Kircher. Pamph. Obel. p. 339.

universe and its Creator, were often confounded by the ancient heathens. The emblem is evidently the Globe and Serpents of Egyptian mythology. In the same form was erected, the celebrated temple of the druids at Abury in Wiltshire. The upright stones which constituted the adytium and its approaches, correctly deliniated the circle, with the serpent passing through it."*

The circle elaborated into a sphere or globe, represented dominion and power, and, with this interpretation, was a favourite emblem of royalty, not only in ancient, but in modern times. After the advent of Christ, it was surmounted by a Cross, to show the triumph of true religion, and its universal extension amongst all people, nations, and languages. It was not only understood by the Egyptians as the emblem of a Being without beginning, and without end, as its figure implies, but also of everything which the universe contains—the το παν—of things visible, and things invisible: expressed in christian philosophy by A and Ω. It was, referred to the sun, a spherical body, which enlightens and invigorates all nature; and was, like the deity, called One, and Light, and Goodness. ONE, because he is the sole intelligence which was supposed to govern the world; LIGHT, because he is the only source of Light that is manifest to the senses; and GOODNESS, because he rises in the east to dispel the darkness; gains his meridian in the South to dispense the blessings which we derive from his prolific beams, by ripening the fruits of the earth, and filling our souls with food and gladness; and sets in the West to afford mankind an opportunity of rest and refreshment; thus moving in an apparent circle round the earth, and performing the same invariable course of goodness and benificence to man; whence the circle became a symbol of perfection; and where probably originated the solar worship as the deity under the name of Osiris; for the *aphauisen* and *eurisis* of the mysteries referred to the arrival of the Sun at the equinoctial solstices. In other nations, the theory was the same, but the name was different; for the Sun was intended to be understood equally under the names of Zeus, Liber, Jupiter, Lux, Apollo, Diespiteu, Dionusus, Adonis, Attis, Phanæ, Adoneus, Helios, Vulcan, &c., a decisive proof of the veneration with which they regarded that circular vehicle of light. Eadem pila, says Plerius;* Solis et lunæ signis conspicua, cœlum significabat. Alii per hujus modi speciem, cuncta, veluti etiam in circulo, interpretabantur; si quidem circumflexucœli, quem alio nomine mundum appellamus, cuncta, tegi comprehendique manifestum esta quippe qui totus in toto sit, imo vero ipsetotum, extra intrauge in se cuncta complexus. Quin non modõ pila, sed simplex rota curuatura cœlum apud Egyptios indicabat. Ita enim apud Cyrillum legas libro nono contra Julianum, quod precipiti quidam ingenio pro apside aspidem transtulerunt. Hujus picturœ eam Egyptii tradebant causam, quod cœlum in curcuitum assiduć ferant.

The serpent was considered an emblem of wisdom. Stukeley, speaking of the serpent in his Abury, says; "Hephœstion II. writes concerning the hydra of Hercules, that half his head was of gold. I saw a snake of such exquisite beauty in Surrey; the notion and the appearance, or bright golden colour, being so like to angelic seraphic beings, no wonder the ancients conceived so high a regard for the serpent as to reckon it a most divine animal. Consider the motion of a serpent; it is it is wonderful; performed without the help of legs, nay incomparably quicker than their kindred of the crocodile and lizard kind, which have four legs. It is swift, smooth, wavy, and beautiful. The ancients conceived it to be like the walking of the gods; whence the notion of deified heroes with serpents' feet. Pherecydes Syrus says, the gods have snakes feet; meaning that their motion was smooth and sweeping, without the alternate use of legs. From the form and motion, pass we to the mind of the serpent, if we may be allowed so to talk. The wisdom of this creature is celebrated from the time of the creation itself. Moses writes, it was more subtle than any other creature. Our Saviour recommends to the ministry to imitate the prudence of serpents, as well as the innocence of doves; He makes it the

* Dean. Serpent. p. 55.

* Hier. l. xxxix. p. 288 C.

symbol of christian prudence. The psalmist compares the slyness of the wicked to the serpent which refuses to be charmed. Aristole writes that this animal is very crafty; but if we enquire into authors concerning the wisdom of this creature, nothing occurs satisfactory; in truth it is figurative and symbolical; meaning the charms of rhetoric and oratory, taken from its divided tongue, and more especially regarding the preachers of evangelical truths. All these put together, I take to be good reasons for the extraordinary veneration paid to this creature from all antiquity. Our oldest heathen writer, Sanchoniathos says, the Phœnicians called it Agathodœmon, the good angel. Epies the Phœnician, in Eusebius, pronounces it a most divine animal. Maximus of Tyre, before quoted, writes, that the serpent was the great symbol of the deity in most nations, even among the Indians."*

The origin of that divinity which was ascribed to the serpent, may be safely dated from the fall of man, and his expulsion from Paradise and happiness; which evil was effected by means of a serpent. And when mankind had so far submitted to the delusions of the devil, as to throw off their allegiance to the true God, he further incited them to worship him, under the very forces by which he had effected man's ruin both body and soul. The Phœnicians and Egyptians were the first to set the example of his heterodox and profane worship; and Eusebius ascribes its origin to HERMES, whether truly or not is uncertain. This worship at length became so general that serpents were placed, not only in temples, but in private houses, as emblems of safety and protection. Thus Persius says:

———hic, veto quisquam facit oletum;
Pinge duos angues; pueri, sacer est locus, extra
Meüte."

In process of time the Egyptians converted the serpent into a symbol of consecration; and hence the frequent recurrence of this reptile amongst the hieroglyphics of that people; which may probably account for the symbolization of Wisdom by it; for as the temptations of the devil induced them to give him divine honours, under the very form which he himself had chosen to seduce the first man, it would be easy for him to persuade them that the serpent was the author of the knowledge of good and evil, and that he possessed unbounded wisdom. From hence we may derive the origin of the use of serpents in divination, and the universal belief that they were oracular, and knew all things, past, present, and to come.

Cneph, or divine goodness, was represented by a snake not venomous; his power by a viper, the figure of which the Egyptian priests wore upon their bonnets of ceremony; and is was frequetly found upon the foreheads of their deities; and Alian says that it was so placed as an emblem of justice, in the punishment of the wicked. The Serpent was the acknowledged emblem of Hermes; and when standing erect upon its tail as an object of adoration, its common aspect on the monuments, it represented the Hermetic letter Zeta which signified, like the cross of the same deity—LIFE. As the author of life, therefore, symbolized by the annual renewal of its skin, the serpent was venerated by the Egyptians; and depicted on their coins with his head surrounded by a nimbus, and inscribed Agathodœmon. Maurice, however, thinks that the serpent was more probably a symbol of the Kakadæmon, or evil genius; and those whose fears led them to adore, by way of pacifying the evil demon, erected the serpent on the first altar. The winged serpent was sacred to Isis or Ceres, and her chariot was borne through the air by means of its agency.*

Wings were an emblem of swiftness, taken from the velocity with which a bird moves in the air. The swiftness of the swallow is remarkable; for it is asserted that one of these birds will make his supper of insects in England at the setting of the sun, and take his afternoon's repast on the ensuing day upon the ephemera that sport under the meridian sun in the latitudes of Africa. Whilst the mail coach is going from London to Liverrool, the swallow will have accomplished its journey of nearly four thousand miles.

Here, then, we have a very satisfactory reason why wings were considered a symbol of swiftness. Our pictures of

* Abury p. 56.

* Ovid. Met. v.

angels are delineated with wings to indicate the celerity of their movements. From the same cause, wings were symbols of thought and spirit, because they display equal quickness. They were also a hieroglyphic of sovereign power, from the strength and activity which they impart to the body that is provided with them. Now the sacred character of winged globes in the Egyptian theology, may be estimated from the fact, that not only were they placed in front of the most sacred temples, but they were made to overshadow the Ark itself in the adytum, as the wings of the cherubim overshadowed the Mercy Seat in the Sanctum Sanctorum of the Hebrew tabernacle and temple. And in other respects the winged hawk of the Egyptians was closely allied to the cherubim of the Jews.

Ezekiel describes the cherubim as having human shapes, with four faces, and four wings. The four faces are those of a man, a lion, an ox, and an eagle, or hawk; but few writers suppose that the ark-cherubim had more than one of these faces, and they generally take that of a man or an ox, seldom choosing the lion or the eagle. In the Egyptian example we have one of the four faces—that of the hawk. The wings are precisely the same as described by Ezekiel—"Their wings were stretched upward; two wings of every one were joined one to another, and two covered their bodies'—so it is here; each figure is intended to be represented with four wings, two of which fall down and cover the body, while the other two stretch upward, both pairs of wings in each of the figures nearly meeting those of the one opposite. Their position, indeed, with their faces towards each other, is strikingly illustrative."*

The above explanation of the compound parts of the hierogram, will prepare the way for its interpretation as an entire compound hieroglyphic. The explanation, which is said to have been given by Hermes himself, the inventor of the symbol, will be first shown; for it will be difficult to adduce better authority for the illustration of any symbol, a complicated piece of machinery, than that of its author; and Sanchoniatho affirms that "Hermes contrived for Cronus the ensign of his royal power; viz. four eyes, partly before and partly behind, two of them winking as in sleep; and upon his shoulders four wings, *two as flying, and two as let down to rest.* The Emblem was, that Cronus, when he slept, yet was watching; and watched while he slept. And the position of his wings was to show that while quiescent he flew about, and was continually flying even when at rest."*

The literal use of wings in the construction of the system of theology which was introduced by this great reformer, constitutes a striking peculiarity, which could not fail to produce favourable results. Accordingly we find his religious dogmata and ceremonies in use amongst the Egyptians at a very remote period; and the anaglyph now under our consideration, is found on the most ancient temples with which we are acquanted in that primitive country. And Hermes thus interpreted its occult signification: "The Globe typified the simple essence of God, which he sometimes called the Father, at others the first Mind, or the supreme Wisdom. The serpent was the vivifying power of God the Creator; and he gave it the name of The Word. The wings represented or symbolized that active Power which penetrated or pervaded all things; which he called Love. *The entire symbol represented the One God, as the Creator and Governor of the world.*"†

This, added to another practice which has been attributed to Hermes by the ancient writer above quoted,‡ that he "consecrated the species of dragons and serpents; and that the Phœnicians imitated the custom; which gave rise to the idea that he was the originater of Ophiolatreia, or serpent worship;" and was the moving cause of its introduction into the compound symbol before us. The Globe, Serpent, and Wings, referred to the Egyptian triad, of which we shall have much to say in a subsequent chapter of this work; and may be thus briefly explained. Osiris, represented by the Globe, was the SUN, corresponding with the Father; Phtha, or the Serpent, was the FIRE that issued from it, equivalent to the Word, or Creator; and Cneph, or the

* Kitto's Palestine, vol. i. p. 260.

* Euseb. præp. Evan. l. i. c. 10.
† Kircher. Pamph. Obel. 399.
‡ Sanch. ap. Euseb. ut supra.

wings, the emblem of power, was the LIGHT or Love,—that mighty primordial Spirit, that brooded over the face of the waters at the creation of the world, and subsequently pervaded and animated all created matter.

Maurice,* thus briefly explains the hierogram. "Jupiter is an imagined sphere; from that sphere is produced a serpent. The sphere shows the divine nature to be without beginning or end: the serpent his Word, which animates the world and makes it prolific; his wings, the spirit of God, that by its motion, gives life to the whole mundane system."

Dr. Richardson explains it rather differently. He says, when describing the gateway or porch leading to the temple of Isis at Teutyra,—"immediatly over the centre of the doorway, is the beautiful Egyptian ornament usually called the globe, with serpents and wings; emblematical of the sun poised in the airy firmament of heaven, supported and directed in his course by the eternal Wisdom of the Deity. On a monument at Thebes,† the globe is painted red, the serpent yellow, and the wings blue and red. Now red is a symbol of divine love. In popular language, however, it was an emblem of war and fighting, and was appropriated to Mars; but its secret meaning was a spiritual combat, by which the initiated acquired their regeneration; which was considered to be the combat of divine love against human passion. Yellow or gold indicates Revelation; and blue, the Air, or the breath of God. In some such sense the prophet may be understood when the sacred canon was about to be closed, and he promises to them that fear the NAME OF GOD, that the Sun of Righteousness should arise with healing on his wings;‡ or in other words that divine love should send his Son to reveal the will of God for the salvation of man. And the figure of speech was in conformity with the universal belief of all nations; for the winged globe or sun was the universal emblem of the deity; and therefore *the entire symbol bore the same reference in Egypt, as the cherubim amongst the Jews.*§

There were in many instances two serpents attached to the winged globe; which represented Osiris and Typhon, the good and evil power. In Persia they were feigned to contend for an egg, or in other words for the universal government of the world. From these contests sprang the doctrine of the world's eternity, or rather an endless succession of worlds, which is one and the same thing, for the sacred writings or traditions of each nation do not decide which was the first world nor which will be the last; nor did they believe that the Supreme Being himself possessed this knowledge. Hence several eminent men concluded that these worlds never had a beginning, and never will have an end; that is to say, that the successive destruction and reproductions of the world resemble a great wheel, in which we can point out neither beginning nor end.

Mr. Fosbroke says "The power of demonstrating the true meaning of these Egyptian figures, is wanting. Plutarch gives one meaning, Eusebius another, Clemens of Alexandria a third, Horapollo a fourth,; and therefore nothing can be acquired as to certainty by collating them. Among the Greeks a local mythology is often added to the general system; and Macrobius, Hyginus, and Ovid, differ from each other. In the Golden Legend may be seen, in the same manner, fanciful and arbitrary constructions of the attributes of the Romish saints."*

If this author had lived a few years longer he would have changed his opinion, and admitted the possibility of deciphering the hieroglyphics of Egypt. A great stride has been made towards the formation of a perfect code of interpretation; and I see no doubt but another age will complete the task.

The caduceus of Mercury was an evident manifestation of the same symbol; and Mercury was the Grecian Hermes. It consisted of a winged globe at the summit of a rod entwined with serpents. It is said to have been an emblem of peace, and originated in Hermes laying his rod, (which was in fact the Tautic cross, that, like the fabled Rod of Moses, had been transmitted from antediluvian times), between two serpents which were fighting, when they immediately became friends and twined themselves about the rod.†

* *Ind. Aut. vol. vi. p. 164.*
† Description. Egypt. Tom. iii. p. 34.
‡ Mal. iv. 2.
§ Seld. Arund. Marb. 133.

* *Encyc. Aut. vol. i. p. 126.*
† Another reason given for the existence of this power in the caduceus is, that the two serpents which surround it are Jupiter and Rhea.

Pacis et armorum superis imisque deorum,
Arbiter, alato qui pede carpit iter.

In this form they constituted a talisman, by the use of which divination was effected; and it is said to have possessed the power of raising the dead. These properties are easily accounted for, from the peculiar construction of the instrument. The same word in Hebrew, Greek, and Arabic—*nachash, oionizes, thai, alahat*—denotes both divination and a serpent; whence the serpent was in all ages considered to be the great vehicle of divination. And hence the Egyptian priests contrived a serpent of gold to deliver responses; and by means of machinery was made to move his head and eyes at their will, to the astonishment of the ignorant beholders.† The wings represent the air—swiftness—the means of penetrating to the regions of the dead; and the cross was the symbol of *life*. *Hence, then, the* globe, serpent, and wings, are again exhibited as a representation of the author and giver of life, or T.G.A.O.T.U.

The French savans of the last century, according to M. Portal,‡ allegorized this symbol as follows: "It is Iso, it is Jesus, Saviour of the world, and Son of Justice, that the Egyptians figured on all the gates of their temples; by which the Sun of Righteousness was designated. This approximation will doubtless appear strange to persons who forget that the Messiah is called by the Fathers of the Church the Sun, and the Good Serpent; that the Holy Ghost descended on the anointed of the Lord in the form of a dove; and finally that the globe, serpent, and wings, have precisely the same signification on the monuments of Thebes. Christians will here perceive confirmation of the prophecies to the truth of Christianity; of that divine religion which was announced to an isolated class, forgotten by the world, but, whose appearance was preceded by the expectation of the universe."

GROWLS FROM GRUMBLERS.

"GRUMBLE! I should think so," says Old Grunter, as he reads his paper in his well-cushioned easy chair, with his choice Cuba and a bottle of the "very old" before him; "what else can——Ah! a twinge! but I won't grumble at that. I'm only thankful its not gout——Another bang at that confounded street door! Christmas-boxes again—give 'em everything, give 'em the house—perhaps that will help to satisfy the sharks!"

Mr. W. Sykes has his own little grievance, as he mutters: "Why can't them Bobbies leave a quiet cove alone, when he on'y jest takes care of a poor little dawg what can't find no 'ome; the times is orful hard when they wants to grab a cove for comin' after his reward!"

"Do that again!" says old Crabface, rubbing his shin and glaring at his eldest, who coolly lifts up the heavy dining-room chair he has knocked over, nearly laming poor old Crab—"Serves me right for leaving that comfortable little cottage for all this empty show—another crash! those children will be through the floor directly."

"Blockhead!" growls Mr. Rasper, as the porter pushes him into the carriage and bangs the door on his heel, after he has waited at the beautifully ventilated station for the forty minutes behind-time train. "I should like to have porters ——"

"He might have sent a tenner," says young Fligham, as he opens his uncle's letter containing a five-pound note; "but he was always a sticker at trifles, and I ——"

Poor little Bloggins quietly bemoans his unhappy luck when he gets home, after falling down in trying to get out of the way of a Pickford's van he has got roundly abused by the carman, laughed at by the passers-by, and has also smashed the bottle of cheap sherry, and one of cheaper claret, he was carrying home in his coat-tail pockets wherewith to make merry (or ill) the two friends he invited to the little quiet dinner they have all been looking forward to for weeks.

"Disgusting dinner," says Mr. Shoddyswell (who usually dines off a chop when at home), after his six-course dinner (at tariff price) at the "Grand;" "I wonder people can tolerate —— "

[I am afraid we cannot tolerate any more of this enlivening matter at present—the state of the weather is too depressing.—ED.]

* Jno. vi. 537.
‡ Wheales' Architecture, Part v. p. 6.

GODFREY HIGGINS ON FREEMASONRY.

BY WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

THE title page of the book about which we desire to say a few words is as follows:

"Anacalypsis; an attempt to draw aside the Veil of the Saitic Isis, or an Enquiry into the origin of Languages, Nations and Religions. By Godfrey Higgins, Esq., F.S.A. F.R, Asiat. Soc.; F.R. Ast. S., of Skellow Grange near Doncastle. *Res verbis, et verba accendunt lumina rebus.* London: Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green & Longman, Paternoster Row 1836."

It is an exceedingly scarce work, owing to the author having under-estimated the number of his readers, and a copy rarely occurs for sale, for which reason the price asked by the booksellers is generally much beyond the means of ordinary students. The first number of a reprint has lately been published, and deserves success. The sale, however, is so slow, and the publication of the various parts (some sixteen) partaking of the same character, that we fear several years must elapse before the edition is completed. To enable the reading portion of the Craft to have an adequate notion of the work, we have examined the two large volumes most carefully, transcribed all the references to Freemasonry, and patiently weighed the various statements affecting the Craft and its History (which are scattered in rich profusion over the volumes), so we hope the present sketch of the contents will not prove either uninteresting or without value to our numerous readers.

Strange to say, but little is known of the "Anacalypsis" by Masons generally, and no extended notice of the work has hitherto been written by a member of the Craft! Doubtless its theological, astrological and abstruse character has had something to do with its being avoided by the general run of Masonic students, and yet there is scarcely a book which has been written, not on Masonry exclusively, which will better repay a diligent and thorough perusal. The *Preface* is by the author, and in it his life is graphically described. He was led through a severe illness to turn his attention "to serious matters," and extended subsequently his enquiries into the origin of nations, languages and religions, forming the resolution to devote "six hours a day to this pursuit for ten years." Instead, however, of so doing, he says of himself, "I believe I have, upon the average, applied myself to it for nearly *ten* hours daily for almost *twenty* years. In the first *ten* years of my search, I may fairly say, I found nothing which I sought for; in the latter part of the *twenty*, the quantity of matter has so crowded in upon me that I scarcely know how to dispose of it."* The first volume is dated May 1, 1833, though the title-page bears the same year (1836) as the second volume. The latter the author did not live to see printed, for he died on the 9th of August, 1833, a few days after having placed the M.S. in the hands of his son and executor, for the editor and printer, Mr George Smallfield, of London. In fact, the learned author only lived to revise the first four sheets of the second volume. There were but 200 copies of the "Anacalypsis" issued, as Bro. Higgins felt that "a taste for deep learning among us is fast declining," and that "a few philosophers are all that I ever expect to read my work."

Of Freemasonry, he says, "The designed effect of all Masonic initiation is to render a man more virtuous—consequently, more happy. A perfect Mason, if such a thing could be, must be a perfect Buddist, a perfect Jew, a perfect Christian, a perfect Mohammedan."

We cannot but agree with this definition, for whilst Freemasonry is *unsectarian*, its oldest charge under the *modern* system, forcibly acknowledges the foregoing by declaring that the Fraternity should "*seek, by the purity of their own lives, to demonstrate the superiority of the religion they may profess.*" Also that a "Mason is particularly bound never to act against the *dictates of his conscience.*" Were all craftsmen actuated by such motives, we need not fear any opposition to our Society from *without*, for so long as we are *pure within*, no other danger can permanently affect us.

But we must speak of the work before us, and so present our next extract:—

* This fact doubtless accounts for the want of systematic arrangement which marks the style of the work.

"On the ruins of Mundore may be seen various mystic emblems, as the quatrefeuille, the cross, the mystic triangle, the triangle within a triangle, etc. Col. Tod says, 'Among ancient coins and medals, excavated from the ruins of Oojein and other ancient cities, I possess a perfect series with all the symbolic emblems of the *twenty-four* Apostles. The compound equilateral triangle is among them; perhaps there were Masons in those days among the Pali (*i. e.*, the Philistines of the Indian Gaza—and of Gaza, a few miles from Solomon's temple in Western Syria).' So, my good friend, Col. Tod, you are surprised that there should be masonic emblems upon the ruins of Mundore. . . . But though this may surprise you, it will not surprise his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, or any Mason of high degree. HE MAY SAY NO MORE. Yet he will venture to add, that though much of the learning of that ancient Order remains, much is lost and much may yet be recovered. But it is not every Apprentice or Fellow-Craft who knows all the secrets of the Order." (P. 519, vol. 1.)

Bro. Higgins, we find, was a Royal Arch Mason, but he did not penetrate *beyond*, so, evidently, he considered that position to be one of "*high degree.*" n a note to same page, the author asks:—

"Brother Mason, what do you know of Solomon's temple? Here are the word Almug in Synastrene and the masonic emblems in Mundore—the town of Cycles or Cyclopes. Be assured the wood was carved for certain sacred parts of the building, and by Freemasons, too. Probably all the fourteen temples of Solomon, of which we read, were partly constructed of this sacred wood, and by Freemasons, too."

At pages 652-3 is also the following:

"When I wrote the CELTIC DRUIDS I was not a Mason. It is no secret (*i.*, *e*,, the Mystic Temple); and, as Col. Tod has observed, is found with other masonic emblems, or probably the oldest building in the world, the Cyclopæn walls of Mundore. Did Masonry arise during the building of these walls? . . . Why do the priest-led monarchs of the Continent persecute Masonry? Is it because they are not entrusted with its secrets; or because their priests cannot make it subservient to their base purposes? All these questions I may ask, gentle reader; but *all* I may not answer."

It is impossible to follow the author wherever he leads us without requiring much more space than we should like to occupy at present, so we must content ourselves with giving the extracts in many cases, and leaving them to the consideration of our readers, in the hope, however, to examine them carefully as time permits.

With respect to the question of secrecy, Bro. Higgins ably proves the *esoteric* character (as also, of course, *exoteric* ceremonies for the public) of all ancient religions, and declares:

"The heads of the church must now see very clearly, if they were to confess what *cannot be denied*, that (if the most learned and respectable of the early fathers of the church are to be believed) Christianity contained a secret religion, that the populace would not consent to be kept in the dark. But whether the secret doctrine be lost or not, *it is a fact* that it was the faith of the first Christian fathers, admitted by themselves, that there was such a secret doctrine, and before I have done, I will prove it clearly enough." (Vol. 1, p. 647.)

No religion, scarcely, is omitted to be examined in the "Anacalypsis," if it has any ancient traditions or history at all, but, of course, however interesting and curious the enquiry may be, it would not be one quite suited to the columns of a Masonic magazine, especially when it is remembered that Freemasonry is unsectarian. Were it admissible, we should have occasion to state several objections to many of the author's views as to Christianity, just as the editor of the *second* volume felt compelled to do. But, withal it cannot but be acknowledged that there are hidden springs of wisdom in this singular work, which would be wholly unobserved by the casual reader, but which are most suggestive to the reflective masonic student.

Those interested in the history of the *Knights Templars* will not fail to examine the following respecting that warlike and Christian body of men. How far the Templars were connected with the operative masonic societies of their time appears to us imposible now to decide, for we

literally know nothing of the Craftsmen at the period when the warlike Knights were in the ascendancy, and certainly after the persecution of the latter, we have not apparently any evidence that their secret ceremonies were preserved by the Freemasons. We give the author's view as to the character of that celebrated military order:

"In the persecutions of the Knights Templars, which are known to everybody, a certain mystification and secrecy may be observed, as if the whole of the charges against them were not brought publicly out. This arose from various causes. The persecuted were really very religious, and were bound by the most solemn masonic oaths (and Masonry was intimately connected with these matters) not to divulge the secrets of the Order. This caused them to recant at the stake, when all hope had fled, what they had confessed when on the wheel; and by this means they endeavoured to make amends for the secrets betrayed, and the oaths involuntary broken on the rack." (P. 689, vol. 1.)

The author considers also that if the secret mysteries of the Christian religion "were told by any traitor, so many other false stories were told along with the true ones, that their secrecy is by this means most effectually secured, . . . probably like those of the Freemasons."

His opinion is "that the cause of the crusades, in which the Knights Templar took such an active part, was the expectation of the Millenium, the desire to be present at Jerusalem at the grand day when the Son of Man should come in His glory—the great day of God Almighty. *Here we have the real reason of the crusades.* . . . It is very certain that the Ishmalians, or Society of Assassins, is a Mohammedan sect; that it was at once both a military and religious association, like the Templars and Teutonic Knights; and that, like the Jesuits, it had its members scattered over extensive countries. It was a link which connected ancient and modern Freemasonry. (P. 700, vol. 1.) The Templars were nothing but one branch of Masons; perhaps a branch to which the care of some peculiar part of Temples was entrusted, and I think that the name of Templars was only another name for Casideans. . . . In the very highest orders of Freemasons, viz., the Templars and Rosicrucians, as I imagine them to be, there is no emblem more sacred than the cross. Here I stop. *Verbum sapienti.* Mr. Hammer has observed that the identity of the symbols of the Templars and of the Architectonici, by whom he means the Freemasons, are demonstrated. . . . In this I think he his perfectly correct. The Chaldeans and the Mathematicians, of whom we read in the Augustin age as being the fortune-tellers, or the magicians, or the judicial astrologers of the great men of the day in Rome, were, in fact, Freemasons, and of this the emblems above, copied from his work, in plate IV., are a sufficient proof. I need not tell any one, *whether Mason or not*, how large a space the history of the building of the Temple of Solomon occupies in the ceremonies of Masonry." (P. 712, vol. 1.)

Bro, Higgins says:

"The Templars had no objection to the Jewish Temple, for the same reason that the Mohammedan, the Jew, and the Christian sit down together, as I have with great pleasure experienced at a lodge or chapter of Freemasons. . . . If there be anything in their ceremonies to prevent this (*i. e.* the Rosicrucians and Templars), it is a heresy, and contrary to the spirit of their orders. Let them remember this: without Jew, that is *Judaite*, there is no Christian; without both Jew and Christian there is no Mohammedan." (P. 720, vol. 1,)

Bro. Higgins refrained from joining the Rosicrucians and Templars, that his tongue might not be tied or his liberty in writing abridged. He considers that they are the "Culdees" of Iona and the Crypt of York Minster, where the Grand Masonic Lodge of England was held.

Bro. Higgins also considers Free-Mason is PH-RE-P.H., the Coptic emphatic article and RE the sun, "Mason of the Sun." These are peculiar ideas and require a careful examination. He tells us:

"The very essence of Freemasonry is *Equality. All*, let their rank in life be what it may, when in the lodge, are brothers—brethren, with the Father at their head. No person can read the Evangelists and not see that this is correctly

Gospel Christianity. It is the Christianity of the Chaldees, of the Patriarchs, of Abraham, and of Melchizedek. Every part of Christianity refers back to Abraham, and it is all Freemasonry."

The foregoing is a sample of his assertions as to the Craft, and whilst he may have had a different view of the subject than the words appear to exhibit, we can only go by what is written, and from that standpoint, many of his notions are, to our mind, most crude and visionary. After quoting the earliest well-recorded lodge of Freemasons, according to Hammer's account, and which we do not understand, Bro. Higgins says:

"The striking similarity between Masonry and Pythagoreanism has been well pointed out by Mr. Clinch in his Essays on Masonry," and states that the best account which he has seen of Masonry "is in the Encyclopædia Londinensis *in voce* Masonry: though, as every Mason must see, it is not correct, and particularly respecting the York Masons. I think it may be discerned that there were several lodges of Freemasons in Britain, whose origin cannot be traced, but perfectly independent of each other, though now united under under one head—the Duke of Sussex—the old lodge at York, now extinct, being clearly the oldest, as far as can be traced. . . . Popular prejudice has supposed Freemasonry to have been invented in Scotland and to have travelled thence to France with the Stewart refugees. That the Scoth refugee Masons might establish lodges in France, I think very probable; but they were not then *new*; though perhaps not numerous or much known. I have no doubt that the Masons were Druids, Culidei, or Chaldei and Cassideans. The Chaldeans are traced downwards to Scotland and York, and the Masons backwards from this day to meet the Culidei at York. It has been observed that the Masons, and particularly the Templars, always held their lodges or chapters under the crypts of the cathedrals: of this I entertained no doubt. FROM A MASONIC DOCUMENT NOW IN MY POSSESSION, I can prove that no very long time ago, the Chaldees at York were Freemasons, that they constituted the *Grand Lodge* of England, and that they held their meetings in the crypt, under the grand cathedral of that city. The *circular* hapter house did very well for ordinary business, but the secret mysteries were carried on in the cryps." (Pp. 717-8, vol. 1.)

It is much easier to make statements than to prove their accuracy, and so the author of the foregoing would find, were he alive in the present day, and called upon to submit the evidence said to exist relative to the use of the Crypt of York Cathedral by the Chaldees of that city, and as to the constitution of the Grand Lodge of England, for we know that the one in London was not formed *until A.D.* 1717, and the rival Institution at York not before A.D. 1775.

The "*Assembly*" of the Ancient Freemasons at York City, of course, is quite another matter; the "Old Charges," from the 15th century, being quite sufficient proof of that fact, but we submit that neither Bro. Higgins nor any other brother has any right to call such a meeting by the name of a *Grand Lodge*, and even were it so (which it was not), that of itself would not confirm the statement as to the use of the Crypt by the Chaldees, of which not a particle of evidence exists.

The only time that the records speak of the Crypt of the Cathedral being used by any masonic body at York, was during the latter part of the last century. All the early assemblies of the ancient lodge which are recorded, and the meetings subsequently of the Grand Lodge from A.D. 1775, were generally held in the private houses of the members. Particulars as to several of these lodges may be found in our "Masonic Sketches and Reprints." In the following quotations from the "Anacalypsis," Bro. Higgins refers to the minute of the meeting in the Crypt, which is the only one known to be recorded, and which is to be found in the volume we discovered in London, and which has been sent by the Grand Lodge of England to the "York Lodge," as the major portion of the documents of the extinct Grand Lodge, is more carefully treasured by the members of the latter body in the seat of that ancient lodge. It commences in 1778 and ends A.D. 1781.

"After I had been led to suspect, from various causes, that the Culdees, noticed in the Notitia Monastica, in the last chapter, and there stated to have been found in

the Cathedral at York, were Masons, I searched the masonic records in London, and I found a document which, upon the face of it, seemed to show that that lodge, which was the Grand Lodge af all England, had been held under the Cathedral in the Crypt at York. In consequence of this I went to York, and applied to the only survivor of the lodge, who showed me, from the documents which he possessed, that the Druidical Lodge, or Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, or Templar Encampment, all of which it calls itself, was held for the last time in the Crypt, on Sunday, May 27, 1778. At that time the chapter was evidently on the decline, and it is since dead. From the books it appears to have claimed to have been founded by Edwin in the year 926. From a curious parchment document, formerly belonging to the lodge, and restored to it by Francis Drake, author of the Eboracum, as appears by anendorsementon the back of it signed by him, stating that it came from the Castle at Pontefract, it seems probable that, according to the tradition to that effect the ancient records of the lodge had been sent to that place for safety in the civil wars, as it is well known that many of the title-deeds of Yorkshire families at that time were, and on its destruction, were like them, destroyed or dispersed.

"Formerly, a contest arose among the Masons of England for the supremacy,—the lodge of Antiquity in London claiming it, and the York Lodge refusing to admit it. This was at last terminated by *an union* of the two parties, under the authority of the present Grand Master, his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. . . . . The documents from which I have extracted the above information respecting the York Masons, were given to me by — Blanchard, Esq., and transferred by me to the person who now possesses them, and with whom they ought most properly to be placed, *His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex.* It appears from the documents above named, that Queen Elizabeth became jealous of the York Masons, and sent an armed force to York to put them down. . . . . I do not pretend *absolutely to prove* that the Druidical Royal Arch Chapter, Lodge, or Encampment of the Temple of St. John at Jerusalem, or of the tabernacle of the temple of the HOLY WISDOM, as it calls itself, of Jerusalem, was actually the same as that of the Culdees of the monastica, but I think the presumption is pretty strong. What more the books contain may be only known to Masons, of high degree. But if I do not by mathematical demonstration, connect the Calidei, or Chaldeans, and Masons at York—I do it in the mathematici and Chaldæi at Rome. . . . However far back I search into history, I always find traces of the Chaldei, and this, not in one country only, but all over the world, I cannot help suspecting that they were correctly, Freemasons from India. . . . . To myself the truth of my theories has several times been proved in a manner the relation of which to such persons only as know me, and have a dependance on my integrity, will be of any weight. After I have, from a union of theory and reasoning and doubtful records, concluded that certain events must have taken place, I have afterward found proofs of another kind, that such events really did happen. The discovery of the Masons at York is an example of what I mean. I concluded that the Culdees of York must have been Masons, and must have held their meetings in the Crypt under the Cathedral. I examined the office in London. and I found a document, which not only proved what I have said, but showed that, as might from all circumstances be expected, it was the Grand Lodge of all England which was held there. Naming this to one of the oldest and most learned Masons in England, he told me he knew the fact very well, and that if I went to the Cathedral at York, and examined certain parts, I should find proof of what I conjectured." (Pp. 768-9, vol. I.)

(*To be continued.*)

WOMAN'S CHOICE — THE STORY OF A HERO.

CHAPTER II.

THE game of hard blows and unpleasant falls from horses, celebrated with all befitting solemnity at Ploermel, was ended, and the victor of the day, a very young knight, who wore his vizor down even after the lists were closed, stood listening to the proffers of several esquires, who tendered him ransom for their lords' steeds

and armour, when suddenly the Lord of Ploermel entered the tent followed by one of the defeated champions.

"Sir Knight," said De Ploermel, with a peculiar smile, and addressing the victor, "Sir Oliver du Guesclin, touched by your courtesy in returning to him unransomed his horse and armour, and admiring the singular prowess of so young a warrior, has begged me to present him to you, that he may offer his thanks and applause in person."

The young warrior bowed gracefully as the old knight was presented to him.

"Of a truth, young sir," said Du Guesclin, "the noble lord hath but spoken my true sentiments. I love valour, and honour the knightly skill which has, for nearly the first time in my life, vanquished me in the lists. I have a son, near, methinks, to your age. Would to Heaven he were of your rare promise! my grey hairs would then go down in peace to the grave."

The knight trembled, and silently raised his visor. Du Guesclin uttered a sharp cry, exclaiming: "My son! my Bertrand!" sprang forward, and caught the victor in his arms. The glory his son had won, by appealing to that master passion, his vanity, was sufficient to efface from the recollection of the old knight the misdemeanors of Bertrand's youth—greatly even as they had been magnified hy the subtle misrepresentations of his brother—and he not only pardoned him, but promised to restore him his lost bride, and would have had him return home at once, but the youth firmly refused.

"Claire du Val loves my brother," said Bertrand," and as you have now, sir, consented to their union, it would be both cruel and unjust to sever them. Her wealth will make him as rich as I shall be in my rightful and beloved inheritance of the Chateau de Guesclin, and his children will be also my heirs, for I shall henceforth seek no other mistress than Glory—a mistress that will be wooed by hard blows, not specious flatteries; but I cannot return and see Claire as the betrothed and the bride of another. Moreover, the Lord of Ploermel, who received me in my destitution, and was my true friend and counsellor, merits the devotion of my future life."

"Thou art altogether translated, Bertrand," sighed the old knight, in amazement; "thou canst preach like a grey friar now, as well as fight like an experienced knight; but I will not murmur. Come to thine home when thou wilt, boy, and thy mother and I will give thee a blithe welcome."

Thus the father and son parted.

Years passed away. Claire du Val wedded Guy *du Guesclin, and learned too late* that the abject spirit which crouches from motives of self-interest or fear will tyrannize where it may do so with impunity. She led a weary life with her wily and selfish consort, and many a sigh heaved her bosom as common fame bore to her ear the name—hallowed by a nation's enthusiasm—of Bertrand du *Guesclin*. While her lord, with the cunning of his base nature, vacillated during the English wars between Edward of England and Charles of France—despised and suspected by both—Bertrand's name was the watchword of his native land, and venerated by friend and foe. Many a minstrel told in the halls of his native Brittany how a princess had pledged her jewels and a king taxed his impoverished treasury for Bertrand du Guesclin's ransom; how at his call the robbers who ravaged the plains of France assembled beneath his banner and became disciplined soldiers and champions of suffering humanity, fighting against the monster monarch of Castile; how he had opposed injustice, even when exercised by the spiritual head of Christendom, and refused wealth drawn from the hard earnings of the oppressed peasantry. She heard all in silence, and dared not name her early lover to his brother, for jealousy of Bertrand's glory preyed like a vulture at the heart of Guy, inflicting on him, in very deed, the fabled tortures of Prometheus. But Claire had no right to murmur—she had chosen her own lot.

* * * * * * *

Eight-and-forty years had elapsed since the tournament at Ploermel, and a beleaguering army lay before the English fortress of Chateau-neuf-de-Randon. As bright a summer sun as that which had lighted young Du Guesclin from his home was now looking down in quiet splendour on the fair plains of Guienne; on the strong castle, and the white tents of the besieging army, over one of which the banner of France, half-hoisted, drooped heavily, the breezes not being sufficient to unfold it and display its golden lilies. A spell of

silence appeared to have been cast on camp and castle, for no noise of clashing arms, of loud and cheerful voices, or trumpet-calls, were heard in either. The only sound that broke the hot stillness of the summer air was the distant music of the lark as it soared into the depths of the blue sky. The brave defenders of the fortress were gloomy and desponding, for the day had dawned on which their gallant leader had pledged his honour (if by that time no succour came from tardy England) to surrender the keys of the town to the renowned Constable of France. But a heaver grief than that of the English was in the camp of the fleur-de-dis.

On a pallet facing the door of the tent distinguished by the royal banner, lay a white-haired, aged warrior; a sable coverlet was cast over his motionless form, and as the daylight stole through the canvass hangings and fell on the pale features, it showed that the repose in which he seemed hushed would be broken only by the *judgment trumpet—the Constable of* France was dead. Beside his couch stood a group of the flower of French chivalry, his pupils in the art of war, who gazed mournfully in each other's faces, and spoke in low tones, as if they feared to break that still repose, or, perchance, because they reverenced the grief of an old warrior who kneeled near the head of the corpse, and sobbed so heavily that the struggles of his grief convulsed his stalwart form; and he had cause to weep, for there lay the companion of his youth, his comrade in many a well-fought field, in captivity and in victory—and knowing this, his younger brethren in arms reverenced the tears of the strong man, the weakness of Oliver de Clisson.

Their murmured converse was however nterupted by a page, who entered softlyi and whispered to the chief personage of the standing group, Sir Walter de Villaret. He started, and replying instantly, "surely we may not refuse her," left the tent with the boy, and in a few moments returned, supporting and leading in an aged lady, clad in deep widow's weeds, and followed by two attendants.

Time had passed lightly over the lady's head, and the traces of the rare beauty of her youth were not yet all effaced. With instinctive delicacy the knights withdrew, leaving her with only Sir Oliver de Clisson, and her maidens. Her deep convulsive sobs roused the old warrior from his trance of woe, and he rose and gazed earnestly and pityingly upon her. She raised her head, and he recognised immediatly the theme of many a troubadour's lay in the days of yore—the once beautiful Claire du Val.

"Lady," said the old warrior mournfully, but kindly, "you may well weep! He who lies there in his last glorious sleep loved you with a rare constancy. For your sake he assumed the Red Cross of the Temple, and made Glory the sole mistress of his life."

"Alas! brave De Clisson," said the lady, "if you knew the heavy hours and harsh constraint that have been my penance for the woman's choice of my youth, you would confess I amply atoned for the violation of my troth. But he is at peace now, and I have long been and am forgiven."

Bending down, Du Guesclin's first and only love pressed her lips on the cold forehead of the dead. And what a rush of recollections came over the mind of the ancient lady, as she gazed sorrowfully on the companion of her childhood. She thought of the green woods of Brittany, were they had played together as children; of the halls of the old chateau, that had so often echoed to his gay laugh; of the lists of Ploermel, where he had given the first promise of his future glory; and, by an inevitable association, of her husband, of the gallant and handsome youth who had proved so false to his oft-repeated and honeyed flatteries.

De Clisson did not interrupt her reverie, for his own grief could find no comfort in words, and the silence was first broken by a trumpet-call without the camp, and the confused noise of eager footsteps and voices. The old knight, who by the death of the constable had succeeded to the chief command of the army, hurried forth to learn the cause of the disturbance.

"'Tis a flag of truce, *beau sire*, from the castle," said a knight who met him on the threshold; "the governor is come to surrender the keys, according to agreement."

The procession of the vanquished and diminished garrison was indeed approaching. The governor of the fortress held in one hand his drawn sword, in the other the keys of the town he had bravely and

vainly defended; his knights followed him in moody silence. De Clisson greeted them with stately courtesy, and their leader stepping forward, addressed him with the frank boldness of demeanour peculiar to his country.

"Sir Oliver de Clisson," he said, "we have heard, and with regret, that the glorious spirit of the brave Du Guesclin has passed to its last account. There be those who would fain have persuaded me, when the tidings reached us in our stronghold, that our pledge to surrender this day, if succour came not, was rendered null and void by the death of him to whom it was pledged. But Heaven and St. George forbid that an Englishman should fail of his word to a dead or living foe! I will fulfil my pledge—but to Guesclin only! Lead me therefore, to his tent, that he may receive in death the keys he won nobly by his valour when living."

With brief but heartfelt thanks for the chivalrous honour thus paid to the memory of this hero, the companion of the constable conducted the brave Englishman to the tent of death. Claire du Val withdrew with her maidens into an obscure corner as they entered, from whence she could behold the closing scene in the career of her rejected and immortal lover. The English warrior advanced, and gazed with a reverent and saddened expression on the calm face of the dead.

"Constable of France," he said, after a short pause, and in a clear, mellow voice, "I pledged thee my knightly word that if succour came not from England I would this day at noon, resign to thee the keys I have retained so long as mortal valour and endurance might. To thee alone, of all the chivalry of France, would I have made that promise! It is honourable to be vanquished by a hero, even in death. Behold, I redeem my pledge. There lie the keys of King Edward's fair castle and town of Chateau-neuf-de-Randon," and he placed them on the cold hand of the corpse. "Fare thee well, brave knight and true; Victor even in death! Thy country will have a heavy miss of thee!"

He turned away sadly, and with a courteous parting salutation to the French knights who had gazed in proud silence on this singular scene. Thus closed the life of a hero.

ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP.

BY HARRIET ANNIE.

Whence come these pilgrims toiling on?
Up, upward still they go,
Till half a league at length they reach,
Above the ocean's flow.
Upon the granite rock they group,
Around their altar stand,
As with the signs of Masonry,
They clasp each other's hand.

Above the blue, unfettered sky,
Two thousand feet below,
The city with its human hearts,
Chequered with joy and woe.
Above the glorious light of day,
The graceful cloudlets roll,
And the glories of that other Light,
Lit up each Mason's soul.

Out to the rustling summer wind,
A snow white flag they throw,
And the peasant heard the brethren cheer,
In the valley far below.
The glittering spires flashed and danced
Like lightning in the blast,
While rolling as a silver flood,
The rushing tides swept past.

What gained you by that bold ascent,
Men of the Mystic Craft?
You learnt that the Grand Architect
Needs not *oar*, beam or shaft.
That borderings of "pure lily work"
Wreathe where man never trod,
Beauty and strength dwell in his house,
The Universe of God.

Was your Inner Guard that boulder vast,
Cradled by thunder shock?
Did you set a Tyler at the door,
Of that unyielding rock?
Missed you the wonted garniture,
As in that Lodge room fair,
Three hundred to your Order true,
Bowed solemnly in prayer?

What gained you by that bold ascent,
To the eagle's native clime?
Carved in the everlasting hills,
Traced you the hand of time?
You looked above in wondering awe,
At Nature's treasures rare,
You looked below with warmer pulse,
For hearts you love beat there.

Did not your spirits soar on high.
Toward the pure sky above?
Did ye not drink a deeper draught,
From springs of deathless love?
Did Faith, and Hope, and Charity
Speak of their height and and breadth,
Swept by no thoughts that bore you past
The floods of time and death?

The sun sinks in the glowing West,
As down the mountain slope,
The festive bands now take their way,
With words of cheer and hope.
Each bore a scrap of granite rough,
A relic of the day,
When Nevada sent three hundred sons
On her mountain top to pray.

THE SPRIG OF ACACIA.

BY BRO. REV. WILLIAM TEBBS.

SADLY, in the growing dusk, do the blossoms of the Acacia fall around me as I stretch forth my hand to pluck the sprig hanging by a mere shred of bark to the branch that gave it birth; sorrowful are the associations that crowd through my mind as the snowy petals shower over me, for they speak to me of a life running rapidly to its close.

Eagerly did I watch in their first shooting forth these beauteous products of nature's hand; and many and many a time did I reckon on enjoying their fragrant loveliness—but a few short days and they have done their allotted work, and are now hastening to decay.

And here, as I stand, beneath the falling bloom, I muse upon my own career. What a little while it seems to me now, that I was only budding into being, and giving sweet promise of a life, fragrant with good works, to those who gave me existence, and who nurtured my tender youth. Where are they? Returned, like these blossoms, to their mother-earth! And I? Well, hurrying to follow in their footsteps! And where is the fragrance of good that I promised in my early youth? Well nigh past and gone! And whither? Well! where is the fragrance of these tender blossoms gone? Only God knows this! and only He, the other!

But of this I am assured, that each, if it shall have ever had existence, has done its work, and shall in no-wise be forgotten.

As thus pensively I muse, the sweet scent of a blossom hanging yet late upon its bough steals over my senses, and with it crowd into my mind's eye mental visions of a dim and distant past. I seem to behold a mother watching by the cradle of her infant son—the only treasure that is left her now that her husband has been called to his rest—and tenderly she trims the infant's couch with the self-same boughs and blossoms that have decked his father's tomb, and as the scent of the dying flowers ascends, so, together with it, goes up that mother's prayers for the orphan's future good to the Father of the Fatherless and the lone widow's Friend.

One of these slips, I see, takes root, and as it grows and increases in age and size, so grows that little one in stature, increasing daily in goodly knowledge and fair wisdom. Time speeds on. The slip becomes a sapling, the sapling a tree; the child a youth, the youth becomes a man; and ere the widowed mother dies, none can excel, in all proud Tyre's fair city, the widow's son.

Swiftly wings my mind on its onward course, and I behold young Hiram idolised by his fellows, and rapidly advanced by his monarch to one post of honour after another, until his kingly namesake sends him to exercise his craft in building, for a neighbouring ruler, a Temple for the Most High.

The Temple is completed and dedicated, and the youthful architect is just reaping the well-merited reward of his labour, bestowed by the gracious favour of the brother monarchs, when he revisits the home of his childhood and his father's grave. Before he goes he snatches from the tree, which has grown with his growth, one little branch as a memento of bygone times, and then he wends his way half-sorrowing, half-rejoicing, to the triumph of his art. Scarcely has he entered its portals when he is bidden, by certain of his envious fellows, to share with them his mystic recompense. Faithful to his trust he refuses, and rather gives back, into his Heavenly Father's hand, his life, than sully by a traitorous act—his rectitude of soul. Refusal brings death; death to his cowardly assailants, the necessity of concealment; and the Sprig of Acacia, plucked from the father's tomb, marks the unhallowed grave of the murdered son.

Sorrow fills the monarch's heart at Hiram's disappearance; fellows and craftsmen seek him far and wide, and, at last, the Acacia points out where lies the beloved dead, soon to be raised by the Grand Master's hand.

Then is done of honour all that remains by mortal hands, and within the Temple, planned by his own right hand, the self-erected monument of his own transcendant genius, is laid in hallowed rest the earthy frame of Hiram, the widow's son of Tyre.

Sad circumstance of death, yet not without its fruits; for, as the fragrance of the last-falling bloom pervades the evening air, my thoughts revert to my own eventide of life, when I can behold my mourning brethren casting into my last resting-place of earth such sprigs of Acacia as I hold within my hand; and I recognise that as Hiram's light has illuminated this sorrowful passage of my soul, so may mine, feeble and dim though it may be now, serve to light home over the dark road of life, and through the dark valley of the shadow of death, some weaker brother; and thus, even as I pale and sicken and fall, my fragrance, waning as to earth, may go up as incense to my Father's throne on high, and whilst my brethren peacefully commit my body to its resting-place in God's acre, in His own good time my Omnipotent and Omniscient Grand Master will raise it to abide for ever in His presence in the Temple above, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

THE SITE OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE DISCOVERED.

(*Continued from page* 295).

WIDTH OF TEMPLE AREA—BIBLE MEASURES.

THE outline structure of the Area was as follows. It consisted of two main platforms, or courts, and two ranges of steps or ascents. The first platform was the Court of Israel, and the second was the Court of Priests. In reality, the uppermost platform was divided into two equal halves. On the western half was placed the Temple itself and surroundings, and the eastern half in front was strictly called the Court of Priests, with the Altar of burnt-offering in the centre. The first range of seven steps led up to the Court of Israel, and the second range of eight steps led up to the Court of Priests. Each range of steps was 50 cubits from top to bottom, and the level platform between the two ranges was also 50 cubits wide all round the area. The two ranges of steps, also, went round the whole of the four sides of the quadrangular Courts.—Ezekiel xl.

East Porch of steps.....50 cubits, v. 15.
North ,, ,, ...50 ,, v. 21.
South ,, ,, ...50 ,, v. 21.

Inner and upper range of steps:

South Porch of steps .....50 cubits, v. 29.
East ,, ,, ...50 ,, v. 33.
North ,, ,, ...50 ,, v. 36.

Outer gate to inner gate:

Eastern entrance ....100 cubits, v. 19.
Northern ,, ...100 ,, v. 23.
Southern ,, ...100 ,, v. 27.

From these measures it is evident that from the outer wall to the edge of the uppermost platform or court there was a distance of $50 + 50 + 50 = 150$ cubits all around the Temple Area, on every side: the intervening platform, or level between the two ranges of steps, being only 50 cubits, forming the Court of Israel. The upper pavement was 200 cubits wide, and the western half of 100 cubits was covered by the House or Temple and its surroundings.

"So he measured the court (of the House or Temple) 100 cubits long and 100 cubits broad, four square: and the altar that was before the house."—Ezek. xl. 47; see also xli. 13, 14.

The breadth of the House was 100 cubits, or half the width of the pavement or platform. On either side of the House were chambers, each storey being 50 cubits wide in front.—Ezek. xliii.

The breadth was 50 cubits, v. 2.
The forefront was 50 cubits, v. 7.
The breadth was 50 cubits, v. 8.
South side like the north, v. 11.

Thus, the width of the upper platform was $50 + 100 + 50 = 200$ cubits. We can now obtain the total width of the Temple Area: $150 + 200 + 150 = 500$ cubits, from outer wall to outer wall. But, if the platform or Court of Israel be taken as the limit—not including the steps or ascent its width would be $100 + 200 + 100 = 400$ cubits only. This is what Josephus means when he says:

"The hill was walled all round and in compass four fourlongs (or 1,600 cubits), each angle containing in length a furlong (or 400 cubits)."—"Antiq." xv. 11, 5.

This estimate merely includes the wall built up to the edge of the platform or Court, and does not include the width of space for the range of steps forming the ascent, which added another 50 cubits on each side, making the total width 500 cubits from eastern outer wall of inclosure to western outer wall. The actual centre of this Area was at the middle of the little gateway in front of the steps leading to the Grand Porch of the Temple, or between the fore front of the two brazen pillars, Jachin and Boaz. The distance from this position to the outer inclosure wall on any side was 250 cubits = 369·26122 ft., or half the diameter of the Temple Area.

Now, when Mr. Beswick measured the distance of the Apex of the Sakhra, as now found in the Mosque of Omar, from the western wall of the Haram as a base of verification, he found it exactly 250 cubits = 369 ft. 3.13 inches, which is the identical distance given in the Bible, of the central spot in the Temple Area from its western side. This is the leading test and the simplest, because it admits of direct verification by any one who will take the trouble. And it is only one out of a hundred tests, all depending upon the same base of verification, and placed beyond dispute by making it purely a numerical proof independent of all theory.

THE LEADING TEST OF THIS DISCOVERY.

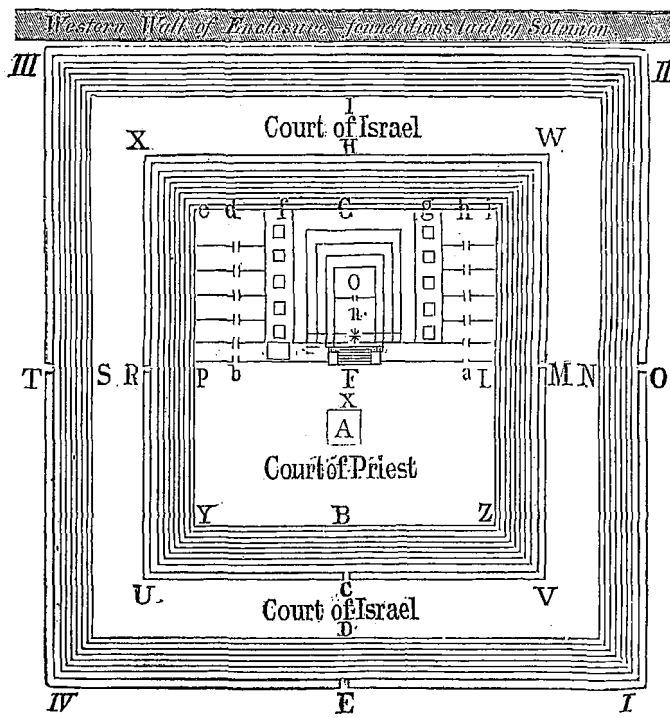
Mr. Beswick's leading test is the distance of the Old Rock as a central station from the west wall of the Haram as a base line of verification. The gate to the Porch of Solomon's Temple was 250 cubits = 269·26 feet from the western wall; and this was the Central Spot in the Old Temple Area. Mr. Beswick measured the distance of the Sakhra from the western wall to see how far it could be identified with "the top of the mountain" where Ezekiel (chap, xliii. 12) said the Temple and its Area were placed, and which is given as the Law of the House as to its site. The principal entrance to the Kubbat as Sakhra is on the west side through a deserted Bazaar. He measured the distance from the gate-way, Bab el Katinin, to the steps of the platform, and found it 102 cubits = 150·658 ft,; from bottom of steps to outer side of Bab al Gharby Gate, 78 cubits = 115.21 ft.; from thence to outer side of the Mosque wall, or to the side-post of doorway, 6 cubits = 8.86227 ft.; thickness of wall 4 cubits = 5.9 ft.; inside face of wall to the western vertical edge of the Sakhra, 45 cubits = 66.467 ft.; thence to the proper front of the rock, 15 cubits = 22.1557 ft.; total distance from the Gateway of the Bath, or western wall, to the proper vertex or apex of the Sakhra, 250 cubits = 369·26 ft. This is exactly the distance of the central spot in the Old Solomonic Temple Area from the western wall, and from any one of the four sides of the court of Israel in the days of King Solomon. And this leading test proves that the top of the mountain in Solomon's day, and the modern Sakhra now in the Dome of the Rock of Jerusalem occupied the same identical position as a central station, and are at the same distance from the western wall—the measurement being absolutely identical, 250 cubits = 469·26ft.

MEASUREMEENTS OF COURTS IN SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

Stations.	*Cubits.*	*Feet.*
G	85	= 125·54881
H	135	,, 199·40105
I	185	,, 273·95330
K	235	,, 347·10554
F	15	,, 22·15567
A	45	,, 66·46702
B	115	,, 169·86016
C	165	,, 243·71240
D	215	,, 317·56465
E	265	,, 391·41689
FP	100	,, 147·70449
PR	50	,, 73·85324
RS	50	,, 73·85324
ST	50	,, 73·85324
FL	100	,, 147·70449
LM	50	,, 73·85324
MN	50	,, 73·85324
NO	50	,, 73·85324
TO	500	,, 738·5324
PL	200	,, 295·40897
BG	200	,, 225·40897
SN	400	,, 590·81795
DI	400	,, 590·81795
TO	500	,, 738·5324
EK	500	,, 738·5324
PE	250	,, 369·26122
FK	250	,, 369·26122
MR	300	,, 443·11436
VW	300	,, 443·11436
VU	300	,, 443·11436
I IV	500	,, 738·5324
I II	500	,, 738·5324

Stations.	*Cubits.*	*Feet.*
xG	130 ,,	192·01584
GH	50 ,,	73·85324
HI	50 ,,	73·85324
IK	50 ,,	73·85324
xB	70 ,,	103·39314
BC	50 ,,	73·85324
CD	50 ,,	73·85324
DE	50 ,,	73·85324
EK	500 ,,	738·5324
xF	30 ,,	44·31134
FG	100 ,,	147·70449
bd	100 ,,	147·70449
ah	100 ,,	147·70449
bF	75 ,,	110·77836
Fa	75 ,,	110·77836
Fo	65 ,,	96·00791
Ko	185 ,,	273·95330
xA	20 ,,	29·54089
AF	50 ,,	73·85324
ef	50 ,,	73·85324
gi	50 ,,	73·85324

As the entire width of the Temple Area in Solomon's day was 500 cubits, its half would be 250 cubits, which would be the distance of the centre, where the easterly *facade* of the pillars and porch stood. The Moslem Rock, Sakhra, is at precisely the same distance, 250 cubits from the western wall; so that the centre of the Temple Courts and the Old Rock, Sakhra, occupy precisely the same site. All horizontal distances are made parallel with the base line formed by the western wall of the Haram Inclosure, and all perpendicular distances from this base line are made parallel with the standard line drawn from the Sakhra perpendicular to the western wall. The western wall is Mr. Beswick's base line, by which the length of all east and west walls are measured; and the line joining the Old Rock with this base is his first standard offset by which all north and south sides of the pavements and courts are measured. And if all other measurements agree with this location of the base line, and of the Old Rock as a central station, the demonstration of this identity of site



is certain and complete. And such is the actual fact. Mr. Beswick has tested every measurement on the spot; evidences of the pavements having extended to given distances from the Sakhra are to be found on all four sides of the Haram. His leading test is therefore complete. The Temple Area in Solomon's day was a quadrangle, whose four sides were each 500 cubits in length, outside measure; but the pavement or court without the ascending steps was only 400 cubits in width. The Sakhra was the central core of the whole Temple Area, of the upper quadrangular pavement, and of every other quadrangular pavement beneath it. It was 100 cubits from each of the four sides of the upper pavement, 200 cubits from the sides of the lower pavement, and 250 cubits from the Inclosure Wall. And all these measures accord with the levels, scarpings, and contour plan of the whole rocky surface as it is now seen in the Haram. If all the platforms and courts of the Temple could be taken together and placed upon the rocky surface of the Haram as one entire whole, it would fit upon that rocky surface as upon a mold. The rocky contour is simply the bare outline or foundation plan of the Temple pavements or courts.

SAKHRA CUT TO THE LEVELS OF THE TEMPLE COURTS.

The surface of the Sacred Rock Moriah bears the marks of rough chiselling, and of having been cut down to suit a given level which has once covered it with either wood or stone. Captain Wilson, of the Royal Ordnance Survey, says of the Sakhra: "The surface of the rock bears the marks of hard treatment and rough chiselling. On the western side it is cut down in three steps, and on the northern side in an irregular shape, the object of which could not be discovered." The first vertical cutting is 1·8463 ft., then a sudden slope of 1·969 ft., and another vertical cutting of 5·4158 ft. The step formed by this last cutting forms the basement of rock upon which the mosaic floor of the mosque rests. This slope and cutting are equal to 1·9694 + 5·4158 = 7·3852 ft. The first level of 2,423·38 ft. (above the Mediterranean), on which the mosque platform rests, was the level of that grand ascent of steps outside of the Courts of Solomon's Temple, which the Queen of Sheba so much admired. It was the entrance level to the Court of Israel. The second level on which the marble pavement of the mosque itself rests (2,430·647 ft.), was the level of the pavement or uppermost level of the Court of Israel; and the third level, or highest vertical step on the apex of the Sakhra (2,438·1535 ft.) below the sloped cutting of 1·9694 ft., was the level of the upper pavement or Court of Priests in Solomon's Temple. The marble pavement of the mosque, according to Mr. Beswick's measurement, is 4·8 ft. lower than the apex of the rock, with a level of 2,435·1996 ft. above the Mediterranean Sea. The rock underneath has a level of 2,430·7683 ft., and the marble pavement was found by measurement to be 3 cubits (4·4311 ft.) deep. The vertical cutting of the rock is about one foot (0·9847 ft.) greater than the depth of pavement, so that the slope and cutting are 7·3852 ft. The sheik of the mosque said that the Moslems have a tradition that the Sakhra hangs in the air 7 ft. above the general level of the Sanctuary; so the Moslem fanatics turn the fact to good account, that the rocky level under the mosque pavement is exactly 7·3852 ft. higher than the general level of the Haram near the platform.

The top of the Sakhra has a level of 2,440 ft. Its western side has evidently been cut down into three steps at the successsve depths of 1·8463, 7·3852, and 22·1556 ft.; or to the three successive levels 2,408·612, 2,430·768, and 2,438·1535 ft., corresponding with the levels of the three courts or platforms. The *first* stepping was the general level of the Temple Area outside of the courts, which afterwards became the level of the Gentile Court. The *second* stepping was the level of the Court of Israel. The *third* and highest stepping was the level of the Court of Priests, on which the Temple itself stood. The *three* vertical cuttings of this apex of the Old Rock correspond to the successive heights of these three courts or platforms, the total height being 1·846 + 7.385 + 22·155=31·388 ft., which is the height of the apex above the general level of the rock around the outer sides of the Haram Inclosure (or 2,440 + 2,408·612=31·388 feet). This remarkable fact cannot be mere coincidence. In short, the rock all around is cut and scarped and sloped down as if

to a pattern, and made to take the general shape of the Temple Area, having its sudden slopes exactly where the steps and ascents to the two courts were, and now are found at exactly the same distances from the Sakhra as a central spot or station. The outline of the whole Rocky Area is the same as the general outline of the whole Temple Area, platform with platform, and slopes with ranges of steps.

From the Sakhra to the south-west angle of the Haram there is a dip of 140 ft.; to the south-east angle 160 ft.; to the north-east angle a dip of 120 ft. The ridge of the Sakhra slopes to the Triple Gate in the south wall 60ft. in 400, or one in 6·5 ft. To the north it slopes to a natural valley, the head of which has the same level as the Court of Gentiles. The rock, in fact, has been cut down and sloped all around the Sakhra as a CENTRAL CORE to the shape and levels of the pavement or courts. A contour has been given to it, with levels to fit and agree with the height and levels of the Temple Area. These are the results of a careful and systematic survey, and the contour maps of the Palestine Ordnance Survey confirm these results. Around the Sakhra the rock slopes away gradually on every side. On the north-west the rock has a fall of about 20 ft. in 600; on the north a fall of 20 ft. in 400; on the east a fall of 40 ft. in 400; and on the south a fall of 30 ft. in 600. There is no other in the Haram, nor on the ridge of the spur of Moriah, where so much labour would be saved in the erection of such a Temple Area as round about this pinnacle and crown of the mountain.

(To be continued.)

TOGETHER.

BY MARY W. MCVICAR.

We gathered roses when the days
  Of June wore all their pomp and pride,
And down her sunny, smiling slopes
  We went together side by side.

We thought not then how roses fade,
  Nor yet how deep their thorns may sting;
But dreamed from Spring-time buds of hope,
  Tmie mustfulfilment's fruitage bring.

With sorrow we have since clasped hands,
  With bitter pain and cankering care;
But yet, together, love unchanged,
  So life seemed very good and fair.

Together we have shared our joys,
  Together shared both pain and tears,
Yet ever burned our altar fires
  Undimmed, as in those far-off years.

Together, so the darkest cloud
  Wore one bright star upon its breast;
And to our final rest, God grant
  We pass together at the last.

MAY CHEPWORTH: A CLEVELAND SKETCH.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

BY MRS. G. M. TWEDDELL (FLORENCE CLEVELAND),

Authoress of "Rhymes and Sketches to illustrate the Cleveland Dialect," &c.

"'Tis a stern and startling thing to think
  How often mortality stands on the brink
  Of its grave without any misgiving:
And yet in this slippery world of strife,
In the stir of human bustle so rife,
There are daily sounds to tell us that Life
  Is dying, and Death is living!"
THOMAS HOOD, THE ELDER.

NEAR a neat rustic village in Cleveland, some forty years ago, there resided a sturdy old farmer, named John Chepworth, who was a widower, with three daughters, the eldest of whom was called May.

And a pretty, sweet girl she was.

Her father said, that it was owing to her being born when the hawthorn was in bloom, and everything about them was so sweet and beautiful; for, as she had her name from the month she was born in, she must have got her sweetness from its flowers. However this might be, she was a kind and loving daughter to him, and did her best to fill up the place left vacant by her mother. She took especial care of her younger sisters, and also the sole management of her father's household, and he was in the habit of calling her his *right hand.*

From no dairy in the neighbourhood came sweeter butter than that made by the hands of pretty May; and in all the mysteries of cooking she was a perfect adept. All the family looked up to her if they were in want of anything.

Her father often said he did not think he could have survived her mother's death but for his darling girl; and if ever she left them, he was sure they would lose the brightest month out of their calendar altogether.

And she would laughingly reply—

"I have not gone yet, dear father! I love you all too well to leave you. Besides, who do you think would take me?"

"Well, well, my girl," he would say, "we shall see, we shall see."

Time wore on, and dealt very gently with May and all the family, till she was twenty years of age. During the summer of that year, May went on a visit to some relations, who resided at a pleasant little village on the coast. And a delightful change it was to her, to wander by the sea, and to rest from her houshold cares.

During some of these rambles, she was attended by a young tradesman of the village, who was a great friend of the family she was visiting: and doubly pleasant were the walks to her when Frank Heatherston was her companion.

He was a brave, noble-hearted, young fellow, and his attention to May had been very marked ever since her arrival. But this gave no uneasiness to her friends; for they thought him a man, in all respects, calculated to make her a good husband, if it should come to that at last. And they said, they were sure that May would bring sunshine into anybody's house.

But all days, whether pleasant or gloomy ones, must come to an end; and a letter to May, from her father, fixed the time for her return.

The night before her departure, Frank and May extended their walk further than usual, for they were very loath to lose each other's company. And there, by the sea shore, with the moon shining serenely above them, they exchanged their vows of love. They promised to write frequently to each other, and May was to disclose her secret to her father on the first convenient opportunity.

There was great joy at home on the day she returned. The best parlour was bedecked with flowers; and father and sisters went out to meet her, little thinking that a rival to them had taken possession of her heart.

Cheerfully she resumed her post as mistress of the household; and all were glad to have her amongst them once more in renewed health and spirits.

She soon received the promised letter from Frank, in which he said he would very much like to go over to her home, and have a ramble with her on the Cleveland Hills, as he had often heard of their great beauty, but had never been near to them in his life. Would she ask her father if he might be allowed to visit them, and have his wish gratified?

May carefully considered it over all day, and at night, when her father took his accustomed seat in the chimney corner before retiring to rest, she timidly said she had a favour to ask him.

"Ask away, my girl!" said he, "and, if I can grant it, you may be sure I will."

So she told him that a young man, whom she had met with at her cousin's during her late visit, had written to ask if he might be allowed to visit at their house, so that he might climb the Cleveland Hills, for he had often heard of their great beauty.

She thought it best to tell him this, for she knew how very proud he was of his native hills, which are, indeed, most beautiful.

The old man paused for a few minutes, and then said—

"Are you sure, my girl, that it is only the hills he wishes to see?"

The roses deepened on her cheeks as she replied—

"Dear father, I will tell you the truth. It is not the hills alone that Frank Heatherston wishes to see, but me as well. He is my accepted lover, and one whom, I am sure, you will approve of."

"Bravely and honestly spoken!" said he. "Let the young man come if you wish it."

The invitation was sent at once.

Frank was not long in putting in an appearance at the farm, and, by his kind and genial manners, he soon won the hearts of all the household. His visits soon became very frequent, and it was the custom of May and her sisters to walk two or three miles across the moor to meet him, when they were apprised of his coming.

A year soon seemed to pass away in great happiness to the two lovers. Together they climbed to the top of the mountains, and rambled about among the

purple heather, or through the green woods, made musical by the songs of the birds, and sweet by the perfume of the flowers. And their own happiness was so great that they appeared to be living in a fairy land.

At length the time arrived when Frank asked her father to give May to him for a wife. It was a great trial to the old man, but he said—

"When I was a young man like you, I loved her mother very dearly; and I remember the time when I asked for her to be my wife; and with what joy I brought her to my home when we were wed. I also remember—alas! too well—when she was taken from me, and my fireside was left desolate, and (but for the sake of my dear children) I had no wish to live. And now you are asking me for one of my dearest household jewels—my right hand. It is very hard to part with her; but, for her sake and for her mother's sake, I consent. And may she be spared to cheer your life longer than her dear mother was to me."

Here he was quite overcome with his feelings, and left the room to hide his tears.

It was arranged that the marriage should take place in a month from that time; and all was bustle and stir in the old farm house. Active hands were engaged making the wedding clothes; and May was exerting herself to leave everything in perfect order at home.

The day before the wedding arrived, and all the preparations were completed.

There was to be great feasting on the wedding-day for all comers; and the plum-puddings that were to grace the table were made by the bride-elect, as were most of the other good things for the guests.

In the evening Frank was to arrive, and May, as usual, went out to meet him, and returned with him in great glee, but somewhat fatigued with the amount of exertion she had undergone during the past week. Several of the guests had arrived, one of whom was a lady friend, who was to be a bride's-maid in the morning, and she was to share May's bed that night.

By-and-bye all the inmates of the house retired to rest, excepting Frank and May. In a short time afterwards she went to her room, which was all hung around with the dresses that were to be worn at the marriage in the morning. May went to the bedside, and said to her friend—

"You must fall asleep, dear, and not wait for my coming, as Frank and I are going to sit awhile together," a common custom, in the farm houses of Cleveland in those days, all during the courtship.

Her friend replied—

"O, May! you will look bonny in the morning, when you get all these nice things on."

May bent down and kissed her, and bidding "Good-night," left the room. An hour or two afterwards, her friend was aroused by cries for help from the kitchen. Hastily throwing a few garments around her, she rushed downstairs, where she found Frank supporting May in his arms in a dying condition. Soon all the family were on the spot, doing all they could think of to try to restore her. The doctor from the nearest town was immediately sent for by a mounted messenger, and soon arrived; but all was of no avail. In a very short time May breathed her last. The over-exertion and excitement had been too much for her delicate frame.

Frank told them that he was sitting in the arm chair in the corner, and May on a little stool at his feet, with her arms resting on his knee, when she suddenly looked up in his face and said—

"O, Frank! I am choking!"

He instantly raised her up in his arms; but a blood vessel had broken; and, in the presence of the weeping family around, she soon expired. Great was the lamentation of the villagers when morning dawned, and they found that her, whom they had all loved, and whom they had expected to see decked out in her wedding garments, was laid dead. And the poor old man, her father, was wild with his great grief, and (like Rachel of old) refused to be comforted. And nothing now remained for poor Frank but to stay and see her buried in the village churchyard, and then return with a sorrowful soul to his home, which, he had hoped, would have also been hers as well for many years.

The home, which he had made so pretty for his intended bride, he reached almost broken-hearted, instead of returning to it with the great joy which he had depicted to himself when he had left it. And this

time that portion of Scripture* was too sadly realised which says :—

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow ; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

FREEMASONRY AND THE EARLY ENGLISH GILDS.

BY ALBERT G. MACKEY, M.D.

WE need no apology for repeating this interesting communication of our esteemed and learned brother Albert G. Mackey.

As early as the eleventh century we find in England, associations of men, united together for mutual assistance, to assist poor and helpless members, and to bury the dead. These associations were called GILDS.

It is unnecessary to trace the word to the various deviations which have been suggested by different writers on the subject. It is sufficient to say that in the old French, the Teutonic, and the Scandidavian languages, *Gilde* signified a corporation or society having a common contributed stock, or as Cowell defines it, "a fraternity or company combined together, by orders and laws made among themselves."

Perhaps the best idea of a gild, that could be furnished to a cursory reader, would be obtained from the description given by Brentano, in his *History and Development of Gilds*, of one of the oldest that existed in England about the beginning of the eleventh century.

"This Gild," he says, "was founded and richly endowed by Orey, a friend of Canute the Great at Abbotsbury, in honour of God and St. Peter. Its object, according to the statutes, appears to have been the support and nursing of infirm Gild-brothers, the burial of the dead and the performance of religious services and the saying of prayers for their souls. The association met every year, on the feast of St. Peter, for united worship in honour of their patron saint."

The salient points in this description would equally apply to every Gild that was formed from that day to the time of their dissolution. Each was erected in honour of God and of some particular Saint. Each was governed by a form of statutes, or as it was most frequently called, Ordinations or Constitutions. Each was intended for the support of infirm brethren. Each met at an annual feast which was on the day of the Saint to whom the Gild was erected.

The reader will be impressed with the general resemblance that lodges of Freemasons bear in their organization to these Gilds. And hence, it is that the now very generally accepted theory of the history of Freemasonry, traces it back to the corporations of Stonemasons who, in the Middle Ages, were common over Europe and which were nothing more nor less than Craft Gilds.

The object of the present paper is not to trace this historical connection, but only by a comparison of the Constitutions of the various Gilds with the laws which regulate the government of Masonic Lodges to show the strong analogies which exist between the two institutions.

Materials for this comparison are very ample. To say nothing of the German and French authorities, the former especially, who have written copiously and almost exhaustively on this subject, we have in the work of the late Toulmin Smith, edited by his daughter Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith and published by the Early English Text Society, a collection of the original ordinances or constitutions of more than one hundred of the Early English Gilds. This collection consists of the ordinances of Social and Religious Gilds, of Merchant Gilds, and of Craft Gilds, but does not embrace the Gilds or Corporations of Masons, for which we will be indebted to the labours of Halliwell, Cooke, WOODFORD, and especially of HUGHAN. These latter, will not, however, constitute any part of the present paper, which will be devoted entirely to a comparison of the laws which governed the non-masonic Gilds of the Middle Ages in England, with the Laws which govern the modern Society of Freemasons. "An examination of the close connection between the laws and usages which prevailed among the early Masonic Gilds or Corporations of Stonemasons and the organizations of modern Masonic Lodges will furnish

* Proverbs xxvii. 1.

ample materials for another and future essay.

In making the comparison between the laws and usages of the early English Gilds and those of the modern Masonic Lodges, I will assume that the construction of the latter is the same as that of the former, in other words, that the lodge is but another name for a Gild.

Miss Toulmin Smith in the introduction to the laborious work of her father, says:

"The early English Gild was an institution of local self-help which, before Poor-laws were invented, took the place, in old times, of the modern friendly or benefit society; but with a higher aim, while it joined all classes together in a care for the needy and for objects of common welfare, it did not neglect the forms and the practice of Religion, Justice and Morality."

The Masonic reader will at once detect the analogy between the aim of these early Gilds and that of the institution of Freemasonry, as developed in the lodges, which may, therefore, be considered as a continuation or, rather, as a renewed presentation of the Gilds.

Again: Toulmin Smith says in his *Traditions of the old Crown House:*

"Gilds were associations of those living in the same neighbourhood, and remembering that they have, as neighbours, common obligations. They were quite other things than modern partnerships or trading companies; for their main characteristic was, to set up something higher than personal gain and mere materialism, as the main object of men living in towns, and to make the teaching of love to one's neighbour be not coldly accepted as a hollow dogma of morality, but known and felt as a habit of life."

Here again we see the analogy between Freemasonry and the Gild system in the philanthropic object to which they both were directed.

It is only necessary that we should now seek to trace a similar analogy in the organizations, the laws and usages of both systems, by a collation of the Ordinances or Constitutions by which both were governed.

In order to do this it will be most convenient to describe, in order, each law or usage by which the lodge, as the representative of the Masonic system is governed and then to point out and to prove by citation, the existence of a similar law or usage in the early Gild.

1. The lodge is governed by a constitution or code of bye-laws, obedience to which is incumbent on every member.

So each of these early Gilds was governed by laws, called sometimes its "Statutes," sometimes its "Constitutions," but more generally its "Ordinances." "These," says one of them, the Gild of St. James, "are the ordinances of our Gild ordained by all the whole fraternity." "This," says another, "is the statute of the Gild of the Holy Apostle, Saint Peter."

2. The lodge is dedicated to the Saints John.

Each of the Gilds was in like manner dedicated to some saint. Thus the Ordinances of the Gild of St. Thomas of Canterbury (established in 1376) begin thus:

"In the worship and honour of Jesus Christ and of his mild mother, Saint Mary, and of all the holy company of heaven, and especially of the holy martyr, St. Thomas of Canterbury."

Similarly were all the Gild Constitutions introduced, the variation being only in the name of the saint to whom the Gild was dedicated. Every Gild had its patron Saint. The modern objectors to the dedication of Masonic Lodges to the Saints John will thus perceive that it is in imitation, or rather a continuation of an old custom never neglected by the early English Gilds.

3. Lodges being dedicated to Saint John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist, it has been an invariable custom with Freemasons to celebrate the festivals of these saints.

A similar usage prevailed among all the early Gilds. There was always a general meeting in honour of the saint to whom the Gild was dedicated; on which occasion, the officers for the following year were chosen. Take for an example the Gild of St. Catherine, founded at London in 1389. In its Constitution we find the following point:

"Also that all the brethren and sisters of the aforesaid fraternity shall assemble together in the Church of Saint Botolf abovesaid, on the day of Saint Catherine

and there hear a mass and make offerings in her honour (in the worschepe of here) and also in the afternoon of the same day or the next Sunday following, they shall be together to choose their Masters for the next year following."*

4. Quarterly communications were provided by the Constitutions of Masonry, and are still maintained in England and in some few of the Grand Lodges of America. It will be remembered that in the account of the Revival of Masonry in 1717, as contained in the second edition of Anderson's Book of Constitutions, it is said that the brethren who assembled at the Apple Tree Tavern "constituted themselves a Grand Lodge pro tempore in due form and forthwith revived the quarterly communications"—thus implying that quarterly communications were the ancient usage of the fraternity.

Now this same usage was observed by all the early Gilds. There is hardly one of them whose statutes or ordinances does not provide for four meetings in the year. The word used for this meeting is *morow speeche* or, more commonly, *mornspeeche*, which Mr. Way, in his notes to the *Promptorium Parvulorum*, defines as "a term denoting a periodical assembly of a Gild,"

Thus in the ordinations of a Gild of St. Thomas of Canterbury, it is prescribed that "this Gild shall have four mornspeeches in the year." In the Gild of St. Leonard, it "is ordained, by assent of the brethren to have four mornspeeches in the year." The statutes of the Gild of St. Peter at Lenne prescribed the four days as being, first after the *Drynkyng* or feast, probably St. Peter's day (June 29); the second on the Sunday before Michaelmay day (September 29); the third on the Sunday before Candlemas day (February 2); and the fourth on the Sunday before St. Austin's day (May 26); which arrangement brings them very nearly within three months of each other, and thus makes them "quarterly communications."

The following regulation of the Gild of Garlekhitte (London, 1375) shows a very great similarity in the design of these quarterly meetings to those of the Masonic Fraternity:

"Also the Masters and brethren aforesaid every year shall four times come together, at some certain place to speak touching the profit and rule of the aforesaid brotherhood under the penalty of a pound of wax to the brotherhood."

6. The penalty above alluded to will remind us of another analogy between the customs of the Gilds and the Freemasons. Three tapers or lights, are a conspicuous and necessary part of the furniture of every Lodge. We find a similar usage in the Gilds. In all the ordinances, provision is made for lights, and for this purpose, fines which are imposed, are almost always paid in wax to be expended in the making of lights. The following extracts from the statutes of some of the early Gilds, will show the prevalence of the usage of lights:

"There shall be found 5 round tapers, the weight of 20 pounds of wax to be lighted on the feast days, all 5 at all hours of the day, in worship (honour) of God and his mother the Virgin Mary and of Saint Catherine the glorious virgin and martyr and of all saints. *Gild of St. Catherine.*

"There shall be found 7 round tapers the weight of 21 pounds of wax to be lit on high feast days, all seven at all hours of the day on worship of God and his mother Mary and of Saint Fabian and Sebastian and of all saints." *Gild of Sts. Fabian and Sebastian.*

"It is ordained that (there shall be) among the brethren and sisters in their assembly a candle of wax burning and a prayer said in worship of God and of our Lady and of all saints and for all Christian souls and for all the brethren and sisters of the Gild." *Tailors' Gild, Norwich.*

But it is needless to make further citations. In all the Gild constitutions this provision for lights is to be found. As they were burnt by day as well as by night, it is evident that they were used symbolically, and it is equally evident that the usage of burning lights at their meetings has been derived by the Freemasons from the Gilds. But the masonic symbolism of the "lesser lights" is, of course, peculiar to the Order.

* In all of these citations from the Gild Constitutions I have modernized the language, for the convenience of the general reader.

7. A black suit with white stockings and gloves and an apron is called the "clothing" of a Mason and the Regulations of 1721 required that "every new brother at his making is decently to cloath the lodge," that is, all the brethren. This *cloathing* of a Mason is similar to what was called the *livery* of trading companies, each of which had a livery or suit peculiar to itself. Now we find in the early Gild Constitutions provision for a suit, livery or clothing by which the members were distinguished. Thus, in the constitutions of the Gild or Garlekhitte it is said:

"And the Saddlers' and Spurriers' Gild provided, that all the brethren and sisters shall have a livery of suit to know the brethren and sisters and for no other cause (enchesoun).

A statute passed in the 7th year of Henry IV. anno 1403, expressly permitted the adoption of a distinctive dress by fraternities, and such dress was always used by the Gilds. Hence, the clothing of a Mason, now reduced almost to white gloves and an apron, is really what Chaucer calls the "livere of a solemque and greate fraternite," and has been undoubtedly derived from a similar use of "a sute of lyvery" by the early Gilds.

8. The avoidance of lawsuits between the brethren when possible, is recommended in Freemasonry as it was in the early Gilds. Compare the statutes of each on this subject. Thus in the "Charges o a Freemason" in the Book of Constitutions of 1723, it is said:

"If any of them [the brethren] do you injury, you must apply to your own or his lodge; . . . . never taking a legal course, but when the case cannot be otherwise decided, and patiently listening to the honest and friendly advice of Masters and Fellows."

Compare this with the statute of the Gild of St. George the Martyr:

"It is also ordained that whatsoever man hath a grievance against another [of the Gild] he shall warn the Aldermen [the head of the Gild] thereof; and he shall do his offices to make accord if he can with his brethren, and if he cannot he may go to law wherever he pleases."

And in like manner in the constitutions of the Gild of St. Catherine, it is provided:

"That if any discord be between brethren and sisters, first that discord shall be shown to other brethren and sisters of the Gild, and by them accord shall be made, if it can be skilfully. And if accord cannot be so made it shall be lawful to them to go to the common law."

The spirit of friendly arbitration which is the true spirit of a brotherhood was observed by all the early Gilds, and has been imitated by the Masonic Fraternity.

Assistance and relief to distressed members is another analogy that exists between the Gilds and the lodges. Thus, for example, the constitution of the Gild of St. Botulph says:

"Also it is ordained that what brother or sister of the fraternity fall into poverty every brother and sister shall give the poor brother or sister a farthing every week."

In the 14th century a farthing was of much greater value than it is now. The general rule was that in cases of poverty each member paid a sum weekly into the treasury out of which a certain amount was appropriated to the distressed brother, and paid to him by the treasurer. Sometimes, it was made the duty of each member to give the relief personally. But no matter in what way the relief was bestowed, the rule was unexceptionable in all the Gilds as it is in the Masonic Lodges to grant aid and assistance to all "worthy, distressed brethren."

10. The burial of the dead was also to be performed by the Gild. Thus in the Gild of St. Botulph:

"It is ordained that when a brother or sister die all the brethren and sisters of this fraternity shall come to the funeral [dirige] and to mass; and every brother and every sister shall offer a farthing for love of God, a penny for a mass for the soul of the dead; and he shall have at the cost of the brethren, two torches and two candles burning."

11. Processions on solemn days, in which Freemasons so much indulge, was observed by the early Gilds. The Gild of St. Catherine provided that on St. Catherine's day the brethren and sisters should assemble at the parish church "to go in procession with their candle which is to be borne before them, and to hear the mass of St. Catherine."

And the Gild of Taylors of Lincoln provided that "all the brethren and sisters shall go in procession at the feast of Corpus Christi."

12. At the admission of new members as at the "making of Masons," it was required that a certain number should be present. The number varied in the different Gilds, but was usually twelve with the presiding officer.

13. There was a form of admission which may be compared with the Masonic ceremony of initation. What were the secret ceremonies, if any, we do not of course know, but there was an oath of fealty and the kissing of a book. The ordinances of the Gild of St. Catherine of Stamford are very explicit on this subject and the account is well worth copying:

"Also, it is ordained that when said first evensong is done, the Alderman and his brethren shall assemble in their hall and drink; and there have a courteous communication* for the weal of the said Gild. And then shall be called forth all those that shall be admitted brethren or sisters of the Gild; and the Alderman shall examine them in this wise:—'Sir, are you willing to be brethren among us in this Gild and will you desire and ask it in the worship of Almighty God, our blessed lady, Saint Mary, and of the holy Virgin and Martyr, Saint Catherine, in whose name this Gild is founded, and in the way of charity?' And by their own will they shall answer, 'yea' or 'nay.' Then the Alderman shall command the clerk to give this oath to them, in form and manner following:—

"This hear you, Aldermen:—I shall true man be to God Almighty, to our lady Saint Mary, and to the holy Virgin and Martyr Saint Catherine, in whose honour and worship this Gild is founded; and shall be obedient to the Aldermen of this Gild and to his successors, and come to him and to his brethren when I have warning and not absent myself without reasonable cause. I shall be ready at scot and lot and all my duties truly pay and do; the ordinances, constitutions and rules with the counsel of the said Gild keep, obey and perform, and to my power maintain to my day's end; so help me God and holy dome and by this book'—and then kiss the book and be lovingly received by all the brethren."

In this ceremony of admission we notice many points of resemblance to that of the Apprentice in Freemasonry. Such for instance is the "free will and accord" required; obedience to constituted authority; maintaining the bye-laws; keeping the secrets or "counsel;" and lastly the kissing of the book.

There are less important points of resemblance which these early Gilds bear to the Masonic Lodges, such as the requirement of good character in their candidates; the regulations for expelling or suspending members for misconduct and for their restoration upon their reform; for an entrance or initiation fee; for quarterly dues; and for the annual election of officers on the feast day. But it is unnecessary to dwell on them. Sufficient has been cited to show that there is an evident similarity in the two organizations and to confirm the theory now generally maintained by Masonic scholars, that Freemasonry has derived its spirit, and its present form and organization, although of course, with many modifications, from the early Gilds of England which existed from the eleventh to the sixteenth century.

* Mark this word "communication," now used by the Freemasons only to denote their lodge meetings.

THE WOMEN OF OUR TIME.

BY CÆLEBS.

Preface.

I PROPOSE to give, in successive papers, a short account of the Women of our Time. I admit at the outset that it is both a dubious and a dangerous undertaking. The psychology of women is so wonderful and in some respects so mysterious, that it is indeed an act both of temerity and of difficulty to attempt fully to describe them, fairly to estimate them.

When the one-eyed Bagman, in the facetious pages of Pickwick, declared, with the approval and applause of a distinguished circle of male exhalers of the soothing weed, that "queer critturs are women," he stated a truth as undeniable as it is enduring.

It has been often said, that no man can understand a woman perfectly, much less describe her justly; and then it has been equally contended that women do not comprehend women at all, and can pourtray either their faults or their follies even less well than man.

What, then, are we to do? Are we to treat woman generally as a weird sphinx, shrouded in the dimness and haziness of years, an inexplicable mystery, a hopeless riddle?

Are we reduced to this, that woman, endowed with all the precious gifts of grace, and truth, and trust, with every sweet sympathy, and every loving association, is to be still, like the Man in the Iron Mask, a marvel and an enigma to us all? Forbid the thought! It cannot be—it shall not be! No! Though the task be difficult, though the danger be great, though the rashness and audacity of the attempt may seem incredible to many, I yet propose, favente Bro. Kenning, to raise the veil from the shrouded Isis, and to depict, in successive studies, the genus and the species of those "angel beings" who shed such brightness on life's dusty pathway; whose silvery voices we so often hear, whose sunny smiles we so often bask in, whose high morals we all admire, whose low dresses we all wonder at, and whose charm of conversation, whose economy, whose business habits, whose home lives and whose retiring dispositions, we all, in our respective circles, can so gladly tell of, and so loudly praise. Now don't suppose, kind reader, for one moment, that in anything I am going to say, I presume to depreciate this greatest of institutions, or to "chaff" the arbiters of human destiny. I approach the subject, on the contrary, with the timidity and hesitation and awe of one fully sensible of the greatness and importance of the work he has undertaken. My wish is to show women as they are, and as, in my humble opinion, they are meant to be, and thus from my didactic cathedrâ alike with the experience of years and with an intensity of reverence, not to exalt an idol in a false shrine merely to overthrow it, but to present to the notice of my brethren, and even the appreciation of my fair sisters, the true type and the real character, alike loving and loveable—not merely of "woman, dear woman," in the idle accents of Bachanalian praise, but in the reality of actual existence, and in the fidelity of accurate observation. It may seem to some that I hardly take, however, in these pages, and in those that will follow, as exalted an idea of womanhood as I ought to do.

If any one think so, he or she is in grave error.

No one, I make bold to say, has a loftier opinion or more heartfelt respect for the descendants of Eve. He must be a very foolish man, or an "avowed libertine," who ever speaks slightingly of woman. To her we owe all that is graceful and all that is tender, all that is real and all that is sympathetic, all that is trusting and all that is elevating in this petty life of ours, amid its shifting scenes, and its often debasing pursuits.

The helpmeet for man, she is certainly his "better half" in the goodness of her nature, in the unselfishness of her love, in her purer emotions, in her unswerving attachment; in tenderness, which no unkindness can drive away; in loyalty, which no treachery can destroy. She is emphatically man's truest friend, wisest guide, safest teacher, and best companion in all the intricate windings and the shifting sands of this great wilderness, the world.

Wherever woman is not on an equality with man, wherever woman is depressed, degraded, or ignored, there is society in a state of brutality and barbarism.

Wherever woman's influence is really permitted, and her sacred mission recognised, and her grace, and goodness, and faith, and fidelity have their proper sway over the feelings and minds of men, there we see how civilization is progressing and expanding, and shedding countless blessings around it for man and the world at large.

So I begin my essays with this avowal, and if words may fall from a light pen or random mood, which may cause a smile, or raise a cheerful laugh, remember I write not to depreciate or condemn, but to paint the reality, to assert the truth.

I commend, therefore, these light if truthful essays of mine to all who, like myself, feel some little interest in "The Women of our Time."

(*To be continued.*)

CONTEMPORARY LETTERS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Letter VI.

Paris, March 26th, 1790.

The want of money is daily increasing, and in proportion as that scarcity grows greater, the discontent and fermentation of the people is more visible. The exchange was last night at 75 liv. for a 1,000.

But the popular fury does not yet deviate from its original course; they still exclaim with unabated virulence against those whom they believe to be the cause of all their present misfortunes, by the opposition they make to the decrees of the Assembly.

The partisans of the Assembly, within and without its walls, find the necessity of turning on their enemies the rage excited by general misery, and which is only to be appeased by the sacrifice of its real or pretended authors.

They therefore maintain and are believed, that the misery which prevails proceeds not from the revolution, or their decrees, but from the clamours and conspirations of a dispersed and ruined party.

The Caisse D'Escompte and its administrators are in this moment the objects of public execration. To their Agiotage is ascribed the total want of specie. To the assistance they have formerly given, and still continue to give to the public treasurer is attributed the misfortunes under which the country at present labour.

The good effects which might be expected from the hopes of the Billets de la Caisse being soon reimbursed by assignments, is lost by the length of time that will elapse before they can be issued.

Should the storm that lowers really burst, the Finance will be the first victims, but at the same time will fall all those who are obnoxious to the popular party, all those whose riches or the reputation of whose riches may make them suspected of being possessed of large sums of ready money.

Any new troubles will therefore only add to the misery of those whose misfortune seems to want no addition, and tumults could only serve the Aristocratic party, by increasing the distresses of the capital.

They are playing a secret and underhand game, and you may be assured that they will not have recourse to force till the people themselves demand their assistance. In the mean time they hope that the irregular form of the wheels, the defect of the machine, and the obstacles they secretly place in the way will prove the impossibility of its reaching its destined end, and thus serve them more effectually than an opposition which would only inflame.

In case of any popular commotions the part of M. de la Fayette will be difficult to play. The better order of Bourgeoisie are certainly at his absolute disposal, but to la milice soldeé, the numerous substitutes which they have admitted to do the duty, though not to replace the real citizen, but who in the mean time are possessed of the clothing, the ammunition and the arms, all these it is most likely will join the people. If the mob has small beginnings, it will be prevented. If it bursts in one general flame, it will not cease till it can burn no more.

Should M. de la Fayette oppose—he may not succeed if he does not,—his credit and reputation are lost for ever.

His ambition will no doubt lead him to adopt the former. But from a conversation I had with one of his aide-de-camps, a son of the Duc de Chabost, I doubt his want of resolution and a sufficient confidence in his troops will make him delay violent measures till they will be too late.

Never famous for my calculations or knowledge of Finance, I here find my ideas more perplexed, my information less certain, than on any other subject, and little knowledge is to be derived from the conversation of others. One party represents with exaggerated hopes, and their opponents with exaggerated losses. Besides, when in calculations formed from the same documents the Minister and the President of the Committee of Finances (M. de Montesquieu) differ so widely as to state one Article la Contribution Patriotique, the former at 30, and the latter at 100 millions; others, who can collect only from report may find excuse if they should happen to be deceived.

As the terms on which the ecclesiastical lands are to be sold to the different municipalities, is not yet finally determined, the former demands of the City of Paris are perhaps of little consequence.

In the wording of her proposals she seemed to demand that of the 200 millions she became indebted to the country 50 millions should be relinquished to her, as a due reward for her patriotism, and an indemnity for her losses. Her chief now declares that she only asked and still asks a quarter of that sum, or twelve millions and a half.

In a moment when the deficit is already great and is daily augmenting, it appears an extraordinary mode of re-establishing the Finances, to replace one tax by another less productive. La Gabelle les Droits, sur les Fers, les Amidons Huiles et Savons, with numerous other little taxes which are abolished amounted to about 85 millions, and the reimplacement is only 49 millions and a half.

The Assembly (whose Federatif plan seems to have for principle the erecting the cities into the tyrants of the neighbouring country to render less heavy the burthen they might sustain from their small share of this reimplacement, have allowed them, with the consent of their districts, to impose what taxes they judge proper for that purpose, which if more than sufficient, the surplus is to be employed in such manner as the municipalities, with leave of the district, think fit.

What an opening is thus given to the vexations and impositions of a designing corporation, who like our church-wardens and overseers of the poor will no doubt employ that surplus in a way most suited to their interests, and only impose such taxes as will not affect their commerce.

The Fermiers Generaux will not in this moment be inclined to assist the country with their money, when many, if not ruined must sustain considerable losses. The salt they have on their hands amounts to 36 millions, of which twelve is the property of the State, the remainder is money advanced by them on the public faith. They are allowed to sell their salt in common with other traders, but at a price not exceeding 3 sous per pound.

The salt of Government is to be sold before that of the Fermiers Generaux can be disposd of, but no provision is made to indemnify them for the losses they may sustain by being undersold, and for the length of time they may wait for an opportunity of selling, as smuggling has introduced into the country a sufficient quantity for two years.

The Assembly pretend that if the Fermiers Generaux sell their salt at 3 sous they will be gainers of ten millions.

M. de Montesquieu, the President of the Committee of Finances, Premier Ecuyer de Monsieur Cordon Bleu, and laden with the honours, and pensions of the Court, yet now of the popular party, a man doubtless of abilities, but whose plans of finance are fairy tales, has proposed that no more anticipations should be permitted.

This resource, which Neckar estimated at 60 millions, will certainly be cut off in the beginning of next week. The proposal had passed immediately, but it was thought necessary to give the Minister time, if possible, to procure a sufficient sum for the current expenses during the interval of the imposition and collection of taxes and the sale of the 400 millions of the property of the Church.

All the resources proposed by the Minister for completing the deficit of the year are thus entirely destroyed, and there only remains of all his plan the 30 millions of the contribution patriotique.

It is time that it should appear to amount to a larger sum, since the declarations of Paris are calculated not to be less. But then those of the provinces are almost nothing, and the Parisians have made their declarations and promises of payment, on the receipt of their pensions, charges, and interest of the public funds.

Les enragés maintain that the suppression of tythes will more than indemnify the proprietors of lands for the losses they have sustained, and the taxes that are to be imposed for the replacement of the Gabelle and the support of religion.

I can only believe that to be a lure held out to appease the clamours of the landholders; that the Assembly should finally relinquish a tax unfelt which produced 60 millions per annum is scarcely creditable.

The clergy for the future will be paid by an equal capitation on the cities as well as the country. By this means the State

will be enabled to dispose of the whole of the revenues of the church, which amount to 150 millions per annum. From this you must deduct 15 millions per annum of debt, and the immense losses their property have sustained by the abolition of feudal rights, and which is calculated at a third of their income.

The charges of the law will not be reimbursed at the price which they cost their present possessor, but that for which they were originally sold by the Crown.

The amount of the charges of the law is estimated, at the lowest, at 300 millions, but I believe it to be stated with more reason at 500, since the interest paid by the royal treasury for the purchase-money is 9 millions, and the charges produced $1\frac{1}{2}$, 2, and at the utmost 3 per cent.

Till happier times shall allow the State to pay her debts, their capital is to be considered as a debt of the nation, and they are to receive an interest of 5 per cent.

This will make an annual addition to their expenditure of 16 millions, to which must be joined the expenses of the new judiciary system, which, calculated at the lowest, amounts to 6 millions. It is thus that they proceed, daily increasing their expenditures and their debts, and diminishing the means of payment.

You may be assured that the receipts of the royal treasury diminish instead of augmenting.

The instant any part of the livre rouge is delivered to the Deputies, which it is thought it will be, you shall have a copy. The sum for secret service money inscribed on the latter pages amounts to 80 millions.

The assignments on the lands of the Church will be forced into general circulation, and issued under one general form from the Caisse d'Extraordinirce, bearing the mark of each particular municipality. Within the Assembly the chiefs of all parties seem to have lost their power. If any particular set of men hold together it is those who are personally attached to the united banners of Neckar and La Fayette, but their force is not sufficient to support *either the one or the other.* Mirabeau is heard no more; to-day he will possibly again attempt to speak on the subject of the King's letter, as the decree which that demands to have revoked was certainly levelled at him.

The present Ministry more than totter on their seats, the Democrates loudly accuse them of opposing by every means in their power, the completion or effects of the decrees of the Assembly.

The Archbishop of Bordeaux (Garde des Sceaux) governs Neckar with absolute authority. His abilities are not called in question, but his affection for the resigning principles is much doubted.

The Minister of the War Department quits his employment if the plan adopted by the Council for the reform of the army is rejected; the number of men is not to be lessened, but the young regulars are to be suppressed, and their battalions added to the older. All the field officers will thus be saved, and the formation of each regiment consist of one Colonel and two Lieutenant-Colonels, the function of Major to be exercised by the eldest Captain of each battalion, each regiment to be of three battalions, two always in state of actual service, and the third to consist of veterans and recruits. Monsieur de la Luzeme and M. de St. Priest have neither power, credit, or reputation. But the puppets are tired of a situation which exposes them to continual animadversions, and where they are only allowed to remain because they do not know how to supply their place. They wish but for a fair pretext to give in their dismission, and it is more than probable that that is at no great distance. Should the leaders of the democratic party fail, as they certainly will, in obtaining the repeal of the decree forbidding any member of the Assembly to accept of any employment of the Crown, I do not believe they have in view any whom they wish to place at the head of affairs.

The assignments on the property of the Church, the organization of the municipality of Paris, had diverted the public attention from Monsieur Neckar; his friends gave out that it was uncertain if ever he would quit Paris, however necessary to his health, but that he was determined only to quit with life the place that he held. But an affair that has occupied the Assembly for these two days, in which he is inculpated, may convince him that not only the Assembly do not approve his plans, but that they suspect his integrity and his intentions. The Assembly on the 14th and 22nd of January, had passed two decrees. By the first it was decreed that no

pensions or salaries should be paid to those who were absent, and to those within the country none that exceeded 3,000 livres; by the second, all pensions, salaries, due previous to the 1st January, 1790, were referred to the Amesé, that is, they were not to be paid till the Assembly had approved of the several demands. The first of the two decrees received the royal sanction on the 14th of January, yet after that period the Prince de Condé, and the Duc de Bourbon, received if not in money at least in orders on the royal treasury which are negotiable, 300,000 livs. as part of money due to them on their Government. 300,000 livs. had also been paid to different persons, amongst which was a sum in money of 2,655 livs. and orders to the amount of 27,000 livs. to the Duc de Chatelet as part of the arrears due to him.

Being within the kingdom he was not liable to the first decree, and it appeared that the second had never received the royal sanction.

The Garde des Sceaux qualified the delay on his part, by saying that as the decree regarded the finances, he waited till Neckar had taken his arrangements with the Committee of Finances.

The debate finished by ordering the names of all those *good citizens* who had thus obtained money or orders being made public, and a decree was passed that all decrees should be presented to the king within three days after they were given, and in eight days after that time the Garde des Sceaux should signify the royal approbation, or the reason why it was deferred.

The King's Ministers have twice brought him on the scene within these few days, only to shew him his want of power, inflame the Democrates, and prove his dislike of their proceedings, when it is impossible he should derive any advantage from the one or the other. The decree relative to the formation of the army was sent to the Assembly with the remark that the king had consented to it at the reiterated instances of the Assembly. The Democrates pretend that as it was a constitutional question; the king had only to accept, for his suspensive veto does not take place till the next legislature, and that during the present Assembly he had no right to refuse any constitutional laws. The demand of Neckar for the formation of a Bureau de *Tresore*, had been passed over in silence, because, determined not to grant, the Assembly would not openly refuse. The enclosed letter was yesterday sent by the king to the president, and although within the walls the Democrates preserved the appearance of respect, they exclaim loudly at the *insolence* and folly of such a letter.

These appearances of authority come too late; there was a time when an absolute refusal and a steady adherence to it would have perplexed the Assembly, and preserved some authority to the king, but the fear of a personal insult made him prefer the loss of all power, with the preservation of apparent concurrence to an opposition which they dreaded, and which they had not dared to prevent.

The king, with all his weakness, with all his brutality, is possessed of an uncommon fund of knowledge, and a memory as extraordinary. A friend of M. de la Peyrouse told me that previous to his departure, the king had given him an audience of two hours in which his Majesty traced his voyage, mentioned every port he should touch at, every latitude he should examine, and every precaution it was necessary to take, with all the exactness of a perfect geographer, and all the knowledge of an experienced sailor.

The aristocratic leaders still maintain that his going to the Assembly on the 4th of February, was only the act of a prisoner, who dares not refuse. It is true that on the night of the 3rd all the enragés attended his Couchée, whether to intimidate or encourage I leave to others to determine.

The abolition of the Parliament has been so long expected, that the final blow does not seem likely to produce much effect. Dijon and Grenoble, the capitals of the two provinces most disaffected to the revolutions, are entirely ruined.

It is in those provinces if anywhere that the Parliament will dare to resist.

The province of Nivernois is at present a prey to the troubles that have laid waste the rest of France.

The King's Commissioners are gone to the different provinces to preside at the election of the administrators of departments, and deliver into their hands what yet remains of royal authority.

The list of those to be named for this

Commission was previously submitted to the leaders of the democratic party, and all those who were supposed to be disaffected were exchanged.

I cannot but suppose the ministry watch with a zealous eye all those who arrive in London from this country, and more especially those who are under the patronage of the Duke of Orleans. His physician, a German, whose name is Seve or Seive, has returned to Paris within these few days. The object of his mission was to prevail on the fugitive to return, but his courage is, luckily for the world, not equal to his wickedness, and he dares not brave the indignation of the honest part of the capital.

Calonne will not in the moment succeed. I am convinced the Democrates would not regret his recall, but the popular hatred is yet too strong. Perhaps they were only willing to alarm Neckar, and see what effect the idea of his disgrace would produce on the public.

I cannot help continuing in the same opinion that I first held, that there will be partial troubles and general anarchy for some time to come, but that the general position of affairs is not likely to be changed by other means than the resolutions of another legislature.

Friday, past 5 o'clock.

The Assembly have decreed upon the king's letter, that they regretted not being able to yield to his Majesty's desires, but they see no reason to depart from their previous resolutions. Mirabeau proposed that no letters or propositions should for the future be received from the king.

Valenciennes and the neighbouring country are a prey to the most dreadful disorders.

There has been a trifling riot to-day amongst the workmen, which was suppressed without difficulty or bloodshed.

Letter of the French King, to the President of the National Assembly, March the 25th, 1790.

"Je suis surpris, Monsieur que l'Assemblé Nationale n'ait pas encore mis deliberation a la proposition faite de ma part par le premier Ministre des Finances relotivement a un Bureau de Tresore dont en je *choiserois* la plu partdes membres dans l'Assemblé. Je crois cette disposition aussi utile que pressante et je vous *demande* de ne pas differerir la presenter a la deliberation de l'Assemble.

(Signed) LOUIS."

(To be continued.)

WHAT HAPPENED AT A CHRISTMAS GATHERING.

BY THEOPILUS TOMLINSON.

CHAPTER I.

I AM getting an oldish youth now, but have not quite lost, happily for myself, all "sentiment." It is a very bad thing for anyone to lose his "sentiment," because he becomes dry and hard, and callous, and cynical—indifferent alike to the charms of sympathy, or the attractions of the beautiful. We come across, however, constantly that kindly disposition and that genial temperament which are so comely in themselves, especially in elderly people, and which make us all keenly sensible of all that is loving and "leal;" of all that is fresh and fair, of all that is tender and true, in this rough battle of life.

Whenever you encounter such a person —whether an old boy or an old "gal permeated," as the swell writer says, by an "emotional psychology,"—cultivate him or her at once. Depend upon it your time will not be thrown away, nor your pains in vain.

Now, I have not said this to puff myself. I am neither "laudator temporis acti"—at least not too much so—nor egotistical in any degree, but I merely think it well, for special and weighty reasons me thereto moving, to praise "sentiment," because it is a main ingredient in this little story. I am like the eloquent speaker, who said once in proposing "The Ladies" (what stuff men will talk about women when they have a chance), "Sir, the man without sentiment is like a flat bottle of Bass!" There is a good deal of force, if not truth, in this illustration, common-place and sensual as it may appear to some. It would possibly horrify Sir Wilfred Lawson, but pace that excellent man—though not a beer-drinker myself—I believe that it is a generally admitted truth that a bottle of

"Bass," clear and amber-coloured, well-up, has many charms, not only for a "thirsty soul" and to "soothe the savage breast," but for many very civilised bipeds to boot.

It was my lot to be invited to spend a Christmas—some time ago, alas! now—in what Mrs. Hemans terms one of the "ancestral homes of England." It was a fine old place, with a noble hall, and tapestried chambers, and a haunted room. It had many goodly features for inmates and visitors. Jemmy Miller, a young hero of the day, whom I met there, and of whom I knew something, said it was a "rum old place, and as for that haunted room," he added, "enough to frighten a fellow, you know; they say, my old boy, it is a woman, who walks in and out of your bedroom and looks at you and points at you, and goes to the right about and vanishes into thin air. One of our fellows who was here said he had his bedclothes taken off; but between you and me and the wall, I think he had been 'liquoring up.' I like women in general, and one in particular, but I strongly object on principle to a female ghost. For you see," he concluded speaking confidentially, "you don't know what to make of her."

Now, I have quoted these frank words of one of the dramatis personæ because I think they well handle so spectral a subject.

Well, we had gradually assembled at the old hall; a large party, too, from east and west, and north and south. There were some male and female parents; there were some pleasant married couples, some very pretty girls and plenty of young men, and altogether it was one of those Christmas gatherings you sometimes share in which are not without their sunny side: not so much a family party, as a miscellaneous collection of people who knew something of each other, and have met, not having a Christmas of their own to keep, to spend a merry Christmas in some hospitable mansion.

There were, of course, one or two bores, male or female (what party is without them?), but still we had all reached our haven at last, one cold, raw, dreary, in hospitable day outside, and were welcomed warmly within, as was ever their wont, by our kind host and hostess. The ladies are all gathered in a magic circle, in the long picture gallery, round the pleasant fire; and the gentleman, who formed the "outer ring," were standing or lounging about, as men will do, receiving gratefully warm cups of tea from the hands of the ladies; and then, being a little thawed, we all begin to talk.

"I'm blessed," said old Jorum to me, "if I ever heard such a chattering. They declare women are magpies, but I'll back men to gossip against them."

But I don't think that old Jorum is quite impartial in the matter, being very much under the influence of Mrs. Jorum, who has made him give up all his bachelor opinions.

Young Miller comes up to me and says, sotte voce, "Deuced fine woman Mrs. Jorum, but she is better horse a long way;" and here the young rascal winks sagaciously at me and plunges into an animated conversation with the eldest Miss Barnstaple.

After we had all talked and got cosy, and even yawned—and one or two actually dozed—we all dispersed incontinently to our rooms, whence, after having duly dressed for dinner, we redescended into the hall. When dinner was announced we all were marshalled in order and marched in double file, a manœuvre which required no little tact on the part of our hostess, who was, however, equal to the occasion. We were all, at last, comfortably seated in the cheery dining-room, and prepared to enjoy a good dinner. I had two very agreeable neighbours, as the Irishman said, "on each of my two sides," Mrs. Jorum being one of them, and so I took stock of the company, as I was doing so well myself and the coup dœil was quite charming. Among other things which I noticed I saw that Jemmy was making himself very pleasant, as they say, to a very pretty young woman on his left, and was going ahead, she being, as the Germans say, evidently "zukommend." But I also thought I observed that this innocent flirtation was not at all agreeable to the fair Laura's right-hand neighbour, a ponderous and prosaic old gentleman—what mammas call a "safe man"—who was smitten with that fascinating gipsy, and was evidently thinking,

too, that his "kismet" had come at last. He seemed to disapprove of Jemmy's proceedings, and to consider him a very forward and offensive puppy—as these old boys always do when they get spooney and a youngster comes in their way. But the happy Jemmy, all unconscious or little caring for the angry glance of the indignant Jamieson—for that was his name, D. Jamieson, M.P. (Old Jamie as we called him)—went on making hay while the sun shone, and much to the content of the "damosel," though not equally so to that of her anxious mamma. On the left of Jamieson, again, was a not disagreeable widow, who was said to be well off but bad tempered, both of which qualities for once were true.

Jorum knew something about her, and had said to me, before dinner, in his curt sentences: "Bullied her husband, bullies her servant, often bad tempered old fellow —forty-eight if she is a day!"

I know not why, but the demon of mischief or the goddess of "sentiment" suggested to me what a good thing it would be to couple together old Jamieson and Mrs. De Salis, and how needful it was and how proper it would be to help Jemmy and his Laura, two young spoons. Laura's mamma—a stout old party, with too low a dress for my taste, but plenty of diamonds—had been smiling when Jamieson talked to the perverse Laura, but had actually frowned, as mothers sometimes will do, when she turned a very ready ear to the insinuating and light-hearted Jemmy. Still I knew she was not a bad-hearted old party, and as I was also well aquainted with pater L'Estrange I thought I might do Jemmy and Laura a good turn, if things got as they say, "serious." So I said to myself: "I will try for once to make the course of true love run smooth in this rough world." And so I turned to my fascinating neighbour, Mrs. Jorum, for her countenance and advice. I knew that she was the most genial and tender-hearted of beings, so I felt sure of her assistance and approval. Nor was I mistaken, for she at once, after I had explained to her my ideas on the subject, kindly and fully said that it was an "imperative call of duty to pair those four people properly;" and so we entered into a compact and concordat on the subject forthwith, then and there, signed, sealed, and delivered.

"It is quite clear to me," she also remarked, "that old Jamieson and the widow would just suit each other; and if she did bully Mr. De Salis, I don't think it will do old Jamieson any harm."

Of course I replied that I thought it would do him a great deal of good; and so we both assented to the general proposition that it was a duty we owed to society and sentiment in general, and to Laura and Jemmy in particular.

Dinner was over, the ladies retired, and the gentlemen drew near to the host's end. We had a pleasant seance, though I observed that Jamieson did not draw near to Jemmy, and that Jemmy did not talk to Jamieson. "Oh! woman," said I mentally, "what a wonderful institution you are; what fools you make of men, geese that they be!" When at last we went off, as a writer of an ill-regulated mind says, "to coffee and crinoline," I managed to get hold of old Jamieson, so as to let Jemmy take ground to the right and get a chair near Laura, to whom, I observed his advent seemed to afford unmitigated pleasure, if I might judge by those bright eyes of hers; and I began a most interesting and confidential conversation with Jamieson about Mrs. De Salis. I knew at once that the old rascal listened; that he was ready, as the French say to "envisager" the whole question, especially, as an old friend of mine used to say, if there are "Dibs" in the matter it is wonderful how they sweep away difficulties. So I said casually to him, "Fine woman, Mrs. De Salis, and wonderfully well off for a widow; £5,000 a year jointure, £25,000 to do what she likes with, and a house of her own."

Old Jamieson's eyes twinkled. "Very agreeable woman," he slowly replied; "very neat looking, and well preserved, and becomingly dressed. Her hair is so good—and its all her own! By the way, Tomlinson," he added immediately, "they say at the "Ulysses" that she is a queer-tempered woman. Admiral Hutton was an old messmate of De Salis's in the Persephone, many years ago, and he told me—" and here Jamieson lowered his voice, "that

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De Salis told him that if he had known what a deuced bad-tempered old gal she was, he would never have slung his hammock alongside of hers."

"Oh!" I said, "Jamieson, you can't believe Hutton, who is dreadfully afraid of his own wife; and club stories are always canards. All I can say is, if I had your chance I would not throw it away."

"Do you really think that she is amiable and pleasant to get on with?" asked poor old Jamieson again; and so I ventured to remark that "I will not say that; and I admit that there is a flash in her eyes which says, 'Look out for squalls!' But you know, Jamieson," I also added, "you can find all that out before you put your head into the noose. If a chap can't find out before he marries whether his wife is good tempered or not, he deserves to be bully-ragged all his life."

"What a pretty girl," he then remarked, "Miss L'Estrange is."

"So she is," I then said, "very pretty indeed; but she has not much money—more's the pity." This was not quite true, but I considered it, under the circumstances, a white lie. I knew that Jamieson, like a good many other men that you and I meet in society, thought his wife ought to have money, and would not marry without money. A sordid view in my opinion, but it is a popular view, and no doubt has some common sense at the bottom of it, as we cannot, it is quite clear, live on "sentiment," though it would be a very base and dirty world without it.

Jamieson evidently felt what I had said, and after a little went and sat down by the beaming widow, who rewarded him with one of her sweetest smiles.

"Yes, old girl," I thought to myself, "those smiles are like a calm at sea, too often only the forerunners of a gale. But 'sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.'"

So far all had gone well with my little "coup de théâtre," and if any of my readers are sentimental enough to wish to know the denouement, I recommend them to peruse the March number of the "Masonic Magazine."

Old Jorum said, as we were retiring for the night, "Jemmy will win in a canter, but I am afraid poor old Jamieson will be heavily handicapped in the race."

(To be continued.)

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

Fellow of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, Copenhagen; Corresponding Member of the Royal Historical Society, London; Honorary Member of the Manchester Literary Club, and of the Whitby Literary and Philosophical Society, &c., &c.

THE "Live Stock Journal and Fanciers' Gazette" says:—"The produce of a Cheviot ewe and a Leicester tup makes a capital grazing sheep, fit generally for the shambles ere a year old, if well fed from the period of birth, and affording meat with a much greater proportion of lean flesh than Leicesters, and much of the juiciness and fine flavour of Cheviot mutton. The best qualities of both parents are in fact exemplified, one affording early maturity, aptitude to fatten, good size and weight; the other superiority of meat, hardihood of constitution, &c. The cross is most generally employed on old draft ewes, that their produce, when not disposed of as fat lambs, may be grazed for the butcher the first year, to make sheep from fifteen to eighteen pounds per quarter, when from a year to a year and a half old." Bakewell did a good work when he improved the breed of Leicestershire sheep by judicious selection, and made them the principal flocks of long-woolled sheep in our island. Their white faces, hornless heads, and comely carcasses, add additional beauty to our finest landscapes; and their early maturity is well known to every breeder. But, as Mr. Oliphant Pringle well puts it, in his useful book on the Live Stock of the Farm,—"Sheep of this breed lay on much outside fat, and, when slaughtered young, the flesh is tolerably juicy; but if kept until they have attained some age—say over two years, when they weigh from 120 to 150 lb. each—and extra high fed, they become too fat to suit consumers. The inside fat is not in proportion to the outside. The ewes are only middling nurses, and the lambs are tender; and, for these reasons, the pure Leicester is not a favourite with farmers who have rents to pay." The Border Leicester, so common in Northumberland and Scotland, the rams of which bring high prices at

Edinburgh and Kelso, are invaluable for putting to Cheviot and other black-faced ewes. Many of the so-called Border Leicesters bred in Ireland have been crossed with other white-faced breeds, and deteriorated in consequence. The great problem to be solved in sheep breeding is to obtain, by judicious selection, flocks which can furnish us with both good wool and mutton. The grazing ground for which they are intended should be the first consideration with the farmer. What may be the best for one farm, or even for one portion of a large farm, will be the worst for another. The laws of nature are immutable, and the true farmer will study them both in theory and in practice.

Mr. William Smith, jun., of Brunswick House, Morley, near Leeds, F.S.A. Scot., and not entirely unknown in the republic of letters, is engaged on a new history of Morley, to consist of about 250 printed pages, illustrated by some seventy engravings, and dedicated by permission to Sir Titus Salt, Bart., who is a native of the village. The late Norrisson Scatcherd's History of Morley has been a rare book for more than thirty years, and will form a valuable foundation for Mr. Smith to build upon. Besides, how has society changed since honest Norrison penned his then-valuable book for the Press! I trust that Mr. Smith will be enabled to give us a good biography of his predecessor, who was in many respects a remarkable man, and whose two able little works on poor Eugene Aram will make his name for ever dear to the friends of genius. I confess I will look forward with considerable interest to the appearance of Mr. Smith's volume.

None of the old nations seem to be awakening more to the duties of the present age than Japan, which was entirely without newspapers a few years ago, and now possesses thirty-four. In one year (1874) 2,564,000 copies of newspapers passed through the Japanese post-offices, of which 977,643 were copies of the government organ, which is entitled *Nichi-ninchi-shimbun*. The *Hochi Shimbun* has the second largest circulation.

It is said that one of the most valuable of the divine Titian's pictures, the "Sacred and Profane Love," now in the Borghese gallery at Rome, is about to be "restored" by one of the picture-cleaners. Of all the works of the old Masters that have been through the fingers of "cleaners," I wonder how much remains of the original, and how much is "restored" by the cleaner! And yet I see no reason why the brilliant colouring of this great Venetian master should be allowed to be obscured by the accumulated dirt of three centuries—for, bear in mind, Titian died of the plague, at Venice, in 1576, being then ninety-nine years of age, while our Shakspere was a Stratford school-boy of twelve. Of Titian, Ruskin well observes:—"He thought that every feeling of the heart and mind, as well as every form of the body, deserved painting. Also to a painter's true and highly-trained instinct, the human body is the loveliest of all objects. I do not stay to trace the reasons why, at Venice, the female body could be found in more perfect beauty than the male; but so it was, and it became the principal object, therefore, both with Giorgione and Titian. They painted it fearlessly, with all right and natural qualities; never, however, representing it as exercising any over-powering attractive influence on man; but only on the faun or satyr. Yet they did this so majestically that I am perfectly certain no untouched Venetian picture ever yet excited one base thought (otherwise than in base persons anything may do so); while in the greatest studies of the female body by the Venetians, all other characters are overborne by majesty, and the form becomes as pure as a Greek statue."

A curious book, on a curious subject, has reached me: and as everthing connected with Stratford-on-Avon has an interest for me, as it must for every thorough Shaksperean, I have lost no time in going carefully through it; and I know not whether most to admire the quiet humour, or the evidently good heart, of the author. The little book—consisting of 111 printed pages, on corded paper of good quality, and neatly bound in blue cloth, with gilt lettering on back and front side, and "illustrated with eighty-five woodcuts engraved by W. J. Welch, from original drawings by John Williams, including a few selected from Thomas Bewick's works," and sold only for half-a-crown—is entitled "The Glyptic, or the Musee Phusee Glyptic: a Scrap Book of Jottings from Stratford-on-Avon and elsewhere, with an attempt at description of

Henry Jones's Museum." It seems, in my various visits to Stratford-on-Avon, I have missed two great curiosities, viz.—Henry Jones and his Museum, But the graphic descriptions which Mr. Jarvis gives us of both, aided by the numerous woodcuts just mentioned, seems to make Henry and his Phusee Glyptic Museum in Bull Lane as familiar to one as the birthplace of Shakspere in Henley Street, New Place, the old Grammar School, Stratford Church, Clifton House, Charlecote, Welcombe, Snitterfield, or any of the lovely Shaksperean places where I have lingered so long and loathed to leave them, feeling Stratford-on-Avon and its vicinage really to be classic ground. Passing Mr. Jarvis's well-deserved rub in the preface on "the trained band of book-stabbers that are to be met with, from whose industrious hands six leaves out of sixty alone remained open to show the careful amount of critical research books have occasionally had at their hands,"—and evidently some of the *Athenæum* critics even have never read the books they "notice"—and being put into good humour by his anecdote of "an illustrious gentleman," who "meeting his tailor, an eminent man in his art, who had been to Margate," but "complained that society was very mixed," to which the tailor's patron replied, "Why, surely, you would not have them all tailors!" —an anecdote worth printing and hanging up in the ante-rooms of our Lodges for the edification of such snobs as occasionally continue to sneak into the good old Craft, maugre the ballot—let us pass on to see how Henry Jones is, and what is the nature of his Museum; which, by aid of Mr. Jarvis's amusing book, there is not the slightest difficulty in doing. "By the way side on many rambling tours," says he, "I have oftentimes been struck with amazement at the various types of fossilized humanity (if such a term can be admitted) to be met in odd, out-of-the-way places." Henry Jones, it appears, is "a self-taught artist, a carver in wood and stone,"—not quite an Appelles, a Bacon, or a Chantrey; though there is no saying what a life-long training to statuary, instead of to cobbling, might have accomplished. Mr. Jarvis reminds us that John Pounds, of Portsmouth, was the originator of ragged schools in England, and pays him a well-deserved compliment, which I must reluctantly pass without quoting at present; that Thomas Cooper, the Chartist poet, and others, belonged also to the honourable fraternity of Cordwainers. I could myself fill a whole Magazine with brief mention of illustrious and remarkable sons of St. Crispin, of whom Mr. Jarvis makes no mention. But as Henry Jones seems to have "gone beyond his last" about "the time of our struggles in the Crimea," by "the formation of a local museum (not of collected curiosities, with which the wealthy can be gratified to repletion,") we will pass the shoemakers from honest George Fox and Sir Cloudesley Shovel downwards. "The roots of trees," we are informed, "engaged the attention of our artist, as being full of subject. To make his art substantial and real, we find that in his peregerinations he has added roots of every size and kind, and made them subservient by prudent lopping and carving extremities and terminals as hands and feet, and has produced a perfect myriad of curious objects." It seems our good brother, the late "Vicar Granville, felt an interest in him," and this compound name of the museum, phusee-glyptic, he assures us, means partly nature, partly art. "Our artist," says Mr. Jarvis, "will take up a rude stone he has found in his path (for nowhere does he lose sight of his art), he points out to you a slight (at first) outline of a feature, which, like the marked outline in a puzzle woodcut landscape, will be readily enough observed when pointed out; but, as he observes, it must be ex-cog-he-tated (excogitated), close application and penetration must be well exercised," &c. All manner of birds, beasts, reptiles, and fishes seem to have been produced by our undeveloped Apelles from roots and forked branches of trees, and from stones partly fashioned to his hands by freaks of nature—if nature ever does play her freaks, which for my own part I don't believe—and he has even produced Spencer Lucy as Master of the Warwickshire Hounds, with huntsmen and dogs in full cry; my friends the Flowers, father and son, who have have almost made Stratford as famous for its beer as for its bard; Halliwell, the great Shaksperean; nay, he has even been bold enough to attempt the great bard himself,

in a variety of attitudes!!! It is well for Henry Jones that Richard III. cannot come back to injure him, or I guess (unless near four centuries in eternity has greatly improved him) he would have immense pleasure in wringing the neck of "the director, owner, and manager of this show," for his representation of him taking the two princes to the Tower, as given by Mr. Jarvis at page 36. Henry Jones, it appears, even flies at higher game, by attempting allegorical subjects—which he terms *allygrees*, for he has had as little training in pronunciation as in the fine arts. Nay, he even attempts to write poetry, between which and mere rhyme, like too many of his betters, he cannot see the immense difference. Nevertheless, judging by Mr. Jarvis's extraordinary volume, Henry and his Museum must be alike great curiosities, and should I ever again visit Stratford-on-Avon, I will try hard to make it in my way to see both. In the meantime I have great pleasure in commending Mr. Jarvis's book on the Musee Phusee Glyptic and its proprietor to my readers, as likely to amuse them, while the *fine touches of humour* and humanity permeating all cannot but be pleasing to the true Freemason.

Weldon and Co., of Bedford Street, Covent Garden, have issued, in a neat shilling covered pamphlet, the Agricultural Holdings Act, with Exposition, Appendix, Notes and Forms, by Henry Winch, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law, which will be useful to all interested in the letting or renting of lands.

I am sorry to record the death of my dear old friend, Mr. James Gregor Grant, for many years a resident of Sunderland, but which took place in London on December seventeenth. Mr. Grant was one of the most polished writers, both in prose and verse, amongst all the bards and other authors of the North of England, and as an elocutionist he was rarely equalled. His manners were those of a thorough gentleman; and no good man or woman could be long in his company without not only feeling quite at home with him, but loving him as a brother. Of his life and writings I may have more to say in another "Note." His "Madonna Pia and other Poems," published in two volumes, in 1848, each with a frontispiece designed by his friend Mulready, are sufficient to long keep his memory green in the minds of all lovers of healthy poetry; and for those who had the privilege of knowing him personally, and listening to his interesting conversations and eloquent readings, a void has been made in the social circle, which is not likely to be soon filled up again. Mr. Grant's name is one that will endure when that of his namesake mentioned below is forgotten.

Mr. James Grant, a literary man of no great power of intellect, has renounced Protestantism for popery. So, at least, the newspapers inform us. It is a conversion, or perversion, which will not greatly affect the destinies of mankind. Masons may still breathe freely in this country. Mr. James Grant is not the British nation, but only a very insignificant unit thereof.

Mr. John Joseph Briggs, of King's Newton, F.R.S.L., well known as a poet, historical writer, and naturalist, has in the press a Natural History of Melbourne, in Derbyshire, and is also engaged on a copious biographical work, to be entitled, "The Worthies of Derbyshire," to contain some seven hundred biographical notices.

Mr. Edward Stanford, of Charing Cross, has commenced the publication of a valuable series of three-and-sixpenny volumes, each complete in itself, but forming a neat uniform library of thirteen volumes, on the British Manufacturing Industries, which are edited by G. Phillips Bevan, F.G.S., who is to contribute the volume on Industrial Statistics. The subjects are all treated by competent writers, the object of the series being, as explained in the preface, "to bring into one focus the leading features and present position of the most important industries of the kingdom, so as to enable the general reader to comprehend the enormous development that has taken place within the last twenty or thirty years." "For," as the editor adds, "it is evident that the great increase in education throughout the country has tended largely to foster a simultaneous interest in technical knowledge, as evinced by the spread of art and science, schools, trade museums, international exhibitions, &c.; and this fact is borne out by a perusal of the daily papers, in which the prominence given to every improvement in trade or machinery attests the desire of the reading public to know more about those matters." But the difficulty commences here; for few will wade through piles of

dry and tedious handbooks, trade journals, and scientific reports, the mass of which are briefly glanced at and then go for waste paper, as most dry-as-dust books have in all ages, and will ever continue to do. If authors mean to be read, they must first feel that they have really got something to say, and then take care that they say it in a way that their readers are likely not only to understand, but also to be interested in. Judging by the three volumes of the series now before me, the editor's assertion, that "all these facts are gathered together and presented in as readable a form as is compatible with accuracy and a freedom from superficiality," is a true one. I propose in future "Notes," glancing at each treatise from time to time.

There have been many men whose memoirs would have been interesting if faithfully written, but few that I know of would teach men self-reliance more than those of my Lancashire friend, Joseph Chattwood, nor show more vividly that getting on in the world may be bought too dear. Under more favourable circumstances he would have been a vigorous writer; but he did not believe in starving on authorship. His lines written at the grave of Wordsworth showed the true ring of poetry; and some unpublished prose pieces which he read me many years ago, characterising the Lancashire of the past, ought not to be lost to the world. As founder of the Manchester Literary Club, he is not likely to be soon forgotten. Since his removal from Bury to Park Bank, Higher Broughton, Manchester, though worldly prosperity has smiled upon him, the broken health of the indomitable worker prevented him from properly enjoying it, and he died at Southport, on the 18th of November last, aged 54 years. He was interred in the pretty churchyard of Prestwich, beside our mutual friend, Charles Swain. I well remember Swain and I standing to admire the beautiful wild hyacinths in Prestwich churchyard. May they long bloom brightly on his grave, and on that of our friend Chattwood! What a thinning have the darts of death made in a few years in the ranks of my Lancashire literary friends! Poets must die like others. John Bolton Rogerson, John Critchley Prince, George Smith, Bro. William Martin, Samuel Bamford, Charles Swain, and Joseph Chattwood have all "gone over to the majority." All seem so many warnings to remind me that my own time will be short in this life, and should be energetically employed in working for noble objects; so that, as the *perfect ashlar* is fit only to be tried by the square and compasses, my own mind in the decline of years, after a regular and well-spent life in acts of piety and virtue, may be tried and approved by the square of God's word and the compasses of my own self-convincing conscience, as becomes a true Craftsman. So mote it be!

A monthly periodical was commenced in Hull, in May last, under the title of the "Mercury," for stamp and coin collectors, edited by Mr. George W. Mortimer and Mr. W. Laird Clowes. Though containing some useful papers, the periodical would only interest a limited portion of the reading public. I am, therefore, glad to observe that its area has been widened, so as to include all sorts of antiquities, and its title changed to that of the "Archæologist." Surely the good folks of Hull alone ought to be able to support, both with literary matter and by their purses, a publication which is only the price of a glass of ordinary bitter beer once a month. Nevertheless, the publication is far from being a local archæologist, and I hope will succeed.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

(FLETCHER, 1596).

Oh, fair sweet face! oh, eyes celestial bright,
Twin stars in heaven, that now adorn the night!
Oh, fruitful lips, where cherries ever grow,
And damask cheeks, where all sweet beauties blow!
Oh thou, from head to foot divinely fair!
Cupid's most cunning nets made of that hair;
And as he weaves himself on curious eyes,
"Oh me, oh me, I'm caught myself!" he cries:
Sweet rest about thee, sweet and golden sleep,
Soft peaceful thoughts your hourly watches keep,
Whilst I in wonder sing this sacrifice,
To beauty sacred, and those angel eyes!

THE NUMBER OF STARS WE CAN SEE.

This interesting account of the starry heavens, intended for a younger auditory we *think suitable to older children*, and we take it with pleasure from "The Young Folks' Weekly Budget":—

In a clear night how many stars can one see with the naked eye? This is a question which is easier to ask them than to answer. How, the reader may ask, can any one count those myriads of glittering points which, during a cloudless and moonless night, make of the heavens an azure screen strewn with diamonds? Who can keep his way among those shining sparks?

When we first think of this question, we have a notion that the number of stars to be seen is innumerable; we are almost sure to estimate the number at hundreds of thousands, or even at millions. Yet nothing can be farther from the truth. In Egypt, indeed, and in some parts of Asia, where the sky is very clear, many more stars can be seen in the same part of the heavens than the best eye can see in Europe or America.

In Europe the keenest observer, when he is accustomed to watching the stars, and does not allow the smallest of those within reach of the naked eye to escape him, does not see, at the most, above four thousand at one time and on the same horizon; and, as one can see half of the heavenly sphere in this way, the number of stars in the whole sky, which can be seen by the unassisted eye, will amount to eight thousand at most.

Some thirty years ago, Anglander, a distinguished German astronomer, the director of the observatory at Bonn, published a catalogue of all the stars visible to the naked eye, during the course of a year, under the horizon of Berlin, and this catalogue contained only three thousand two hundred and fifty-six stars.

According to Humboldt, four thousand one hundred and forty-six stars can be seen at Paris. This is because Paris is situated farther to the south than Berlin.

The nearer we approach the equator the larger is the number of stars to be seen, though the number visible above the horizon at any one time is no greater than before. At the equator the entire sky is spread out before the observer, from one pole to the other; and in the space of twelve hours, if neither twilight nor dawn should impede the observation, one might see the whole starry sphere.

About two years ago another German astronomer, Heis, published a work similar to that of Anglander. His catalogue is more complete, and contains more than two thousand stars not found in Anglander's work. It appears that Heis's sight was much more piercing than that of his predecessor; and it is probable that few persons could see as many stars as were seen by Heis. This astronomer saw and catalogued one thousand nine hundred and sixty-four very small stars, between the sixth and seventh magnitude—too small to be visible to any but the keenest sight. He noted in all, with the naked eye, five thousand four hundred and twenty-one stars, three thousand nine hundred and sixty-eight of which were in the northern part of the heavens. Admitting an equal number for the southern hemisphere, a zone of which was naturally concealed from him, we have seven thousand nine hundred and thirty-six, or, in round numbers, eight thousand stars for the entire heavens.

Thus, as we can see, we are far from the myriads, or the hundreds of thousands, the millions of stars which one so naturally imagines he can see in a clear, moonlight night.

But with the telescope these prodigious numbers are indeed found. In any point of the heavens, where one can see no more than five or six stars, a good telescope enables us to count several thousands; and the more the magnifying power of the glasses is increased, the larger is the number of stars seen.

Now let us remember this: each one of these luminous points is a sun; each of those sparks lights a whole system of worlds. So much has science, by dint of great labour, succeeded in discovering.

But this earth of ours, which seems so large to us, from which so many wonders can be seen, how many, among these innumerable stars, even suspect its existence? From how many stars is it visible?

Of all the stars, there are twenty-three or twenty-four of the largest and brightest that are said to be of the first magnitude; fifty or sixty are of the

second magnitude; some two hundred of the *third, and so on*; and the numbers increase very rapidly as we descend in the scale of brightness. A late French astronomer has estimated the number, *including all up to the thirteenth magnitude*, at seventy-seven millions. Now the question is, from how many of these seventy-seven millions of stars can the earth be seen?

Probably it would have surprised some of the ancient astronomers, who made this earth the centre of the universe, and who believed the stars were created simply to please our eyes, and to make nights beautiful, if they had been told that this little mud-ball on which we live could not be seen from one of those stars. Yet such seems to be the fact. The nearest of those stars—we do not count the planets—are so far from the solar system that our sun itself appears to them as a star of the second magnitude. Neither the earth nor Mars, nor Jupiter—which is twelve hundred times greater than the earth—nor Saturn, nor even Uranus or Neptune, is visible to one of them.

Even for some of the planets that revolve about the sun, our earth is a very small matter. Venus and Mercury see us as we ourselves see Jupiter or Mars; for Mars the earth is a brilliant star; and it can be seen even from Jupiter. But from Jupiter we appear very close to the sun, and are often lost in its rays.

It must be very difficult, under the most favourable circumstances, for an inhabitant of Saturn to see our earth, on account of our nearness to the sun.

Finally, if there are astronomers on Uranus or Neptune, it is almost certain that the earth is entirely unknown to them.

Our Archæological Corner.

THE TEMPLE OF ELEPHANTA.

WE think that the account of the famous Temple of Elephanta, in which it is said Masons marks are read, will be interesting to our readers, as well from an account of the description of it, so well given, as of the associations connected with our Royal Grand Master's visit.

"The Prince made the trip which had been previously arranged to the remarkable caves of Elephanta. These are situated in an island which lies midway between the town and the main land, and present a sight full of the deepest interest to students of religious history, as well as many curious problems of art and architecture.

"A grand banquet had been prepared under the colossal three-headed deity at the extremity of the cavern, to which one hundred and sixty guests sat down, the Prince of Wales presiding.

"The temple in which the bulk of the party now found themselves is a great square excavation, measuring one hundred and thirty feet each way, and its height is from sixteen to twenty feet from floor to roof. It has been dug, by enormous and patient labour, out of the solid rock of the mountain; but the brain which conceived it, and the age or dynasty which saw it excavated, are subjects of mere speculation or idle fable. The sculptures of the gods and the other mythical personages which occupy three sides of the square temple, the chief opening by which the guests entered being on the fourth side, are of colossal size, and for the most part extend from the floor to the ceiling.

"Altogether there were nine great groups of sculpture, of which five were against the wall opposite the entrance by which all came in, two were on the right hand wall, and the remaining two on the left. The chief among them was the triune Shiva, a huge figure with three faces, one face representing his function of Creator, another that of Preserver, and the third that of Destroyer, of the World. As Brahma, the Creator, he holds a gourd, his drinking vessel, in one of his hands, and there is much noble sublimity in the face. As Vishnu, the Preserver, he holds a lotus flower, and there is a colour of the same sublimity in the countenance. As Rudra, the Destroyer, he smiles on a deadly cobra, whose folds wreathed round his arm, whose eyes are looking into his, and whose hood is expanded as if the creature were about to strike. The Destroyer's cap is adorned with a skull and other symbols not so easily explained. I have particularized this group because it is right in front of it that his Royal Highness sat at the banquet during the evening. The calm, grand face of Brahma looked almost over his Royal Highness's head; and in its stony stillness, its gaze ran along the

banqueting tables, and the eating and drinking guests. What changes time brings! That untroubled face had looked down on that very floor upon untold myriads and numberless generations of devout worshippers, who, long centuries ago, had moulded back to aboriginal dust; and now there was the same sublime countenance surveying in its stillness a hearty English dinner party, unperturbed by the bang of the champagne bottle, the rattle of knives and forks, the happy English laughter, or the cheers that crowned the toasts.

"Behind his Royal Highness, and to the right hand of him was a strange group—Shiva, as a half-male and half-female divinity. The one half of the figure is that of a man, and the other half that of a woman. Further to the right and still behind him, Shiva is seated in his heaven with his bride Parvati, and groups of male and female divinities are showering down flowers upon them from the heavenly cloud-land. To the Prince's left hand, and yet behind him, was a group again representing Shiva and Parvati on their bridal-day, with attendants ministering unto them. On the wall to the Prince's right hand was a group representing a ten-headed and ten-armed powerful worshipper of Shiva attempting to carry off Shiva and his heavenly abode, that in his love of coveteousness he might have Shiva always with himself. On the wall to the Prince's left hand was a representative of Shiva beheading in his wrath, a son of Brahma, and having eight arms, tusks from his mouth, and adorned with necklaces or strings of human skulls. The cause of the great god's fury is that one of his wive's had been slighted, because she had presented herself uninvited at a party given by one of her relations. On the same wall, and still to his Royal Highness's left, was another representation of Shiva in one of his most dreadful forms. It was with these great solemn figures before and around that the banquet proceeded, while the Governor's band was outside discoursing in the calm tropical night, sweet European music."

The cave of Elephanta is interesting to Masons, as it is said that Masons' marks abound on the walls.

Reviews.

The Masque of Pandora, and other Poems. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. (Routledge.)

We are among those who have ever admired the poetry of Longfellow. We remember, years ago, when we first became acquainted with his pleasant measures, and we have learned to like them more and more; yes, and repeat them to ourselves day by day, as time has grown old for us, as life has changed, and we have found them welcome companions amid our studies and our sorrows, our crosses and our cares, our pressing concerns, and our serious duties.

Indeed, we have never been able to understand on what basis of sound criticism the shallow, if current, objections to Longfellow's poetry have been founded.

It has been asserted that he is "light," it has been contended that he is "artificial," it has been boldly stated that there was a "sameness" in his compositions, and that if his verses were pretty rhymes they were not, after all, real poetry.

To all these hasty judgments we have always demurred, and do demur still.

We think, on the contrary, that Longfellow has every attribute of a genuine poet. He has imagination, truth, tenderness, sympathy, pathos, a harmonious metre, and ringing words; and whatever may be the judgment of some diletanti objectors, some pseudo-critics, the verdict of the discerning, the intellectual, and the cultivated has long been given in his favour. Many of his happy poems are "household words" in Great Britain as well as in the United States, wherever the Anglo-Saxon language is spoken; and some of them perhaps have been more often quoted, and more largely used by way of illustration and application, than any other poetry, except Tennyson's, of the age.

Holding Longfellow to be a most true poet, and one, too, of the first class, we have been greatly pleased by his last contribution to poetic literature—namely, the little work which heads this page. Our only fault with him is, that he has not given us a few more of his most charming sonnets, some of which are very affecting as well as most effective.

In compliance with the taste of the hour,

in itself a mistaken one, we note that the great "minnesinger" has gone back to a classical subject. In our opinion "classicalism" has been overdone; everybody is well nigh sick of these unreal emotions, and these forced sympathies, the earthly fires, the doubtful morality of mythic heroes and heroines cease to fascinate or interest us. and despite Mr. Swinburne's flow of bounding verse, we believe that such a taste like many another fashion if the "chic" of the moment, is doomed to speedy oblivion and neglect.

In fact it cannot well be otherwise, if it be correct as we hold, that one of the main elements of poetry is its truth. The thoughtful and the refined, the serious and the real reader will not much longer be satisfied with the husks of classic legends, or the words and ways, and ideas and acts of heroes of unhistorical reality, of heroines of questionable propriety. We pass by, then, "The Masque of Pandora" —the one classical poem—as well as the "Hanging of the Crane," and "Morituri Salutamus," all, however, very striking in their way, and come to the songs and sonnets, as we think them of exquisite beauty.

It is possible that in another number we may give "Morituri Salutamus," as it is in itself a most poetic production.

What can be prettier than these homely "Travels by the Fireside"?

"The ceaseless rain is falling fast,
And yonder gilded vane,
Immovable for three days past,
Points to the misty main.

"It drives me in upon myself
And to the fireside gleams,
To pleasant books that crowd my shelf,
And still more pleasant dreams.

"I read whatever bards have sung
Of lands beyond the sea,
And the bright days when I was young
Come thronging back to me.

"In fancy I can hear again
The Alpine torrent's roar,
The mule-bells on the hills of Spain,
The sea at Elsinore.

"I see the convent's gleaming wall
Rise from its groves of pine,
And towers of old cathedrals tall,
And castles by the Rhine.

"I journey on by park and spire,
Beneath centennial trees,
Through fields with poppies all on fire,
And gleams of distant seas.

"I fear no more the dust and heat,
No more I feel fatigue,
While journeying with another's feet
O'er many a lengthening league.

"Let others traverse sea and land,
And toil through various climes,
I turn the world round with my hand
Reading these poets' rhymes.

"From them I learn whatever lies
Beneath each changing zone,
And see, when looking with their eyes,
Better than with mine own."

How striking is this poetic description of Cadenabbia, Lake Como:—

"No sound of wheels or hoof-beat breaks
The silence of the summer day,
As by the loveliest of all lakes
I while the idle hours away.

"I pace the leafy colonnade
Where level branches of the plane
Above me weave a roof of shade
Impervious to the sun and rain.

"At times a sudden rush of air
Flutters the lazy leaves o'erhead,
And gleams of sunshine toss and flare
Like torches down the path I tread.

"By Somariva's garden gate
I make the marble stairs my seat,
And hear the water, as I wait,
Lapping the steps beneath my feet.

"The undulation sinks and swells
Along the stony parapets,
And far away the floating bells
Tinkle upon the fisher's nets.

"Silent and slow, by tower and town
The freighted barges come and go,
Their pendant shadows gliding down
By town and tower submerged below

"The hills sweep upward from the shore,
With villas scattered one by one
Upon their wooded spurs, and lower
Bellaggio blazing in the sun.

"And dimly seen, a tangled mass
Of walls and woods, of light and shade,
Stands beckoning up the Stelvio Pass
Varenna with its white cascade.

"I ask myself, Is this a dream?
Will it all vanish into air?
Is there a land of such supreme
And perfect beauty anywhere?

"Sweet vision! Do not fade away;
Linger until my heart shall take
Into itself the summer day,
And all the beauty of the lake.

"Linger until upon my brain
Is stamped an image of the scene,
Then fade into the air again,
And be as if thou hadst not been."

Do we not all feel for "Belisarius"?—

'I am poor and old and blind;
The sun burns me, and the wind
Blows through the city gate
And covers me with dust
From the wheels of the august
Justinian the Great.

"It was for him I chased
The Persians o'er wild and waste,
As General of the East;
Night after night I lay
In their camps of yesterday;
Their forage was my feast.

"For him, with sails of red,
And torches at mast-head,
Piloting the great fleet,
I swept the Afric coasts
And scattered the Vandal hosts,
Like dust in a windy street.

"For him I won again
The Ausonian realm and reign,
Rome and Parthenope;
And all the land was mine
From the summits of Apennine
To the shores of either sea.

"For him, in my feeble age,
I dared the battle's rage,
To save Byzantium's state,
When the tents of Zabergan,
Like snow-drifts overran
The road to the Golden Gate.

"And for this, for this, behold!
Infirm and blind and old,
With gray, uncovered head,
Beneath the very arch
Of my triumphal march,
I stand and beg my bread!

"Methinks I still can hear,
Sounding distinct and near,
The Vandal monarch's cry,
As, captive and disgraced,
With majestic step he paced, —
"All, all is Vanity!

"Ah! vainest of all things
Is the gratitude of kings;
The plaudits of the crowd
Are but the clatter of feet
At midnight in the street,
Hollow and restless and loud.

"But the bitterest disgrace
Is to see for ever the face
Of the Monk of Ephesus!
The unconquerable will
This, too, can bear;—I still
Am Belisarius"!

Is there not a depth of true poetry in this sonnet?

"When I remember them, those friends
of mine,
Who are no longer here, the noble three,
Who half my life were more than
friends to me,
And whose discourse was like a generous wine,
I most of all remember the divine
Something, that shone in them, and
made us see
The archetypal man, and what
might be
The amplitude of Nature's first design.
In vain I stretch my hands to clasp their
hands;
I cannot find them. Nothing now is
left
But a majestic memory. They meanwhile
Wander together in Elysian lands,
Perchance remembering me, who am
bereft
Of their dear presence, and, remembering, smile."

We cannot better, we think, conclude these notes than with another version of the same sad old story, which seems to have so much interest for the poet's mind and pen:—

"The doors are all wide open; at the gate
The blossomed lilacs counterfeit a
blaze,
And seem to warm the air; a dreamy
haze

Hangs o'er the Brighton meadows like
a fate,
And on their margin, with sea-tides
elate,
The flooded Charles, as in the happier
days,
Writes the last letter of his name, and
stays
His restless steps, as if compelled to
wait.
I also wait; but they will come no more,
Those friends of mine, whose presence
satisfied
The thirst and hunger of my heart.
Ah me!
They have forgotten the pathway to my
door!
Something is gone from nature since
they died,
And summer is not summer, nor can
be."

We pause here to-day. We have risen from the perusal of Professor Longfellow's last work with heartfelt pleasure, and we may recur to it.

The Ladies' Treasury. (Bemrose & Son.)

Many are the magazines of the day, and multifarious must be the reading of the young generation. Indeed, if it goes on at this pace there is no telling what may be the "ultima shule" of the knowledge of our ardent youth. The girls especially are going ahead, and in our opinion one day they will be quite "masters of the situation." Not that we are going to complain, or appear in the character, now so common, of a prosy lecturer or of an angry railer. "Au contraire," though the "cry is still they come," we say, the more the merrier; and we will append this little remark, "en parenthes." We do not presume to discuss the educational status of our young men—and some people say it is not so high as it should be—but we do very much approve of our young women being "enstrait," as a woman who knows nothing is, as Mark Twain says, "a delusion in petticoats."

We have therefore perused this new feminine miscellany—which is well edited and well got up—with much pleasure, but with a little awe. It is quite alarming to realize what the extent of female acquirements now is. The time was when—in good old days—our ladies were confined to Magnall's Questions. They were told "how Dido died," and "who found out the art of printing;" they were learned in samplers and cross-stitch, and they had their customary share of paint and backboard, harp, and physic."

But now, bless you, my dear sir, they have made excursions into the "ologies," and they would stump you and me any day you like to name. They are especially strong in spelling, and very good hands at accounts—what more do you want? They make the best of wives, and the most tender of mammas. Good luck go with them!

We said before, we opened this magazine with as much awe as pleasure, and for this reason. Not only does the "Ladies' Treasury" contain tales and poetry, striking plates of new and fashionable attire; not only does it give us a peep into the mysteries of the "Bona Dea," but it also dabbles in science!

Yes, in order to show how far the enquiring woman's organization of to-day will go in search of its "pabulum mentis," we observe that it is absolutely necessary for editors—masculine or feminine—now to commingle the scientific and the material, the heavy and the etherial, to make the dose go down. Like the powder and raspberry jam of savoury memory and of suffering youth, the editor of a ladies' journal, like the artful nurse of other days, has to allure a babe—the yelling young miscreant—with the sweet-tasted bait!

We therefore take one article from the "Ladies' Treasury" to "point our moral and adorn our tale," and to convince even the most sceptical how learned our "gals" are becoming. It is called "The Homes of the Troglodytes."

These are not young men, we may observe, fast young men or those good dancers, who hold Emily, and Annie, and Sophy up so well at balls, but they are "dwellers in caverns"—aboriginal inhabitants of the earth's surface; not perhaps overclothed, or very civilised, but interesting, as Professor Ramsbottom says, to the "acute intellect of woman!" Listen to this interesting resumé of a great discovery:—

"In the year 1865 M. Dupont, a young Belgian geologist, accompanied Professor Van Beneden, of the University of

Louvain, in an exploration tour through the picturesque valley of Chaleux, on the river Lesse, which takes its rise near the village of Paliseul, in the province of Luxembourg. Its waters surround the rocks of limestone and schist which prevail in the valley, and of which those termed the "Needles of Chaleux" are the most prominent. This mass of rock, which consists of layers of magnesian limestone and schist, contains upwards of twenty caverns of various dimensions, originally formed by the water now so much below the lowest of the apertures, but formed when the valley was much higher than it now is, and before a convulsion of nature raised the rocks from beneath the level of the water, and thereby depressed the valley. The tops of these rocks must have been at one time quite submerged—a pre-historic time, when human beings existed not, a period termed by geologists the Metamorphic or Hypozoic strata. Ages passed away, and gigantic animals, as the mammoth, the elk, and others, roamed the earth, and for a time were its lords. Lastly came man, and like the inferior animals, found his first shelter in the rocks which the waters had penetrated and disintegrated for him into capacious caverns, and to the formation of which fire had also lent its agency, and converted into crystalline spar much of the magnesian limestone, giving in later ages a charming effect of colour in the grey and white mingled or laminated rocks.

"On removing an immense quantity of the *débris* which obstructed the entrance to the principal cavern of the rocks, yet unintruded upon by man since its last occupant had departed or died, what a scene presented itself! Here were displayed all the domestic life of pre-historic man—their customs, their employments, and their mode of sepulture.

"There were traces of fire; large blocks of stone split from the rock which once had served for seats were in places piled one on the other. In one corner lay a heap of perforated shells, once perhaps strung together by the integuments of animals, and scattered about were bone needles; in another place thousands of flint chips, a number of articles made of wood and of the horn of the reindeer; also a number of bones of horses and other animals which had served the dwellers for food, among them bones of the mammoth, the polar bear, the elan or elk, the reindeer, and other animals now inhabiting the northern regions. It is therefore certain that the dwellers in these caves belonged to the age when the *fauna* peculiar to cold regions was found in the centre of Europe.

"The results of these discoveries show how early was man's knowledge of fire, though how or when is not worth conjecture, when it is certain that at his first advent into the world volcanic agency must have been present in places where it is no mare seen, but where it has left indestructible marks of its own activity. The ignition from friction by the wind of decayed but standing trees would have taught him how to produce fire from a similar process. Man in the age in which he then lived knew how to turn the wood, the bone, and the flints to account; the hides of the animals which he trapped or killed clothed him, the bones and integuments served his purposes, but of metals he had not an idea. It was the savage life of man which the rocks of Chaleux sheltered. He used what he saw; of what was beneath him, of the metals in the rocks, or in the stones of the earth, he was ignorant. The cave dwellers were nourished by the flesh of the bear, the horse, the wild boar, the fox, and the water-rat.

"Further researches exhibited one of the caverns as a place of burial, in which a number of the skeletons, principally of women, were discovered placed one upon another in a deep cavern or pit, and covered with large flagstones, easily procured from the schist and laminated rock. Round these stones were deposited what appeared to be remains of food, indicating that the earliest of mankind had some idea of a future and spiritual life."

We have said enough, we feel sure, to commend the "Ladies' Treasury" to our many readers, and we may add that the coloured illustrations of the last French fashions are most effective, while the directions how to profit by them are very explicit.

We wish our contemporary sincerely all success, as it is most useful in its design, and seems worthy of general persual and patronage. W. F. A.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 33.—Vol. III. MARCH, 1876. Price 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

The principal Masonic event we have to record, is the installation of H. R. H. Prince Leopold as Provincial Grand Master for Oxfordshire. We give the account in full which we have taken from our contemporary the *Times*. The selection of Prince Leopold by his Royal Brother, our exalted Grand Master, as P.G.M. of so important and distinguished a Province has been one which has been highly appreciated by our English Craft in general, and the province of Oxfordshire in particular. He is most fittingly placed at the head of the Order, in the province, where from his residence at Oxford he is so well known and so highly esteemed. His appointment has been hailed by all Oxford Masons gladly, and we believe will afford universal and heartfelt gratification. And in these days, when Freemasons are exposed to so many absurd charges, and so many unfounded calumnies, it is satisfactory for us to remember that in England at any rate, in Great Britain rather, our Royal Family have not the slightest doubt either of our principles or our professions, our loyalty or our legality, our teaching or our true-heartedness. They know us to be a peaceful, orderly, law-abiding, patriotic, religiously minded body, and offer us accordingly their friendly sympathies, and distinguish us with their kindly approval. Here is our answer to each Ultramontane "anser," who thinks that the best proof of his learning, his creed, and his common sense, is to run a muck against Freemasons and Freemasonry. The Prince of Wales has lately given a proof in India how he values Freemasonry, and we are quite content, with him at our head, to endure the contumely of the ignorant, and to laugh at the censures of the intolerant.

Bro. George Kenning has just commenced a New Cyclopædia, at a very moderate price, and we beg to call the attention of our brethren to it. Some of the Cyclopædias are too large and too explanatory, others are too condensed and too technical. Bro. Kenning seems to have adopted as his motto, "Medio tutissimus ibis." May he have a goodly list of subscribers, as all such works tend to help on Masonic studies and to give an intellectual turn to Masonic disquisitions and Masonic literature.

The Editor has been so fortunate as to discover the whereabouts of the long-sought Wilson M.S. Constitution, and hopes to publish, as announced, by the very kind permission of its present owner, a transcript of it in the April Magazine. An account will then be given of it.

THE INSTALLATION OF H.R.H. PRINCE LEOPOLD AS P.G.M OF OXFORDSHIRE.

On Wednesday afternoon, February 23, his Royal Highness Prince Leopold was duly installed as Provincial Grand Master of Oxfordshire in the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, which had been lent for the occasion by the Curators. The present Grand Lodge is not of very great antiquity, having been established on the 20th February, 1837, by Lord Henry John Spencer Churchill, who, when filling the office of Deputy Grand Master of England, was appointed Provincial Grand Master of Oxfordshire by the Duke of Sussex, then Grand Master of the Craft. The Lodge was inaugurated at the Masonic-hall, Alfred-street, and the Rev. J. E. Sewell, who was then W.M. of the Apollo Lodge, and is now Vice-Chancellor of the University, was appointed the first junior Grand Warden. Since its establishment the Lodge has rapidly grown in importance, owing partly to a great development of Masonic zeal in the province, and partly, no doubt, to the fact that the Apollo Lodge was one of those forming the province. There is, perhaps, no Lodge in Masonry which has initiated so many distinguished brethren into the mysteries of the Craft, and certainly none which at the present time contributes so many officers to the Grand Lodge of England. Within the last four years it has had the honour of being presided over by his Royal Highness the

Prince of Wales and his Royal Highness Prince Leopold, the latter of whom entered upon the duties of his office on the day previous. The province has had as its rulers since the mastership of Lord Henry Spencer Churchill, the Rev. Charles Ridley, who was appointed in 1845, and Colonel Atkins Bowyer, who was appointed in 1854. On the death of Colonel Bowyer, the care of the Lodge devolved upon Mr. Æneas J. M'Intyre, Q.C., in virtue of his office of Grand Registrar of England.

The preparations for the ceremony of installing Prince Leopold began at half-past ten o'clock, when the Stewards assembled at the theatre and made the necessary arrangements. At 12 o'clock the Masons of the Province began to arrive, and about half-past one the procession was formed in the Divinity School. All those who were not either officers of the Province or of the Grand Lodge of England had previously taken their places in the theatre. At two o'clock the procession started from the Divinity School and entered the theatre, the organ playing. The following distinguished Brethren were present:—Lord Skelmersdale, Deputy Grand Master of England; Mr. Æneas J. M'Intyre, Q.C., Grand Registrar of England, in charge of the province; Mr. Reginald Bird, Deputy Prov. Grand Master, Oxfordshire; Lord Limerick, Prov, G.M., Bristol; Lord Methuen, Prov. G.M., Wilts; Lord Leigh, Prov. G.M., Warwickshire; Colonel Burdett, Prov. G.M., Middlesex; General Brownrigg, Prov. G.M., Surrey; Colonel A. W. Adair, P. Prov. G.M., Somerset; Mr. W. B. Beach, Prov. G.M., Hants, Alderman Stone, J. Grand Warden, England; Lord Burleigh, P.S.G.W., England; Mr. Victor Williamson, P.S.G.W., England; Lord Jersey; the Rev. E. Moore, Past Grand Chaplain; Rev. J. E, Cox, Past Grand Chaplain; Rev. J. Martyn; Past Grand Chaplain; Mr. J. B. Monckton, President of Board of General Purposes, Mr. Heather Bigg, Past President of Board of General Purposes; Frederick Parker Morrell, Junior Grand Deacon, England; J. C. Parkinson, Past Junior Grand Deacon, England; Mr. G. Massey (Freemason); Major Shadwell Clerke; Colonel Campbell, of Blythswood, Prov. Grand Master, Renfrewshire, E.; Mr. R. J. Spiers, P.G.S.B., P.D.G.M. There were also many other distinguished Brethren present.

The lodge was opened by the Grand Registrar, Mr. Æneas J. M'Intyre, Q.C., and immediately afterwards it was notified in ancient form that the Deputy Grand Master of England was present, and Lord Skelmersdale was accordingly saluted in the customary manner. Lord Skelmersdale thereupon took the chair, and proceeded to inform the Brethren of the objects for which the Lodge had been assembled—the Installation of his Royal Highness Prince Leopold, the presentation of a testimonial to Brother R. J. Spiers on retiring from the office of Deputy Provincial Grand Master, after 20 years' service, and the appointment of certain Provincial Grand Officers. After the patent of appointment had been read, a deputation was formed for the purpose of introducing Prince Leopold, who had in the meantine arrived, attended by his Equerries, the Hon. Alexander Yorke and Mr. R. H. Collins, C.B. On re-entering the Lodge the procession was formed as follows:—Three Provincial Grand Stewards; Provincial Grand Master's gloves and apron, on a cushion borne by Master of a Lodge; collar and jewel of Provincial Grand Master, on a cushion borne by Master of a Lodge; Provincial Grand Director of Ceremonies, Provincial Grand Registrar, Provincial Grand Treasurer, Provincial Grand Chaplains, six past Provincial Grand Wardens, his Royal Highness Prince Leopold (the Provincial Grand Master), two Equerries, two Provincial Grand Stewards.

His Royal Highness took his seat on the left of the Throne, and after a prayer from the Provincial Grand Chaplain, the ceremony of installation was duly performed, according to ancient usage, by the Deputy Grand Master. The installation having been proclaimed after sound of trumpet, the Brethren saluted the Provincial Grand Master according to ancient form.

Lord Skelmersdale then proceeded to address a few words in the name of the Province, to the newly installed Provincial Grand Master, saying that the ability already shown by his Royal Highness rendered it certain that he would be an ornament to the chair and an honour to the Province of which he had been appointed the ruler.

Prince Leopold next appointed Mr.

Reginald Bird, M.A., Vice-Principal of Magdalen College, as Deputy Provincial Grand Master, and he was, after sound of trumpet, duly proclaimed and saluted in ancient form. The next business was to appoint a Provincial Grand Steward to take the place recently vacated by Prince Leopold. Mr. W. J. Douglas Campbell (of Blythswood) was appointed and invested. The following Provincial Grand Officers were then reappointed, and, except in one or two cases of absence, presented to Prince Leopold :—Brother John Galpin, Provincial Senior Grand Warden; Brother H. R. Cooper-Smith (Magdalen College), Provincial Junior Grand Warden; Bro. Rev. R. W. M. Pope, Provincial Grand Chaplain; Bro. Rev. W. Alexander Ayton, Provincial Grand Chaplain; Bro. Alderman Thomas Randall, Prov. G. Treasurer; Bro. R. I. Williamson (Ch. Ch.), Prov. G. Registrar; Bro. William Henry Horn, Prov. S. G. Deacon; Bro. Jason Saunders, Prov. Junior G. Deacon; Bro. Sinclair Frankland Hood (Magd. Coll.), Prov. G. Sec.; Bro. Chas. Bishop, P.G.S.Wks.; Bro. Julius Sladden, P.G.D.C.; Bro. Carlisle J. S Spedden (Queen's Coll.), Prov. G.D.C.; Bro. Alderman William Eagleston. P.G.S.B.; Bro. Henry Plumridge, Prov. G. Organist; Bro. Henry Williams, Prov. Grand Pursuivant; Bro. Gordon Campbell, Exeter Coll. Bro. Cecil G. Paget (Ch. Ch.), Bro. J. E. Courteny Bodley (Balliol Coll.), Bro. William Peppercorn, Bro. Frederick Dolley, Provincial Grand Stewards. Bros. William Stevens and George Norwood, Prov. G. Tylers.

Immediately after the appointment of officers a pleasing episode occurred—namely, the presentation of an address of congratulation to Prince Leopold, from the Grand Orient Lodge of Masonry in Italy, and the Italian Colonies. Thanks to the kindness of Bro. J. C. Parkinson, P.G.D., England, we are enabled to give a translation of the address :—

"To His Royal Highness Prince Leopold, Provincial Grand Master of Oxfordshire.

"Most Illustrious and Potent Brother,—Italian Masonry, which rejoices at seeing ever more honoured in the most noble nation of England that universal brotherhood of which it, too, is not the last portion, hastens to send you its most respectful and affectionate congratulations on the auspicious event of your Royal Highness's exaltation to the office of Provincial Grand Master of Oxfordshire.

"Happy the people among whom men of the loftiest social standing appreciate and practise the grand principles of that humanitarian progress which it is the object of Masonry to vindicate and to diffuse throughout the civilised world! Accept, most illustrious and potent Brother, our most devoted and sincere congratulations and our fraternal salutions.

"In the absence of the Grand Master, the Grand Master Associate,

"GEORGE TAMAIO, 33d.

"Rome, February 18, 1876,"

There was only one other thing to be done before the closing of the Lodge, and that was to present to Brother R. J. Spiers, who has for the last 20 years filled the office of Deputy Provincial Grand Master with zeal and efficiency, a testimonial, consisting of a valuable inkstand and a purse of 500 guineas. His Royal Highness, in making the presentation, paid an eloquent tribute to the services of Brother Spiers, adding that the testimonial had been subscribed for by a large number of Masons, many of whom were then present. On their behalf the Prince proceeded to present the testimonial as a token of esteem and regard for Brother Spiers' personal merit and of gratitude for his services towards Masonry generally.

Brother Spiers, who was deeply moved, in feeling terms thanked the Brethren for the honour they had done him, and said he would hand down the testimonial to his descendants as a most precious heirloom.

The business of the day being over, the Lodge was closed in ample form, and the procession of Grand Officers left the Lodge as it had entered.

All the arrangements were under the control of Brother Reginald Bird, the Deputy Provincial Grand Master, and Brother H. A. Pickard, P. Prov. S. G. W., to the latter of whom was intrusted the duty of superintending the arrangements inside the theatre; and they are both to be congratulated on the excellent manner in which everything went off.

The banquet in the evening was held at the Town Hall. It was numerously

attended, and everything passed off without a hitch of any kind.

His Royal Highness, who was attended by Mr. R. H. Collins, C.B., Controller of his Household, and the Hon. Alexander Yorke, is the guest of the Dean of Christ Church.

Thus ended a very pleasant and memorable day, a "dies alba" for Oxford Freemasonry. Many a brother would say, as he left the Sheldonian Theatre, "Adveniant utinam sic mihi sœpe dies."

His Royal Highness is now W.M. of the Antiquity Lodge, and of the Apollo University Lodge, and we wish him a most prosperous rule.

THE SECOND MINUTE BOOK OF THE LODGE OF INDUSTRY, GATESHEAD.

BY THE EDITOR.

By the kind permission of the W.M. and Brethren of the Lodge of Industry--through the friendly mediation of Bro. P.M. Robson—the Second Minute Book has been placed in my hands. It is a large MS. volume, bound up with a copy of the Constitutions of 1767. It contains, written in a neat hand, the "Order of Antiquity," and the "Apprentice's Charge" already given; and also contains certain Fund Laws of dates December 27, 1779, and 1780, which as they are nearly a verbatim reproduction of those previously given need not now be repeated. One or two of them, however, deserve noting:

"Law 28.—Resolved September 29, 1780. That the excellent oration composed by our worthy and worshipful Bro. David Richardson, and delivered by him at the consecration of St. Michael's Lodge at Alnwick, be published at the expense of this Lodge, and a copy delivered to each member gratis."

"36. Any brother who shall neglect to attend Divine Service once a month, unless lawfully prevented, shall be fined 1s."

The actual minutes, not very regularly kept, begin June 5, 1780, and end February 3, 1845. But for many years the Lodge had evidently fallen to a low ebb, until resuscitated in 1845, when it changed its locale and practically gave itself new life. There is a Minute, September 7, 1781, which is very remarkable and which I cannot explain:—

"Bro. Langstaff and Bro. Capt. Geo. Farquhar chosen honorary members. The officers were 'chosen.'" And then occurs this entry:

"From the Charter granted to this Lodge in the year 1774, by the V. Honble Earl of Crawford, authorizing us to appoint a Provincial Master, we have unanimously, upwards of 10 brethren present, elected our Worshipful Master David Richardson to that most honourable office during his life."

Until 1808, the entries consist of the names of officers elected annually, and the names of members, with dates of initiation, passing, and raising. As George Champion, in 1804: "Made, March, 5, 1804; passed and raised April 2, 1804." And we also do meet with an analogous entry with the following: "Robert Walker, his mark, made, passed, and raised June 13, 1805."

In 1808, December 27, we find the first actual minute, which relates to the lowering of the fees; which are then appointed to be as follows;" until midsummer next:

	£	s.	d.
Making - - - - -	2	2	0
Registering - - - -	0	5	0
Liquidation* - - - -	0	2	0
Passing and raising -	0	10	6
Tyler - - - - -	0	1	0
	£3	0	6

This is signed by Wm. Potter, W.M. pro tem. What happened at Midsummer does not appear. The only entry being:

"John Dove September 4 1809.
Oct. 1, 1809, Robt. Hemsly,
2, 1809. Thos. Chicken."

No minutes occur until August 25, 1843, when something like 20 brethren appear to be present, including the W.M.'s of 706 and 614, Richard Bennett being W.M, W. Collingwood and J. Davison S. and J. Wardens, G. Fulthorp, Secretary.

September 26, 1844, a special meeting of the Lodge of Industry, 56, was held at Irvell, when 12 brethren, including visitors, were present, when Lodge 614 paid Lodge 56 another visit "in form,"

* Something to do with liquids?—[ED.]

a P.M. of 706, Bro. W. Dalziel, acting as secretary. No less than 10 members of 614 were proposed as joining members.

On the 29th day of January 1845, a meeting was held to consider the propriety of removing the Lodge to Gateshead, when in was adjourned to February 3. On that date it was decided to remove the Lodge to Gateshead, and something like 20 brethren were elected as joining members.

Since that time the Lodge of Industry has had a prosperous career, and is now most flourishing. But these minutes serve to show how carelessly our old brethren kept their minute books, how much was done of which no record is preserved, and how careful we must be not to press the evidence arising from Minute Books too far, as it is, at the best, but fragmentary and incomplete, and governed by the great characteristic of Masonic reserve. Indeed the argument that because we do not find in minute books as the early ones in Scotland, any mention of the second or third degree and that therefore these degrees were unknown, has always appeared to me, I confess, utterly untenable.

The writer of this paper, who was permitted, as W.M. of a neighbouring Lodge of high repute, to take part in the removal of the Lodge of Industry, thirty years ago, and the installation of the W.M. at Gateshead, begs to express his thanks to the W.M. and officers and brethren of the Lodge of Industry for the great privileges accorded to him, and, not the least, to Bro. P.M. Robson. He offers his best wishes for the welfare and progress of the Lodge of Industry.

TREED BY A TIGER.

BY JUSTUS LAWSON.

"I've always heard," remarked I to my friend, Lieutenant M——, as we sat over our late tea, in Samarcand, at a table put right out in the open street in front of his quarters, after the primitive Eastern fashion, "I've always heard that that belt of hugh reeds along the Syr-Daria, just opposite Tchinaz, was a great place for tigers; but when I passed through it the other day, on my way here, I didn't see one, although the reeds were broken every here and there, as if by the passing and repassing of some large beast."

"Well, they *are* pretty rare now, but you still meet with them occasionally; its only a few years since an officer of ours killed two of them in the very place you're speaking of. There used to be a good many, too, in the jungle around Fort Perovski; but now the likeliest place for them is along tne Ili, up toward the Chinese border—they fairly swarm there. You see, we havn't disturbed that region much as yet; there's only one post road through the whole of it; but when we begin to improve *it* likewise, Messieurs les Tigres will have to emigrate."

"Have you ever fallen in with any of them yourself?"

"I have indeed, and in a way I didn't much like. One night I was camping out on the road from Vernoe to Kouldja, and slept, if you can call it so, in the jungle, with the damp creeping into my very bones, and the musketoes about me by thousands upon thousands. When morning came, and there was just light enough to see where things were, I was startled by my horse shying suddenly, and trembling all over. And there, not thirty yards from where I stood, I saw, grinning through the bushes, the head of a full-grown tiger."

"Well, before he could make a spring, I made another—which was up into my saddle—and away as hard as I could pelt; for, having no weapon but my revolver, and no one with me but my Tartar guide (who was worth nothing in a fight), I judged the best tactic to be 'an orderly retreat.'"

"I quite agree with you there; but was that your last experience of them?"

"No, indeed—I'd a much more serious adventure about a year later. But, before I begin to tell it, let's have the glasses filled again. Ostap, more tea!"

Ostap (a tall, wiry Cossack, with the scar of a Bokhariote yataghan across his low forehead) refills the tumblers, out of which tea is always drunk by Russians; and the lieutenant, after sipping in silence for a minute or two, strikes into the second part of his story:

"It was in the summer of 1871, when we were going against the Tarantchis before Kouldja—the time when we beat them in that great battle among the moun-

tains, and took the town. Well, just before the battle, I was out with a small scouting party along the Ili, right through the low rice grounds. You saw those rice fields on the other side of the Tchepan-Ata Hills, didn't you, just before coming to the Zer-Affshan?"

"Yes it was just sunrise when I passed through them."

"And what did you think of them?"

"I thought them one of the nastiest bits I'd ever seen."

"Well, they're nothing to those on the Ili—just nothing at all. All that's not water is mud, and all that's not mud is musketoes. I never had such a time of it in my life; and when we got into the jungle, it seemed quite comfortable in comparison.

"Now, one of the men with me was my servant, Andrei Goorko, a Cossack of the right sort, and one of the best men in my company. The morning we started he had looked rather glum and chopfallen, because, as he explained to me on the road, he had dreamed that he saw his own head pulled off and lying on the ground, though how he managed to *see* it I couldn't exactly find out However, in spite of this, he insisted on going first, saying that no man can avoid his fate, and that if there were evil hanging over us, it had better fall on him than me.

"However, the first day passed off without our meeting anything else but musketoes—and I'm sure *they* were bad enough. The second was just the same, and, toward evening, when we were pretty nearly through the jungle, I began to make fun of Andrei and his dream, when all at once his horse stopped short, and began to tremble all over, and then turned right round. Before anyone could say a word there came a crash and a roar, and a whirl of dust, and there lay poor Andrei on his face on the ground, with a large tiger upon him!

"I fired right at the brute's head, but in my haste I only hit the fore-shoulder. Luckily the man behind me was a cooler fellow; he took a steady aim and hit the beast with a shot in the back that fairly broke its spine. Over it rolled, lashing out furiously with its fore-paws, and two more shots despatched it.

"Then we took up poor Andrei; but he was past helping. The brute had caught him by the back of the neck, and with one wrench of its jaws, had torn his head clean off; and so his dream came true, sure enough. Poor fellow! I was never so sorry to lose anybody. We made shift to dig a grave for him, and put a cross at the head of it, and then we took the tiger's skin as a trophy, and went on again.

"An hour later we came out upon the bank of the river, and my men encamped, glad enough to rest after two days in the saddle. But as for me, what with the game we had bagged already, and what with my rage at poor Andrei's death, my blood was fairly up for more sport, and, as soon as we'd finished supper, I took my rifle and went off along the river bank, to see if I couldn't fall in with another tiger.

"Presently, I came to a place that was just the thing I wanted—a high bank overlooking the river, with a tree which I could easily climb growing a little way down it, and the tracks of the big game passing and repassing in every direction. Plainly enough, this was one of the places where they came to drink; so I scrambled up into the tree, laid my rifle across my lap and waited.

"I sat for half-an-hour or so without seeing anything to fire at, when finding myself getting rather cramped, I thought it best to change my position. I turned round to do so, and—found myself face to face with the biggest tiger I'd ever seen in my life!

"There he stood, on the top of the bank, just level with where I sat, and certainly not ten feet off. The moon was bright as day, and I could see the glare of his eyes, and the glitter of his great white teeth, as plain as I see *you* now; I could even feel his hot breath on my face!

"It's no use trying to make out that I wasn't frightened; I was as thoroughly frightened as I've ever been yet. So much so, indeed, that I couldn't stir hand or foot but just sat like a statue; and that was what, in all probability, saved my life; for had he made a spring, he could have dragged me down as easily as a cat catches a mouse.

"How long we sat staring at each other I don't know—if anyone had said a month, I'd have believed it—but this I *do* know, that I foreswore tiger shooting in the most solemn manner twenty times over. At last, the beast turned his head, and walked

slowly away; and I drew as long a breath as if I'd been five minutes under water."

"Well you might."

"As soon as he was gone, I came down from the tree; and what do you suppose was the next thing I did?"

"Roused your men, and went after the tiger, and shot him."

"You've hit it," says my friend, laughing; "and I've got his skin now, and a very fine skin it is. But I wouldn't go over that time in the tree again to be made Governor-General of Turkestan! Ostap, more tea."

DOES THE EARTH RECEIVE HEAT FROM THE SUN?

Evidence *versus* Theory.

"Hot" is only a comparative term, for when anything is said to be hot or cold, it only means that the body is hotter or colder than something else. Yet, for the purpose of consideration in this paper, it must be admitted that ice is cold, and that the rays issuing from a fierce coal fire are hot; that when the thermometer and other like instruments, as well as our own sense of feeling, indicate great heat, that heat is present; that when the thermometer sinks to zero, or lower, and no means we possess are sufficient to discover heat, then it must be admitted to be absent, for if we are to assume an existence which cannot be proved, then we are basing our belief upon *theory* instead of *evidence*.

The substance of the supposed evidence offered by those who advocate or affirm that heat *does* come from the sun, is as follows:—

1st. That the sun's heat ripens the corn; causes all the animal and vegetable kingdoms to flourish; produces evaporation of the waters of the earth—and in the tropics is so intense that the very ground itself seems to be on fire. In confirmation that it is verily the sun's heat which produces all these effects, they refer to the difference of the temperature which results from the sun being hid by clouds; or, more strikingly still, they refer to the comparative readings of the thermometer when under a vertical sun, and at midnight.

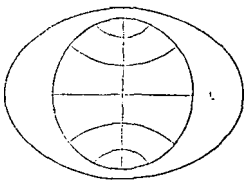
2nd. That by exposing a flat shallow vessel, containing mercury, called a pyrheliometer, to the rays of the sun, they say, the actual amount of heat radiated may easily be ascertained; and it has been estimated that the earth receives from the sun during a year sufficient to heat an ocean of fresh water covering the whole surface of the earth, 66 miles deep, from the temperature of melting ice to the temperature of ebullition, and as the earth only receives one 2,300,000,000th of the total radiation, it is estimated that in one year the heat given out by the sun is equal to that which would be generated by the combustion of a layer of solid coal entirely covering the surface of the sun, seventeen miles in thickness.

3rd. That the sun is seen to be a vast globe of fire, with flames issuing from its surface, and that heat *must* come from the sun, because if it were to be obliterated the earth would become a frozen barren mass of matter.

It is my object now to advocate an opposite view, namely, that heat does *not* come from the sun. Professor Tyndall has beautifully described heat as being a "mode of motion," and it is also well known that the chromosphere of the sun is in a constant state of the most violent agitation, immense volumes of which rush furiously, thousands of miles per minute, in every conceivable direction and form. I have, therefore, to suggest that this motion—or, possibly, some other influence emanating from the sun—operates upon the earth's atmosphere (or rather that part turned towards the sun), and produces a motion of its constituent parts and the minute particles of matter held in suspension, and thus *heat is generated in and through the instrumentality of the earth's atmosphere*; the intensity of the heat produced, depends upon the density and quantity of the atmosphere. Near the surface of the earth there is greater heat, because greater density. In elevated regions there is less heat, because less density of atmosphere; and, if this is true, it follows that beyond the limits of the atmosphere there can be *no heat whatever*. So that if the earth were to be deprived of its atmosphere, the same cold and barrenness would result as if deprived of the sun. Consequently heat might be as correctly attributed to the atmo-

sphere as to the sun, both being equally necessary for its production.

The greatest amount of heat is, of course produced when the sun's action is vertical, hence we have more heat in summer than in winter. It is worthy of notice that in the equatorial regions, where the heat is greatest, there, also, the atmosphere preponderates. Flammarion, in his work on the atmosphere, says the ratio of the polar diameter is three-fourths of the equatorial diameter of the atmosphere. Glaisher states that Laplace proved even a greater difference, namely, that the polar diameter is only two-thirds of the equatorial, as represented in the diagram below, in which the outer line indicates the extent of the atmosphere:



The following table has been formed from a series of observations made, which shows how rapidly the weight of the atmosphere decreases by ascending to great elevations:—

	Height above the sea.	Mean reading of Barometer.
	Feet	Inches.
Level of the ocean	0	29·92
Greenwich Observatory	159	29·74
Toulouse do.	650	29·37
Geneva do.	1,339	28·58
Summit of Vesuvius	3,937	25·98
Guanaxuato (Humbolt)	6,837	23·62
The Monastery of the Great St. Bernard	8,130	22·17
Summit of Etna	10,893	20·08
Several aeronautical ascents (Flammarion)	13,124	18·70
Summit of Mont Blanc	15,748	16·69
On the Chimborazo (Humbolt)	20,014	14·17
Aeronautical ascent (Gay Lussac)	22,966	12·79
Do. (Glaisher)	26,247	10·79
Do. do.	29,000	9·75
In the highest ascent do.	37,000	7·00

Not only does the density of the atmosphere diminish as we ascend, but Flammarion estimates, from a large number of experiments tried under varying circumstances with a clear sky, that the mean fall of the temperature is 7° Fah. for the first 1,600 feet from the surface of the ground; 13° at 3,280 feet; 19° at 4,900 feet; 23° at 6,560 feet; 27° at 8,200 feet; 31° at 9,840; 34° at 12,500—an average of 1° Fah. per 340 feet.

Again, it is well known that when a body radiates heat, the amount received from it is inversely as the squares of the distance. Therefore, at great elevations, under a vertical sun, there should be more heat; instead of which, at the height of four or five miles only, the mountains are eternally covered with snow.

With regard to the method adopted for estimating the total amount of heat radiated from the sun, by exposing a known surface of mercury in a shallow vessel (the pyrheliometer), it appears to me most unsatisfactory; for if the mercury were to be exposed to the sun's rays at an elevation of a few miles, then, instead of its being heated, it would be frozen solid; consequently the heat indicated would be *nil*. The value of the experiment, therefore, is *nil* too.

If the same vessel, minus the mercury, were to be openly exposed for some time, in all probability it would be partially filled with rain water, and it would be equally reasonable to conclude that the water as well as the heat comes from the sun, for in each case both the heat and the water diminish, in proportion as the experiment is tried at greater elevations, until both alike are totally absent.

The following explanations have been offered, to account for the loss of heat in elevated positions, by those persons who advocate the theory that heat emanates from the sun :—

1st. That the earth is heated by the sun's rays, but as those rays are constantly radiating from the surface, a large proportion is lost by ascending to great elevations.

2nd. That the heat rays of the sun which fall upon the earth, are reflected into the air, and to a great extent lost at great heights.

3rd. That the highest elevation ever attained is too insignificant to be considered any nearer the sun, when compared with its immense distance.

In reply to the first statement: If the earth is heated by the rays of the sun, it must necessarily absorb them; and if it does absorb them, then it cannot possibly radiate them at the same time.

If a hot cannon ball be placed in a vessel containing cold water, the ball will radiate heat into the water until the ball and the water become the same temperature. If, on the other hand, a cold ball be placed in hot water, then the water will radiate heat, which the ball will absorb, but the ball cannot absorb heat *from*, and radiate heat *into*, the water at one and the same time; neither can the earth act in like manner with regard to the sun. Radiation implies cooling, and that part of the earth which is fully exposed to the (heat) rays of the sun, cannot be cooling, else when is it heated?

The operations of radiation appear to be as follow—

There is a large amount of heat generated in the atmosphere during the day, which the earth absorbs—just like the cannon ball before mentioned—but after the sun has set, then the earth gives out or radiates its redundant heat into the atmosphere (which is then in a quiescent state, and no longer generating heat), and thus by the heat being alternately absorbed by the atmosphere and then by the earth, there is no loss, and the fearful extremes of heat and cold which would otherwise ensue are prevented.

In reply to the second statement: The heat is supposed to be lost by reflection. This seems to me very unlikely, and contrary to all experience and evidence. If the sun's rays travel over ninety millions of miles before they reach the earth, surely they are not utterly annihilated by being reflected ten or even 100 miles in the opposite direction. An illustration of such a phenomenon would be to imagine a thermometer in contact with a brick wall, with a huge fire ninety feet distant, so large and fierce that the thermometer rises to 100 degrees, then upon its being removed one ten-thousandth part of an inch nearer the fire, it sinks to zero by the loss of reflected heat from the wall. This, as before stated, is contrary to all evidence.

In reply to the third statement: I agree that the highest elevation attained is inconsiderable when compared with the sun's distance, and, therefore, *more* heat on that account can scarcely be expected; but it must be borne in mind, the heat is actually less, and if we take into consideration the total height of the atmosphere, and its diminished density as we ascend, then five or six miles is not such an insignificant proportion, but corresponds with the diminished temperature.

It is possible that the foregoing may, after all, be considered only a mere quibble of words, without any material significance, even if true, and certainly not worth the endeavour to oppose the long established belief that heat emanates from the sun. This, however, is not the case, the great object being to state the literal truth; besides which, if heat is generated in the atmosphere, several phenomena, otherwise most perplexing and unaccountable, are easily understood, which gives the question greater importance.

1st. If the sun gives out such immense heat as attributed to it, how is the supply restored? Do millions of meteors and comets fall into it daily to keep up the conflagration, as some writers suggest, or is it cooling down? And if so, why is it not already utterly consumed? for it has been estimated that its whole bulk should not last more than 5,000 years. The very persons who make these calculations tell us that heat is motion, *not* matter.

This theoretical puzzle is answered if heat is generated in the atmosphere, for then it is clear the sun loses nothing, and, therefore, requires no replenishing.

2nd. If the sun gives out heat to all the planets, then Mercury, on account of its proximity to the sun, must be in a state of fluidity. Venus at the boiling point. Jupiter, being so distant, must be all ice. Saturn and the more distant planets colder than anything we can conceive. But if heat is generated in each of the respective atmospheres of the planets, then by their having more or less surrounding them, according to their distances from the sun, each may possess the same moderate temperature as the earth.

3rd. If heat pass from the sun to the moon, why is not a proportionate amount reflected or radiated to the earth? Professor Tyndall and others have not been able to discover the slightest particle of heat in the moon's rays, although tested with the most delicate instruments, and I think there are three evident reasons why:—

First, the sun's rays are not heat, and therefore there is none to reflect.

Secondly, the moon has little or no atmosphere in which heat can be generated, and so there is no radiation.

Thirdly, even if the moon had an atmosphere, and heat *was* generated in it, there could be no reflection or radiation beyond the limits of the assumed atmosphere.

In conclusion: Let Nature be our great Teacher. Heat is required for innumerable purposes near the surface of the earth, and that is just where the EVIDENCE of our senses and investigation prove it is provided, instead of its proceeding from the Sun as many persons THEORETICALLY suppose.

J. A. R.

WHAT HAPPENED AT A CHRISTMAS GATHERING.

BY THEOPILUS TOMLINSON.

CHAPTER II.

I LEFT off my story at the end of our first day at Compton L'Estrange—for so the old manor-house was termed—when the genial company was dispersing for the night. Some of the irreverent youth adjourned to the smoking-room, and, when we elderly people had gone to our virtuous couches, were exhaling until early hours the fragant (?) weed, and imbibing a mysterious compound termed "B. and S."

When we all assembled for breakfast in the morning, everybody seemed very cheerful except old Jamieson. I at first thought it was the mental conflict of the evening before between love in a cottage and love in "widow's weeds," but young Miller whispered to me' "Old Jamieson has been in the haunted room, and I am quite sure has seen the ghost." But as we were all talking and eating and drinking at the samet ime, no one had any leisure time for anybody else's grievances or mishaps. And I often think that the breakfast is the one meal of the day when many of us are inclined to be sulky and savage, and resent enquiry, and dislike confidence. Even the "gal" you adore does not look always benign at breakfast time, though I do not know why. Perhaps it is that we noble animals require our "pabulum corporis," like those of a lower grade, and after feeding-time is over become civil and sociable and gregarious again. But this morning Jamieson's little melancholy was soon discovered by the buxom widow, who instantly began to pity and "proner" the old rascal, who, to say the truth, like most men, was not averse to be petted and fussed over. I observed some sagacious looks passing between Jorum and Jimmy and after we had all left the breakfast-room and the men had got into their morning-room, Jorum began pumping old Jamieson."

"By the way, Jamieson," he said, "I hear you slept in the haunted room last night. Did you see anything?"

Jamieson, who did not evidently relish the cross-questioning, said hastily, "Oh, no; I slept very well, and saw nothing and heard nothing."

"Well," replied Jorum, "I thought you was looking pale this morning- I have heard queer stories about that room. They say"—he went on, not pretending to notice old Jamieson's fidgetting about—"that a woman appears and gazes on you with a melancholy look. Come, Jamieson," added Jorum, "tell us the truth, old boy; we won't peach. Did you see something last night?"

Jamieson, who was evidently a little nervous, at last said to Jorum, in a lower key than usual, "Well, it is a curious

fact; I believe a woman did cross my room this morning early."

"What was she like?" said Jimmy Miller, in a tone which no one could fail noting.

"Well," said old Jamieson, "I did not see exactly, for I was half asleep, and in a dreadful fright; but she looked like a woman in white."

"Stout or thin?" said Jimmy again.

Everybody laughed, and old Jamieson said, "Mr. Miller, none of your jokes on me. Its no laughing matter. I saw something, but what it was I can't say!"

The conversation dropped. But the story soon got out among the ladies, and I felt pretty sure from their low laughs that Master Jimmy Miller and Miss Laura knew something about the matter However, the discussion ceased, and we spent the day as people usually do in a pleasant and comfortable country house. When we all got together for tea in the afternoon, it was quite clear to me that Jamieson and Mrs. De Salis, and Jimmy and Laura had paired off like Dame Durden's serving maids and men. And so I said to Mrs. Jorum, "It all appears to be going on as one could most desire."

"Yes," she replied; "that ghost has done it. Mrs. De Salis has profited by the occasion, and has convinced Jamieson how undesirable is a bachelor's life, and how lonely and how unprotected, and how uncompaniable it is. I believe, if the ghost appears again, Jamieson will take and marry Mrs. De Salis off the reel, to keep off such nocturnal visitants. Whether he will be the gainer or the loser by the transaction, time only can show."

"Well, but," I said, "what has the ghost to do with it?"

"Well, you see," she replied, looking most mischievous, "old Jamieson is, I believe, an arrant old coward, and Mrs. De Salis has pluck—I won't say brass—for two; and like all weak men—and you men are so weak, such poor creatures—he must lean on a woman. Now Mrs. De Salis is as bold as a lion, and fears no ghost and certainly has no alarm about a husband;" and here Mrs. Jorum laughed again her merry laugh. "Look at them," she said, "why those two old geese are getting quite tender. Well, I never!"

Certainly Mrs. De Salis had played her cards well, and Jamieson was enraptured.

Old Jorum came up and said, "Its quite disgusting!"

"What is," asked Mrs. Jorum, "you most unsentimental of men?"

"Those two old donkies making love in that way."

"Bless my soul," said Mrs. Jorum, "what creatures men are! As if it was not necessary to sweeten the black draught of life with a little coating of sugar or of gold. Jorum, I had expected better things of you, after all the instruction I have given you! Do you remember, Mr. Tomlinson, how loving a certain person was once upon a time?" I bowed impressively, and she went on: "And here he is, positively grudging poor old Jamieson a few short sweet moments of sunshine and quiet and happiness."

At this moment Laura and her Jimmy came up, looking supremely happy. Jimmy came to my chair and whispered in my ear: "All right, old boy—father and mother agreeable—and I am going to write to my friends."

"Oh! incautious maiden," said I to the blushing Laura, whom Mrs. Jorum was warmly congratulating, "You are really determined to land on the dangerous island of matrimony. Be warned and wise in time, ere it be too late."

The impudent young woman only laughed, and said, "Grapes are sour, you old and woe-begone bachelor!"

And in due course we all separated to adorn the outer man, for the cheery and pleasant dinner. This evening all went off and went on, as they say, "most swimmingly." Jamieson was so engrossed by Mrs. De Salis that he took no heed of his left-hand neighbour; and Jimmy was so absorbed in Laura's sprightly conversation, that he even had scarcely an ear for Mrs. Jorum's merry sallies. But, as she said confidentially to me afterwards, "a man in love is really all but 'off the nut.'"

It was quite clear to all now that old Jamieson was booked, and I confess, like a person suffering from a twinge of the gout, I began to feel a qualm of compunction. And as we were separating for the night, and the ladies had finished nibbling their biscuits and sipping iced seltzer water, with just a soupcon of cognac—only a soupcon—I said to Mrs. Jorum: "I am really sorry for poor old Jamieson."

"I am not," that strong-minded young woman replied; "he wants money, and he will get it; he wants some one to manage him, and he will find what he wants. As he has made his bed, so let him lie; I don't pity him in the least." And I don't believe she did.

I fancied I heard the ladies tittering as they all tramped along, Mrs. De Salis lingering behind to say a soft farewell to Jamieson.

"You and the widow are going it," I said to old Jamieson when he returned to the table. When we all closed round the fire, before separating for the night, "Charming woman, Tomlinson," the old impostor said, "full of warmth of heart, and what a fond and sympathetic creature she is."

"Yes, old fellow," I thought to myself, you and she will do very well; you will get her money, and she will bully you. Such are the compensations of life." Soon after this we all went our way, wishing each other "buona botte."

At breakfast the next morning poor old Jamieson was more silent than ever, and was evidently ill at ease, and even impervious to the attentions of the ready widow. Soon after breakfast was over, he went up to our kind hostess and told her that most important business called him away to town, much to the apparent astonishment of that amiable personage, to the consternation of the widow, and the evidently suppressed amusement of Mrs. Jorum, Jimmy Miller, Laura, and Co. He gave no explanation, and avoided us all, and left by the London express.

Curiously enough, the widow, in the afternoon, also found that she must return to town; and the next morning she also left us, resolute and reticent.

I said to Mrs. Jorum, when this second denouement took place, "Can you solve the mystery?" And that heartless woman laughed outright. "You had better, I think," she replied, knowingly, ask Jimmy Miller and that young scapegrace his brother officer, Mr. Vesey."

But they would tell me nothing, and it was not until some time afterwards that I learnt the solution of the enigma. Mr. Vesey was the "woman in white," and had frightened old Jamieson out of the house and into the loving care of the bold widow.

Laura and her Jimmy were married after Lent was over in the following year, and are as happy as two geese of lovers can be. Mrs. Jorum is my authority for the expression. Jamieson married Mrs. De Salis, and is, they say, kept in thorough good order. He has never seen a ghost since, though he probably sees far too much to his taste—of a stout woman in white!

Mrs. Jorum and I have often talked over the matter since. She still contends that all is for the best, and that each of the two "spoons" is properly mated, and has got just what he or she wanted. She will not allow that Jamieson is to be pitied at all. "A man who makes up his mind," she says, "to get money, must take things as he finds them. If he sets his heart on 'ochre' he must not be surprised if he finds it to be, after all, dross; and that, as he has outraged all true sentiment, he can't get his sweets without his bitters."

I agree with Mrs. Jorum. Though old and gouty, and full of soft memories of what happened to me, "Consule planco," I yet feel certain of this one thing: that marriages of affection afford the best prospect of earthly happiness; and that if society is disorganised, if its creed is sceptical, and its morals somewhat "gone astray," it is only because we choose to forget that, though hasty and improvident and incongruous marriages are very bad things for all concerned, a mercenary marriage is detestable, and a marriage without mutual affection is but a certain prelude to severed sympathies, and a mournful fiasco.

"Yes," says Mrs. Jorum, "my view is, that love and affection combined, with a quantum suff. of the good things of life are far better than all the money in the world; and that if the heart does not go with the gold, and the dross which perishes with the using, and is not purified and elevated by tender sentiment and true sympathy, there is very little chance of mutual happiness for any two people in this world."

As I think that my readers will agree with the "dictum" of that charming person, who has made the best of wives, and is the most sincere of friends, and the cheeriest of good company—an honest, true-hearted, fascinating woman—I conclude my little tale with her eloquent peroration.

THE ARMAGH BELLS.

THOSE Armagh bells, how sweet and clear
They sound on the air of night;
Now floating away on the rising breeze,
Now swelling in tones of might.
What thoughts they bring of my childhood days,
Of friends that have long been gone
To the silent grave or some distant land,
And yet those bells ring on.

They have sounded out from that old church tower,
For many a long, long year;
They have swelled the chorus of hope and joy,
And told of sorrow and fear;
They have rung for the birth of the lordly heir,
They have gladden'd the bridal day,
And mornfully knelled when the corse was borne,
To mix with its kindred clay.

And, though I am far from my childhood's home,
I dream of those silvery chimes,
And again on my ears their tones doth come,
As they used in the happy times,
When at the evening's close I heard
Them sounding the curfew knell;
Or in merry peals on the summer air,
'Mid the scenes I loved so well.

Or on the Sabbath of holy rest,
When they sweetly called to prayer,
As if angel harps and voices swept
Down through the echoing air,
And summoned the sinful sons of men
To join with the choir above,
And humbly and gratefully sing the praise
Of Him whose name is love.

Sweet Armagh bells, your thrilling tones
Are lingering on the air,
And hovering 'round on viewless wings,
Like spirits pure and fair.
Ah, though I roam the world around,
Your memory o'er my heart
Shall linger still in living thoughts
And but with life depart.

T. A. MENARY.

Gold Hill, Nev., Dec. 2nd, 1875.

GODFREY HIGGINS ON FREEMASONRY.

BY WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

(*Continued from page* 200.)

IN a note to page 817 (Vol. 1), Bro. Higgins thus remarks of an able masonic author:

"Some years ago a treatise was written on Masonry, by a gentleman of the name of Preston. It contains much useful information: but has he had not the least suspicion of the real origin of Masonry, and as his book is merely a party performance to claim for the London Grand Lodge a priority over the lodges of Scotland and York, to which it had originally no pretension whatever, except the possession of power, I need take no more notice of it than to observe that it is very well done and is very creditable to its author, who, probably, was sincere in what he wrote. The Masons of Southern England, until *amalgamated with those of York*, were in fact, only a modern offset of some other lodge. A few Masons of other lodges associated formed a lodge. The reason was this—the Druids of Stonehenge, Abury, etc., etc., were all killed or banished to the northern countries or Wales, by the Romans. Thus, we have no Culdees in the South."

The foregoing quotations cover a deal of ground and must be carefully examined, because important. If true, they upset much of our (so-called) facts, and if false, then the sooner they are exploded the better. Bro. Higgins' strange patronage of William Preston, author of the well-known "Illustrations of Masonry" is certainly amusing, and his affectation of superior knowledge is ludicrous, especially when we remember how few were the opportunities of Higgins compared with Preston to understand the facts, and how purely visionary many of the statements are in the "*Anacalypsis*" on Freemasonry, though mentioned as actual occurrences fully authenticated.

Preston's "Illustrations" are not free from error, but making all due allowances for the times in which the work was written, we are still of the opinion that the book, "take it for all in all," has never been surpassed.

Preston was certainly a portion of his *time a* representitive of the Grand Lodge of England, which was so prosperous and distinguished for many years, but he was never a partisan, and when circumstances occurred which he thought justified him in approving the Grand Lodge he did so, even though it procured his expulsion. He then allied himself to the Grand Lodge of all England held at York, and subsequently, when the "brush" was over, he was restored to his former privileges with every honour and distinction. In none of his writings did Preston ever claim priority for the Masons in London, over those of Scotland or York, as Bro. Higgins states, and so far from the "Illustrations" being a party performance, the work is wholly wanting in any such characteristics.

Bro. Higgins' description of a contest between the Lodge of Antiquity and the York Lodge, which was finally adjusted by H.R.H., the Duke of Sussex is altogether inaccurate, and almost perniciously so, for there never was any contest between these two lodges, and when Preston and his friends were expelled by the London Grand Lodge, the Grand Lodge of *all* England located at *York* granted them a Deputation to act as a "Grand Lodge south of the Trent," which they did for a few years, and so far from there ever being any quarrel between the two lodges, we do not believe any lodges have ever manifested more fraternity than those two located at York and London.

The fact is, that there was a contest, and it occurred between the regular Grand Lodge of England held in London, constituted A.D. 1717, and a body of seceders also located in London, which left that Body and formed a rival Grand Lodge in 1753, being known as the "Ancients," and the former as the "Moderns."

In 1813, when the York Lodge had died out, and the masonic horizon was clear and bright, these two Grand Lodges united under the leadership of H.R.H., the Duke of Sussex. The "High Degrees" alluded to by Bro. Higgins, were those of the Royal Arch, and *Knights Templars*, which during a portion of the latter part of last century, were worked and recognized by the Craft authorities at York. The recognition, however, was not until about 1780, when the Grand Lodge of all England consisted of five degrees, and the meetings agreed to be held, were to be as follows:

1ST QUARTER.

1 N. of G. Last Monday in July. *E. A. Lodge.*
2 N. of G. Second Monday in Aug. *Knt. Tmprs,*
3 N. of G. Last Monday in Aug. *Fellow Crafts.*
4 N. of G. Second Monday in Sept. *R. A Chap.*
5 N. of G. Last Monday in Sept. *Master's Lodge.*

The Grand Lodge, however, died out before the century ended, having to make way for its more successful rivals in London. The York Rite is unknown now, and has been practically so for this century. The *York* authorities never warranted any lodges out of England, all foreign lodges constituted under English auspices hailing from London, so that *London Rite* is what they follow.

We quote the following with much pleasure, in evidence that our author appreciated and rightly estimated the cosmopolitan and unsectarian basis of our Institution:

"Freemasonry is known to be founded on principles of *universal* benevolence, and not to be confined to one class or to one religion. I think I may venture to say, it is so constituted, that although it would not refuse a single Deist, *no test being required*, yet all its forms, ceremonies and doctrines, are so constituted, as, in a very peculiar manner, to be applicable at the same time to the doctrine of Judaism, Christianity and Mohammedism."

The foregoing is doubtless too liberal for some Grand Lodges in the present day, and certainly at the very antipodes to the regulations of Grand Lodges which require the candidates in their jurisdictions to be believers in Christianity. Bro. Higgins is quite correct in his opinion as to British Freemasonry, though we doubt if all the Grand Lodges in the United States and in Europe would support his declaration, liberal though the majority be, and in harmony, as very many are, with the width and breadth, and height and depth of universal Freemasonry.

The first version of the Old sectarian "Charges" in a modernized form was by a learned Divine (Dr. Anderson), A.D. 1723; and early as it was then to recognize the neutral platform which Freemasonry *of the future* was to occupy, that Masonic Revivalist appears to have had a glimpse of the subsequent career of the Fraternity,

and of the unsectarian basis on which the permanent Freemasonic Institution was to rest, for the first of the "Old Charges" distinctly states (as indeed, it does virtually even now) that:

"Though in ancient Times Masons were charged in every country to be of the Religion of that Country or Nation, whatever it was, yet 'tis now thought more expedient only to oblige them to that Religion in which all men agree, leaving their particular opinions to themselves; that is, to be *good* men and *true*, or men of Honour and Honesty."

The Christian character of the Society under the operative regime of former centuries, was exchanged for the unsectarian regulations, which were to include under its wing the votaries of all sects—without respect to their differences, or colour or clime, provided, the simple conditions were observed in morality, mature age, and an approved ballot. We shall now present Bro. Higgin's views as to the ancient mysteries in relation to Freemasonry. He says:

"I believe that a certain class of persons, initiated into the higher mysteries of the ancients, were what are called *Carmelites Therapeutæ* and *Essenes*, or that they constituted a part of, or were formed out of, these sects, and were what we now call *Freemasons*. They were also called Chaldæi and Mathematici. (p. 304, vol. 1.) . . . I think the mysteries were like Masonry; indeed we shall soon see, it is highly probable, that the Masons were a branch of the initiated—Masonry, a branch of the art. (p. 590.) . . . . I think I have stated enough to raise or justify what the Jesuits call a *probable opinion*, that the masonic ceremonies or secrets are descendants of the Eleusenian mysteries. Every body knows the now ridiculous, traditionary fancy that a Mason is, in some way, marked or branded or mutilated before he can be admitted into the Order. I believe this, like most other traditions, had not its origin from nothing. I believe the higher classes of Masons were originally persons who were admitted into the mysteries of Eleusis and Egypt, and that they were Chaldæans and Mathematici, and I believe that what the above tradition of the branding alluded to, was circumcision, add that they were circumcised. Origen and Clemens Alexandrinus both affirm, that the secret learning of the Egyptians was only taught to such persons as had undergone the operation of circumcision, for which reason, it was submitted to by Pythagoras. *The same word in Hebrew means both initiated and circumcised.*" (p. 724.)

Speaking of the initiation of Moses by the Egyptian priests, Schiller says:

"These ceremonies were connected with the mysterious images and hieroglyphics. And the hidden truths so carefully concealed under them, and used in their rites, were all comprised under the name of mysteries, such as had been used in the temples of Isis and Serapis, which were the models of the mysteries of Eleusis and Samothrace, and, in more modern times, gave rise to the order of *Freemasonry*."

Bro. Higgins considers "the mysteries were not the origin of Masonry; they were Masonry itself; for Masonry was a part of them." (p. 719, vol. 1.) We think it our duty to thus state clearly what really was the belief of Bro. Higgins as to the ancient mysteries and ancient Freemasonry, but we must not be understood to endorse his opinions unless we so state. It is well the character of this learned and singular work should be known, and in order to that end, it is only fair that we should not constitute ourselves the judge, and accordingly, only retain what we may adopt, and exclude from these pages what seems to us entirely fabulous, but that our readers should be able to decide for themselves, we have inserted many lengthy quotations from the two volumes; which extracts, are all the more valuable, because made by us direct from the originals, which are now exceedingly scarce, and whenever they are presented for sale command very large sums of money from purchasers. However peculiar the statements sound to the ears of masonic students for the first time, it is far better to know what they really are, than to be left to imagine what they *actually* are not. Bro. Higgins declares:

"I have no doubt that the cabalistic economy was similar to that of a lodge of Freemasons, and proceeded to the top by gradation, and that Masonry, which was a part of it, existed long before the time of the Exod from Egypt. . . . . The ancient Jews maintained that their cabala was revealed by God to Moses, and was

transmitted verbally; it being too sacred to be written. (This is very like Freemasonry.) (p. 817, vol. 1.) . . . . If a person reflect deeply upon the circumstances in which the first priests must have been placed when the earliest attempt at building a temple was made, he will perceive that it was quite natural for them to become Masons. . . . . The Christian religion was divided by the early fathers, in its secret and mysterious character, into three degrees, the same as that of Eleusis, *viz.*, *Purification*, *Initiation*, and *Perfection*." (p. 822.)

We cannot see that similar customs in early religious systems and in modern masonic societies should be taken as proof of the latter having been the creation of the former, or indeed, that Masonry ever had intimate or partial connection with them. The simple fact of the introduction of grades into Freemasonry, ought surely not to be taken as indicative of the masonic character of the ancient religions mentioned, because they also had grades, *and so of course they were Masons! The operative origin* of Freemasonry, is a much more sensible foundation for our society to rest upon, than the strange and most extraordinary beginning and early career sketched by Brother Higgins, and which, when judged in the light of our late discoveries, certainly "*vanishes into thin air*." We should much like for our able brother, Dr. Mackey, to carefully examine the assertions of the author of "anacalypsis," for he is the *facile princeps* of the masonic world, on all that refers to our history, so far as it may be involved in the study of the ancient mysteries. Let us consider the following statement by Bro. Higgins:

"The Monks of Tibet, at Eleusis, in Egypt, at Jerusalem or Carmel, in our circular chapters, were the preservers of the secret Pythagorean doctrines of numbers, of the Ras, or Mystery, or Masonry, or perhaps, more properly, the doctrines of the I E, the Jah,—the mesos or *meson*-ry, or the Saviour, or cross-borne-renewed in every cycle, as described in Virgil. I need scarcely remind my masonic reader that all the secrets of Masonry are concealed in the Hebrew or Chaldee language; that is, in the language of the Brahmin of Ur and Colida, where Mr. Ellis was poisoned for being known to possess them." (p. 790, vol. 1.)

In our masonic investigations we have always been most anxious to separate *fact* from fiction, *actual occurrences* from simple *traditions*, and whilst not at all desirous to undervalue the importance of our traditions, yet we have always maintained they should not be invested with the character of being *actual realities*, when they are *not*, but that they should be just regarded simply as traditions and nothing more.

The author before noted, apparently seizes hold of every tradition—no matter how absurd or unlikely—as if he had unequivocal evidence before him, and so we are bound to hesitate to accept many of his statements, unless supported by positive proof. With this decision to guide us, we are not likely to accept such as the foregoing as the narration *of facts*, but only as curious fancies *put into words*. The author next proceeds, as follows, in chapter VIII. (p. 767, vol. 1.) to describe a curious incident not without food for consideration:

"After I had, from various sources and by various means, added to reasoning, *nearly* arrived at a conviction, that the ancient Order of Freemasons arose in India, and was established there, as a mystery, in the earliest periods, my conviction acquired wonderful strength from a knowledge of the fact which I shall now mention. I shall be censured for stating facts in this way; but I write truly and for the truth, and for this purpose alone. The style or order in such a work as this is not worth naming. At the time that I learned from Captain ——, the gentleman who was named in my last chapter, the particulars respecting the tomb of St. Thomas, I was also told by him that he was on the strictest intimacy with the late — Ellis, Esq., of the Madras establishment; that Mr. Ellis told him, that the pass-word and forms used by the Master Masons in their lodge, would pass a person into the sanctum sanctorum of an Indian Temple; that he, Mr. Ellis, had, by means of his knowledge as a Master Mason, actually passed himself into the sacred part or adytum of one of them. Soon after Mr. Ellis told this to my informant, he was taken suddenly ill, and died, and my informant stated, that he had no doubt, notwithstanding the mistake which his friends called it . . . in giving some medicine, that he was poisoned by his servants for having done

this very act, or for being known to possess this knowledge. Now, when this is coupled with the fact of the masonic emblems found on the cyclopean ruins of Agra and Mundore, I think, without fear of contradiction, I may venture to assume, that the oriental origin of Freemasonry cannot be disputed—and that I may reason upon it accordingly."

It is not likely that many who read this will be inclined—no matter how great their zeal as Masons—to venture on the same errand as this Mr. Ellis, courting the death he suffered, and failing that, how are such statements to be tested? It falls in with the popular notion of the universal character and powers of masonic signs, but certainly does not agree with our facts, which have been laboriously accumulated and examined time after time without their testimony being shaken. The peculiar character of the work, and it having apparently been written without any idea of methodic arrangement, makes the task of a reviewer especially difficult, unless indeed, he is contended to follow the author just when and where he leads (as we have done,) and even then, at the best, we can but glance at the various subjects treated of, for to do them justice, a much more pretentious and extended notice than the present, would be necessary. The *Prince of Masonic Bibliographers* (Bro. ENOCH T. CARSON, of Cincinnati, *Ohio,*) thus speaks of the author under No. 5429 (page 114) of his most valuable "*Masonic Bibliography*" now in course of publication:

"The Celtic Druids is the most philosophical digest of the existing information upon the origin of the Druidical worship. The author traces that and all other ancient systems of religion, back to their primal source; demonstrating that the extraordinary races of Upper India who formed Buddhism, where also the founders of the Chaldean, Phœnician, Etruscan, Guebre, Cabiri, Druidical, and Brahminical mythologies."

Of the "Anacalypsis," after mentioning the high price it fetches, Bro. CARSON says:

"To the student of the *mysteries,* it and the preceding work are of the greatest value, notwithstanding the crude manner in which the erratic, but learned author, has thrown his vast accumulation of facts together."

(To be continued.)

THE ALBERT CHAPEL AT WINDSOR.*

PILGRIMS to the oldest and most beautiful of our Royal residences take too often but little thought, as they survey the glorious pile of Windsor Castle and its surroundings, of the fragmentary way in which it has been built.

Edward the Confessor, it is supposed, possessed, near here, a Castle, probably of wood, as stone was difficult to be obtained, but wood abundant. William the Conqueror, probably, built the first stone structure, regularly fortifying the place, but the absence of water was a serious drawback, and his fortifications were not destined to last many generations.

The existing fabric dates from Henry III., and by him was commenced the chapel which has seen so many changes and undergone so many vicissitudes until to-day it is known as the Memorial of Albert "the Good."

This mortuary chapel, then, was commenced by Henry III., and completed by Edward III. Henry VII. rebuilt it, and in the next reign, having been presented by his son the eighth Henry to the favourite Cardinal Wolsey, it was added to by him and destined to be his own burial place.

Wolsey, however, fell into disgrace, and the Chapel reverted to the Crown, after which we hear nothing more of it, except that it was used by James II. as a place in which, contrary to the temper of his subjects, the Romish Mass was said.

Since then it has remained unused until her present Majesty the Queen determined to set it apart as a monument to her deservedly beloved Consort.

A certain amount of restoration was needed by the fabric, after which the mural enrichments were committed to the charge of Baron Triqueti who had rendered himself famous by his improvement of the old process revived by him and known as "*Tarsia*" work.

When on examination of such works as Wyatt Papworth's "Gwilt's Encyclopoedia of Architecture," we cannot find even mention of "*Tarsia*"-work at all; and when,

* "The Triqueti Marbles in the Albert Memorial Chapel, Windsor." A series of photographs executed by the Misses Davison. Chapman & Hall, London, 1876.

in other than architectural works, we find it regarded as only a branch of *marqueterie*, we can realize how thoroughly this fine old art had been lost, or rather, perhaps, superseded by the coarser expedient of mosaic.

Beautiful as this latter art may be when exerted by the hands of the cunning craftsman, and more effective, though it may prove, than the early *Tarsia*-work such as can be seen at the Florentine Church of S. Miniatio; it cannot for a moment compare with the exquisite work of such a master hand as the late Baron Triqueti.

The ancient *Tarsia*-work we have alluded to above was nothing more than an example of *incised* marble, the engravings being filled in with black cement, but in the Triqueti Marbles the black is superseded by various coloured enamels and marbles, thus giving the effect of beautifully finished pictures in colour—pictures as truly works of art as frescoes, whilst being as nearly as possible imperishable. Nor does the Baron's fame rest on this *Tarsia* work alone, for the bas-reliefs which surround these marble figures have raised him to the eminence of a famous sculptor.

The subjects of these mural decorations in the nave of the chapel are taken from the Old Testament, whilst those in the apse are selected from scenes of New Testament History; and it is almost needless to add that they are designed to typify the virtues and mental adornments of the departed Prince. Such scenes as David inspired by the angel, suggest his musical abilities; the tribute to Solomon, his widespread popularity; the death scene of Jacob, his own death-bed surrounded by his family; and Josiah mourned by Jerusalem, our country's grief at his early death.

Over each tablet in the nave is a medallion portrait of a member of the Royal Family executed by the late Miss Durant, a pupil of the Baron.

Having thus called the attention of the Craft to the revival and improvement of an ancient art, whilst strongly urging the Brethren to view these beautiful examples themselves, we cannot do better than recommend such of them as cannot do so at first-hand to procure a collection of photographs of these marbles beautifully executed by the Misses Davison, which will give them an excellent idea of the magnificent work so recently executed at Windsor; whilst to all, these pictures will form a splendid memorial of that beloved Prince whose virtues and accomplishments have descended in no mean degree to those Brethren, high in rank, as well Masonic as profane, of whom he was the illustrious father. W. T.

SHALL MASONRY BE?

THE following very pointed remarks are taken from an address delivered by Bro. N. K. GRIGGS at a public installation of lodge officers in Beatrice, Neb., last St. John's day. They have the merit of not being stereotyped, and of boldly handling questions which deeply concern all who love Freemasonry, pure and unsullied:

Ladies and gentlemen, our Masonic Institution is not valuable, simply, as an heir-loom; it is not valuable, simply, because secrets, signs, words and grips have come down from faithful breast to faithful breast for thousands of years; we do not honour it, simply, because it has numbered such men as Washington, Warren, Lafayette, and Franklin as its proselytes; nor because six hundred thousand hale and hearty men answered to its roll-call in America. No! 'Tis for what Masonry is, itself, for what it teaches, for what it does for its children, for what it does for truth, justice, and humanity at large, that we honour and admire it. True, because of its hoary-headedness we revere it the more; but its age is only valuable as showing that there must be something of stern uprightness and intrinsic value in that Institution that hath stood the storms of all times; that hath seen nations fall, yet hath it not fallen; that hath seen a political earthquake shake a form of government into oblivion, yet hath changed it not a whit; that hath seen its children thinned by persecution, yet hath it not been weakened; that hath seen its votaries reviled with an almost irresistible tide of public clamour, in 1830, and yet in less than fifty years hath seen its adherents ride on the same wave that had scoffed it, the child of power, petted and honoured by all; that hath not gone forth to the school-room or to the church to educate or to

christianize, yet the wise hath it informed, the arm of anger hath it stayed, and the dying bed on the battle-field hath it softened.

Ladies and gentlemen, the past of Masonry has been sung by poets, many; has been spoken by orators, numberless. The road from Solomon's Temple to the present time has been worn into Masonic ruts, deep and ineffaceable, by Masonry and Masonic writers. A few perceptive enthusiasts have found a *narrow trail* leading from the beginning of the world to Solomon's Temple, along which the leaven of Masonry had been transported to King Solomon. But what of all this? We know that Masonry *has* been, all know that Masonry *is*. These are alpine facts that cannot be blotted out by the mistakes of Masons, by the soured Blanchard, or by Papal Bulls. The past is assured, but how of the future? "Shall Masonry be?" That is the question which interests you, as well as the world at large. This is the day of Masonic growth. There have been the iron, chivalric, and golden ages. This might aptly be termed the secret age. During the past year there have been about 38,000 added to the Masonic rolls. All others secret societies have also prospered, as never before. The world seems ready to swallow anything that smacks of secrecy. The returns already received from various Masonic lodges throughout the world, number the army that marches under the letter "G" as about 800,000 strong. This would indicate that there must be about one million of Masons in the world. This vast army of men, sound in mind and limb, has voluntarily volunteered, and for the privilege of so doing has paid at least twenty-five millions of dollars. The expenditure by Masons for Masonic purposes foot up several millions of dollars annually. I only speak of the vast number of Masons on our rolls, the vast accessions to our ranks, and the vast amount expended annually, to show the status and prosperity of our Order. To the large amount I have named expended by the Masons, add an equal amount expended by other orders, and you find there are expended annually by secret societies, from five to ten millions of dollars. No church in Christendom has increased in numbers and prospered as has the Masonic Institution. In our prosperity there is danger. Out of the 38,000 taken on board our Masonic ship during the past year, how many Jonahs should have been heaved overboard? Our ship is strong; she has successfully buffeted the waves of adversity, which threatened at times to overwhelm her. She still dashes along with her million passengers; she laughs at the black storms which threaten her; she has gallently breasted the waves of Morgan times; she has passed over all opposition. Now, it seems, she is safe in the harbour of popular favour. Not so! Where the waters look calm and placid a rock may strike her keel; and it may be, that only by the utmost exertions of her bravest passengers can she be saved from destruction. Such is the danger to our Order. Now, all looks calm; but when, and where least expected, the Masonic Institution may receive a blow that will stagger, if not destroy.

A few weeks ago a ship went down. She was strong and sound. Many times had she crossed and re-crossed the Atlantic. Danger was unexpected. A simple looking barrel was placed on board by a man of good address. Within that barrel was destruction. Clockwork noiselessly lifted a lever. An explosion followed, and over one hundred persons were launched into eternity. The vessel is no more. The danger to that ship was within her own hulk. Has our Masonic ship the powder on board to injure or destroy her? Brethren, I say yes! I choose not to mouth this matter. We have liars on board, liars who daily ignore their vows and forget their solemn obligations; we have adulterers on board, adulterers who have been taught virtue; we have drunkards on board, drunkards who have pledged temperance; we have thieves on board, thieves who have stolen the livery of Masonry in order to cover up their wrongs; we have slanderers on board, slanderers who hesitate not to slander or libel a brother whenever they think they can gain aught by so doing; we have assassins on board, assassins who are too cowardly to kill, but who are brave enough to stab with the stiletto of falsehood the fair fame and reputation of a brother.

This being true—and who dare gainsay it—is it not strange that the corruption found within the hulk of the Masonic ship does not explode it into atoms? It is only the strength of its structure, the purity of

its morals, the lessons of virtue it teaches, that drives it on through the opposition without, and carries it on with its load of corruption within. Understand me not as admitting that worse men are found within the Masonic Institution than are found in other secret orders. What I have charged to Masonry I can with equal truth charge to any other secret society; or indeed, to any of the Christian churches. It is a truth that that which most injures Christianity, are the vices and crimes of her members. Not a day passes but we read of some scandal, some Christian being the actor in the disgrace. That professed Christians are bad men and professed Masons hypocrites, are no arguments against either institutions. Nay! Any institution that can prosper in spite of the corruption of its members, must be built upon truth and solid foundation.

I wish to call your attention to one crying evil of the times; an evil—or rather a crime — that is practiced in church and secret society alike. I allude to the crime of slander. In our Masonic Institution, politics cannot enter. Our members would cut loose from any society that would pin their faith to any one dogma in religion, or to any one party in politics. Our members think and act for themselves. Disagreement is the natural sequence of independent thinking. With honest disagreement we are satisfied, and of it we do not complain; but disagreement in politics now seems to mean a right to slander those with whom you disagree. In these days, let a Mason become a candidate for an office, and immediately some other brother will commence to circulate the vilest stories against him, to compass his defeat. Anything that will lose him votes will be freely said. If the charges are true, the unworthy candidate should be expelled from Masonry; if not true, the one making the charges should be expelled for slander. Masonry teaches naught else but truth. Truth is the corner-stone of its temple. Truth should alone be tolerated therein. If a Mason err, it is the bounden duty of his brother to gently remind him of his error, rather than to circulate his shortcomings to the ear of the gaping public. My brethren, I am ready to forgive the drunkard, his appetite may have made him so; I am ready to forgive the thief, his poverty may have made him one; I am ready to forgive the man who brawls, his intellect may be clouded with anger; but I am not ready to forgive the slanderer. His is the unpardonable sin. The drunkard gratifies his appetite; the thief takes that which benefits him; the man who fights gluts his revenge, or resents an injury; but the slanderer is the blind serpent that strikes its fangs into, and poisons whatever comes near it; and, like the serpent, he is not benefited by the blow which is so unkindly given.

It may be divine, but it is not human, to love that person by whom you are slandered. It is the whipped cur, only, which licks the hand that smites it Brotherly love is the cement of the Masonic temple; if that cement be frozen by slander, it will be brittle indeed, and the temple must fall.

There can be no blow given our Institution, so damaging as the one given by Masonic craftsmen. Blows given by the uninitiated are like unto powder exploded on the bare surface of a rock. A little noise, a little smoke, a little blackening of the rock, is the sum total of the result. The rock is still as strong as before. Blows given by craftsmen are like unto powder exploded deep in the heart of the rock. Before we hear the crash the stone is split in twain.

My brethren, I believe the day of Masonic trial is not far distant. Out of the deep there seems to be many little clouds arising. For 25 years, prior to 1875, scarce a wind opposed our sails. Now, every few weeks we hear of an Anti-Masonic convention being held. True, these conventions are not of a sufficient magnitude to be formidable; still they go to show that opposition is increasing, is growing. One the strongest church organisations is arrayed against us. Many religious zealots—among whom are able minds—boldly cry: "Down with Masonry." We may say that it all amounts to nothing; that it is fanaticism. True. But that does not change the fact that it all means opposition. The news-stands are full of pretended Masonic expositions. As you travel on the cars the newsboy drops into your lap a book called "Exposition of Freemasonry." Does not this show that

the world is too curious to know our secrets, and that Masonry is at the zenith of its power? To me it appears that the rapid growth of our Order is unnatural, and that in its popularity there is danger. I believe there is a determined opposition ahead of us; and that before many years have elapsed, our Craft will meet with a shock that will throw overboard the fair-weather proselytes of Masonic prosperity, and that will induce the true Mason to cling the closer to our gallant bark.

My brethren, as we see the storm, approaching, let us prepare for it; let us take on board no more poor material to weight our ship down; let us throw overboard our corrupt ship-mates that are sinking our vessel down; let us have up but three masts—brotherly love, relief, and truth. Then will our Craft breast the storm, and Masonry will be safe from the sharks that would dine on her destruction.

Ladies and gentlemen, I ask the question, "Shall Masonry be?" Brethren, the answer is yours to give. If Masons vow to be men, to be Masons, the world cannot cause our temple to quiver. Our walls are solid and impervious to attacks from without; if we agree among ourselves, and live as brothers, the future of our Order shall be as assured as the past is already assured. If Masonry dies she dies by suicide. Masonry as an institution may fall, but her principles shall not die. They will live, as God lives. They are founded on truth. They *are* truth.

"Masonic links compose a sacred chain,
Of holy brightness and unmeasured length;
The world with selfish rust and reckless stain,
May mar its beauty, but touch not its strength."

We take this interesting address from the *Voice of Masonry* for February.

TO MY OLD APRON.

Music, "THE HARDY NORSEMAN."

My old apron is ever new,
Yes, jubilant and gay;
And phœnix like it ever lives,
Though worn both night and day.

If old it grows, I like it more,
Although its on the wane;
Its beauty, too, may all have gone,
But not its worth and gain.

Chorus.—My old apron, &c.

To me its ever bright and fair,
With me it cannot pale;
Its colour and its simple form
Is always fresh and hale.
Like Aaron's rod of ancient days,—
'Tis always rightly used;
So my old apron is justly true
However much abused.

Chorus.—My old apron, &c.

Tho' some assail, and curse it, too,
And put a blot upon her;
I'm proud of it, and with my life,
I will defend its honour.
Eaves-droppers and cowans shun me,
But, hear, the reason why?
They're wanting pluck, if you must know, to put me on
A fact they can't deny.

Chorus.—My old apron, &c.

Here is a charm, all Masons say,
The longer it is worn;
It hath a spell, that beareth good,
In cheering the forlorn.
We dare assert this truth, its worth,
Then sound abroad my fame;
With worthy men I find a home,
And set their hearts on flame.

Chorus.—My old apron, &c.

My shape is known the whole world o'er
Besause its on the square;
And 'tis a sign for honest men
Freemasons' all declare.
I love it for its hallow'd Fane,
Its faith and hope, forsooth;
Its charity is amaranth,
A warm and lasting truth.

Chorus.—My old apron, &c.

To my old apron a bumper drink,
So lift your glasses high—
For who can tell, the good its done?
It stops the orphans' cry,
It gives relief to all in want,
Should fortune prove untrue;
None ask in vain, if 'ere they wore,
My old apron of blue.

Chorus.—My old apron, &c.

T. BURDETT YEOMAN.

1876. PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

We live to hail the Centennial of our Nation, and to celebrate the completion of its hundred years of growth and grandeur. We see the close of the century; there are but few living who saw its beginning. That entire generation of noble men and women —the fathers and mothers of a great nation —have passed on to a silent land, while we, their children and grandchildren, to the third and fourth generation, live to celebrate their patient sufferings and heroic deeds, and thank God that we live in better and brighter days. We owe a debt of gratitude to Him who shapes, alike, the destiny of nations and of individuals, for his Providential goodness to us as a nation. He was with our fathers in the wilderness, and through battle and blood—through suffering and conflict—through toil and deprivation—until, after eight years of trial, he brought them forth victorious—a free and independent nation. What can we say but, bending beneath the Royal Arch, exclaim, "the Lord is good, and His mercy endureth for ever."

And we should be grateful to the fathers, —the grand old heroes of '76, "who fought and bled in Freedom's cause," and won for us, and for future generations, the freedom and privilege, and national distinction we now enjoy. Thanks to the fathers who fought our battles, and rescued us from a foreign yoke, and made us "a free and independent nation;" and thanks to the mothers who bore their share of the burdens, and aided to the utmost of their ability, in the great work of redemption. Noble fathers and noble mothers! a hundred years make their memories and their virtues dearer to us; and we bend at their shrines with grateful recollection of their sacrifices and sufferings. We think of them in the good old days of '76; we admire their heroic sufferings and uncomplaining endurance, and we echo the sentiment:

"Then let our glowing hearts unite,
Our grateful memories to bestow
On those who wrought such noble deeds,
This year a hundred years ago."

We shall learn the full meaning of the word "Centennial" before the year closes. All nations will be represented beneath the stars and stripes at Philadelphia, in the great World's Exposition, and all will send their representatives to do homage to the growth, and wealth, and power, and achievements of the United States during the hundred years just past. But we leave all this for others, as the press of the country will teem with facts and statistics concerning our national growth in extent and population, as well as our progress in the sciences, in agriculture, and the mechanic arts. There will be enough said on these and kindred subjects, perhaps too much. A hundred years ago there were comparatively but few Lodges of Freemasons in our country, and they were scattered in the cities and towns of the Atlantic States. But three or four Provincial Grand Lodges existed, and no independent Grand Lodge. Now, there is a Grand Lodge in every State in the Union, and in most of the Territories, Lodges duly chartered and legally at work, are found everywhere, while our members number over half a million. We shall endeavour soon to furnish a table of statistics on this subject which though it may not be perfect, will give a proximate view of the extent and numbers of the Masonic family in the United States.

But we should not so much boast of numbers, or achievements; and in this regard we have little to boast of. The charities bestowed by the Lodges are small, and much of the amount goes to impostors and the unworthy. We have built no "Homes" for the aged and the destitute worthy, nor schools for the indigent orphan. The Craft in Kentucky have done nobly, but in what other State has there been so much expended, or the tenth part as much, to provide for the indigent orphans of deceased Masons? We say, just here, at the beginning of 1876, that in the sole mission of Freemasonry is to "confer degrees," it is not worth the expense or labour bestowed on it. Charity has always been the watch-word of the Craft; we claim it as the crown of glory of our Institution. If we do not make it the great business of the Order,—if this God-like work is sacrificed to show and banquets—to splendid regalia and beautiful parades,—then we are no longer worthy of the glorious banner under which we

march. Our enemies, and they are numerous and powerful, charge us with making professions that are never realized: shall we not so act as to prove those charges false?

There needs reform in Masonry, as well as in other things. We have too many Lodges that are of no use to the Order, but rather an injury; there are too many Masons whose lives are a foul blot upon its escutcheon. There needs a sifting and a purifying, a weeding out and a cutting off. Masons must be educated in the principles and duties of the Order; and if they will not learn nor practice, they should be "thrown over among the rubbish."

And now for 1876, the great Centennial year! We ask the co-operation, in our work of every good and true Mason. Help us by writing for us, sending us information, giving us facts and incidents and current events; help us by sustaining us with your subscriptions, pay for it promptly, induce others to subscribe for it, and thus, by increasing its patronage, enable us to make it more instructive, more useful and more worthy of the noble cause for which it labours.

From the *Masonic Review*, an able American publication, quoted by our friend the *Keystone*.

THE WOMEN OF OUR TIME.

BY CÆLEBS.

Women in the Decline of Life.

My readers will at once understand, I hope and think, why I have used such periphrastic words to express a very simple state of things, a very natural condition of being. For no woman, however strong-minded, likes being called "old;" and "old women" would sound, therefore, as if intended for provocation, and "old gals" would be too "fast." So I have invented for the nonce a phrase which is very civil, and even somewhat poetical; for I was anxious at the outset not to affront my female readers, especially those who are no longer young. It has been said that nothing in the world does so aggravate a woman as to term her old. You may heap abuse upon her devoted head, you may add invective to invective, and even expletive to expletive; all this she will often bear patiently and resignedly, but if you dare to make use of the little and magical word "old," the steam escapes, the kettle boils over! Why should this be so? Who can venture to explain? I can't, and therefore won't, and don't attempt to do so. I leave it to a bolder writer, and an abler expounder of feminine psychology; while I content myself with stating the fact, as a very indubitable fact in the normal existence of women. Being naturally a foe to exaggeration and "high falutin" of all kinds, I would not so distinctly put forward such a statement in the careful and veracious pages of the "Masonic Magazine," did I not believe it to be an incontestable truth. Well authenticated cases have come before me where elderly ladies close on the "soixaintaine," as the French say, have put themselves down in the Census at 32, and even 27! Indeed, I believe it might be statistically deduced from the Census, that we have no women in England, or very few indeed, beyond the "mezzotermin." I can even now, and so can many of my readers possibly, hear the indignant outcry: "Old woman, indeed! Whom do you call old woman, sir?" So let us not say anything to hurt the feelings of those "good old souls," but let us speak of them as those venerable dames who are wending down the decline of life. There surely is nothing objectionable in this!

Now do not suppose that I am going to indulge in a tirade against elderly females; I am going to do nothing of the kind. I have known a good many "old women" in my time (I mean old women, not old men), good "old gals"—sic dicitur our irreverent youth;—and very kind and good and pleasant they were, one and all, and dear friends to myself. Indeed I am inclined to think that a friendly, genial, well-educated old woman is a most agreeable companion, even for the youngest of us all. Experience has come to her and told its warning tale; illusions have faded, and frivolity is gone, and in their stead you behold life in its ripest maturity and most cultivated wisdom, animated by genial memories, and leavened by heartfelt sympathy. I look upon a genuine old woman as a very loveable and lovely character. In this I, of course, necessarily include the religious element, which is a *sine qua non*, in my humble opinion; as a godless old

woman is a dreadful spectacle both for men and angels. But as I am not writing a sermon, or even a religious essay, I do not presume to dwell on this characteristic, essential though it be to my typical old woman. As I said before, it has been my happy lot to know, as life has run on and years have fleeted fast away, many real old women; and kind friends, sound advisers, agreeable companions and good society they ever were.

I can see one even now—old and wrinkled and grey—the tenderest and the truest heart that ever beat in woman; full of kindness and full of goodness; with a pleasant word and a gentle message for everyone; abounding in good works, working on to the end; and who when she went to her rest, the humblest and most devoted of God's servants, left very few like her in this rough, hard, weary, wicked world.

And so I say to-day to all who for their own edification peruse these words of mine; never laugh at old women, but seek to reverence them when they deserve it, and listen to them lovingly, and don't be ashamed of a good old friend because she is an old woman.

Now I am very sorry to have to remark here, that all old women are not the same. There are, I fear, a great many foolish, perverse, troublesome, bad old women in the world. But, as the philosopher says, "such is life." There are those, for instance who are what the foreigner termed "old koket ladies" (he meant coquette); those who besmear themselves with paint and enamel, like Jezabel of old; who tire their heads, and look out of their windows; who wear low dresses, and indulge in high heels; who insist on putting on gowns, whether decent or otherwise, which damsels "just out" might wear; who will bedizen themselves with hats and wreaths of flowers which blushing maidens of nineteen might gracefully don. There are old gossips, old mischief-makers, old flirts, old scandal-mongers, old bores, and old good-for-nothings —*cum multis aliis*—whom time does not permit me to touch upon, and whom it is, perhaps, after all, better to forget. For all such I can only say, as the man said when he got a girl instead of a boy, "A, las! A, las!"

I will give you a few illustrations of what I mean. There is old Mrs. Bangup; she is, as you know, a very old gal—no one really knows her age—some say she is actually eighty, and yet there she is, with her false hair, and false smile, and her wonderful make-up, with everything unreal about her, seeking to attract attention, and even to engage admiration. Poor foolish, old soul! She ought to be thinking of another world, instead of this; she ought to be repenting in sackcloth and ashes for all her heartlessness and frivolity, and selfishness, and sins; and here she is, wearing out and wasting the last days of life in grovelling fetish worship, in sad self-immolation before the Juggernaut of fashion and the world!

How curious it is that the love of dress and attractiveness survives the flight of years, the ravages of time. The old "koket" rigs herself out in one of the gowns of the famous "Mr. Thomas," of Paris, costing 800 francs (nearly £40), and hopes even in her withered hours—insane expectation—to eclipse the fragrance of youth's fresh morn, and the flowery spray of the early bloom of life!

Look, too, at that old flirt, Mrs. Killingman. You know, exactly what her age is, and how she has deposited three husbands in some secluded cemetery; and there she positively is, with what Jorum calls that "deuced indecent low dress," and the smartest of habiliments on her old bones; her very appearance made more distressing by the fact, that the infatuated old woman believes that she is in the height of the fashion, and produces a great impression on all who see her.

And now there rises up before me the thin face and the limp form of mischief making Mrs. Minnikin. Her great delight is to set everybody by the ears, even her nearest and her dearest. Nothing so much charms her as to snub the young, and silence the agreeable by some ill-natured inuendo or remark. Her "rôle" seems to be to make things generally disagreeable for everybody. She always has a black side for everything, and nothing appears so much to gratify her as when she has succeeded in raising a storm, and in making her hearers uncomfortable. She is a thoroughly ill-favoured, bad-hearted old gal, and you generally see her mumbling out her ill-omened sentences, and munching acidulated drops.

And is not that old Mrs. Growlerby? She is one of those dreadful old women who know everything about everybody, and is always in the wrong. Old Jorum whispers to me: "That old gal is lying!" She is emphatically a bore, and is generally alike vulgar and ill-bred; excessively insolent to her inferiors, but an inveterate toady of her superiors. Avoid her, my boy, if you meet her. And what her mission can be—except, like some of the noxious animals of the lower creation, a counterpoise to others—I do not pretend to understand or explain.

And, then we all know fat but unaimable Mrs. Wimperley. She is a woman with a grievance and a morbid mind. She can't even say a good word for that pleasant young married woman, Mrs. De Visme, or that laughing maiden, Annie Vane. No, she never leaves anybody alone, and never has a kind word for anybody. She bullies her maid, bullies her relations, who are afraid of her; she bullies her doctor, andshe is a fat, malicious, malignant old woman.

Then there is our poor old friend Mrs. Grinkle. Always wrong, always "in the basket," always saying the wrong word, always doing the wrong thing; the most "bête" and "foriaé" of old women; perhaps not wishing to do harm, but as stupid useless slug, without principle and without utility, as far as you and I can see, in the great battle or life.

Why here is Mrs. Milligan! Well, people say a great many queer things about that old gal. Old Jorum winks his eye and shakes his head sagaciously, whenever he sees her! But de fœminis nil nisi bonum. "It has been my rule through life, and a very good one it is. Abuse men as you like, but leave women alone. I would say to many a "surgens Julus," to-day, detraction of women is a sure sign of a debased age and of a corrupt youth!"

I might go on, but will stop here! I have pointed out to you many a "species" of the great "genus" woman, which if you are wise and value your character, comfort, and your peace of mind, you will avoid as the plague of Egypt, And so I conclude by coming back to my ideal old woman,—good, kind, tender, true, cultivated and refined, reverent and religious, a real friend, a good adviser, a delightful companion, amiable to all, helpful of all, not ashamed of her own old age, but doing her duty to the very last, fearing God, and loving man.

FREEMASONRY IN PERU.

BY ARTHUR M. WHOLEY.

Grand Sec. of the Grand Orient of Peru.

As long as the Spaniards held an exclusive and undisputed possession of the country (1531-1782) and the Inquisition lent its aid to a fanatical priesthood, it cannot be a matter of surprise that Masonry was unknown in Peru. The introduction of the Art, or even the fact of being a Mason, would have been sufficient cause for the banishmant, if not the death of the offender, and the difficulty of obtaining proselytes amongst the ignorant and prejudiced would leave *no room for* encouragement or offer any inducement to such a risk.

During the French Invasion of Spain (1807-13), and the presence there of the English, many Lodges were instituted in that country, and amongst the troops sent from Europe to quell the war of Independence in Peru, there were many brethren; these however being subjects of Spain, admitted none of the Patriots as members, and it was not until the Declaration of Independence in 1821, when free intercourse was established between Peru and foreign nations, that Freemasonry was introduced among the natives.

In 1825, after Peru had achieved her complete independence, a brother (General Valero) belonging to the Grand Orient of Columbia, (afterwards Republic of New Granada, now United States of Colombia) visited Lima, and being authorized by, and having full power from, that Grand Orient, regularized the Masonic bodies he found working in the new Republic, and organized and founded others under his letters patent. His proceedings appear to have received the sanction of the Grand Orient of Colombia; and all Peruvian Masonic bodies afterwards derived their origin from that regularly constituted Grand Orient.

A Supreme Council, of the A. and A. Rite was founded in Lima, Capital of the

Republic, on the 2nd day of November, 1830.

The Fraternity, being thus organised and established, it was found advisable (in 1830) to form an independent Grand Lodge of Peru, on account of the great distance from Bogota, the seat of the Grand Orient of Columbia and the subsequent difficulty of communication, opportunities of which occurred but seldom, and then only at considerable risk of correspondence not reaching its destination.

In due time the Grand Orient of Columbia approved of these proceedings and recognized the Grand Lodge of Peru as an Independent Masonic Governing Body within its territory.

On the 11th of August of the same year the Grand Lodge again assembled and began the work of forming a Constitution and General Statutes for the Order, and also unanimously resolved to change the name of "Gran Logia" to that of "Gran Oriente Peruano."

Unfortunately soon after these proceedings political disturbances caused much ill-feeling throughout the country, and amongst the members of the Government that came into power after a disastrous revolution, were many men opposed to all principles of progress. These men thereupon exerted themselves to the utmost to drive Masons and their Art from the country, and in consequence of the persecution it was found advisable to close the Lodges, and thus only the brethren escaped the violence and threats of their enemies.

In the place of Lodges, the opposers of Masonry founded Secret Societies, which happily in time became extinguished as Freemasonry, although dormant for a period, by degrees recovered its position and effectually closed those clandestine meetings which had been formed to support the leaders of a military despotism.

In 1845, after a recess of some twelve years, several enthusiastic brethren assembled and re-opened the symbolic Lodge, "Orden y Libertad," and the Chapter Rose-Croix, "Regeneracion Peruana," in Limaa, nd continued to work regularly until 1841, when on the 1st November of that year a general assembly of Masons was held, and the Grand Orient re-opened by the deputies elect, and the representatives of the above-mentioned bodies.

The Supreme Council of the 33rd Degree was re-constituted and re-opened on the 30th of January, 1849, by the M. P. Sov. Grand Commander, Juan Elizalde, regular successor of the Ill. Bro. General Don Domingo Tristan, first Sov. Gr. Com. of the Council in 1830.

On the 13th of July, 1852, the "Gran Oriente Peruano" was re-organized and reconstituted, under the title of "Gran Oriente Nacional del Peru."

In 1852, the Supreme Grand Royal Arch Chapter of Scotland granted its charter to hold a Holy Royal Arch Chapter ("Estrella Boreal," No. 74), of Freemasons in Callao. This was the first Masonic body of the "York Rite" opened in the Republic, and the Sup. Council of Peru appears to have ignored its existence. Neither was it admitted into the "Gran Oriente Nacional del Peru."

Previous to this date no record exists of Peruvian Masonry having been formally recognized by any of the Supreme Governing Powers in Europe or in North or South America. Under patent dated 25th of November, 1853, Bro. Richard H. Hartley was accredited as representative of the M. W. the Grand Lodge of New York, near the "Gran Oriente Nacional del Peru;" and in the same year, Bro. Finlay M. King (Past M. W. Grand Master), as the representative of the Peruvian Gran Oriente near the Grand Lodge of New York.

The Supreme Council of the 33rd Degree for the Northern Jurisdiction of the United States of America (of which the late Ill. Bro. Edward A. Raymond was then Sov. Grand Commander, and Bro. Charles W. Moore Grand Secretary), likewise accredited Ill. Bro. Richard H. Hartley, 33rd, by patent dated 1st November, 1854, as its representative near the Supreme Council of the 33rd Degree for the Republic of Peru and its Masonic dependencies.

AN INTERESTING EVENT.

A NOTABLE event in the Masonic history of Nevada—we may say in the United States—occured near this city lately. After the destruction of their hall by fire, the Masons met for some time in the Lodge-room of the Odd Fellows, in Odd Fellows' building. This was likewise destroyed by fire a few days ago, leaving the Order without an appropriate place of meeting.

In this emergency the Master of Virginia Lodge, No. 3, in imitation of a custom of the Craft in ancient times, called a meeting of his lodge to be held on the summit of Mount Davidson Over three hundred members of the Order were in attendance. When it is considered that the top af Mount Davidson is seven thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven feet above the level of the sea, and nearly seventeen hundred feet above Virginia City, the significance of this large convocation will be appreciated. The summit of the mountain is a pointed mass of broken granite, yet almost upon the very apex a rude altar of stone was erected, and around it gathered over three hundred Masons, who, in the heat of the midday sun, had toiled up the rugged mountain side to witness the opening of a Masonic Lodge at a place so unusual; and there, overlooking a city of twenty thousand people, the lodge was opened partially in form, and its regular business transacted. From the summit of the mountain the country for a radius of perhaps a hundred miles on every side is visible, with its towns, lakes, mountains, valleys, hoisting works, quartz mills and railroads. The view is one of the grandestin the State, and the gathering was in the eye of every Mason present scarcely less grand than the surroundings. As the Lodge was opened, the white emblem of the Order was thrown to the breeze from the flag-staff on the summit, and the cheers that greeted it must have been heard in the valley below. Music, speeches, and a bountiful repast for all enlivened the proceedings, and at five o'clock, or a few minutes earlier, the concourse wended their way down the mountain side. Members of the order were in attendance from Gold Hill, Silver City, Dayton and Carson, and so impressed were all present with the grandeur and solemnity of the occasion, that the rude altar was almost chipped in pieces, to be preserved as mementos of an event so unusual in the annals of the Order. It is probable that a masonic lodge was never before opened in the United States at so great an elevation—certainly never upon so prominent a point in the light of day. The occasion will long be remembered, not only by those present, but by the people of Storey county.

During the exercises Colonel R. H. Taylor read the following

POEM.

The Lord unto the Prophet said,
"Upon the mountain's topmost round,
Far as its breezy limits spread,
Shall be most holy ground."

'Neath God's blue dome, on lofty hills,
Whose crests first catch the morning heat--
Whose heights the evening glory fills—
The Craft was wont to meet.

There, far above the busy mart,
And from its care and turmoil free,
They learned the lessons of the heart,
To "work" and to "agree."

Oh! sacred hills of olden time,
Whose hoary crags resist the gale.
Ye have a history sublime
The Ages cannot pale!

Again, to-day, the sons of light,
As did their sires of olden days,
Upon the mountain's dizzy height,
Their mystic banner raise.

Again, above the busy marts,
Where human feet have have seldom trod
We raise our voices and our hearts
In reverence to God.

Almighty Father! by whose will
The mountains rise, and worlds do move,
Thy blessing grant; descend and fill
Each Mason's heart with love.

—*Virginia (Nev.) Territorial Enterprise.*

A FUNERAL LODGE.

DUMBARTON KILWINNING LODGE (No. 18) OF SCOTLAND.

ON the evening of Friday, February 4th, the Members of this Lodge held a Funeral Lodge in memory of their deceased brethren. There was a very large assemblage of the brethren, and deputations from the Sister Lodges in the neighbourhood, including No. 170 St. John's Leven; 321 Royal Arch, Alexandria and Bonhill; 503 St. George's, Helensburgh; and also visiting brethren from lodges over the country were received at it, and we understand some of the deputations failed to reach the hall in time through some delay of the trains.

After the Lodge had been opened with grand honours,

Bro. HODGE, R. W. M., delivered the following address: — Senior and Junior Wardens and Brethren, if there is one thing more characteristic of this world than another it is that principle of change which is continually going on, not only in the material world but also in the world of mind. What *was* yesterday *is not* to-day, and what *is* to-day will *not* probably *be* to-morrow. Indeed, so constant and continual is this principle at work that not one of us will leave this room to-night in exactly the same condition, either physically, mentally, or morally, as when we entered it. Let us hope that our condition being altered it will be for the better to all of us and for the worse to none. It was under the influence of this hope working in the minds of your office-bearers that caused them to think of holding this funeral lodge: may the Most High grant the desires of our hearts. In harmony with this universal law of nature, a number of our brethren since this time last year have departed this life, and crossed tha mysterious boundary line which separates time from eternity. Should their present condition be one of unconciousness (and there be some who think this) our meeting here to-night cannot possibly do them any harm or any good; but if on the contrary, they are not only conscious but observant, (and there be many who believe this) our meeting, if conducted with that solemnity which the occasion requires, will, in my opinion, afford them much pleasure. Of course this is one of those subjects which it would be very unwise in any one to dogmatise upon, and I am no dogmatist, but whether true or no it is a pleasant thing to reflect upon, especially if one's thoughts are pure and one's actions virtuous. Proceeding upon this idea we may imagine our brethren freed from the grosser parts of their nature, revelling in space, nothing staying their course or putting a limit to their flight but their own wills, subject, of course, to the standing orders and byelaws of the Great I Am, if you will allow me a perfectly well understood illustration. But supposing they have the whole universe of space to roam in, it is only natural to think that the locality where they spent their earthly existence will have special attractions for them, and that the labour and pastimes of those friends whom they have left behind will have a large share of their attention and regard. This being granted we can easily imagine the presence here to-night of their inner self—that self-conscious ego; that ever-living never dying something which we call "mind", "spirit", "soul," or whatever name we choose to call that which far more than the outward contour of the material body, stamps us with an individuality which, distinguishing us from every other being in this great universe, makes us what we are. Brethren, do not for one moment imagine that I think anything which we can do will affect either the condition or ultimate destiny of our departed brethren, in so far as that has been fixed by the Great Architect of the universe; only this much will I say that while this meeting is being held for the purpose of reminding us that we too will sooner or later, be called from labour here, to, I trust, refreshment in the *Celestial Lodge*, where our *Grand Master*, the Supreme Ruler of the Universe presides in person. Our proceedings may be such as not only to benefit us but meet with the approval of all those bright intelligences that inhabit the higher spheres from the *Great I Am* to the latest *entrant*. Brethren, in the words of one who has long since gone the way of all the earth, may we, when our latter end comes "have all our accounts *squared* so that we shall have nothing left us to do but to die." Amen.

After the singing of a hymn and prayer by the chaplain (Br. Williamson), the following ceremony at the catafalque took place:—The officers formed into procession and marched round the catafalque once to the "Dead March in Saul," played on the harmonium by Br. Bird. The Junior Warden placed on it a wreath of white flowers, and made a few appropriate sentences. The music was again resumed, and the Senior Warden placed his wreath of white flowers and likewise read some appropriate remarks. The march was again resumed and rounded the catafalque three times, when the R. W. M. stepped forward and placed a wreath of evergreens on it, and reminded the brethren of the emblem used. After this they all marched to their respective places, when

Br. BARR, P.W.M., delivered an oration. He said:—"In the midst of life we are in

death," and the wisest amongst us cannot know "what a day may bring forth." We live but to see those that we love passing away into the silent land. Think of those brethren who, but a few days since, were among us in all the pride and power of life; bring to your minds the remembrance of their wisdom, their strength, and their beauty; and then reflect that to dust they have come at last. Think of ourselves, thus must we be when the lamp of our brief existence has burned out. Think how soon death for us will be a reality. Man's life is like a flower which blooms to-day, and to-morrow is faded, cast aside, and trodden under foot. The most of us, my brethren, are fast approaching, or have already passed the meridian of life. Our sun is setting in the west; and oh! how much more swift is the passage of our declining years than when we started upon the journey, and believed, as young men are apt to believe, that the roseate hues of the sun of our existence were always to be continued. When we look back upon the happy days of our childhood, when the dawning intellect first begins to exercise its powers of thought, it seems as but yesterday, and that by a simple effort of the will, we could put aside our manhood and seek again the loving caresses of a mother, or be happy in the possession of a bauble; and could we now realize the idea that our last hour had come, our whole earthly life would seem as but the space of time from yesterday until to-day. Centuries upon centuries have rolled away behind us; before us stretches out an eternity of years to come; and on the narrow boundary between the past and the present flickers the puny taper we term our life. When we came into the world we knew nought of what had been before us; but as we grew up to manhood we learned of the past; we saw the flowers bloom as they had bloomed for centuries; we beheld the orbs of day and night pursuing their endless course among the stars, as they had pursued it from the birth of light; we learned what men had thought and said and done, from the beginning of the world to our day; but only through the eye of faith can we behold what is to come hereafter, and only through a firm reliance upon the Divine promises can we satisfy the yearnings of an immortal soul, The *cradle* speaks to us of remembrance, the coffin of hope, of a blessed trust in a never ending existence beyond the gloomy portals of the tomb. Let these reflections convince us how vain are all the wranglings and bitterness engendered by the collisions of the world; how little in dignity above the puny wranglings of ants over a morsel of food, or for the possession of a square inch of soil. What shall survive us? Not, let us hope, the petty strifes and bickerings, the jealousies and heartburnings, the small triumphs and mean advantages we have gained; but rather the noble thoughts, the words of truth, the works of mercy and justice that ennoble and light up the existence of every honest man, however humble, and live for good when his body is mouldering in the dust. For this at least man gets by death, that his calamities are not immortal. To bear grief honourably and temperately, and to die willingly and nobly, are the duties of a good man and true Mason.

"When those we love are snatched away
By Death's relentless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
That friendship must demand."

After making an appropriate reference to the departed brethren, Br. Barr closed as follows:—While, therefore, Nature will have its way, and our tears will fall upon the graves of our brethren, let us be reminded by the evergreen symbol of our faith in immortal life that the dead are but sleeping, and be comforted by the reflection that their memories will not be forgotten; that they will still be loved by those who are soon to follow them; that in our archives their names are written, and that in our hearts there is still a place for them. And so, trusting in the infinite love and tender mercy of Him without whose knowledge not even a sparrow falls, let us prepare to meet them where there is no parting, and where with them we shall enjoy eternal rest.

"Why lament our brother's dying,
Why indulge in tears and gloom?
Calmly on the Lord *relying*,
He can greet the opening tomb."

. . . .

Hark! the golden harps are ringing,
Sounds angelic fill the air;
Millions now in Heaven singing
Greet his joyful entrance there.

The CHAPLAIN (Br. Williamson) next addressed the brethren as follows:—Our meeting to-night reminds us of the truth of Scripture. "It is appointed unto man once to die." This is one of God's laws that man has never been able to break, and never will. God, to keep man from sin, threatened him with death; man disregarded the warning and partook of the forbidden fruit. The gold has now become dim, the fine gold changed, and he who took delight in communion and fellowship with his God, fled from His presence, hid himself among the trees of the garden a poor, lost, guilty sinner. The sentence pronounced against Adam is that "in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread; dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return." This is the inheritance of all his offspring, but, blessed be God, we have not been left to perish. As God sought Adam in the garden, so the Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost. The Bible is a revelation of God's infinite love for fallen man, wherein life and immortality have been brought to light by the Gospel. Without this blessed book we would have been sinning without pardon, differing without comfort, and dying without hope. At this tribunal the first promise of a Saviour is given—"the seed of the woman shall bruise the head of the serpent." The promise has been completely fulfilled. In the fullness of the time God sent forth his only Son, made of a woman, made under the law. He in our room and stead has kept the law; yea, magnified the law and made it honourable, and by his self-sacrificing life, His atoning death, His glorious resurrection and ascension into Heaven, has received gifts for men, even for the rebellious, And now seated upon His throne in glory comes the blessed invitation to sinful man—"Come now and let us reason together, though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as wool, though they be red like crimson they shall be white as snow." This is the only foundation upon which the sinner can build his hopes for eternity, for the promise is "if we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us, and cleanse from all iniquity," Building upon this foundation the rain of affliction may descend, the winds of temptation may blow, the floods may beat against the house, but it will stand firm, being founded upon a rock. But if, trusting to our own integrity, and thinking to please God by the works of the law, when the storm and the tempest come and beat against the house it will inevitably fall, being founded upon the sand, and great will be the fall thereof. A number of our brethren have been removed from our midst by death. It was my privilege to stand by the death-beds of some of them, and while life lasts I shall never forget their dying words. They spoke of their departure like Paul, who said—"I am now ready to be offered up, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown, which the righteous Lord shall give unto me at that great day, and not unto me only, but unto all those that love his appearing." Another aged brother, Simeon-like, was heard to exclaim—"Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes hath seen thy salvation." And now, brethren, when our sun sets in the west, our day's work being done, may it be ours to hear the Master say—"Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

After other devotions and intercourse the lodge was closed by the benediction.

CONTEMPORARY LETTERS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Letter VII.

Paris, March 20th, 1790.

THE parties in France may be divided like the parties of all other countries, into three. Those who are violent of one side or the other, and those who are more moderate, and might serve to balance the contending parties. The latter have as yet made but small progress (at least in the National Assembly), which consists at present of nearly a thousand members, of whom 640 are Democrates, and 360 Aristocrates. The loss of those members who fled has been replaced by others chosen in their room.

What are the views and hopes of the reigning party it would be difficult to determine. They allow themselves, that it is impossible affairs should remain in their present state, and they must be sen-

sible that the steps they take are far from approaching towards conciliation.

As certainly the great party of the Democrates are either Advocates, or Procureurs, or curés who are destitute of fortune, and who live at Paris at a trifling expense, and receive eighteen livres per day for their attendance (besides that great numbers of them have a share in the direction of the inundation of daily papers), the Partié Modéré are apprehensive that they prolong their existence from views of private interest. The modérés place all their hopes and expectations in the second meeting of the National Assembly, from which all who have at present seats are excluded unless they are elected with the unanimous consent of the electors. The fear of another revolution, however, inclines the Partié Modéré to join with the Democrates.

It is on the basis of the desire manifested by the Democrates to continue a power flattering to their ambition, and necessary to their finances that the Aristocrates build their hopes of future success.

They are induced to believe that the people will at last grow weary of useless discussions, by which anarchy and distress are equally prolonged, and will drive their new masters from Paris.

Even the Partié Modéré seems of this opinion, and declares that if in three months the finances are not settled, it will be necessary to have recourse to the ancient form of government.

At the Comte de Modene's I met a large cabal of Aristocrates, with one of their leaders the Comte D'Entraigues; from their conversation I should be induced to conclude that they would embrace with joy any proposition which would leave them in possession of honourable distinction and a Chambre Haute. If they have any hopes (although the King should be restored to his former power) of being reinstated in the situation they once held, particularly the privilege of not paying taxes, *Ils Manqueront de leur but, car ils visent trop loin*, and the whole nation under any form of government will oppose their pretensions, which if limited to those I have above mentioned they will find the Partié Modéré ready to WISH granted them. But I am afraid their chance of these comparatively moderate advantages can only arise from the army's returning to a sense of loyalty. The people might perhaps be willing to drive away the present National Assembly but I think the milice, particularly that of Paris, find their existence too closely united to that of the Assembly to be easily separated. It is not but that the older, wiser, and better part of the Bourgoisie might not be of the opinion of the people at large, but all the young Bourgois who compose it are delighted with the consequence they derive from it. They have so long been regarded with contempt by the noblesse and the army, that they are delighted with repaying the treatment they once received. Their insolence and air of consequential authority surpass whatever they have endured, and will possibly prove one of the causes of their ruin.

You are to recollect that with les ancien Gardes Francoises, deserters and others, they have 6,000 men of regular troops who must feel that at any settlement of the ancient government disgrace and punishment must be their reward.

The Partié Modéré pretend that the Bourgeois are tired of playing the soldier, and only continue it from the fear of insurrections and pillaging. I confess it does not appear. The King still continues firm in his resolution of not quitting the walls of the Thuilleries till his Guards ar erestored. In order to pacify the minds of the people in regard to the captivity of their monarch the Democrates pretend, and the Partié Modéré join with them, in giving out that the Aristocrates are desirous of putting an end to him from the idea that he is never enough to be depended on, and is too timid and irresolute to take just steps for the establisnment of his authority and their consequence. They say, therefore, that to preserve his life, the King is desirous of remaining a prisoner, and is sensible he owes his safety to M. de la Fayette.

Perhaps the wishes of the Aristocrates may accord with the assertions of their opponents, for I have heard it often said by them, "I fear we can never '*relever cet homme.*'" They now lament the folly of their conduct. Le Comte de Modene reproached them with not being willing to join twelve livres a month for a newspaper devoted to their party. Could they be again assembled together they might perhaps effect something beneficial to their party, but their ignorance of one another,

and the jealous fear which the gens de la cour et les familles illustré, entertain of the old and powerful nobility, the contempt of the latter for the former, and the absolute separation of both from the poorer and lower orders of nobility must be first entirely eradicated, and they must learn to have a common interest before they can make head against their present all powerful adversaries. Common danger has not yet taught them unanimity, and the exiles of London, Turin, and Nice are strangers to the views, hopes, or the councils of each other. One of the first questions I naturally asked them was, if there existed no city over which the Aristocrates had sufficient authority to have been enabled to retire in safety within its walls, and from thence, united in one body, headed by the princes of the blood, issued out their protestations against the measures adopted by the Democrates? They answer *no*, and say that in the meantime their chateaux would have been burnt and their property destroyed. While the fear of private losses prevails over general benefits they can hope but for few advantages. I cannot find that supposing the King had escaped to Metz, that he would have found that city more disposed to receive him than any other; it is a general—not a partial inebriation, and if the frenzy of Democracy is past, the fumes are not yet dissipated. The Aristocrates wish at present to lead on their opponents to every outrageous act of violence against them, justly conceiving that any moderate condescensions towards them will make their resistance disadvantageous, while cruelty and injustice must at least occasion compassion, and indignation is the daughter of pity.

I cannot believe that the officers of the army are at all pleased with the present revolution, although prudence in the present moment induces them to submit, but the plan proposed to the Assembly for the government of the army may perhaps induce the soldiers to abide by the decrees of the Assembly. It was at first agitated in the Comité Militaire that the sergeants and corporals should be elected by the private soldiers. Although this did not pass. it was carried in the committee that out of every five officers appointed in a Regiment, one of them should be chosen amongst the sergeants and corporals, and that in all other promotions a council of officers should *elect* to the vacant commissions.

Discontent at this moment reigns in the provinces. Valadier, who was the tutor of my friends, and is much connected with the Marechal Prince de Bauveau and Mons. de la Fayette, writes from Languedoc, his province, where he went to assist the revolution, that all his endeavours are useless; that the impost of the quart des revenus is eluded, or not paid, and that discontent universally prevails. Monsr. de Castellane, one of their most violent patriots, allows that the Limosin is in arms, that the peasants have joined the military and that the national troops have been defeated. I do not conceive the opposition of the Parliament of Brittany to be of any effect, as the people of the province certainly side with the Assembly, and have in consequence burnt and pillaged several chateaux, particularly at Quency, where it was reported that a woman had 30,000 livres concealed, she was immediately denounced as an A ri. tocrate, her house searched, and on thse people finding only a third part of the sum she was burnt by a slow fire ro make her discover where the rest was buried. The Comte de Antraigues said the Garde de Sceaux assured him the above was a fact.

The partition of the provinces has not occasioned those commotious which might have been expected. But although they have consented to be separated from their ancient provinces, it has been with the hopes of becoming the chief city of the different districts. The great and flourishing cities who by the support they had given to the National Assembly, hoped to be recompensed by being placed at the head of the districts, over the towns of *note*, are in general disappointed. The Committee of Constitution to whom the distribution of districts is allotted, are ordered to consult the Deputies of the different provinces, but to choose as nearly as possible the most central spot of the respective districts. The Committee determine, as their interests, partialities, or information lead them, and most generally according to the two first. When they make their report, the most violent contestations arise between the deputies of the different towns, on the injustice done them, that their pretentions to the rank of

capital is above that of those to whom it is granted, and that their being denied that favour must bring on the ruin of their commerce or manufactories.

The report of the Committee is, however, always carried against the reclaimations of the individual, which is every Deputy in his turn. Should the violence which actuates the Deputies prevail in the Provices, a thousand petty wars must be the consequence.

I forgot to mention that Marseilles has addressed the National Assembly to restore to the Executive Power its former force. That they have declared they will receive with pleasure all those who are at present exiles, and that they will maintain their Prevot, whom Monsieur Mirabeau has attacked in the Assembly, against all persons whatsoever. They have given the command of their Militia to Monsieur de Laraman, a violent Aristocrate. In Paris the National Assembly are certainly all powerful; but a subject of dispute must e'er long arise between them, unless the absolute awe in which the Assembly stands of the Capital and the necessity it has of support should induce the Assembly to adopt measures which the rest of the kingdom must disapprove. They have not yet organised the muncipality of Paris; that is, reserved till every other City has obeyed the decrees of the Assembly; should the Capital then refuse, they hope the general indignation would induce them to submit. Eighteen, however, of the sixty-two districts of Paris, have resolved themselves to be permament and immutable. I must again repeat that the present Assembly is too much the creature of Paris, and Paris too necessary to the Assembly for any separation to take place. The police is at present under some regulation. The Mayor and Common Council have taken possession of all the power formerly exercised by the Lieutenant de Police, and are as despotic as he formerly was. They threaten imprisonment for all disobedience of their orders, and beg the different districts to assist in the execution of them. In order to alleviate the distresses, and of course the discontent, of the Capital, they pay and employ 50,000 workmen.

To furnish the money necessary for their wants they appropriate to their use the taxes received at the Gates of Paris, you may imagine in the present situation of affairs how much the deduction of so large a sum as is raised by that means, must be felt in the Royal Treasury. They begin at present to execute the orders of the Police with some effect, for they have within these few days taken up two people, concerned in an abusive paper, although against the Aristocrates.

The National Militia look with a mixture of fear and jealousy on the Milice Soldée or the ancien Gardes Francois. The latter placed their hopes in being restored to the honor of guarding the royal person, which they hoped to effect by bringing him prisoner to Paris. They have been disappointed, as the number of them who mount guard daily with the Bourgeoise is very small. They are vexed and displeased, and their companions alarmed.

Several Aristocrates have been chosen Mayors of the new Municipalites, particularly l'Eveque de Langres and the intendant of Metz.

The King has certainly no party, and I believe he only wishes for a quiet life. His speech of yesterday has certainly rendered him very popular, and if the Aristocrates make due advantages of the little inclination the Assembly have shown to comply with the King's desires, it might produce great effects, especially if they dwelt on the want of exterior respect shown by their Prisedent in their name.

I cannot conceive that if Monsieur (who never appears) was as favourable to the population as his speech to the Common Council of Paris seemed to manifest, that his household and those whose fortune is dependant on him would be so violent in their opposition to it. I leave you to judge from the King's speech whether the Democrates who have occasioned this step, have reason to be satisfied and to look upon it as a triumph, which they do. All Paris was last night illuminated, and I believe the King to be sincerely and greatly beloved by his people. One advantage the Democrates may derive from it is, that it may revive the hopes and confidence of the people which began to diminish.

I suppose you know that all edicts now run—"Louis, par la Grace de Dieu et l'etat constitutionelle' Roi des Francois." An idea prevails here as ridiculous as absurd, but you may be assured it is believed, not by the lower orders only, but that it is received as a fact in the King's Cabinet,

that Mr. Pitt has assisted Mirabeau with £200,000 sterling. The Princess de Vaudémont and the Comte de Modine asserted it as coming from the highest authority, and laughed when I denied it.

There does not seem any one in the Aristocrates capable of conducting their affairs out of the National Assembly; within its walls, if noise did not drown the voice of all those who attempt to stem the torrent, they have much the advantage—as the Abbé Maury as far surpasses Mirabeau, as Pitt or Fox are superior to Sheridan. Of the weakness of the Comte d'Artois, the Ministers, and the Aristocrates the following will be a sufficient proof.

When the troops were ordered to march to Versailles there was neither bread nor ammunition provided for them. Thellusson assured me his Regiment remained twenty-four hours destitute of both, exposed to the wrath of an enraged people.

In this situation it was not difficult to prevail on those to desert, who were neglected by the very people who called them to their aid, and who were offered everything that can tempt a soldier—women, wine, and money—by those they should have considered as their enemies. Mr. Neckar was not to have been dismissed till the troops were arrived. They were to assemble on the Monday, yet Mr. Neckar is disgraced on the Saturday.

The proofs of the Marquis de la Fayette being concerned in the attempt on the Queen's life, the day the people went to Versailles, are strongly against him, and have left a spot on his reputation he will find it difficult to efface.

When he arrived at Versailles, after he had assured the King he might dismiss his guards, for that he would be responsible for the security of the Castle, he went to bed, having placed guards and sentinels everywhere but by the Orangery, where there are no less than ten entrances to the Palace, and which leads immediately to the Queen's apartments.

I have been long, and most likely tiresome, in repeating to you what you probably have before heard; but it was necessary for myself to have a clear idea of the views and hopes of the different parties, by which means I might be better enabled to arrange future information.

One great difficulty occurs in obtaining authentic intelligence of whatever may make against the National Assembly. That it is always carefully suppressed in their debates, or if uttered not printed in their daily papers. Whenever any aristocrate wishes to expose an event contrary to the wishes of the Majority he is silenced, and one of the democrates immediatly produces at the Bar, an address of thanks from the City where discontent is supposed to reign, most of the signatures of which are generally forged. An address was presented this week from Bourdeaux with 200 and odd names of the chief inhabitants, of which only five were true.

SONNET.

(*For the Masonic Magazine.*)

Humbly inscribed to our Most Worshipful and Illustrious Grand Master, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, on his happy return from India.

O Sun, which now at thy meridian height,
Dost shine abroad o'er earth in peerless guise;
Who but in thy refulgent orb descries
Thy Architect's great goodness, skill, and might,
By whose decree, among the sons of Light,
Thou art to mortal and immortal eyes
In heav'n and earth, Grand Master of the skies—
Ours Cambria's Prince——lo! where thou shin'st most bright,
Him, for a time, thy boundless glance hath seen,
'Mid Subject Kings, in his remote sojourn
In Indian realms; their riv'lling thine own beams—
Oblest the day, which, 'neath thy rule serene,
Now shines to welcome him on his return
To Britains' cliffs, green fields, and glitt'ring streams.

Bro. Rev. M. Gordon.

Ladies don't know whether they like smoking or not. With special favourites they like it; with general favourites they don't dislike it, and with no favourites they detest it.

THE SITE OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE DISCOVERED.

(Continued from page 317.)

TABLE OF ELEVATIONS—SITE OF SOLOMON'S GRAND ASCENT.

	Cubits.	*Feet.*	*Level.*
Nave on the floor of porch	5 =	7.38522..	2445.53879
Upper pavement ..	5 ,,	7.38522..	2438.15357
Lower ,, ..	5 ,,	7.38522..	2430.76835
Lower ,, Bottom of 7 steps, top of grand ascent or ramp-steps.. ..	10 ,,	14.77045..	2423.38313
Level of Court of Gentiles	20 ,,	29.54089..	2408.61268
Level of substructure floor, double gate, triple gate, etc		..	2379.07179

The grand ascent *(alath)* or ramp-steps by which the Jews went up to the Temple Courts in Solomon's day was a ramp or stepped sidewalk all around the outer wall of the Temple Courts on the north, south, and east sides. It was outside the walls, and up this ramp of steps the devout worshipper ascended in order to enter the outer gates to the Court of Israel. Having entered the gates, he passed up another range of 7 steps inside the walls before reaching the pavement or Court. This grand ascent outside the walls was the one which the Queen of Sheba so much admired (1 Kings, x. 5). The bottom of this grand ramp was the general level of the palace grounds or street level outside the Courts. The total height of the grand ascent outside (10 cubits) and of the 7 steps inside (5 cubits) was $10 + 5 = 15$ cubits = 22·15567 ft., and the difference between the levels was 2,423 ft.—2,408 ft. Herod cut away the rock forming this grand ramp, and carried it inside, thereby making the ascent inside the greater, consisting of 14 instead of 7 steps, thus forming two ranges into one grand stepped ascent of 14 steps, from the Court of Gentiles to the Inner Court of Israel, the total height being 15 cubits, as in the days of Solomon.

"That second Court of the Temple was called 'The Sanctuary,' and was ascended to by 14 steps from the first Court.

"This Court was four-square; the height of its buildings, although it was on the *outside* 40 cubits, was hidden by the steps, and on the *inside* that height was but 25 cubits [hence height of steps 15 cubits]."—Josephus, "Wars," v., 5, 2.

In Herod's Temple, therefore, the site of the grand ascent was converted by Herod into the Court of Gentiles, and the rock cut away where necessary, so that the grand ascent was carried inward and added to the former ascent, so that the ascent from the Court of Gentiles to the Court of Israel consisted of 14 steps, whose total height was 15 cubits = 22·15567 feet.

Mr. Beswick concludes from this result that the different ancient levels on the Sacred Rock, made for the pavements and courts of Solomon's Temple, were left unmutilated by Herod, and that while he utilized them when he rebuilt this famous edifice, he also preserved them, and left the ancient landmarks upon the Sacred Rock *in situ*. In removing the grand ramp from the outer wall to the interior to make room for the Court of Gentiles, the rock has been cut away in two places only, north and south. In the north the rock has cropped up too high, so that a deep scarp has been cut to get the required level for the Gentile Court, namely, 2,408 feet, and this deep scarp it visible along the entire northern edge of the mosque platform. A careful, systematic survey of the Sakhra, and the rock underneath the platform, proves clearly that its successive levels fit truly, and correspond with such levels, heights, lengths, and requirements as would suit the Temple of Solomon and its successor built by Herod as closely as the nature of the case would admit of, or could reasonably be expected.

It would be well if those who undertake to give Biblical illustrations and plans of Herod's Temple would take notice of this important fact, which occupies a subordinate place in Mr. Beswick's reconstruction of the Temple Area.

SITE OF THE HOLY PLACE.

Mr. Beswick says that the western side of the inner door-way, Bab al Gharby, is exactly 45 cubits = 66·467 ft. from the Sakhra, and that the exact site of the Most Holy Place in the Old Temple is underneath the doorsill of this western entrance to the Dome of the Rock. The width of this doorway is also exactly 20 cubits = 29·54 ft., being the same width as the Nave and Holy Place in Solomon's Temple. And there is an unexplained tradition to this effect among the Moslems

of to-day, although no traveller but Mr. Prime has mentioned it. The tradition says, that there is a crypt, or vault, underneath the western side of the building, which is regarded as the Holy of Holies, and is said to contain the armour of Mohammed himself. The site is identical with that of the Holy Place of the Jewish Temple, according to Mr. Beswick's plan of the Temple Area. About 22·1557 ft. by 29·54 ft. of the west side of the ancient site of the Holy Place now lies outside the western entrance of the Mosque, Kubbat as Sakhra. If the Moslem devotees only knew it, the most sacred spot in the Haram Sanctuary is within the limits of the western entrance, Bab al Gharby, or 7·385 feet outside the inner post of the inner door-sill; it is the central spot, where once stood the Mercy-seat in the middle of the Holy Place. If Christian pilgrims only knew it, here would be the place of reverence, of prostration and kneeling; the most sacred spot on earth to a Jew—now at the very threshold of the western door of the Mosque of Omar, exactly half-way between the outer sill of the gate, Bab al Gharby, and inner sill of the same. The entire space within that western gate is one of the most sacred spots on earth, the exact central spot of the Holy of Holies. The outside width of the gate is 20 cubits = 29·54 feet, exactly the width of the Sacred Place in the Temple; and the north and south sides of the gate are in the identical places where the north and south sides of the Sacred Oratory once stood; whilst the place where the Ark once lay is in the vestibule of the gate-way itself, and almost touching the sill of the inner door-way.

THE SAKHRA CUT TO FIT THE PORCH OF THE TEMPLE.

If the Sakhra was the Central Core of the Temple Area, and occupied a central position, as Mr. Beswick's discovery and the Biblical statement by Ezekiel (xliii. 12) affirm it to have done, then important consequences follow, which will subject this discovery to a very singular and severe, but very important test. And, if it stands this test, it would seem as if it were useless to subject it to any other. Granting that the Sakhra and its apex had their site in the very centre of the Old Temple Area, where the Porch of the Temple stood, it would seem to be a natural inference that the Crown of the Rock would be cut down in length, and depth, and width, to suit the length, width, and depth of the Porch of the Temple wherever the rock required it. Mr. Beswick assures us that such is the fact. The apex of the Sakhra is cut at the sides as if to a pattern, and made to fit into the vestibule and porch of a temple having the plan and measurement of the Temple built by Solomon.

According to Mr. Beswick's careful measurements of the Sakhra, under the Dome of the Rock, the northern side is cut down vertically from the western edge of the crown, or from west to east, to a distance of 9 cubits = 13·2934 ft.; and the distance of the nave-sill in Solomon's Temple to the front of the platform of the Porch was also 9 cubits = 13·2934 ft. Hence the stones of the outer pavement of the Court were laid down up to the very sides of the vestibule and platform of the Porch. Then again, the width of the eastern front was 30 cubits; but if the thickness (2 cubits) of the side-walls of the vestibule be deducted, there will be left 30—4 = 26 cubits = 38·4 ft., inside measurement, as the length of vestibule inside. This accords with the shape of the Sakhra, as the explorer sees it to-day. The Crown of the Rock is actually cut down to this length, 38·4 ft., from north to south, by 13.2934 ft. from west to east. The Vestibule in Solomon's Temple was in length 38·4 ft. by 7·3852 ft. And the platform of the porch was also in length (not including the width of side-walls or pilasters upon which the platform rested) 38·4 ft. by 5·9 ft., the total width being 7·385 + 5·908 = 13·2934 ft. The crown of the Sakhra has these two vertical cuttings of 7·385 and 5·9 ft. in width on the northern side of the rock, made due east and west. Captain Wilson, of the English Palestine party, sent out in 1854, says of these cuttings:

> "On the western side it is cut down in three steps and on the *northern* side in an irregular shape, the the object of which could not be discovered."

The two vertical cuttings have had their corresponding ones on the south side, but these have been almost defaced, although still visible. And these cuttings are exactly as the same distance from the western wall at the vestibule and platform of the Porch

were distant from the same base line of verification in the Temple Area in Solomon's day.

NUMERICAL TEST OF THE MAIN DISCOVERY.

When Herod enlarged the Temple Area by adding another cloister called the Court of Gentiles, he could only make this addition to three of its sides; for the west wall of the inclosure came in contact with the Old Temple Area at the western side of the Court of Israel. There was no space between. This is one of the most important points in Mr. Beswick's discovery; and it is one which has never before been suspected—the Court of Gentiles added to the Temple Area by Herod, had no western side whatever. It had only three sides, as stated by Josephus ("Wars," v. 5, 1). The new court was 30 cubits = 44·3113 ft. in width; therefore the northern and southern sides of the Temple Area were 30 cubits shorter than the eastern and western sides. At the north-western angle of the Area was a north-western cloister, which united the Temple Area with the Antonia. Its length was 220 cubits = 324·949 ft. including the width of the Antonia.

Now Josephus gives the entire length of these cloisters, and his estimate will enable us to test the correctness and value of Mr. Beswick's discovery. Josephus says:

"And the cloisters were 30 cubits wide (the three cloisters forming the Court of Gentiles); and the *whole circuit* of cloisters measured *six furlongs* when the Antonia also is included." "Wars," v., 5, 2.

Mr. Beswick gives the following lengths of the sides of the outer cloister in Herod's day:

North	... 520	=	782.83379
South	... 530	„	782.83379
East	... 560	„	827.14513
West	... 560	„	827.14513
	2180	„	3219.95753
Antonia Cloister ...	... 220	„	324.94987
6 furlongs	2400	„	3544.90770

Therefore the whole circuit of the outer cloister measured *six* furlongs, or 2,400 cubits, as Josephus described it when Jerusalem was destroyed by Titus. This is a very remarkable and severe test of Mr. Beswick's plan of the Temple Area, which has been based upon his discovery of the Temple site. No other plan yet presented has ever stood this test, including those of Robinson, Fergusson, Williams, Porter, Lewin, Lightfoot, Kraft, Barclay, Tobler, Thrupp, and lastly, Captain Warren. Of course, all these estimates are based upon the fundamental discovery, that the Sakhra was the central core of the Temple Area.

Occupying a subordinate place in this discovery is the site of the fortress Antonia, and among the many proofs which Mr. Beswick cites is the following. At the south-east corner of the site, where he has placed the Antonia, the natural rock has been cut to the actual shape of a corner, as if to form the angle of some ancient building of the same size as the Antonia. This rocky angle has been hitherto overlooked by every other explorer. Its identification and recognition spring out of the fact that this was the only spot where the Antonia could have been, if Mr. Beswick's plan of the site and area of the Old Temple be correct; and upon looking for the evidences of its existence upon this spot, the scarped angle was found to occupy the site. It clearly belongs to a square of 124·0717 ft., and leaves a space of 100.439 ft. on each side north and south, to make up the 344.-9498 ft., which was the length of the north west cloister.

Width of Antonia ...	... 124,0717
Northern end of cloister	... 100.4390
Southern „ „ ...	... 100.4390
	324.9497

About 25 ft. are clearly visible to-day, forming the east and south sides of the angle. The east side is 124.0717 ft. from the line of the west wall in the Haram, and the south side of the angle is 100·439 ft. from the ancient site of the Temple north wall. The site of the Antonia is midway between the length of the north-west cloister, of which the Antonia formed a part, and by which it was joined to the Temple Courts. The identification of this site has been based upon direct and indirect proofs too numerous to mention. Everything appears to fall into line and take the most suitable and natural position the moment Mr. Beswick's plan is placed upon a map of the Haram drawn to the same scale as his own. In this respect the Ordnance Survey map of the Haram, published by the English Palestine Ex

ploration Fund, has done him good service, and might have been made to suit his purpose.

The western wall of the Haram is therefore a reliable base line, and a line of 250 cubits = 369·26 ft., drawn from the middle of the Sahkra to this base, is a first standard offset, to which all others are reduced, forming north and south sides to the court and walls of the Temple Area. According to the Talmud, "The greatest space was on the south, the next on the east, next on the north and least on the west." (Lightfoot, "Descr. Temple Hieros." c. 3.) In other words, the Temple and Courts were on the north-west part of its own inclosure, as seen on Mr. Beswick's plan and as they were placed against the western wall of the inclosure, the space enclosed was "least on the west."

ANOTHER NUMERICAL TEST.

A casual and seemingly unimportant remark is made by Josephus in relation to the enlargement of the Temple Area by Herod. The old south wall of the inclosure was extended by Herod, until its south-west angle was in line with the old western wall; it was now 625 cubits = 923·153 ft. according to Mr. Beswick's measurement. Herod now carried the eastern front forward, so as to make the entire length of the whole Temple Area equal in width. Its northern and southern sides were alike and equal, being 923·153 ft. And as the northern Court of Gentiles limited the Temple Area on the north, the eastern and wertern walls of the inclosure, not including the Antonia branch, measured by the distance of the north and south walls, were both of equal length, namely: 1,220·039 ft. including the width of walls, north and south. But as the north and south walls were each 8 cubits = 11·816359 feet thick, ("Wars," vi., 5, 1), and the east and west walls were each only 4 cubits = 5·903179 ft. thick, the length of space inclosed was only 911·33 by 1,196·4 ft.

The Old Temple Area was a quadrangle of 500 cubits = 738·522 ft. therefore the old area was as follows:

500 by 500, or 250,000 cubits.

The Temple Area enclosed by Herod was as follows:

810 by 617, or 500,000 cubits.
1196·4 by 911.33, or 1090830.67 ft.

Its half would be:

500 by 500, or 250,000 cubits.
738·52 by 738·52, or 545415·33ft.

The newly inclosed space was exactly *twice as large* as that before inclosed. Josephus says that such was the fact. "Herod rebuilt the Temple, and encompassed a piece of land *about it* with a wall, which was twice *as large* as that before inclosed." ("Wars," i., 21., 1.)

This proof, like the former one is numerical in character, and is wholly based on the discovery that the Sakhra is that Mount Moriah, whose apex or crown was in the centre of the Temple Area, for the outer Court of Gentiles on the north fixes the limit of the eastern walls, and the extent of the area northward.

COURT OF GENTILES HAD NO WESTERN SIDE.

This result of Mr. Beswick's researches is one of the most valuable and important of all his discoveries, growing out of the fundamental determination which fixes the site of Solomon's Temple wher the Sakhra occupies the central spot in the area. It is also one of the most unexpected of his discoveries. He asks the pertinent question, "If the Temple Area inclosed by Solomon and Nehemiah was placed against the western wall, would you not either have to pull down this wall, or else have no western cloister to the Court of Gentiles?" On the other hand, Mr. Beswick claims that Josephus distinctly affirms that the Court of Gentiles had only three sides, while he also says that the Court of Israel was quadrangular or four-sided. Josephus declares that the Inclosure wall of Herod was built up on three sides only.

The western wall remained as before; the three sides round about were only north, east, and south, and the cloisters built upon them could only be *three* in number. The cloisters and their walls were only three in number. This passage is simple and clear. A western cloister to the Court of Gentiles is never referred to by Josephus.

On the other hand, Mr. Beswick claims that in the same passage Josephus speaks of the Court of Israel as being four-square in such a way as to imply that the Court of Gentiles he had just described was not four-sided. He says:

"When you go through these cloisters (Court of Gentiles) unto the second Temple, &c. . . for that second Temple was called the Sanctuary. This Court (Court of Israel) was *four-square*."—"Wars," v., 5, 2.

This marked distinction would have no meaning if it were not designed to teach that the Court of Gentiles was not four-square. This radical error appears to be universal; it has been overlooked in all the published plans of the Temple Area, without a single exception. The Court of Gentiles had no western side whatever; it was three-sided, and not quadrangular. And this fact, which has never before been even suspected, readily accounts for some remarkable statements of Josephus when describing the attack of the Roman legions under Titus on the western wall of the Temple Area. He says:

"Titus gave orders that the battering-rams should be brought and set over against the *western edifice* of the *inner temple* (or Court of Israel)."—"Wars," vi., 4, 1.

"The one bank was over against the north-west corner of the *inner temple* (Court of Israel)."—"Wars," vi., 2, 7.

Mr. Beswick, when citing this passage, asks, "How could the battering-rams be placed against the western cloister of the inner temple, or Court of Israel, before a single cloister had been stormed and taken?" Of course, if the Court of Gentiles had extended along the western side of the Temple Area between the wall and Court of Israel then the banks would have been placed against the north-west corner of the Court of Gentiles, and not the inner temple. The first court would have been the Court of Gentiles. But Josephus says:

"The legions came near the *first* court, and began to raise their banks. The one bank was over against the north-west corner of the *inner* temple."

In this passage, the first court is clearly the court of the inner temple, or Court of Israel, on the west side of the Inclosure. There are a number of such passages in Josephus. This single element in Mr. Beswick's discovery will almost revolutionize our illustrated plans of the Temple Area during the life-time of the Saviour.

BEZETHA HILL—SITE OF SECOND AND THIRD WALLS.

Mr. Beswick says that the old northern wall of the Temple Area was pulled down by Titus to its very foundations in the rocky platform upon which the Temple Courts rested, and has never been rebuilt. The old wall was 923·153 ft. in length. In Herod's day, there was a northern wall of 352 ft., inclosing the Antonia with its rocky foundations, which extended some distance eastward beyond the citadel itself. Titus had no wall to destroy, excepting this short stretch which covered the foundations. It was 351·24 feet in length, exactly the width of the Bezetha hill from valley to valley. The entire width of the hill was cut away from the foundations of the Antonia, and the foundation so cut away was of the same width as the base of the hill of which it originally formed the lowest part. The scarp left a deep ditch 351·54 ft. long and 57·6 ft. wide, running east and west between the scarped bottom of the Bezetha hill and the wall of the Antonia foundations.

SONNET.

(For the Masonic Magazine.)

"AUDI, VIDE, TACE."

'Tis midnight's hour, in air and earth and sea—
And stars, both fix'd and planetary, gleam
Countless, and list'ning and still list'ning seem.
They hear, unheard, the mystic melody
Of their own spheres—heav'n's mystic charms they see;
Yet breathe them not, for silent is their beam,
As glass'd in each smooth brook and mountain stream
Or woodland lake, they shine so beauteously.
They speak from heav'n, as with a voiceless voice;
And to each pensive bosom seem to say
In warning words—Learn wisdom from our ray;
And in shut lips, and open eyes rejoice,
And open ears—below, our Craft the same
Great truth proclaims; as these still orbs proclaim.

Bro. Rev. M. Gordon.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

Fellow of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, Copenhagen; Corresponding Member of the Royal Historical Society, London; Honorary Member of the Manchester Literary Club, and of the Whitby Literary and Philosophical Society, &c., &c.

I AM glad to learn that ten thousand people visited the Brown Free Museum, Liverpool, on Boxing-day, without the slightest disorder taking place. Museums are far too thinly scattered in the provinces, and even where they do exist are too often kept "select" from the people whom they ought to be helping to educate. For my own part, I will never consider we do our duty fully as Craftsmen, until we provide suitable halls for the celebration of our beautiful rites, (apart from the polluting influence of common taverns,) where "the study of the liberal arts, that valuable branch of education, which tends so effectually to polish and adorn the mind," may be regularly and earnestly not only recommended to our consideration, but effectually cultivated. And in connection with every Masonic Hall, I would have a museum,—of which more anon.

When gas first began to take the place of oil in lighting up our streets, one of the greatest difficulties was to get rid of gas tar, and I know of one manager of gas-works who ran it into a very deep well as the easiest way he could find of overcoming it. But chemistry soon found out better uses for what had before been waste, and mauve and magenta and other beautiful anauile dyes, as well as scents and flavours for pastry, were soon eliminated from what had before been a nuisance; just as good food will one day be produced abundantly by aid of the filth which at present pollutes our streams. Two French chemists, Persoz and Jeannolle, are now manufacturing various sorts of printing inks from the refuse of the gas-works, from other tar, and from the heavy oils of petroleum, resin, wood, &c., which are found to mix readily with lamp black and other dry colours in powder. For typographic printing, 100 parts of tar, 36 of lamp black, 10 of Prussian blue, and ten of glycerine, are said to be the ordinary proportions.

The production of coffee is said to have been increased during the last half century from 1,900,000 cwt. to 8,500,000. The Belgians and Dutch are the greatest consumers, in proportion to their population; the Swiss and Danes come next. Great Britain is below even Germany, Sweden, France, and Austria; Hungary and Russia the lowest of all.

Some time ago many friends of the American Republic were greatly afraid that the large immigration of Chinamen would swamp their institutions in the states they settled in, and lead to general arnachy. The *San Francisco Chronicle* takes a widely different view of the matter. "Already," says that journal, "130,000 Chinese have established themselves in our midst—30,000 in San Francisco. Whatever industry they have attacked they have captured; whatever they have attempted they have mastered; wherever there has been an encounter between them and our own people they have come off victorious. And these are said to be the very offscourings of the Chinese ports—these are the vagrants whom China has cast off upon us as an undesirable home element. If, then, such results come to us from contact with 130,000 of their lowest grade of intellect—their paupers and obscure ones—what shall be the measure of their success when free intercourse, open ports, and the attractions of foreign commerce, pour upon our shores the numbers they can spare from their four hundred millions of population, and their leading men, with subtle intellects, come in contact with our plodding minds? Who shall dare say which is the superior race, until the conflict is over? Every contest between ourselves and the Chinese hitherto has been to them a victory." Few of us see clearly the great civilizing work which is now going on, guided by the unerring hand of the Great Architect of the Universe, in bringing all nations, tongues, and kindreds more into peaceful contact with each other; and never had our honoured Craft more important work to perform than in the present day. Let each of us, therefore, be more and more determined to act up to the sub-

lime precepts of Freemasonry, by doing which we will most assuredly benefit both ourselves and the whole human family.

Some curious antiquities, of the Merovingian epoch, have been recently discovered in pulling down the remains of the old belfry at Verton, in the department of Loire Inferieure, which had been built in the eleventh century. They consist of friezes, capitals, portions of sculptured cornices, tablets, &c., from the ancient church founded by St. Martin towards the beginning of the sixth century, and destroyed by the Normans in the ninth. They were found indiscriminately mixed together under the arches, with part of a white marble Gallo-Roman sarcophagus, ornamented with the figure of a gryphon in bas-relief. They will be deposited in the Archæological Museum of Nantes.

A small volume, entitled "Moments of Musing, by John Bryson," is before me; in a preface to which, by Mr. John Dawson, we are told, truly enough, that "as good verse might be written to-day on the subject of the railway-train as was on the subject of its predecessor, the stage-coach, at a day gone by." I remember the first time that I met January Searle, he asked me if I had ever written a poem on the steam-engine; to which I could only reply, "No! but I feel nevertheless that there is much poetry in it,—far more, I fear, than I shall ever be able to express: for he is a great man who can faithfully and clearly tell to others all his feelings, and can realize his own noblest conceptions." Mr. Bryson has not attempted to give us the poetry of railways, but then, as Mr. Dawson kindly reminds us, that "this is a young poet's first book," and "it may be remembered that it *is* a first-born, and treated accordingly." One of the best pieces in the little volume is "The Past Year and the Present," which I quote, and which would have been better for publication in a book had the mention of "Seventy-five" been changed to the New Year, with corresponding rhyme, of course, so as to have done for the beginning of *any* year, as well as that of 1875. But here is the poem itself:—

"You are dead and gone for ever,
Olden year;
And we mourn to think you'll never
Re-appear;
With your changes and your crosses,
Sob and sigh:
With your gaining and your losses,
Year, good-bye!

With the happy hours you brought us,
Held so dear;
With the lessons you have taught us,
Faded year!
With your smiles and frowns,—we falter
Unto you:
Here on Memory's sacred altar,—
Year, adieu!

Year, but one brief day departed,
Notes on Literature & Science No. 2.
Tears bedew
Brows of those who broken-hearted
Think of you;
Fond relations who are sleeping
In the dell;
Brave hearts sadden'd, bright eyes weeping,
Year, farewell!

You have come, O baby, newly
Born to life;
Whether tranquil or unruly,—
Peace or strife
Shall predominate your hours,
None do know:
You may bring us thorns or flowers,
Joy or woe.

May we never know disaster
Thro' your time;
All our sinful passions master,—
Stifle crime!
May the God who lives above us,
So we pray,
Watch us, guard us, ever love us,
Night and day.

Welcome then, O, welcome to you,
'Seventy-five!
May the people who live thro' you
Prosper, thrive!
And the year that follows after
Better be;
Glowing more with mirth and laughter,
So say we."

J. Charles Cox, of Chevin House, Belper, Esq., F.R.H.S., had long contributed to the *Derbyshire Times*, "Notes on the Churches of Derbyshire," without the slightest idea of their reproduction; but in course, of time, the deep research displayed therein caused many interested in

such matters to wish for their publication in a more compendious form. The result has been that Mr. Cox undertook to re-write and extend the articles, commencing with those in the Eastern Division of the county, for publication in book form. The work is to consist of three volumes, the first of which, treating of the Hundred of Scarsdale, which may be said to form the ecclesiastical Deanery of Chesterfield, has just been issued. It is a neat volume of 512 large 8vo. pages, printed on tinted paper, illustrated with thirteen heliotype and numerous other engravings, a glance at which is sufficient to convince a stranger that Derbyshire is rich in the handiwork of our ancient operative Masons. The book is "dedicated to the Rev. J. H. Jenkins, B.A., vicar of Hazlewood, as a small expression of the high esteem and affection with which he is regarded by the author." Although articles on all the churches described in this volume, with the exception of one or two of the less important chapelries, appeared in the local paper just named, Mr. Cox informs us that nearly two-thirds of the pages are entirely new or completely re-written. "It has been my aim," he says, "to gather together, in a condensed and available form, all that relates to the early history of the ancient churches and chapelries of the county, excluding as rigidly as possible, that which had no immediate bearing on the subject. It was found necessary in many cases, not only for the elucidation of arms and monuments, but also in connection with the history of the advowsons, to pay some little attention to the memorial records of the different parishes. In these cases, although the published volumes of Pilkington and Davies, of Lysons and Glover (together with numerous other works incidental to the history of the county), were always consulted, yet no statement has been accepted simply on their authority, but the basis of their assertions has been sought out, to be verified or corrected, and numerous fresh particulars have been brought to light which had escaped their observation. For this purpose the very extensive publications issued by the Record Commission, commencing in the year 1800, has been thoroughly searched." Of those, generally to be found only in our public libraries, Mr. Cox was fortunate enough to secure a nearly complete set for himself, that had belonged to the late Master of the Rolls, Lord Romilly, with valuable manuscript corrections. Transcripts and abstracts of the Close, Patent, Fine, Pipe, Charter, Quo Warranto, and Hundred Rolls, Inquisitions, and every available source of information, has helped to swell the stream of curious and useful knowledge which Mr. Cox has brought to every mind anxious to quench its thirst thereat. To those who have personally visited the churches of Derbyshire, Mr. Cox's mass of historical and antiquarian matter must be perfectly delightful; while for those who, like myself, have scarcely set foot in one of them, but have often wished to do so as the rapid railroad tantalized me with a hasty glance, and then whisked me away to gaze for a moment in like manner at others; to those who love to read of former times and former men; to all who have the least liking for the noble art of architecture, as every true Craftsman ought to have, although as a speculative Mason he may only apply the working-tools to his morals; to every man or woman of true taste in the country, books like this by Mr. Cox are sure to give great pleasure, both from the immense information they contain and the very agreeable manner in which they are written. Of the Lambeth Library, rich in manuscripts very valuable for the local historian, Mr. Cox remarks:—"It is singular that comparatively so little use is made of this fine library and its unique collection of manuscripts, especially as it is now open to the public on three days in the week;" and he gladly acknowledges his "indebtedness to Mr. S. W. Kersham, M.A., the courteous librarian." Of Elias Ashmole's Church Notes, taken in Derbyshire in 1662, Mr. Cox observes:—"I had the pleasure of a leisurely inspection of those latter Notes at the house of Mr. John Joseph Briggs, of King's Newton, who possesses a manuscript copy. This gentleman, who so generously placed his library at my service, will perhaps pardon me for congratulating him on the possession of so unique a series of local literature. Not only does Mr. Briggs possess a copy of Elias Ashmole's Visitation, but also of

Philip Kinder's quaint outline sketch of Derbyshire history, from the same library, and of William Wolley's History, completed in 1712, the original of which is at the College of Arms. And no other word than magnificent can do justice to the various volumes, rich in original sketches of the greatest fidelity, gorgeous in binding, and brilliant with the illuminator's art, which treats of the abbeys, castles, crosses, but more especially of the monuments, of Derbyshire." How numerous the monumental inscriptions in the churches of Derbyshire must be, may be judged from the statement of Mr. Cox, that a simple transcript of those in Scarsdale alone would fill more than five hundred pages of his book! Of that rather knotty point, the transition periods of architecture, Mr. Cox very sensibly observes:—"It has been with no little diffidence that I have treated of the Architectural Periods, as displayed in the construction of the respective churches, for there is considerable difference of opinion, even amongst the most competent ecclesiologists, with respect to the different epochs of 'transition,' when the styles are wont to overlap one another. I think, however, that it will be found that I have not expressed myself with too great confidence, in assigning dates to any details of doubtful chronology; if I have erred, it has not been for lack of consulting the best authorities, such as Rickman, Bloxam, Willis, Pugin, Parker, Brandon, Fergusson, and Sharpe, nor for lack of a wide-spread personal knowledge of our parish churches in different parts of England, which is of far more value than the closest study of books or engravings. As it is hoped that this volume and its successors will be books of popular reference in the county, I have confined myself to the simple and generally known divisions of English architecture, originally adopted by Mr. Rickman, viz. (1) the Saxon, from 800 to 1066; (2) the Norman, from 1066 to 1145; (3) the Early English, from 1145 to 1272; (4) the Decorated, from 1272 to 1377; and (5) the Perpendicular, from 1377 to 1509. These divisions are generally accepted as sufficing for popular purposes; but of the more detailed and technical divisions of later writers, there are none so correct in nomenclature, and so accurate in the separation of style, as the seven periods of Mr. Edmund Sharpe. The first and second of his periods are the same as given above; but the third is styled Transitional from 1145 to 1190; the fourth the Lancet, from 1190 to 1245; the fifth the Geometrical, from 1245 to 1315; the sixth the Curvilinear, from 1315 to 1360; and the seventh the Rectilinear, from 1360 to 1550. It is much to be wished," he adds, "that our various archæological and architectural societies would come to some understanding by which such terms as 'Decorated' and 'Perpendicular' might be abandoned for more expressive and accurate nomenclature; but, until this is done, it is not to be expected that they will be forsaken in a work like the present." I hope, in succeeding "Notes," to lay Mr. Cox's admirable work under contribution; for, as he well observes, "only those who are prepared to attack the whole science of history, can afford to sneer at the most painstaking researches in even the humblest of her bye-paths." The history of our parish churches must have great interest for every true Freemason, notwithstanding the modern divorce of Operative and Speculative Masonry; and I for one will never consider we fully carry out our duties as Fellow-craftsmen until we do more to foster in our lodges everything bearing on Literature, Science, and Art, as well as the whole "moral virtues."

Bro. Thomas Sampson, F.R.H.S., of Yeovil, has published, in a neat pamphlet, "The Legend of the Holy Thorn of Glastonbury," in which he remarks, that "many and various are the legends concerning this Holy Thorn, and though we cannot look to them for any large amount of historical truth, still it is not altogether idle or useless to know what they say about this famous tree. It is beyond all question that a Thorn has grown on the south ridge of Wearyall Hill (now called Werrall Park) since the earliest ages of Christianity, and that this Thorn budded and blowed yearly upon Christmas Day." The miraculous accounts of it are all pleasantly told by Bro. Sampson, and are interesting as specimens of the superstition which too often took the place of true religion in ages when science was but little known, and priestcraft held the minds of our brave ancestors in thrall. "Modern science," as our brother well observes, "which has dissipated so

many dreams of erroneous belief and false philosophy, has given to this plant its proper place in the natural productions of the vegetable world, and has determined it to be the fourth variety of *Cratægus oxycantha* (from *Kratos*, strength—in reference to the hardness and strength of the wood); natural order, Applewarts or *Romaceæ*." Not only did the monks of Glastonbury find the Thorn a source of profit to them, but even "the merchants of Bristol always carried with them, on their continental trips, some leaves and blossoms of the Thorn, and sold them to foreigners for a fabulous sum, making their poor dupes believe that they were to consider themselves very fortunate to procure so admirable a panacea at even that price." Nor did the superstition die out at the Reformation. "British Solomon," who, as Canon Barham sings, in his *Ingoldsby Legends*, "held in abhorrence tobacco and witches," was very glad to buy "cuttings and leaves of the tree at an enormous price." And in 1653, the Bishop of Gloucester was as firm a believer in the miracle as any of his papist ancestors; and I daresay, even at the present day, ignorant Protestants may be found who prefer the lying legends to the truths of science. To relate these would be to reprint Bro. Sampson's interesting little pamphlet. He, in the true spirit of speculative Masonry, applies the teaching to our morals, and benevolently remarks: "As the Sacred Tree put forth her cheering buds and blossoms during the dreariest winter days, so, when we see the winter of Want, Desolation, or Bereavement, withering those around us, may we be ever ready to yield our share of the sweet fruits of Charity, and to cheer the needy and the helpless by kind words and deeds." To which every true Mason, be he Jew or Gentile, will earnestly respond. So mote it be!

Mr. Frederick Ross, author of several works which I have not seen, is about to publish a volume of two hundred pages on the "Celebrities of the Yorkshire Wolds and the adjacent Borders." The same author is busily engaged in the library of the British Museum, hunting up all the information he can find for a larger work on the Biography of Yorkshire. The late historian of Northallerton (Dr. Ingledew) was for several years collecting materials for a work on the Worthies of Yorkshire, which would doubtless be of great service to Mr. Ross if he could avail himself of that collection. Such undertakings ought to be encouraged in every way: for, as Mr. Ross remarks: "Every district of country has its heroes and men of renown; its divines, philosophers, and poets; a line extending backward, until lost in the misty age of the remote past. Of the greater number of these, existing generations have but vague and shadowy conceptions; some are only known to the antiquary or local topographer; whilst of others there remains a mere name, and nothing more. Occasionally will their names crop up in reading or conversation, when curiosity is excited to know something about them, and it is often only after a search through half a score volumes that the desired information can be found; whilst, in many cases, nothing whatever can be ascertained from the resources of a private or even a public provincial library."

It was of John Dyer that Wordsworth wrote:—"If you have not read 'The Fleece,' I would strongly recommend it to you." And he adds:—"Its beauties are innumerable and of a high order. In point of imagination and purity of style, I am not sure that he is not superior to any writer of verse since the time of Milton. And he sings, in one of his beautifu sonnets:—

"Bard of the Fleece! whose skilful genius made
That work a living landscape fair and bright;
Nor hallow'd less by musical delight
Than those soft scenes through which thy childhood stray'd,
Those southern tracts of Cambria, 'deep embay'd,
With green hills fenced, with ocean's murmur lull'd,'
Though hasty Fame hath many a chaplet cull'd
For worthless crowns, while in the pensive shade
Of cold neglect she leaves thy head ungraced,
Yet pure and powerful minds, hearts meek and still,
A grateful few, shall love thy modest lay,
Long as the shepherd's bleating flock shall stray

O'er naked Snowdon's wide aerial waste;
Long as the thrush shall pipe on Grongar Hill!"

This is high praise from so true a brother-bard, and more than compensates for Dr. Johnson's somewhat churlish criticism; who, because the poem never became popular (as Grongar Hill, from the same pen, did, and still retains its popularity), and because it was then "universally neglected," could "say little that was likely to recall it to attention." Indeed, "the woolcomber and the poet" appeared to the great lexicographer "such discordant natures, that an attempt to bring them together" seemed to him as unnatural as "to *couple the serpent with the fowl.*" The italics are Johnson's own, proving that he considered he was uttering a very fine thing; but in my own opinion nothing in "The Fleece" is more inelegant or far-fetched. He admits that Dyer's "mind was not unpoetical," but adds, that when he "has done his utmost, by interesting his reader in our native commodity, by interspersing rural imagery, and incidental digressions, by clothing small images in great words, and by all the writer's arts of delusion, the meanness naturally adhering, and the irreverence habitually annexed to trade and commerce, sink him under insuperable oppression; and the disgust which blank verse, encumbering and encumbered, superadds to an unpleasing subject, soon repels the reader, however willing to be pleased." But the great literary bear is honest enough to report what certainly "may counterbalance this weight of censure," viz. the more poetical Akenside's remark, "that he would regulate his opinion of the reigning taste by the fate of Dyer's 'Fleece;' for, if that were ill-received, he should not think it any longer reasonable to expect fame from excellence." And yet Johnson thought "some passages" in Dyer's "Ruins of Rome" were "conceived with the mind of a poet;" and, with all his faults to "Grongar Hill," admitted that "when it is once read, it will be read again." The critic who wittily told Dodsley that the author of "The Fleece" would be "buried in woollen" might be true as to the corpse of the bard, but not as regards his poems; and perhaps both him and Johnson would equally have condemned to the fire the manuscript of Virgil's "Georgics" or of Hesiod's "Works and Days," if they had been sitting in judgment upon them as new productions. But a hundred and eighteen years after the death of good John Dyer, his lineal representative, Mr. W. H. Dyer Longstaffe, has requested a well-qualified brother-clergyman of the bard, the Rev. A. B. Grosart, of Park View, Blackburn, to prepare a collected and corrected edition of his poems, with Portrait and Memoir, autotypes of examples of his paintings, drawings, etc., of which only a limited number of impressions will be published, and which will become the standard edition of Dyer.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV. GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

Chapter VI.

The Tablet or Tracing Board.

"Reminiscere quoniam es initiatus, quæ tradan, tur mysteriis; tum denique quam hoc late pateat intelliges."—Cicero.

We now come to the consideration of the Tracing Board on which are embodied many of the secret doctrines of the Spurious Freemasonry. The Tablet is of a square form which was one of the emblems of the deity, and was peculiarly sacred to Hermes Trismegistus who was sometimes venerated under the form of a square stone.* Suidas says that stones were placed at the porches of doors and temples in Athens, which were of a square or cubical form; because as Mercury was considered to be the god of eloquence and truth, these stones were an appropriate symbol, for, in common with truth, on what side soever they are viewed they always appear the same.

Many of the heathen deities were represented by a stone, and with reverence be it spoken, the Messiah of the Jews was described under the same symbol.† Moses asks the Israelites, on their emancipation from Egyptian bondage, "Where are their gods, their *rock* in whom they trusted; which did eat the fat of their sacrifices, and

* 2 Curtius, Var. p 185.

† See Gen. xli. 24; Ps. cxviii. 22; Isai. viii. 14, xxviii. 16; Dan. ii. 34; Zech. iii. 9.

drank the wine of their drink offerings? Let them rise up and help you and be your protection."*

Borlase says†: "We have in Cornwall rocks of that grandeur, remarkable shape, and surprising position, as can leave us in no doubt, but they must have been the deities of people addicted so much to the superstition of worshiping rocks." These are the gods referred to by Moses in the above cited passage. Some are of opinion that the appearance of God's Shekinah in the pillar of fire and of a cloud, suggested to the heathen the propriety of using pillars of stone as representatives of the deity, in the exact form which he himself had chosen to appear.‡

The type was abundantly verified in Jesus Christ. St. Paul compared him to a stone,§ and a rock‖; and St. Peter testifies to the same truth,** calling him "a living stone," to denote his firmness and stability; not such a stone as we see upon earth which is without life; but one which hath not only life in itself, but gives life to all that come unto him. The Psalmist, in a celebrated prophecy of the Messiah, says, "The stone which the builders refused, is become the head of the corner."†† On which Bishop Horne thus remarks, "The sum and substance of the New Testament applications and expositions is that Jesus Christ is the stone here mentioned, that He was rejected and set at nought by the chief priests and pharisees, the then builders of the church; but that, being chosen of God, and precious to Him, this most valuable stone, thus despised and rejected of men, was at length exalted to be the chief corner-stone in the building, and a centre of union for the Jew and Gentile, the two parts of which it consisted; that this was the work of God, and the admiration of man."

The square was, amongst the Egyptians, the symbol of building, because Osiris or Phtha was esteemed to be the builder, or G.A.O.T.U. Thus Chalcidius to Timœus. "Exornatorem mundi deum, mandasse provinciam, soli cæteras quo que stellas disposuisse, tanquam temporium limites, annorumque signa, indicia quoque futurorum proventuum"†* And in Champollion's phonetic alphabet, constructed from the Egyptian hieroglyphics, this character stands for the letter A. Thus corresponding in form and power to the same character in the Lukunican, which was one of the most celebrated alphabets of ancient times.

It was also the hieroglyphic of a just and upright man, or in other words, of one who had been regenerated by initiation, whence the dogma of Aristotle; "he who bears the shocks of fortune valiantly, and demeans himself with uprightness and integrity, may be pronounced a truly good man, of a *square* posture, without reproof."

In the quadrilateral figure of the tablet, we find an emblem of the five elements, referring to certain ceremonies of initiation, for as a preparatory process, the neophyte underwent four separate purifications, by water, earth, air, and fire, indicated by the colours green, black, azure, and red. The *earth* represented the darkness and ignorance of the initiated; *water*, or baptism, was the emblem of exterior regeneration, shown by his triumphing over temptations; *air*, designated divine truth, enlightening the understanding of the candidate; and *fire*, or the Supreme Being, opened his heart for the reception of divine love. The symbolic proofs were purely exterior; they figured the four material spheres through which the candidate must pass before attaining the three heavens represented on earth by the three degrees of initiation, or spiritual regeneration.†

Again, the form of the Tracing Board was the symbol of secresy; and recommended to the aspirant when he had attained to the *autopsia* or divine lights in the upper apartment of the place of initiation, a sedulous application to the study of the liberal sciences, which in Egypt were arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, architecture, metallurgy, music, and above all, the complicated system of hieroglyphics, to which the priests were indebted for all their power, because it was a depository of their religious and moral secrets, which could never be penetrated by profane persons.

The Tracing Board may have been originally

* Deut. xxxii. 37, 38, and compare Isai. lvii. 5, 6.
† Aut. Cornw. p. 171.
‡ Rowland, p. 229.
§ Eph. ii. 20.
‖ 1 Cor. x. 4.
** 1 Pet. ii. 4.
†† Ps. cxviii, 22.

* 10 Grot. de Verit. l. i. s. 16
† Symb. Col. Weale, Archit. P. vi. p. 4.

intended as a geomantic tablet, the invention of which is ascribed to Hermes. If so, it was an instrument of divination, and probably occupied the place of the Urim and Thummim amongst the Jews. It was painted white, to represent knowledge; for ignorance was symbolised by darkness and the colour of black. "White," says M. Portal,* "being the symbol of absolute truth, black should be that of error, of an assertion of that which is not. God alone possesses self-existence. The world is an emanation from Him. White reflects all luminous rays. Black is the negation of light, and was attributed to the author of evil and falsehood. Genesis and the cosmogonies mention the antagonism of light and darkness. The form of this fable varies according to each nation, but the foundation is everywhere the same. The creation of the world presents a picture of regeneration and initiation.

The word φυλο, said to have been inscribed on this tablet, does not appear in any copy of the anaglyph that I have seen unless, indeed, it is expressed hieroglyphically; and this may be the case because it is said to have been written in the Egyptian language. Now Champollion asserts that there was "a diversity of the dialects spoken in the Upper, Middle and Lower Egypt, and a different mode of pronouncing the words in each of these departments; but, by allowing one hieroglyphic to stand for two consonants, the difference existing in these dialects will disappear as in writing." Each people, in fact, would consider this hieroglyphic as the sign of the consonant they used, and express it accordingly. The letter Π (P) for instance, of the dialect of Thebes, was changed into F, or φ (Phi), in the dialect of Memphis; and in the table exhibited by Champollion, we find that one and the same hieroglyphical character expressed both these consonants, the P and the F, and sometimes the V.

According to this hieroglyphical alphabet we may find the letters which form the above word, by using a little latitude of construction. Thus the square tablet was the phonetic sign of φ, its handle stood for λ, the circle and point for υ, and the circle and line for ο. It had a meaning similar to the Greek word φιλια, and intimated that the whole frame of the universe is cemented by magnetic love, that invisible harmony which unites together its discordant and estranged parts.

* Symb. Col. ut supra. P. v. p. 23.

SONNET.

O Cynthia, queen of night, whose double sway
To nights and tides doth equal influence lend,
And wand'ring streams, and me no less, befriend
With light, as on our lated paths we stray;
As 'neath the splendour of thy full-orb'd ray,
I homeward from my monthly lodge do bend
My silent steps, I hear a loud noise rend
Night's startled ear, and mine, with hideous bay.
'Tis but a cur; and yet with jaws distent,
I see him, howling, mock thy lofty beam,
Whose calm, regardless, silent-scorning gleam
Deigns not his idle railing to resent.
So ultramontanes, like this baying whelp,
Now 'gainst our Craft's pure light, unheeded, yelp.

Bro. Rev. M. Gordon.

THE MEANING AND DERIVATION OF SYMBOL.

Although a great deal has been written, time and again, on the symbolism of Masonry, yet very few have the remotest idea of the derivation of the word "symbol," or of the nature and meaning of the term.

The word "symbol" is composed of two Greek ones, sum-ballqui, which, taken in their literal sense, mean the placing or casting together of two things in juxtaposition, for the sake of contrast. This, as a natural consequence, brings our reasoning faculties into activity, for the purpose of identifying and individualizing one of, these two objects thus collated by the other, whence, in the onward process of our reasoning powers, the idea of representation only, pure and simple, follows; but especially of those hidden or occult things, by those more familiar; of ideas, by sensi-

ble, tangible, objects, or, in fact, pictorial metaphors, by which the original thought is rendered more clear and more attractive. There is no question, but that of all the senses, the eye offers by far the easiest, most ready, and most satisfactory access to the human mind. Pictorial or model representations of objects are therefore most agreeable, the most efficient, and the most usually adopted to impress objects on the memory and to fix them on the mind. It is a generally conceded fact that even incorporate or supernatural ideas, will, in the strongest manner, engage the attention when represented to the observer by some figure or emblem having a real or fancied resemblance to it. As, for instance, "an open eye," may well be supposed to represent watchfulness and care; "an open hand" a liberal and generous mind; a "serpent" subtlety and cunning; a "dove" innocence, &c., &c., and each and all have been respectively used as symbols to represent the one or the other. In many of the older countries of Europe, especially such as were famed for their manufactories, no operator was allowed to engage in business for himself as master until he gave proof of ability and proficiency in his peculiar art.

We will make ourselves better understood by citing an example. A lock or gunsmith was compelled to make two guns or locks so exactly alike in all their parts that when they were afterwards taken to pieces by the Eldermen of the guild, and the pieces intermixed or thrown together in a confused mass, the applicant for mastership had to connect them so again so as to form two equal, perfect and complete guns or locks as before. It was this process which is exactly expressed by the Greek words sum-ballgin, casting together; and the two new objects became two perfect *symbols* in the literal and most extensive meaning of the word—the one a faithful representation of the other. In nature and everyday life, no two objects are found to be perfect anti-types or facsimiles of the other, and, therefore approximations the nearest the party using them can imagine or discover are taken, and the nearer or more remote the reality expressed by the symbol, the easier will be its inception or recognition by the people at large, or on the contrary.

Symbols may be classed in the following divisions:

1. *Types.*
2. *Emblems and Devices.*
3. *Signs, Marks, and Tokens.*

1. *Type* is properly form or mark, from a Greek root, signifying literally to heat, and thence by deduction, an impression made by heating or punching at a matrix, whence printers call their metal letters types and thence, also, figuratively speaking, any picture becomes a type, and even any figurative or imaginative description may be adduced as a type.

2. *Emblems and Devices,* differ in this; that the former are always properly coupled with some general moral apophthegm, whilst the device is merely personal, and mostly refers only to some particular individual, frequently but as the *rebus* of the name of its wearer or inventor.

3. *Signs* are in so far distinguished from *Marks,* inasmuch as the former are recognitions perceivable through any of the senses, while a mark, unless deeply incised is confined exclusively to that of sight, and unlike a sign, cannot be communicated at a great distance. Thus a sign may be distinguished in the dark, through the organ of feeling, communicated by perfume, or by sound, &c.

Token is merely the same as *Sign,* the latter being derived from the Latin *Signare,* used either objectively of the person signing, or subjectively of the instrument or thing signified. *Token* is a good old Saxon word, and means literally to *ken* or to *know.*

There is no doubt, however, that in every day life, these terms are very often confounded; even when we treat of the established signs, marks, and tokens of the Masonic Fraternity, under the generic denomination of Symbols. But it is in the exceeding simplicity of the original Masonic Symbols, the foundation-stone on which the magnificent edifice of our Institution is built, that their great beauty is found, combined with their practical utility. As, for instance, the *Plumb,* the *Square,* and the *Compass,* so beautifully simple, yet so expressive that the meanest capacity can understand their application, yet so interwoven, as mere words in our Masonic language, that few, when they utter such expressions, as to walk by the *plumb,* act on the *square,* and keep within *compass,* are scarcely conscious of their being metaphorical abstractions.—*Canadian News.*

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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Monthly Masonic Summary.

Our Royal Grand Master is on his way back from India, and has reached Aden. We shall soon happily see him in England, well, and having gained golden opinions from all. His Progress has been a great success.

The onward progress of Freemasonry continues, and new Lodges are consecrated every day. The number on our Lodge Roll now records 1600. The truth is, all the recent attacks have done Freemasonry no great harm, rather have conferred on it much "prestige," despite Mr. Gladstone's objections to such a use of the word.

French Freemasonry is in somewhat a disturbed state, but the Grand Orient seem to be very properly upholding the Laws of the Order—the whole laws and nothing but the laws.

We publish on another page the Wilson MS. Constitution. It is a manuscript written on vellum, rubricated in certain words, and said to be of 17th century. A vellum MS. in England of the 17th century is very rare. We hope, however, to obtain a facsimile of the handwriting, which may lead to a distinct certainty as to the date. We are ourselves inclined to fix the date as the 16th century, from the simple fact of its being on vellum and rubricated. It is mentioned by Preston in 1778, and, if we remember rightly, in Dr. Oliver's edition of Hutchinson, and is said by Preston to be tempore Henry VIII. It was purchased by Sir Thomas Phillips, the great MS. collector, from Mr. Wilson, and is now in the possession of his son-in-law, the Rev, J. E. A. Fenwick, of Thirlestane House, Cheltenham, who has kindly permitted a copy to be taken of the MS., and that it should be published "literatim et verbatim in extenso." It is a curious manuscript per se, for several reasons, to which we shall allude in our next number, and very interesting to Masonic students.

We also publish a most interesting paper in this number, by the late Rev. J. Dalloway, well known as an archæological writer, though, we believe, a non-Mason. His paper is most interesting, and deserves to be carefully studied, and we have no doubt that it will be appreciated by all Masonic students.

We are glad to note how the increase of Masonic literature is evidenced daily amongst us, and we trust that a new era is dawning on our Order in that healthy study of our antiquities, our history, our evidences, and our archæology, which will lead us to be intelligent and critical, reasoning and reasonable, alike as to our morals and our claims, our facts and our fictions.

We defer some remarks about R. Catholic and other eccentricities until our next.

SONNET.

(For the Masonic Magazine.)

Here, cheerlessly, 'neath frowning heav'ns we dwell
In these cold, cloudy islands of the West,
But looking t'wards the bright and glowing east,
Our hearts, with hope expectant, joyous swell,
And throb with yours, ye sons of Israel.
"Tribes of the wand'ring foot and weary breast,
When will ye flee away, and be at rest?"

So sings a bard, whose strain bemoans ye well—
As mine bemoans.—Restor'd to your own land,
Each Babylonish storm, each tempest o'er—
Nor far the time—then, on your happy shore,
The Lodge, of all Grand Lodges the most grand,
Shall, yet, the universal centre be
Of our true Catholic Freemasonry.

Bro. Rev. M. Gordon.

THE WILSON MANUSCRIPT CONSTITUTION.

The Booke of Constitutions.

The might of the Father of Heaven and the wisdome of the glorious sone, through the grace & goodnes of the holy ghost y^{t} bene three sons and one God be wth us at our begininge and give us grace soe to govern us heerein our livinge that wee may come to his blisse that never shall have endinge Amen.

Good Brethren, and fellowes our purpose is to tell you howe and in what maner wyse this worthy craft of Masonrye was begoon And afterwardes how it was kept by worthy Kings and Princes and by many other woorshipfull men And also to those that bee heere wee will charge by the charges, that longeth to every free mason to keepe. For in good faith and they take good heede to it, it is woorthy to be well kepte, for it is a woorthy craft and a curious science For theie by seaven Liberall Sciences of which seaven it is one of them And the names of the seaven sciences be theis—The first is Grammar and that teacheth a man to speake trulie and to write truelie. The second is Rhretorick and that teacheth a man to speake faire in softe termes. The therde is Dialectick or Logique and that teacheth a man for to deserne or knowe truth from falshood. And the forth is Arithmetick which teacheth a man to recon and to counte all manner of number. The fifth is Geometrie and that teacheth a man the mete and measure of earth and of all other things the w^{ch} science is called Masonrie. And the sixt science is called Musicke and that teacheth a man the craft of songe and voice of tongue and organ harpe and trumpet. And the viith Science is called Astronomy and that teacheth a man to knowe the course of the sonne of the moone and of the starres. These bee the seaven liborall sciences The w^{ch} seaven bee all found by one science that is to say Geometrie And this may a man prove that all the science of the world is founde by Geometrie for Geometrie teacheth a man measure Ponderation and waight of all manner of things on earth. For their is noe man that worketh any craft but he worketh by some mete or measure nor noe man buyeth or selleth but by some measure or some waight. And all this is Geometrie, And theise marchaunts Craftsmen and all other of the vii. Sciences and especially the plowman and the tillers of all manner of graine and seedes vine planters and setters of other fruites are hereby directed for by Grammar nor [appears to be a word left out here] nor Astronomy ne by any other of all the vii. sciences noe man findeth mett or measure without Geometrie wherefore me thinketh that the science of Geometrie is most worthy y^{t} findeth all other.

How this worthy science was first begoone I shall tell you, Before Noes floude there was a man that was called Lameth as it is written in the Bible in the iiiith Chapiter of Genesis. And this Lameth had two wives the one wyfe hight Ada and the other Sella. By his first wyfe Ada he gote twoe sons the one hight Jabell the other Juball and by the other wyfe Sella hee gatt a sonne and a daughter and theis fower children found the beginninge of all the Crafts in the world. And the elder sonne Jabell found the craft of Geometry and he ..... flockes of sheepe and land in the fielde and furst wrought a houses of stone and tree as as it is noted in the Chapter above said and his brother Juball found the Crafte of Musick, Song of Tonge, harpe, and organ. And the thirde brother Tuballcayn, found Smith's crafte of gould, silver, copper, Yron, and steele. And the daghter found the crafte of weaving. And theis children knew well that God woulde doe vengeance for sinne eyther by fyer or water. Wherefore they wrott their sciences that they hadd found in two pillers of stone that they might be found after Noe's Floude. And the one was marble for that woulde not burne with anie fire. And the other stone was called Laternes for that

woulde not drowne in any water. Our intent is to tell you truly how and in y^{t} maner theis stones were found where in theis Sciences were written. The greate Hermarines that was Cubies sonne the which Cube was Sem's sonne that was Noe's sonne. Thies same Hermarines was afterwards called Hermes the Father of wisdome hee found one of the Pillers of Stone and founde the sciences written therein, and he taught it to other men. And att the makeing of the tower of Babilon there was Masonrie made much of. And the King of Babilon y^{t} hight Nemrod was a mason himselfe as it is said with maisters of histories. And when the Cittie of Ninivie and other Citties of the East shoulde bee made Nemrod the Kinge of Babilon sente thither . . . . . masons at the request of the Kinge of Nynivie his cozen. And when he sent them forth he gave them a charge in this manner. That they shoulde bee true one to another. And that they shoulde love trulie togeather. And that they should serve the lord truly for their paye soe that y^{er} M^{r} may have worshipp and all that longe to him. And othermoe charges he gave them, and this was the first time that ever any mason had any charge of his Crafte.

Moreover when Abraham and Sara his wife went into Egipt and there taught the seaven sciences to the Egyptions he had a woorthy Schollar that night Euclide and he learned right well and was a maister of the vii. Sciences And in his daies it befell that the Lords and the Estates of the Realme had so many sonnes that they had gotten some by their wives and some by other ladies of the realme for that land is a hot land and plenteous of generation And they had noe competente livelihode to finde their children wherefore they tooke mutch care And then the kinge of the lande made a greate counsell and a parliam^{t} to witt how they maight finde their children honestly as gentlemen and they coulde finde noe good maner of waie And then did they proclaime throghe all the realeme, that if there were any man that coulde enforme them that he shoulde come unto them and he shoulde bee soe rewarded for his travell that hee shoulde hold him well pleased. After that this crye was made then came this woorthy clarke Euclide and said to the Kinge and to all his greate Lords. If ye will take mee your children to governe I will teache them one of the seaven sciences wherewith they may live honestly as gentlemen shoulde under a condicon that yee woulde graunt me them that I may have power to rule them after the maner that the science ought to bee ruled And that the kinge and all his counsell graunted anon and sealed the commission And then this woorthy clerke tooke to him theis lords sonnes and taught them the science of Geometrie in practicke for to woorke in stones all manner of woorthie woorkers that belongeth to buildinge churches temples, castles Towers and mamcors and all other buildings, and he gave them a charge in this maner.

The first is that they should be true to the Kinge and to the Lorde that they serve and that they shoulde love well together and bee true eache to other And they should call eache other his fellowe or else his brother and not his servante nor his knave nor none other fowle name, and that they should trulie deserve their pay of the Lorde or the Maister of the woorke that they serve and that they should ordaine the wisest of them to bee maister of the woorke and neyther for love nor lyuage riches or favour to sett another that hath little cunninge to be maister of the Lorde's woorke whereby the Lord should bee evil served and thei ashamed, And also that they should call the gouvernor of the woorke maister in the time that they woorke with him And other manie moe charges which are to longe to tell. And to all theis charges he made them swere a greate oath that men used in that time and ordained for them reason; able paye whereby they might live honestly. And also that they should come and assemble together every yeare

once howe they might woorke best to serve their Lorde for his proffitt and to their owne woorship. And to correct within themselves him that had trespassed against the craft and thus was the craft grownded theare. And that woorthy clerk Euclide gave it the name of Geomtry and now it is called throughe all this land Masonrie.

Sithen longe after when the children of Israell were come into the lande of behest that is now called amongst us the countrie of Jerusalem Kinge David began the temple that is called Templum Domini and is named with us the temple of Jerusalem And this same Kinge David loved well Masons and cherished them much and gave them good pay. And he gave the Charges and the maners as he had learned in Egipte given by Euclide and other charges moe which yee shall here afterwarde. And after the decease of Kinge David Soloman that was Kinge David's soone performed out the Temple that his father had begoone and hee sent for Masons into divers countries and lands and gathered them together soe that he had fower score thousand workemen that were workers of stones and were all named Masons. And hee chose of them three thousand that were ordained to be Maisters & governors of his woorke.

And furthermore there was a Kinge of another Region that men called Iram and he loved well kinge Soloman And he gave him timber to his woorke And had a soone that hight Aynon and he was a maister of Geometrie and was chiefe maister of all his Masons and was maister of his gravinge and carvinge and all other manner of masonrie that longeth to the Temple And this is wittnessed in the Bible in the iiiith booke of Kinges the thirde chapter And this same Soloman confirmed both charges and manners that his father had given to masons And thus was that woorthy craft of Masonrie confirmed in the countrie of Jerusalem and manie other Kingdomes.

Curious craftesmen walk . . . full wyde in divers countries for [obliterated] more craft and cunninge and for [obliterated] them that had but little cunninge [obliterated] befell that there was a curious mason that hight Grecus that had been at the woorkinge of Solomon's temple And he came into France and theare he taught the science of Masonry to men of France And there was one of the regall lyne of France that hight Charles Martell & he was a man that loved well such a crafte and drewe to this Grecus and he learned of him the crafte and took uppon him the charges and the maners And afterwards by the grace of God he was electe to be kinge of France And when he was in his estate he tooke masons and did helpe to make men masons that were none and sett them a worke and gave them [left out] he had learned of other masons And confermed them a charter from yeare to yeare to hold their assemblie where they woulde and cherished them righte much And thus came the craft into France.

England in all this season stoode voyde of any charge of Masonrie until St. Alban's time And in his dayes the kinge of England that was a Paynim did wall the towne aboute that was called St Albans And St Alban was a woorthie knight and steward of the king's household and had the government of the realme & also towne walls and loved masons well and cherished them much and he made their pay right goode standinge as the realme did for he gave them 2^{s} a weeke and iii^{d} to their chearee, for before that time throwe all the land a mason had but a penny a daie and his meate untill St Alban amended itt And . . them a charter of the kinge and his counsaile for to . . . . an gave itt the name of an assemblie and was there att himselfe and helped for to make masons and gave them charges as yee shall here afterwards right soone.

After the death of St Alban there came . . . . into England of divers nations soe that the good rule of Masonrie was destroyed until the time

of kinge Athelstone that was a woorthie kinge of England and brought all this land into rest and peace And builded manie greate workes of Abbies . . . other buildings.

And hee loved well masons and had a sonne that hight Edwyn and he loved masons much more than his father did And he was a greate practizer of Geometrie And he drue him much common and talke with masons to learn of them the craft. And afterwards for love that hee had to masons and to the craft hee was made a mason And he gatt of the kinge his father a charter of commission to hold an assembly where they would within the realme once a yeare And to correct within themselves faults and trespasses that were done within the crafte And he held an assemblie him seafe at Yorke and there he made masons and gave them charges and taught them and commanded that rule to be kept for ever after And gave them the charter and comission to keepe and made an ordinance that it shoulde be renewed from kinge to ginge And when the assemblie was gathered togeather he made a crie that all old masons and young that had any writeing or understanding of the charges and manners that was made before in this lande or in any other that they shoulde bring and shewe them furth And when it was proved there were found some in Frenck some in Greeke and some in English and some in other languages and they were all to one intente And he made a booke there of howe the craft was founded and he him selfe bid and commanded it shoulde be read or tolde when anie mason shoulde be made and for to give him his charges And from that daye untill this time manners of masons have beene kept in that forme as well as men might governe it Furthermore att divers assemblies certaine charges have been made and ordained by the best advise of maisters and fellowes.

Tunc unus ex seniority tenet libru et ille vel illi apponunt manus sup libru et tunc precepta debent legi.

Everie man that is a Mason take right good heede to theis charges and if any man finde himselfe guiltie in any of theis charges That he amende himselfe against God And especially ye that are to be charged take good heede that you maie keepe theis charges right well for it is a greate perrill a man to forsware himselfe upon a Booke The first charge is this y^{t} yee shall bee true men to God and holy Church And that ye use noe error nor heresie by your understandinge or descretion but bee ye discreate men or wise men in eache thinge And alsoe y^{t} yee should bee leige men to the Kinge of England without treason or anie other fals hode And that ye knowe noe treason nor treacherie but you amende itt iff you maie, or else warne y^{e} kinge or his counsell thereof And also yee shall be true eache onto other that is to saie to every mason of the crafte of masonrie that be masons allowed yee shall doe unto them as you woulde that they shoulde doe unto you And also thaty you keepe all the councells of your fellowes trulie be it in lodge or in chamber and all other councells that ought to be kepte by the way of Brotherhood And also that noe mason shall bee a thiefe or farrforth as he may witt or knowe And alsoe that yee shall bee true eache unto other and to the lorde or maister that ye serve and truly to see to his profitts and his advantage And alsoe ye shall call masons your fellowes or brethren and non other fowle name And alsoe ye shall not take your fellowes wyfe in villaine, nor desire ungodlie his Daughter or his servant nor put him to noe disworshipp And alsoe that you paye trulie for your meate and drinke theare where you goe to borde whereby y^{e} crafte might bee slandred Theis bee the charges in generall that longeth to every true mason to keepe both maisters and fellowes.

Reherfe I will other charges in singuler for maisters and fellowes First that noe maister or fellowe shall take uppon him any lords woorke nor any other man's woorke unlesse hee knowe himselfe able and sufficient

of cunninge to performe the same soe that the Crafte have noe slander or diswoorshipp thereby but that the lord maie bee well and truly served Alsoe y^t^ noe maister take noe woorke but that hee take itt reasonably soe that the lord may be well served with his owne good and the maister to live honestly and to paie his fellowes trulie theer pay as the manner is Alsoe that noe masters nor fellowes shall not supplant anie other of their woorke that is to say if he have taken a woorke in hand or else stand M^r^ of the Lords woorke he shall not putt him out except hee bee unable of cuninge to end the woorke And alsoe that noe maister or fellowe take noe prentice but for the time of vii yeares and that the prentice bee able of birth (that is to say) free borne & hole of limmes as a man ought to bee And also that noe maisters nor fellowes take noe allowances to be made mason w^th^ the asent and councell of his fellowes And that he take him for noe lesse time then . . . . . yeares and that hee which shall bee made a mason bee able in all maner of degrees That is to say free borne come of good kindred true and noe bond man and alsoe that hee have his right limnis as a man ought to have Also that noe man take any aprentice unlesse hee have sufficient occupacon for to sett him on Or to sett three of his fellowes or twoe att at the least on woorke. And also that noe maister or fellowe shall take noe man's woorke to taske that was wont to goe to jornie Alsoe that every maister shall geve pay to his fellowes but as they deserve soe that hee be not deceived by false woorkemen. Also that noe mason slander another behinde his backe to make him losse his good name or his worldlie goods Also that noe fellowe within the lodge or with out misauns were an other ungodlie or reproch fully without some reasonable cause Also that every mason shall reverence his elder and put him to woorshipp And also that noe mason shall be . . . common player att hazard or att dice nor att any other unlawfull playes whereby the crafte might be slandered And alsoe that noe mason shall use noe lechery nor bee noe bande whereby the crafte might bee slandered And alsoe that noe fellowe goe into the towne night times . . . . of fellowes withoute hee have a fellowe with him that maie beare him wittnes that he was in honest places. Also that every M^r^ and fellowe shall come to the assemblie if that he be within fifty myles about him if he have anie warning And if he have trespassed against the crafte then for to abide the award of the maisters and fellowes Also that every maister and fellowe that have trespassed against the crafte shall stand to the awarde of the maisters and fellowes to make them accorded if they cann and if they maie not accorde them then to goe to the common Lawe Also that noe maister nor fellowe make noe moulde nor square nor rule to noe layare nor sett noe layare within the lodge nor without to hewe noe moulde stones Also that everie mason receive and cherish straunge fellowes when they come over the countries and sett them a woorke if they will as the manner is That is to say if they have moulde stones in his place or else hee shall refresh him with money to the next lodgeing Also that every mason shall truelie serve the lord for his paie And everie maister trulie to make an ende of his woorke be it taske or jornie if hee have his demands and all that hee ought to have.

Theis chargs that wee have nowe rehersed unto you and all other that belonge to masons yee shall keepe soe helpe you god and your Hallidome.

HALF the discomfort of life is the result of getting tired of ourselves.

GRAVITY is no more evidence of wisdom than a paper collar is of a shirt.

A COUNTRY paper tells this story of a new boy in one of the Sunday-schools:—The precious youth was asked who made the beautiful hills about there, and replied that he did not know, as his parents only moved into town the day before."

AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF MASTER AND FREE MASONS.

BY THE REV. JAMES DALLAWAY.

> Cough, and cry hem! if anybody come—
> A mystery—a mystery! *Othello.*

I APPROACH this investigation with much diffidence, confining it entirely to historical facts: and it would have given me satisfaction if I had gained more than to be referred to a modern work of high estimation.* The mysteries of the masonic oracle are there darkly shadowed forth, and hid from my comprehension. A very superficial view is given of the history which was the sole object of my research. A justly-esteemed modern author † has sensibly observed—"that the curious subject of Freemasonry has unfortunately been treated of only by panegyrists or calumniators, both equally mendacious. I do not wish to pry into the mysteries of the craft, but it would be interesting to know more of their history during the period in which they were literally architects."

Concerning the extremely remote origin of the fraternities, I shall waive any inquiry, by excluding legendary tradition, or conjecture formed upon it, confining my research to evidence alone, which will be succinctly given.

That the sumptuous temples in which Ancient Greece abounded, were the works of architects in combination with a fraternity of masons (χοινωνια,) no reasonable doubt can be entertained.‡ That with the Romans, such fraternities (Collegia), including the (Fabri) workmen who were employed in any kind of construction, were subject to the laws of Numa Pompilius, is an apparent fact. Need the modern Freemasons require a better authenticated antiquity, and not prefer a Roman origin to the mystified traditions of Jachin and Boaz? ||

To particularise even a few of the architects during the progress of the Roman empire, and the stupendous edifices which were designed and completed by them, is beyond the scope of this attempt.

The first notice that occurs of an associated body of artificers, Romans, who had established themselves in Britain, is a votive inscription, in which the College of Masons dedicate a temple to Neptune and Minerva, and the safety of the family of Claudius Cæsar. § It was discovered at Chichester in 1725, in a fragmented state, and having been placed together, is now preserved at Goodwood, near that city, the seat of the Duke of Richmond. Pliny, the author of the well-known epistles, when pro-consul of Asia Minor, in one which he addressed to the Emperor Trajan, informs him of a most destructive fire at Nicomedia, and requests him to establish a Collegium Fabrorum for the rebuilding of the city. ¶

* "Preston's Illustration of Free Masonry," (Oliver's edit.) In this work, which condescends to comparatively modern history, mention is made of certain Free Masons who have conducted celebrated buildings—instances by no means confirmed by chronological facts.

† "Hallam on the Middle Ages," vol. iii. p. 435 note, 8vo.

‡ To mention the more celebrated architects, with their known works:—To Ctesiphon and Metagenes the temple of Diana, at Ephesus, is ascribed; Rhœcus of Samos, built the temple of Juno in that island, and Ictinus and Callicrates that of the Parthenon at Athens. This may be a sufficient selection from many others of scarcely an inferior fame.

‖ Jachin and Boaz were columns of a composed metal, in the first temple of Jerusalem, the architect of which was Hiram. The translation of Jakin is "firm," and of Boaz, "in its strength," so denominated by Solomon. See Kings, c. vii. v. 15; and Jeremiah, c. xv. repeated in the xviiith. These columns, exclusively of their capitals, were eighteen cubits high and twelve in girth, and, like those now seen in Egyptian temples, extremely unsymmetrical. Hiram invented, or rather adopted, the capital with the lily. The Corinthian acanthus was not invented, but altered by Callimachus, who devised the variation only from the lily of Hiram.—"Gabb's Finis Pyramidis," 8vo.

§ See "History of Western Sussex," vol. i. p. 3, 4to. 1815. "The learned antiquary, Roger Gale, who has printed a memoir concerning this inscribed stone in the Philosophical Transactions, has decided from internal evidence, that it is the earliest memorial of the Romans hitherto discovered in any part of Great Britain." It is therefore the first proof of associated artificers established in this country.

¶ Plinii Epistolæ, cum annotationibus Gesneri, lib. x. Epist. xlii. 8vo. Plinus Trajano Imp. "Tu Domine despice, an instituendum putes, Collegium Fabrorum, duntaxat hominum cl. (150); ego attendam ne quis nisi Faber recipiatur, neve jure concesso, in aliud utatur. Nec erit difficile custodire tam paucos." The emperor refuses, and alleges as a reason—"sed meminerimus provinciam istam et præcipue eas civitates, ab ejusmodi factionibus esse vexatus." The jealousy entertained by all arbitrary governments against confraternities, whose consultations are held under the seal of impenetrable secrecy or the penalty annexed to the breach of it, was early displayed by Trajan, who rejects the proposal under the apprehension of perpetual danger.

The title of Architectus Augustorum was borne by Q. Cissonius, during the reigns of Severus and M. Antoninus.*

Previously to the foundation of Constantinople, "the magistrates of the most distant provinces were directed, by a royal edict, to institute schools, to appoint professors, and by the hopes of rewards and privileges to engage in the study and practice of architecture, a sufficient number of ingenious youths, who had received a liberal education."† A similar mandate was issued by the Emperor Theodosius.‡ Such were the apparent origin of a scientific institution among the Romans; but as the foregoing remarks are merely preliminary, or incidental, I hasten to the Gothick field, from whence a view may present itself, not only of masonic establishments, but of many eminent master-masons whose names and works have been obscurely noticed, or without chronological classification. In giving this series, the leading purposes of inquiry will be, to ascertain those who were employed in our own country.

There is a certain document which proves, that in the eighth century, Charlemagne had invited artificers‖ from every country of Europe in which they were established, to erect his magnificent church at Aix la Chapelle. His æra may be therefore fixed upon as that least liable to contradiction or doubt, as that of the best authority of such a body on the Continent.

After the Norman conquest, the prelates Lanfranc and Gundulph brought over to England not only the style of architecture which was peculiar to their own native province, but the artificers themselves. These had been chiefly employed in building the two great churches at Caen, and that likewise of vast dimensions, attached to the Abbey of Bec.§ Gundulph was no less eminent for his military architecture, and his designs were executed by the same hands.

The first master-mason whose works are extant in England, and his name authenticated, is William of Sens,¶ who was assisted and succeeded by William the Englishman in the completion of the choir of Canterbury cathedral, in the year 1179.

At the commencement of the next century, we may consider the fraternity to have been consolidated in this kingdom, as it had been for some years previously both in Germany and France. Besides the abbey church of Westminster, there were not a few sumptuous and extensive ecclesiastical structures, which, at that time, were making a contemporary progress. Authors maintain distinct opinions as to the priority of the German schools, from whence it is contended that the master-masons with their *confrères*, or operatives, have emigrated into France and Italy.** Certain it is, that several architects were employed in both those countries, and perhaps before their own countrymen, both

* A sepulchral inscription found at Naples. Gruteri, p. 587, insc. 4.

† "Gibbon's Roman Empire," vol. iii. p. 91, 8vo.

‡ "Codex Theodosianus," vol. xiii. tit. 4 leg. 1. Procopius de Edificiis. D'Agincourt's "History of Architecture," imp. fol.

‖ "Brevi ab eo fabricata, ex omnibus, Cismarinis regionibus, magistris et opificibus advocatis."—"St. Gaul. Legend." l. i. c. 32.

§ "Willelmus Senonensis in ligno et lapide artifex subtilissimus, ad lapides formandos, tornemata valde ingeniose, formas quoque ad lapides formandos, his qui convenerant sculptoribus, tradidit. Chron. Gervasii, X. Script. Gervasse is the most ancient of the monkish writers who has given an account strictly architectural. In others, there is a frequent obscurity in the expressions and terms used, and a substitution of one for the other in their description of any great building. We must not, however, allow the claim of the masons of Cologne and Strasburgh to supersede the French and Italian establishments, with respect to more than priority.

¶ The only persons connected with the building of Salisbury and Westminster were Elias de Berham and Robertus Cæmentarius. Leland. Itin. vol. iii. p. 60.—Berham is supposed to have repaired King John's palace at Westminster. A writ was likewise directed, "Magistro Johanni de Gloucester, cæmiterio suo, et custodibus operationum de Westminster." *Fitz Otho Aurifex, a German, was likewise employed,* not as architect but as a carver.—Walpole's "Anecdotes," last edition.

** There were two great colleges in Germany, one at Cologne and the other at Strasburgh. Grandidier, in his manual relating to the last-mentioned cathedral attributes the origin of that masonry to the erection of that celebrated edifice by Irwin von Steinbach, in the thirteenth century. All the German lodges, when established, considered Strasburgh as their common parent, and their original statutes are preserved there. The celebrated Hammer of Vienna asserts them to be contemporary with the Knights Templars.—"I defy all the masons of England, France, Germany, or Scotland—even those who have attained to the highest degrees in the society, to prove as much, in spite of Hiram and the temple of Solomon, and in spite of Phaleg and the tower of Babel. The cathedrals of Vienna, Cologne, and Landshut, were all of them being built at the same time. I believe that the tower of Strasburgh is a

in point of time and preference.* The style denominated "The *Teutonic*, or *German*," was the invention of this bold and very highly scientific order of architecture, which may be referred to those chosen and selected artists, who have shown themselves, in repeated instances great mathematicians, and perfectly experienced in mechanics; and who, on assured principles of science, executed some of the boldest and most astonishing works which were ever erected by man.

It has been observed by a celebrated modern architect, that "the incorporation of masons in the thirteenth century, may have finally brought the pointed arch to that consistency and perfection to which it had not then attained."†

Two principal colleges were formed, at Strasburgh and at Cologne, by the master-masons of those stupendous cathedrals, who at that period assumed, and were allowed, a jurisdiction over all inferior societies, wherever they exercised their craft. In these conventions regulations were formed, which were religiously preserved under the strong sanction of good faith and secrecy. They were probably very numerously attended, at least by master-masons; and as all communications relative to their art‡ were delivered orally, the subordinate associates had only the experience which the practice afforded them of applying the principles thus detailed. A difficulty occurs, if it be considered that none but oral instruction was given even to the master-masons, how to account for plans and working-drawings which have been preserved in the archives of so many of the foreign cathedrals. We know the cause of their destruction in England.

It has been asserted, that in the early part of the thirteenth century, "The Colleges of Masons," in every country of Europe where they had assembled themselves, received the blessing of the Holy See, under an injunction of dedicating their skill to the erection of ecclesiastical buildings; and that certain immunities were conceded to them, such as forming themselves into small and migratory societies,‖ under the government of a master of the craft, with the privilege of taking apprentices, who, after a due initiation, became

more sensible and certain monument of the origin of the society, than the brazen columns of Jachin and Boaz." This chivalrous challenge is given by an anonymous author, in a letter affixed to Grandidier's "Essais sur la Cathédrale de Strasburgh," 1782, 8vo. Notwithstanding that this period is so peremptorily fixed as to the confraternities, it is certain that individual German architects were employed in other countries—as Zamodia (Tedesco) at Pisa; Lapo, or Jacopo, at Arezzo, 1240; and John and Simon of Cologne, who built the cathedral of Burgos in Spain. The French strenuously contest the claim of the Germans, nor do I find the record of any of their architects who were employed in France or England, excepting Enguerand, or Ingelramme, the master-mason of the cathedral of Rouen, 1244, and of the second abbey of Bec, in Normandy. "The vaults of many very large churches, are only from nine to ten inches thick; and the outer walls, though more than sixty feet high, are frequently but two feet thick," Moller.—A more complete proof of their consummate skill and proficiency need not be given. Previously to the commencement of Westminster Abbey, Henry III. is said to have had consultations with many master-masons—"convocati sunt artifices Franci et Angli." T. Walsingham, X. Script.—Upon the introduction of these artificers, the building of the following cathedrals was going on almost simultaneously: Wells, 1212—1230; Salisbury, 1220; Worcester, 1218—1230; Peterborough façade, 1233—1246; Lichfield, 1235; Durham, 1230; Ely, 1235; Lincoln, 1240; York, 1227. Many of the largest and most sumptuous buildings and abbey churches were likewise contemporary. For such works a great number of these fraternities were indispensable.

* "Dibden's Tour," v. iii. Strasburgh.

† "Archælogia," vol. xxiii. essay by R. Smirke.

‡ Bishop Lucy, for building his cathedral in 1202, instituted a confraternity to endure for five years. Milner's "History of Winchester," vol. ii. p. 14. 4to.—As a fact which has not been questioned, the first complete example of the Gothick style in England is De Lucy's addition to Winchester cathedral in 1202. It has been remarked by Whittington in his Essay—"That from the first rise of Gothick in the twelfth, to its completion in the fifteenth century, the improvements are owing to the munificence of the Church, and the vast abilities of the free masons, in the Middle Ages. These scientific persons have great claim to our admiration, from the richness and fertility of their inventive powers. By them the eastern style was transplanted into the west; and under them, it was so much altered and amplified, that it assumed an entirely new appearance." Did they accompany the Croisaders, and learn the Arab architecture for the purpose of adopting it upon their return? These immense works produced a host of artificers, out of whom, in imitation of the confraternities, which for various purposes had existed from ancient times, companies were formed, academies, schools, and bodies were established. An oath of secrecy was administered to the noviciates; a veil of mystery prevaded their meetings, which, in an age when many were ignorant, conferred importance. Such institutions, in the infancy of science, were singularly beneficial. By their efforts new lights were elicited, and valuable discoveries extensively diffused."

‖ Wren's Parentalia. "Archæologia," vol. iv. 150; vol. ix. 110—126. Shakespeare has an accurate idea of a master-mason: "Chief architect and plotter," i.e, the layer of a foundation.

free and accepted masons. But it is certain that such a papal rescript or document has been industriously sought for in the Vatican library, and without success. If this indulgence took place in the first half of the thirteenth century, as it is said to have done, there were three popes before 1250.

Some writers on the subject have claimed for these fraternities a close connexion with the Knights Templars, from the similarity which is presumed to have subsisted with respect to both of their mysterious rites of initiation. Be that as it may, it is allowed that they came into England nearly at one and the same time. Nor is there decided proof of their alliance, but a great resemblance in their mysterious pretensions. Exclusion was imperatively ordained by both, as the sure guardian of mystery. They adopted the anathema of Eleusis, "*Procul! O procul este prophani!*"

Yet, in candour, we may allow the assertion, that these secret meetings of the master-masons, within any particular district, did not foster political objects, but were, in fact, confined to consultations with each other, which mainly tended to the communication of science, and of improvement in their art. An evident result was seen in the general uniformity of their designs in architecture, with respect both to plan and ornament, yet not without deviations.

We may conclude that the craft or mystery of architects and operative masons was involved in secrecy, by which a knowledge of their practice was carefully excluded from the acquirement of all who were not enrolled in their fraternity. Still it was absolutely necessary that when they engaged in contracts with bishops, or patrons of the great ecclesiastical buildings, a specification should be made of the component parts, and of the terms by which either contracting party should be rendered conversant with them. A certain nomenclature was then divulged by the master-masons for such a purpose, and became in general acceptation in the middle ages.

After these preliminary observations, I will attempt an investigation of the three leading points which I have had in view in this discourse:—I. The various designations of master-masons and their associates or operatives, which may be authenticated either from their epitaphs in the magnificent structures where they had sepultures or from the contracts with their patron, and supervisors.—II. An inquiry into the true claims of ecclesiastics, with respect to their having been the sole designers, or architects, of cathedrals and their parts, exclusively of the master-masons whom they employed, and who were required only to execute plans already allowed them.—III. Of architects who practised in England, during the middle ages, concerning whom documentary evidence is adduced, in a series.

I. In the course of research, I have observed so many memorials of master-masons, with a certain variation in the designation of individuals in their sepulchral inscriptions, that the more remarkable only require to be noticed.* Where their effigies are engraven in inlaid brass, as in

* Magister was the original term universally applied to an architect, and which, in distinction to his small band of associated masons, was continued to the latest period. Magister Irvinus de Steinbach. Maistre Jean de Chelles built the south porch of Nôtre Dame in 1257. Alexander de Bernerval, maistre des auvres de maçonrie at the cathedral of Rouen. Despositor operum, literally, he who lays a foundation or gives a plan. The generic word was cæmentarius, which, or magister lapidum was used by the earliest Italian writers upon architecture. The French have tailleurs de pierres. L'Anglois observes "that it was not before the eleventh century that churches in France were built entirely of stone, which the historians distinguish as being ex cæmentario lapide. In the epitaph of the master-mason of the abbey of Caen, in Normandy, he is styled, "Gulielmus jacet petrarum summus in arte:" and in St. Michael's church, at St. Alban's—"T. Wolvey, latomus summus in acte necon armiger Ricardi Secundi, regis Angliæ, ob. 1430." Latomus, or lithotomus, is, literally, stone-hewer (lapicida), and differs in some degree from cæmentarius: the first-mentioned, merely a rough-mason; the other who squared and polished the blocks of stone, as ashler, for the intended walls, or who prepared them for ornamental carving and statuary, "gentil entail." Chaucer.—Gervase says of William of Sens—"formas quoque ad lapides formandos, his qui convenerant sculptoribus tradidit. X. Script. In strict alliance with him was the "Magister Carpentrarius et depositor operum quoad artem carpentrarii. The immense and most scientifically constructed roofs of timber-frame, in the fourteenth century particularly, were the works of their hands. Such an artisan was called by Cicero, "faber tignarius." There were still more perfect discriminations, which have been applied by Chaucer:—

About him lefte he no macon (cæmentarius)
That could stone layne (depositor) ne querrour, (latomus)
He hired them to make a toure.—*Romaunt of the Rose.*

In contracts we observe plastrarius (plasterer); parietor (pargetor), &c., temp. Edw. I.

the cathedral of Rouen, the compass, square, and tablet describing a ground plan, are usually added; at Gloucester, with a square only, supported by a projecting figure sculptured; at Worcester, in a bas-relief, already mentioned. It was a natural wish, that their bones should rest under the stupendous roofs which they themselves had raised.

It would be inconsistent both with the limits and purpose of this essay, to enumerate the various contracts, which may be still examined; an instance or two may suffice.*

(*To be continued.*)

AIMÉE.

A WEARY, weary, night
Has passed, and another day
With its glad sunshine from another world
Has flooded our care away.
For lo! in that darken'd room,
The Angel of Death has been,
And a spirit has winged its flight above,
Ere its soul had learned to sin.

Shall we mourn for that flow'ret dead?
Pluck'd brand from the burning pile!
Blossom unset! exposed to earth's wind,
Only a little while.
Say rather in mercy came
That message, from earth to fly,
To live in the light of a Father's Love,
Thro' all Eternity.

And we who are left behind,
Can picture the face that's gone,
Again in our minds as it used to be,—
Sunny and bright as the morn.
While we think had it blossomed here,
In the midst of this great world's care,
Sorrow and sadness had weighed it down—
Perchance to shame and despair.

Yes! a solemn charge 'tis to have,
To keep and to rightly hold,—
Such a gift direct from our Father's hand,
To return one hundred fold.

For whether for good, or ill,
The buds will ripen and bloom,
A life-watch of prayer, of hopes, and fears,
Must guard it e'en to its tomb.

Oh! believe then in mercy sent
Was that gift from God's right hand;
But have faith that in mercy 'tis also called
To dwell in a happier land!
And we—we may sigh no more—
Believing with heart and soul,
That 'tis best to regain our treasure above,
Unspotted, and pure, and whole.

A weary, weary, time,
May pass 'ere that day arrive,
Then to keep the glorious end in view,
Each day we must boldly strive.
Till Hope ends in fruition,
And Faith becomes lost in sight,
When Love shall endure for ever and ever
In God's own realms of Light.

Bro. J. H. WYATT, 106.

[The above lines were written at sea, September, 1871.]

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SCOTTISH FREEMASONRY.

ARTICLE FOURTH.

THERE is in the Freemasonry of Scotland a feature which we have ever considered to be a very dark shadow; a feature which we have long considered to be one of those great stumbling blocks in the way of the advancement of the Craft, and which, if removed, would tend materially towards its elevation, and prove of inestimable advantage in the matter of raising it in the public esteem. The feature we allude to is the absurd custom of holding "Harmony Meetings" inside the walls of our lodges.

It has been said that the objections of the ladies to their gentlemen friends becoming members of the Masonic Craft are based entirely upon the fact that they themselves

* In Rymer's Fœdera, Stowe, and Dugdale, they occur at length. Richard de Stowe, in 1306, master-mason of Lincoln cathedral, contracted to do the plain work by measure, and the fine carved work and images by the day. Rot. Pat. 3 Edw. Tertii.—Walter de Weston for St. Stephen's chapel, Westminster. Rot. Pat. 26 Hen. VI. p. 2. m. 35.—To John Smythe, warden of the masons, and Robert Wheteley, warden of the carpenters, for King's College, Cambridge. The following is a proof of the estimation and rank which a master-mason or architect held in society during the middle ages. The abbot of St. Edmundsbury (13 Hen. VI. 1439,) contracts with John Wood, masoun, for the repairs and restoration of the great bell tower "in all mannere of things that longe to Free masounry—Borde for himselfe, as a gentilman, and his servaunt as a yoman, and thereto, two robys, one for himself after a gentilmanys livery. Wages of masons three shillings a man weekly in winter, and 3 shillings 4 pence in summer."—"Archæologia," vol. xxiii. p. 331.

are wholly precluded from participating in a knowledge of our so-called mysteries, but we believe were the matter completely sounded another and far more potent reason could be found, one beside which the other would sink into comparative insignificance, and which of itself is quite sufficient to exercise a powerful influence upon the minds of the fair sex.

It is almost the universal belief in our country (and it is by no means without good grounds for foundation) that at the meetings of our lodges there is ever and always a considerable deal of hard drinking done, and as it is to the male part of the population that our lady friends have to look for support and protection, it is no wonder if this idea should prevent their giving any encouragement to one professing sympathy with our principles, and a desire to become a Freemason.

As an instance of how deeply rooted in some minds is the conviction that to be a craftsman is to be on the fair way of becoming loose in one's habits, we may be allowed to narrate a little incident, which we can do all the more readily as the parties concerned are far beyond the sea, and the main facts of which were known but to a very limited few. A friend of ours who had often heard us expatiating upon the beauties of freemasonry, expressed a desire to become an initiate. We were only too pleased to be of service to him in the matter, and set about arranging the preliminaries, but in the midst we received an intimation to proceed no further, and the upshot was the thing fell through. Upon being questioned regarding his sudden abandonment of his project, he confessed that he was almost on the eve of being married, and upon making his intentions known to his fianced, he was politely, but at the same time firmly, informed that he must relinquish the idea or make up his mind to do without the lady, who had formed the opinion that freemasonry was only another name for everything that was bad and dissolute. The result was as we have said.

We remember hearing one whose grey hairs entitled him to respectful veneration say, regarding his experience of this matter in Ireland, now many years ago, that the women used to look upon freemasons and freemasonry with a jealous and suspicious eye. It so chanced that he had occasion to call upon a man in a small town on the east coast. He did not find him at home, and upon making inquiries of his wife as to the cause of his absence, received for answer, "Well, sir, it was one of his mason nights last week and he hasn't been home since, and there's more nor him that it has to answer for, bad luck to it." It was, therefore, to be argued that he had managed to get on a drinking bout and that such a catastrophe was seemingly attendant on his being a freemason. This, however, occurred in what is now popularly known as the "the good old times" (thank God they are gone), and we believe such practices are now "more honoured in the breach than in the observance."

It is a much-to-be-regretted fact that so many of our country lodges meet in the rooms of public-houses and hotels. This of itself is dangerous, and likely to engender loose habits. We do not, as an order, profess teetotal principles, but assuredly neither do we countenance the other side of this vexed question, and it is a source of concern to all who have the advancement of the Craft thoroughly at heart to find that there is so much of the "Refreshment" element connected with its workings. We have ourselves witnessed scenes which were not far short of being disgraceful, and that, too, solely owing to the prevalence of this deplorable custom. Far be it from us to say that a craftsman should not be a jolly, good, free-hearted soul, able to take his tumbler of toddy with any man in the country, but this should be done entirely independent of his freemasonry; and to introduce into the workings of our fraternity special nights set apart for what is known as "Harmony and Refreshment," and that harmony and refreshment carried on inside its lodges seems to us to fall little short of holding out to a man that inducement to leave his house and his home for which our publican friends are blamed—the seductive influence of the bottle and glass. But, sirs, apart altogether from the moral view of the question, has it never struck you that it is by no means a consistent thing to practise inside your lodge rooms. Charters have been granted to you to form yourselves into lodges, and premises for your meetings have been got for you, and the Grand Lodge, or its representatives, have

consecrated these lodges to the purposes of freemasonry. And what are the purposes of freemasonry? A binding of men together for their mutual welfare, and for the advancement of every social, moral, and intellectual virtue. A constant endeavour to show to the world at large, by giving many practical exemplifications of the greatest of all virtues—charity, that the name "Freemason" is not an empty nor a boastful title; a keeping before the minds of its adherents the great principles of equity and justice, and so to regulate their lives as to live in the favour of God and man; a careful looking after the interest of the widow and orphan; an earnest striving to hasten the coming of the time when there shall be neither wars nor rumour of wars, but when peace on earth and goodwill towards all men shall make a paradise of a land that has been the scene of many a bitter conflict. These are some of the purposes of Freemasonry, and it is such desires which we earnestly pray animate the breasts of all who appear before us in search of masonic instruction. And yet, taking into consideration the unseemly proceedings but too often witnessed inside our lodge rooms, we might be tempted to infer that there are other purposes of freemasonry which at first we were hardly aware of. Drinking! Surely that is one, that is a something which we are quite accustomed to see, go almost where we may, be the lodge room in the city or in the country. Drinking! and the three great lights of the Crafts lying openly in your midst. Drinking! and a newly-initiated brother looking on in wonderment and feeling constrained to join in your revelry. Is this one of the purposes of freemasonry? Ask yourselves the question. Comic songs and ribald jesting inside the sacred walls; toasting and maudlin speechifying. Are these and such as these among the true great purposes of freemasonry, or are many of its best ends to be gained by such means? Ask yourselves the question and you will have each one of you but one answer:—No! no! distinctly and emphatically, no! The effect of a continuance of such customs will be to lower the Craft in the estimation of those whom we ought to wish would think well of it, and greatly tend towards its utter demoralization. Then why tolerate them any longer? Is it because they have been handed down to you from time immemorial, is it because they are relics of times about which the less said the better? This is the age of progress, and though our constitutions and our workings shall stand as unchanged in the future as they have done in the past, our surroundings ought to keep pace with the advancement of modern times. Away with such proceedings, away with them. They are eating into the heart of the Craft, and may ultimately sink it. Does it help to raise it in the estimation of society to know that such things are? Does it offer any further inducement to well-doing careful young men to join its ranks and lend their influence towards the furthering of its greatest aims? Does it elevate the morality or strengthen the hands of its members? Ask yourselves the questions and tell us what are your answers. Husbands do you want your wives to think well of the order for which you profess such admiration, and for the meetings of which you leave the attractions of home with such unvarying regularity? If you do you will strike a blow at this evil. How do you want to feel that when your mothers see you dressed and ready to attend the meetings of your respective lodges, they experience no fear that you are going into the way of temptation, knowing that those whom you will meet are they who will be examples to whom you might look with profit and pleasure? If you do will you lend your aid to remove this obstruction in the path of progress? Brothers, if you confide your sisters to the care of a Freemason do you want to feel assured that he is one who will love, honour, and esteem her? Men and brethren, do you want to be able to give the lie direct to all who taunt you with such things; do you want to drive out from among you something ignoble and debasing; do you want to prevent the name "Freemason" ever becoming synonymous with the word "Drunkard?" If you do, then raise your hands and your voices and hurl out the devil that is lurking in your midst. It grieves us to think that did necessity require we could give many instances of the baneful effects of this pernicious system, and we make no unfounded nor unsubstantiated charge when we say it has much to answer for. Men whom we have ourselves come in contact with have

fallen out of the straight paths of duty and honour, and from their high positions, and in more cases than one their masonic tippling has been grievously to blame. Let us see to it. Let us each one of us set the good example we would like to see shown by others, and do all we can to live blameless lives. There is a beautiful passage in Bryant's "Thanatopsis" which we fancy we might quote as a fitting conclusion to our paper, and which, as our learned friend Sergeant Buzfuz has it, "Speaks volumes indeed."

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join the innumerable caravans that move towards the pale realms of shade thou go, not like the quarry slave at night scourged to his dungeon, but sustained by an unfaltering trust; approach thy grave like one who wraps the drapery of his couch around him and lays him down to pleasant dreams." X. Y. Z.

LINES

Written on the Marriage of Miss Emily Caroline, second Daughter of Bro. George Marwood, of Busbyv Hall, Esq., J. P., P. M. of the Cleveland Lodge, No. 543, *P. Prov. D. G. M. of the North and East Ridings of Yorkshire, etc., to Edward Heneage Wynne Finch, of the Manor House, Stokesley, Esq., J. P., February 24th,* 1876.

LADY! although to me thou art unknown;
Though he who now has link'd his lot with thine,
Save by "the tongue of good report," to me
Is equally a stranger; yet thy sire
Is known and honour'd by me, as by all
The multitude who know him: for to know
Him is to love him. His the gen'rous hand
That spreads its bounties broadcast to the poor;
His the Masonic ear, to which a tale
Of human suff'ring ne'er is told in vain;
Causing all sects and parties to exclaim,—
Would that his wealth would fructify so far
That ev'ry penny might become a pound,
So that his hand might keep pace with his heart,
Which beats with sympathy for all mankind,
As taught us by that ancient mystic Craft
A Mason's Daughter, of an ancient house
Renown'd for ages for its charity,
I claim the poet's privilege, to wish
Long health and happiness to thee and thine.
May the Almighty Architect protect,
And guide, and bless thee, in a thousand ways.
Born of a pious mother, may thou too
Inherit all the virtues of thy sire
And she who gave thee birth. May children spring
From thy chaste loins, to bless a future age,
When we who now are hanging out our flags
In honour of thy marriage, have return'd
Unto our parent earth: for Saturn still
Devours his children, as was finely taught
In Grecian allegory, long before
The Muses breathed to Hesiod their songs
Beneath the sacred hill of Helicon;
For there the pastoral poet fed his flocks,
And communed with the goddesses of song,
Ere Macedonia's kingdom rose and fell,
And whilst the site of old imperial Rome
Was but a seven-hill'd wilderness.

We come
And go, appear and disappear by turns;
The old push'd from their places on the earth,
To make more room for others: happy they
Who, like the Marwood's kindly race, can leave
A name behind them which will last for aye
In their "land's language," link'd with noble deeds.
And mercy is the noblest trait of man:
For Shakespere truly tells us, "it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown,"
And "is an attribute to God himself."

I blame not those who look with modest pride
Back on a line of ancestry whose names
Shine in their country's annals; for I know
How my own heart beats stronger in the cause
Of our dear England and humanity,
When some illustrious name makes the pulse throb

In which for years he bore an honour'd sway;
Not merely teaching others to do good—
"Words learnt by rote, a parrot might rehearse,"
As Cowper truly sings—but noble deeds
Of "brotherly love, relief, and truth," which prove
His actions govern'd by the square and rule,
Like a true Master Mason. Therefore for thee,
Merely to hear it, and I can thankful say
Unto my children,—You have in your veins,
Poor though you be, the blood of that great man,
So take care that you ne'er disgrace the breed
By cowardice, or cruelty, or lies;
But in the warfare of the world be firm,
And true, and wise, and kind to ev'ry soul.
Whate'er your ancestors have nobly done,
Aye strive to imitate. Lose life itself,
Live in the poorest cot, wear coarsest clothes,
Feed on the humblest fare, and be despised
By worldly fools—aye, be their laughing-stock—
Rather than lead dishonourable lives,
Of no use to your country. Imitate
All that is great and good in all mankind.
Birth is an accident, so far as we
Ourselves have been concern'd. If wealth be ours,
The more we shall be call'd to an account
By the Great Master for our stewardship;
Or rank be ours, if we have used it well,
Or only as a plaything for ourselves,
To gratify our worldly vanity.
Goodness alone is true gentility.
If on Tom Tidler's ground no gold we find,
Let us be rich in spirit; for true saints
Possess the earth, although no nook be theirs
By parchment titles; and the poor in soul,
What'er their worldly rank, or high or low,
Are base and wretched.

In my humble cot,
Such are the noble sentiments I love
To culture for my children. In the hall
They will be thine. And He who sends to all
His sunshine and His rain, the bread of life
For rich and poor, and hangs the clouds o'erhead
In gorgeous beauty,—crimson, blue, and gold,
For ev'ry eye to gaze on with delight—
Bless thee for ever!

Though this day thou signs
The honour'd name of Marwood for the last,
Yet be a Marwood in thy daily life;
Let Stokesley Manor House be known to all
In dire distress, as Busby Hall has been,
Long ere I knew it, and continues still;
And all will love thee to thy dying day,
As they have loved thy father's line so long;
And when thy well-spent life has reach'd its end—
For Death finds out the cottage and the hall
With equal ease, as Horace long-since sang—
Rest in the mansions of the just be thine.

GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

THE ANTI-MASONIC VICAR.

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

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

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

"Would to Heaven!"—this was an aside—"that these Mason people had chosen some other day than Saturday for their conference! Neither sermon written! The Lending Library accounts all in con-

fusion; Mrs. Watkinson's sick baby to baptise; and two funerals in the afternoon to a certainty!"

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

"What! the sermons?" cried I, reverting at once to the topic uppermost in my own mind. "Oh, very well: your views, sir, are mine. They shall be shortened to a certainty."

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

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

"I am now narrow-minded," resumed Mr. Gresham, fidgetting fretfully in his chair; "far from it; my views are liberal and enlarged; I never by any chance indulge in a harsh surmise touching anyone of my fellow-creatures. But these Mason people alarm me. They have a secret; there is some extraordinary bond, stringent and well understood, by which they support each other. I look upon them as little better than conspirators." Then, after a brief pause, "*In fact*, they ARE conspirators!"

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

"I do—seriously and solemnly," said the vicar, with an air of the most earnest and portentous gravity.

"Rat-tat-tat! Rap, Rap!"

"The Deputation, sir," said the butler, bowing five middle-aged men into the study.

For a set of "conspirators" they were the oddest-looking people imaginable. There they stood, a knot of portly, frank-featured, cheerful men, upon whom the cares of life sat lightly, who greeted their pastor with a smile, and seemed in high good humour with themselves and all around them, Nor while I curiously scanned their look and bearing, could I, for the life of me, imagine a reason why men so happily circumstanced should take it into their heads to turn *plotters*. The foremost of the group I knew to be a man of wealth. He had "a stake," and no small one, in the permanent prosperity of his country. His next neighbour was a wine-merchant, with a large and well-established connection, and blessed with a rising and most promising family—what had he to "conspire" about? The party a little in the background was a Dissenter of irreproachable character, and tenets strict even to sternness. Moreover, on no subject did he dilate, publicly as well as privately, with greater earnestness and unction than on the incalculable evils arising from war, and the duty of every Christian state, at any sacrifice, to avoid it. What! *he* "a conspirator!" Fronting the vicar was the banker of our little community. And to him I fancied nothing would be less agreeable than "a run" upon his small but flourishing firm in Quay Street. And yet "runs" severe—repeated—exhausting "runs," would inevitably result from any widely-spread and successful conspiracy. The banker's supporter was a little mirthful-eyed man—a bachelor—who held a light and eligible appointment under government, and looked as if he had never known a care in all his life. He perplexed me more than all the rest. He of all created beings, a conspirator! Marvellous!

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

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

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

"They are many and various," replied he; "but resolve themselves mainly into

these four. First: *There is nothing Church about you!*"

The deputation stared.

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

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

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

"Next I object to you because you are friendly to processions; and I am given to understand, purpose advancing to church in long and elaborate array. All processions, all symbols, I abominate. Such accessories are, in the sanctuary, absolutely indecent; I will not call them unholy: I term them downright profane. and none contradicted them—that their leading object was to relieve distress and sorrow. Of him they seek an audience. When gained, they use it to request the use of his pulpit, with the view of making their principles better known; of effacing some erroneous impressions afloat respecting them; in other words, of strengthening their cause.

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

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

TO A SNOWDROP.

By Mrs. G. M. Tweddell,

Authoress of "Rhymes and Sketches to illustrate the Cleveland Dialect," etc.

Emblem of purity,
O, Snowdrop so white!
Again thou appearest
To gladden our sight.
Thou seemest to whisper
That Springtime is nigh,
And flowers more gorgeous
Will come by and bye.

Truest lessons of hope
Thou teachest to me;
So, Snowdrop, I meekly
Do bow unto thee.
The storms thou hast borne
I too should endure;
And like thee, fair Snowdrop,
I still should be pure.

When things look the darkest
And clouds fill the sky,
T'is good to remember
That Springtime is nigh;
And bright rays of sunshine
May still fall on me;
So, Snowdrop, fair Snowdrop,
I bow unto thee.

There is none but the Lily
Thy rival can be;
But it waits for sunshine,
Quite unlike to thee,
Who cometh to cheer us
Ere Winter hath gone:
O, Snowdrop, fair Snowdrop
For ever bloom on.

"MIKLAT"—THE CITY OF REFUGE.

BY BRO. REV. WILLIAM TEBBS.

As the sun rose that morning on the Israelitish Capital, it was evident that something unwonted was astir; for, whilst crowds were gathered round the timeworn altar of witness beneath the ancient oak of the covenant, multitudes so thronged the approaches to Shechem, that it was hard to keep clear the "prepared way" to the "Miklat." Eagerly and excitedly too, were the crowds debating, for that was the third day of deliberation, and they were to receive that answer which should determine whether the time was come to fulfil the Almighty's prophecy, to rend asunder the Kingdom of Great Solomon's Son.

The wise Grand Master of Israel had gone to his rest. Jeroboam the rebel had been recalled by a numerous body of supporters from his Egyptian exile, whilst Rehoboam, the rightful heir, had deemed it expedient to come to Shechem, to be crowned Monarch of the United Kingdoms of Israel. But there was a question that must be answered first, "Were the stern imposts of the Father to be continued by the Son? Should the dread taxes be still levied, or be mitigated, which were willingly submitted to, whilst God's house was building, and even His servant Solomon's too, but which had been endured for many a long year past, only for the sake of what the King had been in days long since gone by?

Questions like these were earnestly debated by some of the multitude, whilst others were sorrowfully regarding those sacred objects upon which, perchance, they were gazing for the last time. Here was the oak under which, many a long year ago, the patriarch had buried the gods stolen from his father-in-law; round it had been perpetrated that treacherous slaughter by his two revengeful sons; close by it was the never-failing well that he had left to his descendants; nigh to this hallowed spot had the aged Moses stood, when, for the last time, he blessed the people of the Lord that he had loved and ruled so well, whose rebel-hearts had robbed him of all, save a distant glimpse of that pleasant promised land; here, again, had stood that other servant of the Lord, Joshua, the deliverer, whilst he recalled for the last time in his failing days, God's threats and promises to his wayward children; and yet again, though hoary and time-worn, here still remained the altar of covenant, on whose eastern front God's light each morning broke; on whose northern face, pointing to Ebal and the cold, dark, dreary north, were recorded the curses thundered against the impenitent; whilst even now, the sun was beginning to bathe in golden light its southern side, full facing Gerizim, mount of blessing, on which were graven deep the blessings of the Almighty, on such as should unhesitatingly walk in the ways of His commandments. And, whilst they gazed, they hesitated; "Was it right to act for themselves, and throw off the heavy yoke and burden too bitter to be borne, imposed though it was by God's anointed? or, should they submit still a little longer, and leave the ordering of the issue to be accomplished by the Almighty in his own good time?" Questions hard of resolution, but soon to be put out of mind at least for a space, for as the sun stole softly round the altar's southern face, to the appointed time, a terrible commotion arises, shouts rend the crowd, "Make way! Let pass!" "*Miklat!*" "*Miklat!*" and through the narrow crowd, dashes towards the city boundary a young man, yet red-handed with his fellow's life-blood, sore pressed by his slain fellow's next of kin. Hot grows the race, well-nigh frantic are the dividing crowd—another cubit and a hatchet cleaves the air, only to fall buried in the earth at the fugitive's heel—one other cubit more, and the hunted quarry falls, wounded—but saved—within the border of "The City of Refuge."

Cruel call such a wager if you will; cruel and bloody the law which gave it being; but it was life's best preserver; for such a struggle for existence once witnessed, must render every beholder mindful, lest he should ever by misadventure spill his brother's blood. Cruel and bloody? was not every effort made to spare the culprit's life? Extensive boundaries, yet further extended by the chance boughs of the overhanging tree; roads well made, well kept; and even guide posts erected with the magic word of safety "*Miklat.*" Cruel and bloody do we call it? shame on us to forget the past, with our wanton shedding of our brother's and sister's blood—without hope of pardon or reprieve—for the paltry theft of that which is the "root of all evil."

Better—

"Let the dead past, bury its dead,"—and thank God for purer-hearted times.

To come back to our "City of Refuge," not alone do we find the Jew thus pitiful, even in his stringent code, but in well-nigh every nation of antiquity do we discover, either in holy temple, or by altar's sacred precinct, a similar merciful provision. And not only so, but even amongst those that we "enlightened" christians so charitably deem lost souls of heathenism, we discover the same principle of justice tempered with mercy. A modern traveller has found at Honaunau, in the Sandwich Islands, just such another City of Refuge, and a wonderful place it is; a vast oblong enclosure, a thousand and forty feet long by nearly seven hundred feet broad, surrounded by stone walls, fifteen feet high, and twenty through at the base, whilst within are the remains of three stone temples, each two hundred and ten feet long, by one hundred wide, and thirteen feet high.

These temple walls are a study, built as they are of lava blocks of prodigious size, and a weight almost beyond reckoning; quarried at a distance, brought over rough ground, smoothed within and without, laid (shapeless though they are) with faultless precision—How? Whence had their builders this knowledge? Whence the merciful feeling which bid them build them thus? Surely only from the Most High!

Truly may we say:—

"There are more things in heaven and earth,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy!"

And yet again, by what channel had this knowledge reached them? Surely when we see that work and its outcome, that Masonry of the heart, as well as of the hand, our answer can be but one—the world-wide Craft!

Well then may we brethren thank our Common Father that He has vouchsafed to even those His poorer children his gifts of knowledge and charity, imperfect though they may be in comparison with our own, every time that, leaving the rough turmoil and struggle of the outer world, we seek peace and refreshment in "working" those gracious gifts ourselves, within the walls of our own loved "CITY OF REFUGE."

ODDS AND ENDS OF WIT AND HUMOUR.

A Lecture by Bro. EMRA HOLMES, *at the Town Hall, Hadleigh, and the Working Men's College, Ipswich.*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I suppose you will expect me at the outset to give you a definition of the terms, Wit and Humour; but in truth they are as difficult to define and describe as the colour of a cameleon, the quality of beauty, or the odour of a flower. The late Mr. Mark Lemon, in his preface to the Jest Book, owns to having read the eight learned chapters on "Thoughts on Jesting," by Frederick Meier, Professor of Philosophy, at Halle, and Member of the Royal Academy of Berlin. I confess, I have not, nor do I hope to gain much knowledge from an author who writes so pedantically as the Professor. He declares that a jest is an extreme fine thought, the result of a great wit and acumen, which are eminent perfections of the soul. "Hypocrites," says he, "with the appearance, but without the reality of virtue, condemn from the teeth outwardly the laughter and jesting which they sincerely approve in their hearts; and many sincere virtuous persons also account them criminal either from temperament, melancholy, or erroneous principles of morality. As the censure of such persons," he adds, "gives me pain, so their approbation would give me great pleasure. But as long as they consider the the suggestions of their temperament, deep melancholy and erroneous principles as so many dictates of real virtue, so long they must not take it amiss if, while I revere their virtue, I despise their judgment." Bravo! Professor.

Locke asserts that, "Wit lies in an assemblage of ideas and putting them together with quickness and vivacity, whenever can be found any resemblance and congruity, whereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions of fancy. Addison limits his definition by observing that an assemblage of ideas productive merely of pleasure does not constitute wit but of those only which to delight add surprise." Pope again declares Wit "to consist in a quick conception of thought,

and an easy delivery." Mark Lemon says that the anxious consideration of the various opinions of a multitude of authors, too numerous to mention, was a conviction that to define wit was like the attempt to define beauty, which, said the philosopher, was the question of a blind man, and despairing, therefore, of finding a standard of value he gathered from every available source the odd sayings of all times, and leaves his readers to discover their wit and humour.

Where so great an authority as the late Editor of *Punch* finds it difficult to define Wit—you will hardly wonder if I fail to eliminate from the depths of my inner consciousness a proper definition of so comprehensive a subject. I suppose whilst gravity and gaiety go side by side, pain and pleasure almost hand in hand; whilst light and shade remain to diversify the face of nature, and night and day divide the short span of our life into equal portions—so wit and humour will help to brighten the melancholy of our lives, and pathos, soften and beautify the exuberance of mirth. Some authors seem unable to be anything but grave, whilst others are incapable of being anything but funny. Occasionally we come across a man of genius like Dickens or Tom Hood, whose works abound with passages which at once provoke laughter and tears. Can anything be more pathetic than the "Song of the Shirt" and the "Bridge of Sighs." Can anything be more humorous than Hood's "Sally Brown," "John Jones," "Mary's Ghost," and "Death's Ramble"—brimful of puns—and they are puns worthy of the name, not the sort introduced into our burlesques—(burlesques of wit, indeed, they often are) now-a-days!

And take such poems as the two on Autumn, by Hood,—what a vein of melancholy runs through them both. They are real poetry, but the tone of sadness running through them points as it were to the sadness of his life—a sadness the result of poverty and ill-health—and not on account of his domestic relations (unfortunately, but too often, the cause of misery with authors), but which, with him, were of the happiest character. How is it that so many authors living and dead are, or have been, the reverse of blessed in their connubial relationship? One great writer beats his wife; another's wife is in a mad-house; a third is taunted on the hustings by the lady of his choice with the iniquity of his conduct; whilst a fourth is left to mourn his caro sposa, she levanting with some one else.

Poor Tom Hood was a good husband and good father; would it could be said of all our great literary men, past, present and to come. Think of Swift, the author of "Gulliver's Travels," "The Drapier Letters," and "Tale of a Tub," and his loves Varina, Stella, and Vanessa. One he married, Stella (Hester Johnson her real name was), and the others broke their hearts for him.

Vanessa (a Miss Vanhomrigh) wrote to her (Mrs. Swift) to ask the nature of the connection with the Dean. The letter was sent by his wife to him, and he rode over to Marley Abbey, Miss Vanhomrigh's residence, and flung the letter on the table before Vanessa in a rage, and instantly left the house. Vanessa, who loved him dearly, and had worshipped him for years, as she thought she had a right to, perceiving the fierceness of his passion, and the hopelessness of her affection, was overcome by disappointment. She sank at once, and died in a few weeks.

Stella was said to be very witty. She certainly said some good things occasionally, and some which were dreadful in their bitter irony and sarcasm. A gentleman who had been very silly and pert in her company at last began to grieve at the loss of a child lately dead. A bishop sitting by comforted him—that he should be easy because the child was gone to heaven. "No, my lord," said she, "that is it which most grieves him, because he is sure never to see his child *there*."

When she was extremely ill her physician said, "Madam, you are near the bottom of the hill, but we will endeavour to get you up again." She answered, "Doctor, I fear I shall be *out of breath* before I get to the *top*."

Sterne, too, another clergyman, strange to say, was equally faithless in his relations to the fair sex, and was always making love to other ladies *besides his wife*. He married in 1741, having ardently courted the young lady for some years previously. In writing to her at that time, he winds up, after dwelling on the delights of marriage, "As I take up my

pen my poor pulse quickens, my pale face glows, and tears are trickling down on my paper as I trace the word L——."

Some years after he writes to a friend in very bad Latin. (Nescio quid est materia cum me, sed sum fatigatus et ægrotus de meâ uxore plus quam unquam), which means in plain English, *I don't know what is the matter with me; but I am more tired and sick of my wife than ever.* The wretched old humbug! Writing to one of his lady friends, in 1767, he says, "Talking of widows, pray, Eliza, if ever you are such do not think of giving yourself to some wealthy Nabob, because I design to marry you myself. My wife cannot live long, and I know not the woman I should like so well for her substitute as yourself. 'Tis true I am 95 in constitution, and you but 25; but what I want in youth I will make up in wit and humour. Not Swift so loved his Stella, Scarron his Maintenon, or Waller his Sacharissa. Tell me, in answer to this, that you approve and honour the proposal." At the same time the old humbug was offering his precious heart to a certain Lady P., asking whether it gave her pleasure to see him unhappy? Whether it added to her triumph that her eyes and lips had turned him into a fool? quoting the Lord's Prayer with a horrible baseness of blasphemy, as a proof that he had desired not to be led into temptation, and swearing himself the most tender and sincere fool in the world. And there was yet another lady, a Mrs. H., to whom he was writing. "Now be a good, dear woman, my H., and execute those commissions well, and when I see you I will give you a *kiss*"—there's for you."

I suppose the reason so many great writers, poets, and painters are unhappy as married men, may be traced to the fact that the romantic and political temperament builds up for itself an ideal, which, when put to the test of the experience of life, fails to realise the expectations of its creator.

Many a young poet marries early in life. He conjures up a living embodiment and incarnation of all that is beautiful and talented, and credits his ladye-love with the possession of the rarest qualities of head and heart. He marries an angel, so he thinks, and she turns out to be *only* a woman. The end of it is, he is dissatisfied. His wife fails to come up to his lofty standard of excellence; she fails to realise his ideal, and he visits upon her devoted head his own egregious folly and self-deception, and the poor wife suffers from neglect. How thankful we more matter-of-fact people may be that we are *not* poets and painters, and that we do *not* build castles in the air, but are content to walk on the ground—not like the Spaniard whose pride was so high that when on one occasion he fell (physically, I mean, not intellectually)—this comes, said he, of walking on the earth!

One is reminded of *Punch's* advice to those about to marry—*Don't!* speaking of these great genii; and to any young poet or embryo painter, or orator in this assembly, or amongst the readers of the *Masonic Magazine*, I say remember the great examples of Socrates and Milton, ond others. Zantippe bullied Socrates, and I believe Milton's second wife bullied him. Of his (Milton's) grand-daughter (who died in 1754, and kept a chandler's shop at Holloway), it is said she knew little of her grandfather, and that little was not good. She told of his harshness to his daughters, and his refusal to have them taught to write.

Poor Charles Dickens was not happy in his married life; and it is said of one modern poet at least, whose words are thought by many to be words of wisdom, that *he beats his wife. Ergo,* don't marry your *ideal;* and don't expect your wife to be anything more than a *woman.*

Angels did *once* marry with the sons of men (so we are told on the best of authority), but we are all flesh and blood now-a-days, and the ladies themselves — at least the strong-minded ones, the upholders of women's rights,—who are going to be doctors, clergymen, and M.P.'s, no doubt would scorn to be thought *angels* now.

It would be a curious matter of enquiry how much of the genius of our great wits was fostered and encouraged at home, and how much owed its origin (especially in the case of satirists and sarcastic writers) to an unhappy domestic circle.

I am sure some of the articles in the *Saturday Review,* and notably those relating to *Ethics* (where the pen which

indites seems to have been dipped in gall, and to have a smatch of wormwood about it), give one the impression that they emanate from *hen-pecked husbands*, or ladies of a *certain* age, members of the Shrieking Sisterhood, jealous of their younger sisters. Thackeray, in his admirably written "English Humourists of the 18th Century," says:—"In treating of the English humourists of the past age it is of the men and of their lives rather than of their books that I ask permission to speak to you; and in doing so you are aware that I cannot hope to entertain you with a merely humourous or facetious story. Harlequin without his mask is known to present a very sober countenance, and was himself (the story is told of Grimaldi, and of Rich) the melancholy patient whom the doctor advised to go and see Harlequin—a man full of cares and perplexities, like the rest of us, whose self must always be serious to him under whatever mask or disguise, or uniform he presents it to the public. And as all of you must needs be grave when you think of your own past and present, you will not look to find in the histories of those whose lives and feelings have been described a story that is otherwise than serious and often very sad. If humour only meant laughter you would scarcely feel more interest about humourous writers than about the life of poor Harlequin just mentioned, who possesses, in common with these, the power of making you laugh; but the men regarding whose lives and stories your kind presence here shows that you have curiosity about, and sympathy with, appeal to a great number of our other faculties, besides our mere sense of ridicule. The humourous writer professes to awaken and direct your love, your pity, your kindness; your scorn for untruth, pretension, imposture; your tenderness for the weak, the poor, the oppressed, the unhappy. To the best of his means and ability he comments on all the ordinary actions and passions of life almost. He takes upon himself to be the week-day preacher, so to speak. Accordingly as he finds, and speaks, and feels the truth best, we regard him, esteem him, sometimes love him. And as his business is to mark other people's lives and peculiarities, we moralize upon his life when he is gone, and yesterday's preacher becomes the text for to-day's sermon."

Wit and humour are of all climes and kindred. Some nations are, perhaps, more famous than others for the possession of these qualities—the Irish and French, for instance. Sydney Smith, you know, said that you could not get a joke into a Scotchman's head without a surgical operation, but I am afraid the witty parson was too hard upon the canny Scot. Whoever has read Dean Ramsay's book, "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," will scarcely say the Scotch have no sense of humour. Some of his best stories are about idiots, and judging by these, if the sane people are only half so funny as the insane, our North-British fellow-countrymen are as much gifted as their more volatile neighbours of the Emerald Isle in *sententious epigrammatic wit and dry humour*. The Dean relates how a well-known idiot, Jamie Fraser, belonging to the parish of Lunen, in Forfarshire, quite surprised people sometimes by his replies. The congregation of his parish church had for some time distressed the minister by their habit of sleeping in church. He had often endeavoured to impress them with a sense of the impropriety of such conduct, and one day when James was sitting in the front gallery wide awake, when many were slumbering round him, the clergyman endeavoured to awaken the attention of his hearers by stating the fact, saying, "*You see even Jamie Fraser the idiot does not fall asleep as so many of you are doing.*" Jamie not liking, perhaps, to be thus designated, coolly replied, "*An' I hadna been an idiot I micht ha' been sleepin', too.*"

Another of these imbeciles belonging to Peebles had been sitting at church for for some time listening attentively to a strong representation from the pulpit of the guilt of deceit and falsehood in Christian characters. He was observed to turn red and grow very uneasy, until at last, as if wincing under the supposed attack upon himself personally, he roared out, "Indeed, minister, there's mair lecars in Peebles than me."

There was a certain daft Will Speir, who was a privileged haunter of Eglinton Castle and grounds. He was discovered by the earl one day taking a near cut and

crossing a fence in the demesne. The earl called out, "Come back, sir; that's not the road." "Do you ken," said Will, "whaur I'm gaun?" "No," replied his lordship. "Weel, hoo the deil do ye ken whether this be the road or no?"

Will was passing the minister's glebe when hay-making was in progress. The minister asked Will if he thought the weather would keep up, as it looked rather like rain. "Weel," said Will, "I canna be very sure, but I'll be passing this way in the nicht, an' I'll ca' in and tell ye." "Well, Will," said his master, one day to him, seeing that he had just finished his mid-day meal, "have you had a good dinner to-day?" (Will had been grumbling some time before.) "Oh! vera gude," answered Will: "but gin anybody asks *if I got a dram after* 't what will I say?" The following is an instance of amusing ignorance wishing to pass itself off for knowledge.

An English tourist visited Arran, and being a keen disciple of Izaak Walton, was arranging to have a day's good sport. Being told that the cleg or horsefly would suit his purpose admirably for here, he addressed himself to Christy the Highland servant-girl. "I say, my girl, can you get me some horseflies?" Christy looked stupid, and he repeated his question. Finding that she did not yet comprehend him, he exclaimed, "Why, girl, did you never see a *horsefly?*" "Nae, sir," said the girl, "but I once saw a coo jump ower a preshipice!" This reminds one of the answer of the man who was asked if he could sing. "No, sir," replied he, "but I have a cousin who plays the German flute." This is as ridiculous as the question put to a boy as to why he was called John. Well, if you please," said he, "I was called John after my Aunt Sarah." Mal-apropos answers are, like far-fetched definitions and derivations — provocative of a good deal of amusement. I confess I am always amused when I am told that Ipswich is derived from Gippingswick — the town on the Gipping—but so it is, so the antiquarians say. Gippingswick, Gippeswich, Gippeswiche, Ipyswich—Ipswich. This is about as near as saying that cucumber was derived from a certain gardener of the name of Jeremiah King, who is said to have first introduced that lovely vegetable into use, and fathered indigestion upon lots of corpulent gentlemen who *will* eat it for supper.

Well, it is this way, you see. Jeremiah King becomes, by easy transition, Jerry King. Jerry, with a slight effort, diminishes into jerkin. Jerkin is transformed into gerkin, and gerkin grows up and becomes a cucumber. But I must give you one or two more Scotch stories, and then I will have done with the North Britons.

A certain functionary of a country parish is usually called the minister's man, and to one of these who had gone through a long course of such parish official life, a gentleman one day remarked:—"John, ye hae been sae long about the minister's hand that I dare say ye could preach a sermon yersel' now." To which John modestly replied, "Oh, na sir; I couldna preach a sermon, but, may be, I could draw an inference." "Well, John," said the gentleman, knowing the quiet vanity of the beadle, "what inference would you draw from the text, "A wild ass snuffeth up the wind at her pleasure?" (Jer. ii-24). "Weel, sir, I wad draw this inference: he would snuff a long time before he would fatten upon it."

Some of this class of men are often great critics of sermons, and often severe upon strangers, sometimes with a sly hit at their own minister. One of these—David, a well-known character—complimenting a young minister who had preached, told him, "Your introduction, sir, is *aye grand;* its worth a' the rest of the sermon. Could ye no mak it a' introduction?"

Many anecdotes of pithy and facetious replies are recorded of a minister of the South of Scotland, usually distinguished as one Watty Dunlop. On one occasion two irreverent young fellows determined, as they said, to taigle (confound) the minister. Coming up to him in the High-street of Dumfries they accosted him with much solemnity, "Maste Dunlop, dare ye hear the news?" "What news?" "Oh, the deil's dead!" "Is he," said Mr. Dunlop, "then I maun ga hance and pray for two fatherless bairns."

Some years ago the celebrated Edward Irving had been lecturing at Dumfries, and a man who passed as a wag in that locality had been to hear him. He met Watty Dunlop the following day, who aid, "Weel, Willie, man, and what do ye think of Mr. Irving?" "Oh, said

Willie, contemptuously, "the man is crack't."

Dunlop patted him on the shoulder with a quiet remark, "Willie, ye'll often see a *light* peeping through a crack!"

(To be continued.)

CONTEMPORARY LETTERS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

[We beg to note that a little confusion has arisen in the dates of the letters, owing to the fact that with some no dates are given.]

Paris, Feb. 26th, 1790.

THE death of the M. de Favras is the conversation and admiration of all Paris. His execution is looked upon with horror by every one, let their political tenets be what they may. The Chatelet, to justify their sentence, have promised to publish the evidence on which they formed their judgment.

The Grand Seigneur whom he mentions is the Prince de Luxembourg, brother to the Duke. You may be assured that the wife of M. de Favras told one of the confidential servants of Monsieur that her husband was offered his life and 100,000 livres if he would accuse the Queen and Monsieur. The King is Much discontented and displeased. His Ministers had endeavoured to persuade him, and he had constantly refused to go to the National Assembly since the 13th November, '89. He at last consented in the hopes that the Executive Power would be re-established. He finds himself disappointed, and he now refuses to quit his prison. The violent Aristocrates declare that while he resides in the Thuilleries shall look on every act as null.

If ever the King is restored to freedom, or obtains any share of power, Neckar is ruihed. The engaging the King to go to the Assembly has entirely lost him the King's good opinion. The Democrates despise him and the Aristocrates accuse his weakness, and the delusive hopes he gave the King as the cause of their ruin. One of the resources of the Ministers who were appointed at the time of Neckar's disgrace, was to have instituted a commission for the enquiry into the malversations of the revenue, as also to have reimboursed the anticipations, at the same sum as was paid into the Royal Treasury. The same step was taken by the Regent, and is detailed in the memoirs you have. It then occasioned a compromise amongst the capitalists, who, to avoid retrospective enquiries, subscribed the enormous sum of 400 million livres (about £16,000,000 sterling). They calculated it would now have produced 600 millions.

I was at the Assembly on Monday and Tuesday, the two great days on which the Laws relative to the publick tranquility were debated.

Monsieur de la Fayette took a decided part against the people, or rather for the establishment of some law to restore good order. The Galleries at each end of the Assembly, which are filled with the lowest orders of the people exprest a dissatisfaction, he is not accustomed to meet with. Willing to manage both parties, he sided with neither as to the law to be adopted. It was hinted to him that his popularity might suffer by the part he had already taken. He therefore absented himself from the Assembly on Tuesday, as did Monsr. Baillie.

I believe I have before remarked to you, that the leaders of the Democrates (who govern the Assembly with absolute sway when any law is proposed which affects the Regal Authority or the rights of the nobles and the church) exert themselves in vain when they find it necessary to propose or support any decree which may touch the middle orders or re-establish the perception of the taxes. The majority of the Assembly is composed of low ignorant, violent, and I may almost add blackguard tradesmen, but of that insolent race which you meet with only in France, and which to those who are unacquainted with the manners of the people I should in vain attempt to describe. When any doctrine is advanced by their leaders which seems favourable to the cause, or rather the licentiousness of the people, they begin clapping and make signs to the Galleries above them, who join in applauding as they are commanded. When any of the Aristocrates mount the Tribune, at least of those whose eloquence they fear, they immediately vote for closing the debate or interrupt them so often with exclamations and murmurs that they cannot be heard. I can only give you r proof how difficult it is either to forsee, or argue on the probability of the event of s debate. The whole of the Aristocratea embraced the Loi Provisoire proposed by

Mirabeau and his own party as universally rejected it. Mirabeau declared, and the Democrates received the declaration with loud and repeated applause, that the final formation of the executive power should be the last act of the Assembly.

They have also avowed their intention of confining the regular troops to the frontiers of the kingdom. The troubles do not diminish in the provinces and it is likely that the declarations of the Assembly will only serve to augment them, as every article of force contained in the new law had already been decreed in the Loi Martiale, and the other articles only serve to bind the hands of the executive power.

They will now find that their declaration "that all taxes are to be paid till new ones are established in their place," is too late. They have been continually flattering the people with the idea of being relieved from all their burthens, and more especially the Gabelle. It is not likely that the people will now submit to a tax which even in the plenitude of royal authority was collected always with difficulty, and sometimes opposed with force, and which in their address to the Provinces, they promise to abolish. It is true their committee of finance have assured them that they have a plan to replace the Gabelle ready, but in the meantime that tax is to be collected.

Monsr. Neckar goes or sends to the Assembly on the 12th of March. His friends deny that he means to propose the circulation of paper money, but it is not the less believed.

I believe that you take in Monsr. Gorsas, but if you do not, I send you a deliberation of the Common Council of Paris which attacks the Caisse D'Escompte, I cannot say what will be its effects or how it will be received, as it is a new and unexpected stretch of their authority. The Common Council is composed of all the violent and not the most virtuous of those who began the revolution. They have a degree of power over the people, and wish to exercise an authority which the different districts dread, and oppose. They at present exercise the functions of the Police; they have been attacked with permitting (if not of favouring) the daily attempts to alarm and inflame the people. To appease these murmurs they have found it necessary to imprison the authors of a libel imputing a new conspiracy to M. de Besenval, and to fix up papers promising to punish all those concerned in a report as false as infamous.

The accounts from Domingo are various. The first says that they are willing to acknowledge themselves still subjects to the King of France, to continue paying the taxes, to wait till the National Assembly have finished the constitution, and to adopt or reject it as they please. The 2nd opinion, and that which the Comte D'Entraigues said he had from the Garde des Sceaux was that they had declared themselves absolutely and purely independent. The Democrates have formed their resolutions already. They will admit the protestations of Domingo, as it is not une partie intregrante of the kingdom and refer the discussion of the question till Domingo has refused the constitution when compleated. But what in the mean time is to become of their friends, the twelve deputies for that Island who were made at Paris to increase the majority of the Democrates, and who can no longer have pretentious to vote unless the National Assembly declare themselves not the representatives of the people, but a convention of citizens who govern the empire by the power they have acquired?

I mentioned to you sometime since the forged address of the city of Bourdeaux, the true one found its way to the bar of the Assembly yesterday. It mentions the misery that overwhelms its inhabitants, the destruction of commerce, and the total ruin which must ensue if the commerce of negroes is abolished. The address mentions that in 1788, 1419 more vessels arrived in their port than in 1789. The state of the parties within the walls continues nearly the same, the Impartiaux gain no ground. The Aristocrates do not look on them as friends and the Democrates treat them as declared enemies. The discontent is certainly more general and people now speak and publish what they think.

The Militia begin to add to all the vices of indiscipline and insolence, the debauch and riot of a licentious soldiery; 400 Grenadiers belonging to one of the districts after dining together and drinking went arm in arm to the Luxembourg preceded by their music and all the rabble of Paris, and would not be satisfied till Monsieur had seen them pass by. The municipalities already look upon themselves as the chiefs

of so many little republicks, and the militia as their respective armies. The Municipality of Rennes have declared that their Militia shall march no more to protect the neighbouring country. The division of the kingdom is likely to receive some alterations, the number of municipalities and districts will be diminished.

I do not know whether I have observed to you that where any difficulty arose on the determination of which town was to have the preference as chief of a district, the choice was left to the first general Assembly of the Electors.

Since I wrote the above I find the answer of the president (l'Eveque D'Autun) to the deputies from Bourdeaux occasioned great clamors amongst the Aristocrates and particularly the deputies of Guyenne, who are named in all journals as enemies of liberty, and the citizens of Paris are ordered to remember the Bonnets they wore on the 13th and 14th of July. The Gascons would not patiently suffer any ill usage of their compatriots.

The Aid du Camp of M. De la Fayette whom you mention as married in London, is a worthy but weak young man who is his relation; his name is Boinville, he quits this country on account of his debts and a deficiency in his accounts as Treasurer of Metz. Send me the names of the French who arrive, I shall be able to tell you what they are and what they want. There is a club established here for the propagation of the principles of liberty.

I did not forget Dr. Price's letter, but the author of the journal, who is M. Robespierre, never fulfilled his promise of printing it.

The Assembly yesterday abolished amongst other Feudal rights "le droit d'ainesse."

ORATION

Delivered by Bro. Peter Rentoul, *at the Consecration of Canterbury Kilwinning Lodge, Lyttelton, New Zealand, December 2nd*, 1875.

Right Worshipful Installing Master, Officers and Brethren,—I have been asked on this occasion, to deliver an Oration on Masonry. I can assure you, that while sensible of the wide and extensive field that lies open before me, and one that has been frequently discoursed by more eminent and able Brethren, I feel my incompetency to discharge such a responsible and important duty. As a young mason, I hesitate in tendering an address in presence of so many old and well-tried Brethren, who have been conversant with the Masonic Constitution for years. I trust therefore, you will bear with me in the few remarks that I have to make, in connection with Masonry.

Although there is ample scope to dwell on its ancient history, even from the building of the Temple, tracing it through various vicissitudes up to the present time, I will content myself in making a few observations on its nature and principles as it now is. It has been asserted that Freemasonry is a Religion. This is a fallacy, and is calculated to attain serious results.

Its arms are open to all denominations alike, who believe in the existence of the G. A. O. T. U., and are morally qualified to become its members.

It is truly "a peculiar system of morality veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols." It may be said to be co-existent with religion, and every Brother who acts up to its several teachings, who strictly adheres to its principles, will we class as a good member of society, and as one *eminently fitted to be a member of any* purely religious body. The Masonic Lodge is that neutral ground on which all meet with love and unity, freed from the many petty differences that effect the outer world, where no political religions or national controversies are to be heard.

Whatever may be our social position in life, there we meet on the level, and are all bound together by the common ties of brotherhood.

In every Lodge room is to be found the volume of the Sacred Law. In that we recognise the Divine Law Giver. The sacred workings are handed down to us, to direct and govern our faith, and by them we are constantly reminded of the existence of the G. A, O. T. U., and by the tenets of the order, we are directed in our public and private avocations, to live and act consistently therewith, as peaceable and loyal subjects, and discharge our duty to the Creator with fervency and zeal, and again, in many parts of the mystic lore, we are taught to practise the principles of brotherly love, relief, and truth.

We cannot consistently call ourselves masons, unless we adhere and abide by the Masonic precepts, and the several injunctions laid down for our guidance. We are reminded in this world of uncertainty, that a Brother may, by unfortunate circumstances, be reduced from a fair competency to comparative want, or otherwise afflicted. We are taught to seek the solace of our own distress, by tending relief and consolation to our fellow creatures in the hour of their affliction. I am sure there is abundance of suffering humanity in this world, beckoning to us for sympathy and help. Let us take every available opportunity and endeavour to fulfil faithfully those important duties that fall to us; live to cultivate a charitable feeling towards one another, and be ready at all times to relieve sorrow and distress. Bear in mind that the great principles of Freemasonry have been handed down to us from time immemorial, and it behoves us, while piloting our voyage through life, to preserve the ancient land marks and be guided by its beacon of light. Ever remember that Freemasonry cannot injure us, but on the contrary, if we strictly practise its principles, we may be calculated to become better men than we were before being admitted to a participation of its secrets.

Evils, whether real or imaginary, have been set against it, which I will not at present question, but simply advocate a strict adherence to its teachings—endeavour to diffuse its genuine principles—to promote its interests—sustain its high character, and seek a reciprocal interchange of good feeling and fellowship.

For some time past, especially of late years, Freemasonry has been making great strides. It is found in every quarter of the globe. It has withstood the test of ages, and endured the severest trials. Its principles are unchanging—its moral teaching alters not.

To the long list, let me hail with pleasure the addition of the Canterbury Kilwinning Lodge.

I would empress upon all the Brethren, the necessity of being strictly guided in all their actions, by the symbolical teachings we are so much beholden to. The material used in the building of the temple was subjected to the strictest scrutiny before being applied to the structure; all unsound material was rejected as unfit for the work, lest it should decay to the general detriment of the building.

Therefore, Brethren, be particularly careful in the construction of your Lodge. In a place with a small population, it would be unreasonable to expect a great number of new members. But if the field is small, it behoves you none the less to exercise more than ordinary caution whom you admit.

Let your investigations be characterised by a wise discretion; ascertain the motive a man may have in view by seeking to obtain admission into our honourable and ancient order, and to become acquainted with its mysteries and privileges. If a candidate's character will bear the strictest scrutiny—if you find him a just and upright man—a good member of society—all his actions pervaded by a due regard to virtue and morality, then he is a fit person to admit into your Lodge, and is likely to prove a good and zealous brother, and will form a stone in that superstructure, that will reflect credit on the builder.

But again, if you find on investigation, that by a curious or inquisitive disposition, he wishes to obtain admission simply to become acquainted with our secrets, or to profit thereby in a mercenary point of view, to have a helping hand held out to him in a time of difficulty or distress—he is not a fit person to make a mason, and if admitted, would in all probality, bring discredit to the order. He would be better fitted to become a member of a Benefit Society. I wish also to point out, that if jealousy should enter appearance, do not allow it to stalk through your lodge with impunity. Jealousy existing between one lodge and another, or between individual members, is one of the greatest afflictions which can possibly assail you. It is diametrically opposed to our constitution, and should be stamped out with a vigorous hand. Bear with one another in faults and failings. Let prudence direct you, Fortitude support you, Temperance chasten you, and Justice be the guide of all your actions; and, in conclusion, observe "*Purity, Charity, and Fraternity*," and may we all do with integrity of purpose that the world may know a mason by his acts. That he may not only be held

blameless among his fellows, but when summoned from this sublunary abode, obtain promotion from T. G. A. O. T. U.

THE OLD FOLKS' PARTY.

"AND now what shall we do next Wednesday evening?" said Jessie Hyde in a business-like tone. "It is your turn, Henry, to suggest."

Jessie was a practical, energetic young lady, whose blue eyes never relapsed into the dreaminess to which that color is subject. She furnished the go for the club. Especially she furnished the go for Henry Long, who had lots of ideas, but without her, to stir him up, was as dull as a flint without a steel.

There were six in the club, and all were present to-night in Jessie's parlor, The evening had been given to a little music, a little dancing, a little card-playing, and a good deal of talking. It was near the hour set by the club rule for the adjournment of its reunions, and the party had drawn their chairs together to consult upon the weekly recurring question, what should be done at the next meeting by way of special order of amusement. The programmes were alternately reading, singing, dancing, whist; varied with evenings of miscellaneous sociality like that which had just past. The members took turns in suggesting recreations. To-night it was Henry Long's turn, and to him accordingly the eyes of the group turned at Jessie's question.

"Let's have an old folks' party" was his answer.

Considering that all of the club were yet at ages when they celebrated their birthdays with the figure printed on the cake, the suggestion seemed sufficiently irrelevant.

"In that case," said Frank Hays, "we shall have to stay at home."

Frank was an alert little fellow, with a jaunty air, to whom, by tacit consent, all the openings for jokes were left, ashe had a taste that way.

"What do you mean, Henry?" inquired George Townsley, a thick-set sedate young man, with an intelligent, but rather phlegmatic look.

"My idea is this," said Henry, leaning back in his chair, with his hands clasped behind his head, and his long legs crossed before him. "Let us dress up to resemble what we expect to look like fifty years hence, and study up our demeanour to correspond with what we expect to be and feel like at that time, and just call on Mary next Wednesday evening to talk over old times, and recall what we can, if anything, of our vanished youth, and the days when we belonged to the social club at C——."

The others seemed rather puzzled in spite of the explanation. Jessie sat looking at Henry in a brown study as she traced out his meaning.

"You mean a sort of ghost party," said she finally; "ghosts of the future, instead of ghosts of the past."

"That's it exactly," answered he. "Ghosts of the future are the only sort worth heeding. Apparitions of things past are a very unpractical sort of demonology, in my opinion, compared with apparitions of things to come."

"How in the world did such an odd idea come into your head?" asked pretty Nellie Tyrrell, whose dancing black eyes were the most piquant of interrogation points, with which it was so delightful to be punctured that people were generally slow to gratify her curiosity.

"I was beginning a journal this afternoon," said Henry, "and the idea of Henry Long, ætat. 70, looking over the leaves, and wondering about the youth who wrote them so long ago, came up to my mind."

Henry's suggestion had set them all thinking, and the vein was so unfamiliar that they did not at once find much to say.

"I should think," finally remarked George, "that such an old folks' party would afford a chance for some pretty careful study, and some rather good acting."

"Fifty years will make us all not far from seventy. What shall we look like then, I wonder?" musingly asked Mary Fellows.

She was the demurest, dreamiest of the three girls; the most of a woman, and the least of a talker. She had that poise and repose of manner which are necessary to make silence in company graceful.

"We may be sure of one thing anyhow, and that is, that we shall not look and feel at all as we do now," said Frank. "I suppose," he added, "if, by a gift of second sight, we could see to-night, as in a glass,

what we shall be at seventy, we should entirely fail to recognize ourselves, and should fall to disputing which was which."

"Yes, and we shall doubtless have changed as much in disposition as in appearance," added Henry. "Now, for one, I've no idea what sort of a fellow my old man will turn out. I don't believe people can generally tell much better what sort of old people will grow out of them than what characters their children will have. A little better perhaps, but not much. Just think how different sets of faculties and tastes develop and decay, come into prominence and retire into the background, as the years pass. A trait scarcely noticeable in youth tinges the old man in age."

"What striking dramatic effects are lost because the drama of life is spun out so long instead of having the ends brought together," observed George. "The spectators lose the force of the contrasts because they forget the first part of every rôle before the latter part is reached. One fails in consequence to get a realizing sense of the sublime inconsistencies of every life-time."

"That difficulty is what we propose, in a small way, to remedy next Wednesday night," replied Henry.

Mary professed some scruples. It was queer, she thought it must be wrong. It was like tempting Providence to take for granted issues in His hands, and masquerade with uncreated things like their own yet unborn selves. But Frank reminded her that the same objection would apply to any arrangement as to what they should do next week.

"Well, but," offered Jessie, "is it quite respectful to make sport of old folks, even if they are ourselves?"

"My conscience is clear on that point," said Frank. "It's the only way we can get even with them for the deprecating, contemptuous way in which they will allude to us over their snuff and tea, as callow and flighty youth, if indeed they deign to remember us at all, which isn't likely."

"I'm all tangled up in my mind," said Nellie with an air of perplexity, "between these old people you are talking about and ourselves. Which is which? It seems odd to talk of them in the third person, and of ourselves in the first. Aren't they ourselves too?"

"If they are, then certainly we are not," replied Henry. "You may take your choice."

"The fact is," he added, as she looked still more puzzled, "there are half a dozen of each one of us, or a dozen if you please, one in fact for each epoch of life, and each slightly or almost wholly different from the others. Each one of these epochs is foreign and inconceivable to the others, as ourselves at seventy now are to us. It's as hard to suppose ourselves old as to imagine swapping identities one with another. And when we get old it will be just as hard to realize that we were ever young. So that the different periods of life are to all intents and purposes different persons, and the first person of grammar ought to be used only with the present tense. What we were, or shall be, or do, belongs strictly to the third person."

"You would make sad work of grammar with that notion," said Jessie, smiling.

"Grammar needs mending just there," replied Henry. "The three persons of grammar are really not enough. A fourth is needed to distinguish the ego of the past and future from the present ego, which is the only true one."

"Oh, you're getting altogether too deep for me," said Jessie. "Come, girls, what in the world are we going to get to wear next Wednesday?"

"Sure enough!" cried they with one accord, while the musing look in their eyes gave place to a vivacious and merry expression.

"My mother isn't near as old as we're going to be. Her things won't do," said Nellie.

"Nor mine," echoed Jessie; "but perhaps Mary's grandmother will let us have some of her things."

"In that case," suggested Frank, "it will be only civil to invite her to the party."

"To be sure, why not?" agreed Jessie. "It is to be an 'old folks' party, and her presence will give a reality to the thing."

"I don't believe she'll come," said George. "You see being old is dead earnest to her, and she won't see the joke."

But Mary said she would ask her anyway, and so that was settled.

"My father is much too large in the waist for his clothes to be of any service to me," said George lugubriously.

But Frank reminded him that this was a hint as to his get-up, and that he must stuff with pillows that the proverb might be fulfilled, "like father like son."

And then they were rather taken aback by Henry's obvious suggestion that there was no telling what the fashion in dress would be in A. D. 1925, "even if," he added, "the scientists leave us any A. D. by that time," though Frank remarked here that A. D. would answer just as well as *Anno Darwinis*, if worst came to worst. But it was decided that there was no use trying after prophetical accuracy in dress, since it was out of the question, and even if attainable would not suggest age to their own minds as would the elderly weeds which they were accustomed to see.

"It's rather odd, isn't it," said Jessie gravely, "that it didn't occur to anybody, that in all probability not over one or two of us at most will be alive fifty years hence."

"Let's draw lots for the two victims, and the rest of us will appear as ghosts," suggested Frank, grimly.

"Poor two," sighed Nellie. "I'm sorry for them. How lonely they will be. I'm glad I haven't got a very good constitution."

But Henry remarked that Jessie might have gone further and said just as truly that none of them would survive fifty years, or even ten.

"We may, some of us, escape the pang of dying as long as that," said he, "but that is but a trifle, and not a necessary incident of death. The essence of morality is change, and we shall be changed. Ten years will see us very different persons. What though an old dotard calling himself Henry Long is stumping around fifty years hence, what is that to me? I shall have been dead a half century by that time."

"The old gentleman you speak so lightly of will probably think more tenderly of you than you do of him," said Jessie.

"I don't believe it," answered Henry. "In fact, if we were entirely true to nature next Wednesday, it would spoil the fun, for we probably should not, if actually of the age we pretend, think of our youth once a year, much less meet to talk it over."

"Oh, I don't think so," protested Nellie. "I'm sure all the story-books and poetry say that old folks are much given to re-viewing their youth in a pensive, regular sort of way."

"That's all very pretty, but it's all gammon in my opinion," responded Henry. "The poets are young people who know nothing of how old folks feel, and argue only from their theory of the romantic fitness of things. I believe that reminiscence takes up a very small part of old persons' time. It would furnish them little excitement, for they have lost the feelings by which their memories would have to be interpreted to become vivid. Remembering is dull business at best, I notice that persons, even of eventful lives, prefer a good novel to the pleasures of recollection. It is really easier to sympathize with the people in a novel or drama than with our past selves. We lose a great score of recreation just because we can't recall the past more vividly."

"How shockingly Henry contradicts to-night," was the only reply Nellie deigned to this long speech.

"What shall we call each other next Wednesday?" asked Mary. "By our first names as now?"

"Not if we are going to be prophetically accurate," said Henry. "Fifty years hence, in all probability, we shall, most of us, have altogether forgotten our present intimacies, and formed others, quite inconceivable now. I can imagine Frank over there, scratching his bald head with his spectacle tips, and trying to recall me. 'Hen. Long, Hen. Long,—let me think; name sounds familiar, and yet I can't quite place him. Didn't I know him at C——, or was it at college? Bless me, how forgetful I'm growing.'"

They all laughed at Henry's bit of acting. Perhaps it was only sparkles of mirth, but it might have been glances of tender confidence that shot between certain pairs of eyes betokening something that feared not time. This is in no sort a love story; but such things can't be wholly prevented.

The girls, however, protested that this talk about growing so utterly away from each other was too dismal for anything and they wouldn't believe it anyhow. The old-fashioned notions about eternal constancy were ever so much nicer. It gave them the cold shivers to hear Henry's *ante-mortem* dissection of their friendship

and that young man was finally forced to admit that the members of the club would probably prove exceptions to the general rule in such matters. It was agreed, therefore, that they should appear to know each other at the old folks' party.

"All you girls must, of course, be called 'Mrs.' instead of 'Miss,'" suggested Frank, "though you will have to keep your own names, that is unless you prefer to disclose any designs you may have upon other people's;" for which piece of impertinence Nellie, who sat next him, boxed his ears,—for the reader must know that these young people were on a footing of entire familiarity and long intimacy.

"Do you know what time it is?" asked Mary, who, by virtue of the sweet sedateness of her disposition, was rather the monitress of the company.

"It's twelve o'clock, an hour after the club's curfew."

"Well," remarked Henry, rousing from the fit of abstraction in which he had been pursuing the subject of their previous discussion, "it was to be expected we should get a little mixed as to chronology over such talk as this."

"With our watches set fifty years ahead, there'll be no danger of overstaying our time next Wednesday, anyhow," added Frank.

Soon the girls presented themselves in readiness for out-doors, and in a pleasant gust of good-byes and parting jests the party broke up.

"Good-bye for fifty years," Jessie called after them from the stoop as the merry couples walked away in the moonlight.

The following week was one of numerous consultations among the girls. Grandmother Fellow's wardrobe was pretty thoroughly rummaged under that good-natured old lady's superintendence, and many were the queer effects of old garments upon young figures which surprised the steady-going mirror in her quiet chamber.

"I'm afraid I can never depend on it again," said Mrs. Fellows.

She had promised to be at the party.

"She looked so grave when I first asked her," Mary explained to the girls, "that I was sorry I spoke of it. I was afraid she thought we wanted her only as a sort of convenience to help out our pantomime by the effects of her white hair. But in a minute she smiled in her cheery way, and said, as if she saw right through me: 'I suppose, my child, you think being old a sort of misfortune, like being hunchbacked or blind, and are afraid of hurting my feelings, but you needn't be. The good Lord has made it so that at whichever end of life we are, the other end looks pretty uninteresting, and if it won't hurt your feelings to have somebody in the party who has got through all the troubles you have yet before you I should be glad to come.' That was turning the tables for us pretty neatly, eh, girls?"

The young ladies would not have had the old lady guess it for worlds, but truth compels me to own that all that week they improved every opportunity furtively to study Mrs. Fellow's gait and manner, with a view to perfecting their parts.

Frank and George met a couple of times in Henry's room to smoke it over and settle details, and Henry called on Jessie to arrange several concerted features of the programme, and for some other reasons for aught I know.

As each one studied his or her part and strove in imagination to conceive how they would act and feel as old men and old women, they grew more interested, and more sensible of the mingled pathos and absurdity of the project, and its decided general effect of queerness. They all set themselves to make a study of old age in a manner that had never occurred to them before, and never does occur to most people at all. Never before had their elderly friends received so much attention at their hands.

In the prosecution of these observations they were impressed with the entire lack of interest generally felt by people in the habits and manners of persons in other epochs of life than their own. In respect of age, as in so many other respects, the world lives on flats, with equally little niterest in comprehension of the levels above or below them. And a surprising thing is that middle age is about as unable to recall and realize youth as to anticipate age. Experience seems to go for nothing in this matter.

They thought they noticed, too, that old people are more alike than middle-aged people. There is something of the same narrowness and similarity in the range of

their tastes, and feelings that is marked in children. The reason they thought to be that the interests of age have contracted to about the same scope as those of childhood before it has expanded into maturity. The skein of life is drawn together to a point at the two ends and spread out in the middle. Middle age is the period of most diversity, when individuality is most pronounced. The members of the club observed with astonishment that, however affectionately we may regard old persons, we no more think of becoming like them than of becoming negroes. If we catch ourselves observing their senile peculiarities, it is in a purely disinterested manner, with a complete and genuine lack of any personal concern as with a state to which we are coming.

They could not help wondering if Henry were not right about people never really growing old, but just changing from one personality to another. They found the strange inability of one epoch to understand or appreciate the others, hard to reconcile with the ordinary notion of a persistent identity.

Before the end of the week the occupation of their minds with the subject of old age produced a singular effect. They began to regard every event and feeling from a double stand point, as present and as past, as it appeared to them and as it would appear to an old person.

(*To be continued.*)

BENEFIT MANKIND.

Oh! when on earth we've lived our transient day,
And clay has mingled with its native clay,
Some small memorial may we leave behind,
That we have sought to benefit mankind.

Oh! may we cause to flow some little well,
A blessed spring, within life's narrow dell,
Whose waves may gladden the then sterile ground,
The world leave better than the world we found.

J. J. Briggs.

CURIOSITIES OF THE POST OFFICE.

The most interesting and energetic public office of the United Kingdom is the Post Office. Dealing, as it does, with all classes of the community, its experience is immense, and the strange fancies, feelings, and desires brought to light through its working are most astounding.

The public neither have mercy nor justice with regard to the working of this institution. It is treated as a scavenger, a furniture remover, a general delivery company, in fact, there is scarcely a mundane thing it will not essay to pass through the portals of this establishment. Limbs for dissection are constantly detected by the smell *en passage*, but live animals find their way daily, sometimes much to the terror or disgust of the poor postman. For instance, it is not an uncommon occurence for him to find that a case of leeches has come undone, much to the detriment of his own person. The commercial community have taken possession of the parcel post for the circulation of samples, such as tea, coffee, hops, watches, in fact, every conceivable thing under the postal weight enters the maw of the Post Office. During the last year a whole Noah's Ark of animals, live and dead, were stopped in their passage through the post. Among these were a horned frog (alive), a stag beetle, white mice, and snails (alive), whilst a dead owl, kingfisher, and a cat, were also detected and stopped, If, however, the public send more disagreeable things than they did of old, it has not so much advantage as they had, when a celebrated director of the posts was discharged for the reason that he no longer allowed band-boxes to be carried by the penny post. Imagine a postman having, in addition to his usual letters, to carry a dozen band-boxes up to Highgate!

But considering that we are a careful people, the most astonishing instances are yielded by the annual reports of the manner in which valuables of every description are either misdirected or carelessly enclosed in letters. Bank post bills to the amount of three millions a year are found in the Dead Letter Office. Only last year a letter without any address was found to contain more than £2,000 in bank notes, and a registered letter was

found open in the Chief Office in London containing cheques for £200, and bank notes for more than £500. But more extraordinary still, a registered letter was misdirected, and upon inquiry being made for the packet it was found that Turkish Bonds which it contained to the value of £4,000 had been mistaken for foreign lottery tickets of no value, and had been put aside for the children of the family to play with ! !

There were last year received into the Returned Letter Office 4,400,000 letters, of these upwards of 20,000 were posted without any address ! All the letters that it is found difficult to deliver in consequence of the imperfect address are taken to the Dead Letter Office, where sit certain clerks cunning in guessing any puzzling address the public may favour them with. Some of these addresses are perfectly astounding in their simplicity. For instance, what does the reader think of the following ?—

"Mr. Smith
"At the Back of the Church
"England."

Or here is another still more enigmatical :

"My dear Father in Yorkshire at the White Cottage with the White Pailings"

Again we have the following :

"This is for her that 'maks' dresses for young ladies that 'livs' at tother side of the road to

"James Brocklip
"Edensorer
"Chesterfield."

Or more comical still :

"This is for the young girl that wears spectacles, who minds 'two babies'
"30 Sheriff Street
"Off Prince Edwin Street
"Liverpool."

These, we beg to say, are all genuine addresses.

The "blind man" at the Post Office is quite up to deciphering such queer puzzles as we have quoted, and the vast majority of them get delivered either to the persons addressed, or to the person sending them.

A very large number of poor people greatly object to receive returned letters. They think it very unlucky.

All letters containing valuables are kept for two years, and if still unclaimed are sold at Debenham and Storr's, and the proceeds are carried to the credit of the Life Insurance Office in connection with the Post Office, a much better arrangement this than that carried out by the Custom House authorities at the London Docks, where goods of all kinds of a perishable nature upon which duty has not been paid are put into what is termed "the Queen's Pipe," and destroyed by fire, notwithstanding that thousands of poor people are perishing for want whilst this destruction of good food is going on.

The number of letters passing through the General Post Office is by no means a constant number ; on certain occasions the number is augmented by hundreds of thousands. When Friday falls at the end of the month, in addition to the newspapers the monthly magazines are posted ; this causes a great strain to be suddenly put upon the sorters at the Post Office. But the day before St. Valentine's day is the great day of influx. On that occasion, upwards of four million and a half of these tender epistles crowd the Post Office in excess of the average number.

More than a hundred years ago it was proposed in Parliament that the postage should be reduced to a halfpenny. Of course in that age the idea was scouted, but only latterly we have come up to the old idea in a lame fashion, in the form of post-cards, which do not ensure secrecy. May we not ask, in the name of Education, if it is necessary to raise a revenue out of the pence of the people collected in this manner ? In 1874 the gross revenue from the Post Office was £5,751,600, and the profit we derived from this source was £2,724,012. Could we not afford to sacrifice some of this income for the sake of progress ? If the stamp were only a halfpenny, how many more millions would be enabled thereby to write than can now ! We know the impulse the institution of the penny post gave to Education in 1840 ; can we doubt that halving that stamp would in time double the amount of letter-writing ? If so, would not that be an impulse to Education far more powerful than the establishment of the most urgent School Boards throughout the country ? We think it would, and shall with pleasure welcome so important a boon.—We take this from our amusing and interesting contemporary the *Graphic* of March 4th.

THE WOMEN OF OUR TIME.

BY CÆLEBS.

Middle-Aged Women.

It is a most difficult thing to say what is a middle-aged woman—where youth leaves off, and where maturity begins—when, in short, the "mezzo termin" is really reached. Women are so different. Some look old at 30, others are still fresh and fascinating at 45. I acknowledge the difficulty of the situation; I admit the delicacy of the question; but I will not be vanquished by the peril or even the fear of offending, but, like a distinguished statesman, I will burn my boats, and will make up my mind not to retreat.

Middle-aged Women—at whatever period of life you think middle-age begins, varying probably from 40 to 50, or, as some say, 35 to 45—middle-aged women, I say, are often very pleasant friends, agreeable companions, and honest advisers; and, as "fastness" likes to say in slang terminology, "good mates!" They have seen enough of the world to know well its illusions and its pitfalls; they are not so old but that they have, as the saying runs, a good deal of life in them yet. They are generally chatty and comfortable, and easy to get on with, and above all nonsense. They are neither prudes nor pharisees, neither combatant nor coquettish, neither flirts nor hypocrites, neither bores nor mischief-makers, neither fast nor formal. On the whole, they are as young Timmins says, a "tidy lot." The only fault I venture to find with them is, that they have a habit of coming constantly into collision with the younger married women, and above all with the unmarried young women. They like to "denigrer" everything these younger buds and blossoms say or do. They themselves are there before you "en evidence," as large as life, and for you they are apt to think they ought to be everything.

A sentimental middle-aged woman is a "nuisance," as my young friend Timmins emphaticaliy adds. Now, I for one, can get on very well with middle-aged women, whether buxom and "debonnaire," or thin and sentimental, but I can quite understand, why irreverent youth would say, "Very stupid stout old party," or "Very thin acidulated old maid; did nothing but pitch into Mrs. Miller, such a jolly young married woman."

Incautious youth, allow me to observe that you have, no doubt, played your cards ill. You forget that your stout, good-humoured neighbour, middle-aged woman though she be, likes "more fæminarum," the "petit soins," and even the "fades complimens" of an agreeable young "Vainqeur" like yourself; and, unfortunate youth, you had no eyes nor ears for any one but the adorable Mrs. Jemmy Miller. Be warned my young friend. The next time you sit next to a middle-aged married woman decently dressed, and alike "facilis et formosa," don't manage to show her that you think her a bore or bête, or middle-aged, but make yourself, as you can, very agreeable to her, and you will far better, take my word for it.

No woman likes to be overlooked; the "spretæ injuria formæ" still lingers in the feminine mind, and the best tempered of middle-aged women will not approve of, and will probably resent, your evident preference of a younger neighbour. For bear in mind many a middle-aged woman whom you look on as passée, has still her "pretentions," elle se fait valoir," as the French say, and while you are looking on her as dowdy and distanced, old and obsolete, she all the while still thinks herself "dans sa premiere jeunesse, and accordingly resent she does, and will, your evident underrating of her, and you will have to suffer for it. As a rule middle-aged women are good natured and sociable, pleasant, and patronising, and not all easy or difficult to get near; but every now and then you come across a tough specimen of the species you catch, as John Jones irreverently, but impressively says, "a Tartar, sir." You know her well, so do I, so does everybody—Mrs. Colonel Clutterbuck, as she delights to call herself, the widow of a certain Colonel Clutterbuck, who died a long time time ago somewhere, somehow; but, as the old epitaph says, "Nobody knows, and nobody cares." She is fond of talking of her dear Thomas George—such was the hero's name. She wears his likeness in a cameo brooch, on an expensive dress, showing a fat, sleeky, rather cross-looking old boy, whom an Indian sun had bronzed, and to whom Indian curry and Indian liquids had given a somewhat apoplectic look.

She has never married since; no, not since she gave her maiden heart to Clutterbuck, long years ago; and "I have never yet," she often remarks, "seen the man who can compare with my Thomas George." People say this is an illusion of the good woman, but life is full of illusions; so let us not find fault with hers.

She is still a widow, "fair and free," and is likely to remain so, as despite many good qualities, and many substantial attractions, he would be a bold man who tackled her.

If report be true, she bullied old Clutterbuck manfully, and as she has always had her own way in everything she is not likely now to move out of the beaten course—her "track of life"—for sentiment or nonsense of any kind; not she, and I think she is right. And as she is a fast friend and a pleasant member of society, an agreeable woman to talk to, and with a true heart within her, she does, on the whole, very well.

But she does not like young married women, and detests the "girls of the period." "Never saw such manners, never heard such expressions, never knew such extravagance; quite shocked at the dresses; their language is low, their heels are high, and their shoulders are far too bare; hansom cabs and latch-keys have completely demoralised our younger women." Thus she will "discoorse" by the hour, if only she can get a listener. But woe betide you if you express the slightest sympathy for either of these misconducted classes; for then her anger is great, her scorn magnificent.

Here is poor, faded, thin, sentimental Mrs. Mortimer, all feeling and point lace! She is "horrified—actually horrified"—as she tells you, "with the ways of the young women—such fast and giddy girls. How any man of sense or taste can think of such for a wife when he can find a clever amiable woman of good principles and a far better school." She is looking out, they say, for No. 3!

For my part I should prefer Mrs. Colonel Clutterbuck to her a long way. I never did believe in depreciation, even though it fell from the lips of a pretty woman, and I particularly dislike it from those who have had their day. But still, let us not be too hard upon middle-aged women. We who have flirted with them danced with them, drank tea with them, dined with them; we who have laughed and grown sentimental with them, should be chary and careful in what we say. We know all their good points and living merits, their warm hearts, and their kindly companionship, and so we who have grown middle-aged ourselves together with them—when upon them falls either doubt or detraction, comment or censure, scandal or scorn, we should, I venture to think, come to the rescue, and proclaim them to be like those of olden days, "bonne dames et genereuses," and avow ourselves still, the gouty and wrinkled, and woe-bygone, and fat and out of fashion, still "leurs chevaliers loyaux pour tout et en tout." Don't then undervalue middle-aged women, they constitute a most agreeable portion of society; if they have their faults and foibles, so have we all, and never let us lose sight of the fact, that as women, they deserve all that chivalry can avow, or "bondevoir," can do. And I for one still cling to middle-aged women.

It seems but yesterday, that this good stout middle-aged woman I am talking to was a gracious maiden of eighteen "rayonnante" in beauty and in freshness. And here she is fat and good-humoured, still pleasant and personable in a low dress and diamonds ad libitum, with a son in the guards and a daughter married, and she herself a grand-mamma. "Madam, do you recollect a certain evening long years ago, when on a certain night, not very far from Berkeley Square, you and I set out a dance upon the stairs?"

"Yes sir, I do."

"Do you remember, Madam, all the nonsense we two talked then?"

"Sir, I have not forgotten it."

"Well, madam, I will say then, after all the ups and downs of life, parted years and faded dreams when illusions have vanished and stern experience is here, I should really not mind to be sitting on those stairs once again, and talking the same nonsense if only for a little space;" and the good dame, though she says, "what rubbish," smiles pleasantly and friendly as of yore!

If any of my readers have any sentiment left in them in this rough world, they will sympathise, I am sure, with this old-world souvenir of a middle-aged man!

BRO. DANIEL COXE—THE FATHER OF FREEMASONRY IN AMERICA.

BY BRO. CLIFFORD MCCALLA,

Editor of "The Keystone," Philadelphia, U.S.

THE life of the earliest Provincial Grand Master of Masons in America, Bro. Daniel Coxe, of New Jersey, has never been written; we propose to briefly write it. His life was an eventful and distinguished one; he was a leader of men as well as Freemasons. Original materials for his full biography are not lacking, although they have never been carefully collated. We shall endeavour, in these notes, to render the complete task easier for his future biographer.

As Philadelphians, we feel a natural pride in his career, for it was he who, in the autumn of 1730, chartered the first Masonic Lodge in our city—which was also the earliest Master Masons' Lodge in America. This lodge (as Bro. Hughan recently discovered) was No. 79 on the register of the Grand Lodge of England, and was designated as "The Hoop, Water Street," and met on the first Monday of every month. Grand Master Coxe's authority to charter this lodge was derived from a Deputation, dated June 5th, 1730, from his Grace, Thomas Duke of Norfolk, Grand Master of the Free and Accepted Masons of England. The fact of the existence of a Master Masons' Lodge in Philadelphia in 1730, and a Provincial Grand Lodge in the same city in 1732, through the past labours of *The Keystone*, are now matters of history, (having been *first proved in these columns* a year and a half ago,) and since, they have received the endorsement of the Library Committee of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, in their "Memorial Volume," and also of the accurate and disinterested English Masonic historian, Bro. W. James Hughan. But who was Bro. Daniel Coxe, the Father of Freemasonry in America? We shall endeavour to satisfactorily answer this question.

Bro. Daniel Coxe was an eminent lawyer, the son of Dr. Daniel Coxe, of London, who from the year 1687 to 1690 was the largest landed proprietor, and also the Governor, of the Province of West Jersey. In 1691 Dr. Coxe sold the territory and government to the West Jersey Society for £9,000. He was thus a man of large wealth, and all authorities agree in attributing to him as well, great activity of intellect and enterprise of character. And he was distinguished in England, before his arrival in America, having been the physician to both the Queen of King Charles II. and to Queen Anne.

In 1702, in consequence of commotions and disagreements, the several proprietors of East and West Jersey surrendered its government to Queen Anne, who the same year appointed Edward Hyde, Lord Viscount Cornbury, (the grandson of the illustrious Earl of Clarendon, and a cousin to the Queen), the first Royal Governor of the United Provinces of East and West Jersey. His title is worth giving in full. It was: Governor-in-Chief of Her Majesty's Province of Nova Cesarea or New Jersey, New York, and all the Territories and Tracts of Land depending thereon in America, and Vice-Admiral of the Same."

At this point we commence the immediate biography of America's first Grand Master.

In 1702, Bro. Daniel Coxe was recommended to Queen Anne as a member of the Provincial Councils of New Jersey and New York. Certain parties objected, alleging that he had no real property in New Jersey, and also that he encouraged the people in their opposition to the election law. Lord Cornbury, the next year, appointed him to the command of all the forces in West Jersey, and henceforth he was known as Col. Coxe. He replied to those who opposed him, that he was in a controversy with the Proprietors concerning certain lands of his father's which they unjustly withheld from him, and that if he had been factious, Lord Cornbury would not have entrusted him with the military command of his forces. In 1705, he was successively recommended as a member of the Council by Lord Cornbury to the Board of Trade, then by the Board of Trade to the Queen, and in the same year he was approved, and received his appointment. He continued a member of the Council for eight years, until 1713, under the administrations of Governors Ingoldsby and Hunter, although his enemies were actively intriguing for his

removal during the greater part of the time.

Lord Cornbury proved to be an arbitrary and tyrannical Governor. In consequence, the Assembly petitioned the Queen for his removal, whereupon he addressed Her Majesty in reply, and Bro. Coxe, with others, endorsed his reply. This fact drew upon the latter the hatred of the Governor's enemies. Notwithstanding this fact, in 1715, Col. Coxe was again elected to the Assembly, as a representative from Gloucester, and the following year he was chosen Speaker. Governor Hunter's party again becoming powerful, Coxe and his party were expelled from the Assembly, ostensibly on account of absenting themselves. At this time Col. Coxe resided in Bristol. His friends, in testimony of their confidence in the justice of his course, raised a subscription and sent him to England, where he arrived in November, 1716, and was favoured by the Lord Chancellor and Lord Townshend. Governor Hunter, it was, who about this time wrote to Dean Swift, "Here is the finest air to live upon in the universe; and if our trees and birds could speak, and our *Assemblymen keep silent*, the finest conversation, too."

The minutes of the Grand Lodge of England show that, on January 29, 1731, at the meeting of that Grand Body, Bro. Daniel Coxe was present, and his health was drank, as "Provincial Grand Master of *North America*." This fact shows that at that date there was *no other* Provincial Grand Master besides Bro. Coxe in America. This was over two years before the appointment of Bro. Henry Price as Provincial Grand Master of Massachusetts.

In 1734, while Hooper was Chief Justice of New Jersey, Col. Coxe was appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, and continued to hold this high office for a period of five years, until his death.

We should here allude to Bro. Coxe's fame as an author, for he composed two works, one of which was noted in its day, and since esteemed valuable enough to be reprinted in full in the present Collections of the Historical Society of Louisiana; and the other was not published until two years after his death. The latter was entitled "Collection of Voyages and Travels, London 1741. 8vo." The full title of the former (the most valuable, curious and interesting to readers of the present day) is as follows:

"A Description of the English Province of CAROLANA, by the Spaniards called Florida, and by the French *La Louisiana* —as also of the great and famous river Meschacebe or Mississippi, the five vast navigable lakes of fresh water, and the parts adjacent, with an account of the commodities and their growth and production in the said Province. By DANIEL COXE. London: 1722."

There was so large a demand for this book that three additions of it were printed in 1722, 1727, and 1741.

Its purpose is worthy of explanation, as well as its contents.

In 1630, Sir Robert Heath, Attorney-General of Charles I., obtained a patent for the extensive region then called "Carolana," which included the present States of Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, and all the country north, on both sides of the Mississippi, up as high as Kentucky. It is apparent what an immense tract it was. A writer in the *North American Review*, for November, 1815, in a review of Bro. Coxe's book on CAROLANA, says: "Probably there is no other instance on record of any other private individual pretending to such an extensive property." Dr. Daniel Coxe (the father of Bro. Coxe) procured an assignment of Heath's Patent (which in 1663 had been declared void), and in 1699, he memorialized King William in regard to it. The same year the Attorney-General of the Crown, together with seven members of the Privy Council, reported, that "having examined the claim by order of the Ministry, they report to the King as their opinion that Dr. Coxe is entitled to this Province;" but before it was confirmed by Parliament, the Doctor died—whereupon his son renewed his claim, and attempted, in addition, to colonize CAROLANA. To aid this purpose, he wrote and published the book to which we have called attention—entitled "Carolana." His authorities were the Memoirs and Journals kept by various persons sent into the valley of the Mississippi by Dr. Daniel Coxe—the last expedition fitted out by him having consisted of two ships, commanded by Captain Barr, which, in 1698, were the first to sail up the Mississippi River to its sources.

Some of the information contained in this volume is remarkable, not only for its accuracy, but also for its geographical and national importance. For example, we read that "the Missouri river hath a course of 500 miles, navigable to its head or springs, and which proceeds from a ridge of hills somewhat north of New Mexico. On the other side are rivers which run into a great lake, that empties itself by another great navigable river into the South Seas." Now, the Lewis and Yellowstone Rivers do head within a few miles of each other — a fact, however, that was not verified by other explorations for *more than a century* after Bro. Coxe's account was written.

Again we read of Corolana: "Cotton grows wild in the pod, and in great plenty; may be managed and improved as in our islands, and turned to as great account; and in time, perhaps, *manufactured either in this country, or Great Britain*, which may render it a commodity still more valuable." Bro. Coxe here displayed wonderful sagacity as to the importance of the cotton plantations of the South, which, afterwards, for so many years rendered Europe our debtor, and because one of the great regulators of our exchanges.

The preface to "Carolana" also included suggestions which contain the first and true foundation ideas of our American Union. Bro. Coxe proposed, for the more effectual defence of the British settlements against the French and Indians, that *all the North American Colonies should be* UNITED—that there should be a Supreme Governor and a Great Council, consisting of two deputies from each Province, and that they should be convened by the Supreme Governor to consult and advise for the general good of all the Colonies. Grahame says truly, in his *Colonial History*, "In this plan, which was supported by great force of argument, we behold the *germ* of that more celebrated though less original project, which was again ineffectually recommended by Doctor Franklin in 1754, and which, not many years after, was actually adopted." We quote a part of Bro. Coxe's prophetic words:

"If the ancient Britons had been united among themselves, in all probability the Romans had never become their masters. So if the English Colonies in America were consolidated as one body, and joined in one common interest, as they are under one gracious sovereign, and with united forces were ready and willing to act in concert, and assist each other, they would be better enabled to provide for and defend themselves against any troublesome, ambitious neighbour, or *bold invader*. For Union and Concord increase and establish strength and power, while Division and Discord have the contrary effect." The reader will perceive that the contents of Bro. Coxe's book are of sufficient importance to justify our extended mention of them. A reference to the work itself, which may be found in any good public library, will more than substantiate all we have said of it.

Bro. Daniel Coxe was not only distinguished as an author, a legislator, a soldier, a lawyer, a jurist, and a Mason, but he was also an ardent and constant advocate of the advancement of religion in the Province of New Jersey. GEO. ROSS, an Episcopal Missionary, in a letter to the English Missionary Society, dated New Castle, August 28, 1716, and conveyed by Col. Coxe on his visit to England in that year, says, in a postscript:

"This comes by Col. Coxe, of New Jersey, a good and constant friend of all the Society's Missionaries in these parts, and I cannot but wish that he may meet with that reception from all the members of that honourable body, that a person of his worth and merits, and one that is so hearty for the present constitution in Church and State, is very deserving of, and has just pretensions to." Again, later, Joseph Talbot, in another letter to the Society, dated Philadephia, Dec. 9, 1723, after speaking of the Church in Burlington, N. J., says: "Col. Coxe and Mr. Trent have done their part towards the Society's house at Burlington. They have put it all in good order within and without."

It will be noted that the first of these letters was written at the time of the height of the difference between Coxe and Governor Hunter.

Bro. Daniel Coxe, the first Provincial Grand Master of Masons in America, died at Burlington, N. J., on April 25th, 1739, at the age of 65 years.

He left two sons, John and Daniel Coxe, both of whom were distinguished. John

Coxe, in 1745, was a member of the Provincial Council, and was described by Governor Morris as "a good lawyer, and grandson of Dr. Daniel Coxe, who owns a great part of this Province."

In 1746, Daniel Coxe was one of the pall-bearers of Governor Morris.

The remains of our first Grand Master lie buried in the grave-yard of the Episcopal Church, formerly St. Anne's, now St. Mary's at Burlington, and in the east transept of the Church may be seen a marble slab bearing this inscription :

"DANIEL COXE,
Died April 25th, 1739,
Ætat 65."

We are under fraternal obligation to Col. Lachlan H. McIntosh. of Burlington, N. J., for the following full description of the Mural Tablet, in St. Mary's Episcopal Church, of that old town, commemorating the decease of Bro. Daniel Coxe :

"The record is upon a dark-coloured granite slab, immediately in front of the chancel of old St. Mary's Church, Burlington. The slab is set even with the floor, and is 5 feet 11 inches in length by 2 feet 7 inches in width. The inscription is simply :

'DANIEL COX,
Died April 25th 1739,
Ætat 65.

"Beneath, on the same slab, is the inscription :

'SARAH COXE, his wife,
Died June 25th, 1725.
Ætat 35.'"

We may truly say, in the language of Hayden : "His name stands in the annals of American Masonry like the morning star at dawn rising above the mountain's mystic top." And he was not only an eminent Mason, the first among his equals, but he was also a great and good man. Field, in his *Provincial Courts of New Jersey* says : "His early career was clouded by his connection with Lord Cornbury, and his differences with Governor Hunter; but he lived to enjoy the confidence and respect of the community ; and his judical duties were discharged with ability and integrity."

Our New Jersey Brethren, in June last, honoured the memory of Bro. Coxe by causing to be prepared an accurate steel-engraved portrait of him, a copy of which was appropriately framed and presented to his living representatives. Bro. James H. Stevens, of Camden, Past Senior Grand Warden of New Jersey, was chairman of the committee, and the act was a fitting and graceful testimony to the pre-eminent merit of the Father of American Freemasonry.

By the favour of Bro. George F. Fort., of the Camden (N. J.) Bar, we have received a fine copy of this steel-engraved portrait, of "Col. Daniel Coxe of Trenton, First Grand Master of the Freemasons of New Jersey," as he is described on the engraving itself—which portrait we have now before us. He was evidently a man of exceedingly fine presence—with handsome regular features; full high forehead, clear dark eyes, and a mouth indicating firmness of character. He appears in his robes and wig as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of New Jersey. This engraving is from an authentic old portrait in oil, still in the possession of the Coxe family.

Pennsylvania and New Jersey have good reason to be proud of their first Grand Master, and it is a labour of love for us to spread abroad his good name and fame to the world.

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

CHAPTER VII.

FIRST SERIES OF SYMBOLS.

Αναγραφουσι δια των Αναγλυφων.

PORPHYRY.

THE earliest nations used symbols as a necessity, whenever they had anything to communicate. Even alphabetical characters, for ages after their first invention, were but a kind of symbol, and by no means generally understood. They were very arbitrary, and used indifferently to represent ideas, words, or letters, and not uniform in any particular country, till their nature and application were perfectly comprehended. Each philosopher adopted a series of characters or hieroglyphics,

generally invented by himself, by the use of which he noted down his discoveries or improvements in science; in the perfect security that they were safe from the scrutinizing enquiries of his cotemporaries or rivals. All secret things were invested in symbolical writing; and the wisest of the cabalistic magicians of antiquity, clothed their mysterious knowledge in such an abstruse covering of hieroglyphics, that it was difficult to conjecture where the most sacred truths were concealed.

Besides this, the ancients had a system of visible signs—nutu signisque loquuntur—arbitrary indeed, but well understood; by the use of which the adepts in different sciences could converse with each other in secret without danger of being detected. Thus Solomon, speaking of one of these persons says, "he speaketh with his feet, and teacheth with his fingers." * Ovid has made the the same remark.

"——digitis sæpe est nutuque locutus
Et tacitam mensæe duxit in orbe notam."

And Gibullus was not ignorant of it. He knew

"——nutus conferre loquaces,
Blandaque compositis abdere verba notis."

The variable and uncertain nature of alphabetical writing may be estimated from the fact, that there appears to have been upwards of eighty alphabets in Chaldæa, Syria, and Egypt. And the characters differed so materially, that no one of them could be taken as a standard by which a correct opinion might be formed of the rest. The object of each inventor was to produce a mode of recording scientific knowledge in such a secret manner, as to be unintelligible to all the world besides. And therefore in the construction of his alphabet he endeavoured to form a series of characters whose meaning would be out of the reach of every curious enquirer: for which purpose he would avoid, as much as possible, imitating any symbol that formed a part of an existing alphabet.

Let us now examine the symbols on the Tracing Board before us. They consist of circles, squares, angles, and perpendiculars, variously modified and combined. From the uppermost angle proceeds a compound emblem consisting of a semi-circle, a line, a small circle, and a figure forming three sides of an oblong square. This shall be our first series of symbols.

As an entire emblem, it is marked in the Hermesian hieroglyphics to signify understanding; and the same result will be produced by a separate view of its component parts, for the circle and crescent or lunette were astronomical emblems of the source of perfect knowledge; the supreme deities represented by the Sun and Moon; the former being originally worshipped as the most brilliant representation of the divine Shekinah which the universe contains; and hence it was believed to be the throne of the deity. "In what adequate manner," asks a learned writer often quoted, "shall the enraptured fervour of patriarchal devotion represent, when absent, the ineffable and eternal Shekinah? A radiated circle of light, darting every way a dazzling splendour, seemed the properest emblem, and was therefore adopted. The descendant of Ham saw and admired the radiant symbol. Ignorant of the real purpose of the pious designer, who meant to shadow out a spirit, not a substance, he conceived it to be the image of the Solar orb, which he had long beheld with wonder. He fell prostrate and adored it; and his imitative pencil drew the first outline of that wonderful and multiform system of hieroglyphics, under which were represented the objects of Egyptian idolatry."*

Being the most perfect figure, the Sun was reputed to represent the perfection of the divine attributes of omniscience, omnipresence, omnipotence, and eternity. Jupiter est, quodcumque vides, quocunque moveris. Zoroaster the Magian says of God, that "he is the first, incorruptible, eternal, unmade, indivisible, most unlike everything, the author of all good, unbribable, the best of the good, the wisest of the wise."†

With respect to the astronomical knowledge of the Egyptians, we are told by Berosus and others, ‡ that the patriarch Abraham, who was said to have been cotemporary with Hermes, during his sojourn in the Delta, taught that celebrated

* Prov. vi. 13.

* Maur. vol. iv. p. 607.
† Euseb. de præp. Evan. l. i.
‡ Jos. Aut. l. i. c. 8. Blem. Alex. Strom. v. Euseb. ut supra. l. xiii. c. 12.

FREEMASONS' HALL LODGE LIBRARY LONDON, W.C.

philosopher many useful and valuable secrets, and amongst the rest astronomy, which was now known for the first time by the inhabitants of that country. Dr. Lamb however identifies Hermes with Abraham, and says, "I have adopted the generally received opinion that the Egyptians were the inventors of phonetic characters, and that *Abraham derived his knowledge from them.* It is not impossible that Abraham himself was the first who used them, and that the Egyptians appropriated to themselves the credit of his discovery." I am unable to subscribe to this opinion, although, if Hermes and Abraham were the same person, which I also doubt, it will appear to accord with the ancient traditions of Egypt that Hermes was the inventor of letters. I am persuaded however that a knowledge of letters or phonetic characters was of an earlier date than the time of Abraham. *

It appears to me quite clear that Astronomy was known in the East long before the time of Abraham; for the first book of the Indian Vedas is computed to be of a date nearly 3000 years prior to the birth of Christ; and this was nearly 1000 years before the time of Abraham. This book, like the Pentateuch of Moses, contains a detailed account of the Hindoo cosmogomy. Archilles Tatius ascribes the invention of astronomy to the Egyptians. "No nation," says Bryant from the authorities which he quotes, "appears to have enjoyed a better established polity than the Egyptians. Their councils, senate, and tribunals seem to have been very august and highly regarded. Their community was composed of seven different orders. In most of these there were degrees of honour, to which particulars, upon their anyways excelling, were permitted to rise. *They were deeply skilled in astronomy and geometry;* also in chemistry and physic. Indeed they seem to have been acquainted with every branch of philosophy; which they are supposed of all nations to have cultivated the first. The natives of Thebes above all others were renowned for their great wisdom; and for their knowledge in these sciences. Their improvements in geometry are thought to have been owing to the nature of their country; for the land of Egypt being annually overflowed, and all property confounded, they were obliged, upon the retreat of the waters, to have recourse to geometrical decision, in order to determine the limits of their possessions. All the best architecture of Greece may be traced to its original in Egypt. In a word, Macrobius styles Egypt *the Parent of Arts.*" *

It is probable therefore that before the time of Abraham the Egyptians had made some progress towards perverting the noble science of astronomy to the superstitious purposes of judicial astrology; and made it the unholy depository of magic, talismans, divination, and other occult and forbidden arts, which were subsequently practised by the priesthood of all idolatrous nations, and acquired for them the unenviable appellation of "liars," for so the word Παπαι, *Papai,* "astrologers, or diviners by the stars," is translated in our scriptures. †

"In no country," says Sir W. Drummond, ‡ "were the abuses of the symbolical system carried further than in Egypt. The people fell into the grossest errors of idolatry; and it was but too much the interest of those by whom they were governed to keep them in ignorance. Under these circumstances we cannot wonder that all the avenues to knowledge were made difficult of access; that the cultivation of science was reserved for the priests alone; and that the truths of history were perverted to serve the purposes of those crafty impostors. The records of early times were amplified by additions; altered by fables; or explained away into allegories. The simple facts which ancient monuments attested, or which tradition preserved, were employed as the foundation on which fiction built a thousand fanciful superstructions. The memory of truths, which had been originally kept separate from fables, was gradually obliterated. Innovation had rushed forwards like a mighty flood, and had swept away the landmarks of chronology and history; and Mythology, like those magicians which she herself has since created, had changed the

* See an Essay on this subject in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July and August, 1830, by Bro. the Rev. Geo. Oliver.

* Bryant Anal. vol. iv. 383.

† See Isaiah xliv. 25, Gen. i. 36; and compare Isaiah xlvii. 13.

‡ Origines. B. iv. c. 3.

names, the forms, and the appearances of things."

Under these unhappy circumstances, the priest of On, or the sun, acquired the name of Poti-Phera. The former denotes a diviner or juggler by solar appearances; and the latter the Orb itself; and Phera or Phre was a member of the sacred triad of deity, and adored before the name of Osiris was known. It is highly probable that the royal title of Pharash was derived from the same source; for it is the Egyptian name for the sun, the chief of the planets, and was applied to the King of Egypt as the chief of men. Wilkinson * says, it was represented in hieroglyphics by the hawk and globe, or sun, over the royal banners. But the word is not derived from, or related to *Ouro*, king, as Josephus supposes. The name is Phrah in Hebrew, and Pharaoh is an unwarrantable corruption."

As an instance of the above practices in the forbidden sciences of astrology and magic, as applied to the case before us, it was taught that when the moon under her proper symbols of a semi-circle or crescent, was united with Jupiter in the dragon's head, the gods were propitious, and disposed to grant every reasonable petition.

HALF-WAY DOIN'S.

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

BELUBBED fellow-trabelers :—In holdin' forth to-day,
I dosen't quote no special verse for what I has to say,
De sermon will be berry short, and dis here am de tex, :
Dat half-way doin's ain't no 'count for dis worl' or de nex'.

Dis worl' dat we's a-libbin in is like a cotton-row,
Whar ebery cullud gentleman has got his line to hoe;
And ebery time a lazy nigger stops to take a nap,
De grass keeps on a-gowin for to smudder up his crap.

When Moses led de Jews acrost de waters ob de sea,
Dey had to keep a-goin', jes' as fas' as fas' could be;
Do you s'pose dat day could ebber hab succeeded in their wish,
And reached de Promised Land at last—if dey had stopped to fish?

My frien's, dar was a garden once, whar Adam libbed wid Eve,
With no-one 'round to bodder dem, no neighbours for to theive,
And ebery day was Christmas, and dey got deir rations free,
And eberyting belonged to dem except an apple-tree.

You all know 'bout de story—how de snake come snoopin' 'roun',—
A stump-tail rusty moccassin, a-crawlin' on the groun'—
How Eve and Adam ate de fruit, and went and hid deir face,
Till de angel oberseer he come and drove dem off de place.

Now, s'pose dat man and 'ooman hadn't tempted for to shirk,
But had gone about deir gardenin', and 'tended to deir work,
Dey wouldn't hab been loafin' whar dey had no business to,
And de debbil nebber got a chance to tel 'em what to do.

No half-way doin's, bredren! It'll nebber do, I say!
Go at your task and finish it, and den's de time to play—
For eben if de crap is good, de rain 'll spile de bolls,
Unless you keeps a-pickin' in de garden ob your souls.

Keep a-plowin', and a-hoein', and a-scrapin' ob de rows,
And when de ginnin's ober you can pay up what you owes;
But if you quits a-workin' ebery time de sun is hot,
De sheriff's gwine to lebby upon eberyting you's got.

Whateber 'tis you's dribin at, be shore and dribe it through,
And don't let nuffin' stop you, but do what you's gwine to do;
For when you sees a nigger foolin' den, as shore's you're born,
You's gwine to see him comin' out de small eend ob de horn.

* Ancient Egyptians, vol. i. p. 43.

I thanks you for de 'tention you has gib dis afternoon—
Sister Williams will oblige us by a-raisin' ob a tune—
I see dat Brudder Johnson's 'bout to pass around de hat,
And don't let's hab no half-way doin's when it comes to dat!

Scribner's Monthly.

GODFREY HIGGINS ON FREEMASONRY.

BY WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

(*Continued from page* 360.)

SUCH works as these have undoubtedly a special value to masonic students, for they furnish the originals of several of our Traditions and Customs, though not to the extent some suppose, and certainly the evidence so accumulated and made known in the exhaustive works of Brother Higgins must be carefully examined and considered before his opinions are accepted as correct, and while we cannot fail to admire the diligence of the author, we must also admit that his inferences are frequently not justified by the evidence he submits. However, the works are most valuable, and especially so to the thoughtful Mason. We now come to a most interesting portion of the work under review, and to which we desire to invite the attention of the thinking portion of the Fraternity. Bro. Higgins tells us that.

"The Temple of Eleusis had a very large dome, which was of great antiquity, long before the time usually allotted to the invention of the arch, with radiated stones. . . . . I request my brother Masons of the *Royal Arch,* to place themselves in the middle of the New Room at Freemasons' Tavern, when lighted up, and then to reflect upon all their ceremonies. on which of course I cannot enlarge, and I suspect they will find themselves both at Eleusis and at Bit-Chem, and in India. . . . . We know very well that there were no arches in the temple of Jerusalem, that is, radiated arches; but we also know that there were vaults in which there were great treasures. . . . These arches, I apprehend, were of the nature of that of the treasury of Atreus at Messina, and of the Cupola of Komilar, described by Col. Tod. If a person wanted to open such an arch, he would use a rope putting it round the cap, and pulling it inside; if he wanted to open a key-stoned arch he would not use a rope, but a hammer." (p. 719, vol 1.)

"The persons called Royal Arch Masons were the Archi-tect-onici, before the invention of key-stoned or radiated arches the Cyclopæan builders of the only *stone* edifices, at that time, in the world, which were temples. . . . The Archi-tect-onici, the Chaldæi, the Gnostici, the Mathematici, the Dionisiaci, constituted a MYSTERY, and erected Gothic buildings, the ruins of which now remain in India, thousands of years before they existed in Europe. . . . I beg to repeat to such of my readers as are Royal Arch Masons, that Solomon was a Ras or wise man, and that a Mason in Rajapoutana is called a Raz, which also means mystery; and now I take the liberty of observing to my brethren, that they are called Royal-Arch Masons, not because they have anything to do with Kings, but because they are *Raja-pout-an Masons.*" (p. 770.)

Well, for our part, we have never been able to trace the Royal Arch of Freemasonry long before 1740, and our experience agrees, we believe, with others, particularly Brother DR. MACKEY, who has made the Ritual and History of that degree his special study, and who is not surpassed by any brother in both hemispheres in his knowledge of the subject. We have, ourselves, devoted some years to the question, and have had more than one friendly discussion with our esteemed and learned brother, the Rev. A. F. A. WOODFORD, M.A., who rather leans to a much older origin than we can ascribe to Royal Arch Masonry.

It is not for us in a printed publication, to lay much stress on the peculiar objects of Royal Arch Masonry, nor to dwell upon its distinctive features, though even if we did, our attempt would not be the first of the kind as the revered and Reverend Dr. George Oliver, is the author of the best work on the subject extant. (*"Origin of the English Royal Arch."*)

We are pretty sure, however, that nothing as yet been published to prove the existence of such a *degree* prior to A. D. 1738, and we know that Rituals about the

period mentioned, as well as those of later dates, clearly point out the fact that for some years after the Revival of Freemasonry in London, A. D. 1717, the *real* and *distinctive* ceremonies of Royal Arch Masonry we worked in the Master Mason's Degree. If such were not the case, what means the frequent reference to the fact that Master Masons journeyed to the West "*in search* of that which which was lost, but *is now found*," which subsequently is declared to be the "*Master Mason's word*," and which word is then exchanged for the substituted word communicated in the former part of the ceremony? If the Royal Arch Degree in its separate and distinct form existed prior to 1738, and indeed, was as old, as the Third degree, how comes it that the regular Grand Lodge of England persistently refused to recognise it until 1813, but the body of Masons which seceded from this original and premier Grand Lodge, made much of the degree, and by it we may truly say, succeeded in making their numerical position, in a few years, almost equal to the regular Grand Lodge itself?

(*To be continued.*)

THE SITE OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE DISCOVERED.

(*Concluded from page* 383).

THE wall and foundations were of the same length as the width of the hill thus cut away: we may take the one as a measure of the other.

The width of the Bezetha hill has *hitherto been supposed* to extend as far as the modern east wall and St. Stephen's Gate; but, Mr. Beswick's discoveries now prove that this is a mistake. The eastern wall is a modern construction, including even the pool Birket Israil, and every other work whose sides are perpendicular offsets of the modern east wall, and look to it as a base of verification. Every old work on the eastern side of the northern wall of the Haram, from the eastern valley or the Bezetha hill, where the 352ft. of scarped rock ends, is wholly modern, and did not exist when Titus destroyed Jerusalem. On the other hand, everything old within the limits of this scarp is of a more ancient date than anything east of it. The 351·54 ft. of scarp is the width of the Bezetha hill, and indicates where the old line of the third wall ran when Titus took Jerusalem.

The length of scarped rock being a measure of the width of Bezetha hill, also indicates the space between the second and third walls; at its western end was the second wall, and at its eastern end was the third wall. At the eastern end of this scarp it turns directly north, forming a clear corner or angle. The old north wall ran from this corner along the foundations of the Antonia westward, and joined the old west wall at the extreme northern end of the north-west cloister.

The second wall ran direct from the Antonia cloister to the pool Struthius, passing right through its middle from end to end. Josephus, says: "The bank which was raised at the Antonia was raised by the fifth legion over against the middle of that pool which is called Struthius."—"Wars," v., 11, 4.

The bank was raised against the wall running through the middle of the pool. John's party undermined the bank, cutting away the underlying rock. Mr. Beswick calls attention to the evidence which exists to this day of the rock having been taken away from this particular spot, in line with the middle of the pool. The scarped rock under the barracks and Serai ends abruptly, and leaves an intervening space between it and the direct line of the western wall with the middle of this pool, Struthius. The scarped rock, directly in front of the southern end of the pool, has been leveled and carried away to the extent required. ("Wars," v., 11, 4.) The second wall clearly ran up north-west along the western side of the hill Bezetha; and the third wall clearly ran up the eastern side of the same hill. All beyond this, including the traditional pool Birket Israil and eastern wall, is modern and post-Herodian. These researches afford us the first clear insight into the nothern topography of the Temple Area, and of the exact points where the second and third walls joined the old walls of the Temple Inclosure on the north.

The following is a synoptical table of the principal measurements made by Mr. Beswick, involving the leading points in this notable discovery of the exact site of Solomon's Temple in the Haram ash Sharif at Jerusalem, and the Baris or Castle of Antonia adjoining thereto:

MODERN INCLOSURE.

		Feet.
Haram	Western wall	1590·77
,,	Eastern ,,	1530·21
,,	Northern ,,	1045·74
,,	Southern ,,	923·15

SECOND TEMPLE INCLOSURE.

East wall	738·52
North ,,	738·52
South ,,	738·52
West ,,	949 74
South-east angle to centre of triple gate; east half length of wall	302·79
Centre of triple gate to west of double gate; west half length of wall	302·79

TOWER LYING OUT.

North side	184·64
South ,,	184.64
East ,,	103.39
South wall without tower	420·94
Total length of south wall	605 58
Total length inclosed by wall	590·82

HEROD'S INCLOSURE.

Western wall	1533·17
Eastern ,,	1220·04
Northern ,,	923·15
Southern ,,	923·15
Length of north-west cloister	324·95
Width of north-west cloister	32·49
Width of Antonia Fortress	59·08
Length of Antonia Fortress	59 08
Total length of western wall	1533·17
South-west angle from south side of Antonia	1308·66
Scarpe rock north of Antonia	351·54
Ditch between scarp and wall	57 61
Space between Antonia and north wall	100·44
Space between Antonia and Temple Area	100·44
Height of rock and scarp of Antonia	73·85
Width of scarp	32·49
Length of scarp	124·07

COURT OF GENTILES.

East wall	327·14
North ,,	782·83
South ,,	782 83
Width of court	44·31
No west side of court.	

THE SAKHRA IN CENTRE OF TEMPLE AREA.

Centre from North side of area	413·57
,, ,, South ,, ,,	413·57
,, ,, East ,, ,,	413·57
,, ,, West wall of enclosure	362·26
,, ,, South ,, ,,	794·65
Between Temple Courts and south wall	381·07

IDENTIFICATION OF NUMEROUS SITES.

Mr. Beswick has extended his researches beyond the site of the Temple; he has traced Nehemiah's builders from end to end of the great wall, and has identified the sites of the gates and towers enumerated in the narrative of that patriotic leader (Nehemiah iii.), including the Sheep-gate, Corner-gate, Fish-gate, Valley-gate, Dung-gate; also the Towers of Meah, Hananeel, Furnaces, Siloam, and the Great Tower which lieth out from the King's house. But the most important identification is the site of David's sepulchre. Mr. Beswick proposes to publish a work in which these subjects are discussed separately.

The rock was found to be scarped and cut down where it had cropped up too high, so as to reduce it to the required level of either platform, or steps. This is especially the case at the northern end of the mosque platform, and for a short distance at the southern end near the Cup, and at the same distance from the Sakhra in both cases. The direction and location of the sides of the courts, as laid down in this plan when traced on the Ordnance Map of the Haram, led at once to the means of identifying a number of important sites, and furnished a satisfactory reason for the existence and location of many rock-cut structures and scrapings which have baffled all attempts at explanation. The two cruciform tanks, Nos. 6 and 36, in the Ordnance Survey Map, fall into their proper place, and become the two gates or entrances, for male and female, from the Court of Gentiles to the Court of Israel, the smaller cruciform tank, No. 6, being to the east of the larger entrance, and in the proper place for the women to enter the women's court, with their entrances to the south, as the case required.

The Jews' Wailing Place also falls into position with the rest. The outer wall of the Old Temple Area under Solomon, if prolonged, would strike the very gate-way to the Wailing Place, and the outer wall of the Court of Gentiles would cut the Wailing Place into two equal parts of 30 cubits=44,31134 feet each length. Doubtless the old Jews who selected this spot as the Wailing Place knew something of the location of the Temple Courts, for it could hardly have been lost to the Jews of those times, in whose memories every vestige would be cherished and held as a landmark by which to identify the limits and site of that Temple whose history has filled the world with its glory and renown.

It is impossible to foresee the important changes in Biblical literature which must necessarily grow out of this discovery.

The men and women of Biblical times will no longer be mere puppets, living in a mythical temple whose site no one can identify. A reality will now pervade the narrative, its stories will come to us like a new revelation, with a location and name making the actions of those whose deeds were done in the Temple intelligible and clear, which beforetime were seemingly fantastic, and oftentimes inexplicable. Fact will take the place of fancy, and topographical knowledge and clearness will take the place of conjecture and ignorance. To know this Temple intimately, to be able to describe its peculiarities, to illustrate the ancient story and narrative of the Old and New Testament, and to give life-like reality to incidents occurring in the Holy City and Temple, are results of the very highest order. Every writer on Biblical geography and history, every minister who attempts an illustration of his text, every teacher in a Sunday-school who associates the Gospel history with illustrations, does this more or less vaguely only because the maps mislead, or the standard text-books are defective in their descriptions and inaccurate in their pictorial representations.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

Fellow of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, Copenhagen; Corresponding Member of the Royal Historical Society, London; Honorary Member of the Manchester Literary Club, and of the Whitby Literary and Philosophical Society, &c., &c.

It speaks well for the taste of the people on the banks of "the coally Tyne," that at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, the fine tragedy of Antigona—that noble display of female heroism—written by the "Attic bee," Sophocles, for the ancient Greeks, should not only be reproduced for two nights, the chorusses being rendered to Mendelssohn's music, but enthusiastically received. Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, are names that will last for ever, and the few of their tragedies remaining to us will be treasured for all time as choicest literary gems; but one rather expects to find them appreciated by scholars than by English playgoers; to see them in good libraries, rather than on the stage, especially of a provincial English theatre. The immortality of genius, too, is well illustrated by finding a Northumbrian audience entranced by the same great dramatic production which drew tears from the eyes, and moved the blood in the veins, of the men, matrons, and maids of Greece, twenty-three centuries ago, when the victory of Salamis was still fresh in the memory of the people. Though only seven of his hundred and thirty pieces have come down to us, those seven will always be dearly prized by all true lovers of genuine poetry.

There is scarcely a thought in modern authors but what can be traced back to the writers of antiquity. Who has not felt and admired that beautiful conclusion of Gray's Ode on a distant prospect of Eton College?—

"Yet, ah! why should they know their fate;
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies,
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more; where ignorance is bliss,
'T is folly to be wise."

And yet is not this the same thought which Sophocles put into the mouth of Ajax on the Athenian stage more than eleven hundred years before our own truly-classical poet was born? The passage occurs in the second act of *Ajax*, where the warrior's boy Eurysaces, is brought to him by its mother, Tecmessa, and is thus Englished by Professor Francklin:—

——"I envy thee, my child,
For that thou seest not thine own wretchedness;
The happiness of life is not to know.
Thy ignorance will keep thee free from pain,
Till time shall teach thee what it is to grieve
And to rejoice."

Lead ore has been discovered at Pateley Bridge, but whether in sufficient quantities to pay for working remains to be seen.

Mr. W. A. Gunnell is preparing for publication "Sketches of Hull Celebrities, being an outline of the character, personal appearance, manner, and peculiarities of those gentlemen who have offered themselves as candidates for Parliamentary honours for the Town of King-

stone-upon-Hull since the year 1640." The number of votes obtained by each candidate, their colours, the songs and squibs produced, all are to be given, and must be interesting to the students of English history generally; but some hitherto unpublished letters of the incorruptible patriot, Andrew Marvel, which are to be given in the volume, will be most anxiously looked for. Although most of the biographers of the poet-politician are in error, by stating him to be a *native* of Hull, yet, as our American cousins would say, he was "reared" there, and his representation of the borough as the last paid Member of Parliament, until the miners elected Burt and Macdonald, is a matter of history which ought to be known to every schoolboy. But has Hull had no celebrities who have never aspired to sit in Parliament? The title of Mr. Gunnell's book seems too general to be confined to mere candidates, successful or otherwise, for seats in Parliament.

The Archœologist remarks:—"All numismatists are aware of the difficulty which exists in distinguishing the coins of the three Edwards, owing to the absence of any numeral on them to denote the particular monarch by which they were struck. The generally received opinion is, that those with EDW. belong to Edward I.; with EDWAR and EDWARD to Edward II.; and with EDWARDUS in full to Edward III."

Lord William Pitt Lennox relates the following anecdote of the late Canon Barham, author of the well known Ingoldsby Legends. Cannon, Theodore Hook, and others, including his lordship, had been dining with Barham, and the evening passed off delightfully. At a late hour, or rather at an early hour in the morning, their host showed some signs of weariness, and being called out of the room, his health was proposed and drunk with the usual honours. On his return, Hook said, "We have had the pleasure of drinking your health in your absence.—" "And," replied Barham, "It will give me great pleasure to drink yours in your absence." After this broad but proper hint, they rose to take their departure.—"You know everything," said Cannon; "what's going on?"—"I am," responded Hook, "suiting the action to the word," but not before he had invited the whole party to dine with him on the following Monday.

Fudziejama, who was one of the Japanese commissioners to the Vienna Exhibition of 1872, and who stayed in that city until he had thoroughly learnt the art and mystery of casting type and stereotyping, has succeeding in introducing that elevating branch of industry into Japan. Such a benefactor of his country deserves the highest honour, and the annals of civilization should hand his name down to posterity for all time. Well did the Sheffield bard, honest Ebenezer Elliott, sing of our venerable first English printer:—

"Lord! taught by Thee, when Caxton bade
His silent words for ever speak,
A grave for tyrants then was made,
Then crack'd the chain which yet shall break.

For bread, for bread, the all-scorn'd man,
With study worn, his press prepared;
And knew not, Lord, Thy wond'rous plan,
Nor what he did, nor what he dared.

When first the might of deathless thought
Impress'd his all-instructing page,
Unconscious giant! how he smote
The fraud and force of many an age!

Pale wax'd the harlot, fear'd of thrones,
And they who bought her harlotry;
He shook the throned on dead men's bones,
He shakes all evil yet to be!

The power he grasp'd let none disdain;
It conquer'd once, and conquers still;
By fraud and force assail'd in vain,
It conquer'd erst, and ever will."

And this naturally suggests to my mind to ask, how many of our Lodges have a Library of Masonic works, or of general standard Literature? How many Masons take in regularly a Masonic publication? or have one single good Masonic work on their bookshelves? We, who over our cups, in after dinner-speeches, prate loudly of Masonry being "the science of sciences, because it includes all others;" we, who profess always to be in search of "more light;" we who have privileges granted us by the State, on account of the high tendency of our venerable Craft, which are strictly denied to our fellow-citizens; we, who therefore ought to lead the van in all

good unsectarian and non-party movements, basely content ourselves to almost totally ignore the Masonic press, as if we wished for darkness instead of light, because our deeds were unfit for the sunshine of the nineteenth century. Though the Army and Navy are properly enough toasted at our Masonic banquets, how rarely does one hear the toast of the Press! Without undervaluing in the least the skill and bravery of our soldiers and tars, patent to all men, I must be allowed to say, that whatever honour we may be prepared to grant to the warriors who fight our battles by land or sea, ought surely to be granted also to those stalwart champions of "the good, the beautiful, and the true," who fight the demons, Ignorance and Vice, with that more potent weapon, the pen, and cast their thoughts farther than cannon can ever make its thunders heard, by means of the Press, so much unappreciated by Masons who, like old King Cole in the song, prefer to all others "the knife-and-fork degree." Now I have no wish to see Masonic meetings converted into Puritan fasts; but I have an ardent wish to know that a Masonic Library is connected with every one of our Lodges, to see a Masonic periodical in every Mason's house, and two or three standard Masonic works of reference at least on every Freemason's bookshelves. The men who have not brains cultivated enough to appreciate such things ought never to be once admitted amongst us, except it might be in an emergency for an outer guard or tyler, and under ordinary circumstances not even for that. I notice too that, as a rule, the Lodges that most undervalue the Masonic Press, do least for the noble charities of the Order, and rarely vote a stiver for a distrest brother either of their own or any other Lodge, and practically sink the glorious and unequalled Craft in the estimation of their common-sense neighbours, beneath the excellent Orders of Odd Fellows, Foresters, Shepherds, Druids, Gardeners, and so forth, all very good societies in their way, though too often despised by those unworthy Masons who boast their connection with the noblest organisation in the world, but which they only help to degrade from its proper purpose.

Treacle is now coming into use for feeding cattle. It is dissolved in boiling water, and then mixed with chaff, chopped straw, or the usual roots given to stock. A pound or two of treacle given to each ox is said to materially increase its flesh, whilst it more than repays its cost for milch cows in the increased yield of milk. Raw beet-root treacle, fit for the farmer's purpose, can be bought in London, from the wholesale dealers, at £8 per ton. It is high time that many of our farmers hit upon some better method of increasing the supply of milk in winter, both in quantity and quality, much of what is now sold in the country being still worse than that retailed in towns, owing to there being no inspection; being little better than water, and the flavour, if it have any at all, being that of turnips.

In a brief Note in the February number of the Masonic Magazine, I named Mr. J. J. Briggs, of King's Newton, as "a poet, historical writer, and naturalist." I omitted to say that he is the Naturalist of the *Field* newspaper. I have on my table a very excellent handbook to his native place, which we will have a peep into, all well, in a future number. In the meantime take this beautiful Sonnet on Autumn as a proof of his poetic powers:—

"Wide o'er the woodlands, clad till now in green,
Autumn her gorgeous banner doth unroll;
Not saintly missal, nor emblazon'd scroll,
Can boast of richer hues than it, I ween:
She holds a wondrous pageant in the wood;
The sylph-like Birch hath dress of lemon tinge;
The queenly Elm a robe with orange fringe;
The warrior Beech hath 'garments roll'd in blood;'
The kingly Maple dons his golden crown;
The Sycamore a coat of russet hues;
While, gloomy as the midnight's frown, the Yew
Hath his funereal mantle round him thrown,
As though he deem'd earth all too bright.
Lo! now,
Winds strip, with ruthless breath, the many-colour'd bough."

I would give all the sonnets I ever wrote to be the author of this. It is worthy of Shakspere, or Milton, or Wordsworth, our three greatest sonnetteers.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 35.—Vol. III. MAY 1876. Price 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

May, the merry month, is now upon us, and we have not a great deal to report about Freemasonry.

We have had a numerous meeting at the Quarterly Court of the Boys' School, where a vote of confidence has been passed in the executive, rendered necessary by the very foolish proceedings of some brethren in West Yorkshire, which has ended by placing that distinguished Province in a very difficult position. Pamphlets had been circulated industriously imputing mismanagement, and worse, to the Executive for purely personal purposes, and from an entirely personal point of view, until it became absolutely necessary to vindicate the honour of the administrative, and, in order to prevent the spread of doubt and dissatisfaction, to express formally unabated confidence in the Committee and the Secretary. This was done by an overwhelming majority of nearly twenty to one, all the provinces voting in the affirmative, and more than one West Yorkshire hand was held up for the vote of confidence. Let us hope that the Boys' School will now be left alone to pursue the "even tenour of its way."

It has been decided very properly to increase the accommodation of the Girls' School, to take in fifty more girls, and to utilise the existing buildings.

An attempt was made to ventilate the question of the school of the future; but, in our opinion, that school of the future is, and must be for some time, still future. If the railway shall eventually want our land, then will be the time to sell, when full compensation must be given us for the school itself. But at present if we educate 200 girls we shall do a good work, and in the meantime we can be preparing for the future by husbanding our resources for a great effort, if need be, in due time.

Our Royal Grand Master is at Gibraltar, will probably look in at Cadiz, will run up to Seville, remembering the old Spanish proverb—

"Quien no ha visto Sevilla,
No ha visto Maravilla,"

and also pay a visit to Madrid. He intends to "look in" at Lisbon, and probably be at Portsmouth about May 11. A hearty welcome awaits him in England from all classes.

We have been a little amused by an attack which has been recently made on us by the *Voice of Masonry, U.S.* We, of all people in the world, are termed "unmasonic" and unfair, because, by an accidental omission, it is assumed that we are masonic pirates. By an oversight when we quoted our able Bro. Albert Mackey's article on the Guilds, we omitted to say that he was editor of the *Voice of Masonry*, and that the paper was from that journal. We regret the oversight. With regard to Bro. W. J. Hughan's article, reprinted from the same source, we had intended to have given editorially a few lines at the close, mentioning the source, and praising the article. We are sorry to have read such remarks in the *Voice*, because they are not masonic, and we do not deserve them. We seek most carefully to give American masonic journals their due, and we are glad to be permitted to express our sense of the great friendliness and fairness and courtesy of our American confreres as a rule, and especially of our friend, Bro. C. H. M'Calla, editor of that first-rate paper the *Keystone*, and of the editor *New York Dispatch*. We can plead that at any rate we are not thin-skinned, as hardly a day passes but we read our own articles and leaders reproduced in every form, sometimes as original leaders, and quoted by others, little knowing apparently whence those lines were originally taken. So all we can do henceforth is not to reproduce anything, though we are sorry for it, as one advantage of friendly and mutual reproduction is, that it makes masonic students in different countries conversant with the thoughts and words of distant brother Masons which otherwise they would not see or appreciate.

THE COMPARATIVE AGE OF OUR MASONIC MSS.

BY THE EDITOR.

I HAVE not thought it necessary to take any earlier notice of Bro. Norton's remarks on the age of our Masonic MSS., because I felt that, though his observations might have some effect on those who did not understand the point at issue, they could not by any possibility have any on those who did. For as a scientific way of dealing with MSS. I hold Bro. Norton's to be radically wrong, in which opinion I know all who have studied the question and are in the habit of considering the date and character of MSS. will entirely concur.

Bro. Norton, in fact, reproduces Kloss's view of the Masonic Poem, based on internal evidence alone, or on data which, as I shall show, I hope, are not critically tenable, or absolutely sound.

The judging of the age of a MS. by internal evidence is, at the best, a very doubtful process, often a very deceiving one, and cannot be commended or accepted by men who know well that MSS. can be best handled and their true age come at by external evidence familiar to every expert. There is no expert, I repeat, in any country who could or would accept Bro. Norton's conclusions as an unerring test whereby to decide the age of a MS., the more so when the MS. itself lies before you with all its critical "indicia" of date and epoch.

One of Bro. Norton's infallible tests is, as Kloss contended, that because certain passages refer to a similar state of things provided for by certain statutes, and those statutes are late, therefore the poem and the additional MS. are late 15th century! But Bro. Norton forgets that such an argument is more than questionable even in itself if it be correct. Acts of Parliament do not foreshadow a state of things or doings, but provide for them, legislate for them or against them, or are, as it were, the formal recognition of them, whether favourably or unfavourably. The state of affairs and customs to which these Acts of Parliament allude is far older than the Acts of Parliament themselves, and therefore the allusion to a similar state of things in the Masonic MSS. is no proof that they are after the Acts of Parliament, but rather before. Tradition precedes and outlives alike Acts of Parliament, and so do trade customs and the regulations of operative guilds. But if Bro. Norton's argument is a good one at all, it will bear testing. Will it? There is in the Masonic Poem, and in Cooke's MS., a regulation that no bondman is to be made apprentice in the following terms. Masonic Poem articulus Quartus:—

"That he no bondeman prentys make,
Ny for no covetyse do hym take,
For the Lord that he ys bonde to
May fache the prentes where ever he go."

In Cooke's MS. the fourth article is this:—

"That no master for no profit take
No apprentice for to be learn'd
That is born of bond blood,
For because of his lorde, to
Whom he is bond will take
Him as he well may from
His art and lede him with him out
Of his loge or out of his
Place that he worketh in," &c.

Such a regulation as this must have some reason for it, and so when we look back among the old laws we find that in the 25th Edw. III., 1350, cap. xviii., the lords may seize the bodies of their villeins even while the writ of "Libertate probanda" is being tried, as they could before."

If Bro. Norton's argument is to prevail, the date of the two MSS. may be not later than 1350. But the truth is, as I said before, that we cannot at all safely rely on such external evidence as proof of the age of a MS. The age of the Masonic Poem, and of the additional MS., is in no way affected by such a line of argument.

The only two views permissible about them are, either that which places the Masonic Poem at the end of the 14th and the additional MS. at the end of the 15th century, or that which considers them both to belong to the first quarter of the 15th century, before 1425, certainly not later. It is now quite clear, as, indeed, the writer of the poem says, that the poem is a transcript of an earlier poem, probably like "John Myre," a translation from

"Pars oculi," or an ancient Latin poem, or one in Norman-French. In my humble opinion, pace Bro. Norton, we shall yet obtain further evidence as to the great antiquity of the Masonic Poem.

Since writing the above I have seen Bro. Norton's remarks, in the "Canadian Masonic News" for March, with respect to the "Haliwell Poem and the Statutes." I do not see that he at all strengthens his position; on the contrary, I think he weakens it by the very facts that he adduces. I have already shown that in 1350, the 25th of Edw. III., cap. xviii. the lords could seize their "villeins" wherever they found them, and notwithstanding a writ of "libertate probanda" had been served out. In 1385, 9th Richard II., cap. ii., the lords were entitled to seize their "villeins," even pleading enfranchisement in enfranchised towns. But how does this help Bro. Norton? If his argument be correct—that the 12th, 13th, 15th points in the poem refer to the statutes of labourers, or rather to a meeting of justices of the peace, he forgets that these statutes of labourers are of very early origin. The first that I can find is the 23rd Edw. III., 1349, when, by cap. i., all persons under 60 "not having to live on" shall be bound to work for those who require their services, or be committed to gaol. Cap. ii. If a workman or servant depart from service before the time agreed upon, he shall be imprisoned. Cap. v. If any artificer takes more wages than were wont to be paid, to be committed to prison. The wages of artificers seem to have been first fixed 25th Edw. III., cap. iii. 1356, and artificers were also by cap. v. sworn to use their Crafts as they did in the 20th year of Edw. iii., 1345. By cap. viii. justices at quarter sessions are empowered to commit servants fleeing from one county to another, and probably to control artificers and labourers. In the 24th of Edward III., 1360, cap. ix., the wages of masons and carpenters, and in what manner they shall serve, are again fixed, but I cannot find the Act of 1356, alluded to by Bro. Norton, neither does the Parliament appear to have met that year, but only in the 31st year of Edward III., 1357. My edition of the Statutes is Keble's, 2 vols. folio, 1695. By the 36th Edward III., 1362, cap. xii., the Commission of Justices and of Labourers was to be conterminous and meet quarterly, and no doubt the Justices in Quarter Sessions had at a very early period given power to them to interfere with the prices of labour fixed by the General Assembly of the operative masons.

So I quite agree with Bro. Fort, that from the general phraseology of the Act of Henry VI., 3 Henry VI., 1424, cap. i., the argument for the annual meeting of the masons in their own "chapiters" is unanswerable, and it constitutes, in fact, the best reply to Bro. Norton. "En leur generalz chapitres assemblez" is a most distinct admission that, despite Bro. Norton's "gloss," the masons did make "yearly congregations and confederacies," if even the Englished Statutes left any doubt on the subject. I repeat, therefore, that in my humble opinion if Bro. Norton's argument of internal evidence is good for anything at all, it proves the earlier instead of the later date, which, for some reason, he seeks to establish of the Masonic Poem, and that the very statutes themselves constitute the most convincing reply to the fallacy of his contention, as to the real age of that most interesting and valuable document.

NOTES ON THE OLD MINUTE BOOKS OF THE BRITISH UNION LODGE, No. 114, IPSWICH. A.D. 1762.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES, 31°,

P.M., M.E.Z., St. Luke's Chapter, P.M.M., P.E.C., P.E.P., P.M.W.S., Past Provincial Grand Registrar of Suffolk, Past Grand Inspector of Works (Mark), Past Grand Provost Order of the Temple, P.P.G., Banner-Bearer Royal Order of Scotland, &c., &c.

(*Continued from page* 277.)

THE second Minute Book of this old Lodge commences 1779, with a cash account—and disbursements on the 27th Dec., St. John's day—from which it appears that the banquet was at the expense of the Lodge; a very bad custom, and one it would be well not to see imitated—though we fear, amongst the London Lodges it is in many cases the rule, and not the exception, that the brethren dine at the

expense of the Lodge, and not at their own, and the great Masonic charities suffer in consequence.

On this night we find amongst the payments:—"To meat and sauce for dinner," £1 19s. 6d.; for liquor £2 4s.; total £4 3s. 6d., for eating and drinking! and below it is ordered that the Treasurer do send to Bro. Heseltine, Grand Secretary, *One Guinea* for the use of the General Fund of Charity, by Feb. 1st, 1780.

Here is a text for a Masonic sermon at once. The brethren of the British Union Lodge of to-day (except in the laudable exercise of hospitality, always exercised without stint or measure, to all visitors no matter from whence they come, who honour the Lodge by their presence at its meetings), never allow the funds of the Lodge to be expended in refreshment, as so many Metropolitan Lodges do, but each member pays a reasonable price, say 2s. 6d., for a thoroughly substantial, but by no means extravagant repast, and he may take what stimulant he pleases, or none at all, so that if he is a teetotaller, and even a Good Templar, he is perfectly at liberty to drink his toasts in water if he please, no man urging him to drink or to abstain, but leaving him to do what seems best in his own eyes.

One of the great objections to Masonry we have seen somewhere, has been its suppers and its toasts, inciting men to drink against their will, and leading weak men astray, by the gay society of the craft. For ourselves we do not believe for a moment in the statements made by our enemies, that Masonry or its banquets have a tendency to lead men astray.

We strongly believe in the social part of the Masonic meeting, when the brethren from labour seek refreshment, and we should be sorry to see the pleasant after part done away with, but at the same time we are strongly of opinion that the Lodge funds should never be trenched upon except in exercise of hospitality to strangers, and the members who stay to supper, or dinner, or whatever name it goes by, should be content to pay for it. Were this practice universal, and extravagant banquets tabooed, the charities would get the benefit, and the social gatherings would be none the less pleasant because they were inexpensive. This is a matter which chiefly concerns our London brethren however, as except in Liverpool perhaps, and one or two of our great cities, the provincial Masons do not go in for extravagant banquets, save on very rare occasions. Even at our Provincial Grand Lodge meetings, the dinner provided is generally a question of a few shillings only, and we do not know that when properly served (which by the way is seldom the case, through the great paucity of waiters), they are not as pleasant as the monthly and quarterly banquets held by some London Lodges at a cost of a guinea, and sometimes two, to each brother who wishes to partake of the costly repast.

Apparently harmony did not reign supreme in the British Union at this time, for on the 7th March, 1780, we find a record that "Bro. T. C—— (for obvious reasons we suppress the names), by order of the Master and the rest of the brethren, is excluded this Lodge;" the reason of his exclusion is carefully scored out, and no one but an expert, or the celebrated Blind Man at the Post Office, could now decipher the cause of this order. "Likewise W. K., for a scandalous report of calling the fraternity a —— society, and that advice be sent to the Grand Lodge, in order to have him erased out of their book and excluded from all regular Lodges, &c."

So runs the minute, and from it we cannot fail to gather that the Lodge (as too many Lodges are now doing every day) had made the great mistake of admitting men within its portals who would do nothing but bring the society into contempt, so thoroughly and manifestly unfit were they to participate in the mysteries of Masonry.

On the 5th June, 1781, we note the following minute which is suggestive in many ways:—

"This evening it was unanimously agreed that the Secretary should provide the Lodge with a Freemasons' Calendar annually, and the expense to be paid out of the funds of the Lodge." One cannot help thinking we should have more masonic students, more seekers after light, and fewer knife and fork Masons, if each Lodge now took, not only the *Cosmopolitan Masonic Calendar*, but the *Freemason*, and the *Masonic Magazine*, and so contribute to the diffusion of masonic knowledge,

and to what is of so great value in these days of calumny and calling in question, the collection and preservation of masonic facts.

To return to the minutes—we have here to note that the information is of the most meagre description, the account of each Lodge meeting contains little more than a list of names of those present, and now and then a cash account, from which we gather that all refreshment supplied was at the expense of the Lodge funds, except in the case of a visitor, who was generally mulcted of eighteen pence for what he took.

In September, 1781, the Lodge was removed to Bro. S. Ribbans' at the "Golden Lyon," then, as now, a famous hostelry, and on the following Lodge night it was ordered "that the Secretary do send to the Grand Lodge to acquaint them of the same immediately, to have their approbation." It would appear that the Provincial Grand Master was never consulted in the matter. At the present time it is doubtful whether a step of this kind would be allowed without the sanction of the P.G.M.

At the Lodge held in June 1782, we note the presence of a visiting brother, Andrew Gough, from the United Traders' Lodge, "Pewter Platter," Hart Street, Covent Garden. We cannot find this Lodge in the *Cosmopolitan Masonic Calendar*, perhaps our good Brother Hughan can tell us if it is still in existence.

On the 24th June, St. John Baptist's day, we find that the festival was duly kept, and apparently at the expense of the Lodge, for under the head of disbursements, we notice the significant items, Bill £2 17s. 10d.; servants, 5s. Eleven brethren were present.

On the 30th June, we find the following interesting minute:—"This evening Mr. Wm. Lane, operative mason, was made in due forme, and raised (*sic*) to ye second degree, and paid his admission money into the hands of the Treasurer, and one pound one shilling for the expence of the evening."

The admission fee at the time appears to have been £2 2s., besides a registration fee of 8s. 6d., and this only took the brother into the 2nd degree.

There could hardly have been any settled fee, however, after initiation, for we find Bro. Philby charged 8s. 6d. for the 2nd and 3rd degrees, which were both given to him on one night, the 2nd Oct., 1781, and on the same occasion Bro. John Covenoy, a visiting brother, was raised a Master Mason, and charged 10s. 6d. for the degree. On the occasion of Bro. Lane's being initiated, he is charged £2 2s., besides 8s. 6d. registration fee, and an extra 2s. 6d. for being *raised* to the 2nd degree—[so that with the amount charged "for the expense of the evening,"—the operative Mason pays altogether, £3 14s.—which only takes him through the second degree.]

Let us hope he was a well-to-do operative, or he would not have much encouragement to proceed further, from the fees and fines exacted.

By the way, it has always struck us that it is a great pity Grand Lodge does not encourage the admission of operative masons, and the formation of operative Lodges, pure and simple, where the principles of architecture, and the mysteries of building might be taught. In Scotland, some of the ancient operative Lodges still exist, and speculative masonry is still connected with its originator, operative masonry, much, we trust, to their mutual advantage.

At present, so far as we know, there is no connection between the Craft and the architects and builders of to-day—more's the pity, at least so far as England is concerned.

In the Antient and Accepted Rite there is a degree, the 12th of that Rite, and the 9th of the Ineffable series, known as Grand Master Architect, which presupposes a connection with operative masonry and of which we find the following account in *Webb's Freemason's Monitor*, an American work of some reputation:—"This is strictly speaking a scientific degree and much resembles in this respect the second or Fellow Craft degree of the York Rite. In it the principles of architecture, and the connection of the liberal arts and sciences with masonry are unfolded, and tho lecture embraces a series of instructions well calculated to interest the neophyte. The candidate for admission is subjected to a rigid examination as to his skill and proficiency in architecture (masonry), and is required to produce evi-

dence that he is qualified intellectually and morally to be admitted among the G.M.A., and engage in building the great moral edifice. The assembly is called a Chapter. It is decorated with white hangings, sprinkled with red flames, emblematical of the purity of heart, and zeal, which should be the characteristics of every G.M.A. The five arches of architecture should be delineated in the Chapter, together with a representation of the north star in the north, and seven small stars surrounding it. This signifies that as the north star is a sure guide to mariners, so should virtue be the guiding star of every G.M.A. The Master, seated in the E., represents King Solomon; he is styled Most Potent. The S.W., in the W., is called Grand Inspector. The brethren in addition to black robes and capes, as in the preceding degree, wear a stone-coloured ribbon from the left shoulder to the right hip, like the Royal Arch sash, and the jewel is suspended from it as in the Royal Order of Scotland. The jewel is a gold medal with the five orders of architecture, a star, and a case of mathematical instruments delineated on both sides. The apron is of stone colour, with a pocket in the centre, and on the flap a star." Mackey says the apron is white, lined and bordered with black, with a compass, square, and rule painted thereon. The French have the same colour, but do not mention the compass, square, and rule. The following is the symbolic history, for the truth of which, we need hardly say we do not vouch. "Masonic tradition (according to Bro. Carson's monitor of the Antient and Accepted Rite) informs us that King S. established this grade with a view to forming a school of architecture, for the instruction of the craftsmen employed in the building of the Temple, and to animate them with a desire of arriving at perfection in the royal art. He was a Prince equally renowned for his justice, wisdom and foresight; he, therefore, desired to reward the faithful and meritorious craftsmen; so that by perfection in the art, they might be better prepared to approach the Throne of God. He accordingly for this purpose cast his eyes upon the Grand Masters of the workmen, the sublime knights elected, as persons properly qualified to assist him in preparing for the fulfilment of the promise made to Enoch, to Moses, and to David, that in the fulness of time God would dwell in a fixed Temple, and that His name should be there."

Mackey, in his admirable *Lexicon of Masonry*, to which I have alluded before in the course of these notes, tells us of another degree connected with architecture, and it must be admitted with the occult sciences, in the order of African architects. It appears that in the year 1767, one Baucherren instituted in Prussia, with the concurrence of Frederick II., a society which he called by the above name. The object of the Institution was historical research; but it contained a Ritual which partook of masonry, Christianity, alchemy, and chivalry. It was divided into two temples, and was composed of eleven degrees. In the first temple were the degrees of 1, Apprentice; 2, Fellowcraft; and 3, Master. In the second temple were the degrees of 4, Apprentice of Egyptian secrets; 5, Initiate of Egyptian secrets; 6, Cosmopolitan brother; 7, Christian philosopher; 8, Master of Egyptian secrets; 9, Esquire; 10, Soldier; and 11, Knight. The society constructed a vast building intended as a Grand Chapter of the Order, and which contained an excellent library, a museum of natural history, and a chemical laboratory. For a long time the African architects decreed annually a gold medal, worth 50 ducats, to the author of the best memoir on the history of masonry. Why should not the Grand Lodge, or the Supreme Council do the same?

Ragon, who seldom speaks well of any other rite than his own, has, however, in his *Orthodoxie Maçonnique*, paid the following tribute to the African architects:—"Their intercourse was modest and dignified. They did not esteem decorations, aprons, collars, jewels, &c., but were rather fond of luxury, and delighted in sententions apothegms, whose meaning was sublime, but concealed. In their assemblies they read essays, and communicated the results of their researches. At their simple and decorous banquets instructive and scientific discourses were delivered. While their initiations were gratuitous, they gave liberal assistance to such zealous brethren as were in needy circumstances. They published in Germany many important documents on the subject of Freemasonry."

We shall leave to our next paper, sundry suggestions which we should like to make on the subject of operative masonry in the present day.

(*To be continued.*)

I AM WILLING TO BE TRIED AGAIN.

BY BRO. D. B. FRENCH.

I was tried upon the metal point,
When in my manhood's morn,
I passed the vestibule of Truth,
And to Masonry was born;
The pledge I made is with me yet,
It, with life, I shall retain,
And I am always willing
To be tried by it again.

As in the Middle Chamber
A neophyte I stood,
And was taught Art's fair proportions,
And saw that all was good,
My second step of trial came,
It did not come in vain,
And I am ever willing
To be thus tried again.

Then I passed that serious trial,
That every Mason must,
When taught the solemn lesson,
"Man's frail body is but dust;"
But a glorious symbol followed
That, though in earth we're lain,
Before our Father and our God
We must be tried again!

I've been tried upon the *level*,
I've been tried upon the *square*,
I've borne the heavy burdens
That each Mason true must bear;
But through the Mercy Infinite,
And the Lamb for sinners slain,
Am ever, ever willing,
To be thus tried again.

Every Mason must have trials
On the checkered floor of life—
The world is full of wickedness—
Of folly, danger, strife;
Let us ever bear and forbear,
And meet each earthly pain
As always to be ready
To be tried on high again!

The Craftsman.

EXTRACTS FROM THE MINUTE BOOKS OF THE ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER OF PARADISE, No. 139.

Freemasons' Hall, Surrey Street, Sheffield.

MINUTE BOOK No. 1—EXTENDING FROM 1783 to 1811.

THE first, or oldest Book, bears unmistakable evidences of its antiquity. In size it is 8 inches × 6½ inches × ½ inch thick, or about 140 pages, of which only a very few appear to be missing. This book is bound in stiff boards, on one side of which is written "Royal Arch Records 1783 to 1811." The paper is of the old-fashioned ribbed kind. The writing varies much—from time to time—but, generally speaking, it (also the colour of the ink) is good. From enquiries I have made, I may say that this Book (which I will term "No. 1") is the oldest known record of the Chapter, but that "there are some loose papers, principally old accounts;" at some early date I purpose carefully examining them.

(Minute Book No. 1—*Title Page*)
"Royal Arch Transactions
"from December 28th, 1873.
to December 15th, 1811, No III"
(in another hand).

(*Pages* 1 *and* 2.)
"Names of the Members Belongin.
"The Chapter of the Holy Royal arch"
(here follows a list of 83 names to each of which is prefixed "*Br.*" (not "companion") some of the names have been crossed out and "DEAD" or "LEFT" added. Several are good, old, local family names, but not otherwise remarkable.

(*Page* 3) "Copy of Certificate."
"Chapter of Paradise, No III.
"Sheffield, 9th March, 1806.

"We the most excellent Z. H. & J. in Royal Arch Chapter assembled—do hereby certify that Bro. Robert Cadman is duly exalted by US to the supreme degree of an exalted Royal Arch Companion in our Royal Arch Chapter of Paradise on the Ninth day of March, 5810.

"Witness our hands S. R.——Z.
S. T.——H.
W.R.——J.
G. F. } Scribes
J. G. }
J. H.——1st Sojourr"

[N.B.—This copy of Certificate is in the writing of the Scribe of that period, and has been evidently inserted here for convenient reference].

(*Page* 4, blank—then two leaves are missing).

[N.B.—The date on the title-page corresponds with that of the first minutes, therefore the missing leaves don't appear to affect the thread. The pages quoted being as the book now stands.]

(*Page* 5.) "December 28th, 1783" (heading the page).

"The meeting of the Holy Chapter.

"Br. Findley (18) raised and paid 5s. 3d."

[N.B.—The number following each name denotes the position of the name on the list referred to as pages 1 & 2.]

"Br. Marshall (19) raised and paid 5. 3."

[N.B.—Though "Chapter" is used from the first, it is often spoken of as a "Lodge."]

"1784, January 4th, a Holy Chapter. . .

"A lecture by Br. Garrow (82)."

"11th a Chapter.

Officers Chcse

Br. Nowil (8) first King & High Priest.

Br. Allin (13) Second King.

Br. Marshall (19) Third King.

Br. Findley (18) Scribe.

Br. Whitham (12) Treasurer.

a lecture Br. Garrow."

(*Page* 6.) "1784, February.

March 17th a Chapter.

Br. Eadon Senior (21 raised and paid 5. 3."

"April meeting omitted By Boaz Being in the Room" [the letter I have put as "z" is doubtful, for it is partly above the line, and might indicate an abbreviation, yet it looks most like the letter "z"—"Bro." and "a" are clear enough.)

"may meeting omitted the Keys Lost."

"June 20th Sunday a meeting.

Officers chose

Br. Allin (13) first king.

Br. Elliott (4) second king.

Br. Marshall (19) third king do.

Secretary Br. Findley (18) and Treasurer do.

Br. Eadon jun (22) raised to arch and pd. 5. 3."

"1784.

"12th Decr." (2 Brethren, (23 and 24,) raised to arch and (each) pd. 5. 3.

(*Page* 7) "May 29th a chapter."

A Br. (25) raised to the degree of arch and pd. 5. 3."

"Officers chose" (3 Kings, Scribe, and Treasurer).

6 "*Brothers attended,*"—names given.

(*Page* 8). "1785, June 19th, a chapter of the "Holey Arch" (4 Brethren—26, 7, 8, and 9) "raised and paid (each) 5 3."

"22nd (4 Brethren—30, 31, 2, and 3) raised and pd. 5 3)."

"1785 Augst. 14th a Chapter of the Holy Arch. p: Summons.

Lecture on do. by Br^r. Garrow.

Some seasonable observations made by Br. White, a visitor from Liverpool.

Br. Elliott, 1st king, attended.

2nd and 3rd kings did not attend.

(7 brethren attended, names given)."

(*Page* 9.) "Sepr. 25th 1785.

"A chapter of the Holy Arch pr. Summons."

"Br. Hunter (34) Rais^d. and paid 5 3."

Br. Twigg (35) Do. and paid 5.3.

Vist^r. Br. James Nibloc (36) of Lodge No. 53, at Liverpool, raisd } 5 3."

(1st King absent, 2nd King present, 3rd King absent, Scribe and 12 Brethren present, names of all being given.)

Lecture by Br. Garrow."

(*Page* 10.) "Decr. 24th 1785."

1 Br. (37) rais'd and paid 5. 3.

(1st and 2nd Kings absent. 3rd King, Scribe, and Treasurer, and 12 Brethren present, names of all being given).

(*Page* 11.) "Feby. 26th 1786.

Br. Saml. Elliss (38) rais'd and paid to the Treasurer 5. 3.

Br. Healey (39) do., do., do., 5. 3."

(1st and 2nd Kings absent, 3rd King, Scribe, and Treasurer, and 18 Brethren present, names of all being given).

(*Page* 12.) "April 16th, 1786" (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Kings absent. Scribe and Treasurer, and 10 Brethren present, names of all being given) "Lecture by Br. Garrow."

(*Page* 13.) "July 16th, 1786." (A chapter of, &c.)

"Officers chose for the ensuing six months, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Kings, Scribe, and Treasurer (12 present, names given), and it was unanimously agreed that Every Brother already a royal Arch, and being desirous of becom^{s} a member of this *Lodge* shall upon Admission Pay 1s. 6d."

(*Page* 14.) "July 24th, 1786.

"A meeting of the Royal Arch p. Summons, when Br. Jon^{n}. Middleton (40) was raised to that *sublime degree*, and paid to the Treasurer 5. 3."

(The 1st and 3rd Kings, and 4 Brethren present, 2nd King absent, names given).

(*Page* 15.) "Sep^{r} 17th 1786.

(1st King present, 2nd and 3rd Kings absent, Scribe and Treasurer and 13 Brethren present, names given, one being a "Bro. White visitor from the Liverpool Lodge,") "Br. John Hinchliffe was propos'd to become a member of this Lodge." (It is singular that this is the first time the word "proposed" is given, yet Br. Hinchcliffe's name does not appear in the list of members, nor that he ever was present.)

(*Page* 16). "Nov^{r}. 12th, 1786."

(A meeting—the 3 Kings absent—6 *Brethren present—(names given)—so no* business transacted.

(*Page* 17.) "1787, Jan^{y}. 14th."

(A meeting, but no officers present, so no business transacted).

"1787, Aug^{t}. 12th" (A meeting—1st King present, 2nd and 3rd Kings absent —4 Brethren present—names given).

(*Page* 18). "April 13th, 1788."

(A meeting—a good muster, 2 Brethren "*proposed* to become Royal Arch Masons.")

"Resolved—That a meeting of the Royal Arch be held every three months to take place at Midsummer next, on a Sunday nearest the four quarter days."

"Likewise resolved, that every Brother in the Town at the time of meeting who shall be absent, shall forfeit sixpence."

(*Page* 19.) "May 22nd, 1788."

(Present 9 members). "Visited by Br. M^{r}. James Boyle, who gave an excellent Lecture on the Royal Arch, and who is a Mason of the World, he having Certificates from the Four Grand Lodges of the World and Likewise visited by Br. Macel Roy" (*? Mac Elroy*) "of the Grand Lodge of Ireland" (here follows the names of the members present—"*who was farther Initiated* in this Sublime Degree by Bro^{r}. Michl. James Boyle."

(*Page* 20.) "June 5th, 1788."

(A meeting at which a "Br. Woollen" (41) (proposed Apl 15th, 1788). "was Initiated into the sublime degree of a Superexcellent mason and paid 5. 3 to the Trea^{s}."

(N.B.—"Super Excellent" used for first time, after the visit of Br. Boyle, "a Mason of the *World*"—*with* an *Irish* name, at any rate.)

"June 8th, 1788" (a meeting at which "Br. Chas. Roe" (42) (proposed 13 Apl. 1788) "was Initiated into the Degree of a Royal Arch Super Excellent Mason by Bro^{r}. Michael James Boyle.")

(*Page* 21.) "June 22^{d}., 1788.

A meeting of the Royal Arch Super Excellent Lodge" (several present, including Br. M. J. Boyle, "who gave an excellent Lecture."

(*Page* 22). "July 13th, 1788.

"At a general Encampment of the Royal Arch Superexcellent Masons" (originally this entry read "at a meeting," but latter word is crossed out, and it now reads as above. Several members present, instead of "*Brothers*" *So-and-so* present, it has been altered to read "*Companions*" *So-and-So* present.)

[N.B.—"Encampment" and "Companion" used for first time.]

"An excellent Lecture given by our worthy Companion Boyle." "Ordered that summonses be issued for a general encampment on Wednesday evening, the 16th Inst., at 7 o'clock in the Evening, to chuse Officers for the Royal Arch Lodge."

(*Pages* 23 and 24.) "July 16th, 1788.

"At a general Encampment of the Royal Arch Superexcellent Masons." (10 members present, some being termed B^{r}. and some "Companion;" and "1st, 2nd, and 3rd Kings" mentioned for last time.)

"Our worthy Companion Wilcockson" (who was raised Decr. 24th, 1785 No 37 in list of members) but who does not appear to have served the office of King,

"gave his authority this evening for the Royal Arch Superexcellent Masons to assemble when and where they please. The officers for the Royal Arch Lodge Elected as follows :—Our most Excellent Comp^{n}. Marshall (19), High Priest,
our most Excellent Comp^{n}. Middleton (40), Royal Arch Captain,
our most Excellent Companions, E.G.M.

Wilkinson (24).. .. 1st Grand Master
Roe (42).....2d Grand Master
Twigg (35) .....3d Grand Master
Woollen (41) E...1st Scribe
Wainwright (1) N. 2d Scribe

Our worthy Comp^{n}. Garrow (82) *Ninetor*, Installed By our Worthy Companion Michael James Boyle, from the Grand Chapter,

(Here follow signatures).

"Thomas Marshall, Z., M.J.B., Z.
Jon^{n}. Middleton, (monogram)
W. Wilkinson, J.
Cha^{s}. Roe, I.A.
Joshua Twigg, E.B.
James Woollen, E.
Edward Wainwright, N.

I do approve of the above Installation,
Michael James Boyle, his mark.
H.A $\frac{S}{T}$B.

[N.B.—Thus his mark is like H.A.B. with $\frac{T}{S}$ on the top of the H, making a complete monogram].

(*Page* 25). "July 20th, 1788.

At a general encampment of the Royal Arch Superexcellent Masons (11 *Comps.* present, officers named as follows):—

Revd. High Priest
Royal Arch Capt^{n}.
1st Grand Master.
2d Grand Master
1st Scribe E.
2d Scribe N."

(*Page* 26, blank).

(*Pages* 27, 28, *& 39*) A marked difference in handwriting, former titles dropped, and these are the first *minutes* that are signed, which practice is continued. "24th December, 1797" being the second meeting held on a Christmas Eve).

"At a General Encampment of R.A. Sup-Ex^{t}. Masons,

Comp^{n}. Robinson present,
Tompkin do.
Rowley do.

(Also 8 other Comp^{ns}. present). Bros. Norton and Lamb were propos'd to be exalted, being duly elected" (N.B.—First time the words "elected" and "exalted" are used in reference to candidates) "they were exalted accordingly after which A excellent Lecture was given by———. Chapter *closed* in due form" (N.B. first time this is mentioned).

(Signed) "Saml. Robinson, Z."

(*Page* 30). "Apl 15th, 1798.

"At a Gen^{l} Encampment^{t} &c.

"Tho^{s}. Walton, aged 26, Draper, Sheffield was exalted to the supreme degree of a Royal Arch Mason"

(N.B.—First time of using the term "Supreme degree," also that *age* and *calling* are given)

(*Pages* 31 & 32—record meetings or adjournments)

(*Page* 33) "October 28th 1798.

"At a meeting of the R. A. Comp^{ns} (9 present) it was unanimously agreed in order to defray the Expenses of the Royal Arch Warrant, Robes &c., that each Comp^{n} should pay into the Hands of the Treasurers One Guinea which was accordingly done by the above Comp^{ns} then present."

(*Pages* 34 & 35.—Nov. 18th and Dec. 9th 1798, meetings held) but "Jany, Feby, Mch, Apl, May, June, July, Augt, Sep^{r}, & Oct^{r}. 1799 were adjourned."

(*Page* 36—Nov. 25th 1799—a candidate proposed, balloted for, and exalted.)

[N.B.—First time of using the word "balloted."]

(*Page* 37) — "Dec^{r}. 15th 1799" —(a meeting at which the word "Super-excellent" is used for last time.)

(*Page* 39)— "Mch 15th 1800"—a meeting "opened in due form"—(first time this expression is used.) (Apl, May, June., July., Augt., and Sept., adjourned.)

(*Pages* 40 & 41.)—"Nov 16th 1800.

"A meeting" when it was proposed that a Bro. Vickers *be called to the* degree of R. A. Comp^{n}, he was balloted for, elected and exalted.

(*Page* 42)—"Decr. 21st 1800."—(A "general encampment").

(*Page* 43)—"Feby 1st 1801."—("the balls for the Cand^{s} turning out all white

they of course were duly elected.") "Mch 1801 adjourned."

(Page 44 & 45)—"Apl 18th 1801."—"Proposed that those who show to be at the expense should be furnished with certificates for the Royal Arch."

[N.B.—I have examined this sentence most carefully—lacking punctuation it reads vague. It may mean—those Comp^ns^ who indicate (by show of hands) they will bear the expense themselves the Chapter must be at the trouble of providing certificates, and it was doubtless a trouble then, as it appears elsewhere that the Chapter issued its own Certificates.]

Pages 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51 & 52 contain usual reports of meetings on May 19th., June 21st., Nov. 15th. & Dec. 20th., 1801, at the latter it was proposed to hold "a Chapter of *immergency*, on Monday 4th Jany 1802 at the house of Brother Taylor" but there is no minute of such a meeting having been held. July, Augt., Sept. & Octr., 1801—meetings were adjourned. Jany. 18th, and Feby. 15th., blanks were left, which have been endorsed by a 3 years' later scribe as "suppose no encampment." March 21st., 1802, visited "by Comp^ns^ from the 4th Dragoons." April 18th., 1802, "2 visitors—meeting adjourned *for want of a sufficient number.*"

(Page 53).—"April 25th 1802.—Pro^d^. posed & seconded that Comp^ns^ Lonsdale & Lamb should be specially summoned to appear at next Chapter night and show cause for their behaviour on a prior evening."

(Page 54.) "May 16th 1802. "Chapter opened in due form—proceeded to *make* Bro Frost—he was exalted accordingly." "The *busyness* of *Brother* Lamb and Lonsdale was *discuss'd* it was tho^t^ Brother Lamb's conduct was in a measure satisfactory. Brother Lonsdale made an apology."

(Page 55 from June 1802 to June 1803 inclusive endorsed (by the Scribe, whose entries commence 3 years later) as "These encampments either adjourned, or the entries neglected"—for on April 17th, 1803—1 Sheffield and 3 Doncaster Brethren were exalted, as appears from a copy of a return sent to Grand Lodge in 1806).

(*Pages 56 & 57.*) "July 10th 1803. "A. L. 5807. ("A.L." for the first time) (on taking ballot for one candidate "the Balls proving partly Black he was declared rejected"—5 Cand^s^ from Gainsboro' were elected. "Then was read the minutes of the S. G. & R. C. of R. A. C. of England, and passed" 3 of the Cand^s^ from Gainsbro' were exalted. Aug^t^ Sep^r^ Nov^r^ & Dec^r^—1803 meetings were adjourned. Oct 1st 1803, 2 more candidates from Gainsbro' were exalted. Jany, Feby, & March 1804 "adjourned").

(*Pages* 58 to 64 record meetings or adjournments from April 22nd., 1804, to Decr. 15th. 1805. (Here a leaf is missing.)

Pages 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71 and 72 show meetings held or adjourned, from Jany 19th. to Decr. 21st., 1806.)

(*Pages* 73 to 75 gives) "a list of all the Companions exalted in the Chapter of R.A. Masons called the Chapter of Paradise No. 111, holden at Sheffield from the date of its constitution (viz) the day of——— A.D.———A.L———to the 15th day of April 1806 AD., AL 5810." (N.B.—Blanks left as indicated). ("Copy sent to Grand Chapter London 13th Nov^r^ 1806.)"

(This list gives the Christian and Surnames in full, "date exalted, age, then Profession & Residence" from 24th Decr. 1797 to 9th March, 1806.)

Page 76 gives "old Royal Arch Masons (10) before the present Constitution."

(*Page* 77 a meeting Jany. 18th., 1807 Feby. and March adjourned.)

Pages 78 & 79 a "copy of certificate "deliv^d^ to the *Majistrates* to be fil'^d^ with the Cl^k^ of the Peace" dated 3rd Apl 1807—" all copied in full.)

Pages 80 to 85, give meetings held or adjourned from April 19th, 1807, to Sept. 18th, 1808, the minutes of the Chapter held on last named date being endorsed, "the last Chapter held at the Lodge" ("Freemason's Hall"—as per Certificate to Clerk of Peace 3rd April 1807) "in Paradise Sq^re^" It is suggestive of the Chapter taking its name from the fact of its being held at the Freemasons' Hall, then in "*Paradise*" Square. Paradise Square is a large open space in the centre of the town of Sheffield and has for years been famous for open-air meetings held there on the great questions of the times.)

Page 86. "16 Oct 1808—adjourned on acc^t^ of Cold—& no sum^s^ sent out."

Nov. and Dec. 1808, and Jany., Feby. and March 1809 also adjourned on same account—a note (in red ink) is inserted to say "N.B.—The 8th Feby '09 The Lodge was agreed to be removed from Paradise Square to W. Willey's," (a member of the Chapter, who kept the Falstaff Inn in the Wicker) "& the Lodge of Craft Masonry was accordingly held there on the 8th March '09."

Pages 87 and 88, April 16th 1809—endorsed "1st at Companion Willey's." "The Rules of "Supreme Grand & Royal Chapter of the Royal Arch of Jerusalem "were read over." "21st May—adjourned." 28th May—"so few attended that the meeting was adjourned "to the 3rd Sunday in June, or in July, or Augt."

Page 89— Augt. 20th. 1809, shows Z. H. & J. to be proposed, seconded and balloted for.)

(*Page* 90.) "17th Sep 1809 Officers appointed at last Chapter were regularly install'd."

(*Page* 91, Nov. 19th 1809—a meeting was held.)

(*Page* 92.) "Decr. 17th 1809. Bro^{s} Martin, Lilley, & Ledger were exalted.

Bro. Jam^{s} Greenwood (Scribe N.) I
Tho^{s} Ledger——————H
Tho^{s} Lilley——————S
Made Mark Masons this Evening."

(*Pages* 93 & 94 record two meetings.)

(*Page* 95., May 20th, 1810, a meeting but no business, so adjourned to the 3rd Sunday in June "afterwards on sev^{l} other Master Masons joining the Companions a lecture on 1st Degree was given by Bro^{r} Fox."

(*Page* 96.) — 21st. Oct. 1810.—"5 Comp^{ns} requested their Certt^{s} might be obtained from Grand Chapter, soon as conv^{t}. It was "also agreed that an answer to the Communic^{n} of the Grand Chapter lately rec^{d} sh^{d} be sent very soon,"

(*Page* 97.) "Nov^{r} 18th 1810—Weekly meetings requested to be at Comp Willey's, ev^{y} Sunday evening at 7 o'clock."

"G. Fox, Jun^{r}.) Made
J. Holmes (Mark Masons
S. Hall) this
T. Walton) Evening."

(*Page* 98.—Decr. 16th, 1810. Notice of motion for a proposition fee.)

(*Pages* 99 & 100.) "Jany 20th 1811. "It was "proposed y^{t} each Bro^{r} sh^{d} be a mast^{r} mason 12 months before he could be exalted to a R. A. Comp^{n}, seconded and carried by shew of hands. Proposed that a deposit should be paid of 5/- by every Bro^{r} becoming a candidate to this Chapter, if in due time admit^{d} to go in part of his fees, if rejected to be return ed. but neglecting to come forwards in 3 mo^{s} f'm y^{e} time prop^{d} (or giving sufficient excuse) the above deposit to be forfeited & the Bro^{r} *again* proposed,—2^{nded} & car^{d} by shew of hands." (Altered by amendment to 10/6-) Carr^{d} that the chapter shall be opened exactly at the specified time. Also that if there are not sufficient to open at specified time, it shall not be opened that day. That each Comp^{n} becoming a member of this Chapter from any other shall pay 10/6 in addition to his Registering fees. That the Election of Officers should be annually on the regular Sunday in December."

(*Page* 101.) "17th Feby 1811. "At a general encampment of" &c., (this is the last use of the word "encampment" in this book though it reappears (after a short lapse) in Book No. 2.

Pages 102 & 103 gives a "Copy of Certificate" sent to Clerk of the Peace, Wakefield, 20th March, 1811—list of members of the Chapter of Paradise, held at the Falstaff Tavern, in the Wicker in Sheffield.

(*Pages* 104 to end record as follows—)
(May 19th 1811 a memo, in pencil, by Scribe E that he had "lent Comp Ward the sm : book of lectures.")

"A list of all the members from Decr 24 1797 to 16 June 1811 sent 3rd Nov. 1811 to Jno Foulston Esq, Grand Recorder, No. 24, St. Albans' St, Pall Mall, London—signed by the 3 Principals." (First time "Principal" is used)

"Decr. 1811 carr^{d} that an annual subscription of 5/- be paid by each member. That 1/- each for comp^{n} that attended the Chapter be allowed for expenses." (It was ordered that a signature book be prepared.)

There is a paper dated "Shef^{d} 21st Mch 1804" (fastened in at one end of minute book) "that at a meeting of Royal Arch Masons it was resolved to pay 5/- annually, —to which 20 names are signed" and

marked as paid 5/- each— which resolution seems to have been afterwards overlooked, until 13th Decr. 1811 — when it was again adopted.

Beginning at the other end of this Minute Book I find a "Form of a Royal Arch Superexcellent Summons—

"Most Worthy Companion you are hereby required by the most excellent Grand Masters (or A. M. G.) to attend your companions at the Lodge on your—

AHB" (monogram).

Another page gives a list of (29)—

—"Members names summoned to attend the Supreme Royal Arch Chapter 24th Decr. 1797" (evidently written by the same person as the minutes of that meeting, for which see page 27).

Another page gives a list of (19) "Brothers who have agreed to become Companions of a Royal Arch Chapter this 19th Dec. '97" (here follow the names).

Here follows (on another page)—

"A prayer for a R.A. candidate":—

"Almighty and everlasting Jah, who openeth eternity, whose eye pervade the immensity of space, look down with condescending goodness upon us assembled here before *thee*, and graciously grant that in all our works begun, carried on, and ended, they may be for *thy* glory and the good of our immortal souls so that when this Mortal shall have put on immortalitty, and this corruption shall have seen incorruption, *He*, with *us*, may sing praises in *thy* heavenly Chapter for ever and ever. O God, in a particular manner we pray and beseech *the*(e) to bless and prosper our present undertaking that this Citizen of the world we are about to exalt into the Supreme

"T. H." (monogram)

may, when he shall be called upon to give in his account, do it without fear or trembling. Do thou, O Lord, our common parent, enable him to go through the rugged Arches which are both *strait* (? straight) and low with courage, and so guide him by the holy Precepts that when the Curtain falls and the invisible world appears, he may have the Portals of eternal glory opened to him. Amen.

So mote it be to us all."

20th July, 1806.)

(Then follows a list of members, dated

P.S.—In the Chapter we have just commenced of our 4th Minute Book, Nos. 2 and 3 (from 1812 to 1875), I have now in hand making extracts from, which I hope to have ready for publication in the next issue of this magazine. Although it is scarcely to be expected that they will disclose as many "gems" as No. 1 has done.

I have taken the opinions of two or three brethren on those words that are rather ambiguous, and they support my views.

Old Royal Arch Chapter Histories are unfortunately very rare, and from the correspondence I have had on this subject with Bro. W. J. Hughan and other Masonic students, I am lead to suppose that that of the Chapter of Paradise, No. 139, will be watched with considerable interest. The Editor, as well as Bro. Hughan, have promised to make some observations on these extracts.

As the Books, &c., of the Chapter will remain in my hands this year out, I take the opportunity of saying that I shall only be too happy to afford any Brother all the information in my power.

S. B. Ellis, S.E. 139.

Brocco Bank, Sheffield,
31st March, 1876.

THE WOMEN OF OUR TIME.

BY CÆLEBS.

Young Married Women.

That marriage is a good thing per se who will venture to deny? That our younger people are wise in marrying "de bonne heure" is, though a moot point, one on which a very great deal may be said on the affirmative side of the question.

Much may be urged, I admit, pro and con. this delicate subject, but in my humble opinion the balance of probability and of argument is in favour of early marriages. Hence it is most important when we are considering the women of our time to keep before our coup d'œil that large and increasing section of society—namely, our young married women. I announce at the onset that I am wholly with them. Their virtues are emphatically their own, and many they are; their faults are the faults of their age, of their clique, of their coterie, of their bringing up, of the "chic" of the hour, of the fashion of the day. Just now, for some reason or other, they are vehe-

mently assailed, and unjustly depreciated. The good old gals, (rum stories are told about them, by the way, in their days), the stupid old fogies who always will enact "Peter Grievous," old maids who take an acidulated view of life and men and everything, lecturers pounding the sentimental, or heaping up the agony, all these, and others to boot, are loud in their dispraise of our young married women. If you believe them a general laxity pervades society, a moral breaking up is the attribute and characteristic of the present condition of social life. Hansom cabs and latchkeys, bets and bonnets, low dresses and dressmakers' bills, high heels and horse exercise in the park, are the "teterrima causa" of this mournful state of affairs! Well, I for one, do not believe it. The alarmist may prophesy, and the pessimist may denounce, but I fancy that the greater part of this outcry is what Mr. Carlyle calls "bottled moonshine." Society, in my humble opinion, is not a bit better or worse essentially than it used to be, though its phases may be changed, though its outward manifestation may somewhat vary, as the times come and go. The general tendency of the age is to be somewhat less reserved, more open, less ceremonious now in public life, than in the days when I was a young man in town. People live now-a-days much more in society, as a rule, than they did, and see more of one another hourly and daily than was the wont say fifty years since. In my young days, as a rule, no one saw anything of anybody hardly, especially gentlemen or ladies, out of their own families of course, until luncheon time, and often, except in a carriage or the park, not again until the next evening's dinner or dance. And therefore with changing times come perforce changing habits of society. For customs vary with the tastes and temper of the moment, and even what is considered "pour les mœurs" in one generation is not looked upon as the law of the "Medes and Persians" in another. It was not, for instance, considered "comme il faut" in my days for ladies to be seen at many places they now often go to, and therefore when, as mentor or moralist, as didactic teacher, or Diogenes from my tub, I am laying down an unalterable code, a strict enactment of the high moral line, or any other line you like, I feel strongly, nevertheless, that I ought not to fix upon persons the blame that more properly belongs to things. What I mean is, we have no right, as it appears to me, to condemn young married women for doing what the common customs of the day in which they live do not regard as either outré, mesquin, or unbecoming. That people are a little less formal in manners and living, I have already admitted; that they are little more "in the open," so to say, I have already pointed out, and that many amusements and "distractions" are complacently sought after now, which would not have been tolerated 50 years ago, I am fully aware of. But still I contend this is the fault of the times, not of the young married women, who only do as others do, who fall in with the general ruck of society in which their lot is cast, and, as the old saying runs, they "do at Rome what Rome does." I quite feel the force of my friend's objection—the "Rev. Higginbottom," as the Frenchman calls him—"that it is the duty of us all to avoid any improper yielding to the Juggernaut of the world," &c. So it is, if we can only agree as to what that Juggernaut really is, even in a general way.

There are some things, no doubt, openly corrupting and degrading, about which there can be no doubt or question. There are some customs and habits of society which are so deadening and debasing, that any well-regulated mind will avoid them and condemn them. But the question here is not so much as regards great and notorious evil, but the common course of society, the simple way of fashion, and the world such as it is at this very hour. If there be wrong in it, if there be tainting mischief in it, if there be blinding deceit, or dangerous attractions, as there are always in life, even at the best, they must all be met and mastered by the individual under a deep sense of personal duty, and of a higher responsibility than what we can well touch upon here or now. But to blame the young married women because society is generally less precise and formal than it used to be, or more dereglé and disjointed than perhaps once was, is, in my opinion, very unfair. The young married women have not created the present state of things; they have inherited it from

others, some of them staid matrons and good old bodies, the very same persons, I may observe "en parenthese," who look so demure now, and lift up their hands and turn up the whites of their eyes, and shake their heads at the extreme levity and improper conduct of our young married women. Now, for this inculpated species I always feel much admiration and no little sympathy. They are, as a general rule, kindly and cultured, gentle and refined, well-mannered and high-principled. They are a long way ahead of the men alike in general education and in a personal sense of moral responsibility. They often marry those who are not much given to think, who are weak in educational acquirements, who are fond of the Club smoking-room, and partial still to bachelor haunts, and who in marrying them have by no means abjured the tastes and proclivities of their unmarried life. Hear them talk—for they are often dreadful hypocrites—you would suppose that they were immaculate, and that women were generally corrupt. Their view of woman is a hazy theory of a sort of fascinating inhabitant of a Turkish Harem, the inferior creature, the subservient slave. What are women to do under such circumstances? They see little of their husbands, who, when they return home bored or blasé, or with the weariness of dissipation upon them, are *anything often but agreeable* or sympathetic companions. Often after the first few months of married life, when illusion is gone and the mask is thrown off, the woman has in her loneliness and tenderness, and, happily for her, her religion, to face what lies before her—a life without harmony, and a menage without love.

I often really admire, therefore, the courage and loyalty with which our young married women endure the undoubted demoralisation of our young married men. Let us hope for them, and for us all, that the tide may soon turn, for, as it is, it is a bad look out for them, for society, and for us all. But in the meantime let us rather commend, instead of assailing, our young married women. If they have their faults and little weaknesses, their foibles and their shortcomings, what harm? Who has not, for the matter of that? They are, as we all know, good and kind, and true and trusting, and the vast majority of them (we will exclude a few exceptions to this and all rules,) are most, zealous in seeking to be useful and helpful in their generation. They make up the fair array of those, who, abounding in good works, are everywhere to be found just now warmly aiding all schemes of piety and philanthropy, giving their time and money gladly to many a good cause, and many a labour of love. Ornaments of the society they grace so much, how much do we not owe to their warm hearts and genial tempers? How pleasant for us are their sunny smiles, and their kindly words; how much do they adorn womanhood, and dignify, nay, exalt humanity? Instead of blaming them, let us admire and praise them if we believe, as I think we are bound to do, in their virtues—if we realise, as I hope we do, their inestimable value to us all. I had meant to have written in a lighter strain, but my tone has, you see, got more serious as I have progressed in my "Etude des Femmes."

The truth is, it is no laughing matter, after all, and though it is all very well every now and then to "chaff" our domestic angels, there is a time for seriousness as well as for jocosity.

I have left out to-day the common accusation of our young married women—that they are extravagant and over-dressed, that their habiliments are too low, and their heels too high, &c., because I doubt very much the laying down of sumptuary laws for women on the part of men. I never like to hear men talking so loudly of the "extravagance of the women, sir!" when I know well how selfish, how reckless, how prodigal men are in their "menus plaisirs," and their personal expenditure. I consider such remarks to be both an impertinence and an hypocrisy. Just think of the sums men waste on their cigars, their dress, their unmentionable follies, and must we not feel that when they begin on this score, women may fairly bid them to "shut up?" I do not myself admire actually much of the dress of these days; but then I am old-fashioned, and if our young married women dress according to the taste of the day, the taste of the day is more to blame than they are. So here we will stop to-day, for thus far my paper I fear is both prosy and heavy.

But, then, as the Irishman said, its "the subject, sure." "Oh, woman," says a grave philosopher, "you are alternately the plague and delight of our existence; without you life would not be endurable, and with you man only plays the fool!"

Well, "dulce est desipere in loco," and I for one am glad to be able to maintain to-day, with the permission of our good publisher, that our young married women are not only, as John Jones says, "Angels, sir—when they are asleep;" but, as Dr. Bayley remarks, on the authority of Shakespeare, though I think he's wrong in that, and his quotations are apt to get confused—

"Not outside show or painted toy,
But, all our pride, our trust, our joy."

CONTEMPORARY LETTERS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Paris, February 12, 1790.

ALTHOUGH discontent prevails throughout the kingdom, yet all hopes of re-establishing by force the ancient Government seem crushed by the speech of the King to the National Assembly. The Democrates will now be able to play on the King the same destructive battery the Long Parliament used against Charles the First—the arming the regal authority against the royal person. The derangement of the finances is now the last resource of the Aristocratic Party, should the nation become (as seems almost inevitable) bankrupt. Anarchy and tumult will again lay waste the capital. It is probable in that moment the National Assembly will be obliged to resign their power either into the hands of the King, or of a new Legislature, but they will struggle hard to retain their situation, and they have in their hands the few resources that exist, and the National Militia at their command. The loss of discipline has destroyed the army, that might be opposed against them. All parties seem to look forward with anxious hope to the end of the present Assembly and the meeting of the new Legislature. The Modérés (who are now called the Impartiaux) begin to gain strength in the Assembly; they now amount to near eighty, and they daily make fresh converts to their cause, but be assured whenever the Demagogues find themselves hard pressed they will find some more successful pretext for exclusion than the Serment Civique, which was proposed on the day of the Séance Royale. All parties equally exclaim against it, and even the people are scarcely caught by the idle show of administering it to the National Militia. All who take it avow a mental reservation, and that they believe all they have sworn to maintain may be abrogated by a future Legislature. The invitation of the Common Council of Paris to the National Assembly to hear Te Deum, Sunday next, is already a subject of ridicule. The letter I enclose, which is written by Mons. Bergasse, once one of their most violent adherents, has given great uneasiness to the Demagogues.

The Moderate People of both parties seem willing to uphold the proceedings of the National Assembly, not that they approve of them, but that they compare the State to a ship in a storm which, though they are sensible is driving far from its destined port, yet do they think it necessary to crowd all the sail they can, in the hopes of reaching any land whatsoever. Everything seems fast approaching to the great event of a National Bankruptcy, but the terrible consequences it might have produced will be much lessened by the minds of the public being prepared for an event which to all now seems certain.

The "actions" of the Caisse d'Escompte lose daily in their value, their notes are in general discredit, and money is every day obtained with increasing difficulties, eight, nay even ten livres are given to change a note of 200. The scarcity of specie has been increased by the steps taken to diminish the want of it. A number of people attended in the Rue Vivienne who offered to change notes at 6 livres loss on 200 livres. This the Caisse d'Escompte considered as usurious and destructive of their credit. A decree was obtained against the dealers in money, six were imprisoned, and what was before a scarcity is now an absolute want. Forgeries are daily committed, not only on the Caisse, but on the Royal Treasury. The warrants to the members of the National Assembly for their monthly salary of 500 livres, although necessarily to be countersigned by the members, have been forged in great numbers.

The two brothers Agasse were hanged last week, although the people were excited to cry out for mercy, and not considering how necessary it is in the present moment to discourage forgeries they were buried with the honours of war. No taxes or duties are paid in the provinces. The bureaux for their reception are almost universally shut. The total of the receipts for the City of Rouen for a week amounted to 48 livres. Twice has it been attempted in the National Assembly to proceed to the consideration of the finances, and twice has the question been adjourned, not that they do not see the necessity of the consideration, but that they are sensible their decrees will be without obedience or effect. Perhaps you will be astonished to hear that the love of newly-acquired consequence so far prevails over the love of money, that all the bankers and capitalists, or monied men are almost universally Democrates. The Assembly strive in vain to conceal the troubles which agitate the provinces. They have ordered a circular address to be sent throughout the kingdom, and the Eveque d'Autun and another member are charged to prepare it. They justify their proceedings, exclaim against the injustice of those who revile them, recommend peace, and above all things obedience to their decrees, which are so unanimously adopted by all France. They conclude by assuring the people that although in the present moment they are unhappy, that, thanks to the labours of the Assembly, the halcyon days of Liberty, Equality, and Tranquillity are near at hand. But, alas, unfortunately for their assertions and predictions a spirit of anarchy and revolt prevails throughout the country. I do not imagine the tumults proceed from any wish to restore the former Government, but from a hatred to all subordination whatever.

The Limosin, Perigord, and Quercy are a prey to all the horrors of devastation. The Assembly have addressed the King to re-establish order in those provinces, but where are the means?

The Prevot de Marseilles who had already been taxed with disobedience to the decrees of the Assembly, (because he imprisoned some of the rabble, who committed outrages, yet belonged to the Party who elected Mirabeau), has now given a convincing proof of his contempt of them, by throwing into gaol the new mayor, who had been elected by the same people who support Mirabeau.

Montauban continues exposed to the most dreadful depredations. Some clerks of the Customs had seized on some smugglers with their goods and carried them prisoners to the Hotel de Ville. Their friends excited the people of the town in their defence. The gates of the town house were soon forced, the magistrates murdered or hanged, and the clerks thrown out of the windows. The mob then proceeded to pillage and burn the richest houses of the city. The regiment in quarters there assembled on the Place d'Armes, but as the magistrates of the municipality did not command them to quell the rioters (which it was difficult for the dead to do) they stood by calm spectators of the horrors that surrounded them. An ordonnance is just published for the government and instruction of the National Militia. It has, for title, "Ordonnance du Roi donne le 1 Juin, 1776, pour l'Exercise de l'Infantrie Adopteé, par le Comité Militaire et M. Le Commandant-General. Pour la Milice National."

They are to have regular exercises like other established troops which are to begin next month. It has been found necessary to pacify the murmurs of the ancient French Guards, and they have therefore given them a larger share in the Guard upon the King.

His Majesty has at last quitted his retreat, or rather his prison, and in obedience to the mandates of the Commons of Paris, whose address I send you, he has shown himself amongst his faithful people. He went last Wednesday to Notre Dame l'Hotel Dieu et les Enfans Trouvés. As there has been an Ordonnance of M. Le Maire forbidding all masquerades, balls, &c., during the Carnival, the Aristocrates, who have at least all the wit of their side, say that however severe M. Bailié might be in other respects, he was *not* willing to deprive the people of the annual amusement de promener le Bœuf Gras. They also say that he went to take his vows at Notre Dame, mark his place at l'Hotel Dieu, and leave his children at les Enfans Trouvé. His going out was kept

a profound secret. I luckily passed the Pont Neuf a few minutes previous to his return. The Militia, horse and foot, were under arms. First came the four Guards that always attend M. de la Fayette, then a carriage for eight people, in which was M. de la Fayette and M. de Chauvelin, Gentilhomme de la Chambre, and other attendants; then followed some pages and footmen on horseback, and immediately after them the King's carriage with four footmen behind and two pages above the fore wheels, but no guards. In the carriage was the King, the Queen, with the Dauphin on her knee, vis a vis Madame Royale, Madame Elizabeth, and Madame de Tourelle, Governante des Enfans de France.

The King laughed very loud; indeed, louder than the huzzas. A coach of the Queen's with four of her attendants, closed the procession, but no guards.

My conjecture that the King felt hurt at the disrespectful behaviour of the President when he went to the Assembly was not ill-founded, for the ministers wrote the next day demanding that in the procés verbal no detail of the King's reception should be entered into, as the etiquette was not yet settled; but they wrote in vain, for it was carried that a minute account of what passed should be inserted. They have also refused his request of erecting Fontainbleau into a district, although he sent in his own name to ask it. They have yet left him his Grand Prevost, that is the particular jurisdiction of the Palace.

The police of Paris costs three times the sum it formerly did, yet robberies are frequent. The Princess de Tarente was robbed a few days past of 10,000 livres.

Yesterday was a stormy and useless day in the Assembly, every question was adjourned; they all turned on the expenditure of public money, but not on the means of paying it. It is proposed to allow all the priests who choose to quiet their convents 700 livres per annum if under fifty years of age; 800 if above that time of life; 900 if above sixty, and 1,000 when turned of seventy.

It was also proposed to restore those who had been driven from their possessions by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The words of the motion were, "Que tout François qui aura été expolié de ses biens a la suite, et en vertu de la Revocation de l'edit de Nantes, et dont les biens seroient encore entre les Mains des Regisseurs proposés a cet Effet, seront reintegrés dans leurs droits ou personellement, on dans la personne de leurs Representans; qui'ls seront admis a faire preuve des faits, sans aucun frais de justice." The Assembly were alarmed at the magnitude of the proposal. The Committee of Finance answered they were occupied with the consideration, and the motion was adjourned sine die. The German Princes who are possessed of lands in Alsatia then made their protest through M. de Montmoin against the abolition of the feudal rights guaranteed to them by treaties. It was proposed that the King should be addressed to enter into treaty for the composition of their rights. Mirabeau and the violent Democrates exclaimed against all treaties that wounded les droits de l'homme as null. The question was adjourned till Monday, but a member told me he imagined that the motion of composition would be carried.

I send you a paper which contains a letter of that virtuous and peaceable citizen, Dr. Price; be assured that the Democrates will never be quiet till they have done everything in their power to light the torch of discord in the neighbouring country, and that when they have succeeded they will assist the insurgents, as in a common cause, and that their emissaries are now busy even in London in promoting discontent and sedition. That they are preaching to the people that their will is not only law, but is irresistible if they have courage and resolution. The National Assembly have fixed the numbers of future Assembly to 747, of which a small third (247) are to be sent as representatives of that part of their districts, which are not annexed or included in the different municipalities. They are, like the county members in England, elected by the proprietors of lands and labourers.

A BUILDER when returning thanks to those who had drunk his health, modestly observed that he was "more fitted for the scaffold than public speaking."

ONLY A CHRISTMAS ROSE.

(Written for the Masonic Magazine.)

FAR from the land where the mist o'er the river
Settles in gloom on the sad winter day,
Where the cold winds made us cower and shiver,
Thinking of sunny homes so far away.

Yon little maid and I caught in the northern blast,
Hurried along where the waterfall throws
Myriads of rainbow tints up in white vapour cast,
Scattering foam blossoms, on its way goes.

What was it made me think, looking down on you then,
Searching the depths of those dreamy brown eyes,
That life without you would ever be worthless, when
With you such visions of joy could arise?

Ah! well I know not, but winter sounds pipe so loud;
Cold beats the snow upon my little Rose,
Who nestling close to me and with her head lowly bowed,
Happily homewards she on her way goes.

Out by the river side, out in the bleak north wind,
Angel of mercy my bright one has been;
Taking a dinner to one lowly sinner
Who lives in the cottage away down the dene.

A poor stricken mortal whom men had forsaken;
A castaway thrown on a desolate shore;—
Who hopeless, and faithless, by Death was near taken,
And lost in this world and the next evermore.

But my Rose had found him, one summer day's ramble,
An old man and weary with life's heavy chain;
A past that was best forgot, future he heeded not,
Present that was but one dreary with pain.

And she, the poor Curate's fair only daughter,
Pitied the sorrows and trials of the poor;
And often she wandered, and deeply she pondered,
How to give help from her own little store.

Ah! well I bless the day which then sent me that way,
Aimlessly roaming by sweet Orwell's side;
Only on pleasure bent, careless which path I went,
Thinking of self whate'er might betide.

This little minist'ring angel who trod the path
Of life and of duty in so pure a way,
Shamed me out of myself and thoughts of the aftermath—
Came to me and shall stay by me alway.

My little Rose has made me think of others;
Taught me that duty is now first of all;
How pleasure like beauty is fleeting, they're brothers,
And to the true man they must ever soon pall.

Midst blushes that make her sweet face look far sweeter,
She owns that one summer-tide not long ago,
She thought that some distant time—what could be meeter?
Fate might be propitious, she loved me?—Ah no!

And I, well I'm free to own once when I saw her,
Coming from church with her father one day,
I sketched the charming face, striving to catch the grace
Of the bright winsome look, that o'er it did play.

And now she has promised some day that is far away,
If I will wait for her she will be mine;
But father is old and him she must still obey,

Till the Death Angel comes in his own time.

'Tis cold about us now out by the river
Which widens its boundaries down towards the sea;
The storm birds are hovering hither and thither,
But what are life's storms to her and to me?

I'll wait for her, live for her, strive to do bravely;
Shield her from trouble, and give her repose;
I leave her at father's door while she says gravely,
And sadly but sweetly, my little Rose:

"Good-bye, come and see me once more ere you leave us,
Father will gladly your friendship accept;
And when you come again, oh do not grieve us:"
My poor little maiden said no more, but wept.

A shadow, an icy blast seemed to pass by the porch;
A nameless misery came like a dream,
And settled upon us both as if Death's flaming torch
Had marked out a victim with its lurid gleam.

"Good-bye, my own darling," I said and I kissed her,—
"A soldier's first word is duty, you know—
To-morrow my furlough is ended, but next year,
Oh many a walk by the river we'll go."

* * * * * * * * *

Ah! I came back again to that sweet Orwell river
A year or two after, perchance it was more;
I found that the cruel blasts of that harsh winter
Had robbed life of happy days for me in store.

There are flowers in heaven,—I know, and I pray for
The day that may take me where no winter snows
Shall ever more cover the grave of my lover;
And I shall see once again my little Rose.

March 31, 1876. EMRA HOLMES.

THE OLD FOLKS' PARTY.

(*Concluded from page* 424.)

WEDNESDAY evening came at last, and a little before the hour of eight, five venerable figures, more or less shrouded, might have been seen making their way from different parts of the village toward the Fellows mansion. The families of the members of the club were necessarily in the secret, and watched their exits with considerable laughter, from behind blinds. But to the rest of the villagers it has never ceased to be a puzzle who those elderly strangers were who appeared that evening and were never before or since visible. For once the Argus-eyed curiosity of a Yankee village, compared with which French or Austrian police are easy to baffle, was fairly eluded.

Eight o'clock was the hour at which the old folks' party began, and the reader will need a fresh introduction to the company which was assembled at that time in Mary Fellows's parlour Mary sat by her grandmother, who from time to time regarded her in a half-puzzled manner, as if it required an effort of her reasoning powers to re-assure her that the effect she saw was an illusion. The girl's brown hair was gathered back under a lace cap, and all that appeared outside it was thickly powdered. She wore spectacles, and the warm tint of her cheeks had given place to the opaque saffron hue of age. She sat with her hands in her lap, their fresh colour and dimpled contour concealed by black lace half-gloves. The fulness of her young bosom was carefully disguised by the arrangement of the severely simple black dress she wore, which was also in other respects studiously adapted to conceal, by its stiff and angular lines, the luxuriant contour of her figure. As she rose and advanced to welcome Henry and Jessie, who were the last to arrive, it was with a striking imitation of the tremulously precipitate step of age.

Jessie being rather taller than the others, had affected the stoop of age very

successfully. She wore a black dress spotted with white and her whitened hair was arranged with a high comb. She was the the only one without spetacles or eye-glasses. Henry looked older and feebler than any of the company. His scant hair hung in thin and long white locks, and his tall, slender figure had gained a still more meagre effect from his dress, while his shoulders were bowed in a marked stoop; his gait was rigid and jerky. He assisted himself with a gold-headed cane, and sat in his chair leaning forward upon it.

George, on the other hand, had followed the hint of his father's figure in his make up, and appeared as a rubicund old gentleman, large in the waist, bald, with an apoplectic tendency, a wheezy asthmatic voice and a full white beard.

Nellie wore her hair in a row of white curls on each side of her head, and in every detail of her dress and air affected the coquettish old lady to perfection, for which, of course, she looked none the younger. Her cheeks were rouged to go with that style.

Frank was the ideal of the sprightly little old gentleman. With his brisk air, natty eye-glasses, cane and gloves, and other items of dress in the most correct taste, he was quite the old beau. His white hair was crispy, brushed back, and his snowy mustache had rather a rakish effect.

Although the transformation in each case was complete, yet quite enough of the features, expression, or bearing, was apparent through the disguise to make the members of the party entirely recognizable to each other, though less intimate acquaintances would perhaps have been at first rather puzzled. At Henry's suggestion they had been photographed in their costumes, in order to compare the ideal with the actual when they should be really old.

"It isn't much trouble, and the old folks will enjoy it some day. We ought to consider them a little," Henry had said, meaning by "the old folks" their future selves.

It had been agreed that, in proper deference to the probabilities, one, at least, of the girls ought to illustrate the fat old lady. But they found it impossible to agree which should sacrifice herself, for no one of the three could, in her histrionic enthusiasm, quite forget her personal appearance. Nellie flatly refused to be made up fat, and Jessie as flatly, while both the girls had too much reverence for the sweet dignity of Mary Fellows's beauty to consent to her taking the part, and so the idea was given up.

It had been a happy thought of Mary's to get her two younger sisters, girls of eleven and sixteen, to be present, to enhance the venerable appearance of the party by the contrast of their bloom and freshness.

"Are these your little granddaughters?" inquired Henry, benevolently inspecting them over the tops of his spectacles as he patted the elder of the two on the head, a liberty she would by no means have allowed him in his proper character, but which she now seemed puzzled whether to resent or not.

"Yes," replied Mary, with an indulgent smile. "They wanted to see what an old folks' party was like, though I told them they would'nt enjoy it much. I remember I thought old people rather dull when I was their age."

Henry made a little conversation with the girls, asking them a list of fatuous questions by which adults seem fated to illustrate the gulf between them and childhood in the effort to bridge it.

"Annie, dear, just put that ottoman at Mrs. Hyde's feet," said Mary to one of the little girls. "I'm so glad you felt able to come out this evening, Mrs. Hyde! I understood you had not enjoyed good health this summer."

"I have scarcely been out of my room since spring, until recently," replied Jessie. "Thank you, my dear," (to the little girl), "but Dr. Sanford has done wonders for me. How is your health now, Mrs. Fellows?"

"I have not been so well an entire summer in ten years. My daughter, Mrs. Tarbox, was saying the other day that she wished she had my strength. You know she is quite delicate," said Mary.

"Speaking of Dr. Sanford," said Henry, looking at Jessie, "he is really a remarkable man. My son has such confidence in him, that he seemed quite relieved when I had passed my grand climacteric and could get on his list. You know he takes no one under sixty-three. By the way, Governor," he added, turning round with some ado, so

as to face George, "I heard he had been treating your rheumatism lately. Has he seemed to have reached the difficulty?"

"Remarkably," replied George, tenderly stroking his knee in an absent manner. "Why, don't you think I walked half the way home from my office the other day when my carriage was late?"

"I wonder you dared venture it," said Jessie with a shocked air. "What if you had met with some accident!"

"That's what my son said," answered George. "He made me promise never to try such a thing again; but I like to show them occasionly that I'm good for something yet."

He said this with a "he, he," of senile complacency, ending in an asthmatic cough, which caused some commotion in the company. Frank got up and slapped him on the back, and Mary sent Annie for a glass of water.

George being relieved, and quiet once more restored, Henry said to Frank:

"By the way, Doctor, I want to congratulate you on your son's last book. You must have helped him to the material for so truthful a picture of American manners in the days when we were young. I fear we have not improved much since then. There was a simplicity, a naturalness in society fifty years ago, that one looks in vain for now. There was, it seems to me, much less regard paid to money, and less of morbid social ambition, Don't you think so, Mrs. Tyrrell?"

"It's just what I was saying only the other day," replied Nellie. "I'm sure I don't know what we're coming to nowadays. Girls had some modesty when I was young," and she shook her head with its rows of white curls with an air of mingled reprobation and despair.

"Did you attend Prof. Merryweather's lecture last evening, Mrs. Hyde?" asked Frank, adjusting his eye-glasses and fixing Jessie with that intensity of look by which old persons have to make up for their failing eyesight. "The hall was so near your house, I did'nt know but you would feel like venturing out."

"My daughters insisted on my taking advantage of the opportunity, it is so seldom I go anywhere of an evening," replied Jessie, "and I was very much interested, though I lost a good deal owing to the carrying on of a young couple in front of me. When I was a girl, young folks did'nt do their courting in public."

Mary had not heard of the lecture, and Frank explained that it was one of the tersemi-centennial course on American society and politics fifty years ago.

"By the way," remarked George, "did you observe what difficulty they are having in finding enough survivors of the civil war to make a respectable squad. The papers say that not over a dozen of both armies can probably be secured, and some of the cases are thought doubtful at that."

"Is it possible!" said Henry. "And yet, too, it must be so; but it sounds strangely to one who remembers as if it were yesterday, seeing the grand review of the Federal armies at Washington, just after the war. What a host of strong men was that, and now scarcely a dozen left. My friends, we are getting to be old people. We are almost through with it."

Henry sat gazing into vacancy over the top of his spectacles, while the old ladies wiped theirs and sniffed and sighed a little. Finally, Jessie said:

"Those were heroic days. My little granddaughters never tire of hearing stories about them. They are strong partisans, too. Jessie is a fierce little rebel, and Sam is an uncompromising Unionist, only they both agree in denouncing slavery."

"That reminds me," said Frank, smiling, "that our little Frankie came to me yesterday with a black eye he got for telling Judge Benson's little boy that people of his complexion were once slaves. He had read it in his history, and appealed to me to know if it was'nt true."

"I'm not a bit surprised that the little Benson boy resented the imputation," said George. "I really don't believe that more than half the people would be certain that slavery ever existed here, and I'm sure that it rarely occurs to those who do know it. No doubt that company of old slaves at the centennial—that is, if they can find enough survivors, will be a valuable historical reminder to many."

"Dr. Hays," said Nellie, will you settle a question between Mrs. Hyde and myself? Were you in C——, it was then only a village, along between 1870 and '80, about forty or fifty years ago?"

"No—and yet, come to think—let me see—when did you say?" replied Frank, doubtfully.

"Between 1870 and '80, as near as we can make out, probably about the middle of the decade," said Nellie.

"I think I was in C—— at about that time. I believe I was still living with my father's family."

"I told you so," said Nellie to Jessie, and, turning again to Frank, she asked:

"Do you remember anything about a social club there?"

"I do," replied Frank with some appearance of interest. "I recall something of the sort quite distinctly, though I suppose. I hav'nt thought of it for twenty years. How did you ever hear of it, Mrs. Hyde?"

"Why, I was a member," replied she briskly, "and so was Mrs. Tyrrell. We were reminded of it the other day by a discovery Mrs. Tyrrell made in an old bureau drawer of a photograph of the members of the club in a group, taken probably all of fifty years ago, and yellow as you can imagine. There was one figure that resembled you, Doctor, as you might have looked then, and I thought too that I recalled you as one of the members; but Mrs. Tyrrell could not, and so we agreed to settle the matter by appealing to your own recollection."

"Yes, indeed," said Frank, "I now recall the club very perfectly, and it seems to me Governor Townsley was also in it."

"Yes, I think I was a member," assented George, "though my recollections are rather hazy."

Mary and Henry, being appealed to, failed to remember anything about the club, the latter suggesting that probably it flourished before he came to C——. Jessie was quite sure she recalled Henry, but the others could not do so with much positiveness.

"I will ask Mrs. Long when I get home," said Henry. "She has always lived at C——, and is great for remembering dates. Let's see what time do you think it was?"

"Mrs. Tyrrell and I concluded it must have been between 1873 and 1877," said Jessie; adding slyly, "for she was married in 1877. Mrs. Tyrrell, did you bring that old photograph with you? It might amuse them to look at it."

Nellie produced a small picture, and, adjusting their spectacles and eye-glasses they all came forward to see it. A group of six young people was represented, all in the very heyday of youth. The spectators were silent, looking first at the picture, and then at each other.

"Can it be," said Frank, "that these were ever our pictures? I hope, Mrs. Tyrrel, the originals had the forethought to put the names on the back, that we may be able to identify them."

"No," said she, "we must guess as best we can. First, who is that?" pointing to one of the figures.

"That must be Mrs. Hyde, for she is taller than the others," suggested Grandma Fellows.

"By the same token, that must be Mrs. Tyrrel, for she is shorter," said Jessie; "though, but for that, I don't see how we could have told them apart."

"How oddly they did dress in those days!" said Mary.

"Who can that be?" asked Frank, pointing to the finest-looking of the three young men. If that is one of us, there was more choice in our looks than there is now—eh, Townsley?"

"No doubt," said George, "fifty years ago somebody's eye scanned those features with a very keen sense of proprietorship. What a queer feeling it would have given those young things to have anticipated that we should ever puzzle over their identities in this way!"

They finally agreed on the identity of Jessie, Nellie, and Frank, and of George also, on his assuring them that he was once of slender figure. This left two figures which nobody could recognise, though Jessie insisted that the gentleman was Henry, and Mary thought the other young lady was a Miss Fellows, a girl of the village, who, she explained, had died young many, many years ago.

"Don't you remember her?" she asked them, and her voice trembled with a half-genuine sort of self-pity, as if, for a moment, she imagined herself her own ghost.

"I recall her well," said Frank; "tall grave, sweet, I remember she used to realize to me the abstraction of moral beauty when we were studying Paley together."

"I don't know when I have thought so much of those days as since I received

cards for your golden wedding, Judge," said Nellie to Henry, soon after. "How many of those who were present at your wedding will be present at your golden wedding do you suppose?"

"Not more than two or three," replied Henry, "and yet the whole village was at the wedding."

"Thank God," he said a moment after, "that our friends scatter before they die. Otherwise old people like us would do nothing but attend funerals during the last half of our lives. Parting is sad, but I prefer to part from my friends while they are yet alive, that I may feel it less when I die. One must manage his feelings or they will get the better of him."

"It is a singular sensation," said George, "to outlive one's generation. One has at times a guilty sense of having deserted his comrades. It seems natural enough to outlive any one contemporary, but unnatural to survive them as a mass,—a sort of risky thing, fraught with the various vague embarrassments and undefined perils threatening one who is out of his proper place. And yet one doesn't want to die though convinced he ought to, and that's the cowardly misery of it."

"Yes," said Henry, "I had that feeling pretty strongly when I attended the last reunion of our alumni, and found not one survivor within five classes of me. I was isolated. Death had got into my rear and cut me off. I felt ashamed and throughly miserable."

Soon after, tea was served. Frank vindicated his character as an old beau by a tottering alacrity in serving the ladies, while George and Henry, by virtue of their more evident infirmity, sat still and allowed themselves to be served. One or two declined tea as not agreeing with them at that hour.

The loquacious herb gave a fresh impulse to the conversation, and the party fell to talking in a broken, interjectory way of youthful scenes and experiences, each contributing some reminiscence, and the others chiming in and adding scraps, or perhaps confessing their inability to recall the occurrences.

"What a refinement of cruelty it is," said Henry at last, "that makes even those experiences which were unpleasant or indifferent when passing, look so mockingly beautiful when hopelessly past."

"Oh, that's not the right way to look at it, Judge," broke in Grandma Fellows, with mild reproof. "Just think rather how dull life would be looking forward or backward if past or coming experiences seemed as uninteresting as they mostly are when right at hand."

"Sweet memories are like moonlight," said Jessis, musingly. "They make one melancholy, however pleasing they may be. I don't see why, any more than why moonlight is so sad spite of its beauty; but so it is."

The fragile tenure of the sense of personal identity is illustrated by the ease and completeness with which actors can put themselves in the place of the characters they assume, so that even their instinctive demeanour corresponds to the ideal, and their acting becomes nature. Such was the experience of the members of the club. The occupation of their mind during the week, with the study of their assumed characters, had produced an impression that had been deepened to an astonishing degree by the striking effect of the accessories of costume and manner. The long continued effort to project themselves mentally into the period of old age was assisted in a startling manner by the illusion of the senses produced by the decrepit figures, the sallow and wrinkled faces, and the white heads of the group.

Their acting had become spontaneous. They were perplexed and bewildered as to their identity and in a manner carried away by the illusion their own efforts had created. In some of the earlier conversation of the evening there had been occasional jests and personalities, but the talk had now become entirely serious. The pathos and melancholy of the retrospections in which they were indulging became real. All felt that if it was acting now, it was but the rehearsal of a coming reality. I think some of them were for a little while not clearly conscious that it was not already reality, and that their youth was not for ever vanished. The sense of age was weighing on them like a nightmare. In very self-pity voices began to tremble and bosoms heaved with suppressed sobs.

Mary rose and stepped to the piano. It indicated how fully she had realized her part, that, as she passed the mirror, no involuntary start testified to surprise at

the aged figure it reflected. She played in a minor key an air to the words of Tennyson's matchless piece of pathos,

"The days that are no more,"

accompanying herself with a voice rich, strong, and sweet. By the time she had finished, the girls were all crying.

Suddenly Henry sprang to his feet, and, with the strained, uncertain voice of one waking himself from a nightmare, cried:

"Thank God, thank God, it is only a dream," and tore off the wig, letting the brown hair fall about his forehead. Instantly all followed his example, and in a moment the transformation was effected. Brown, black, and golden hair was flying free; rosy cheeks were shining through the powder, where handkerchiefs had been hastily applied, and the bent and tottering figures of a moment ago had given place to broad-shouldered men and full-breasted girls. Henry caught Jessie around the waist, Frank Nellie, and George Mary, and with one of the little girls at the piano, up and down the room they dashed to the merriest of waltzes in the maddest round that ever was danced. There was a reckless abandon in their glee, as if the lust of life, the glow and fire of youth, its glorious freedom, and its sense of boundless wealth, suddenly set free, after long repression, had intoxicated them with its strong fumes. It was such a moment as their life-time would not bring again.

It was not till, flushed with panting, laughing and exhausted, they came to a pause, that they thought of Grandma Fellows. She was crying, and yet smiling through her tears.

"Oh, grandma," cried Mary, throwing her arms around her, and bursting into tears, "we can't take you back with us. Oh, dear."

And the other girls cried over her, and kissed her in a piteous, tender way, feeling as if their hearts would break for the pity of it. And the young men were conscious of moisture about the eyes as they stood looking on.

But Grandma Fellows smiled cheerily, and said:

"I'm a foolish old woman to cry, and you must'nt think it is because I want to be young again. It's only because I can't help it."

Perhaps she could'nt have explained it better.

HOLIDAY MASONS.

Holiday Masons are like holiday soldiers —they look very pretty in a procession or parade, but they cannot stand fire. Just as there is quite a difference between shooting at a mark, and shooting at a soldier who is shooting at you, so there is little resemblance between the triumphs of a Freemason in the piping times of peace and good will towards the Fraternity, and the trials of one who lives amidst the the constant perils of persecution. The fires of Anti-Masonry do not light up every hill-top and plain in America now, as they did fifty years ago. The Anti-Masons at present are burning only rush-lights, and feeble ones at that. True, they amble into conventions, here and there, and preamble and resolve to their hearts' content, but they do it without enthusiasm; and if they nominate a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, the whole country breaks into a laugh. The Anti-Masons are the ones who are now derided and pitied—but we do not persecute them. One of the instincts implanted by the Creator in human breasts, is that which prompts us to regard with tender mercy the feeble-minded. Who would he so lost to manhood as to oppress those who are bereft of reason? Insanity is a protection, and hence Anti-Masons are safe. But are Freemasons safe against the insidious foes that lurk for them in their own household? Unbroken prosperity, which makes life seem one long holiday, is not the best for Masonic strength, and health, and life. It is better to make a fortune than to be left a fortune. It is better to achieve greatness than to be born great. Rome in its rise was more powerful than Rome in the climax of its power, for wealth and conquest sapped its virtues, and repeated military triumphs in the Eternal City foreshadowed its decline and fall. So the Freemasonry that, phœnix-like, arises from the ashes of persecution, is sturdier, healthier, and nobler than the later Freemasonry which is founded upon it, and apparently possesses all of the power that numbers and wealth seem to indicate.

All branches of Masonry are now flourishing—whether Ancient Craft, Capitular, Cryptic, Templar, or Ancient and Accepted —and scheming men everywhere are try-

ing to build upon one or other of these rites, other spurious ones, which have nothing of Masonry in them, save the name. That which is genuine and popular is always counterfeited. The greed of gain or power leads men to originate Orders which are *quasi* Masonic, dub them with ridiculously high-sounding titles, and attribute to them a fictitious origin and antiquity, and forthwith a vulgar crowd, having the curiosity of old women, take the new-fangled degree. Perhaps more of these new societies are started by certain impecunious regalia vendors than by any other class, who by this means drive a thriving trade. What a calamity to them would be a persecution of their bairns! How flat the market for Society goods would drop! Suppose any class of men should be foolish enough to wage a successful crusade against the Eastern Stars, or Knights of the Red Cross of Constantine, or Knights of Carthage—who would sell any more of their bibs, or sashes, or other millinery! Just think of the terrible convulsions in certain business circles that would follow—not in Philadelphia, for it is little given to novelties that disturb the Masonic peace—but alas for New York, and New Jersey, and the prolific West. The potato-bug scourge would be nothing to it. The holiday quasi-Masons would go under by hundreds, and the places that know them now would know them no more for ever.

Ancient Craft, or Blue Masons, cannot often be charged with holiday habits. True, our Grand Lodges have recently got into the habit of being attended by some fuss and feathers, on grand occasions, in the shape of escorts of Knights Templars, on foot or mounted; and some Brethren, whose love for display does not die with them, request to be Masonically buried with all the pomp of Templar parade and funeral ceremonial; but except in these respects, Masons *that are* Masons can rarely, if ever, be charged with having any nonsense about them, or playing Mason before the world. But we are growing exceedingly proud of our prosperity. In the ends of the earth—Japan, India, Australia, the Sandwich Islands, stately Masonic Temples have been, or are being built, and we point to them with what we deem a pardonable pride. But let us not have what might be termed a holiday pride, for certainly that sort goeth before a fall. If, however, our charity and standard of morality are made to keep pace with the multiplication and grandeur of our Temples, there need be no fear for the future. Wealth, unless it is squandered and dissipated away, does not sap virtue. Not money, but the love of money, is the root of all evil. Money is a good thing, especially hard money, but money that is wasted is a curse. And holiday Masons get rid of it much faster than other Masons. They eat, drink, and wear it out—in oft-repeated banquets, expensive jewels, and often renewed because often worn, and much abused regalia and clothing. The sooner they cease to be holiday, and become common-sense Masons, conforming to the way of their Masonic forefathers, the more largely will the prosperity of the Craft be insured, and the truer will Freemasons be to vows which have voluntarily been assumed. Masons should not often be seen, labelled as such, on the public thoroughfares. The pomp of parade is unmasonic. What office has the Tyler to fulfill on a public street? The only stated place, where Masons should appear in full regalia, should be the tyled precincts of the Lodge, Chapter, Council, or Commandery. The sooner we forego our excessive holiday habits the better.—*Keystone.*

FAIRY TALES UTILISED FOR THE NEW GENERATION.

BY THEOPHILUS TOMLINSON.

No. 1.—Cinderella.

It has struck me that we might all of us with a little profitable reaction go back for instruction, improvement, and didactic morality to those fairy tales which delighted us in youth, and can still amuse us in middle age. For though we are dusty and travel-stained to-day with this often weary journey of life, of long years, of trying scenes, we have not yet, happily for ourselves, lost all interest in what once pleased us so hugely; we are still, thank Heaven, to some extent, at any rate, "simpatico" with the tastes and temperament, the feeling and fervour of more buoyant hours. With what zest and

eagerness did we then open out each fairy tale; with what confiding minds did we peruse the old-fashioned legends of the mystical and marvellous; and with what intensity of rejoicing in our warm, young, and ardent feelings did we hail the triumph of the good fairy just at the right time, just at the proper moment! We still can recall the trusting wonder of an olden day, amid the doubts and drawbacks, the dust and dirt, the coldness and callousness, of later and wiser years! Alas! for many of us it would have been better never to have lost the simple belief of childhood; and therefore for us, "babies" still if of a "larger growth," I cannot help opining that the same "pabulum mentis" may be as appropriate and digestible—nay, I venture to think, even more appropriate and more digestible—than most of that baneful and sensational literature which lies so temptingly before us all, and appeals so vividly to excited sensibilities to-day. Yet, as Colonel Everard says of the dissipation of life, in "Woodstock," how it all does pall upon the palate—how bitter it all is to the after-taste!

So I commence my self-imposed task to-day with the good old fairy creation of Cinderella, the same Cinderella whose fairy slipper we once believed in, whose frail carriage and whose mousy steeds we were so well acquainted with, whose trials we grieved over, whose triumph we rejoiced at.

Why, once upon a time, we fully believed in that neat fanciful of graceful creations of Wonder-land, in that good old long ago, whose like we shall never see again. Alas! since that time of fresh faith and living trust, and ingenuous fervour, and loving hope, this world of ours, cold and cynical, has deadened all emotion in us, has blighted one by one, may be, the opening buds and the fragrant flowers.

Expectation is not reality, fruition is not anticipation. The difference between things as they seem, and things as they are, is very great indeed; and here we are to-day even arrived at such a hardihood of incredulity that we profess to disbelieve in fairies, and scientifically to account for fairy rings! For as the old refrain of our childhood, sung of old by dear, dear voices, floats away in a misty atmosphere of sighs and memories and tears, we all are almost compelled to chant once more:—

Oh, where do fairies lay their heads,
When the snow lies on the hills,
When the frost has spoilt their mossy beds
And crystallised the rills?
Beneath the moon they cannot trip
In circles o'er the plain,
And draughts of dew they cannot sip,
Till the green leaves come again.

When they return there shall be mirth
And music in the air,
And fairy rings upon the earth,
And mischief everywhere;
And maids to keep the elves aloof
Shall bar their doors in vain;
No keyhole shall be fairy proof,
When the green leaves come again.

Mighty are the changes of time and scene! We begin life believing and confiding; we move on a few steps, and then the "falsehoods of the world curl" around us, our lips, our hearts, our lives, and we find as we grow older, how dwarfed and stunted are those pleasant plants which imagination once sought to rear and tender sympathy endeavoured to develope. What a strange power has the world, and how often does it tinge with its darker colours the roseate hues of a promising dawn; how often does it transmute with its baser alloy the true, good coin of sincerity, sentiment, honour, and trust. As Praed said so well of old:—

But out on the world, from the flowers
It shuts out the sunshine of truth,
It blights the green leaves in the bowers,
It makes an old age of our youth;
And the flow of ill-feeling once in it,
Like a streamlet beginning to freeze,
Though it cannot turn ice in a minute,
Grows harder by sudden degrees.
Time treads o'er the graves of affection;
Sweet honey is turned into gall!
Perhaps you have no recollection
That ever you danced at our ball.

But, bless my soul, I'm getting quite pathetic, which is always a mistake, as most people's feelings, like the hard-hearted millionaire's, are at "their bankers," and so "hallons partons," as John Bull said, when he landed at Calais, and thought it so strange that everybody did not speak English, and he would therefore try and speak their "lingo." Cinderella, or "Cindewella," as our classical youth often call

her, (I believe they have heard of her, though I doubt if they could spell her name), Cinderella has always appeared to me a very charming impersonation among the heroines of Fabledom. She is like some charming young women you and I know—so good and so useful, and so industrious, and so stay-at-home; she is such a contrast to her idle and conceited and gadding sisters, who are all for flirting and dancing on elevated heels and in depressed dresses; who look-out for husbands and "partis" and settlements and diamonds, and a seat in the country, and an opera-box in London. But such is life, and though paterfamilias growls and objects, and materfamilias quietly deprecates, this young world of ours will go on its noisy "gait," as they say in Yorkshire, and will have its own way.

This Cinderella in her work-dress like the old Cinderella, has her attractions, though her admirer, like the magic Prince, is generally a nice young man who quotes the "Corsair," and has a "soul above buttons," and makes himself so handy at a tea-fight, or a Spelling Bee.

If you ask me my private opinion, I *think the modern Cinderella is an impostor.* She stays at home to write letters to her dear Humphry Peter—or because it suits her little game, or because she likes to be considered the bee and the rest the drones in the family hive, or because she thinks that men like women who can make themselves useful. But when Cinderella marries, her Humphry Peter, poor fellow, will find that his own dear darling pet has no idea of working any more for anybody, much less for him. "No, my boy," she will say to him even in the full fervour of the honeymoon, "all work and no play makes your Cinderella a dull girl, and as I have worked for others so far, let others now work for me!" The mask has fallen from the fair deceiver! The next time you see her she will be in very elegant dress, rather low; she herself excessively agreeable, and flirting vigorously with some good-looking young man, heedless of the imploring looks of her disconsolate Humphry Peter. As I said before, I don't believe in our modern Cinderella at all. She is generally a young woman who *reads in bed and munches biscuits, (think* of the crumbs!), and she is very self-willed, and not a little unaccommodating.

Now, I don't wish to be too hard upon her; but yet I cannot, and do not, admire her. And principally for this reason, that Cinderellas of this kind want both reality and dignity. She is not like Cinderella of old—working on simply because it was her duty to do so—but she is like too many of the present time—she thinks that artificial colouring and dressy making-up, cover either the inroads of time, or add freshness to youth, and captivate the outward eye. A grave mistake, and the modern Cinderella makes the same blunder when she thinks that people don't see her hand, or find out her leading suit.

I have tried to paint a moral, perhaps clumsily enough, but, such as it is, accept it, oh, ye fair ones, for whom I mainly write!

Cinderella—our dear old Cinderella—is a type of educated womanhood—kind, considerate, cultivated, patient, gentle, courageous, not querulous, not backbiting, doing her own duty, envying no one, making no remarks on other peoples's dresses, very unlike those dowdy and caterwauling, and *slipshod and ill-tempered young women,* who venture to term and consider themselves Cinderellas to-day.

Well, the world has changed much since Cinderella of old had her hour of righteous triumph, since all went with her merrily as a "marriage bell," since grace and virtue won the day against ill-temper and unseemly behaviour. And yet perhaps we have, after all, many real Cinderellas (not mock Cinderellas) amongst us still, whom we hardly know; and for them, let us trust, the hour of happiness is yet to come. So I wish heartily to-day for all real Cinderellas amongst us, whether in high places or humble, "upstairs or downstairs, or in my lady's chamber," that some "Prince Parfect from the Immerald Isle" may step in, and lo and behold the rags disappear, and Cinderella is radiant before our eyes in all the grace of beauty, of youth and life, and trust and truth. "Oh, my Cindewella," as a young man once said, "may you be 'appy with the man of your 'art," and so say we all? Do we not? I think we *do!*

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SCOTTISH FREEMASONRY.

Article Fifth.

We have in our short series of papers under our present heading glanced hastily at a few of those more prominent features in connection with the Freemasonry of Scotland, which, in our opinion, were calculated to have upon it an effect the opposite of beneficial, and which, if by any means they could be abolished, would certainly tend to raise it in the public estimation, and endear it still more to those who live under its banner. Since writing our first paper, one or two events have occurred, a slight notice of which would not be out of place in this our last paper. First, then, there has been set a-going in Glasgow, a city which boasts of twenty-nine Lodges, a real bona fide Masonic Club, and from all accounts it seems likely to become a most successful venture on the part of its promoters. Some of the most prominent Freemasons in Lanarkshire have become connected with it, and the directors are determined to spare no efforts to make it fullfil its mission, that of being a spot where the brethren can meet as Freemasons, and in a social, not a business, capacity. Relative to the Benevolent Fund as connected with the Provincial Grand Lodge of Glasgow, it is certainly cheering to know that during the year which has just passed, the not inconsiderable sum of £200 has been added to it. This is, however, not owing to personal or Lodge subscription, but to a capita tax of 5s. upon every intrant enrolled on the books of the Province, and of these there have been something like 790, or thereby. The fund seems to have now a fair prospect of reaching the sum of £1000, which to reach is assuredly the most cherished aim of its custodier, who is one of the largest hearted and most kindly disposed men in the whole kingdom. Then, three Lodges in the country have made an alteration in their fees, which, though small, is still in the right direction; and there is presently in the western district, some talk of organizing a committee, to look after making such arrangements as will be necessary towards the formation of Lodges of Instruction. But the most noteworthy fact is one in connection with the subject of our last paper—Refreshment. This question has been mooted abroad, and there is a stir in in the camp. We select one instance of the hold it has upon some of our brethren. About the beginning of the month of March, the rulers of one of the two Lodges in Greenock, resolved to make an effort to have the practice discontinued. They had strong grounds for doing so. For why? At every meeting of the Lodge, immediately after the business was concluded, it was called to harmony and refreshment, and every brother who was present, had, free of all charge, as much of the latter, spiced with the former, as he chose to ask for. Till about 9.30 on the evening of its meeting, the Lodge was almost deserted, but then the members began to pour in, till they mustered at a very fair average, seventy or eighty. The cause of this kind of attendance is so apparent, that no further comment is required upon it. The result was, as the Master put it to ourselves:—"A stranger would have thought our only object was hard drinking, and to ourselves, as a Lodge, the liquor bill was the heaviest of all our annual accounts." Something was wrong, and it must be set right. Accordingly a deputation visited a number of those gentlemen in the district, best qualified to give an opinion and advice upon the matter. Their opinion was decidedly against the custom, and their advice was by all means to get rid of it. The deputation returned home, advised the Lodge to act an heroic part, and by its example, cheer others who labour under a like burden, and it did. To that Lodge and its members, let there be paid the honour due.

There is a feature, which, though it is by no means confined to Scotland, we cannot pass by without noticing, and that is the using, or rather the abusing, of our Freemasonry for trade purposes. Surely this can be done without. We do not know of anything which tends so much to lower us from that high stand-point which we have ever boasted of, than this most abominable custom. It is by no means to be wondered at, that men of standing hesitate to join our ranks, when every quack must advertise himself a Freemason, by painting on his sign or printing on his

invoice the square and compasses, or some other emblem or insignia of Freemasonry. Bethink you of the matter, and lend your aid to uproot this seemingly growing evil. Some time ago it was our privilege to write a paper on the present position, and the future prospects of the Craft in Scotland. In that paper we endeavoured to shew that our present position, (if such matters as these papers have dealt with be left out of the question), was a satisfactory one, and that our hopes of future success were not to be despised. Since then our opinion of matters has been in nowise materially changed. Our brethren of the English and Irish Constitutions must not think ill of us, for in our love for, and our admiration of our great principles, we yield to no men. The Freemasons of Scotland are by no means such a large body as they might be, but amongst those who are Craftsmen, there is a spirit of energy and determination, which is not found more largely developed in any Grand Lodge in the world; and were it not for the hold which the demon of use and wont has upon it, the Freemasonry of Scotland would make such gigantic strides as would cause the world to wonder. We are very proud of our Scottish Craft, and we have reason to be. Its usages are better known, and its system more widely spread, than any other. There is no system older than our ancient Scottish one, neither is there any more universally admired or adopted; and there must be a thrill of pleasure pass through the breast of a Scotchman, when upon visiting a Lodge in a foreign clime he finds that there the system is known as the "Rites Ecossais."

Is there in the world a spot, where, if he be known to be a Craftsman, the traveller is more warmly welcomed, or more kindly entertained than in Scotland? There is not. Our countrymen are not as a rule ostentatious, but it is not in an ostentatious display that real friendship is to be found, for there often lies in the heart of the retiring and unobtrusive, a more fervent desire to be instrumental in ministering to the wants, and to assure the comfort of the stranger, than there is to be found in those who seem to be all seen upon the surface, and who endeavour to make you fancy they carry their hearts upon their sleeves.

There are many methods of shewing kindness, and if our countrymen fall to using one which, upon principle, ought to be condemned, but which is one of the most prevalent in the kingdom, we surely cannot be very sore upon them. An English friend of ours was some short time ago in a small village in Ayrshire. A Lodge Meeting chanced upon one evening during his stay, and it was held in the hotel. Having his credentials with him he sought and obtained admission. It was his first visit to the Craft in Scotland, and his impressions of its usages were certainly far from flattering to us, but the kindness he received at the hands of those there met, not only on that night, but during his entire stay, was, as he himself expressed it, "wholly unexpected, and without parallel." Blame us if you will, but forgive us, for our English friend was filled jolly well "fu," and carefully put to bed by those, who in their desire to do him honour, had conquered a fortress not in itself a weak one. Four years ago, 1872, a commercial man, hailing from the Grand Lodge of Ireland, arrived, in the discharge of his business, at a small town in the south-western district, where he was well known to the Masonic fraternity. While there he took fever, and before he could be removed he died. His relatives decided to bury him in the neighbouring churchyard, and on the day of the funeral, the members of the Lodge in the town turned out to a man with craped aprons, and jewels, and all the other paraphernalia of mourning, and took their places as mourners in the last sad procession. There stands in the necropolis of Glasgow, a small but handsome monument, erected by the Lodge with which we are ourselves more immediately connected, in memory of one, whose virtues as a Freemason shone out rather as a quiet but earnest worker in every cause of humanity, than a loud-mouthed demagogue, whose only aid was given by his tongue. With a knowledge of such things as these, we can afford to bear with those many shortcomings of our Scottish Craft, which, though they do exercise a baneful influence upon its existence, cannot sever the endearing ties which bind us to it. Our country has ever been the home of the greatest clans in the kingdom. Among these clans their existed the utmost devotion and loyalty to their

leaders, and though amongst themselves they had many bickerings, still, let them be attacked, and they were as one in mind and determination. So is it with our great clan. We make bold to say that there is not an initiate in our Scottish fraternity who would yield in a single point to him or them of any other constitution under the sun. Are you, ye men of England, or Ireland, loyal to your flag? You cannot be more so than we are; loyal and true we have always been, loyal and true we are, and shall be till the end. Do you give the stranger a kinder or a more cordial welcome than we do? You cannot.

"Nowhere beats the heart so kindly as
beneath the tartan plaid."

Are you more earnest in your endeavours to promote peace and harmony among your fellow-men than we? You cannot be. Does the initiate leaving your shores, carry with him more loving recollections of times spent with his brethren, or heartier good wishes from them, or is there a truer ring in the "God speed you" which he hears at parting? Impossible! Then look ye at yourselves, and see if you have much more to be proud of than we poor Scotchmen. Englishmen and brethren, do not be so very, very chary about admitting a Scotchman to your meetings. He has not had the same advantages for instruction that you have had. We have more charity. Do not lift your heads so high, or turn on your heel and say of a brother, "He hails from Scotland," in such a tone as has more than once raised bitter thoughts within us. We have more charity. Do not despise him because, it may be, he has not the broad-cloth coat on his back which most of your members wear. We, though we be Scotchmen, and as such are in many cases supposed to know but little, we would have more charity.

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a 'that."

Brethren, on us all depends the welfare of the Craft. It is not on Lord this, or Sir that, but on each and all of us. No single man, however capable or willing, can be of much service in such a vast organization as ours, except there be many hands and hearts ready and willing to help him. Let us all be ready. Let us each be unremitting in our endeavours to do something, no matter how little, that will tend to raise the social status of our grand old Fraternity, and let us look up with an unfailing trust and confidence to Him who sits above us, and in all our deliberations ask for His loving counsels to aid us in doing what is right, and true, and just, and honourable. Let us confide our cause to His care, and in His own good time He will set all things to right; and when we have run our course, if we have been faithful here below, He will raise us up with a strong unclasping grip, and we shall hear the grand word, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." There, in His Grand Lodge on high, shall we reign with Him for ever and ever,

"Unhurt amidst the wars of elements,
The wreck of matter and the crash of
worlds."

X. Y. Z.

SONNET.

(For the Masonic Magazine.)

O, FAIR full moon, uprising from the east;
Unlock'd, again, our monthly Lodge thou hast
With silver key—thy charms all beauteous glass'd
In each smooth stream.—Now, clos'd our Lodge, and ceas'd
Its mystic rites, we feast:—Some deem to feast
Too much we love;—we rather love to fast.
But how?—He, Amoz' son, in ages past,
By Heav'n inspir'd, each brother's conscious breast
Hath taught—is't an abstaining from a meal,
God's gifts t' eschew, and malice not abjure?
Nay—but to fast from strife, to house the poor,
The naked clothe, and to the hungry deal
A brother's fare; nor darkly ourselves hide
From our own mystic flesh, to us love-tied.*

Bro. Rev. M. GORDON.

* Isaiah, lviii. 3-7.

DERIVATION OF THE WORD "MASON."

BY BRO. GEORGE F. FORT.

THE irresistible might attributed to the hammer of the Norse deity, Thor, had so far survived the practice of pagan rites among the Teutonic races, that many of its symbolic uses were perpetuated in the ordinary details of civil and ecclesiastical society during the Middle Ages. Perhaps the last historical application of the redoubted mallet to typical purposes may be found in the surname of the Frankish King, Charles Martel, or Charles the Hammer-bearer, who, until the rising tide of Moslem conquest in Europe was checked at Tours, still maintained the custom of carrying the diminutive hammer as a prototype of the all-powerful God of Asgard.

Numerous and oft recurring references in the Eddiac songs to the manifold powers of this divine implement, attest how profoundly the pagan mind of Northern Europe was impressed with the absolute necessity of its presence, not only in celebrating the battle-god's characteristic worship, but in the humbler spheres of civil and domestic life. The most sacred duties of society were hallowed by the mallet touch, when wielded with emblematic allusion to the binding force inherent in Thor's celebrated weapon. In the cumbersome and solemn ceremony of an ancient Scandinavian marriage, this symbol must rest upon the knee of the veiled bride, in direct allusion to that unquestioning renunciation of personal will which she surrendered unto marital authority.

When, amid imposing rites, the body of the cherished dead was about to be reduced to ashes, or placed upon a fragile bark to endure the merciless tossing of faithless waters, the priesthood, in imitation of the Norse divinity, consecrated the funeral pile with a mallet. With this instrument those who had outlived the age of strength and martial activity, were remorselessly slaughtered and sent to Thor. Behind the door in every Teutonic household, such a hammer was always hung in view. Although Christianity extinguished the more flagrant features of the ancient paganism, the new religion suffered unnumbered symbolical uses of this implement to continue, and in some instances incorporated them with other religious practices. In this way it survived to mediæval judicial procedure; nor was it restricted to actual court usage, but was oftentimes made to serve as an ensign or signal to rally the people of certain districts, in order to congregate them as a united body at a designated place.

Primarily the suspension of a hammer in churches alluded to the original tragic purposes to which it was formerly applied. Subsequently it was substituted by a club or mace, and in this form for centuries continued to be displayed in many sacred edifices, till towards the close of the Middle Ages. At the entrance of some provincial towns in Germany, a club was hung up, at the side of which a a doggerel verse portrayed its death-dealing properties, descended from the Norse god's mallet. Even in Monasteries an implement of this kind was preserved as an emblem and as a symbol of union. When the early Germanic guilds, dating from the first forms of Teutonic society, had so far developed into an accurately defined element in later times, they still retained the ancient forms, and certainly many of the symbols with which their precursors performed heathen-religious services.

Societies thus based upon the worship of Thor, the divine Hammer-Bearer, rigidly maintained the unalterable type of that divinity, the mallet or mace, as a symbol of their closely-organized union. After the victory of Charles Martel at Tours in France, and the rapid extension of Christianity, consequent upon the defeat of the Mohammetan forces, the hammer, which distinguished this illustrious monarch and procured for him the title of ancient protector of Gallic Masons, apparently ceased to be carried by his successors, the Carlovingian kings, as referring too directly to the Norse battle-god. It was therefore substituted by another implement, equally typical of power, the mace, and still continues in royal ceremonials to be ensign of authority and union.

From the mallet, club, or mace, of identical and exact signification, the name of mason has originated. The symbolical attributes of Thor's mallet or mace are to this day the groundwork of a master's authority over a Lodge of Masons, and the strange vitality of this deity's symbol still

manifests itself in other details of Lodge and work. This word, traceable perhaps through old Teutonic dialects from *Megin*, might, to its present Italian form, Mazza, a hammer, embodies within itself that idea of strength and power with which the irresistible weapon of the Northern divinity was invested, and with the mallet or mace Thor was indifferently represented.

The presence of this word as a fundamental one in the original home of European Masons, viz., in Italy, shadows forth that as this Corporation of builders diverged from Northern Italy, in order to perpetuate their art throughout Europe; their name, also originated, in the corruption of a word, signifying the implement not only constantly applied to their handiwork, but for a higher reason that the hammer or mace was the symbol of unity and confraternity in the Craft guild, and because like the latter mediæval judicial hammer, it was a type of authority requiring the congregation of all who should behold it or be within hearing of its significant blows. Through the intervening changes of time, the adulterated dialect of Spain has preserved the original derivation from *Mazo*, hammer; hence, *Mazoneria*, Masonry, or an art so intimately associated with both the practical and symbolical uses of this implement, that the name is directly deduced from this source.

With little labour it may be traced through corrupt mediæval Latinity, to the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, at which epoch, the word, Mason, was fixed by law, and has so continued, without other alteration than a prefix. Perhaps the earliest generic form of this root may be found in the Anglo-Saxon Glossary of Ælfric, where *Mationes* is re-rendered as *Lapidium operaii*, or Workers of Stone. At a later period it occurs in a monastic chronicle under the form of *Mactiones*, in the following sentence: "Reversus autem *lapidicium* et *Mactiones*, undecunque jussit aggregari." The words *Mactiones* and *lapidicium* have here the same signification, and mean stone cutters or Masons. In the Italian, *macina*, more ancient *macigno*, a stone lap-mill, can be detected the root of mace, or hammer, referring to the mace-shaped implement with which corn was in former ages prepared for domestic use. Middle-Age records use the words materio and macerio, to distinguish the class of workmen alluded to thus: "Faber ferrarius conventionem suam fecerat annuam, ut ibidem Suessione remanens, *utensilia materonum* (maceronum) reficeret." That is, a skilled iron artificer made the usual contract to properly adjust this tool of the Masons.

In the middle of the twelfth century the word appears as now lettered, viz., Mason, and is evidently of Gallic derivation. At the commencement of the ensuing century, it was written Maçon,—still adopted by the Craft in France; and in the celebrated Ordinances of Boileau, formally committed to writing in the year 1254, the juxtaposition of this word is identical with those cited above. For instance, in the preceding quotation the words, "lapidicium et mationes," appear conjoined. In the ordinances referred to they re-appear as "taillieur de peer et maçon," and signify a stone cutter and mason. The close similarity between the phraseology produced, is of so marked significance as to lead to a well-grounded belief that the vulgar idiom used in Boileau's time was an exact translation of lapidicium into taillieur de peer and of mationes into maçons, which severally declare the same class of operatives; or to distinguish artificers whose principal working tool was the hammer or mace, symbolizing oftentimes lodge territory, and thus come to be regarded as a type of the Guild upon whose members the name of Maçons or Masons was bestowed.

From the foregoing historic references, it will, perhaps, clearly appear that down to the latter part of the thirteenth century, the building fraternity in the French Empire was recognized by law, and carefully particularized as Maçons, who, it may be added, furnished the work for the Cathedral of Notre Dame of Paris. In Britain, a century earlier, a Master of the Craft designated himself simply Mason, and has so recorded the nomenclature of his profession on a side wall in Melrose Abbey. Early in the fourteenth century—1334 *circá*—the English versifier, of a more ancient metrical romance, uses the word mace to designate Masonry:

> He bysettee the sea and the land,
> With botemay, and mace strong.

It may be safely asserted that the Craft Guild of Masons at the epochs mentioned,

was unknown by any *distinctive name,* either among themselves, or by authoritative legislation. About the commencement of the fifteenth century, however, these Craftsmen began to be termed *Fremacoens.* This betrays, unquestionably, an elision and merging of Maçon into some prefix, which at the era under notice had so far distinguished this class of workmen as to entitle them to be recognized by a specific appellation. The fundamental principle of fraternity and brotherhood in the Guild, furnished with the name, the prefix from Gallic sources. By the junction of Frere with Macon, or Brother Mason, the modern word Freemason has been formed.

GODFREY HIGGINS ON FREEMASONRY.

BY WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

(*Concluded from page* 436.)

BRO. HIGGINS distances all of us in his belief in the antiquity of Royal Arch Masonry, for he considers the society existed, and members flourished "before the invention of key-stoned or radiated arches." He must surely mean this in a figurative sense, for if otherwise we are unable to follow him in his faith, as he has failed to afford us the necessary evidence! Concerning the Masonic Societies of Germany, Bro. Higgins says:

"About the middle of the last century, the Masonic Societies showed themselves in Germany in a more prominent way than they had done for many generations, and, under the guidance of several able and philanthropic men, both Catholic and Protestant priests and laymen, it is probable gave encouragement to resistance to the united despotism of the Roman Pontiffs and the Royal tyrants of Europe, which, in France and Germany, had risen to such a pitch as to be no longer tolerable. The activity of the Masons being discovered, it produced the persecution of their Order all over the Continent; and it was much increased in consequence of several publications of three persons called Zimmerman, Barnel and Robinson. The first was decidedly insane, and the other two were operated upon by groundless fears in such a manner as to be in a state very little better, and which rendered them totally incapable of distinguishing between the destruction of religion, and the destruction of the base system to which the professors of religion had made it subservient. They all admit that the British Masons had nothing to do with these hydra-headed conspiracies, and endeavour to draw a line between them and their continental brethren, being unable to see that the difference was not in the Societies, which were the same, but in the countries—Britain being comparatively free and happy, the other countries enslaved and miserable." (Page 817, vol. I.)

Bro. Higgins has, we think, taken a correct view of the subject, and appreciatively values the peace and quietness of Great Britain, as contrasted with the tumult and anarchy of many Foreign countries, particularly during the latter part of last century. Freemasonry, of course, is entirely neutral as a Society, both as respects Religion and Politics, and so it has always been claimed to be since the Revival of 1717, and the adaptation of the "Old Charges" issued by the Rev. Dr. Anderson in the first book of Constitutions for a Grand Lodge ever published (A.D. 1723.) Before then, the Masonic Society was not neutral as regards religion, for nearly all the copies of its Regulations and traditional History commence with an Invocation to the Trinity, and contain many references to the Scriptures and the church which clearly illustrated the intimate connection subsisting between the Priesthood of past centuries and Operative Freemasonry, which intimacy was not wholly severed in some countries during the last century and which is even now preserved in many lodges, wherever it is the custom annually to appoint a chaplain whose duty it is to deliver all the prayers, and whose privileges are so often misunderstood that they are permitted frequently to present such petitions "through Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour" even when Jews and Turks may be sitting side by side with Christians.

We conceive it to be quite impossible to obliterate all traces of religion—and even *sectarian* religion as exibited in the Holy Bible of the Christians—from Freemasonry, without obliterating the Society

at the same time, but we may certainly refrain from unduly exhibiting the peculiar characteristics of Christianity in our lodge prayers, when a due regard to the universal tendencies of the Craft should incite us to sink our differences when we "meet on the square," and unite in our appeals to the Heavenly Father and Creator of the Universe who is adored by all religious Societies, and is the *Great I Am* of all creeds.

But as to *politics*, we have yet to learn that there is anything either in the nature or history of Freemasonry which would warrant us in believing it has ever been a political society of any kind, at any time, or politically was ever of any consequence to mention, to any party whether in power or otherwise. Its real tendencies are, and apparently have always been such, that the distinctions and rivalries engendered in the political arena, are softened and well nigh extinguished when the brethren of opposing factions meet within the sacred precincts of the lodge, and we know of nothing which practically is so *un*political in its general actions, and yet so purely religious in its morality and constitution—apart from Christianity itself—as Freemasonry.

But we must hasten to draw our notice to a close, and shall now continue to exhibit the character of some early traditions, quoted in the "anacalypsis," which cannot fail to interest our masonic readers, and especially enlightened Royal Arch Companions, who are able to detect in the following much that is not *new* to them:

"The Mosque or Temple on Mount Moriah was built by the Calif Omar, the son of Caleb, about the year 16 of the Hegira, A. D. 637. Chateaubriand says 'La Mosquee prit le nom decette roch Gameat-el-Sakhra.' It has a large dome, under the centre of which is a cave, and at the top of it the sacred stone which, in all these religions, is generally found in or close to the temple or church. . . . . In the description of the Temple (of Jerusalem) given by Mons. Chateaubriand, is an account of the sacred stone to which I have alluded. In this Mohammedan Temple, there are in the stone Pillar and the Cave both the Nabli or navel of the earth, and the Yoni and the Linga, though they may now not be understood. . . . Here, if I understand Mons. Chateaubriand, the stone is placed *over* the cave, now I do not doubt that, in the antient Temple of Solomon, there were the cave and the mysterious stone pillar, pedestal or whatever it might be, the same as at Delphi and other places; but in it the pillar or pedestal was probably not *over* the cave, but *in* it, as described by Nicephorus Callistus, Lib. X. Chapter XXXIII. in the following words: 'At the time when the foundation was laid, one of the stones, to which the lowest part of the foundation was attached, was removed from its place, and discovered the mouth of a cavern which had been hollowed out of the rock. Now since they could not see to the bottom on account of its depth, the overseers of the work, wishing to be perfectly acquainted with the place, let down one of the workmen by means of a long rope, into the cavern. When he came to the bottom he found himself in water as high as his ankles, and examining every part of the cavern, he found it to be square as far as he could ascertain by feeling. He afterwards searched nearer the mouth of the cavern, and on examination discovered a low pillar very little higher than the water, and having placed his hand upon it, he found lying there a book, carefully folded in a piece of thin and clean linen. This book he secured, and signified by the rope his wish to be drawn up. On being drawn up he produced the book, which struck the beholders with astonishment particularly as it appeared perfectly fresh, and untouched, though it had been brought out of so dark and dismal a place. When the book was unfolded, not only the Jews but the Greeks also were amazed, as it declared in large letters, even at its commencement, *In the beginning, etc.* To speak clearly, the writing here discovered, did most evidently contain all that Gospel which was *uttered by the divine* tongue of the virgin disciple."

Callistus *Nicephorus* was a Greek Historian of the fourteenth century. An edition of his Ecclesiastical History with notes in Latin, was published as we are told, by John Lange, Basle, A. D. 1561, and a minor work by Hodge, at Oxford, 1691.

We need not particularize the many references in the account of the Cave, which are to be found in our masonic legends, for they will be patent to all

observant Craftsmen, neither need we seek to explain their bearing, for undoubtedly it must be conceded that our Traditions are in many cases not peculiar to Masonry, but adopted from older Societies and Historical MSS. for the purpose of conveying moral lessons.

We had recently lent us for perusal, a curious little volume, in which several old books were bound. The *first* is entitled, "Testament of the Twelve Patriarchs, the sons of Jacob. Translated out of Greek into Latine by Robert Grosthead, sometimes Bishop of Lincoln, and out of his copy into French and Dutch by others and now Englished. To the credit whereof an ancient Greek copy, written on parchment is kept in the University of Cambridge (woodcut) London, printed for T. Milbourn, for the Company of Stationers, 1699." The second, not dated, but apparently of the same age has the following title: "An Historical Catechism, containing Ingenious Answers to many notable Questions of several wonderful matters in ancient History, as, What is the opinion of all our Historians about the apple old mother Eve tempted Adam withal—Why the Devil should take the shape of a serpent: of the building of the Tower of Babel. . . Part 1. Registered in the Hall Book of the Company of stationers."

If there were ever a date it must have been cut off by the Binder, who appears to have been much more solicitous about the *external* than the *internal* qualifications of the little book. The latter contains something very similar to the traditions recorded by Nicephorus

"Q. What happened at their laying a foundation?

"A. There was a stone which slipt from its place, and discovered the mouth of a cave cut in a Rock—The Overseers of the work not being able to see to the bottom of it let down a Labourer by a Rope, being come to the bottom, he was up to the ancles in water, and found the place Four Square and laying his Hand on a little Pillar above the water, he met with a Book wrapt up in a clean *Linen* cloth, being drawn up, the spectators were amaz'd it should be so fresh lying in such a dark hole. The Book being opened surprized both the *Jews* and *Grecians* that were present; they found in the beginning of it, these words were capital letters: In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God, and the Word was God———and indeed, saith the Historian, that Scripture did manifestly contain all the Gospel which the Beloved Disciple, St. John had declared."

The foregoing occurs after a description of the attempt of Julian, the Apostate, to rebuild the Temple, and is so much like the previous extract that nothing short of a common origin can account for their agreement.

We have been told that there are other curious references to legends now incorporated in masonic degrees in ancient writings, but have not yet been able to verify the statement; in one work especially, by Philostorgus, a Greek author who lived in the fifth century. We have not succeeded in inducing the brother who knows the *allusions* mentioned, to transcribe them, as they are "too broadly made to allow my scruples," to do so, "and more particularly as reference is made to things beyond Craft Masonry." He says, however, that "the Historian, Philostorgus, was evidently not out of our Order, and happy am I that he was not, since this proof of the truth of our Traditions would, in all probabality, have never reached us." The subject is worth investigation, and we hope Dr. MACKEY will find time to dip into the History by this learned Greek, so as to test the foregoing declaration, and if possible, to trace the origin of some more of our masonic legends. If we mistake not, the *cave*, so graphically and similarly described in the two preceding extracts is in all probability, the original of the legend of the Royal Arch and some of the degrees of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry. It is surely more reasonable to suppose that each legend of our masonic degrees is an adaptation of Traditions previously circulated without any connection with the Craft, than to believe that our masonic legends or traditions are *peculiar* to the Society, and have always been so—a belief contrary to fact.

We must now conclude these researches for the time, and if our readers have been interested in the enquiry opened up, and desire to pursue the investigation, we may, ere long, decide to present a sketch of the

"Celtic Druids" by the same author, as also a review of King's "Gnostics," both works being of importance in the study of our ancient and beloved Institution, and valuable in many ways especially, as suggestive of the character of much older Societies from which it is likely Freemasonry derived many of its symbols, and to which we are indebted for the strange fascination which surrounds the study of *secret fellowship*.

We have much pleasure in taking this able article from the *Voice of Masonry* for December last.

AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF MASTER AND FREE MASONS.

BY THE REV. JAMES DALLAWAY.

Cough, and cry hem! if anybody come –
A mystery—a mystery!—*Othello.*

(*Concluded from page* 403.)

II. It is an inquiry, not without its difficulty, but which may be yet attended with a satisfactory result,—whether a perfect discrimination can be made between the controllers of the works and the master-masons?

Although the number of those who have been styled architects will be considerably reduced by ranking as such only the magistri ædificantes and the latomi, yet that claim may be authenticated by comparing the several designations by which patrons and contributors only are distinguished from others, who might possibly have given the original designs.*

We are accustomed to attribute, and justly in many known instances, all the arts of design to ingenious ecclesiastics of the Middle Ages. But this concession must not be exclusively made with respect to professional artists. Proofs indeed abound, that individuals among the higher rank of clergy cultivated and understood architecture theoretically. We generally see in contemporary chronicles, supplied from local registers, the single name of the bishop or abbot recorded, under whose patronage the master-masons were employed, but who are sunk in oblivion in most instances. Although most frequently their plans were executed by ordinary masons, it cannot be fairly supposed that the erection of many cathedrals could have been designed and perfected excepting by eminent professors, exclusively devoted to the study and practice of their art.

It may be found necessary to disrobe several of the prelates and abbots who have so long enjoyed the fame of being the architects of their own churches, in pursuit of this evidence. The parts taken by these great ecclesiastics should be separately considered:—first, as contributors only, or patrons of works; or, secondly, as having designed plans which were communicated to the master masons for execution by them. They were probably not so well versed in geometrical science as the master-masons, for mathematics formed a part of monastic learning in a very limited degree.

The real obligation of posterity to the founders of these magnificent edifices, which all who are endued with taste or religious feeling will not cease to venerate,

* This question appears to find its solution in an inscription in the Campo Santo at Pisa:—"Operario, (master of the works), Orlando Sardella; Johanne, magistro ædificante." The controller was merely an auditor of expenses, or an executor of some great benefactor, as at Gloucester:—"Tulii ex onere, Sebroke Abbate jubente." The common working mason was styled "opifex." "Legend St. Gaul."—If the different phrases used to discriminate the precise share which these superior ecclesiastics had, either in the foundation of cathedrals, or the large rebuilding, or additions to them, their bearing will be found to rest upon grammatical construction. These would not have been so widely varied, but with a specific meaning. I insert many, merely as a matter of curiosity, being certain that they will not derogate from the real merit of the master-masons:—"fabricavit," "construxit," "ædificavit," "inchoavit," "fere perfecit," "perfecit," "fecit ædificari," "ædificationes novo genere fecit," "fieri fecit hanc fabricam," "incæpit facere." It would be tedious to enumerate all the instances which have occurred, in examining monkish chronicles. Any catalogue of practical architects among the ecclesiastics after a strict scrutiny, will be confined to a very few names, from a deficiency of evidence. Surveyors, controllers, or benefactors, have been improperly identified with the actual builders. Gondulf, or Gundulphus, a monk of the abbey of Bec, in Normandy, is the first recorded architect of the cathedral and keep of Rochester, and likewise of the chapel, at least, in the Tower of London; "in opere cæmentario plurimum scieus et efficax erat."—Angl. Sac. t. i. p. 338. William Wykeham, bishop of Winchester. Bishop Lowth, in his life of that eminent prelate, asserts that his talents were originally discovered in his knowledge of architecture; and that, at a very early

in those which have been preserved to the present day, constitutes their true praise, Only let us reflect, upon a comparison with the present value of money, what an expenditure would be necessary to complete even the least considerable of them! Funds always accumulating, were dedicated solely to those purposes, with a perseverance, and to an extent, of which we can recognize no other example. It would be invidious to attribute the only cause to their superfluous wealth.

But the honour due to the original founders of these edifices is almost invariably transferred to the ecclesiastics under whose patronage they rose, rather than to the skill and design of the master-mason, or professional architect, because the only historians were monks. The masons rejected history, as their system allowed oral tradition only; and it is from their contracts, or epitaphs, that we can rescue any individual name. That the original plan, or the details of it, was often suggested by one of the more ingenious of the ecclesiastics, cannot be candidly doubted; but that in more instances the master-mason had the exclusive execution, is not less an approved fact.

In the earliest æra of the masonic establishment, a geometrical figure, or canon was adopted in all sacred buildings, which had an import hid from the vulgar. As it had a decided reference to the Christian religion, it might have been invented by the Church; but it has likewise an equal analogy with other mysteries professed by the first societies "of masons."

This hieroglyphical device was styled Vesica Piscis.* "It may be traced from the church of St. John Lateran, and Old St. Peter's at Rome, to the church of Bath, one of the latest Gothic buildings of any consequence in England. It was formed by two equal circles, cutting each other in their centres, and was held in high veneration, having been invariably adopted by master-masons in all countries. In bas-reliefs, which are seen in the most ancient churches, over doorways, it usually circumscribes the figure of Our Saviour." It was, indeed, a principle which pervaded every building dedicated to the Christian religion. But this fact allowed, "it has been exclusively attributed to a knowledge of Euclid, and necessarily involves the construction of the pointed arch. The early architects were certainly not ignorant of Euclid's works, which had been translated from Greek into Latin, by Boethius.

period of life, before he had dedicated himself to the priesthood, he was employed in designing the royal works at Windsor and Queenborough. In the years 1357 and 59, he received patents, with a competent salary, and with powers to impress every kind of artificer. That this knowledge and taste for architecture retained their strongest influence through his whole life, cannot admit of a doubt, and that he was the architect, in fact, (sciens et efficax), of both his colleges at Oxford and Winton. In the decline of his life, his works in the cathedral of the last-mentioned, were solely entrusted to William Wynford, a master-mason of great ability, who had long enjoyed his patronage, and whose future services are commanded in the Bishop's will. "Volo etiam et ordino quod dispositio et ordinatio hujusmodi novi operis fiant per magistrum William Wynford et alios sufficientes, discretos, et in arte illâ approbatos (evidently meaning Free Masons), ab executoribus meis deputandos; ac quod Dominus Simon Membury (a priest) sit supervisor et solutor dicti operis sit, in futurum."—Lowth's Life of Wykeham, App. xxxv. Here the office of the master of the works is distinctly marked out. William Rede, bishop of Chichester, was a consummate geometrician, and discovered eminent talents in buildings at Merton College, Oxford, of which he was a fellow. In 1379 he began his castle at Amberley in Sussex, in which he was employed during ten years. Its construction is upon a plan differing, in material instances, from the system of military architecture and contrivance peculiar to that age. The towers at the angles were built in the base-court, not projecting beyond the skreen walls.—"Dallaway's Western Sussex," Amberley. But the pride of ecclesiastics among practical architects was Alan de Walsingham, prior of Ely. His great work was the louvre tower in the centre of that cathedral. It forms an octagon with as many arches, in which strength and elegance are alike conspicuous; and the whole abounds in curious embellishment carved in bas-relief. Consummate skill is shown in the construction of the timber-frame roof:—"Summo ac mirabili mentis ingenio imaginata." Of this most beautiful effort of his genius and science, the conception originated in his own mind. He was neither the imitator of, nor was he imitated by any other architect. Completed in 1328. Trinity Chapel is another example of his superior talent. He was buried at Ely, and in an ancient chronicle is styled, "Vir venerabilis et artificiosus frater." His constant patron, who supplied funds with unexampled munificence, was Bishop Hotham.—Bentham's Ely, passim. "Leland's Collectanea."

* Observations on the Vesica piscis in the architecture of the Middle Ages, and in Gothic architecture, by T. Kerrich, A.M. Principal Librarian of the University of Cambridge.—Archæologia, vol. xvi. p. 292; and vol. xix. p. 353.

Cassiodorus had recommended Euclid to Theodoric king of the Goths."*

There is, as it has been judiciously observed, an evident disparity between several of the ornamental parts of many cathedrals, which will be evident by contrasting the skill of the amateur monk with that of the professional artist.†

III. Offering to our present view such master-masons whose more eminent and ascertained pretentions may have distinguished them from others, whose names have been recognised in various documents, I have selected the following only. Such of them who have been employed in military architecture will be noticed with reference to their several works.‡ The master-masons, and their brotherhood, could have been scarcely ever void of employment, as their labours were not always confined to ecclesiastical buildings. They were employed not only in raising castles, but inventing military stratagems in their formation, and making engines of war: such had the peculiar name of Ingeniatories.§ For completing castellated or grand domestic mansions, they were no less in requisition. A very early instance occurs in the reign of Henry III. of Paul le Peverer, in his house at Todington, in Bedfordshire, and of the numerous artificers whom he had assembled.‖

Master-Masons from the Twelfth to the end of the Fifteenth Century.

XII. Century.

William Anglus.

XIII. Century.

Adam de Glapham and Patric de Carlile, "magister cæmentariorum, et carpentariorum, cum septem sociis," employed to build Caernarvon Castle.—Lib. Garderobæ 26 Edw. I. 1200.

Henricus de Ellerton, "magister operum," 1292.

Michael de Cantuariâ, cæmentarius, St. Stephen's Chapel

XIV. Century.

Richard de Stowe was the master-mason of Lincoln Cathedral, and Nicholas Walton, magister-carpentarius, (roof-maker), in 1306.

Henry Latomus, from 1300—1319. Evesham Abbey.

William Boyden, 1308—1326.

Walter de Weston.—Pat. 4 Edw. Tertii, 1331. St. Stephen's, Westminster, and Windsor Castle, St. George's Hall.

William Wynford.¶ Nave of Winchester Cathedral.

Henry Yevely of London, master-mason; Robert Wasburn, and John Swallow, and W. Hall, master-carpenters of Westminster and Eltham Halls.—Rymer's Fœdera.

Robert de Skillington,** master-mason of the hall in Kenilworth Castle, 1392.

XV. Century.

In the computus of payments (in 1429) of the cathedral of Canterbury, the names of the masters, wardens, and masons, are all recited.—Preston.

William Horwood. Chapel of the College of Fotheringay.—Contract with Richard, Duke of York, 1435.††

John Wastell, Henry Semerk, master-masons of King's College, 1444.

John Smyth, master-mason; Robert

* Hawkins' "Origin of Gothick Architecture, 8vo. p. 244.

† Wild's "Illustration of Cathedrals," ut sup.

‡ But and he couthe through his sleight,
To maken up a toure of height;
Though it were of no rounde stone,
Wrought with squere and scantilone (*square and measure.*)
CHAUCER.

§ "Fratri Roberto de Ulmo, magistro ingeniatori, ad vadia Regis, ix den. per diem," &c.—Lib. Garderobæ Edw. Primi, anno 1299, published by the Society of Antiquaries, 1787.

‖ P. 383. Matt. Paris' Hist. p. 821, folio. "Operarii namque plurimis annis, ædificiorum suorum, quâlibet septimanâ centum solidos, et plures x marcas, recepisse pro stipendiis, asseruntur."

¶ Will of W. Wykeham:—Lowth's "Life of Wykeham," p. 195.

** The great additions made by John of Gaunt to that Castle were in consequence of a warrant from Richard II, in 1392, directed to Skillington, to impress twenty workmen, carpenters, &c.—Dugdale's "Warwickshire."

†† "Covenant by oversight of masters of the same craft. To build the nave and ailes, with the spire, for £300, and if not performed duly, he shall yelde his bodye to prisoun, at the lord's will."—Dugdale's "Monasticon," vol. iii. The wages of a Free Mason at St. George's Windsor, one shilling a-day. Grant of arms to Nicholas Cloos, Roger Keys, and Thomas his brother, by King Henry VI, 1449, 1450 (Bentley's "Excerpta Historica," 8vo. p. 364):—the above were architects or supervisors, and not master-masons.

Westerley, master-carpenter for Eton College.—Rot. Pat. 26 Hen. VI. p. 2. m. 35. 1450.

Edward Seamer, or Semerk, master-mason of St. George's Chapel at Windsor, 1480 and 1499. Wages one shilling a-day.

John Woolrich, master-mason of King's College; 1476.

John Woode, Abbey of St. Edmunsbury.

Roger Keys and John Druet were supervisors of the building of All-Souls' College.

A'Wood gives the names of Hethe, Wrabey, and Balle, as master-masons, 1438.

William Orcheyerde, "master of masonry of Magdalene College, Oxford, 1475."—A'Wood's Antiquities of Oxford, p. 310.

XVI. Century.

John Cole, master-mason, tower and spire of Louth, Lincolnshire, 1500—1506. Archæologia, vol. x.—Britton's Architec Antiq. vol. iv. 4to.

Robert Vertue, works in the Tower of London, 1501.

Henry Smyth, for works in the Palace of Richmond, 1505.

Hector Ashley, at Hunsdon and other Palaces, before 1530.

Some of my readers may object to this as a meagre catalogue, but I proposed to give notices only of actual masons, not of patrons and amateurs, among the ecclesiastics, and it is therefore narrowed to positive evidence, as far as I have found it, and, of course, with certain omissions.

In the art of sculpture, at least of carved work, not as confined to architectural embellishment only, but of the human figure, they had attained to a high degree of excellence. They had few opportunities of displaying anatomical science; in bas-reliefs, positively none. In statutes, being usually enclosed in narrow niches, their skill could be chiefly shown in draperies or armour; yet in the heads we may often discover great boldness, and a freedom of execution; and in the countenances of female saints absolute and characteristic beauty, more especially in that of the Virgin Mary. This is most remarkable before the close of the fourteenth century.* Some of the more ingenious among them were capable of carving the recumbent sepulchral figures, as large as life. These, in numerous contracts, are denominated "marblers."

The political history of the Freemasons in England must be the next subject of investigation; and no proof has been as yet adduced from any chronicle or history of this country, that, as a fraternity or guild, they at any period possessed or held by patent any exclusive privilege whatsoever; all that may be collected from the records is of a contrary tendency.

The statute of the 24th of Edward III, 1351, did not originate in any political jealousy, but in punishment of the contumacious Masons whom he had assembled at Windsor Castle, under the direction of William of Wykeham, the comptroller of the royal works (magister operum). They refused the wages, withdrew from their engagements, and, at last, openly refused to return. The subjoined penalties were then enacted.† Nor can we collect from the preamble of the second Act, in the reign of Henry VI. that any allusion is made to a political conspiracy, but merely to enforce the restrictions imposed on them by the Statute of Labourers.‡ They were

* See Gough's "Sepulchral Monuments;" Carter's "Ancient Sculpture," &c., and the "Ancient Sepulchral Monuments," by the late accurate Charles Stothard; folio.

† "Statutes of the Realm," vol. i. p. 367. Translated from the French.—"If labourers and artificers absent themselves out of their services in another town or country, the party shall have suit before the justices:"—"and if he does not return after three monitions, and for the falsity, he shall be burned in the forehead with an iron made and formed to the letter F (for false), but may be respited by the justices. No artificer shall take wages on festival days." It is evident that the Free Masons had, at that period, no exemption from other artificers, nor were endowed with any distinct privileges as a fraternity, nor were they formidable in a political point of view. Lowth's "Life of Wykeham," p. 17.—Rot. Pat. 30 Edw. Tertii, 1356.

‡ "Statutes of the Realm," vol. ii. p. 227, 1425. Translation from the French:—"Whereas by the early combinations and confederacies made by Masons in their general assemblies and chapters, the good cause and effect of the statute of labourers be openly violated and broken in subversion of the law and the great damage of the Commons, our Sovereign Lord the King has ordained, that such chapters and congregations shall not be held hereafter: and if any such be made, if they be convicted, shall be adjudged felons. And that all other masons that come to such chapters or congregations shall be punished by imprisonment and fine." They were liable to be seized, and retained by the King's order, whenever he designed a palace or an abbey.—Rymer's "Fœdera," vol. v. p. 670.

bound, as before, to obey the royal mandate, or patent to others, when required, and to take the prescribed wages. Preston asserts that they received immunities from that monarch. But, in 1435, he granted a patent to Richard, Duke of York, to impress masons, who contracted with William Horwood, as master, to build the chapel of Fotheringhay "who, if the contract be not performed properly, shall yield his body to prison at the lord's will." With due diligence, I have searched the Rotulus Patentium, without having discovered any granted to Freemasons by Henry VI, although very frequently given to gilds and fraternities.* The penalties enacted were probably evaded by the proviso made by the master-masons in all great contracts, the conditions annexed to undue performance having been always specified; so that these two compulsory acts having lain totally dormant is a mere assumption.† The fixed wages, however, were considerably higher than those of any other mechanics; and if we estimate them by the relative value of money, to what it now bears, sufficiently liberal.‡ Even as late as Charles the Second's time, the magistrates of Warwickshire set an assize for them as for other artisans.§

If the chapters, or assembling of Freemasons had been injurious to the state by fomenting insurrections, it is scarcely probable that such fact would have been totally overlooked, not only by the English historians, but in the statutes. It is alleged, that by the Act of the fifth of Elizabeth (1562) they were exonerated from all penalties, which is recited as the opinion of a very celebrated sage of the law.‖

When it is said that the Act of Henry VI. was passed at the instigation of Henry Cardinal Beaufort, and that the Bishops Wykeham, Waynflete, and Chicheley, were grand-masters, I must be allowed to prefer evidence to conjecture, but none has been adduced. It admits of a doubt, whether it were then considered as authorized by ecclesiastical constitutions, that its most eminent members could have presided as grand masters, and have been associated with the mysterious brotherhood; or that they could have been so, without the prescribed initiation! If authentic documents were ever in the archives of the fraternity, a modern inquirer would seek for them in vain. But if the mysteries of the brotherhood are considered to be sacred, why is their true history concealed? —or given, as by Preston and his predecessors, without citing any other than obscure authority? Ware, in his Essay in the Archæologia, says that Nicholas Stone destroyed many valuable papers belonging to the Society of Freemasons: and he adds —"Perhaps his master, Inigo Jones, thought that the new mode, though dependent on taste, was independent on science; and, like the Calife Omar, that what was agreeable to the new faith was useless, and that what was not ought to be destroyed."

An important subject of these observations is the examination of several treatises which have appeared in print, one of which is taken from a most curious and early MS. said to have been in the handwriting of King Henry VI, but nowhere extant. A copy taken by Leland, and preserved among his papers, is said to be in the Bodleian Library. This has been recopied, and was first published at Francfort, in Germany, in 1748. There is scarcely a work on Freemasonry in which is has not been reprinted. We are apt to attach an imaginary value to MSS. which have been destroyed, as we are precluded from making a collation of the copy with the original. From an inspection of Henry the Sixth's royal signature, and a letter in the British Museum, it may admit of some doubt whether that was an autograph MS. which Leland copied; for in that age few

* See "Calendarium Rotul. Patent." in Londinensi; "Calendarium Rotul. Chartarum," published by authority of Parliament.

† Preston alleges that these penalties were never inflicted. Whether inflicted, or not, it is too late to inquire with any degree of proof. In Henry the Sixth's will, respecting the college of Eton, he restricts the fashion of extreme ornament in masonry, "layinge apart too curious workes of entaile, and busy mouldinge."—Royal and Noble Wills.

‡ According to Adam Smith, wages are fifteen times increased since the eleventh century.

§ Rates of wages, 1684, at the Quarter Sessions held at Warwick, 1684.—Free Mason, 1s. 4d. without board, 5d. with: penalty for taking above this rate, twenty-one days' imprisonment. What becomes then, of the exemptions declared by the fifth of Elizabeth?—"Archæologia," vol. xi. p. 208.

‖ Coke's Institutes, 5 Eliz. 1562. They were exempted by implication only, for they are not named, as a body corporate, nor, indeed, under any specific denomination.

men of high rank could write at all legibly, that being the work of regular scribes. This singular treatise is entitled—

"*Certayne Questions wyth Answeres to the same. concernynge the Mystery of Maconrye, writtenne by the hande of Kynge Henrye the sixthe of the name, and faythfully copped by me Johan Leylande, Antiquarius, by commaunde of His Highnesse."†

There is proof that the mind of the imbecile monarch was, in early life, directed to the discovery of "hidden things." He was a dupe to the possibility of the philosopher's stone, (as his wiser predecessor, Edward III, had been before,‡) and gave a patent to the alchemists, having summoned them to display their art before him.‖ No wonder that he should entertain a similar curiosity to learn the secrets of the craft, and it is more than probable that this examination of them took place before him in council, 1445.

It commences with a question—"What mote it be?"—Answer: "Yt beith the skylle of nature; the understandinge of the myghte that ys hernnye, and itssondrye werkyngs, sonderlyche, the skill of reckonnynges; of wayghts and metynges; and the true manere of fagonynge all thinges for mannys use, headlie, dwellings and buildynges of all kindes, and all odther thynges that make goode to manne."§ Farther extracts are unnecessary, as the whole is published, and may be readily examined by the more curious reader.

The first publications dealt principally in tradition: Boaz, and Jachin and the original lodge as established at York¶ in Saxon times. Of those which are more modern, two are entitled to notice. Preston's Illustrations are held in high estimation. As the history only is important to the present inquiry, it must be observed, that no recital is made of the penalities of either statute above-quoted; and that in the chapter assigned to an examination of Locke's notes upon Leland's transcripts, such opinions as impugn the high credit of masonry are omitted. It offers an elaborate vindication of the system of Freemasonry upon its general principles and analogies, with few and imperfect references to genuine history; the first compulsory act of Edward III. is not even alluded to.

In the "Encyclopædia Britannica," vol. xii. 4to. pages 639 to 669 are occupied by "An Essay on Freemasonry," which is an apologetical digest of all that has been written by previous authors, but with a dereliction of several of the more popular traditions. Of this essay the main object is a vindication of Freemasonry from the charge urged against it by Barüel and Robinson. However it may have applied

* Lives of Leland, Hearne and Wood, 8vo. 1772. Appendix, No. vii. with Notes by John Leock It is at least singular, that after a search through the "Catalogus" of the MSS. of Leland and Bodley in the Bodleian Library, no such MS. is mentioned. See Catalogus MSS. Librorum, Oxon. fol. 1697. The copy sent to Locke was from another collection. It was reprinted in England in the Gentleman's Magazine, 1753, from the Francfort edition. This short treatise is accompanied by the animadversions of that acute and celebrated philosopher, and shrewdly descanted on. The apologists, Preston and others, have asserted that he was afterwards admitted a brother, and, of course, altered his opinion; but this circumstance is nowhere alluded to, either in his works or letters.

† King Henry VIII.

‡ Rot. Pat. 1329, 2 Edw. Tertii.—Fœdera, vol. iv. p. 384. "Johanni Goble, quod possit per artem philosophiæ metalla imperfecta in aurum sive argentum transubstantiare."

‖ Rot Pat. 23 Hen. Sexti. "To John Rous and W. Dalby to make gold or silver, and to bring their instruments before him."—Ashmole's Theatrum Chemicum.

§ "What artes have the Maconnes techedde mankynde?" The artes Agricultura, Architectura, Astronomia, Geometria, Numeres, Musica, Poesie, Kymistrye, Governmente, and Religioune." Locke observes, that what appears most odd is, that they reckon religion among the arts.—"Peter Gower a Grecian journeyedde yn evericne londe whereas the Venetians had plauntedde Maconrye." Could it be suspected that Peter Gower was Pythagoras, and the Venetians Phenicians?

¶ The ingenious Dr. Plot, in his History of Staffordshire, (chap. viii. p. 316,) indulges himself in some sarcastic observations, which are indignantly repelled by Preston. The first general chapter of freemasons in England is said to have been convened at York by Edwyn son of King Athelstan, in 924. This, as it might well be, is ridiculed by Dr. Plot as being an historical blunder. Athelstan succeeded his father, Edward the Elder, in 924. He had no son, Edwyn was his brother, and in that same year conspired against him, and was deprived of life by his order.—Turner's Anglo-Saxon History, vol. ii. p. 207.

to lodges on the Continent, it may be readily allowed that those in the British empire were honourably free from those imputations. The investigation is elaborate. The last-mentioned author speaks of the original connexion, by analogy at least, with the mysteries of Eleusis; the Essenes; of the school of masonry established at Crotona in Magna Græcia by Pythagoras; and lastly, the intimate alliance which subsisted between the Knights Templars* and the Freemasons, with a profusion of useless and inapplicable learning. I hazard this opinion, under favour, as being merely a common reader. No mention is made by this inquirer of the Jewish origin, nor of the establishment, in this country, before the twelfth century. Both the lodge held by Edwyn at York, and the penal statute of Edward III. are totally omitted. The MSS. of Bode and Mouncer (German authors) are quoted as authorities.

A passage in the Leland MS. seems to authorise a conjecture, that the denomination of Freemasons in England was merely a vernacular corruption (by no means unusual) of the Freres-maçons established in France. "Secretes such as do bynde the Freres more strongliche togeddre by profytte and commodityе comynge to the confrerie therfromme."

But I am not borne out by their appellations or titles on the Continent.† Yet how unfounded is the name free, when assumed by our countrymen, who never enjoyed here either privilege or exemption.

Both Jones and Wren were grand masters of the English lodges; and it may be observed, that no buildings can shew a further departure from the genuine Gothic of any period than the chapel of Lincoln's Inn, the towers of Westminster, and the Campanile, Christchurch, Oxford. The science and practice of the Gothic school were entirely abandoned, although in a professed imitation.

In conclusion of this attempt, which I have been induced to undertake with diffidence, and the sole view of discovering historical truth, I disavow any inclination to scrutinize mysteries, concerning which I should be an unauthorized inquirer. But, in acknowledging with sincere praise what is conspicuously apparent to all, it must be said, that during the last century the Freemasons of this kingdom have eminently distingnished themselves by their sound loyalty and their widely-extended and useful benevolence.

And so—an eminent brother of the craft will say, after their patron King Henry VI.—

"He Ends—and makes no Sign!"

ON HER MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY, MAY, 1876.

WITH leaves full glorious in their verdure now,
The trees—like thee, Victoria,—bright are crown'd;
For skies all sunny smile, which late had frown'd,
And May with blooms afresh bedecks each bough.
Thy Birthday this—daughter, wife, mother, thou
Of a Masonic, royal line, renown'd
In ev'ry stage, where shall thy like be found?
The crown, which wreathes thy fair majestic brow
With priceless gems, hath goodlier gems to show
Than these—thy virtues, which more brilliant shine
With love's pure beams, auspicious and benign,—
For these with Heav'n's own mystic radiance glow.
These thy inherited gems, of all most bright;—
By thee, transmitted, too, with cloudless light.

Bro. Rev. M. GORDON.

* It is a conjecture supported by clear deduction from contemporary history, that the bands of masons who followed the later Croisaders were patronized by them on their return to England; and that the model of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem was brought by them into this country, and applied to the Round churches. Nor did the castles built by Edward I. bear a less near analogy to the military structures of the great Saladin. The crested towers called macchicolations, from an Arab term, then so universally adopted, have certainly an Oriental origin.

† Frey-maureren, German. Liberi Muratori, Italian. Frates Liberales, Roman. Franc-macons, French. Fratres Architectonici, Modern Inscription.

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

Chapter VII.

First Series of Symbols.

(*Continued from page* 434.)

To conciliate her favour most heathen nations held public festivals at the first appearance of the new moon, and the Israelites were permitted by Jehovah to use the same practice, that they might be weaned from the corresponding observances amongst the Gentiles, to which they were inordinately addicted. The custom was propagated all over the world, and did not escape the Druids of Britain and the Saxons of Scandinavia, who superseded them in the government of the country, and was transmitted by them from generation to generation; so that it is scarcely extinguished even at the present time. In some of the counties of England it is still a custom at the new moon to say to each other, "It is a fine moon, God bless her"; which was doubtless derived from ancient superstition. In the highlands of Scotland women are in the habit of making a curtsey to the new moon, and Brand asserts that some English women still retain a touch of this Gentilism, who, getting up upon, and sitting astride on, a gate or stile the first night of the new moon, say—

"All hail to the moon, all hail to thee!
I prithee, good moon, declare to me
This night, whom my husband shall be."

And, going to bed immediately, they will dream of the person destined to be their future husband.

But in Egypt the lunette was the heifer Isis, or Selene, whose hours were carefully depicted in the form of this emblem; Μητηρ Σεληνη τον κοσμομ; and hence the crescent, whether natural or artificial, which was marked on the side of the sacred bull Apis, an emanation of Osiris, was feigned to have been produced by contact with Selene—επαθη της Σεληνης; for the cresent in hieroglyphical language signified a female, and the heifer was highly venerated by the Egyptians, for which reason, or, as has been supposed, the heifer was ordered to be sacrificed in the law of Moses* in opposition to the superstitions of Egypt.

The mystics, both heathen and Christian, converted this mythological incident to a very curious purpose of superstition. Pliny says that the Selinite is a stone containing a figure of the moon, which increases and decreases uniformly with the courses of that planet.† And it is also reported by Cardan, according to Sir Christopher Heydon, that Pope Clement VII. had a precious stone which contained a very bright spot that changed its position uniformly with the progress of the sun in the firmament.

The art of healing depended in some measure on this superstition down to a very recent period; as in the following instance of a receipt to cure the ague:—"Gather cinquefoil in a good aspect of Jupiter to the moon, and let the moon be in the mid-heaven if you can; then take a certain quantity of the powder in white wine. If it be not that gathered according to the rules of astrology it will possess little or no virtue." Again, in answer to statistical enquiries of Sir John Sinclair, in the year 1791, the Minister of Portpatrick tells of a cave in the neighbourhood of Dunskey, which was held in great veneration by the people for this reason: that at the change of the moon if parents bring infirm persons, or ricketty children do undress in it for the purpose of bathing in the adjacent stream, they will be healed of their diseases

The ancient writers described the ark of Noah by the figure of a lunette, which they called Meen, and Selene. Hence the chief person of the art had the name of Meen and Menes, and was worshipped in the character of Pecis Lunus. In the hieroglyphics the crescent or half circle stood for the letter S, or Hebrew Sar, and its ideal signification was whiteness, brightness, and multiform. the symbol of the genii or spirits favourable to man. Thus in Mr. Halled's edition of the Mahabbarat, illustrated with emblematical engravings, the good beings are painted white, and the bad ones black. Now Selene, or the moon Rhe, is represented in the Orphic

* Numb. xix. i.
† Plin. l. xxxvii. c. 10,

hymns*, as being at the same time visible and invisible, light and darkness; alluding to her phases, which made her visible to one portion of the inhabitants of the earth, while she was invisible to those of another, and also to the confinement of Noah or Deus Lunus to the darkness of the Ark, and his subsequent enlightment, or delivery thence.

Semel was feigned to have a son called Muth, who was the same as the Grecian Pluto or Death, "Sometimes he was called Adonis or Aidoneus, and sometimes Osiris or Isiris. In short he was no other than the great deluvian god of the lunar ark, which floated upon the infernal waters of Styx, which was deemed the coffin of an extinct world, and out of the darkness of which the god and his companions were in due time born again or restored to life. Hence, in Egyptian theology, the floating moon into which Osiris entered was styled the Mother of the World, and hence Rhe, the allegorical mother of Muth, is styled the common parent both of gods and men, the mysterious being from whose womb the whole world proceeded*." And she is at the one time called the wife of Noah, and at another the wife of Adam. And the coincidence is remarkable, for Eve as well as Rhe brought death, or Muth into the world.

The crescent is still used by the Mahometans as a sacred symbol, and was doubtless derived from their idolatrous predecessors, but changed by their great prophet from its original purpose. And in the Highlands of Scotland an inextinguishable superstition respecting the influence of the moon, derived from their remote Gaelic ancestors, still exists in all its force. The minister of Kirkmichael says, that amongst his parishioners fear and ignorance have produced a great prevalence of superstition respecting the moon, which in her increase, full growth, and in her wane, are with them the emblems of a rising, flourishing, and declining fortune. At the last period of her revolution they carefully avoid engaging in any business of importance; but the first and middle they seize with avidity, presaging the most auspicious issue to their undertakings. Poor Martinus Scriblerus never more anxiously watched the blowing of the west wind to secure an heir to his genius than the love-sick swain and his nymph for the coming of the New Moon to be noosed together in matrimony. Should the planet happen to be at the height of her splendour when the ceremony is performed their future life will be a scene of festivity, and all its paths strewed over with the rosebuds of delight. But when her tapering horns are turned towards the north, passion becomes frost bound, and seldom thaws till the genial season again approaches. From the moon they not only draw prognostications of the weather, but also discover future events.*

(*To be continued.*)

* Hymn 54.

† Faber's Eight Dissertations. vol. ii. p. 193.

* Stat. Acc. of Scotland. vol. xiii. p. 457.

CATHERINE OF ARRAGON,

In her retirement at Ampthill, to an ancient Oak in the Park.

MONARCH of trees, whose scarred, yet noble form
Has braved the dangers both of wind and storm
For many ages, great has been thy lot,
To see, to know, to outlive what's forgot.

Princes and potentates, masters and slaves,—
All great betimes—men know not ev'n their graves,
When I, my short life past, am dead and gone,
My very name forgotten, 'though I've shone;
My place is lost, my mother-earth rejoined,
All ending wisely by my God enjoined—
I'm past! I'm gone! A shadow at the best!
A race forgetful wanders where I rest.

Not so, great tree, uplifting still thy head,
Waxing the mightier o'er the fallen dead;
Hoary with age, 'though nations rise and fall,
Thou, still by nature great, surviv'st them all.

W. T.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

Fellow of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, Copenhagen; Corresponding Member of the Royal Historical Society, London; Honorary Member of the Manchester Literary Club, and of the Whitby Literary and Philosophical Society, &c., &c.

MR. GEORGE ROBERTS, a working gardener at Lofthouse, near Wakefield, whose whole leisure for many years, when he could, spare a few days from his somewhat extensive market-garden, has been spent in rambling, with the open eyes of a naturalist, in various parts of Yorkshire—I have met him myself down in Cleveland—and who has been in the habit, from time to time, of furnishing those well-known natural history notes which have attracted some attention in the *Yorkshire Post* and other papers, is engaged in making numerous additions and corrections to them, with an entirely new arrangement of the Natural History Diary, for publication in a collected form, under the title of "Essays, Miscellaneous Notes, and Diary of a Naturalist." The work is to comprise notes and records on wild plants, birds, quadrupeds, reptiles, shells, and insects; sketches on antiquarian and rural subjects, local lists of shells and plants; comparative tables of the dates of appearance of migrating birds; tables of rainfalls, with the history, natural and chronological, of Lofthouse, its folklore, and other useful and interesting information. Lancashire and Yorkshire have long been rather famous for a goodly number of working men who, in the true spirit of our ancient Fellow Crafts, carry their researches into the hidden mysteries of nature and science,—hidden only for those who seek to find, and I sincerely wish success to Mr. Roberts, one of the most notable of the number.

Mr. L. ARNOUX, art director, and superintendent of Minton's factory, contributes an able paper on Pottery to the "British Manufacturing Industries," now in course of publication by Mr. Edward Stanford. "The practice of making vessels from plastic clays for holding liquids and provisions," he observes, "first resulted from the exertions made by man to emerge from his primary condition. It is a well-known fact that vessels of clay, only partially baked, have been found, together with stone implements belonging to prehistoric times, and that those vessels, unfinished as they were, had peculiar characteristics." All readers of the Bible and the classics must have been struck with the antiquity and importance of the potter's art. "It may have been anterior to the use of fire, for a sound and useful pottery may be made with clay hardened in the sun, as still practised in Egypt and India. At all events, it existed previous to the working of the first metal, as one can hardly understand how bronze could have been melted without the assistance of vessels made of fired clay carefully selected. Consequently it is admitted by everybody that this is one of the earliest of human inventions, and that the material has proved most durable." But the application of fire rendered the pottery much more lasting. "This is particularly noticeable," remarks Mr. Arnoux, "in the black Greek pottery, which, while possessing all its former appearance, can, however, be scratched by the nail, or broken by a gentle pressure between the fingers. It is thus that we are indebted to the art of pottery for innumerable works of art, many of which have proved most useful in elucidating historical facts and making us acquainted with the habits, dresses, and ceremonies of ancient peoples." I have myself helped to exhume it from a tumulus after an interment of probably from two to three thousand years; and we read of it being dug up in all parts of Europe, Asia, and America. No one can now say who were the first potters. "It is, however," as our author observes, "easier to decide which people first excelled in it, and in this respect we must give equal credit to the Egyptians and the Chinese. It is mentioned in sacred history that more than two thousand years before Christ the Egyptian potters were celebrated for their skill; and, if we can believe Chinese tradition, the manufacturers in China were at this same time under the control of a superintendent appointed by the Government." Using the same metallic oxides for colouring as we now use, and for above a thousand years producing the finest ceramic works of art, the ancient Egyptians

must ever stand at the head of all the nations of the old world for their pottery. "It is from Egypt that sound principles of pottery-making seem to have spread to the different nations; first to the Phœnicians, who in their turn became famous for their knowledge in the art of vitrifying mineral substances; and then to the Assyrians, who seem to have applied pottery more especially to the ornamentation of their buildings. Greece, who shortly after received her first notions of art from the two former nations, did not devote her energies so much to improvement of material and richness of colour, as to the refined beauty of the shape and the excellence of the painting. In pottery, the material is of little value, and it is only by the art displayed in shaping and decorating it that its price can be increased. In this respect the Greeks proved to what enormous value it could be raised, by making it the groundwork of their art, since sums equivalent to several thousand pounds of our money were readily paid by Roman patricians for a single Corinthian vase." For seven or eight hundred years the Greeks seem to have been the only people worth naming for the production of pottery; and in the ceramic arts, as in sculpture, they have never since been surpassed. "Although vessels of the same description were largely produced in Italy, it was invariably by the Greeks, following closely the traditions and mode of decorations of their own country. It was only about a century before Christ that the Romans began to create a pottery on which they impressed their stamp, a pottery really their own. "I mean," says Mr. Arnoux, "that which is so improperly called Samian, and so easily known by its reddish colour and the embossed ornaments with which it is profusely covered. It is, however, genuine and characteristic, neatly executed, and possessing some standing qualities which did not belong to the Greek. On the other hand, the refinement is deficient; the forms are derived from the circle instead of the ellipse; the plain surfaces are replaced by embossments, and the painting is absent. For four centuries the Romans seem to have made this class of pottery in several of their European settlements, chiefly in Italy and in the provinces adjoining the Rhine. In the operation they seem to have required some special material unknown to us, which imparted to its real surface a semi-shining lustre or glaze, and which has proved remarkably durable." Then came "a time of darkness" for pottery in Europe. "Art was not quite dead, but it scarcely breathed." The revival of the art of pottery in Europe will afford us matter sufficient for a future Vote. In the meantime I would advise my readers to procure, not only the volume I am noticing, but the whole series of the "British Manafacturig, Industries." Every volume, however, is complete in itself, and may be had through any bookseller for three-and-sixpence. Every Masonic Lodge Library should have the whole thirteen volumes of the series.

The following beautiful verses, on the death of our late beloved Brother, William Romaine Callender, appear in *Ben Brierley's Journal*, from the pen of the Editor, and will be welcome to every Mason, especially those of my mother-province of East Lancashire:—

"Bring out the flag, and hoist it half-mast high;
Muffle the bells, and let their solemn peal
Wake mournful cadence 'neath this wintry sky,
And give expression to what all must feel!

For Death, who values not affairs of State
But commoner, and lord, and king, doth slay;
Who swerves not at the mansion's golden gate,
Hath glean'd the land, and held high harvest-day.

And one fair stalk hath fallen 'neath his blade,
That in its summer promised a full ear,—
Whose virtues might the reaper's hand have stay'd,
Had aught avail'd that human love holds dear.

He for whose fate we ask the mournful peal,
Was meant for more than we have seen him do,
Much as that may have been. Nerved to his steel,
And to the plummet-line and compass true,

He might have fought for glories unachieved,
Save by the nobleness of heart and mind,
(The triumphs that are by cravens unbelieved,)
And left a greater name than great behind,

He might have conquer'd,— nay, no doubt he would—
The frailties that remind us we are weak;
And held a place in the world's brotherhood,
That partisan of aught in vain may seek.

His autumn might have straighten'd youthful bents,
And fix'd the lesson of the plummet's law,—
That they who swerve, the least, from high intents,
Are known from angels by some mortal flaw.

This fault had he whose fate we mourn to-day;
Yet 'twas so slight a leading from the true,
That e'en unfriendly tongues could not gainsay
The virtues that redeem'd it were not few,

His hand ne'er knew its bounty in the gift
Of wealth, or work, were either asked in aid.
The weak to guide,—the lowly to uplift,
He through his life an earnest duty made.

If blind to one known light, he'd many more
Of equal brightness on the path he trod.
Then live the thought, that, whate'er points before,
The path that leads to duty leads to God."

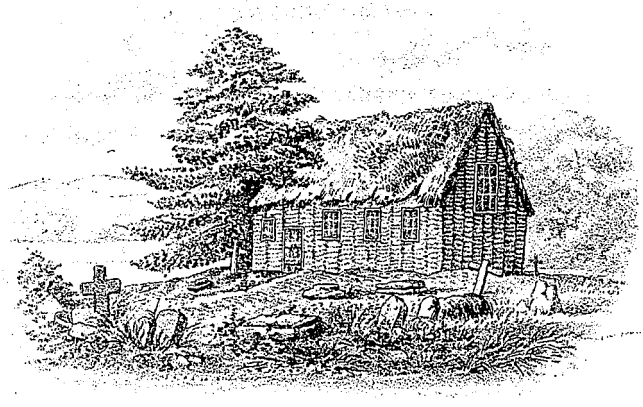
Mr. Joseph Foster, of Boundary Road, St. John's Wood, London, has done good service to the cause of genealogy, by printing "The Visitation of Yorkshire made in the years 1584-5, by Robert Glover, Somerset Herald; to which is added the subsequent visitation made in 1612, by Richard St. George, Norray King of Arms, with several additional Pedigrees, including 'The Arms taken out of Churches and Houses at Yorkshire Visitation, 1584-5,' 'Sir William Fayrfax' Booke of Arms,' and other Heraldic Lists, with copious Indices." The book, which consists of 734 pages, is printed and bound to correspond with the kindred publications of the Surtees Society, by whom it really ought to have been published, instead of some of the less interesting works which have been slowly issued by the society of late years. It is a disgrace to the various North of England antiquarian and archæological societies to leave the publication of so comprehensive a volume of Heraldic Visitations to a private individual; and if several of the smaller societies would amalgamate, they might accomplish a hundred times the good they are doing by their present sleepy proceedings. How long we might have waited for the valuable pedigrees in the present volume had not Mr. Foster come to the rescue, is beyond the power of man to tell. Mr. Foster appears to have done his laborious work in a way worthy of great praise, and I hope that he will not be allowed to be a loser by this and his kindred other undertakings. Such men are of value to every country.

The Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D., Historiographer to the Royal Historical Society, F.S.A. Scot., and corresponding member of the Historical and Genealogical Society of New England, is about to publish his auto-biography; or rather, as he very properly entitles it, "Leaves from my Auto-biography,"—for the fact is, only one man ever seems truly to have published his auto-biography, though numbers have professed to do so; and that one is the fine example of human weakness and wisdom in one, the much-maligned Jean Jacques Rosseau, to whom the whole civilised world is under obligations for helping to give them truer notions of education.

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

ERRATA.—In the Sonnet on the Prince of Wales's return in the March Number, by Bro. Rev. M. Gordon, and at the eleventh line, for "their" read *there*; and at the twelfth line for "Oblest" read *O blest.*

In Bro. Tweddell's Poem on Miss Marwood's marriage, last month, twelve lines of type were printed at the top of the *third*, instead of the *second* column, a blunder we greatly regret.



The First Church in England, A.D. 61.

THE MASONIC MAGAZINE:

A MONTHLY DIGEST OF

FREEMASONRY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

No. 36.—Vol. III. JUNE 1876. Price 6d.

Monthly Masonic Summary.

The principal event of the past month has been the happy return to Old England of our Royal and illustrious Grand Master. After a most successful Royal Progress, having won golden opinions from all, having conferred pleasure and gained experience, the Prince of Wales has reached in providential safety the shores of his native land, to receive from all classes the most hearty and the most gratifying of welcomes! From the georgeousness of Indian receptions, from the fêtes of Madrid and the gala of Lisbon, from the pleasant souvenirs of the land of the Pyramids, Malta, Gibraltar, the grace of Cadiz, the wonders of Seville, and the solemn memories of the Escurial, he finds himself once more safe and sound in the bosom of his family, lovingly greeted by those who had long missed his presence and fondly awaited his return. Old Neptune, recognising his rule over the main, gave him a comparatively smooth passage over the *often-troubled* waters of the "Bay," and the good ship Serapis not only came up to time, but did credit to the reckoning of those in naval official positions who planned and carried out all the successful arrangements of his landing at Portsmouth. But after all, though the official element was well represented, and its duties most admirably performed, what does not the success of that memorable day at Portsmouth owe to unofficial sympathy and aid—to the ready and liberal concurrence of the English people? All classes vied with each other in welcoming home their Prince, and if any one really believed that there was any doubt as to the genuine feelings of the English people, some recent events must have convinced the most sceptical that the great heart of England still beats truly and calmly in unison on any matter which really affects the honour of the Empire, the happiness of the people, the safety of the Throne, and the prestige of the House of Brunswick. So we Freemasons, like our fellow-citizens, have joined heartily in the universal welcome of a rejoicing land; happy in thinking and knowing that our Royal Grand Master has long since found that though he has roamed in strange lands, and seen wondrous sights, and sojourned in palaces great and historic, his happiest "locale" and his most cherished resting-place on earth are, after all, "Home, sweet Home." The meeting of the Prince and the Princess of Wales and their children off Yarmouth was most touching in itself, and will have been deeply appreciated by all Freemasons, just as it commended itself to the honest, hearty feelings of our gallant blue jackets.

The Roman Catholics are continuing their crusade against Freemasonry. As Mark Twain said of some "gushing sheemales," in his time, "let them gush;" so we say to our ultramontane assailants, Go ahead, old boys! We are beginning now rather to like it all than otherwise, the more so as nothing will sooner convince the world that Rome is "semper eadem," and has not relaxed one iota, yielded up one "jot or tittle" either of her absurd pretensions, her absurder violence, her hopeless bigotry, her intolerant animus, her wish to tyrannize over the human conscience, and her eagerness to burn "relapsed heretics!" Amiable weakness! It is a pity that any State should be so ill-advised as to object to the Inquisition, or the revival of the touching appeal to the secular arm, but some States are so very foolish as to do so, and there can be no doubt that in consequence of their "invincible ignorance" in regard to the real "intentions" of Rome, or the stubbornness of their "hereticæ pravitatis," they are all booked, Princes and people, for something uncomfortable.

We call attention in another page to a very curious archæological history called, "The Glastonbury Thorn," which our kind Bro. Thomas Sampson has most fraternally placed at our disposition. We like these old legends as both poetic and suggestive in themselves, and especially interesting to Freemasons, to whom the general archæology of the past is as interesting as their own.

THE LEGEND OF THE HOLY THORN OF GLASTONBURY.

BY BRO. THOS. SAMPSON, F.R.H.S., ETC.

> Such songs have power to quiet
> The restless pulse of care,
> And come like the Benediction
> That follows after prayer.
> LONGFELLOW.

IF we were to travel throughout the whole of Britain we should perhaps scarcely find a spot more attractive to the antiquary than Glastonbury; and this not because solely of its ancient relics and remains, but because those very antiquities are more or less intimately connected with the introduction and progress of Christianty. Wondrous and fascinating are the legendary tales concerning the abbey of Glastonbury, and the Avalonian Isle; fiction, fact, and fancy have each lent their aid, and contribute to the charm, and it is difficult to imagine a more pleasing task than to travel for a short time into the realms of legendary lore, especially when our steps are led to wander beside the cherished paths of our own county, "the faire greene lande" of Somersetshire. There we may trace the waymarks of travellers, more experienced and, perhaps, more enterprising, who have preceded us, and who have so throughly examined every milestone on the road, and explored every nook and cranny of historical interest, that we may safely content ourselves with a more expeditious mode of travelling, and take the benefit of their investigations on our route.

Curious records, unintelligible manuscripts, antique registers, and dusty folios meet us on our way, like an ancient and forlorn avenue of dark sombre pines and majestic elms; while romances, tales, traditions and legends spring up everywhere around, and lend a refreshing glance to the scene, as do the silvery birches and slender ash-trees which intermingle with their more stately brethren of the forest; but, alas! superstition, like the twining ivy, clings around each giant trunk and tender branch, enclosing alike in its fatal embrace the dull dry record of impossible deeds, or the more alluring mementos of a romantic and equally impossible piety.

Along this tangled labyrinth we would fain pursue our course, and both inclination and fancy induce us to turn aside into the little bye-path leading to sacred ground, even that whence arose the Holy Thorn of Glastonbury.

No traditions are more interesting, or more imploringly invite us to linger beneath their soothing shade, than those concerning the first establishment at Glastonbury of the persecuted Arimathean missonary and his companions.

True it is the over-arching network of their legendary leaves may obscure the brilliant sunlight overhead, and let us be deeply thankful that our sight is gladdened by the free and uninterrupted view of Christianity in all its beauty; but, nevertheless, we may catch a few rays of the glorious Light which gleams through the chinks, and which feeble and faint though it were, yet proved a greatful source of enlightment to many a weary soul who would otherwise have been in total darkness.

These records bear a striking testimony to the honour with which men in all ages have invested those amongst them, who, by their lives and conduct, have won their respect and esteem; and the traditions of the miraculous origin of the Holy Thorn of Glastonbury are but tribute to the courage, perseverance, and piety of St. Joseph of Arimathea, the first ambassador of Christ in Britain.

Many and various are the legends concerning this Holy Thorn, and though we cannot look to them for any large amount of historical truth, still it is not altogether idle or useless to know what they say about this famous tree.

It is beyond all question, that a Thorn has grown on the South ridge of Wearyall Hill, (now called Werrall Park) since the earliest ages of Christianity, and that this Thorn budded and blowed yearly upon Christmas Day.

All traditions agree in asserting that it sprang up miraculously, but differ upon minor points of detail; from these different sources, I gather the following narrative, which, however absurd and improbable it may appear to us now, was, no doubt, eagerly listened to, and wonderingly believed in in days gone by.

The history of the Holy Thorn takes us back to the infant days of Christianity, and we must commence with the first mention of St. Joseph, which we find in the Gospels. He is there spoken of as the "Councellor,

a good man and a just," who begged from Pilate the dead body of our Saviour, and buried it in his own garden.

For this action, says the legend, he was closely imprisoned by the Jews on the night of our Saviour's burial; but he was miraculously delivered by an angel on the night of our Saviour's resurrection.

The Jews were very much enraged at their victim's escape; indeed, so great was their wrath, that they not only expelled him with St. Lazarus, St. Mary Magdalen, St. Martha, and St. Philip, from Jerusalem, but put them out to sea in an open vessel, without either oars or sail. After tossing about many days, they were driven in God's providence, to Marseilles, a French town on the Mediterranean Sea, and from Marseilles, St. Joseph came to Britain, where he died at a good old age, after having preached the Gospel of Christ with power and earnestness for many years.

St. Philip did not accompany his fellow-exile to Britain; he believed his mission to be in Gaul; indeed, St. Joseph, himself, would, in all probability, never have quitted Gaul had it not been for a vision sent to St. Philip. In this vision, Britain was represented to him as being in a most helpless and heathen condition; and he heard mournful voices which imploringly cried to him—"Come over and help us!" In consequence of this indication, St. Joseph resolved to leave Gaul, which he accordingly did, and came over to Britain in the year A.D. 63, bringing with him twelve companions, one being his own son Joseph. An old book, "The Sanctus Graal," rather increases the number of the missionary's train, and says that six hundred people came with him, among whom were his wife and son, his nephew Helaius, ancestor of our renowned King Arthur, and also another relation named Peter, whose descendant Loth is said to have married King Arthur's sister. The "Sanctus Graal" also states that St. Joseph was the King of Orcania, and that many of his retinue were persons of the highest, even of royal rank. This assertion is, however, of very doubtful authority. Only the Protestant authors say he was sent to Britain by St. Philip; Romish historians will not allow this, but say he was commissioned by St. Peter, and not by St. Philip, whom they affirm to have suffered martyrdom at Hieropolis, in Asia, nine years before St. Joseph arrived in Britain.

St. Joseph, according to Mr. Broughton, in his "Antiquities of Glastonbury," landed in North Wales, then called Venedocia; here he and his companions began to preach the Gospel, but were most cruelly treated by the heathen King of that province. They were denied all necessaries for relief and sustenance, their doctrines were rejected with contempt, and they, themselves, were thrown into prison When at length they were freed, they resolved to leave such an obstinate and obdurate people to themselves, and so they came into that part of Britain now called England, the Lœgria.

St. Joseph immediately proceeded to the Court of King Arviragus, by whom he was well received. The poor persecuted Missionary gave him an account of his journey and its object, which was to "bring the happy news of the Saviour's resurrection, and to offer the only assured means of salvation to all who would embrace it."

This message, gravely and modestly delivered by one filled by the Holy Spirit, and a most venerable appearance—by one that renounced all wordly designs of power and riches—by the professor of a religion sufficiently recommended if it deserved the hatred of that most infamous prince Nero,—this message so wrought upon Arviragus, that he not only gave St. Joseph and his companions leave to preach and convert his subjects, but also extented his liberality so far as to afford them a special place of retreat convenient for their quiet and holy devotion, and sufficient for their support, so that without distraction or solicitude, they might attend to the worship of the true God, and the instruction of those who were willing to receive it.

The retreat Arviragus assigned them was an island in one of the Somersetshire marches, called by the Britons Ynis-witryn from its colour, or, perhaps, from its position. It was a rude and uncultivated piece of land, and full of woods, bushes, and fens. In course of time, when it was cleared from its briars, and had been well drained and cultivated, the inhabitants called it Avallonia from the abundance of apples and fruit growing there; but in after ages, when the Saxons had taken

possession of it, they resumed the former title, translating it into their own language as Glastron or Glascon.

An early legend says that when St. Joseph and his companions came into England from Wales, they divided into three companies, and that only two people went with St. Joseph to Ynis-witryn. They rested upon their arrival at their destination, on the ridge of a hill, about half-a-mile south-west of where Glastonbury now stands; and in the very place where they rested, there sprang up a miraculous Thorn-tree, which never failed to bud and blow yearly upon Christmas-day, let the weather be ever so severe.

A more enlarged narrative states that St. Joseph and his little band of faithful followers landed not far from Glastonbury, and that an oak was planted in commemoration of the place and the event, called the oak of Avalon. They then marched to a hill, where they rested, being tired and footsore, for, say the Monkish Chronicles, "weary they all were." For this reason the hill was ever after called Weary-all Hill.

It was Christmas Day in the year of our Lord 63, when they reached Ynis-witryn—the first Christian festival that gladdened our isle; but not long were they to contemplate undisturbed the strang providence which had led them through so many trials into a place of refuge at last,—not long were they to converse the glad tidings which, in their recollection, had greeted some wearied watchers near dearly-loved Bethlehem,—not long were they permitted to keep the Saviour's birthday with a feast of thanksgiving and peace, for the rough, untutored inhabitants soon crowded around them, and by their menacing gestures alarmed the poor travellers very much.

St. Joseph, however, did not share the trembling uneasiness of his companions, but calmly planted his pilgrim's staff in the earth and knelt beside it. He then with upraised hands and eyes, implored his Master's blessing on their enterprise, and on the ground of which had thus taken possession in His name.

The boisterous multitude were struck with awe at the novel circumstance of a venerable and helpless old man, unmoved amid danger, and earnestly speaking in an unknown tongue to some one whom they could not see.

But they were still more astonished at the sight which greeted their eyes when St. Joseph arose from his knees. A wonderful miracle had taken place, and the staff which was planted in the ground, rough, dry, and barren, was transformed into a living tree, which immediately budded and blowed, and gave forth the most delicious perfume. St. Joseph exclaimed with tearful gratitude "Our God is with us! Jesus is with us!" and the heathen crowd bowed their heads in token of adoration and amazement. The little Christian company were no longer depressed by the difficulties of their undertaking, but were much cheered and encouraged; and the natives were disposed to regard them as endowed with super-natural power, and well worthy of belief. Visions were granted to the saintly band, and, in course of time, they built a chapel to the honour of the Virgin Mary, in obedience to the commands of the Archangel Gabriel. Steadfastly and earnestly they pursued their unwearied labours, amid much discouragement and toil; striving to bring the rude barbarians around them to a better and happier way of living, and gladdened by the knowledge that here and there might be found a soul that had tasted of the Fountain of Life through their instrumentality. This was the highest reward, save one, that they sought for; and as the little Christian band, one by one, fell asleep on earth, they met their chief and glorious reward in heaven, even to see their beloved Master face to face:—

"They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
'Mid peril, toil, and pain:
O God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!"

So ends the beautiful and romantic narrative touching the Holy Thorn of Glastonbury; and it is almost painful to be compelled to destroy the fair inventions concerning its details, and to oppose truth and knowledge to the enchanting offspring of ignorance and superstition. It is more than doubtful whether Joseph of Arimathea ever came to Britain, since he was evidently a man of quiet habits; and we can scarcely believe that, if he really had come to Britain, the writers and chroniclers of the 1st century would have omitted to

mention the fact; however, it is quite certain, that our country; indeed, our own county was under Christian teaching during that period; and it is pleasant to think, that in one part of it, green and fair to the outward eye, but painful to the mental vision from the hideous heathenism of its inhabitants, there flourished one spot where Christianity uplifted her gentle head, where the atmosphere was fragrant with sweet Christian graces, and where the lives of its occupants were in unison with the tender beauty of the surrounding landscape.

The Holy Thorn being invested with such a miraculous origin, it is but natural to suppose there would be some marvellous tales about the Thorn in after years; and a book which was compiled in the year 1716 gives the following curious details. It had two trunks or bodies branching from one root, until the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when "a saint-like Puritan" took offence at the poor Thorn, because of the miraculous halo Romish invention had thrown around it. This worthy but mistaken gentleman one day took a hatchet in his hand, and hewed down the larger of the two trunks; he would, in all probability, have destroyed the other, had he not been prevented in an untoward and unexpted manner. Instead of cutting the tree, he missed his aim, and cut his leg, which occasioned him considerable discomfort; and, to add to his punishment and mortification, one of the chips of the ill-used Thorn sprang up into his eye, and inflicted so severe a wound, that he lost his eyesight in consequence.

But, perhaps, the most wonderful feature of the case was this:—Puritan fanaticism had not been allowed to entirely sever the trunk from its root, and a tiny piece of bark yet held the two together; but though the unfortunate trunk could never stand upright like its fellow, and remained lying on the ground, yet it continued to flourish and bloom as well as ever; and when, after the lapse of 30 years it was taken away, and thrown into a ditch, it still flourished and budded as was its usual wont on Christmas days. But even such an extraordinary specimen of vegetable vitality as this must have an end, and in about a year, it was stolen, and never heard of afterwards.

The remaining trunk now formed the whole of the tree, and was as large as a man's body. Many peopls came to see it, and being as foolish three centuries ago as they are now, they engraved their names upon its bark, and broke off many of the branches and boughs. Now, if this Thorn had been by any means an ordinary tree, it would soon have withered and drooped under so many distinguished marks of favour and affection; but instead of this, the plucky little Thorn flourished better than ever; it drew more nourishment from its roots, through the medium of its lacerated bark, than many other less honoured trees; it spread out its arms so invitingly on every side, that cattle often took shelter from heat or rain under its friendly branches, and positively wore the ground just under it quite bare; and, spite these varied hindrances, it always took a cheerful aspect of affairs, and bore a full and plentiful crop of "hips and hawes."*

No wonder, then, that the blossoms of this Tree were considered holy relics and curiosities, and that numberless cures were effected by their healing virtue. The merchants of Bristol always carried with them on their continental trips, some leaves and blossoms of the Thorn, and sold them to foreigners for a fabulous sum, making their poor dupes believe that they were to consider themselves very fortunate to procure so admirable a panacea at even that price. Royalty itself shared the superstition, and James I. and his Queen bought cuttings and leaves of the tree at an enormous price.

But in the next reign, that of Charles I., the Holy Thorn had to bid farewell to all homage and adulation, and ignominiously suffered martyrdom at the hands of a rough soldier. During the Rebellion, popular feeling ran high against the slightest tinge of Romanism, and this military zealot, regarding the Holy Thorn as a Popish relic, cut it down, and effectually destroyed it. Its stump was to be seen as late as 1750. A monumental stone was laid over the spot where it once flourished,

* The Glastonbury Thorn is referred to in the following lines by Sir Charles Sedley. *Temp:* Chas. II.

Cosmelius charms inspire my lays,
Who fair in nature's scorn,
Blooms in the winter of her days
Like Glastonbury Thorn.

and received so much court and attention. The stone is 4 feet 8 inches long, and 2 feet 8 inches wide—It bears this inscription—

I A
Anno D
XXXI

There are many trees now in the country and neighbourhood, which claim descent from the Holy Thorn of Glastonbury, having been originally propagated by buds and grafts.

Modern science, which has dissipated so many dreams of erroneous belief, and false philosophy, has given to this plant its proper place in the natural productions of the vegetable world, and has determined it to be the fourth variety of the Cratægus or Hawthorn. It is the Cratægus oxycantha; (from Kratos, strengh: in reference to the hardness and strengh of the wood.) Natural order, appleworts or Pomaceæ. The family of Thorns furnishes a greater number of handsome, though small trees, for ornamental grounds than any other woody family whatever. The following mention of the Thorn occurs in Dr. Withering's Arrangement of British Plants, published in 1818. Vol. iii., page 604.

"GLASTONBURY THORN. Appendages at the base of the leaves, kidney-shaped, toothed, very large. It does not grow within the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey, but in a lane beyond the Churchyard, on the other side of the street, by the side of a pit. It appears to be a very old tree; an old woman (who was 90 years old in 1788) never remembers it otherwise than as it now appears. There is another tree of the same kind, two or three miles from Glastonbury. It has been reported to have no thorns; but that I found to be a mistake. It has thorns like other hawthorns, but which are but few, as on other trees. It blossoms twice a-year. The winter blossoms, which are about the size of a sixpence, appear about Christmas, and sooner, if the winter be severe. These produce no fruit.

The following particulars are found in Hearne's "Appendix to the History and Antiquities of Glastonbury," and are extracts from a religious work printed in the year 1653, and written by the Bishop of Gloucester. "The White Thorne at Glastonbury which did usually blossome on Christmas-day, was cut down: yet did I not heare that the party was punished. Certainly, the Thorn was very extraordinary, for at my being there I did consider the place, how it was sheltered; I did consider the soile, and all other circumstances, yet I could not find no naturall cause. This, I know, that God first appeared to Moses in a bramble bush; and that Aaron's rod, being dried and withered, did budde: and these were God's actions, and his first actions; and, truly, Glastonbury was a place noted for holiness, and the first religious foundation in England, and, in effect, was the first dissolved; and therein, was such a barbarous inhumanity as Egypt never heard the like. It may well be that this White Thorne did then spring up, and began to blossome on Christmas-day, to give a testimony to religion, that it dothe flourish in persecution: as the Thorne did blossome in the coldest tyme in winter, (though the sun is so great a distance might seem to want heate to bring forth the sap), so religion should stand, or rather rise up, though religious houses were pulled down."

A humble rival of the Holy Thorn was the Walnut Tree which grew in the Holy Churchyard, near St. Joseph's chapel. This tree, they say, never budded before the Feast of St. Barnabas, on June 11th, but on that day it shot forth leaves and flourished as much as other Walnut trees generally do. Mr. Broughton, who wrote in the 17th century, says that in his time the Walnut tree was still living, and continued to bud and bring forth leaves as usual upon St. Barnabas' day.

Many pilgrims paid a visit to this wonderful tree on that day to witness the extraordinary exhibition of Divine favour to the vegetable kingdom, as manifested in the marvellous budding of the Walnut tree. Dr. James Montague, Bishop of Bath and Wells in James the First's reign, was so struck with the uncommon nature of both the Holy Thorn and the Walnut Tree, that he made a present of a branch of each of these trees to Queen Ann, wife of James the First, deeming them a gift quite worthy of royal acceptance.

Curious it is to review the various influences which the same traditions and legends have exercised upon the minds of people in different ages. At one time we

find prince and peasant, the learned and the unlearned, the busy merchant and the careless child, all equally convinced of the truth of the superstition to which they cling, and taking every means in their power to shew their faith in it. At another and more enlightened period, we find that it is only with great exertion of priestly authority, that the lower orders are prevailed upon to believe the visionary tales whose marvels were considered requisite and legitimate aids for supporting the falling fabric of the corrupt Church of Rome. In our own times, knowledge and education have done much to induce and enable men to think and reason for themselves, instead of putting a blind faith in guides no wiser than their credulous followers; there exists, unhappily, a danger even of believing too little, which is more to be dreaded than believing too much; and, it would be well sometimes to emulate the teachable disposition of good and venerable Ashmole, the Bishop of Gloucester, whose remarks on the Holy Thorn we have already quoted; and, like him, we would draw a lesson which should influence our whole lives from the most undoubted fact in all the mystic legends which centre around the Holy Thorn. As the Sacred Tree put forth her cheering buds and blossoms during the dreariest winter days, so, when we see the winter of Want, Desolation or Bereavement, withering those around us, may we be ever ready to yield our share of the sweet fruits of Charity, and to cheer the needy and the helpless by kind words and deeds, knowing that

"The quality of mercy is not strained,
It is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives and him
That takes. We do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy."

In Malmsbury's "Chronicle" the name of Joseph occurs but once, at the beginning, when he tells us that "St. Philip sent twelve disciples, over whom *as it is reported* (*ut ferunt*), his dearest friend, Joseph of Arimathea, the same who buried our Lord, presided." Not another allusion is made to him, not even in the character of St. Patrick, which contains a summary of the history of the mission; or in the list of the "various relics deposited at Glastonbury," although that list begins with the "twelve disciples of St. Philip." Evidently Malmsbury attached no credence to the legend of Joseph, and it was not at that time put forth as one of the great glories of the Abbey that Joseph was buried there. Adam de Domerham, the next chronicler, is equally silent on this subject, and we are thus carried to the end of the thirteenth century.

The belief that Joseph of Arimathea was really buried in the cemetery appears in the fourteenth century; when in 1345 J. Blome obtained a royal licence "to seek within the boundary of the monastery of Glastonia for the body of Joseph of Arimathea," in consequence, as he asserts, of a Divine injunction and revelation made to him. The licence, dated June 10, 1345, permits him to dig within the precinct of the monastery for this purpose, provided that it be done without endangering the church and buildings, and also with consent of the abbot and convent. This is the only record left of the project, but the chronicle of R. de Boston (p. 137), under the year 1367, states that the bodies of Joseph of Arimathea and his companions were *found* in this year at Glaston; a probable mistake for *sought*. These are at least indications of the growing tendency to encourage the belief in a tradition to which, as I have shewn, the earlier chronicles of the monastery attached but small credence. On the contrary, John of Glaston their last historian, writing at the beginning of the fifteenth century, dwells upon this tradition and spares no pains to establish it.

The authority which John Glaston quotes in support of the actual burial of Joseph in the cemetery is an ancient British historian, named Melkin, who lived before Merlin, and wrote concerning the mission of St. Philip's disciples; that they died in succession, and were buried in the cemetery. "Amongst them Joseh of Marmore, named of Arimathea, receives perpetual sleep. And he lies in *linea bifurcata* near the south corner of the oratory, which is built of hurdles.

Mr. Ray, in his "*Itinerary*," 1662, rode to Glastonbury, and "saw Joseph of Arimathea's Tomb and Chapel at the end of the Church," &c. p. 261.

Botanical Description.—Di-pentagynia, Cratægus, Oxyacantha, E. B. δ Præcox, Glastonbury. (Vide Loudon's Encyclopædia, Plants.)

Cratægus, from κρατος, force, on account of the extreme hardness of the wood of the original Cratægus, which appears to be what is now called Pyrus aria, the Beam-tree. This is a very ornamental genus of small hardy trees, valuable for the neatness of their foliage, the earliness of their flowers in Spring, and the rich colours of their berries in Autumn.

C. Oxyacantha, οξυς ακανθα, Sharp-spine, is the best hedge plant in Europe, and also furnishes some highly ornamental varieties, especially the double-blossomed and scarlet-blossomed.

The fruit of C. odoratissima is very agreeable. That of the Azaroùr (âl Z'aroùr Arabic, according to *Castel* and John de Souza) is much esteemed in the South of Europe. In this country it rarely arrives at perfection.

Loudon says in another account, (Loudon's Encyclopædia of Plants, page 1204. 1st additional supplement, class XII, order 1. 1132, Cratægus L. (Kratos, strength; hardness and strength of wood.) Rosàceæ. Pòmæ. Sp. 27—27.

"Of all the genera of hardy deciduous ligneous plants in cultivation in British gardens, there is not one which, taking it altogether, can be compared with the Genus Cratægus. . . . . They are not only highly beautiful when in flower (a period which extends from the beginning of April to the end of July, commencing with C. purpùrea, and ending with C. cordàta), but also when they are covered with ripe fruit, which includes a period commencing with C. purpùrea and C. nigra, in the beginning of July, and continuing till the following spring or summer; C. mexicàna, C. Virgínica, and some other species, retaining their fruit all the winter . . . . All the species may be trained either as small, handsome, exceedingly picturesque trees, or as beautiful and picturesque shrubs, at the pleasure of the cultivator." (Arb. Brit., p. 814.) "Most of the species would make excellent hedges. . . . . All the species will grow on any soil that is tolerably dry; but they will not grow vigorously in a soil that is not deep and free, and rich rather than poor." (Ib.)

"THE HOLY THORN."

THE day is waning, night's dark shadows fall apace,
A piercing wind howls through the forest glade;
A wintry coat of snow envelopes every place—
The earth is one vast waste of solitude and shade.

A little band of strangers goes this way along,
Seeking for shelter from the inclement night,
Wiling their weary route with pious psalm and song,
Weary, yet singing praise to God with all their might.

Tired and footsore, and with 'bated power,
At last they halt upon a little mound;
Their leader, while the night clouds o'er him lower,
Asks help and strength from Him with whom they only can be found.

An aged man, whose hair is whitened by the lapse of years,
And tottering steps depend upon his staff's support;
Calm mid the wintry blast, and undismayed by fears,
Stands enraptured—lost in deepest thought.

And he must needs return o'er memory's space,
To that sad day, when sepulchred in living stone,
He last had seen his gracious Saviour's face,
And left Him in His silent tomb to rest alone.

His thoughts go also to that festal day,
When empty and untenanted the tomb was found,
And as his wandering fancy thus did stray,
With holy joy he struck his staff upon the ground.

And as he forced it through the ice-bound soil,
New life was poured into the ragged crook;
His staff—companion of his pilgrim toil—
Blossomed like Aaron's rod as told in holy book.

And since that day, though many centuries ago,
As each succeeding Christmas-tide appears,
That Holy Thorn still blossoms through the wintry snow,
Fit emblem of that faith which triumphs over fears. T. SAMPSON.

BROTHER ELLIS'S SKETCH OF PARADISE R.A. CHAPTER, SHEFFIELD.

WILLIAM JAMES HUGHAN.

BROTHER ELLIS, of Sheffield, has done good service by the publication of the curious and interesting Minutes of a R.A. Chapter (or Chapters) from December 28th, 1783, to December 15th, 1811, working at Sheffield; and his careful and exact transcripts from the original records have furnished Masonic students with trustworthy facts and materials for a future History of Free-Masonry in that town.

The Chapter it appears is in connection with the Britannia Lodge, No. 139, and therefore from the union of the two Grand Chapters, in 1817, assumed the same numbers as the Lodge under whose wing it assembles, viz. 232 (1817), 162 (1832), and 139 (1863). How long the Chapter has been thus connected with Lodge No. 139 does not appear from the records submitted, and it is not even certain that it is one and the same Chapter all through the Minutes, though of course it may be.

The copy of certificate of date "9th March, 1806, No. III." conveys the impression that it was No. 3, whereas it really was No. CIII. (No. 103) on the roll of the Supreme Grand and Royal Chapter of England ("*Moderns*"), and its name, description and number so occur in the list of Regular Chapters inserted in the Freemason's Calendar and Pocket Book of the Grand Lodge of England 1814, "*Moderns*" (*issued* in 1813). In a list of Chapters of 1797, it is not inserted, not being warranted until after that date, but a chapter at Sheffield was working then as No. 95, and called the "*Loyal*," constituted during that year or shortly before. In a list of the regular Chapters of 1793 no Chapter is credited to Sheffield, the last number being 60. The numeration of such Chapters prior to 1817 was quite independent of the Lodges, and the Chapters *were not attached* to Lodges as subsequently, under the "Moderns."

There was not only a Regular Lodge meeting at Sheffield from 1765, but the "Ancients" had Lodges in the same Town, if not from 1765, at all events soon afterwards. In "Ahiman Rezon" 1807, the List gives:—No. 72 Sheffield, now 68, Royal Clarence Lodge, Bristol. No. 85 and 105 became extinct prior to the union of Grand Lodge 1813.

All the three Lodges had the power to hold a Royal Arch Chapter by virtue of their *Craft Warrants*, whenever was deemed desirable, not so, however, with the regular Lodges of the "*Moderns*." It is clear, then, that the Chapter mentioned by Brother Ellis from 1783, could not have been one *and the same Chapter* all through the records, as No. 111 certificate represented a Chapter constituted *after* 1796, and the older chapter, No. 95, was constituted after 1793, and therefore it could not have been that Chapter either from the year 1783. No. 95 appears to have been the first regular Chapter formed at Sheffield, and according to a MS. in our possession there were no regular Chapters meeting in that town A.D. 1783.

We come to the conclusion from the foregoing facts, that the Chapter first of all was under the wing of an ancient Lodge, and subsequently the members accepted a warrant from the Supreme Grand and Royal Chapter of England. The first Charter issued by the latter authority was in 1769, (three years after its constitution)

It is evident from the first exaltation being numbered 18, that there were 17 members on the Roll prior to December 28th, 1783, though, of course, it would not follow therefrom that the Chapter had been in existence long before that period. In two years from 1783 (December) there were *twenty exaltations.*

The Chapter being frequently termed a *Lodge* in the Records, would be nothing unusual if it were in connection with the "*Ancients*," *as according to their working*, the degree was simply the perfection of the Master Mason, which all their Lodges

could confer, without any authority beyond "*Ahiman Rezon*," and their warrants.

The changes in the description of the chief officers favour the idea of there being more than one Chapter noted in the Records, though the Chapters may have been preservative of R.A. Masonry by a successor being ready to supply the vacancy caused by the retirement of the previous Chapter, and there is much in the Records to prove a new Chapter was formed A.D. 1797-8. A warrant and expenses for robes, &c., are mentioned October 28th, 1798, and a subscription made of one guinea from each member to defray the same.

The style of the Records also from 1783 to 1787, and during 1788, evidently points to two different Chapters, and the hiatus in the minutes after 1788 furnishes another reason for believing that the Chapter of 1797 with its changed titles and customs was a new creation, and in all probability the beginning of the No. 111 under the Supreme Grand and Royal Chapter of England.

According to the minute of July 16th, 1786, the Officers were chosen for *six months*. The laws of the regular Grand Chapter provided for their being elected for twelve months.*

At page 76 of the Records is a list of "Old Royal Arch Masons (10) before the *present Constitution*," whichwe take toy mean prior to 1797, when the ordinar Roll of companions of the *New* chapter commenced, and which chapter of 1797 *(circa)* has continued to the present day. Its name and number occur in the List of Chapters after the union of date 1823, the number agreeing with that held by the Britannia Lodge, viz. 232.

Several of the minutes are exceedingly curious, and it is a pity that several typographical blunders sadly interfere with their perspecuity, and which it is very desirable to have corrected.

The Fee of *five shillings and threepence* paid for the degree of R.A. for several years from 1783, proves the Chapter then was not under the regular Grand Chapter (or "moderns") as its minimum fee was one guinea, and the Registration Fee five shillings from 1778.

* A MS. minute book of an "Antient Lodge" in our possession, records the half-yearly election of officers.—Ed.

The early records read more like those of a Chapter under Ireland, and suggest the thought that a regiment, in which was a Lodge hailing from that jurisdiction, was in Sheffield for some time and which worked the R.A. as recorded in the minutes from 1783 to 1788. In that case the "Ancients" would have assisted the members, as the *seceders* of England were on most friendly terms with the Grand Lodge of Ireland at that time, the both organizations being supposed to practise "Ancient Freemasonry," and the *regular* Grand Lodge from whom was derived all knowledge of *masonic degrees*, was declared to be "Modern" and untrusworthy.

The Royal Arch of the last century had many additions of a fanciful character, mainly however referring to the "Veils," the regular Grand Chapter not countenancing any but the degree of Royal Arch Masonry. The laws of 1782 provided that "according to ancient custom a complete Chapter of this supreme degree of Masonry consists of three Principals, who when in chapter assembled are to be considered conjointly as the Master; and each severally as a Master, two Scribes, three Sojourners and 72 others as Council. . . . . The three Principals and all Past Masters are styled Most Excellent, all other officers Excellent, and the rest Companions of the Order."

Z. H. J. were the titles, as now, of the three chiefs, and not Kings, or High Priest and Kings, as in the Sheffield Royal Arch Records.

During the latter part of last century, Chapters and Encampments were often held at which anything and everything were given for a few shillings, and in many cases gratuitously on the candidate being a "good fellow."

Doubtless several of the novelties practised in the Chapter were introduced by the "Mason of the World," the "*worthy Companion Boyle.*"

The excellent Grand Masters mentioned under Minute July 16th, 1788, had reference of course to R.A. Officers, and represent offices since discarded. The three Principals of the regular Grand Chapter were styled *Grand Masters.*

The Scribes in the early history of R.A. Masonry frequently distinguished themselves by their conflicting descriptions of

the titles of the Officers and of the Chapter, and the interesting records of the Sheffield Chapter, evidently form no exception to the rule.

We should like to know exceedingly if it appears from the records, by what authority the Mark Masons were *advanced* on Nov. 18th, 1810. Certainly not by the R.A. warrant; but from about 1770 lodges worked the Mark Masters frequently by their *own* authority, any legitimate number of Mark Masons, apparently doing so under the adopted wing of a Craft warrant.

We reserve any further remarks on the subject, until the second portion of the extracts has appeared, and we again desire to express our hearty approval of the careful manner in which Brother Ellis has transcribed the Records, and to thank him most warmly for his services on behalf of Masonic Archæology. The history of Royal Arch Masonry in England has yet to be written, and if other Brethren having similar opportunities, will only do as Brother Ellis has done so well, we shall not long be in want of materials to compose a history of that modern Society.

SONNET

On reading the Minutes of some old Lodges in the "Masonic Magazine."

BY BRO. REV. M. GORDON.

O BRAVE old wood, extending many a rood;
Oft in thine aged precincts have I stroll'd,
While wav'd thy venerable arms full bold,
In green old age, high o'er a pebbly flood.
I love to trace the age—in thee, ag'd wood—
Of each particular gnarled oak, and old;
Though oaks, like kindred growths, from days untold
In many a sylvan home, like thine, have stood;
Oaks fair as thine. So do I love, as well,
To penetrate the dark antiquity
Of Lodges old as thine, old oaks; although
For periods, whose duration none can tell,
Lodges, 'ere these, were broadcast sown and free,
And in all lands as mightily did grow.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS AND THEIR PEACEFUL SOLUTION.

BY BRO. REV. W. TEBBS.

"A good man, ... that ruleth well his own house, ... will guide his affairs with discretion."

EVEN in the days of our wise Grand Master it was a well-known fact that it was the unconsidered "dead flies that caused the ointment of the apothecary to give a stinking savour," rendering worthless by their unwelcome presence the product of all his care and skill. So now-a-days though the ship of the State may be under an able commander, safely piloted amidst the breakers of war or the sunken rocks of intestine commotion, yet in many a cabin there may be anything but peace and contentment. Now this is exactly our present position; we are at peace with all the world; happy and prosperous to a degree; but in the more private affairs of the country—indeed within our very homes—there seems to be some hidden process at work, by which our very lives, thus favoured though they be, seem to be so harassed as hardly to be worth the living. Ours be it, in the course of our investigations, to dive into these inner recesses of our national household, and to see whether to the social problems of the day, which seem to be putting the times altogether out of joint, we cannot find some solution to offer. The question that first occurs to us, as affecting us all directly or indirectly, is that of

CREATION AND RECREATION.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might,"

Showed the value that the Royal Solomon put upon thoroughness; and it is a want of this very quality-thoroughness (a quality which it has ever been our boast that we possessed, but which now, alas, but too often finds its perfection only in the boast,) which is at the root of half the mischief that we have started to consider.

Work is the normal condition of mankind, and since the sentence of hard labour passed on Adam, everyone of his descendants has his allotted task, if he will but apply himself to it. None need, or ought, to be idle, for in whatever position of life a man be placed, there is certainly some

share of work, be it bodily or be it mental, to which he can turn himself, and thus play his allotted part in the great drama of life. If even it were not every man's bounden duty to make himself useful to his fellows, he would, if he possessed a rightly constituted mind, turn his attention thitherward of choice; for can we conceive a more contemptible, yet withal pitiable, object than the man whose career is so purposeless that he drags through life merely to have at last written as his epitaph —"he existed?"

In primitive times the sole object of labour was to procure the means of subsistence, but as man increased upon the earth, certain of the number must be told off for purposes of preserving order and the like; hence the origin of different occupations. Next we should find work divided into various branches, to which different branches individuals would turn more particular attention, and from this would result what we know as the division of labour. All these various divisions, again, would have to be worked up into one harmonious whole, and thus another class of workmen would spring into existence. Next we should find that as the family became families, families tribes, tribes nations, and so on, and as the resources of the countries thus spread over and populated became apparent, so would arise various occupations and ultimately manufactures. Such products and manufactures would gradually be found to be wanted in other countries than those in which they were originally produced, and thus would arise a system of barter. In process of time this bartering would not be found to be altogether satisfactory, as one might wish to sell and another to buy, whilst the latter could offer to the former nothing at that time necessary to him in lieu of the purchase, and here would arise the necessity of some handy medium of exchange, such medium, however, possessing some intrinsic value; and thus would come into existence—money.

This system of trade and commerce being thus established, it is evident that there would be necessary not only the actual producers of the material, but also the vendors of it, and ultimately those who should act as arbitrators between the various bodies of producers and vendors, and thus in process of time would arise statesmen as conservators of the wealth of nations. Such conservators must necessarily be properly fitted, by education and position, for their share in the working out of the prosperity of the nation, and thus can be roughly deduced the necessity of the existence of various grades in society, whilst at the same time can be clearly seen the truth of our proposition, that there is work of some kind or other for every man to do.

It is now quite evident that the comparative wealth of every nation would be represented by the value of its productions. The value of such productions would be regulated partly by the profusion, or otherwise, with which their materials were yielded by nature, partly by the skill exerted in the working up of such materials, partly by the industry of the manipulators, and partly by the necessity others had for the employment of the products in question and their consequent purchase. Thus we find established the beginning of the principle of supply and demand.

Continuing our investigations we should find that as the demand increased, so would the value of the article grow, unless the price were kept down by an increased supply. Again, the supply being enlarged, the value of individual articles of such supply would be regulated by their approach to perfection consequent upon the amount of skill exerted in their manufacture. Thus, the workman would in process of time be paid partly according to his skilful manipulation and partly according to the demand for his handiwork—that is, of course, if there were no unfair interests opposed to him.

Now what is the true state of the case? As we have seen, there are various classes concerned either directly or indirectly in the production or disposal of all commodities, and thus we find class interests brought into existence, for each and every of these individuals must live out of the sale of the production; that is to say, that out of the price paid by the consumer for any commodity, various shares of the profits must be allotted to the various classes concerned in its sale; such as the grower or raiser to the surface of the raw material, the manufacturer with his subordinate hands, the shipper, the wholesale agent

and the retailer. It is, therefore, in this apportioning of the profits that class-interests arise; and it is thus that the various classes employed in the production of the same staple article of consumption become to a certain extent antagonistic; namely, in that each class will certainly endeavour to obtain for itself the greatest possible share in such apportionment: and this is the whole history of trades-unions and strikes. Could men but see that this antagonism should be limited in extent, inasmuch as an exaggeration of it must perforce bring about the state of "a house divided against itself"—the interests seemingly antagonistic being in reality identical—such things need never be.

Yet that every class should unite to promote its own interests is perfectly intelligible and perfectly legitimate; "but ..... to ..... gander," and so it is quite as reasonable — to take two classes more usually prominent in their antagonism than others — that the masters should unite as the men. But whilst this principle of trades-unionism is perfectly admissible on both sides, what is grossly wrong is any action involving the exhibition of force or coercion; thus, whilst on the one hand, the men may in all fairness combine to make the best market for their labour, refusing to work at all unless paid such wage as shall represent their full and fair share of profit on the manufactured article, they have no possible right to prevent other men, if they be so-minded, from doing the work for less; on the other hand, the masters, whilst uniting to fix the prices they can afford to pay their hands, have no shadow of right to prevent their hands from combining in any legitimate manner, to obtain the best price they can; far less have they any shadow of excuse for endeavouring to compel their workmen to receive any portion of their wage in kind.

The principle of unions then is, on both sides, legitimate, yet should it be exercised in moderation: for whilst on the one hand the masters may, by unduly holding out, lose their hands altogether, by driving them either to other occupations or to emigration; on the other hand the men may, by a lengthened strike, altogether suppress the manufacture, or divert it, or the capital employed in it, into another channel. Thus, then, unions may whilst moderately conducted, work wonders; yet may they, if their powers be unduly exercised, deprive their members of occupation and capital of exercise, and by turning the stream of supply into another channel, rob the country of its sinews of strength and skill, and drain it of its wealth and prosperity.

Were we asked to propound a remedy for such a state of things as this, we should simply quote the old yet ever-living adage of One who was Servant and Master too—"do unto all men as ye would they should do unto you." To the masters we should say, "give unto your servants that which is just and equal, knowing that ye also have a Master in heaven;" whilst the men we should bid work "not with eye-service; and whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as unto the Lord;" exhorting both to return to the spirit of the good old times when the interests of each were identical.

Does the master exact with utmost rigour, his measure of work? Then let him get it, but with it will go none of the kindly feelings of that brotherhood which can exist irrespective of varying social grades! Does the man extort the last penny of his bond? Then let him have it, yet let him remember that with "the pound of flesh" goes no single "drop of blood,"—the blood of common race and kinship—but, instead, the labour done and the price received, there ends the compact; and when the machine—no longer man—is past his meridian of strength, he must go to the wall, to give place to one younger and stronger than himself; in fact he has joined with his master in extracting the very juice and marrow of his strength, and, his day past and over, he must neither wonder nor grumble if he is thrown aside like a sucked orange.

Once more then, "let your moderation be known unto all men," and remember that "unity is strength." To counsel more than this is not within our province, nor would it serve our present purpose to do more than show that the apparently conflicting interests of capital and labour are easily reconciled by mutually conceding as equitable a division of the reward of labour as of the labour itself; for if toil be the lot of all, so too should be the recompense of toil: and that this toil is, we have shown in demonstrating the proposition that there is work for all to do, for

heads as well as hands; in which work he best fulfils his destiny here who, according to his station and opportunities, conduces most to the service of his God in forwarding the prosperity of his country andthe amelioration of his fellow-men.

(To be continued.)

AN ITALIAN COUNT.

BY MARY A. DENNISON.

(From Appleton's Journal.)

PART I.

MISS LOUWIN, aged twenty-seven, pretty and not at all *passé*, sat in her cosy boudoir one morning busily engaged in writing, when her maid brought in a card.

"Show him into the drawing-room at once," said the mistress, "of course I m at home to him—one of my oldest friends. The letter can wait."

Brown disappeared. Miss Louwin moved quickly to the mirror and smoothed her bright locks daintily back, then went down-stairs. A tall, handsome young man came forward as she entered the room.

"So delighted!" exclaimed the lady, her face a mirror of genuine welcome, as she met him with outstretched hand. "What an age since I have seen you; and what experiences we have both gone through! You have been among the Indians, I hear?"

"And you among the brigands of Italy," he responded, as they shook hands heartily. "Upon my word," he added, "you are growing younger. When we last met——'

The little woman held up a finger warningly.

"No flattery," she said, laughing. "Don't you know that I have silver threads *among the golden*? But come, sit down, and tell me the news. I will ring for luncheon, which we can have just here," she added, rolling two easy chairs near the ample bay window. "Now let us be cozy. In the first place, you have been home longer than I have."

"By three months," he quietly responded, laying aside his cane. "I came home on the sick list."

"Yes, yes; I've heard all about that—honourably wounded! Which was it, the right arm or the left?" she asked anxiously.

"The left—shot near the shoulder; and but for Dean—you know Dean, our Major—I should have been scalped, for the shock of the wound made me faint. But he dragged me to the fort under steady fire; and so—here I am."

"O, Jack, what a mercy!" said the little lady, an unwonted moisture making her brown eyes brighter. "I suppose you were Miss Fanny's hero then?"

"Miss Fanny was visiting at Chicago at the time," said Jack, a sudden and remarkable change visible in his handsome features, his lips working, and a frown disfiguring the smoothness of his forehead.

"But she came right on, of course?"

"She came on—about two months ago," he said, in a constrained tones. "Miss Louwin, we won't talk about her just now."

"But indeed we will," was the astonishing reply. "I insist upon the privileges of an old friend; and I want to know what it means. Fanny Regis and you were certainly engaged to be married before I went away."

"Oh, yes; that was ages ago."

"Ages! Just two years—do you call that ages? Why, Jack, what is the meaning of this?"

The young man turned his head away so that only the outlines of the fine profile could be seen, but the quick eyes of the lady opposite took note that the lips quivered again under the golden-brown mustache and she said to herself: "What can possibly have happened to part two such devoted lovers?"

"The meaning, Miss Louwin, is this," said Jack, after a brief silence. "Fanny and I are no longer friends, and she is at present engaged to be married."

"Gracious Heavens," exclaimed the lady, lifting up both hands, and then letting them fall upon the gray, silken folds of her dress. "Whom to, pray?"

"An Italian count."

Miss Louwin shuddered. Her cheeks lost their soft bright colouring.

"I have almost learned to hate the very name of an Italian," she said, her voice falling. "Of course, my adventures have not escaped your hearing. A pretty figure I have cut in the provincial and Continental newspapers! Just imagine, if

you can, how literally crucified I have been in my feelings by all these distorted narrations. Oh, the misery of printer's ink!"

"In the article I saw," said Jack, with a roguish smile, "you were the brave and beautiful Miss Louwin, whose daring and diplomacy had outwitted the great chief of the bandits. Oh, I assure you I have been very proud of you, and if you could know how much patronizing attention has been showered on me entirely on your account—how many times I have been asked to give a description of your appearance—the colour of your hair and your eyes!"

"No! Am I then so ridiculously celebrated?" and she laughed heartily. "If I was fond of publicity I might feel a little proud, I suppose, and perhaps I should but for such exaggerated descriptions as have been given of the affair, so altogether false!"

"Suppose you relate the adventure as it actually did occur?" Jack queried, turning toward her with a more spirited count tenance. "I like to hear of hair-breadth escapes."

"But about Fanny?" asked his friend anxiously, not to be put off.

"Oh, let the dead past bury its past," he said with a gesture of impatience.

"Which means, let the false fair one marry her count, I suppose. Dear Jack, can you say that? I hope yon are quite over the heartache."

Jack winced; but Miss Louwin, sweet and pretty as she was, never used much circumlocution, but went directly at the subject-matter, ignoring the little feminine diplomacy of her sex in such personal affairs. It was perhaps, better for Jack to have his opinions, as it were, thus forced out of him, though he certainly would have borne it less patiently from any but so old a friend.

"Only tell me if she is here," pursued Miss Louwin, "when the marriage takes place, and why on earth her people are going to stand by and see her sacrificed to an Italian count, of all persons in the world?"

"Well, then," said Jack desperately, "first, Miss Fanny is in New York. I saw her at Trinity on Sunday, and she had on a blue hat with a white feather in it, or a white hat with a blue feather in it, which particularization of her toilet ought to convince you that I have, in a measure, at least, recovered from the heartache. In the second place, I do not certainly know about the marriage. At present her noble betrothed is in the city, having lately returned from Italy, where he has been settling his estate."

"Which means a mile of hills and an old tumble-down house called a castle, absolutely unfit to live in," said Miss Louwin, in parenthesis.

"They are to be married, I believe, very shortly—next month, perhaps. And now enough of Miss Fanny," and he waved his hand contemptuously, as if dismissing the subject.

"But her parents," continued the persistent little lady, "are they willing she should throw herself away?"

"What! in marrying a count?" He laughed bitterly. "How can you ask the question? His moustache is fully a quarter of a yard long, and his pedigree dates back to the Deluge. You know what a soft, easy creature Papa Regis is especially where his idol, Fanny, is concerned; and, as to mamma, she glows all over, from the top of her heart to the tips of her shoes. To be the mother of a countess! fortunate woman!"

In spite of the raised hands and mocking gesture, there was something in Jack's eyes and lips—those beautiful, sensitive lips—that sent a little arrow of pain straight to Miss Louwin's tender heart. If she had not been altogether too young a woman to play the *rôle* of matron, she would have patted Jack's head, and kissed and tried to comfort him in a motherly fashion, he seemed so like the child he used to be when they were growing up together.

"But an Italian!" she murmured, with lips depressed at the corners; "not that I would be unjust to a nation that as so glowing a past, and whose children have been patriots, not wanting in either nobility or greatness—but both seem shared most by the plainer citizens. As to the aristocracy proper, they are nothing remarkable—no better than the brigands, indeed."

"Ah, now you are coming to something I want to hear about," said Jack.

"I suppose there will be no peace for me till it is told," Miss Louwin responded,

ringing for the luncheon-tray to be taken away. "Very well, then, we were traveling through one of the small mountain-villages after leaving Naples. Night came on, and with it a storm. I can never forget that gloomy pass, which, when the lightning revealed its awful chasms that seemed to be running fire or melting lightning, filled me with emotions of terror impossible to describe. You know I am constitutionally hardy; it takes a good deal to frighten me, but Horace was quite ill, and I suffered more on his account than on my own, as his nerves were completely unstrung. The thunder was deafening and almost continuous. Indeed, sometimes it seemed as if the solid rock came leaping out of the mountain-side and crashing across our path. Every moment I expected the carriage to be blocked. At last one long, lurid flash of lightning disclosed a sight we were utterly unprepared for. It seemed in that one white moment as if the whole world were revealed, for I seemed to see distinctly hundreds of cities, and mountain-peaks behind them towering upon mountain-peaks. It was, of course, an illusion, but the sight nearest our carriage was very real—ten or a dozen swarthy, black-eyed robbers, bearded savagely, and armed to the teeth, their uniforms showing splendidly in the stormy glare, though they were sorry-looking enough in open day. I thought that, like the vision of the cities, it was phantasmal; but these were no creatures of the imagination. Suddenly the driver stopped his horses, gave a low cry of terror, and then shots were heard. O the terrible, swallowing, engulfing darkness! and we in the power of the mountain-banditti, the most dangerous and least scrupulous criminals in the world. What followed seems to me now like a confused dream. There were clashing of arms, outcries, oaths—I felt myself drawn from the carriage without the power of resistance, but holding on to Horace, who scrambled out with me. Fortunately, I could speak Italian with the best of them, and that may have made the chief of the band more lenient. I begged him to forbear violence, for my brother was ill; and, indeed, when the lightning blazed again, showing poor Hod's white face, this same leader, in the most finished Italian—the language of a scholar, indeed, and not the *patois* of the peasant—assured me that we should none of us be harmed.

"Another moment and the stormy, picturesque way was lighted by a dozen or more lanterns, that threw their lurid light through red glass on the scarred and gaping rocks, the chasms, the cataracts, the awful jagged heights; but by their friendly light we were walked up a rugged, circuitous road, and taken at last into a veritable cavern, along whose rocky walls the thunder rolled, sounding like a thousand parks of artillery.

"Fortunately for both Horace and myself my composure did not desert me. In the midst of all that was frightful, uncertain, and romantic, I managed to keep up his spirits and support his trembling steps. You know how fond I always was of the sensational and supernatural. Well, our entrance to this deep, dark cave, at the extreme end of which I could see a great fire blazing, before which strange forms flitted back and forth, gave me a singular thrill, a something akin to a wild, fierce delight—don't laugh at me, Jack.

"Besides, we could smell the savour of roasting meat, and, to one who had been fasting for nearly ten hours, this of itself was sufficient to disperse some of my most troublesome fancies. I had no idea that they intended to starve us. We were treated with some courtesy and given to understand that the attacking party did not wish to be considered thieves, assassins, or murderers.

"The strength and standing of our little company had doubtless been accurately measured, and, as we afterwards learned, the driver had been in league with the robbers. We were probably considered of such importance to justify the demand of a heavy ransom for our restoration. Feeling assured that we were not to be killed and cooked, I tried to make myself as much at home as was possible under the circumstances

"As soon as I had thrown off my hat and cloak, and found a comfortable place for Horace, I took out—for display—a small silver crucifix which a very devoted Catholic had presented to me, and looked at it as if in silent devotion. I trust it was not entirely as a ruse, for I felt what the Christian must feel whenever he looks upon that sacred emblem.

(To be continued.)

NOTES ON THE OLD MINUTE BOOKS OF THE BRITISH UNION LODGE, No. 114, IPSWICH. A.D. 1762.

BY BRO. EMRA HOLMES, 31°,

P.M., M.E.Z., St. Luke's Chapter, P.M.M., P.E.C., P.E.P., P.M.W.S., Past Provincial Grand Registrar of Suffolk, Past Grand Inspector of Works (Mark), Past Grand Provost Order of the Temple, P.P.G., Banner-Bearer Royal Order of Scotland, &c., &c.

(*Continued from page* 447.)

UNDER date, October 3, 1782, we find that this evening a lodge was convened by order of the R.W.M. and Wardens in order to "spend ye evening with Bro. John Blomfield, and from him to receive the benefit of the 3 L.....s, which was accordingly done to ye general satisfaction of the brethren present."

No doubt Bro. Blomfield delivered or explained the three lectures, and it is noteworthy the guarded way in which this is noted, very different to the open and diffuse manner the minutes are often kept, and perhaps, we might add, too often reported in the "Freemason."

On St. John the Evangelist's Day, December 27, 1782, it is recorded that this evening Bro. Robert Tovell, Secretary, was raised to the degree of Past Master, being found worthy.

Some of our younger brethren will be surprised to learn that it was a common custom in the last century, and is, we believe, even now in Scotland, to confer the titular degree of Past Master upon brethren who have never passed the chair. In England now we all know a Past Master is a brother who has served the office of Warden in some warranted lodge, and has been elected by the majority of the lodge to fill the chair of K.S. He is then duly installed, receiving the secrets of what are called the Installed Master's degree, and from thenceforth, so long as he is a subscribing member of any lodge, he retains his rank as Past Master and is entitled to a seat in Grand Lodge.

On the 5th November, 1782, "Mr. John Spooner was nominated to take the chair for the ensuing year; and at the St. John's Festival following he was elected R.W.M.; Bro. B. Foxwell, S.W.; Bro. Jacob Bunnett, J.W.; Bro. S. Ribbans, Treasurer; and Robert Tovell, Secretary. Thus it would appear, as has been before remarked, that at this time all the superior officers in the lodge were elected as is the case now in Royal Arch Chapters, we believe, and not as now, when the W.M. appoints all his own officers from the S.W. downwards, except the Treasurer, who keeps the keys of the money-chest, and the Tyler, who is the serving brother of the Lodge, and not the servant of the Master, as some appear to think.

On March 4th, 1783, Robert Koymer, from "ye Twins Lodge, Norwich," was a visitor. No such Lodge appears now in the "Cosmopolitan Calendar"—though there are no less than six in the old cathedral town—the youngest, by the way, being named after the late lamented and popular Prov. Grand Master, at whose installation last November we assisted, as the French say; and now, alas, he has gone over to the majority.

William Lane, Operative Mason, appears amongst the brethren present at a Lodge holden on the 4th November, 1783, and we find that this evening the brethren went from the Lodge room at ye Golden Lyon in procession to the theatre to see the comedy "As you like it," with the musical piece, called the "Deserter." The same evening Michael Sharp, musician; Peter Dogneville, dancing master; Thomas Smith, innholder; Stephen Prentice, shipwright; and William Bennett, cooper and innholder, were proposed for initiation.

On November 18, 1783, "Bro. James Garrod was raised to ye degree of Master Mason, being found worthy." This night also "Mr. M. Sharp was made a Mason in due form, and was admitted to the second and third degree of Masonry." The other four brethren noted above were all initiated, but took only the first degree. This is the first instance we have yet come across where a brother has taken the three degrees in one night.

The fees are all given, and it appears Bro. Sharp was charged as follows:—

		£	s.	d.
For Admission	-	£2	2	0
,, Registration fees	-	0	8	6
,, Second degree	-	0	2	6
,, Raised Master	-	0	6	0
		£2	19	0

There were eight visitors present, and seven of them appear to have paid 10s. 6d. altogether for the honour of sitting at the same table with the brethren of the British Union. Under date January 6, 1784, we note that this evening "R. L. (of course, we do not publish the name) was expelled this lodge for unworthy transactions perfectly clear to ye R.W.M. and brethren then present, and was in due form divested of the badge of a Mason by the J.W."

On March 2, 1784, we note that whilst Bro. Bennett was raised to ye degree of a Master Mason, Bros. T. Askew, Thomas Smith, and G. Walham "passed ye chair." This, of course, alludes to the titular Past Master degree, of which mention has already been made.

Two brethren—one a grocer, and the other a cabinet maker—were initiated on the 14th June, 1784.

On the 24th of that month, St. John Baptist's Day, the brethren went in procession to St. Mary Tower Church, and an excellent sermon was preached from the 20 and 21 verses of St. Jude by the Rev. V. L. Barnard, who afterwards visited the Lodge in October. Several brethren from Hadleigh were proposed to take the second and third degrees the following lodge night. Under the head of disbursements for this night we find: To one dozen aprons, this day, 12s. What would our good friend Bro. Kenning say to such a price for aprons now-a-days. We are afraid they must have been poor lambskins, or else the price of leather has strangely gone up since 1784.

At the Lodge meeting, November 2, 1784, it was proposed that Bros. J. Gooding, W. Harris, and Thomas Smith should be passed and raised to third degree next lodge night; so that, as we have before remarked, it is evident that at this time brethren did not take their degrees as a matter of course as they do now; but each step was taken by favour of the Lodge.

Bro. William Lane, operative Mason, became S.W. this year, being elected 27th December, St. John's Day, when the festival was duly observed, and the brethren had an ordinary at 1s. 6d., dinner being ordered for twenty, and at the Lodge, here appear to have been present a deputation from the Lodge No. 426 in ye King's 1st Regiment of Dragoon Guards, which was probably quartered in the town at that time, the brethren representing this military Lodge consisting of the D.R.W.M., a P.M., and the S. and J.W.'s.

We note that there was paid to Bro. Foxwell 3s. for painting and gilding ye flag-staff belonging to ye Royal Edmund Lodge; but what this Lodge was, whether it is still in existence, and why the British Union had to pay, we cannot now tell.

The Lodge meeting on January 27, 1785, was convened at Bro. Higgin's, at ye Bull, Cornhill, Ipswich. Why it met here, and whether there was authority to do so, does not appear. "This evening it was unanimously agreed that no Mason who is not a member of any Lodge, and being a resident of this town, shall not be allowed to visit this Lodge any more than three times, except they choose to join and make proofs of their being a subscriber of some constituted Lodge." The English is a little defective, but the meaning is obvious, which reminds us of a reply Coleridge made to some lady's argument, "Madam, your reasons are wrong, but your conclusions are right."

Some people think that when people are proposed as Freemasons, as a matter of course they are accepted—free and accepted—the brethren being only too eager to take anybody in. Whatever may be the fact now in some lodges, it was not so in 1785 in the British Union, for we find that on the 1st March of that year Mr. L. P. (we think it better not to give the name) was balloted for and rejected, and his admission money was returned to the brother who proposed him, which brother and another in consequence, we suppose, of his rejection, thereupon withdrew themselves from the lodge. On May 30, 1785, a Lodge was convened, "in order to inform Bro. John Conder, Bro. M. Willoughby, and Bro. W. Fenton of a dispensation being sent for them to hold a Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons in due form at the Green Man, Ipswich, for the space of six months and no longer. Signed and sealed by Rowland Holt, Esq., Prov. Gr. Master for Suffolk.

At the August meeting, in 1785, three brethren from the Perfect Friendship Lodge were present as visitors. It was ordered and agreed to this evening by the

R.W.M. and brethren present that any visiting brother from ye Lodge of Perfect Friendship should pay no more than 1s. for each visit to this Lodge; and it is also agreed by the R.W.M. and brethren of the Lodge of Perfect Friendship that no brother from the British Union Lodge shall pay any more than 1s. for each visit to them. So a treaty of reciprocity appears to have been entered into, and the most favoured country clause of modern commercial treaties anticipated. At the following meeting it was "ordered and agreed that if any brother chooses to eat supper he must pay that expense extraordinary as no eating is allowed to be paid for out of the fund of the Lodge. N.B.—the above is ordered to be made the 25th article in ye code of by-laws." This was an excellent rule, and one that should be universally adopted, but it would have been better had it extended to the drinking as well as eating. Bro. William Lane was elected December, 1785, as R.W.M., and Mr. John Morgan, surgeon, was proposed for initiation, and on the following Lodge night the quarterage was raised from 3s. to 4s. In February Mr. Hugh Dyer, an operative mason, was proposed for initiation, and was initiated in March. Under the head of disbursements we note—"Relieved a stranger 2s. 6d. N.B.—The above stranger called himself Abraham Shrrief, an Algerine." At the June meeting we note—to a distressed brother 2s. 6d., and in the August following another note—to a stranger 2s. 6d.

At the November meeting, in 1786, we find the following minute:—"This evening it was ordered by the R.W.M. and brethren present that ye Secretary do write to Bro. Blomfield to inquire into ye merits of nominating a gentleman in the county to preside as Prov. Gr. Master to fill ye vacancy of R. Holt, Esq., deceased. N.B.—The gentlemen mentioned are P. C. Crespigny, Esq., William Middleton, Esq., and —— Holt, Esq." The William Middleton here mentioned was no doubt the same gentleman mentioned in Burke as of Crowfield Hall. He was son of Arthur Middleton, Governor of South Carolina, and his eldest son, who by the way appears to have been born this year (1786), was created a Baronet in 1804. He married the sister of Earl Brownlow. The present representative of the family is Admiral Sir George Brooke-Middleton, and Shrublands, the family seat, is one of the finest places in Suffolk. We do not think the gallant Admiral is a Mason. The P. C. Crespigny mentioned was probably the Philip Champion de Crespigny, who was M.P. for Aldeburgh, Suffolk, and died in 1803. It was his brother, who was created a baronet in 1805, he having received the Prince Regent at his place in Surrey. He was Receiver-General of Droits of Admiralty for half a century, and his son, the second baronet, who was MP. for Southampton, and married the daughter of the fourth Earl of Plymouth, was Provincial Grand Master of Hants. The De Crespignys are of French extraction, and claim to descend from the Barons de Frènes and Viscomte de Vire, who flourished about 1350.

There is little doubt but that either of these gentlemen would have dignified the office of Prov. Gr. Master for Suffolk.

The second minute-book of the British Union Lodge terminates with this record.

We have alluded to the introduction of operative masons into our order as testified in these records, and we are disposed to suggest that Grand Lodge, the Supreme Council 33°, and Grand Mark Lodge especially as being perhaps most nearly allied to operative Masonry, should foster the study of architecture in every way. Why should they not, for instance, give a gold medal away every year to the writer of the best paper on architecture or archæology, or any kindred subject, or for the best design for cathedral, church, castle, or mansion? Would it not be a good thing if operative masons were encouraged to join us by being admitted at a lower fee, and in the case of the A. and A. Rite we believe it would popularise that Rite and make it much more useful if all architects were given up to the 12th degree, that of Grand Master Architect, for a nominal fee on taking the usual obligation of allegiance to the S.G.C. 33°. Further we submit that such offices as Grand and Prov. Gr. Superintendent of Works in the Craft, and Grand Inspector of Works in the Mark Grand Lodge should be confined exclusively to professional architects or civil engineers, or to such as have made architecture and archæology their peculiar

study. We have known drapers appointed to such offices who did not know what archæology was. The restoration of churches and cathedrals and the preservation of castles and other places of historical interest ought to be a matter of the greatest possible interest to the three great Masonic bodies we have named; and Freemasons at large, if they are worthy of their descent, and believe at all in the traditions of the Order, should surely show as keen a delight in these records of the past—these monuments of history—as do the outer world, who are not Masons. But do they? That is the question.

SEA-SIDE DREAMINGS.

Sea, in its calmest ripple, breaking
Soft on the sandy shore;
Air, in its sultry stillness, breathing
Of peace for evermore.

Rocky cliffs in the distance, tow'ring
Majestic, bold, and free;
Boats, with their white sails, idly floating
Out on the glassy sea.

Sun, in its fiery splendour, pouring
O'er all its burnished light;
Nature itself, like a giant, reposing
After a weary fight.

Who that has watched a battle raging—
A battle fought and won—
Has not noted the stillness reigning
After the fight was done?

So this picture of peace before us,
Is but the calm that comes
After the storm—embleming to us
The rest beyond the tomb.

Who that looks on such scene enchanting,
Peaceful, sleeping, and mild,
Could picture the mighty elements battling
In awful chaos wild.

* * * *

A blacken'd piece of wood has drifted
In with the rising wave,—
Sacred to the mem'ry of those buried
Deep in that ocean grave.

Bro. G. H. Wyatt, 106.

Kowloongh Sands, Hong Kong,
after the Typhoon of September, 1874.

THE WOMEN OF OUR TIME.

BY CÆLEBS.

Our Young Women.

I am approaching a very delicate subject, and yet it is one which I hope to handle with due discretion. In the first place, it is a somewhat difficult matter for an old boy like myself to deal with at all; and in the next place, I somewhat fear that what I am going to say is hardly worth the saying.—Still here goes, and whether I please, or whether I displease, or whether I do neither, I shall hope to speak the truth. I think then, imprimis, that there is far too much undeserved censure cast upon the girls of the period. In my humble opinion, much that is said about them, is altogether sensational, most unfair, uncritical, and I will add, most untrue. The general idea of some of our older folks as well as of our younger men—to say nothing of decayed middle-aged old boys—is that our young unmarried women are very fast and forward, restless and insubordinate. I do not, for one, believe the averment. As I have pointed out in my last paper, the present age is marked by much less restraint and formality, than when some of us were young, and that state of things has inevitably reacted on our young unmarried women, and the girls, as they call them, of the period.

Girls to-day read much more of the current news of the hour than they did in my younger years, and much is discussed before them which ought never to be discussed at all, so that the whole conversation of society is more free, less restrained, more personal, and less reticent than was the custom in the days of my youth.

The whole tendency of the age in everything is to encourage individualism, the assertion of the individual opinion, though such opinion has often to give way to the domineering of what is falsely called public opinion. In former days our girls knew nothing of what was going on in the world, at least if they did they only heard it through their brothers and cousins, but now our young ladies know as much as we do, and often even a good deal more, and it is this freedom of general discussion, and openness of private conversation which have tendered in my humble

opinion more than anything else to give our young women their often amusing tone of independence, and boldness of assertion. And then let us bear in mind another great change, which has come over society and greatly affected our entire daily life. In former days, young women were supposed to be invisible, for the greater part of the day, but "nous avons changé tout cela."

From 12 in the day, if so disposed, our young women are now "en evidence," in the Park, at Rinks, on horseback, at Luncheon Parties, or again in the afternoon at Hurlingham and Lillie Bridge. Dick, Tom, Jim and Harry surround them with their small talk and their arguments, their "feast of reason and their flow of soul," their bon môts and their bad stories, until the conversation inevitably assumes, in my candid opinion, a very deteriorating tone. Indeed it is sometimes wonderful to realize how our girls escape from the snares which the "Circe" of this world's seductive influences throws around the gay, the innocent, the insouciant and the unsuspecting.

Nothing in truth but the good sense of our girls, a sound education, and a religious temperament preserve them from snares great and many, from dangers very pressing, and from pitfalls very deep. And there is another point which I must now necessarily notice here, viz., the state of female education. I have attended to education very carefully for many years, and I know as a fact, that the women are a long way ahead of the men. Our girls have beaten the boys by many heads. Strong-minded women may exclaim and lecturers may "howl" about the education of women, but I have no hesitation in saying, that our young unmarried women, and our young married women, are far better educated than the men, and there is also a higher sense of moral duty, and of personal restraint. It is so in all classes of society, not even excepting the humblest.

And though I know that women are the best and most accommodating of creatures, always looking on the sunny side of things, always putting a good face on the worst of times and matters, when men are cowardly caterwauling, I yet feel, and fancy they feel it too, that just now they have a baddish look-out before them. In these vapid and semi-educated youths, weak in spelling and principles, but fond of laying down the law, and dreadful hypocrites to boot, who, as the old coachman said, "with no bottom, sir, and no heart," are those with whom their lot in life has cast them. What are young women to do in such circumstances? It is no use ignoring the dilemma, nor "crying over spilt milk!" Their whole future lies absolutely with this "jeunesse dorée," this "Œnea Juventus," whose ignorance they chaff, whose manners they resent, and whose morals they despise. And hence I believe that with amiability peculiar to women—always self-sacrificing, never self-asserting—in order to secure the good will of these noisy and pretentious heroes, their future husbands and relations, to retain their interest and to claim a little share in their sympathies, poor things, they chime in with that somewhat "fast" tone and temper of the hour, which I for one venture to deem to be hurtful and even debasing to themselves. But in saying this, I do not want to exaggerate the defects of our young men, who may be better far than I have depicted them, but I fancy that though to some I may seem to have daubed my picture with too sombre colours, I am not very far from the mark.

At any rate I think I have a right to wish that their spelling might be better, and their smoking less,—their love of home-life more real, and their waste of time, money, and talents considerably reduced, whether in questionable pursuits or undesirable company. Believing, as I do, that our girls are meant for far better things, and that in themselves they are quiet, reasonable and cultured, and kind and good, I always lament to think that anything should ever lead them to comply with the "Rites of Moloch," even for an hour, in the vain idea of conciliating their lords and masters, to please that sapient and unconcerned youth, which watches their movements, and discusses their habits.

In the Club, and smoking-room, around the card table and after dinner, our young men are not chary as to what they say about young women, and none are more free than the married or middle-aged men, who look upon women as the property of man.

Call me Don Quixote if you will, but I

for one maintain to-day, that our young women are more sinned against than sinning. That they commit follies, and are often a little wayward and "entetées" fond of men, dress, fashion, society, who is not?

Certainly many of those very persons who attack them to-day, were in their time equally blamed by their elders. Indeed after all, as I have observed before, the dying generation always finds fault with the living one, such is the way of the world. Taking the girls all round, as a bachelor and sporting friend of mine says, whether they are "fine upstanding fillies," or "plain about the head, but likely to make useful animals," they constitute a "tidy lot"!

Dropping jokes and chaff, I venture to repeat that I for one believe in their virtues and their truthfulness, their good intention and their kind hearts.

Knowing what I do of the laxity of private life among our younger married men, and those young Joseph Surfaces and dilapidated old rakes who declaim against the extravagance and the wickedness of women, I sympathise deeply with this well-abused class of the community. Sure I am, if Society is ever to be raised from its open deterioration, it must be done, and can only be done by our younger women. And when I talk of "open deterioration," I do not wish to exaggerate anything, but to make this article as realistic as well may be. Society is probably not much better, nor not much worse now, than Society has been and always will be. As then, I repeat, I for one believe in our young women, I wish them from the bottom of my heart, happy homes and good husbands, and above all a brighter future than to my limited vision, and perhaps hyper-alarmist mind appears just now either probable or possible.

HOW RAILWAY MATERIALS ARE TESTED.

VERY few of the travelling public know with what care and watchfulness a railway engineer inspects and tests the quality of the materials used in the construction of his works. A few particulars may be interesting, and some insight gathered from the following brief extracts of a paper read before the Civil and Mechanical Engineers' Society, of Westminster Chambers, by Bro. R. M. Bancroft of the Engineers' Staff, Great Northern Railway, King's Cross:—

Portland cement should weigh about 115lbs. per bushel, or 90lbs. per cubic foot, and the average tensile strengh of 6 briquette tests should give 350 lbs. per square inch of section after seven days' immersion in water. Another test is, that 80 per cent. of the cement should pass through a sieve of 2,000 meshes to the square inch. The Metropolitan Board of Works have had their briquettes made in moulds of bell metal having a sectional area, at the breaking part of $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches square, and they have estimated that the testing of cement costs them about a penny farthing per ton.

Roman cement, although about two-thirds the cost of Portland cement, is only about one-third its strength, and is, therefore, double the cost, measured by strength. Roman cement is very ill-adapted for being mixed with sand. Mr. Parker, the first to make this cement in England (now about 80 years ago) called it "Roman cement" because the Romans were known to have used cements made from similar substances, viz., clay nodules. Frost's, Atkinson's, and Medina cements are all similar to Roman.

Testing Limes. If the application of acid to a limestone entirely dissolves it, and leaves no residue, the material, when burnt, will only give a pure lime, most unfitted for building purposes; if on the other hand it leaves a residuum of very fine clay, quite unpalpable to the touch, it is probably capable of being manufactured into a more or less hydraulic lime. Muriatic acid or nitric acid may be used, but muriatic acid is preferable on account of it doing less damage to one's clothes. The term "limestone" is generally applied to those stones containing at least 50 per cent. of carbonate of lime, and the existence of this can easily be detected by the application of the acids above-mentioned, and by the effervescence which follows, caused by the escape of the carbonic acid gas from the carbonate of lime, when pure lime is left behind.

Testing Railway Steel Axles is usually done by taking one out of each hundred axles, placing it upon supports about five feet apart, and testing it by impact of a

weight of about 7 cwt. falling from a height of, say nineteen or twenty feet, increasing by two feet for each successive blow. In this way it must withstand a bend of nine inches, and a further bending back of nine inches; the operation being continued until the axle has withstood more than six thousand feet pounds. Another test for a 4½ inch steel axle is to place it upon bearings as above stated, and they must with stand a bend of more than 9¾ inches under a 7 cwt. monkey falling from a height, of nearly fifteen feet. They must then allow themselves to be bent straight back in the same manner, without breaking.

Wrought Iron. It is not advisable to restrict manufacturers by stating the proportions and classes of iron to be mixed, as they will in most cases be better able to judge of the mixtures to be made in order to produce a specified result. Iron broken by a sudden strain presents a crystalline fracture. When broken by a gradually increasing strain, a fibrous fracture results. Whether the iron is fibrous or crystalline, its quality may to some extent be judged by the fineness of its texture and the irregularity of its fracture.

Messrs. Clarke, Reeves, & Co., American bridge builders, specify that all bars subject to tensile strains may be tested to 20,000 lbs. (nearly 9 tons) per square inch, and struck a smart blow with a hammer while under tension, and if any show signs of imperfection they shall be rejected. This test is mentioned because in a competition the firm secured a contract against English firms.

Another test is—take a piece of iron 2 inches wide and ½ inch thick, and of sufficient length to have 7 inches under actual tension, the said piece having been cut out of a plate intended for use on the work, and the following tensile strains must be applied:—The plates of a similar manufacture to be rejected if the extension of the piece tested is greater than ⅛ of an inch under 18 tons, ¼ of an inch under 21 tons, and ½ an inch under 23 tons, and ¾ of an inch under 24 tons, all bars and angle-irons being required to bear a tensile strain of 25 tons before fracture.

Malleable Cast Iron, patented by Mr. Samuel Lucas, of Sheffield, in 1804, has lately attracted some attention amongst engineers. It is easily stamped, drawn and hammered without heating. It can also be worked well under the hammer at a low heat, and at this stage hammering appears to improve the grain. It is now being used for tram-car wheels, cross heads, and connecting rod straps for engines, link reversing and expansion gear, &c. Unlike wrought iron it is not liable to defective welds, and with ease complicated patterns and shapes can be produced at a reasonable cost.

A superior kind of small soft casting is made by the Nottingham Malleable Iron Co., which, from being subject to a partial annealing, is very easily got up to a bright polish, the difference in cost being fully recouped by saving in labour and tools.

When we consider that there are upwards of 130 tons of rails and nearly 65 tons of cast iron chairs in one single mile of line, exclusive of sidings, it will at once show the importance of a strict supervision of the maintenance and renewal of permanent way, therefore we next give—

Rails. The usual modes of testing rails are—

1. Static, or by a dead central weight.
2. Dynamic, or test by impact.
3. A combination of No. 1 and 2—firs by a central and afterwards by a falling load.
4. Chemical or acid test.
5. Test by rolling weight.

To these might be added one of torsion of twisting.

Taking the Static test and applying it to an iron rail 75 lbs. per yard, a length placed upon bearings 3 feet 8 inches apart should carry a hanging weight of 12 tons for five minutes, and only give a deflection of one-seventh of an inch. The same kind of rail tested by impact should with the same bearings (3 feet 8 inches) take blows from a tup 648 lbs. weight falling 7 feet on the centre between points of support, and under this test the rail may bend, but not show any trace of destruction.

Good steel rails weighing 80 lbs. per yard, placed upon bearings 3 feet apart, will stand a test of a 10 cwt. ball being raised 10 feet and fall three times, and only give a deflection of 3 inches.

The rails used on the Metropolitan Railway, when placed on bearings 5 feet asunder, will stand a pressure in the centre of upwards of 26 tons, and only deflect 9 inches.

The iron rails used on the Indian State Railways weigh 60 lbs. per yard, and are specified to be made thus :—The rails must be rolled from a pile composed (1) of one slab 9 inches wide and $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches thick for the top of the rail ; (2) of five bars $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch thick, $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, and five bars of the same thickness, but $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, for the web of the rail ; and (3) of two angle irons $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide on each side, and $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch thick, of one bar $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, and two bars $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, all three being $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch thick for the flange of the rail.

The reader will see that the engineer has not only to test rails, but also specify in some cases how they are to be "piled up" for rolling.

The reading of the paper, which treated also of bricks and timber, was well illustrated with specimens tested by Mr. David Kirkaldy ; and to those of our readers who study the testing and strength of materials used in construction we would refer them to the printed transactions of the society, which gives a long and interesting account of the subject.

T' SPELLIN' BEE.

A Rhyme to illustrate the North York Dialect.

BY FLORENCE CLEVELAND.

"Cum, Moll, git on the Sunda' hat,
An' gan alang wi' me ;
They 'll be sike fun—Ah 's gahin' te neet
Te see our Spellin' Bee."

"A Spellin' Bee !—now hod the noise—
Thou can't walk owwer me ;
Ah weea n't believe 'at onny man
Can show a Spellin' Bee.

A Bee te spell !—O, dear ! O, dear !
Thou 'll swallow onny lee !
A Bee to spell !—Ah sud be flay'd
Te hear a Spellin' Bee.

Our Bees mak hunney, an' tha buzz
An' that 's eneeaf fer me :
Ah 'll stop at yam, an' nut be hoax'd
Aboot a Spellin' Bee.

Tha say fooaks skeeats when ther 's neea ice,
An' that gits owwer me ;
Ah 'd like te see 't—bud nivver say
Tha hev a Spellin' Bee !"

"Ha, ha !—ha, ha !—thou silly lass !
Cum on, an' then thou 'll see :
It 's fooaks 'at spells, te win a prahze,
An' tha call 't a Spellin' Bee.

Bees wurk seea hard, an' diz ther best,
An seeah it seams te me
Tha git a swarm te copy 'em,
An' call 't a Spellin' Bee.

Tha all stand up, like bairns i' t' skeeal,
Ah' then ther's quite a spree ;
Lots maks mistaks, an' doon tha gan,
At ivvery Spellin' Bee.

An' what jaw-crackers tha giv out !
'T wad puzzle thou an' me :
Ah nivver knew ther were sike wods
Tell Ah went te t' Spellin' Bee.

T' best speller left gits t' biggest prahze,—
Ther 's meeastly tweea or three
Te giv away te them 'at wins,
When they 've a Spellin' Bee.

Ther 's our Dick gahin te spell te neet—
He 's spruce as spruce can be ;
When Ah 've sed that Ah think thou 'll gan
Te see our Spellin' Bee."

"Thou 's sed eneeaff !—Ah 'll don me hat—
Fer yance Ah 'll gan an' see ;
Ah nobbut wish poor Dick ma' win
Te neet at t' Spellin' Bee.

An knaw a wod 'at Ah cud spell,
If Dick wad say 't te me !
Weeah knaws ?—he 'll mebby ax 't te neet,
When we 've left t' Spellin' Bee."

Rose Cottage, Stokesley.

DU ROLE DE LA FRANCMACONNERIE DANS L'AVENIR.

We publish this interesting address from the "Monde Maconnique" for April. English Brethren must of course make allowance for the French "point de vue" of the situation. We thought it better to give the article in Bro. Caubet's effective French, which a translation would certainly weaken.

Nous entendons dire chaque jour.

"La Françmaconnerie à rendu d'immenses services a l'humanité. Ceux qui le nient méconnaissent son œuvre ou sont des hommes de mauvaise foi. Aux temps d'ignorance et de ténèbres, elle a combattu les erreurs, les préjugés, les superstitions et conservé pieusement le flambeau de la science et de la vérité. Aux jours de despotisme ses temples ont servi d'asile à la liberté, de refuge aux âmes hautes et opprimées. Aux sombres époques des divisions intestines ou des guerres internationales suscitées par d'ambitieuses convoitises, elle a prêché le désintéressement, la paix et la fraternité entre les hommes. Si elle n'a pas réussi à arracher les armes des mains des combattants, elle a contribué au moins, dans un grand nombre de cas, à calmer les colères, à atténuer les violences, à adoucir les mœurs. Dans le passé son utilité a donc été incontestable. Mais son œuvre touche à sa fin. Le monde affranchi, civilisé, n'aura plus besoin d'elle. Le mystère qui l'entourait et qui la protégeait jadis sera désormais ridicule et sans portée. C'est au grand jour, sur la place publique, que la Maçonnerie doit à l'avenir être pratiquée."

Ceux qui parlent ainsi, qu'ils soient ou non décorés desinsignes maçonniques, ne connaissent point notre institution. Nous leur savons gré de rendre un hommage mérité au passé de la Maçonnerie. Mais cela ne suffit pas.

Sans nous arrêter à cette opinionvéritablement trop optimiste,—nous n'avons pas besoin de le faire remarquer,—sans nous arrêter à cette opinion que le monde touche à l'heure solennelle de son affranchissement, il suffit de considérer avec quelque attention le véritable role de la Maçonnerie et son admirable organisation, pour comprendre toute la légèreté, toute l'inanité des dernières affirmations que nous venons de reproduire.

La Françmaconnerie, association morale et civilisatrice par excellence, n'est pas seulement, comme le croient quelques-uns de ses membres, une société dont l'objet principal est l'étude théorique des questions qui intéressent l'humanité ; c'est encore une école pratique et expérimentale, une institution modèle, un véritable type de société organisée. Sa devise est *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité ;* mais elle ne se borne pas à inscrire sur sa bannière ces trois mots qui résument toute la science morale, elle les met en pratique. Dans ses réunions, en effet, règne pour tous une liberté qui n'a de limites que la liberté d'autrui ; tous y sont placés sous le niveau de la plus complète égalité ; tous sont tenus de considérer leurs associés comme des frères et de les traiter comme tels.

La principale préoccupation des membres de cette grande association doit être de se tenir sans cesse à l'avant-garde de la civilisation ; de s'efforcer d'éclairer la marche ascendante de l'humanité, en étudiant en commun, dans leurs paisibles Ateliers, les problèmes qui surgissent dans le monde, en les élucidant avec soin, en les vulgarisant si leur solution doit contribuer au bonheur des hommes, en en signalant les périls s'ils doivent être funestes à la cause de la justice et de l'humanité. C'est ainsi que nos peres avaient longtemps étudié et pratiqué le suffrage universel avant de s'en faire les propagateurs, avant que le monde extérieur eût songé à en faire la base de l'ordre social. C'est ainsi que les saines idées de 1789 avaient, pendant de longues années, été passées au creuset maçonnique quand elles s'imposèrent à la France et à el plus grande partie de l'Europe.† C'est aussi, d'un autre côté, dans les libres discussions des Loges qu'un nombre considérable de théories fausses, de dangereuses utopies ont trouve leur tombeau.

Une telle association ne saurait périr parce qu'une evolution progressive a été accomplie Le temps peut modifier quelques-unes de ses formes ; ce qui constitue l'essence même de l'institution doit rester intact aussi longtemps que l'utilité de cette institution sera évidente. Or, tant que l'humanité progressera, lé rôle de la Francmaçonnerie est tout trac. Elle peut renoncer à sa mission, trahir ses devoirs, méconnaître l'importance de son œuvre ; elle peut être persécutée, poursuivie-traquée, mise dans l'impossibilité d'agir ; ses membres peuvent être proscrits, emprisonnés, torturés, réduits à l'impuissance elle peut dans certaines circonstances être

*In England, more wisely, Brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth. This political motto is, in our opinion, the weakness of French Freemasonry.—ED.

†We do not agree with our good Bro. Caubet. Freemasonry has nothing to do, in our opinion, with any political questions.—ED.

au-dessous de sa tâche ; il est impossible de dire que son labeur est accompli et terminé, ou qu'il le sera lorsque telle ou telle réforme aura été réalisée.

L'humanité progressera sans cesse. C'est sa loi. Quand ce qui a longtemps été considéré comme un idéal, se réalise, les horizons plus larges d'un idéal nouveau offrent à l'activité humaine, toujours en marche vers un meilleur avenir, de nouveaux champs d'exploration, de nouvelles conquêtes à faire, de nouvelles espérances à poursuivre. Le jour où l'humanité aurait atteint la dernière limite du progrès, si cette limite pouvait être atteinte, l'humanité aurait cessé d'exister. Que serait, d'ailleurs, pour les hommes, une existence sans espérances, sans activité,, sans avenir? Une telle situation, rêvée pourtant par quelques mystiques, ne saurait raisonnablement se concevoir.

La Françmaconnerie aura donc toujours son rôle utile dans le monde. Nous sommes certain qu'elle le remplira dignement dans l'avenir, comme elle l'a dignement rempli dans le passé, sans sortir de ses Ateliers, sans se mêler aux agitations de la place publique, et en conservant avec soin la par essentielle de ses mystères qui sont le lien particulier des initiés. Une association dont les membres se choisissent entre eux, pour constituer une véritable famille et pour se livrer en commun à des études et à des expériences déterminées, ne peut ni ouvrir ses portes à tout le monde, ni tenir ses séances sur la place publique. Une association fraternellement intime, dont des groupes sont établis dans tous les pays du monde, ne peut renoncer aux formes mystérieuses qui permettent aux membres de ces divers groupes de se reconnaître entre eux.

Dans les âges futurs, cette grande association restera ce qu'elle a été dans le passé : une école de pure morale, un laboratoire d'idées nobles et généreuses, un modèle d'association fraternelle fondée sur l'égalité des droits et des devoirs, un asile ouvert à toutes les consciences honnêtes, à tous ceux qui aiment la justice, qui honorent le travail, qui réprouvent le despotisme et les violences ; à tous les amis de l'humanité, à tous les hommes de progrès et de bonne volonté.

Ceux qui prétendent que son rôle est fini, nous le répétons et nous croyons l'avoir suffisamment démontré, ne connaissent pas notre institution. CAUBET.

FAIRY TALES UTILISED FOR THE NEW GENERATION.

BY THEOPHILUS TOMLINSON.

No. II.—Beauty and the Beast.

It has been the fashion with some foolish persons to decry the taste and value of the old fairy tales, which so charmed us when we were young and verdant, blessed with good temper and better digestions, neither bored nor "blasé" with the wear and tear of life, blinded by its dust, begrimed by its dirt, and altogether unlike those "dogs" which have had "their day," slightly morbid, and not a little dyspeptic. Now, I hold any such views and Dogmata as regards our old fairy tales, to be a rank heresy, and a heresy for which those who propound it ought to be excommunicated with "Bell, Book, and Candle," handed over to the tender mercies of some good "secular arm" and left to the fiery associations of an "auto da Fé." For how interesting and yet how touching are those very fairy tales, so perversely arraigned, how true to nature, how reflective of humanity. Indeed it is I think, their extreme realism, so to say, despite allegory, their appeal to the true sense and "censensus" of humanity, which have commended them so much to generations—if you please—of the credulous and the contented. I am quite aware that certain grave moralists do not approve of fairy tales, and that on the ground too, of their being not "absolutely true." Now I for one do not agree with any such objections, and I will give you my reason why. Admitted if you please that "primâ facié," all teaching with a professed moral aim, should be based on truth, actuality, reality, yet if such a "Canon" of didactic exposition is to be laid down, as alike unchangeable and unvarying, how much of the parabolic wisdom of the world must at once be laid aside, how much, I repeat, of the teaching most pleasant to the imagination and mind of man, most easily received, and most rapidly digested must be utterly ignored and surrendered. The truth is, that no one can really safely lay down any such irreversible or infallible a law of instruction, and therefore fairy parables like all allegorical lore, may be fairly used and judiciously employed as much to move as to influence, to touch, to soften, and

to convince the hard and often doubting intellect of man. I have said this because I wish to meet "Higginbottom's" objection at the outset, the objection I make bold to say of a misplaced fanaticism, of an uncritical mind, of a destructive negativism, which good old Johnson stoutly laughed to scorn, and which piety and prudence, and religion itself, have long since utterly scouted and condemned. A fairy tale is a fairy tale, and nothing more—the employment of the medium of imagination, to "point the moral" and touch and sway the heart and will of the listener. So I go on to-day with my not disagreeable task, and come to "Beauty and the Beast."

We all remember that fairy legend. We all are aware how "Beauty" a very good-looking and "conformable" young woman, admirably brought up, of high principles, slightly bullied by her sisters who could not get an offer, came across a "Beast," a great Bear, under very peculiar circumstances. We recall to our remembrance how that Bear who had evidently been trained by "Mr. Politoffsky, the Jamrach" of his locality, had become polite and soft mannered; how he stood on his hind legs, and was sugary and spoony, as some are among men as among beasts, at the same time, in those witching hours of this our sublunary lot! Whether, like the "learned pig," he knew his letters, we are not told, but some how or other he could make himself understood, and Beauty's papa who like some papas are queer about money and matrimony, and who had met with difficulties, evidently could understand his "lingo" and read his letter of proposal. With this "Beast" the fair "Beauty" began an innocent flirtation! Some strait-laced persons may condemn her; I do not. For Beauty, after many "pros. and cons." would say, "here I am 22, very good looking, very well brought up, highly educated, my 'pater' is in a very awkward position, and though that 'beast' may be a queer customer, it is my duty to find a good 'parti,' and as the 'Beast' is so pressing, I don't very much object. The circle in which I have lived requires that I should have a certain income, and many enjoyments and amusements which I know cannot be obtained for nothing. If the 'Beast' is a foreign nobleman in disguise, or a Millionaire, or the eldest son of a peer, or a well-to-do Baronet, or a sleek and a prosperous Banker, I do not see why I am to throw a chance away; I may go further and fare worse. It is my duty for my father's sake, and my own, to take the 'Beast.' And was not "Beauty" quite right in her reasoning? I think she was. "Mrs. Grundy" says she was; and oh, farseeing parents, don't you say so too? I feel sure of your answer in the affirmative before I ask the question! In fact "Beauty" is meant to be the type of a very reasonable and calm young woman, who sacrifices her "emotions" to a sense of duty, who surrenders her "young love's dream" to the sedate counsels and less sentimental aspirations of her own dear parient. We all of us know cases, wherein as in the present, in this life, "Virtue" is ever "its own reward." Indeed the end of the story is most touching. "Beauty" who had "spotted" the disguised and desirable "parti," through the fur coat of this civilized member of the brute creation, gave him, as we shall remember "a Red, Red Rose," and Bruin became a "swell," and a fond "lovier," and a charming young man all at the same time.

The happy, happy pair made it up on the spot, and were duly married at St. George's, "No Cards," which, by the way, in my opinion, is very "geinin" and "fast." That Beauty was duly recompensed for her "savoir faire" for her "coup d'œil," for her readiness to oblige, and her filial obedience, her intense amiability and her gushing tenderness, we shall all rejoice to-day. But what of the moral? I think that I have found one! It is this. Young women are to exercise greater discernment than they sometimes do, as regards their suitors whether like the "Beast" in the fairy tale, or some nice young man who parts his front hair, and neatly divides his back hair, and is a very well got up youth, "bien ganté bien chaussé" &c. &c. &c.

All is not gold that glitters, all is not silver that seems to be. The smart-looking plateau of an ornamented dinner service, may be electro-plated, (see the Hall mark,) the magnificent "service" of seemingly gorgeous plate, may only be albata!

Look therefore a little nearer and deeper, oh ye fair ones! The rough outside and the ungainly attitude and the brusque manner may conceal a true and living heart within, the "educated whiskers," and the

elaborate scarf, and the velvet coat, and the halo of swelldom may but cover the soulless and the sensual, the dissipated and the degraded, the hurtful and hopeless animal.

Be wise and wary then, oh British maidens. "Mother, mine," I hear one saying, "I really think that Mr. Montague meant something." "My chyild, my own chyild." I listen to the parental reply, in those words of soothing wisdom so appropriate to our elders and our betters, "don't be too sure and if it be so, I think that Mr. Higgins is the better 'parti,' as he has a house in the town as well as a seat in the country, and Mr. Montague has nothing but his 'moustaches' and his expectations. Be careful my chyild, very, very careful." Severest, but wisest, of parents! And what does the fair Beatrice do? Well, she marries dutifully and decorously Mr. Higgins! When I saw her last she had a Pomeranian Spitz and two chubby children, and a good-looking nurse in the carriage, and though a little given to "en bon point" was as charming and friendly as ever.

But here comes in a word of warning; all marriages do not end so well—all "beasts" to whom young women give their "young affections," do not turn out good-natured, warm-hearted, loving and true.

No; many a poor girl has found that beneath the "Beast's" outside form was also, the "nature of the beast" as she has experienced to her cost, poor Beauty! She might have taken the honest heart of Charles Hope, or the sound principles of Henry Maxwell, or the laughing philosophy of Hector Macgregor, or the pleasant presence of Jimmy Dalton, and here she has gone and chosen a "Beast,"—a real beast bad in "form," and worse in temper. Here she is condemned to meanness, vulgarity, savagery and a "beast" as long as her "weird" shall last! Let us remember then that money simply never made anyone happy in this world, and that marrying avowedly and deliberately for money is a folly and—yes—a sin.

They say that some marriages are made "in heaven." Many, as we know, are purely of the earth, very earthy, indeed. It is indeed perhaps well for man, that he has for a few moments in this life, the soft delusions of the imagination, the bewilderment of hope, and the mirage of expectation. Therefore it is in my opinion very difficult to lay down a law to-day, hard and fast, as to where true affection begins, or a mercenary marriage ends.

But still while I say all this do not suppose that I wish to forget what an old friend of mine used to call the necessary claims of "bread and butter," far from it.

Money no doubt has its use and its good, nay and its blessing when rightly employed in this our world—and is essential in one sense to our contentment and comfort in our hourly life. But when weighed in the balance of the human heart, of true affection, of mutual sympathy, of unbought love, it is literally as deceiving as the "apples of Sodom," and nothing but dust and ashes.

Have I not then found a moral after all? I think that I have, and I beg to commend it to the notice of all, old and young, parents and daughters, spoony young men and sentimental young women, Beasts and Beauties, who luckily for their own improvement and edification, are able to peruse the kindly pages of our MASONIC MAGAZINE.

ODDS AND ENDS OF WIT AND HUMOUR.

A Lecture by Bro. EMRA HOLMES, *at the Town Hall, Hadleigh, and the Working Men's College, Ipswich.*

PART II.

THE dry humour of the Scotch is of a similar character to that of the American writers, Artemus Ward and Josh Billings. Oliver Wendell Holmes (the autocrat of the breakfast-table), another American comic writer and a poet, is more like our own Tom Hood. Some of the sayings of Josh Billings are wonderfully good, though their oft times apparent irreverence and profanity shock the daintier sense. Some of the American authors show a shocking familiarity with Scripture, probably on account of their Puritan origin and language; which to them seems quite proper, to us sounds simply blasphemous. What can be more irreverent than the saying of one of them

—from the Biglow Papers, by Lowell—"They didn't know everything down in Judee."

But the people who would introduce a representation of the Last Supper into a waxwork exhibition, as described by Artemus Ward, would not scruple at making free use of the most sacred subjects in the course of conversation.

Josh Billings says, "About the only difference between the poor and the ritch is this: the poor suffer misery, while the ritch have tu enjoy it," The incongruity of mixing up quotations from Scripture and presenting them in an odd form cannot fail to make the groundlings laugh, whilst it causes the judicious to grieve. But in the incongruity lies the humour, as in his saying, "Bee ye as wise as a sarpint, and as harmless as a duve, and then if a fellow comes a fooling round your duve, yu can just set your sarpint at him." The dreadful truth of some of his explanations of quotations comes home to one with greater force from the epigrammatic way in which they are put. Instance this:—"Man was created a little lower than the angels, and has been gitten a little lower ever since;" and this, "According to Scripter, thar will be just about as many kimmils in heaven as rich men." "Robbers are like the rain: tha fall on the just and on the unjust." "We are told that there warn't ennything maid in vain; but I have thought that awl the time spent in manufacturing striped snaix and musketeers was wasted." Some of his deductions from old proverbs are very quaint and amusing. Take the following as fair examples:—"Fust appearances are ced to be everything.—*I don't put all my faith into this saying; I think oysters and clams, for instance, will bear looking into.*" "There is two things in this life for which we are never fully prepared—and that is *twins.*" Josh Billings deposes that "ignorance is bliss—*ignorance of sawing wood, for instance.*" That "a little learning is a dangerous thing—*this is as true as it is common.*" "Truth is stranger than fiction—*that is tew some folks.*" "Honesty is the best policy—*but don't take my word for it; try it.*" "Familiarity breeds contempt—*this is so; just as soon as we get familiarized with castor ile, for instance, we contempt it.*" "Give the devil his due—*but be very careful, there ain't much due him.*" "Tell the truth and shame the devil—*I 'no lots of people who can shame the devil easy enough; but the tother thing bothers them.*" How ridiculously odd are some of his proverbs:—"Matches may be made in heaven—*but they are sold down here.*" "You may make a whissel out of a pig's tale—*but if you du you'll find you've spilte a very worthy tale and got a devilish poor whissel.*" "Humin natur is the same all over the world"—*except in New England, and thar it's accordin' to sarcumstances.*"

I can, perhaps, best describe the peculiar idiosyncrasies of Artemus Ward's writings, by giving you one of them. Amongst his best are the "Octoroon" and "The Shakers," but no doubt you have before heard these read at your entertainments, so I will give you one less known—Artemus Ward's "Autobiography," with which I propose to commence the second part.

[Bro. Holmes then read the biography, amidst the hearty laughter of the audience.]

The lecturer resumed: Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is a writer of quite another stamp. His admirers call him the Hood of America, *which is what we might describe as high falutin.* Alluding to the frequent use of Scripture in a joking way so common amongst the American humourists, Mr. Hingston, in his introduction to Josh Billings, remarks:—"The Puritanical fashion of eliciting jokes from matters which some minds would regard as beyond the region of trifling, no more characterises the writings of Mr. Shaw (J. B.'s real name) than it does those of any other Transatlantic humourist. The soldier of Cromwell, who used Biblical words in the conversation of every-day use, became the New England settler, and carried his peculiarities of phraseology to the shores of Massachusetts. He took with him—to use the words of a recent essayist—'the language of his imaginary wrestlings with Satan to use in his wrestlings with the difficulties and dangers of his adopted land,' And the diction which the Puritan used has not altogether died out in the land which he peopled. Much that would be thought to verge on profanity in this country is regarded as perfectly reverent by the most orthodox of our

friends on the other side of the water." Mr. Hingston adds, "I have heard the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher say things in his pulpit at Brooklyn which would scarcely have been tolerated if uttered in Exeter Hall."

Before we quite leave the American authors I should have liked just to introduce one of Dr. Holmes' graver pieces; it is called "The Last Leaf," there is a mixture of humour and sadness, and a quaintness about it that reminds one forcibly of Hood—had space permitted, but it does not. His wit is more polished than the others just mentioned, and there is not that irreverent handling of Scripture which they present.

It is said that were it not for the satirists of America, of whom Josh Billings is one, as well as a humourist, it is difficult to imagine to what ludicrous eccentricities the people would lend themselves. Too self-sufficient to listen to argument, they are keenly sensitive to ridicule, and a little of Josh Billings, or O. W. Holmes, is more effective in doing good than the best sermon a foreign friend could preach them. Burlesquing their braggadocio style has done a great deal of good in the United States. The genius of *hifalutin*, as the Americans call it (the word is derived, I have read, from *hyphenlooping*) has received many mortal wounds lately from the hands of the satirist, and good results must ensue.

Three very good specimens of Dr. Holmes's style are "The Music Grinder," "The Spectre Pig," and the "Stethoscope Song," all very much in Hood's manner, but not so good.

Miss Mitford, the authoress of "Our Village," is a great admirer of the Dr. "I hardly know," she says, in her "Recollections of Literary Life," "any one so original as Dr. Holmes. For him we can find no living prototype; to trace his footsteps we must travel back as far as Pope or Dryden, and to my mind it would be well if some of our own bards would take the same journey, provided always it produced the same result. Lofty, poignant, graceful, grand, high of thought, and dear of word, we could fancy ourselves reading some pungent page of 'Absolom and Achitophel,' or of the 'Moral Epistles,' if it were not for the pervading nationality, which, excepting Whittier, American poets, have generally wanted, and for that true reflection of the manners and follies of the age without which satire would fail alike of its purpose and its name."

There are various kinds of wit, as you all know—such as satire, epigram, sarcasm, repartee, parody, irony.

Of quite a different character to the author's I have quoted are the Irish and French, who are perhaps the most *witty* people, though I question whether our own country cannot furnish as great *humourists*.

Molière's writings are full of wit. Talleyrand was the author of some wonderfully witty speeches. Many of the readers of the MASONIC MAGAZINE will remember one—that "language was given to us to conceal our thoughts;" the very speech of a crafty diplomatist. How expressive, too, was his saying that "Ireland was the land where two and two made *five*," which gives in few words a very good general idea of the Irish habit of exaggeration. "She is unsupportable," said Talleyrand, with marked emphasis, of a certain well-known lady, but added, "it is her only defect." "Ah, I feel the torments of hell," said a person whose life had been supposed to be somewhat of the loosest. "What, already?" answered Talleyrand. This reply (which is dreadfully severe, and some might think rather wicked), is, after all, not original. I believe the Cardinal de Retz's physician is said to have made a similar exclamation on a like occasion. A gentleman in company was one day making a somewhat zealous eulogy of his mother's beauty, dwelling upon the topic at uncalled for length, he himself having certainly inherited no portion of that kind under the marriage of his parents. "It was your father then, apparently, who may not have been very well favoured," was Talleyrand's dry remark, which at once released the circle from the subject. This reminds me of a similar repartee attributed to Archbishop Whately before he attained the dignity of the mitre. He was dining in company with a conceited young officer, an aide-de-camp, I believe, at the Viceregal Court, and the conversation turned upon clergymen. "Oh," said the coxcomb, "it is thought the fool of the family should go into the Church." "Evidently your father

didn't think so," was the great rhetorician's quiet rejoinder.

It is said of some Irish wits that they would rather sacrifice a friend than lose a joke. The Rev. Dr. Sheridan, grandfather of the great Sheridan, it is said lost a bishopric through a text. He was ordered to preach before the Viceregal Court on King George II.'s birthday, when he took for his text, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." The following is an example of biting sarcasm told of Curran, the great Irish barrister. Who could ever have supposed a judge capable of sneering at a barrister's poverty by telling him he suspected his law library was rather contracted. Yet this was the brutal remark to Curran by Judge Robinson, the author of many stupid, slavish, and scurrilous political pamphlets, and by his demerits raised to the eminence which he thus disgraced. Curran replied, "It is very true, my lord, that I am poor, and the circumstance has certainly somewhat curtailed my library; my books are not numerous, but they are select, and I hope they have been perused with proper dispositions. I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the study of a few good works than by the composition of a great many bad ones. I am not ashamed of my *poverty*, but I should be ashamed of my *wealth* could I have stooped to acquire it by servility and corruption. If I rise not to rank, I shall at least be honest; and should I now cease to be so, many an example shows me that an ill-gained elevation, by making me the more conspicuous, would only make me the more universally and the more notoriously contemptible." One day Curran said to Father O'Leary (the story is also told of Father Matthew, the great Irish Temperance advocate), "Rev. Father, I wish that you were St. Peter." "And, why, counsellor?" "Because, Rev. Father, in that case you would have the keys of heaven, and you could let me in." "By my honour and conscience, counsellor," replied the divine, "it would be better for you that I had the keys of the other place, for then I could let you out." Brevity, you know, is the soul of wit, and Curran's repartees were famous for this quality. A wealthy, but weak-headed barrister, once remarked to Curran that no one should be admitted to the bar who had not an independent landed property. "May I ask, sir," replied Curran, "how many acres make a *wiseacre?*"

The following is a capital instance of good-humoured satire. I believe I introduced it into my lecture on "Public Speaking," already published in the MASONIC MAGAZINE, but I dare say a good many of its readers may not have heard it. Curran was addressing a jury on one of the State trials in 1803, with his usual animation. The judge, whose political bias was supposed not to be favourable to the prisoner, shook his head in doubt or denial of one of the advocate's arguments, "I see, gentlemen," said Curran, "I see the motion of his lordship's head; common observers would imagine that implied a difference of opinion, but they would be mistaken: it is merely accidental. Believe me, gentlemen, if you remain here many days you will yourselves perceive that *when his lordship shakes his head there's nothing in it.*" Curran was walking one day with a friend who, hearing a person say *curosity* for *curiosity*, exclaimed, "How that man murders the English language!" "Not so bad as that," replied Curran, "he has only knocked an *I* out." A Limerick banker, remarkable for his sagacity, had an *iron* leg, "which," said Curran, "is the *softest* part about him." I suppose one *might* call that *irony;* and, after all, irony and satire are often a distinction without a difference.

The following, which I have read somewhere, you will say is a distinction with a difference; it is à propos, at all events, as a specimen of Irish humour, of which we are now treating. An Irishman asked a friend, "Will ye dine with me to-morrow?" "Faith, and I will, with all my heart," was the reply. "Remember, 'tis only the family dinner I'm afther askin' ye to." "And what for not? A family dinner is a mighty plisant thing. What have ye got?" "Och! nothing by common. Jest an illegant piece of corned beef and pitaties." "By the powers, that bates the wurrld! Jist my own dinner to a hair—*barring the beef.*"

The great Dean Swift said some very good things, and wrote better. His wit was epigrammatic and incisive; but some of his poems, clever though they are, abound, I am sorry to say, with such

coarseness as to be unfit for reproduction here. People thought more coarsely, and talked more cosrsely then than they do now; but I question with all our extra refinement whether we are much better, or whether a good deal of it is not merely surface-polish — veneering, and no more. Swift was one day in company with a young coxcomb, who, rising from his chair, said, "I would have you to know, Mr. Dean, I set up for a wit." "Do you, indeed," replied the Dean, "then take my advice and *sit down again.*" The following epigram on Dr. Hort, Bishop of Kilmore, afterwards Archbishop of Tuam, is rather good, but almost blasphemous in its bitterness. He wrote a book on quadrille, a gambling game, I believe, and for which the publisher, who was imprisoned for it, was never indemnified by the bishop.

"On seeing a worthy prelate go out of church in the time of divine service to wait on his Grace the Duke of Dorset on his coming to town.

Lord Pam in the church, could you think it? kneeled down!
When told that the Duke was just come to town.
His station despising, unawed by the place,
He flies from his God to attend on his Grace.
To the Court it was fitter to pay his devotion,
Since God had no hand in his lordship's promotion."

What a fund of satirical and sarcastic wit is to be found in "Gulliver's Travels." I suppose when we read that marvellous book as boys we read it for the story, as we read Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, and never thought of the hidden meaning. Poor fellow, like many another wit he was a miserable man. A remarkable story is told by Scott of Delany, who interrupted Archbishop King and Swift in a conversation which left the prelate in tears, and from which Swift rushed away with marks of strong terror and agitation in his countenance, upon which the Archbishop said to Delany, "You have just met the most unhappy man on earth; but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question."

Sheridan was a thorough Irish spendthrift as well as a wit, and when his creditors called upon him he used to have them all sent into separate rooms, the doors carefully locked, and then he would order the servant to open the front door *softly*, and walk out. There was mother wit in this, at all events. Speaking of Irish and French wits, I am reminded that Voltaire once praised another writer very heartily. "It is very strange," said the person whom he was addressing, "that you speak so well of *him*, for he says that *you* are a charlatan." "Oh," replied Voltaire, "I think it is very likely that *both* of us may be mistaken." But it is time that I should speak of our own countrymen as wits and humourists; and who that has read of Congreve and Addison, Steele, Prior, Gay and Pope, Smollett and Fielding, Sterne and Goldsmith, but will admit that we have had some famous wits and humourists. I am told that Steele and Goldsmith were Irishmen, and Smollett a Scotchman; but let that pass. Then there is Charles Lamb, the gentle "Elia," what good things he said; and Sydney Smith, who was the impersonation of wit and wisdom. Besides these, Moore—an Irishman, by the way—and Tom Hood and Theodore Hook. The clowns of Shakespeare are wonderful fellows. How quaint and incongruous—but incongruity is the soul of humour, as brevity is the soul of wit—is the dialogue between the gravedigger and Hamlet, you will remember the scene; and then some of Hamlet's own speeches abound in wit. How funny is the dialogue between Touchstone and the shepherd in "As you like it." But the wisdom of Shakespeare is even more admirable than the wit. I wish time or space would permit of my giving the readers of the MAGAZINE some quotations from his immortal works, but I doubt not they are familiar to you all as household words.

How strange to think that Dr. Johnson should run down Shakespeare; one could scarcely put much faith in his judgment, remembering his detraction of the Swan of Avon. Of the great humourists of our own generation I have only to mention the names of Dickens, Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold, the author of the Ingoldsby Legends—not to mention Mrs. Brown, who appears to give her opinions upon every fresh topic which crops up,—to show that the race is not extinct.

To the student of English Literature who is ambitious to make the acquaintance of the wits and humourists of the 18th century, I cannot do better than recommend to his attentive perusal Thackeray's "Lectures." They are so admirably described: so much is said in so few words; the men after Thackeray's own heart, Fielding, Steele and Goldsmith, are sketched with so loving a hand; the characters of Swift and others, equally great but not so pleasant to contemplate, are drawn with a masterly skill worthy of admiration. His sententious description of Swift as "a humourous philosopher, whose truth frightens one, and whose laughter makes one melancholy"; of Congreve (who it must be owned was somewhat of a scapegrace playright—though considered in his day the greatest living comic poet), as a "humourous observer of another school to whom the world seems to have no moral at all, and whose ghastly doctrine seems to be that we should eat, drink and be merry when we can, and go to the deuce (if there be a deuce) when the time comes";—are both of them wonderfully suggestive, and in few words accurately describe the men and their works. In that charming paper in the Tatler in which Steele records his father's death, his mother's griefs, his own most solemn and tender emotions, he says he is interrupted by the arrival of a hamper of wine—the same as is to be sold at Garraways next week—upon the receipt of which he sends for three friends, and they fall to instantly drinking two bottles a piece with great benefit to themselves, and not separating till 2 o'clock in the morning. Thackerary says—"His life was so, Jack the Drawer was always interrupting it, bringing him a bottle from the Rose, or inviting him over to a bout there with Sir Plume and Mr. Diver, and Dick wiped his eyes which were whimpering over his papers, took down his laced hat, put on his sword and wig, kissed his wife and children, told them a lie about pressing business and went of to the Rose to the jolly fellows." Could anything be put more tersely? I think not. Steele's play of "The Funeral" supplies an admirable stroke of humour, one which Sydney Smith has used as an illustration of the Faculty in his lectures. The undertaker is talking to his workmen about their duty. Sable—"Ha! you. A little more upon the dismal; (forming their countenances) this fellow has a good mortal look, place him near the corpse: that wainscot-faced man, must be a top of the stairs; that fellow's almost in a fright (that looks as if he were full of some strange misery) at the end of the hall. So—but I'll *fix* you all myself. Let's have no laughing now on any provocation. Look yonder that hale, well-looking puppy! you ungrateful scoundrel! did not I pity you, take you out of a great man's service and show you the pleasure of receiving wages? *Did not I give you ten, then* 15, *and then* 20 *shillings a week to be sorrowful?—And the more I give you I think the gladder you are.*"

Sir Richard Steele, at a time when he was much occupied with theatrical affairs, built himself a pretty private theatre, and before it was opened to his friends and guests was anxious to try whether the hall was well adapted for hearing. Accordingly he placed himself in the most remote part of the gallery and begged the carpenter who had built the house to speak up from the stage. The man at first said he was unaccustomed to public speaking and did not know what to say to his honour, but the good-natured knight called to him to say whatever was uppermost. and after a moment the carpenter began in a voice perfectly audible,—"Sir Richard Steele" he said, "for three months past me and my men has been a working in this theatre and we've never seen the colour of your honour's money; we will be very much obliged if you'll pay it directly, for until you do we won't drive in another nail." Sir Richard said that his friend's *elocution* was perfect, but that he did'nt like his *subject* much. This is genuine repartee; what one might call wit under difficulties. How capitally Thackeray sums up in few words his character: "He had a small share of book learning, but a vast acquaintance with the world. He had known men and *taverns.*" In truth Steele might have been the author of "Five Reasons for Drinking";—

"If all be well as I do think,
There be five reasons men should drink:
Good wine; a friend; or being dry;
Or lest we should be by and by—
Or any other reason why."

John Dennis, the critic, who ran a muck at the literary men of his day, thus sarcastically describes Steele: "He is a gentleman born—witness himself—of very honourable family, for his ancestors flourished in Tipperary long before the English ever set foot in Ireland. God has marked him more abundantly than he did Cain, and stamped his native country on his face, his understanding, his writings, his actions, his passions, and above all his vanity. *The Hibernian brogue is still upon all these, though long habit and length of days have worn it off his tongue.*" Steele replied to his cross-grained old critic:—"Thy works are libels upon others and satires upon thyself, and while they bark at men of sense call him knave and fool that wrote them. Thou hast a great antipathy *to thy own species, and hatest the sight of a fool but in thy glass.*" See how these Christians love one another! Literary men don't write of each other quite so pungently now-a-days. Do they love one another any better than in Steele's time, I wonder? But you know one might go on *ad infinitum* giving you sketches from the life and extracts from the writings of the humourists of the day. Of Dickens himself I have found myself unable to say anything. His writings are before you, abounding with wit and humour, tenderness, pathos. What can be more inimitably humourous than the trial scene from Pickwick? what more satirical than some of the Sketches by Boz? I should have liked to give, had time and space permitted, one extract from the Sketches.

Another great wit I had nearly passed over with the mere mention of his name—I mean Sidney Smith. How laconic was his remark on social changes, and yet how true! "There is not one single source of human happiness against which there have not been uttered the most lugubrious predictions:—turnpike roads, navigable canals, inoculation, hops, tobacco, the Reformation, the Revolution. There are always a set of worthy and moderately gifted men who bawl out death and ruin upon every valuable change, which the varying aspect of human affairs absolutely and imperiously requires. It would be extremely useful to make a collection of the hatred and abuse that all those changes have experienced which are now admitted to be marked improvements. In our condition such an history might make folly a little more modest and suspicious of its own decisions."

Sir Edwin Landseer, the animal painter, was so delighted with Sidney Smith, that he asked him to sit for his portrait; to which proposition he replied: "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" On the departure of Bishop Selwyn (now Bishop of Lichfield) to New Zealand, Sidney Smith when taking his leave of him, said—"Good bye, my dear Selwyn, I hope you will not disagree with the man who eats you." Once when he was ill, his physician advised him to walk upon an empty stomach, "Upon whose?" said he. Sidney Smith once said, "I remember entering a room with glass all round it, at the French Embassy, and saw myself reflected on every side, I took it for a meeting of the clergy, and was delighted, of course."

I have incidently mentioned Charles Lamb, there is a good story told of him. One afternoon in returning from a dinner party he took his seat in a crowded omnibus, when a stout gentleman subsequently looked in and politely asked, "All full inside?" "I don't know how it may be, sir, with the other p-p-passengers," answered Lamb, with his usual stammer, "but that last piece of oyster pie did the business for me." His reply to the heavy agriculturist who asked him his opinion of the prospect of turnips, "Won't it depend a good deal on the boiled legs of mutton," is droll like the man.

Another stamp of writers of humourous books seems to have sprung up of late, and their works, describing a lower strata in life, than their predecessors, appeal to the classes they are intended to describe, and, in so far as they abound in drollery and are quite free from impropriety. Though their humour may be what is called in stage parlance, low comedy, I think that their tendency is good, inasmuch as they create a sympathy between different classes of society, and teach us "the gowd is but the guinea stamp, a man's a man for a' that."

Of such a class, are the authors of "Mrs. Brown," "Mr. Sprouts, the Costermonger," and "Giles's Trip to London." "Mrs. Brown" constantly delights British audi-

ences at penny readings, and I daresay "Mr. Giles" will become a platform favourite, as he has already in our Suffolk homes.

And now, to conclude, I have to thank you my readers for your kind attention to my very discursive remarks; I can scarcely dignify them with the title of lecture. A clerical friend said to me the other day, when he heard I was going to lecture on this subject—"Your aim will be under the cloak of recreation to instruct and improve?" Well, I solemnly confess that my object was the ignoble one of seeking to amuse only; I don't set up for a teacher. But remembering that ridicule has often made mean people generous; that satire and sarcasm have overthrown bad systems, and abolished stupid customs; that Cervantes in Don Quixote laughed away the chivalry of Spain; that poets like Decameron and Boccaccio ridiculed the Roman Catholic religion and prepared the way for Luther; that much good service has been done by the wits in exposing enormities, and correcting or doing away with foolish fashions, removing bigotry and intolerance, and lashing all that is base and unworthy; I say that wit and humour deserve to be appreciated and set store by; and that our Wits and Humourists have deserved well of England.

CONTEMPORARY LETTERS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Paris, February 19, 1790.

[This letter ought to have preceded the one in the April number, but owing to a confusion of dates it has to appear out of its proper place.]

THE letter I wrote you Tuesday, contains all the news I have to send you, my information in regard to Montauban was false as to the place, altho' unfortunately true as to the cruelties which have been perpetrated. That city has hitherto escaped, and Beziers was the scene of slaughter. I send you the letter written by the King's order to the National Assembly, important not only from the manner in which it is written, but from the effects it is likely to have on the minds of those who are not blindly devoted to the system of the Democratic Party. You will perceive with how much art the King's Ministers strive to throw on the National Assembly the odium of the cruelties already committed, and to expose their want of feeling or of power, if they do not adopt some measures to restore force to the Executive Power.

They have done by that, as by every other motion on which they are afraid to decide, where their decision might offend the people if it suppressed their disorders, or might alienate the minds of the well intentioned if they appeared to countenance those troubles they in their hearts approve.

They have referred to a committee the consideration of the means to repress the tumults, but the measures to be taken are likely to be clogged with too many difficulties to be of any effect. The Municipalities are afraid of having recourse to the military, because when the latter shall return to its station they will remain exposed to the fury of the people. The Empire of the Democrates is for the present firmly established, at least in Paris, but I cannot help thinking they are fast approaching to the moment of their ruin. Their indifference to the horrors that lay waste the Provinces, their total neglect of the Finances, their absolute determination not to dissolve till their work is finished, and which they have renewed in the course of the week, have indisposed many of their warmest advocates against them. It would be difficult to describe the alarm and uproar which reigned in the Assembly amongst the Democrates when it was proposed, "that the Assembly should name a period for their dissolution, and that the next Assembly should be held at the distance of 30 leagues from the capital."

The Impartiaux on this occasion joined the Aristocrates, but noise and numbers obtained the victory. I suspect that their majorities are by no means so much in their favour as formerly, from the great pains they take to conceal the numbers by which they carry their decrees. The Impartiaux are certainly inclined to join the Aristocrates, but they have not yet acquired force enough to make the scale preponderate, when ever that arrives a dissolution of the Assembly will be the immediate consequence. There seems little doubt that if ever that moment

should approach, the party of the Demagogues will exclude by force all who are not equally determined with themselves, or if that should not succeed they will reassemble and vote that, however the majority may have determined, they cannot consistently with their oath separate till the great work of Regeneration is complete, or otherwise to what end could the oath of adhesion tend?

The Democrates have one great advantage. Their conduct is the effect of previous combination, they are united under their leaders, and all their resolutions are previously debated at their club. When the passions or indignation excited at the moment might carry decrees contrary to their wishes, they do not oppose, but delay. When the feelings which were excited are appeased or forgotten, and when hunger has driven from the Assembly a large number of the honest and well meaning curés, they bring forward without previous notice their resolutions and decrees and carry whatever they think proper. The procés verbal reports of different committees generally employs the time till near two o'clock, at that hour, however important the debate, however destructive of the interests of the Church, nothing can prevail upon these aged and worthy men to forego their dinner. I heard Monsr. de Castellance allow that they often gained 100 votes by the craving appetites of the good curés, who are accustomed to dine at 11 o'clock. Another manœuvre by which they often obtain the victory is, by seeming to adopt the proposals of the Aristocrates, but at the same time adding such amendments that the original motion is lost in obscurity or perverted from its meaning.

You ask me what effect the King's speech to the Assembly has produced. I can perceive none, except that it has served to convince the King and his Ministers that no concessions on their part will obtain for them better terms. The views of the Democrates were not entirely answered; they hoped when they determined the King to go to the Assembly that his dislike to speak in public, and the awkwardness of his manners would have confined him to a simple approbation of their conduct and decrees. The clauses relative to the Executive Power, and the confidence to be reposed in him, the return of the exiles, the honorary distinctions due to noble birth, were neither agreeable to their wishes or expectations. Fearful of the impression the King's speech might make in the moment, the ridiculous ceremony of the serment civique was proposed, and the motion as first made, turned the thoughts of the Aristocrates from the subject of the speech to the fear of their personal exclusion. The Democrates thus gained all they wanted, the approbation of the King, and effectually prevented any benefit being reaped by their opponents. The King and his speech are mutually forgotten. As he is humane it is not difficult to perceive that the inattention and distrust of the Assembly may possibly rouse his indignation and make it difficult for his Ministers to induce him to continue the blind submission he has hitherto shewn.

I must again repeat to you, that both at home and in Ireland the friends of the Droits de l'Homme are busy; there are two Irishmen here, a Mr. Martin and a Lord Carew or Carey, who belong to the Club of the Democrates and are warmly attached to their principles, which they hope one day to see triumph in their own country.

Money grows daily scarcer, and poverty more visible in every part of the capital. There was yesterday a slight disturbance in the Quartier St. Antoine which was easily suppressed, it was occasioned by labourers destitute of work. To preserve tranquillity the City are obliged to employ all those who demand it.

The illuminations on Sunday night were shabby to an extreme, altho' there was an *Ordonnance* de Police by the Mayor "portant invitation a tous les bons citoyens d'illuminer les Façades de leurs Maisons."

The Marquis de Favras is condemned to be hanged and l'amende honorable. The demands of the German Princes will certainly be carried against them, they are now in the hands of a committee.

That farmer understood human nature who said: "If you want to keep your boy at home, don't bear too hard on the grindstone when he turns the crank."

An era unknown to women—the middle ages.

THE ORIGIN AND REFERENCES OF THE HERMESIAN SPURIOUS FREEMASONRY.

BY REV GEO. OLIVER, D.D.

CHAPTER VII.

FIRST SERIES OF SYMBOLS.

(*Continued fom page* 485.)

THE remaining portion of the series before us is a figure formed of three sides of a square. This was an hieroglyphic of the stem and stern of the sacred ship of Isis, or rather the vessel itself, which was a highly, venerated emblem amongst the Egyptians, and was consecrated by an annual festival. It was equally esteemed in other countries and introduced into the Roman calendar for March. Calendarium rusticum mense Martio habit Isidis navigium quod est Egyptiorum festum, a Romanis admissum.* Under the name of Baris, it was carried about in procession as a representation of the ark of Noah. Sometimes it contained a third perpendicular line in the centre, forming the trident, and symbolizing the Great Father in the sacred vessel, navigating the boundless waste of waters which overwhelmed the earth at the deluge. Wilford says that "during the flood the generative powers of nature were reduced to their simplest elements, the Linga and the Youi, the latter of which assumed the hull of a ship, since typified by the Argha, whilst the Linga became the mast. Maha-Deva is sometimes represented standing erect in the middle of the Argha in the room of the mast."†

We find the same figure repeated not only upon the rod or sceptre of Neptune, but also on the summit of the pyramids of India and America, to represent heaven or the abode of the celestial deities; being used also as an *observatory for astronomical purposes.* Hence, every mountain with two peaks like Ararat, was esteemed holy; while that with three peaks was venerated as most holy. The two peaks of Ararat are inaccessible according to Sir R. K. Porter, who says, "these summits have never been trodden by the foot of man since the days of Noah, if even then, for my idea is that the ark rested in the space between these heads, and not on the top of either. Various attempts have been made in different ages to ascend these tremendous mountain pyramids, but in vain; their form, snows, and glaciers are insurmountable obstacles; the distance being so great from the commencement of the icy regions to the highest points, that cold alone would be the destruction of any person who should have the hardihood to persevere."

In Central America many instances occur of Chapels being erected on the summit of a pyramid. One of these is thus described by a modern traveller:—"The wall was of cut stone, well laid, and in a good state of preservation. We ascended by large stone steps, in some places perfect, and in others thrown down by trees which had grown up between the crevices, and reached to a terrace, the form of which it was impossible to make out from the density of the forest in which it was enveloped. Our guide cleared a way with his machete, and we passed a large fragment of stone elaborately sculptured, and came to the angle of a structure with steps on the sides, in form and appearance like the sides of a pyramid. Diverging from the base and working our way through the thick woods, we came upon a square stone column about 14 feet high and 3 feet on each side, sculptured in bold relief on all four of the sides from the base to the top. The front was the figure of a man curiously and richly dressed, and the face, evidently a portrait, solemn, stern, and well fitted to excite terror. The back was of a different design, unlike anything we had ever seen before, and the sides were covered with hieroglyphics, This our guide called an Idol, and before it, at a distance of three feet, was a large block of stone, also sculptured with figures and emblematical devices which he called an altar. The sight of this unexpected monument put at rest at once and for ever in our minds all uncertainty in regard to the character of American Antiquities, and gave us the assurance that the objects we were in seach of were interesting, not only as the remains of an unknown people, but as works of art, proving like newly discovered historical records, that the people who formerly occupied the continent of America were not savages.

* Marsh. Can. Chron. s. xiv. p. 356.
† Asiat. Res. vol. vi. p. 521.

"With an interest perhaps stronger than we had ever felt in wandering amongst the ruins of Egypt, we followed our guide who, sometimes missing his way, with a constant and vigorous use of his machete, conducted us through the thick forest among half-buried fragments to fourteen monuments of the same character and appearance; some with more elegant designs, and some in workmanship equal to the finest monuments of the Egyptians. One displaced from its pedestal by enormous roots, another locked in the close embrace of branches of trees, and almost lifted out of the earth, another hurled to the ground and bound down by huge vines and creepers, and one standing with its altars before it in a grove of trees which grew around it, seemingly to shade and shroud it as a sacred thing in the solemn stillness of the woods. It seemed a divinity mourning over a fallen people."*

An Egyptian hieroglyphic published by Rischer exhibits the figure under our consideration, viz., the three sides of a square but it is conjoined with a scorpion, the former being a symbol of the solar deity under the name of Osiris as the great Father of the human race, and the compound hieroglyphic bore a reference to the deluge, which happened according to Egyptian tradition when the son was in Scorpio. Modern discovery has assigned this symbol to represent the letter M, which accordingly conveys an idea of water multitude and number.†

The series which I have attempted to explain in the present chapter, combines in its aggregate form many useful lessons in morality, which would doubtless be strongly insisted on by the hierophant while delivering instructions to the aspirant which were to form the future guides of his life and conduct as a member of the mysterious order into which he had been formally received.

Chapter VIII.

Second Series of Symbols.

"Have ye offered unto me sacrifices and offerings in the wilderness forty years, O house of Israel? But ye have borne the Tabernacle of your Moloch and Chiun, your images, the star of your God which ye made to yourselves." Amos.

In a line between the angles of the right and left of the Tracing Board, we find two compound and three simple emblems. These are two larger semicircles connected by a smaller circle and a right line, the implement of architecture called a square, a circle, the circle and point, and a sceptre or lotus flower joined to a circle.

The analogy of different nations in the use of corresponding symbols to designate the deity and his attributes is very remarkable, and tends to establish a common origin, and the existence of such a method of communicating knowledge when all mankind lived together as one family, practising the same rites, and using the same language. The Indian and Chinese, the Celts and Saxons, as well as the Egyptians, and all the various nations and people which might trace their origin to that country adopted the circle and point, the crescent and square as sacred hieroglyphics with the same interpretation attached to them, viz., as emblems of the chief deities the sun and moon.

Diogenes Laertius* informs us that the Egyptians had a respect for the four elements and worshipped the Sun and Moon as gods, under the names of Osiris and Isis, which they represented under the forms of the scarab, the hawk, the serpent, and other animals." He had probably seen the compound hieroglyphic prefixed to this dissertation, or something nearly resembling it. To the same effect, Diodorus says that "the most ancient inhabitants of the world, contemplating the vast expanse above their heads, were filled with admiration and astonishment at the nature of the universe, and expressed their firm belief that there were eternal gods, the two chief of which were the sun and the moon, called by them Osiris and Isis."†

In most countries the circle was not only a symbol of the sun, but also of Eternity. In Greece it was called the Ring of Gyges, and was reputed to render the wearer invisible, and in Britain it was presented to the view in the form of gigantic temples of the deity, while the crescent appears not only attached to the figures of Isis or Astarte and at the upper termination of the Egyptian sceptres, but also in the lunette of the Grecian Juno, the Ada of the Babylonians, and is

* Stephens Travels, vol. i. p. 101.
† See Lamb's Hier. p. 24.

* In Proem.
† Diod. Sic. Bibl. l. i. c. 11.

repeated in the Golden Sickle of the Archdruid of Britain.

We find a series of symbols similar to these now under our consideration,—the crescent and circle, the square and the point within a circle—on Phœnician coins which were struck in honour of Astarte or Isis, with a reference which we proceed to explain.

Dr. Brown refers the semicircle to the rainbow, and says: "Cabalistical heads who from that expression in Isaiah (xxxiv., 4) do make a book of heaven and read therein the great concernments of earth, do literally play on this, and from the semicircular figure, resembling the Hebrew letter Caph whereby is signified the uncomfortable number 20, at which age Joseph was sold, which Jacob lived under Laban, and at which men were to go to war, do note a propriety in its signification, as thereby declaring the dismal time of the deluge. And christian conceits do seem to strain as high, while from the irradiation of the sun upon a cloud, they apprehend the mystery of the Sun of Righteousness in the obscurity of the flesh, by the colours green and red, the two destructions of the world by fire and water, and by the colours of water and blood, the mysteries of Captism and the holy eucharist."*

This semicircle otherwise called a lunette crescent, or half moon is the first symbol of the series, and it occurs "most frequently upon the coins of Egypt, especially upon those of Carrhœ which was the Charan or Haran of Moses. Under this semblance they worshipped the Seleuite deity as the mother of the whole world. The Emperor Julian sacrificed to the moon at Carrhœ. This deity was the same as Cybele, Jonah, Damater, the reputed parent of all that breathed; this was a character which could not in any respect belong to the moon. The planet was only made use of as a resemblance and type of the ark, and thence was called Mon and Moon as we may infer from the Hebrew. The name was at times differently expressed, but related to the genius of the ark, who was worshipped by the Canaanites under the title of Baal Maon, and whose temple was the Beth Meon of Jeremiah. This deity was the same as Isis and Rhea; hence we find inscriptions in honour of the latter wherein she is mentioned as the mother of all beings."*

From hence was derived the same figure on the Roman standards which, "seem to have generally consisted of a crescent of a disc of metal or circle, and a chaplet of olive and laurel, and frequently the square and cross." The later Emperors, especially those of Constantinople, gave the characteristic name of Labarum. Sometimes two or three lunettes and circles are found on the same standard.

In the Hermesian hieroglyphics the united symbol embodied the doctrine of obedience to superiors and was hence of great importance in carrying out a system where everything was prescribed and no latitude of opinion allowed on any point connected with its secret observances. It may contain an imperfect attempt to portray the pomegranate which was sacred to Rhe and a symbol of fertility or plenty. The pomegranate was an object of religious veneration to many ancient nations; in Syria it was worshipped under the name of Rimmon,† and was the representative of that deity before whom Naaman had been accustomed to bow before he was healed of his leprosy.‡

The general estimation of the above symbol amongst the followers of Hermes, was, according to some authorities|| on account of its reference to the ark of Noah while floating on the abyss of waters, its abundance of seeds representing the contents of that sacred vessel, as the rudiments of a future world. The mysterious properties of the pomegranite were of so mysterious and ineffable a nature that Pausanius, who had been fully instructed in hieroglyphical knowledge, declared himself incapable of explaining them.

There are also some reasons for believing that it might represent a Key, which was an emblem of power and authority. It was frequently constructed by a right line with a lunette at each end and sometimes a circle in the middle. According to the testimony of Callimachus, Isis or Ceres was

* Pseudodoxia, p. 173.

* Bryant, Anal. vol. iii. p. 319.
† Selden de deis Syris, p. 264.
‡ 2 Kings, v. 18.
|| Pausan, l. ii.

frequently depicted with a key upon her shoulder.

The hidden meaning of this portraiture was not confined to any system or country but prevailed throughout the world, and was as peculiar to the true as the false religion, thus when Eliakim was invested with the regal authority, the external symbol of his power was a Key upon his shoulder.* It was called the Key of David that openeth and no man shutteth, and that shutteth and no man openeth.† In reference to this divine power as alluded to by the prophet Isaiah,‡ the Talmudists affirm that Jehovah holds three keys as symbols of his universal dominion, the key of the womb, the rain and the grave.‖ That sublime description of the Prince of Peace by the same prophet has an allusion to this custom, and the Key is put for government—"The government shall be upon his shoulder."§

In like manner Christ communicated his authority by using the same symbol when he committed to Peter "the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven,"¶ reserving to himself "the Keys of," or power over "hell and death."** The power of which the Key was an emblen the Jews refused to assign to Jesus, and attributed it to the Tetragrammaton which they accused him of stealing from the Foundation Stone of the Temple.††

To the fortunate possessor of this Key various promises are made. "He shall eat of the tree of life and of the hidden manna, and I will give him," says the Redeemer of mankind, "a white stone and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it; and I will give him the Morning Star, I will make him a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out, and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is New Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God, and I will write upon him my New Name."‡‡

* Isai. xxii. 22.
† Rev. iii. 7.
‡ Isai. lxvi. 9.
‖ Xeres. Address to the Jews, p. 83, cited by Maurice, Ind. Aut. vol. iv. p. 533.
§ Isai. ix. 6.
¶ Matt. xvi. 19.
** Rev. i. 18.
†† See Basnage, p. 254.
‡‡ Rev. ii. 7, 17, 28.—iii. 12.

The next figure to the right-hand denoted Architecture, and hence we find it in the Egyptian monuments borne in the hand of Orus, who was an incarnation of Osiris, the architect or builder of the universe, together with the Tau cross and circle, and therefore the latter which also hermetically signifies Spirit, follows immediately after the square which represented Justice and was accordingly borne in the Egyptian processions by an officer called Stolistes, whose duty it was to exhibit this symbol as the insigna of his office, and to keep hidden from the sight of the profane the more secret and ineffable symbols of the Spurious Freemasonry, which they therefore carried in procession in covered baskets. They had the direction of all the ceremonies, and the performance of the sacred drama of Osiris and Typhon during the initiations, was entirely entrusted to their management.

In the Egyptian hieroglyphics, as explained by Champollion and other antiquaries of our own times, a dark circle and the circle and point, which are here placed in juxtaposition represent the letter L or R, and denoted motion, swiftness and strength; as the square ⌞ in the Ancient Hebrew, as well as the Greek and Roman alphabets stood for the letter L, and referred to the number Four, the Tetragrammaton or Tetractys.

It has already been said that the point within a circle was an emblem of the first member of the Hypostasis of the divine triad. It symbolized the deity surrounded by eternity, of which he was said to be the author, the ornament and the support. The Samothracians had a great veneration for this hieroglyphic which they considered to be like the Urim and Thummim of the Jews, consecrated by the perpetual presence of the deity, and hence rings were distributed to the aspirant at his initiation, as armlets possessing the power of averting danger.*

A similar notion of the mysterious properties of the circle was entertained by all other idolatrous nations, and all their solemn ceremonies were accordingly accompanied by a circular dance; for Plato says that the gods were honoured when the worshippers danced round about their altars, and he recommended the authorities

* Plin. Nat. Hist. l. xxxiii. c. l.

to prescribe by a legal ordinance, what kind of songs and dances were to be used at the religious festivals.* And, indeed, in all religions from the time when David danced before the ark of the covenant, and the priests of Baal used the same practice to procure fire from heaven in the days of Elijah to that of the most uninformed savages, dancing in a circle was considered to be a sacrifice with which the deity was well pleased.

This custom or belief probably originated the mystery attending the use of the ring or circle of gold as a symbol of the union of man and wife, although some attribute the custom to a much earlier period. They say† that the inventor of the wedding ring was Prometheus, and the workmen who made it was Tubal Cain, who by the advice of Adam gave it to his son, wherewith to bind his wife in marriage, implying that their mutual love and affection should flow from one to the other without intermission, as in a circle, to the end of their lives. In Egypt, however, as we have been told by Crates, the philosopher, the ring was a symbol of *prostitution* and worn about the ancles as an honourable badge. The Chinese circle or ring was supported by two serpents, as an emblem of the Universe supported by the wisdom and power of the deity.

Bro. Willoughby, an intelligent Mason, residing at Birkenhead, has an ingenious conjecture that the Masonic point within a circle refers to the second person in the Christian Trinity. His idea is thus stated in a letter to the author of this work:—"As speculative Masons we should not be content with deriving merely a single moral lesson from each emblem depicted on our Tracing Board; each is but as a text upon which to build a copious lecture. I consider, then, that the point within a circle has a totally different application when used in the first and third degrees. In the first it has a moral reference, and describes the boundary line of a Mason's path through this life, the limits of which are the precepts of the law and gospel by which he is circumscribed to prevent his going into works of supererogation; to which precepts, if he will strictly adhere, that ladder which is placed above will conduct him by the three theological virtues to a heavenly mansion veiled from the eyes of mortal men.

"The same emblem in the third degree has a more mystical reference to Christ as our centre, according to His own declaration, 'Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them!' The prayer which was formerly used is very applicable to this point, and it ought not to have been discontinued. It began thus:—'O Lord God, thou great and universal Creator of the world, and first Builder of man, as it were a Temple, be with us, O Lord, as thou hast promised that where two or three are gathered together in Thy name thou wilt be in the midst of them, &c.'

"After our Lord's resurrection the disciples changed their day of assembling together, or Lodge day, from the seventh to the first day of the week; and on that day our Lord appeared to Mary and directed her to go to his brethren and inform them that he was about to ascend into the presence of Him who was both his Father and their Father; and on the same day, at evening, when they were assembled (which custom has been preserved among ourselves, Masons' Lodges being usually held of an evening), the doors being closely tyled for fear of the Jews—came Jesus and stood in the midst of them, making use of that highly Masonic greeting, 'Peace be with you.' Our brethren would naturally feel surprised at the presence of a stranger amongst them; but when He had given them proofs by showing them the signs of distress in his hands and his side, that he was their Brother, that they were children of the same Almighty parent, they gladly recognised Him that was lost by an untimely death."

The Hindoos believed the circle to be a representation of the Supreme Being; because, like Him, it is without beginning and without end. The first settlers in Egypt transmitted to their posterity an exact copy of the point within a circle expressed in symbolical language. The universe was represented and explained by the hierophant at the exaltation of the candidate to the highest mysteries of religion, as a circle of boundless light, in the centre of which the Deity was supposed to dwell; and the idea was embodied in

* De Leg. vii. 815.
† Swinburne on Spousals, p. 207.

their sacred hieroglyphics by a hawk's head in the centre of a circle, and sometimes by an endless serpent inclosing an eye.* And hence Osiris, the Sun, was propably called πολλνοφθαλμος, in reference to its diverging rays.

But, according to the double meaning of securing the secrets of his Spurious Freemasonry from the most penetrating observation, the point within a circle was also made to refer to the heliacal rising of the canicular star which measured the era of 365 days six hours, and announced the overflowing of the sacred river. This beneficent event was therefore recorded in all their systems, because it conveyed the means of existence to the inhabitants of that parched and otherwise barren country, and was attributed to Isis, the bestower ef blessings of agriculture,

Now, a Star was a known symbol of the Deity all over the world.† Αστὴρ παρ' Αιγυπτίοις γραφόμενος θεον σημαίνει.‡ The name of Bacchus was כנב (Cocab) a star, read from left to right, with a Greek termination. The author of the Orphic hymns styles him "The Deity with two horns, having the head of a bull, even, even Mars Diomesus, reverenced in a double form, and adored in conjunction with a beautiful Star." And according to the testimony of the Chaldee Paraphrasts, the star was also an emblem of the Messiah of the Jews,‖ and of a corresponding Great Deliverer in every other ancient system of religion. And it also symbolized in Egypt the human soul,§ from the belief that the souls of the hero gods were translated to the stars.

Thus, in Henry VI., Act 1 :—

"A far more glorious star thy soul will make
Than Julius Cæsar."

On this passage Douce observes :¶ "This notion is borrowed from the ancients, who expressed their mode of conferring divine honours and immortality on men by placing them among the stars. Thus on a medal of Hadrian, the adopted son of Trajan and Plotina, the divinity of his parents is expressed by placing a star over their heads; and in like manner the consecration medals of Faustina the elder exhibit her on an eagle, her head surrounded with stars. Other similar medals have the moon and stars, and some of Faustina the younger the inscription, SIDERA RECEPTA."

Every star was supposed to be endowed by the Creator with an intelligence—a soul and a body. "The first capital error in religion was departing from the unity of the Godhead, i.e., worshipping more than one Deity, and the first thing that obtained to be put on an equal footing with its Creator was the Sun—a body by its superior splendour and heat, by its apparent and orderly motion, most apt to mislead weak minds from surprise and admiration into reverence and worship. To the sun, the moon and other planets were soon added, and all supposed to be actuated by souls or intelligent spirits of a middle nature between God and man. They were, therefore, concluded more proper to receive the addresses of weak and sinful man, whose petitions were too imperfect to reach the throne of the supreme God without such a mediatorial introduction."

Each particular star was supposed to possess its peculiar kind of influence over mundane affairs, according to the belief of the Chaldeans and their followers. Diodorus tells us that from the motions and influences of the stars they foretell future events. They supposed the planets to be particularly powerful in directing the affairs of men, and especially Saturn. But their chief confidence was placed in the Sun, from observations of which they could prognosticate with the greatest certainty. They called the planets by the name of Interpreters, and supposed that every one of them had under it thirty inferior stars called Counsellors, one-half of which rules the earth and the other the heavens. A messenger star is despatched every ten days to ascertain what passes in both.

In later times the influences of the planets were more particularly specified. Thus Saturn was reputed to be the author of bad luck, Jupiter of happiness, and Mars of quarrels. The Sun denoted a long life; Venus, fortunate marriages; Mercury, a love of science; Luna, authority, &c.; and corresponding prayers were addressed

* See Signs and Symbols. Lect, ix.
† Compare Amos v. 26, with Acts vii. 43.
‡ Horapol, Hier. l. ii. s. 1.
‖ See Numb. xxiv. 17.
§ Horapol, Hier. l. ii. s. 1.
¶ Illustr. of Shakespeare, vol. ii. p. 134.

to each, as in the following example of a prayer to the Morning Star, the Grecian Venus from the Persian Desatir:—"O mighty and admirable lady! mistress of knowledge, and lady of action! I ask of thee, most blest in the two abodes (meaning heaven and earth) that thou ask of thy Father and Lord that he would illuminate my soul, and smooth my difficulties; that He would draw me near to Him, that He would enlighten the band of light splendour, and bless them and us, and purify us for ever, and to everlasting of everlasting."

The heathen oracles, which professed to explain the heavenly predictions, "reached to so high a degree of reputation that, as Cicero observes, no expedition for a long time was undertaken, no colony sent out, and often no affair of any distinguished family or individual entered on without previously attaining their judgment and sanction. Their authority was so high, that the first fathers of the christian church could no otherwise account for a reputation thus universally received, than by supposing that the devils were permitted by God Almighty to inform the oracles with a more than human prescience, that all the world might be concluded in idolatry and unbelief, and the necessity of a saviour be made more apparent.*

It was in unison with these opinions that mankind, in comparatively recent times, were induced to believe that their destiny was governed by the stars; animantium corpora a lumine planetarum affici; and the superstitions were prevalent in Europe down to the last century,—even if they are now extinct—notwithstanding it is quite clear that, as soon as the doctrine of Christ was made known, all the power of the devils was broken. What is added by some, that Jesus learned magical arts in Egypt, carries a much less appearance of truth, than the like objection of the heathen against Moses, which we find in Pliny and Apuleius. For it does not appear, but from the books of His disciples, that Jesus ever was in Egypt, and they add, that he returned from thence a child.†

Those who practised judicial astrology as a science, defended their opinions by such arguments as these. That, though they readily admitted that the stars cannot operate immediately on the soul of man, yet they undertook to demonstrate that their influence worked mediately by the humours and corporeal organs, on which the soul's operation depends; (i.e.) the material organs, and the elementary matter whereof these organs consist, is as much subject to the influence of the stars, as any other elementary matter; and thus they work upon men's minds and dispositions.

The R. Moses, a very learned Jew, thought that the will of the stars might be determined by a more literal process. He says "The heavens are not without some soul; which is no other than that of those blessed intelligences who govern the stars and dispose them into such letters as God has ordained; declaring unto men, by means of this writing, what events they are to expect."

The several qualities of each planet operating on elementary matter are described as follows:—

Saturn's extremely cold, and meanly dry;
Jove kindly warms and moistens all the sky;
Mars is a furnace which doth nature spoil,
By roasting that which should but gently boil.
The Sun's a fountain both of light and heat,
Yet do his beams but moderately dry;
Venus is warm, her moistening virtue great;
And like his consort, still is Mercury.
Luna is cold and various; her chief power
Consists in moisture, and the abundant shower.

When men succeed in persuading themselves by these and similar arguments, that their lives and fortunes are under the direction of the heavenly bodies, the exercise of freewill becomes useless; and they succumb to circumstances so implicitly as to accelerate and fulfil every important prediction whether for good or evil. It was however for one or other of these reasons that the point within a circle, as an emblem of the deity, the human soul, and a star, was conspicuously placed in the centre of this Hermetic Tablet.

The last figure in this series is the circle and the calyx of the lotus, or a sceptre. In either case it was the phonetic symbol of Osiris or Orus, who were one

* Godwin, Necrom. p. 19.
† Grot. de verit, B. v. s. 3.

and the same personage under different phases. And hence Plutarch considers Osiris—Isis—Orus, as a sacred triad. Osiris the beginning, Isis the receptacle, and Orus the completion of the godhead.* And the Egyptians had another triad which referred to the circle and its prototype the sun, named Harpocrates, at his rising in the East; Orus, at his meridian in the South; and Osiris, at his setting in the West. And hence Hermes Trismegistus says that in their morning devotions the people should turn towards the East; at noon to the South; and in the evening to the West.† In pursuance of this triad system, the Egyptians believed that every man had three angels attending upon him.

The rites of the Spurious Freemasonry of Egypt were intended, amongst other things, to commemorate the deluge; and a conspicuous emblem of the system was Orus, variously depicted seated on the calyx of the lotus,‡ or lily of the Nile; sometimes as a man, at others as a new born child; and in the Bembine table he is portrayed under the figure of a frog. It is also a curious fact, that during the initiations the hierophants were crowned with lotus flowers, as the imitation of a custom used by Orus and Harpocrates ‖ In an engraving of medals attached to Bryant's Analysis, we find this emblem on the head of Cueph, whence it would appear to be a symbol of life rather than death, signifying the egress of Noah from the ark. or the resurrection of the aspirant; both of which were considered a new birth. It was in fact a symbol equally of the sun and immortality.

We no longer wonder at the veneration of the ancient world for the lotus, after reading the description which M. Schomburgh gives of a specimen which he found on the river Berbice in Guiana. "It has a gigantic leaf," he says, "from five to six feet in diameter, salver shaped, with a broad rim of light green above, and a vivid crimson below, resting on the water. Quite in character with the wonderful leaf was the luxurant flowers, consisting of many hundred petals, passing in alternate tints from pure white to rose and pink. The smooth water was covered with them. The calyx is four leaved, each upwards of seven inches in length, and three in breadth at the base; the diameter of the calyx is twelve to thirteen inches; on in rests the magnificent flowers, which, when fully developed, covers completely the calyx. When it first opens it is white with pink in the middle, which spreads over the whole flower the more it advances in age; and it is generally found the next day of a pink colour; as if to enchance its beauty, it is sweet scented."

It will be unnecessary to add that the mystical calyx of the symbolical lotus, was the ark of Noah; and the infant, the new born patriarch, subsequently deified and worshipped as Osiris or Orus. The emblem therefore indicated the salvation of the diluvian voyager from the waters of the deluge, and the reproduction of the world after it had been submerged and swallowed up by the abyss.

Some writers were of opinion that the deity here symbolized by the flower of the lotus, was the same as Baal Peor—the Lord of Opening—of our scriptures; who is identified by Milton with the Chemosh of King Solomon.*

Chemos, th' obscene dread of Moab's sons,
From Arver to Nebo, and the wild
Of southmost Abarim; in Hesebon
And Horonaim, Sihon's realm, beyond
The flowery vale of Sibma, clad with vines;
And Eleale, to the Asphaltic pool;
Peor his other name, when he enticed
Israel in Shittim; on their march from Nile,
To do him wanton rites which cost their woe.†

The learned Mr. Taylor says in his edition of Calmet, "this false God (Baal Peor) is supposed to be the Adonis or Orus adored by the Egyptians and other Eastern people;" although Wilkinson says,‡ that Orus is erroneously identified with Priapus, or Baal Peor, for he was in reality the god Pan. "Scripture informs us," continues our author, "that the Israelites, being encamped in the wilderness, were seduced to worship Baal Peor, to partake of his sacrifices, and to

* Plut. de Is. p. 355.
† In Asclepio.
‡ Iambl. de Myst. p. 151.
‖ Heliod. p. 457.

* 1 Kings, xi. 7.
† Par. Lost. B. i. 406.
‡ Thebes, p. 395.

sin with the daughters of Moab. The feasts of Baal Peor or Adonis were celebrated after the manner of funerals; and the worshippers committed a thousand dissolute actions, particularly after they were told that Adonis, whom they had mourned as dead, was alive again. Origen believed Baal Peor to be the idol of turpitude." The symbols of Orus, under this form, are accordingly placed in the Tracing Board borne by the holy scarab, and will form subjects of future consideration, when we come to expatiate on the references.

NOTES ON LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

BY BRO. GEORGE MARKHAM TWEDDELL,

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In the February number of the MASONIC MAGAZINE, I briefly noticed the death of my gifted friend, Mr. James Gregor Grant. Here is a Sonnet of his on Rydal and Wordsworth, which may give those unacquainted with his poems some slight idea of his poetic powers :—

"Shame to the Poet—to the *man*—who here,
Wandering with heart 'at leisure to be good,'
Departs without a thought that he hath stood
On ground to heaven, man, virtue, nature, dear!
There is a little low-roof'd cottage near,
Dropp'd like a nest amidst yon circling wood,
The which, did *all* hearts venerate as they should,
The wide earth as a temple would revere.
Once did I tread that spot of favour'd ground,
Led e'en by *Him*, whom so to hear and see
Was to my heart as priceless treasure found—
By WORDSWORTH led. How fresh in age was he!
Hair snowy-white, but step of agile bound,
Amidst his own 'Rydalian laurels' free!"

And of poor Southey, under his mental affliction, he sang :—

"A cloud hath settled o'er *his* living head
No intellectual beam shall ever quell,
Until the dread Archangel's trumpet-swell
Tear the wide realms and regions of the dead!
Alas! how little did I dream or dread,
When *he*, too, welcomed me with voice that fell
On ear and heart like a melodious spell,
That *there*, e'en *there*, God's shaft would soon be sped!
With glance as calm and gentle as his tone,
And placid paleness upon brow and cheek,
Where were the troubled flashes to bespeak
'*Wild* Southey flying like the heron, alone?'
He rose—he moved—he spoke—a thing as *meek*
As ever bow'd before the Eternal Throne."

Such a man as Mr. Grant, whose lectures (often freely given) and sweet poems too little known, helped so much to civilise the North of England, would not have been allowed to pass away from us so silently had not money-making been absorbing our attention, as though man *did* "live by bread alone."

It is said that glass may become so hardened by cooling it in refrigerating moulds as to become an efficient substitute for the diamond.

It was well remarked by the Earl of Derby in an address at Edinburgh lately :—"Say what we like about the lessening of social differences, there will always be a gulph not easily passed over—a difference which must make itself seen and felt—between the cultivated and the vacant intellect. The man who has read little and thought little, to whom history has no meaning, and for whom literature has no existence, may prosper in business, but prepares for himself a dull existence and a melancholy old age." Now no rational man expects that we shall ever all live in the same sort of houses, wear the same sort of clothes, eat exactly the same sort of food, follow the same employments and studies, and

hold the same rank in society. But as the genuine principles of Freemasonry become practised, and not merely prated about, as they too oft are by unworthy candidates who have rushed into the noble Craft without respect to their OB., the pride of caste will give way; the good man will love his brother man, without regard to the colour of his skin, his peculiar sect in religion, or his political party; and, whilst his benevolent heart yearns to do acts of kindness, even to the most unworthy of his fellow-creatures, he will seek to associate more closely with the gifted and the good —for "the internal, and not the external qualifications of a man are what Masonry regards," and "there need no ghost rise from the dead to tell us" that as men increase in knowledge, they will consequently improve in social intercourse. Freemasonry has done much to bring about this glorious result, and is fully capable of doing more; and, when once its sublime precepts are generally reduced to practice, it will be found, as Macaulay sings in his spirit-stirring Lays of Ancient Rome :—

"Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man help'd the poor man,
And the poor man loved the great."

Mr. Joseph B. Baker, I am informed, intends bringing out an enlarged edition of the History of Scarborough published by our worthy brother, the late Thomas Hinderwell, in 1798. Bro. Hinderwell was then a respected member of the corporation of Scarborough, and produced a history of the borough which still maintains a respectable position in the too-often-underated ranks of local literature; and I trust that Mr. Baker, will do justice to his industrious and discriminating predecessor, by giving us a first-rate memoir of Bro. Hinderwell in this new edition of his History, for which Cole's Memoir will assist him. Scarborough has marched on, with giant strides, since Richard Brindsley Sheridan, about a century ago (viz. in 1777) produced his play of the Trip to Scarborough, or even since Bro. Hinderwell published his History of the famous watering place. Indeed the great fault of Scarborough is that it has become too fashionable for persons of limited means, in this day of excess in dress, when nobody seems to believe the poet Thompson that

"Beauty when unadorn'd 's adorn'd the most."

Sheridan's Trip to Scarborough was but a re-hash of "that graceless wit," Vanburgh's, Relapse, neither of which anybody now cares for *as* plays; but in the same year he produced his School for Scandal, which as Leigh Hunt remarks, "with the exception of too great a length of dialogue without action in its earlier scenes, is a very concentration and crystallization of all that is sparkling, clear, and compact, in the materials of prose comedy; as elegantly elaborate, but not so redundant or apparently elaborate, as the wittiest scenes of Congreve, and containing the most complete and exquisitely wrought-up bit of effect in the whole circle of comedy—the screen scene." The great fault of Bro. Hinderwell's History is the entire omission of all Folklore, which would have been a rich mine if properly worked seventy-eight years ago; as much which was then what Falstaff would call as "plenty as blackberries," has now almost entirely disappeared. If Mr. Baker can throw any light on the long-lost giant Skardyng, he will confer a boon on the lovers of our early literature. Anyhow, with Bro. Hinderwell's really good book for a foundation, he will be able, I have no doubt, to build up a literary structure worthy of the nineteenth century; and I sincerely wish success to this, and to all similar undertakings,—knowing, by bitter experience, the sacrifices which any conscientious local historian has to make, to whom the wish to do full justice to his subject is superior to a craving for fleeting popularity or the love of pecuniary profit.

In the MASONIC MAGAZINE for January, I briefly alluded to a very useful invention for saving life, the working model of which had been shown and explained to me by the secretary of the North Yorkshire Miners' Association. It is called a Patent Safety Detaching Hook, and I am now thoroughly convinced that it is really what its name implies. It is no part of my duty to puff patents, or even to advertise them; and in my own opinion our present system of granting patents at all is a wrong one. I consider whenever a man makes a discovery likely to be of use to humanity,

as in the case of this Safety Detaching Hook of Mr. Walker's, the government of every civilised nation ought to reward him liberally for his services, and insist upon its adoption wherever necessary, leaving the manufacture to any maker, only exercising proper supervision to insure that no worthless imitation is sold for the genuine article; giving long imprisonment to any knave who sought to enrich himself by dishonest means. Although residing in Cleveland, Mr. Walker is as personally unknown to me as though he had lived all his life in Timbuctoo, and of the Birmingham firm who manufacture his important Detaching Hooks I am equally ignorant. Not so, however, with the Detaching Hook itself, which was satisfactorily tried at the Stanghow ironstone mines in the autumn of 1874, in the presence of several mine-owners, viewers, miners, and delegates, and met with their unanimous approval. Since then it has been regularly used in several coal-mines in Wales, the county of Durham, and other places, as well as in the Cleveland ironstone mines, and has never been known to fail. It needs no very refined feelings to feel shocked at the numerous accidents one sees recorded in the newspapers as the result of over-winding, and it is well enough to convict a careless attendant of an engine at a pit shaft of manslaughter when such dreadful accidents occur. But this does not bring the dead to life again, and is small comfort to their bereaved friends. Now that Mr. Walker has invented and properly made known his invaluable discovery, should I ever be on a jury where the workmen when arriving at the top of a shaft are pitched down again and killed through over-winding, I will certainly hold out for a verdict of manslaughter against the parties who have neglected to provide for the proper safety of the men who toil in the bowels of the earth to enhance our national wealth in general, and theirs in particular. The wages paid and received is a matter with which employer and employed have alone a right to interfere: the safety of the lives of my fellow-creatures, whether employers or employed,—in fact all, from the Queen on the throne to the most worthless idler in a vagrant ward, is my business, and the business of every other citizen. And, above all men, the honest Freemason, who did not make a false declaration when on his initiation he solemnly declared that he was really anxious to make himself more serviceable to his fellow-creatures—though at perfect liberty to hold any theological or political opinions that may commend themselves to his judgment—has no right to rest contented to make a good living in a whole skin, whilst his more exposed fellow-men are being dashed in pieces through wanton carelessness, though that carelessness does not immediately concern him. "I am a man," says Terence, "and nothing that concerns humanity can be indifferent to me," and the brother who never felt himself actuated by this noble sentiment is no true Freemason, whatever ceremonies he may have passed through and whatever jewels he may wear. It is purely on the ground of humanity that I feel an interest in Mr. Walker's clever invention; which consists principally of a pair of jaws, working on a centre pin, in such a manner that the weight of the load has a tendency to open the upper limbs, which clip the strong centre pin of the shackle. The upper limbs are formed externally with jaw hooks The jaws are kept together, and made to retain the shackle pin by means of a clamp, which is held in position by the pins. The lifting rope is attached to the shackle, and the load to the connecting link. The supporting ring, through which the rope is constantly working, is a fixture in a baulk of timber, or iron girder, at the pit top. In case of over-winding, the jaw hooks hold together by the clamp, pass freely into the ring, but the projections of the clamp coming into contact with the bottom flange of the ring, hold the clamp stationary, while the jaws are being pulled through; the result being that the pins are sheared off, and the jaw hooks released from the restraint of the cramp. The internal diameter of the ring being the same as the width across the jaw hooks, the rope remains secure, until the jaw hooks reach the top of the ring, when, by the action of the weight of the load, they are forced open, and so hook on to the top of the supporting ring,—the rope passing harmlessly over the pulley. The apparatus can be easily applied to every rope permanently raising or lowering a load, whether loose or secured

in its travelling position by sheets or guides, and is not liable to get deranged or out of order. This is the best description I can give without the aid of woodcuts, being no mechanician or engineer. But I am a man, who regards all that concerns the interests of the great human family, or any important branch of them, as my own business, as every author should do; and I have perfectly satisfied myself, by careful inquiries of disinterested persons who know more about machinery than I am ever likely to do, that nothing I can say in favour of Mr. Walker's Patent Detaching Hook will be more than the truth; and I therefore, more firmly than ever, repeat what I said in the January number of the MASONIC MAGAZINE, that its adoption "ought to be rendered compulsory on all owners or lessees of mines throughout the world,"—a statement in which some of our greatest engineers and inspectors of mines will bear me out, as well as thousands of intelligent working miners.

THE OLD FRIENDS.

(*From the N. Y. Despatch.*)

WHERE are they scattered now,
The old, old friends?
One made her dwelling where the maples grow.
And mighty streams through solemn forests flow,
But never, from that pine-crowned land of snow
A message sends.

Some meet me oft amid
Life's common ways,
And then, perchance, a word or smile declares
That warm hearts throb beneath their load of cares;
For love grows on, like wheat among the tares,
Till harvest days.

"But some are fallen asleep;"
The words are sweet!
Oh! friends at rest beneath the blessed sod,
My feet still tread the weary road ye trod
Ere yet your loving souls went back to God!
When shall we meet?

Oh! thou Divinest Friend,
When shall it be
That I may know them in their garments white,
And see them with a new and clearer sight,
Mine old, familiar friends made fair and bright,
Like unto Thee? ANON.

GOLD.

(*From the Keystone.*)

GOLD lurks in every aim of life—
It sways the lofty and the lowly,
And shrouds beneath its sable pall,
Each aspiration high and holy.
For it we utter earnest prayers,
And solemn vows are made and broken;
And beauty barters truth and hope,
And bitter scathing words are spoken

Gold cannot add one hour to life,
Or buy love's holiest caresses;
It cannot stay the silver streak
Time blends with beauty's auburn tresses;
It cannot bring the loved one back,
So rudely torn from our embraces;
It cannot smooth the wrinkled brow,
Scored deep with grief's relentless traces.

Gold cannot bring youth's ruddy glow
Back to the cheek of fading beauty;
It cannot hush the "still small voice"
That hints of long-neglected duty;
It cannot heal a broken heart,
Throbbing with some unbounded sorrow;
For words that wring the soul to-day,
Gold cannot bring relief to-morrow.

Then let us spurn the glittering bribe,
Nor breathe for it one sigh of sorrow;
Gold can at least but gild the bier,
Or buy the pall that want must borrow.
The loveliest heart in all the land
Is rich beyond all golden treasure,
If Truth and Virtue, hand in hand,
Have been through life its Square and Measure.

T. ALEX. MENARY.

Gold Hill, Nev., March 2, 1876.